

TEN FATHOMS DOWN

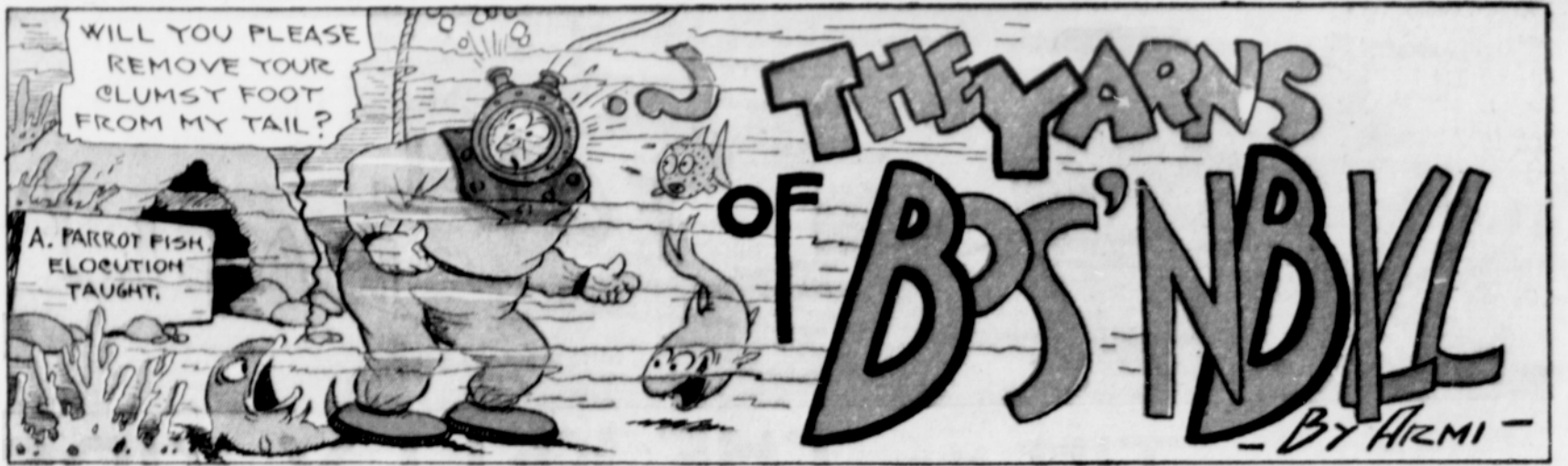
One night, in my watch below, when I was one o' th' crew of a tradin'-schooner runnin' between Sidney, Australia, and th' islands of th' South Pacific, Spike Muggles, a shipmate, told me a strange tale about an island, a secret lagoon, and —pearls! Spike said he had been on th' island, and that th' bottom of th' lagoon was covered with pearl-oysters as big as a plate. By crackey, while he was yarnin' I began to see pearls as big as apples, worth thousands of dollars each. When Spike suggested that we buy a little schooner, and go after those pearls, I told him I was for it.

A few weeks later, Spike, Tony, th' cook, and I stood in th' bow of our little schooner. Right ahead was wavin' cocoanut trees on an island. We glided through th' break in th' reef and dropped anchor in a placid,

blue lagoon. In a few minutes I was in a divin'-suit and on th' bottom of th' lagoon. All around me glided strange fish colored like a rainbow. Green, red, and black seaweed swayed in th' water. And then, I saw th' —PEARL! I shot up through th' water, hangin' onto some big critter for dear life.

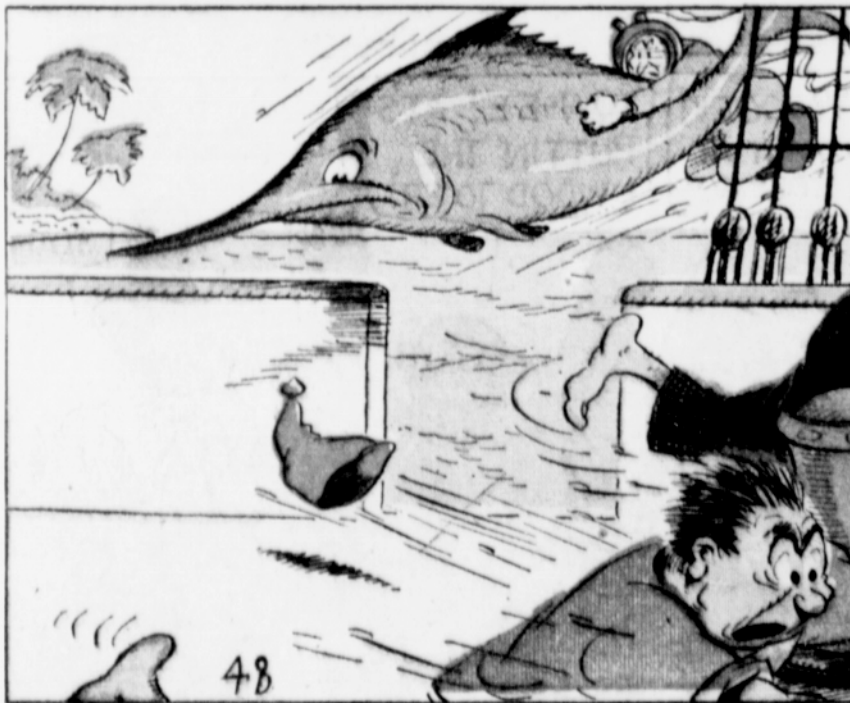
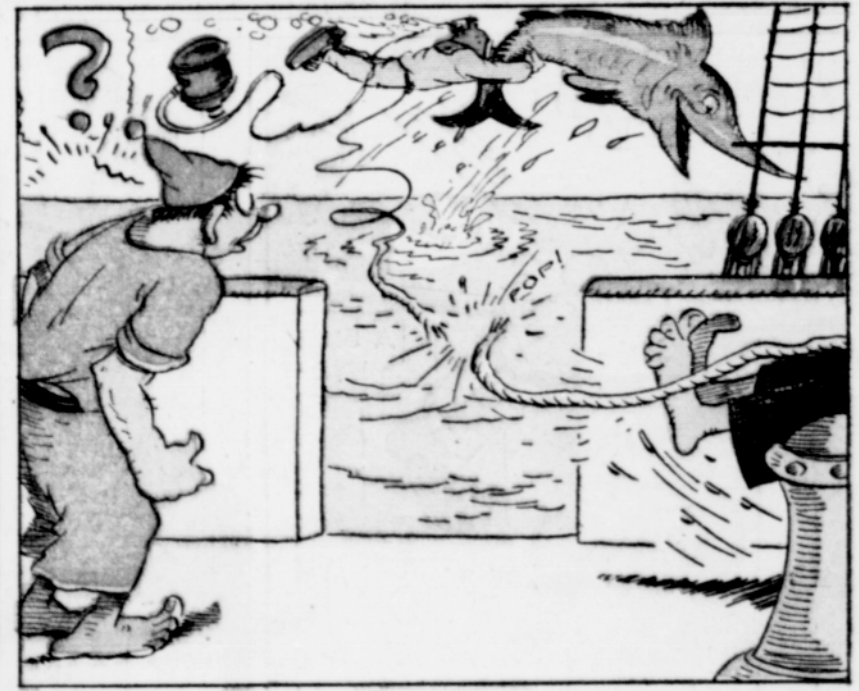
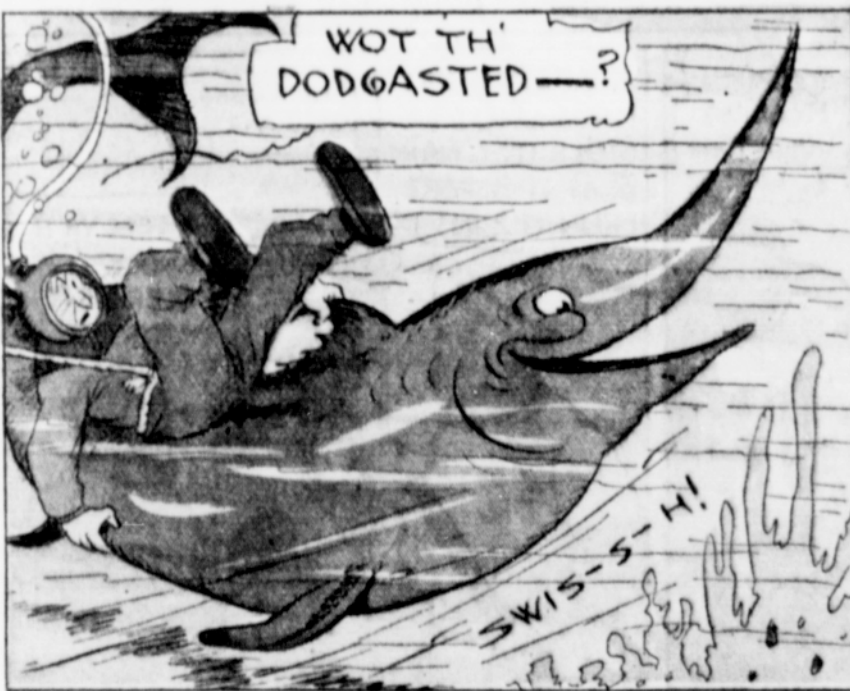
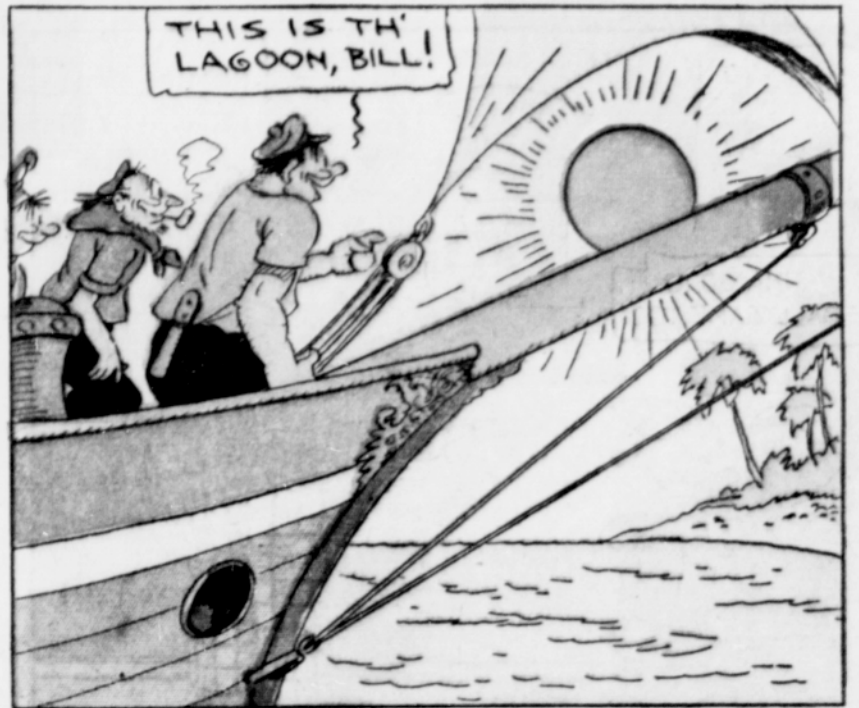
Still hangin' onto th' thing, I shot up into th' air, and then I saw that I was ridin' a whoppin' big swordfish. Down we went again to th' bottom of th' lagoon, then up into th' air again, and I'll be dingbusted if that swordfish didn't go scootin' for th' schooner. Wham, went his sword-bill into th' mainmast. When Spike and Tony got th' head-piece off th' divin'-suit I saw Mr Swordfish hangin' to th' mast.

Watch for my next yarn about this island.



THE YARNS OF BOB'S NELL

By ARMI



WIVES OF A FEATHER

BILL, I'M VERY SORRY, I KNOW YOU DIDN'T ENJOY YOUR MEAL - I'M GLAD YOUR WIFE WASN'T HERE -

WHY, JIM, I DID.

NOW, I KNOW BETTER, YOU DIDN'T. MY WIFE IS A CRAB.

YOU COULDN'T ENJOY THE MEAL WITH HER THROWING DISHES AND CUTLERY AROUND.

NOW JIM, I DIDN'T MIND THAT AT ALL

- I FELT VERY MUCH AT HOME -