

PIRATES OF HAWAII

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by
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To the boys of Hawaii and America
who love a real story of adventure.

PIRATES OF HAWAII

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INTRODUCTION

Until recent years, all who guided children's reading relied upon the "classics," which have received general acceptance as worthy literature; or else they relied upon the books which they had found satisfactory during their own early reading.

We want from books what people have thought and felt about the questions that concern us, without regard to the time or place in which they lived.

We must help the child find his place in the hopes, aspirations, and dreams of his age. Insofar as he is able to do so he must, through his reading, understand the past experiences and thought of all races.

However anxiously we wish to cultivate our children's taste for the best in literature we will have to be patient. Good taste develops slowly and through successive stages. The important thing is that whatever a child reads must have meaning and value for him and he must know how to find the books which have this meaning and value.

The author was a teacher for many years in the western islands and came to know, understand, and love the natives and their way of life.

Long before the bombing of Pearl Harbor she had come

to feel that there was a need for a greater understanding between the children of America and the children of Hawaii.

As a result her first book, Children of Hawaii, was written.

Pirates of Hawaii, fresh and original in treatment, is an experiment to meet a deep need of childhood.

The author has attempted to give a picture of real Hawaiian life and a sympathetic appreciation of the past through the legends and folklore of the Hawaiian people.

For instance the legends of the menehunes, the Goddess Pele, and the old man who appears through-out the story are as common to the Hawaiian child as the American folk tales; Paul Bunyan, Pecos Bill, George Washington and the Cherry Tree are to the American child.

It is her hope that this book will give the child a reading pleasure that might lead on to the more enduring books. But if it does not lead on to better things the child has a good wholesome story and that in itself is justified.

PIRATES OF HAWAII

By

MALLIE PHEGLEY

THE MYSTERY SHIP

Alapai was strumming his ukulele and singing as he walked along the cool sandy beach. He was singing about the trees, rainbows, and flowers of his loved Hawaii, the beautiful isles where he was born.

The sun moved slowly down toward the west; the great curved sky-line was fringed with clouds, flushing in the radiant light. The round, red sun hung low over the sea. Alapai turned his face away from the sun and saw the glow on the clouds in the highlands.

The breeze was growing cooler. Shadows were flitting across the beach. Feathery palms could be seen moving gently against the tinted sky. A rainbow brightened the clouds and dipped down into the sea, turning the water into many colors, shimmering red, green, gold, blue, and violet.

Alapai sighed as he watched the colors fade. He sighed because his birthday, his eleventh birthday, was almost over. It had been filled with much happiness.

The breeze played through his straight black hair. His white even teeth glistened as he smiled to think how tall his slim body had grown this year. His large brown eyes gazed eagerly into the future.

He would have to wait a whole year for another birthday luau -- a feast where all of his friends gathered to eat and dance in his honor. What greater pleasure could be for a boy than to see the table covered with good things to eat? A table covered with poi, fish, pig, potatoes, fresh seaweed and coconut pudding! "What is better than coconut pudding?" Alapai thought to himself. "There is nothing better unless it is a soft green coconut."

Alapai could scale palm trees every time he chose to knock down the meaty nuts for the grove was full of coco-palms, but he could not make a pudding. The menfolks in his family dug the pit to steam the meat, pounded the poi and caught the fish, but the women always prepared the puddings. "I'd have a pudding every day if I were the cook," he thought. But how could he learn to cook? His aunt always said, "This is the women's work. You go help the men with the fish. You can mend the nets and cast them into the water and untangle them from the coral rock. Too much pudding will make a boy weak."

Alapai wondered, "How too much pudding could make a boy weak, when he had never, yet, had enough." Of course Aunt Doreka always made a pudding on his birthday, but birthdays were so far apart.

Softly and easily his nimble fingers moved over the

strings of his ukulele. Uncle Lokeke had made it for him out of a large coconut. The coconut, polished smoothly, was as glossy as new calabash. One of the boys in the village had said that it should be called "kokolele" since it was made of a coconut.

Around the neck of the ukulele a beautiful lei or wreath of glossy red seeds was entwined and hung loosely. Auntie had made this garland from seeds which she had gathered beneath the williwilli trees. She had walked and walked before finding enough to finish the lei. There were a great many trees, but the boys in the village had stripped them of their seeds. They liked to use the glossy red seeds as agates in playing marbles.

Alapai picked up the lei and ran his fingers over the seeds. "These are very large," he thought, almost regretting that his aunt had strung them. "They would have been fine for a game of marbles. It is my favorite lei but williwilli seeds are always hard to get during the marble season."

Dropping the lei of seeds with his right hand and rubbing his forefinger over his thumb, he smiled. Then holding his thumb up and out in the fading sunlight, he saw a small hole which was worn through his thumbnail from thumping so many seeds in the marble game.

Uncle Lokeke always said that he did not have to see

the boys playing to pick out the winner. He could look at their thumbs instead. Every year he offered a prize to the boy who played the best game of marbles. Laughingly he said that he picked out the winner each year before the game was played.

Quickly Alapai felt of his pant's pockets. Usually they were bulging with seeds, but today they were flat and empty. How had that happened? "Where are my seeds?" he exclaimed. "Oh, I know! I gave them away -- gave them to Sandy yesterday." Sandy had stood and watched the boys play for a long time. Then all of a sudden his white skin had turned red. Big tears began streaming down his cheeks. Alapai had heard him say to one of the boys, "I have just got to have something to play with; I haven't a thing."

"Nothing to play with?" the boys had asked in surprise. They knew this boy had everything that money could buy. His father had come from Scotland long ago to manage a large sugar plantation. Stopping their game, each of them had hurriedly put seeds into his pockets until they were bulging out and running over. There was a silence. The boys were touched. It seemed strange to them that Sandy, who had more toys than any boy on the whole island, would cry for a few small seeds. Suddenly his heart seemed to leap and bound with pure gladness. Bursting aloud in happy laughter, with bright smiling

eyes beaming through his tears, he had said, "Who will show me how? Will one of you boys play with me?" Gladly they took him into their game. He thumped the seeds well for a beginner. "How long does it take to wear a hold through your thumbnail?" he asked, holding up his thumb and rubbing his first finger over the thumbnail gently to see if the seeds had already worn a dent. Alapai smiled as he remembered.

Ahoy! Alapai's eyes caught sight of a sailboat. It did not look like the ship he usually saw in the evening, being steered into port by her Captain, Kawaakoa Ching, of the "Old Captain", as the village people called him. It was a common sight to see his ship, the "Sea Devil", pulling in at the close of day.

The sunset bronzed the ship's sails, outlining them with a glowing light of yellow gold, while the ship stood out as if she were painted against the sky -- a strange looking ship, like a phantom in black and gold.

For years the people in the little village had watched the Sea Devil move in and out of port. They always said, "The Old Captain is coming from another mystery voyage. Where has he been? Why is the hull riding so low? Ah! She must be laden with gold. Only pirates carry gold. Oh! I know the Old Captain is a pirate, he is an old sea robber."

Alapai looked toward the north, and there on a high

point of land reaching out into the water was Pirate Hill, the place where Captain Kawaakoa lived. The hill was a mass of trees, flowers, and vines. Only the top of his grass shack could be seen. Listening closely Alapai could hear the deep-toned barking of a dog. Then quick as a flash he saw Kina, the Old Captain's dog, rush far out to the highest point overlooking the sea. She barked loudly and fiercely, jumping up and falling back as if she were trying to get a little nearer to her object. Deep and heavy boomed the horn of the Sea Devil. Kina listened and howled mournfully. Then yelping anxiously she rushed down the steep cliff near the water's edge where she stood watching for her master.

Alapai glanced toward Pirate Hill, to the Old Captain's hut nestled in a grove of palms. He recalled the night they had rescued the Old Captain from drowning.

It had happened this way:

The Village Pirates, of which Alapai was the Captain was composed of all the boys in the village. One night Alapai had heard terrible screams. While fishing one dark night the Old Captain was knocked down by a heavy wave. His screams for help seemed to shake the whole island.

Now and then the waves washed him back to shore but the bank was so steep that he could not get a hold to pull himself up again and so the waves kept taking him out farther

and farther.

Catching a lava snag which was standing up out of the water he lay there kicking and screaming, "Help! Quick! I'm drowning! Help! Help!" with the hope that someone would come to his aid.

Alapai heard the loud cries of distress. He blew a shrill whistle through his fingers which brought his men together. Grabbing a rope they ran as fast as they could to the beach calling, "Yo, ho! Yo, ho! Yo, ho!"

They reached the beach quickly. There was no time to lose. "I'll swim out with the rope," Alapai said, giving one end to the boys and tying the other around his waist. He dived into the water. The high tossing waves made it almost impossible to swim through them, so Alapai dived down and swam far beneath where the water was still. Quickly touching the rock to which the Old Captain was clinging, he drew himself up out of the water panting and spitting.

Alapai rested a moment, then he tied the rope around the Old Captain's waist. They were ready to swim a-shore. "Ho-heave-ho! Ho-heave-ho!" cried Captain Alapai.

"Ho! Let's go! Let's go!" Shouting loudly so that they could be heard above the noise of the water, the boys tightened the rope and began pulling.

Alapai swam along beside the Old Captain helping him

through some of the heaviest waves. In a short time they pulled him up onto the lava bank beyond the reach of the rushing, swirling sea.

Chilled and too exhausted to go any farther, the Old Captain fell down on the rock and lay there coughing out the water. The boys gave him a lomilomi, a massage which seemed to warm his weak body, though he was still breathing painfully.

The silver-white moon cast a pale, sickly shadow over the Old Captain's face. "I'm all right!" he gasped. "Let me rest! I'm all right."

The boys stood there silently watching for the least opportunity to add to his comfort. Several of them built a fire. Iko, a tall muscular boy, with skin of golden brown, hurried to bring water while Hikili ran proudly, with tilted chin and straight shoulders, for a blanket.

It was past midnight before the Old Captain tried to get up. With the boys' help he staggered to his feet, and climbed the hill to his hut.

"You saved my life! You saved my life!" he kept saying feebly. "Some day, I hope that I'll be able to repay you."

Just at this time, his man Lui, came rushing in to look after him. Since the boys were no longer needed they hurried off down the hill to the village.

Alapai recalled that later as they walked along the beach near the scene of the accident he had told the boys what his Uncle Lokeke used to say about the Old Captain being a pirate and having a hidden treasure somewhere on the island.

"What! A treasure!" Moku exclaimed, with his big brown eyes looking out from under the straight wind-blown hair.

"Yes," Iko said, "my father told me that the Old Captain goes on long mysterious trips into the mountains and they think he is searching for a treasure."

"Ah," exclaimed Ilami one of the handsomest and most fearless boys in the village, "we'll wait and hope."

Just at this minute something pinched Alapai's foot. Jumping straight up he saw a poor frightened crab scuttling away toward the water. This aroused him from his day dreams..

"Oh! It is getting late, I must be going back to our little shack in the coconut grove," he said to himself.

With another glance at the mystery ship, Alapai shouted, "Ship ahoy!" It came nearer and nearer. He felt a little excited as in his mind these sails began to look like the queer rig used by pirates. Quickly folding his hands together and putting them to his mouth, he gave a loud shrill whistle to the Village Pirates.

There was no need to call, for the Village Pirates

always kept a sharp lookout, hoping that some day sea pirates would come. One of the boys had seen the sail just as the vessel climbed over the sky line.

Alapai heard a long and short whistle. Listening he heard it again. "That's the sign of the Village Pirates," he thought. "They'll be here, now, in a few minutes."

In a short time they came running up to their leader, excited and out of breath.

"Ship ahoy!" Moku called out.

"What strange sail is this?" Iko asked.

Captain Alapai's answer left no doubt, "It is a pirates' rigging."

A smile came over their faces. Many a day they had watched and hoped that sea pirates would come.

"All hands out!" the captain called in his gruffest voice.

As he gave this command the boys hurried into line eagerly awaiting further orders. Pointing to Ilami he spoke in loud rough tones. "You keep watch from the point on the highland tonight." Then swinging his arms out he said to Enaoka, "You watch from the tallest tree." Turning around to the group he aroused a feeling of fear in them by talking in low deep tones.

"You come with me to the cave. That will be our fort. There will be lots of work to do, but we can make it a defense

strong enough to protect the village."

All of the pirates obeyed the orders as soon as the command was given. Moku climbed the steep cliff to the top of the lookout point. Enaoka climbed the tallest palm tree. The other watchman climbed a high mango tree. Both of them had full sweep of the ocean.

The boys in the cave were kept busy gathering and storing wood for a bonfire, piling up a large mass of small stones for their ammunition, and throwing up a wall of rocks and brush just outside the cave entrance.

The sky was a dull gray. There were no stars to be seen. Soft crinkly clouds drifted about slowly. Then a gust of wind rushed through the dark with a ghostlike sound. The tall palms moaned and creaked.

Waters blacker than the night could be heard lashing against the ship's sides as she moved through the rough sea. The cold silence of waiting caused the boys to shake and tremble with fright. Far out in the distance the lonely barking of a dog could be heard.

As the boat came nearer and nearer, the boys waited breathlessly --- waited for a pirate strong and bold -- and maybe a fight.

Eagerly they watched for a sign to make sure that this was Captain Kawaakoa. Then, suddenly, the heavy clanging of

the ship's bell, the rough, loud voice of her master, and the anxious barking of his dog proved to them that this was the Old Pirate Captain.

"But it does not look like the Sea Devil," said Alapai --
"Perhaps he has captured a strange cargo on his mystery voyage."

THE MUTINY

"Listen!" commanded Captain Alapai, "I hear a voice."

"It sounds like a giant," whispered Hikili.

"His voice is like thunder!" exclaimed Iko. "That cannot be a man!"

"Listen!" commanded Alapai, the captain of the Village Pirates. "The echo seems to roar through the hills. Why, even the earth is shaking and trembling."

"Our rock pile is tumbling down," exclaimed Moku, "and the wall is falling."

"Captain! We cannot fight a giant."

"Ho, ho, Captain!" a sharp piercing cry called from the point on the highland. "Yo, ho! A tidal wave! Ho, ho! Yo, ho! Yo, Ho! A tidal wave! A tidal wave!"

"Ho, ho, Hold!" all of the pirates yelled in reply.

"All hands out!" sternly commanded Captain Alapai. The Village Pirates ran to their places in line, eagerly awaiting further orders. The Captain raised his arm and said, "Quick, to the tallest tree!"

They ran as fast as their legs would carry them to the large mango tree where one of the pirates was keeping watch..

"Hurry!" Hikili called from the top of the tree.

"Hurry! before the next wave comes in."

They hurried faster than they ever had hurried in their lives before. Captain Alapai was the last one up.

Each one of them climbed onto a strong high limb. Suddenly another trembling and shaking followed. Then they heard a deep roaring like the rushing of the wind. The water came whirling in, higher and higher. The ship, off its course, was being hurled toward the coral reef. There was a heavy rumbling, together with a violent jerky motion in the earth. The trees swayed in the heavy wind.

The boys moved in on the stronger limbs toward the tree's trunk. They crouched close together. It was good to be near some one, to feel that some one was close by, even though the darkness was so black that they could not see each other, except now and then as the lightning flashed .

A violent tremor shook the earth, followed by a strong south wind. "An earthquake!" Moku cried out. "A kona!" shouted Iko. "A storm!" screamed Captain Alapai. "A storm! Keep astraddle of the limbs! Turn your backs to the wind! Brace your feet! Hold tight!"

The steady raging of the wind was growing stronger. The large mango tree bent low toward the ground. Many other trees broke off while some tore out of the ground and fell

full length with their broken roots and soil standing high in the air.

The boys screamed loudly to each other but the noise of the storm drowned their voices. Their captain kept shouting words of encouragement to them, but they could not hear him above the deep thunderous roaring. They crouched closer to the tree trunk as the wind beat harder and harder against them.

Their backs were aching, sore, and bruised. They kept watching for the ship and straining their eyes as the lightning flashed. She was pitching heavily and seemed to be dragging her anchor nearer and nearer the shore toward the danger of the shallow water.

A palm tree nearby was bent low in the wind. Its brushy top was dragging against the mango tree in which the pirates huddled. In an instant a stronger blast of wind came. There was a whining sound from the trees. Then crash! The nearby palm gave way and fell into the mango tree. It lay there securely fastened, its roots partly in the ground and its long leaves entwined in the mango limbs. Its bushy top scratched and pounded against the boys, but they held on grimly. The air was filled with flying leaves, twigs and limbs. By strange good luck the fronds of the fallen palm formed a shield for the boys, protecting them from the full

force of the wind and the swift flying rubbish.

The rain came down in torrents. The water, beating against the boys with violent force, dashed past in dense sheets. Stones of ice were now battling and bruising their backs. Hail stones as large as marbles rained down thickly and with great force. Then, suddenly the wind stopped. The rain and hail passed over and for a few minutes it could be heard beating down on the trees farther and farther in the distance.

There was a cold, still silence. The boys shivered, and their teeth chattered. Then, again, they heard the faint wailing cry of a dog. The wind returned with a loud and sudden rush. It pushed with a strong downward sweep that twisted and broke many trees in its path.

There was no rain. The sky hung low with black ragged clouds, pushed along by the south wind. The boys dreaded the south wind or Konas as the old Hawaiians call them.

Soon the wind ceased again. The low hanging clouds cleared away and the sky lighted. Once more the storm-beaten land was calm and peaceful.

In the deep stillness after the storm, the Village Pirates felt overwhelmed with a dread and a fear. "Such a feeling of terror is always a bad sign," Captain Alapai told them. "It is a warning that foretells some great calamity."

At sea, huge breakers crashed and rushed toward the shore. The ship rode the rough waves, weathering the storm. There was a trembling and swaying of the earth. Above the thunder of the sea, the troubled cry of a dog was heard -- the cry of a wet, cold dog, waiting for her master.

Another swaying, jerky tremor shook the earth sharply. Then another great thundering tidal wave came dashing and tumbling toward the beach. It rolled in very high upon the shore. The water lapped and swirled about the mango tree. Suddenly a great roaring wave lifted the ship high in the air and rushed her forward with a terrific force. She was now in the shallow water amid the rock and sand beds. Tilting sideways on the edge of a mighty breaker she reared and pitched. Then, over the coral reef, clash, bang, she crashed. By the light of the moon the boys could see her lying on her side with the water dashing high.

"She has probably sprung a leak on the coral reef," Alapai said, "and gone aground on a sand bank."

They could hear no sound except the roaring sea. In a short time the water drew back with as much force and swiftness as it had come, pulling many of the fallen trees and broken limbs far out beyond the reef.

"The ship is aground!" Captain Alapai cried. "Where is the Old Captain? Where is he?"

"In his grave," a weird sounding voice spoke from behind them. "In a watery grave!" the strange voice moaned. "He met his death by the hungry shark."

"Who are you?" Captain Alapai demanded as all of the pirates jumped and looked behind them. There they saw an old man staggering up to the tree. His eyes were filled with terror. His hair was long and tangled. His thin body leaned to one side.

The boys held their breath and drew closer together, more frightened than they had ever been before.

Pointing toward the half sunken ship the old man shook his head slowly and said, "In the black water, lurking under that ship is a hungry shark. They who see her never return. The Old Sea Pirate has met a stronger foe tonight."

A cold gust of wind blew hard for a few minutes. The old man disappeared as mysteriously as he had come.

Shaking from cold and fright the boys climbed down out of a tree. They were so stiff Iko said, "Legs, legs, where are you? Did you break off in the storm? Can you boys tell me whether I have legs or not?"

"My poor back feels like it is one large boil, it is so sore and bruised," added Moku..

"Yo, ho! yo, ho, all's well!" Ilami's voice called from the watch on the high point.

"Yo, ho!. Yo, ho! Yo, ho!" the pirates shouted. "All's well, all's well, all's well."

Then Captain Alapai blew such a shrill whistle through his fingers that it was heard above the roaring surf and echoed from the hills above. This was a signal to the watchman on the high point to leave his post of duty and come to the cave.

In the light of a pale moon the boys could see the ship rolling about in the breakers.

"Poor Old Captain," they said in sorrowful tones with bowed heads, thankful enough that their lives had been spared. "Poor old pirate. After all, he had a kind heart."

The Village Pirates stood with bowed heads as though they were breathing a prayer -- a prayer for their foe who always said, "Sweet is the death that's met in a fight," or "Ah, death in a fight is sweet." The lonely barking of the faithful dog brought a sigh to the boys' lips - and their eyes filled with tears.

"Ah, 'tis few men that ever have a friend so faithful," Ilami whispered.

Captain Alapai commanded, "All hands out!" The Pirates stepped quickly into place. "Face right! Forward march!" The Pirates marched single file back to the cave to spend the rest of the night..

In the distance the boys could hear the deep-toned baying of a dog. "The Captain's dog!" Alapai exclaimed. "Where is she? It sounds far away. The poor thing is still watching and waiting for her master."

As soon as the boys reached the cave they hustled about getting dry wood which they had stored high up on a ledge. They did not have any matches, so they started a fire by rubbing a round dry stick on to a split chunk of dry wood. They rubbed and rubbed and rubbed. Finally they saw a glow of light. The wood dust was burning. Each boy put on some fine dry kindling and blew the blaze. Then they put on twigs and sticks. In a short time a large bonfire was throwing its light and heat over the cave.

The cold, shivering, rain-drenched pirates drew near to the fire. As soon as their clothes were dry and their chilled bodies warm, a heavy sleep overcame them. Forgetting the awful night, they slept soundly.

In his dreams Alapai remembered the lore of his people. On long dark nights, when the water is rough and no fishermen dare put out to sea, when the wind is sighing and moaning in the trees, and the rain is beating on the roof, it is said that an old, old man stumbles into the village. His eyes are hollow and wild looking; his hair, long and white; his body dwarfed and bent. With a sweeping gesture he points in

the direction of the sea. Then he chants, in a thin trembling voice, one of the mysterious legends about the Old Captain. "In the dark of that dark stormy night when the heavy Kona winds were pounding the land and sea, an old robber pirate was shipwrecked on yonder coral reef. He and his men clung to one side of the ship's hull that was standing up out of the water. All went well for a while but lurking inside the coral reef where he had been washed during the high water was a hideous creature, a vicious hungry shark!

Sometimes when the waves were lashing high the Old Captain was in the water up to his waist. By the moonlight he could see a dark shadowy object leap up out of the water. Then, he felt a crashing against the hull of the boat. Something cold and fierce brushed against him. The moon was gone. Night was all about - ugly, frightful darkness. In an instant something cold touched his foot. Kicking so hard that his legs and feet were aching, and screaming so loudly that the coral rocks underneath him shook and trembled, he frightened the terrible monster away," the old man continued.

"Some ghastly thing clutched the Old Captain's leg. He sent up a cry of terror but it could not match the roaring wind. The water reddened as the blood gushed from the wound. The terrible monster took the brave old pirate to his home under the sea - a place from which no living man ever returns..

And still on a dark stormy night, when the waves are
pounding the sea, and the rain is flooding all the land

And the night is dark
As dark as can be
A dog is waiting there for his master.
He watches and waits hopefully
Awaiting his master's return
To his home by the lonely sea."

As the old man finished his story, he slipped away,
suddenly into the darkness.

Alapai stirred in his sleep as his dream was finished.

THE VILLAGE PIRATES

Suddenly Ilami leaped to his feet. "Help! Murder! Help!" he shrieked.

"What is the matter?" asked Hikili.

"Oh, I had a bad dream - a terrible dream."

"I thought you must have been dreaming. What was it?" Alapai asked.

"I don't like to tell it now because my grandmother used to say, "Never tell a dream on an empty stomach, for if you do, something bad will come of it."

"Oh, tell us! we are not afraid of dreams."

"Well, I dreamed that the Old Captain was screaming, 'Help! help!' After the men mutinied aboard ship they forced him to walk the plank to his death. But Captain Kawaakoa was a powerful swimmer and made his way to the shore against the heavy sea and strong undercurrent. Hearing his cries I ran quickly to get a long rope and threw it out to him. Just as he took hold of the rope and gave a pull I was jerked into the sea. Ugh! There in the water I saw the large green eyes of a terrible monster coming toward me."

"We thought something was about to grab you from the

way you were screaming," Moku said, laughing. "I expect the monster was more frightened than you were."

"Poor Old Captain, ship-wrecked just as he was reaching home, I'd like to know what happened to him," sighed Iko.

"Do you suppose that ghostly looking old man knew what he was talking about?" Iko inquired.

"A shark could easily have got him," Captain Alapai replied. "I have heard it said that a weird looking old man comes out just after a storm or on nights when the lunar rainbow is in the sky, and casts an evil spell about. Then he speaks in strange unearthly tones and foretells future events, which always come true."

"That makes me shiver," Hikili exclaimed.

"Poor Old Captain, there is a chance that he might have saved himself," Captain Alapai assured them. "The water is not very deep along the coral reef. Besides, I used to hear the men at the village say that the Old Captain is a powerful swimmer. Why, it is said that he used to swim from Kauai to Niihua every morning for his breakfast."

"Fifteen miles for breakfast?" Iko asked.

"Well the people on Kauai like to eat threefinger poi which is quite thin. The Old Captain said that it did not give him the strength he needed. The poi on Niihau is thicker.

It is called one finger poi. The Captain always said, "Niihua poi makes a weak man strong and it gives a strong man more strength."

By this time the huge bonfire was throwing its heat and light over a large part of the cave. Once more the boys were beginning to feel comfortable although they were very hungry.

Three of them slipped outside into the darkness. After a short time, they returned carrying an armful of green coconuts.

"Hurrah, hurrah!" the boys shouted. "Coconuts, coconuts!"

"Where did you find them?" Iko asked.

"We picked them up under a coconut palm. I knew the wind was bringing them down because one of them hit me on the back during the storm."

"Here is a sharp piece of stone I found lying on a ledge last night. It will be good for husking the nuts," Captain Alapai said.

"I didn't know that I was so hungry," Ilami exclaimed. "The sight of food makes me want to laugh. The smell makes my mouth water."

In a short time the green milky nuts were open before them. Each boy grappled a half and fell to with a good will. The smacking of their lips blended with the howling of the Old Captain's dog down by the sea.

As soon as they had finished eating, they threw the coconut shells into the fire. Then Captain Alapai blew three sharp whistles through his fingers. This was the call for which they were all ready - to go back to sleep.

The Village Pirates stretched out in a circle around the warm glowing fire. Each man placed a wooden club and a heavy stone by his side in case of trouble during the night. Captain Alapai slept nearest the door. In a short time they were breathing heavily with sleep.

The wind whistled through the cave door. The pale moon threw ghost-like shadows about the entrance. There was a moaning and sighing in the trees. The waves were beginning to break outside the coral reef and pound with weaker force.

Down by the shore, the Old Captain's dog became more and more excited. She was running back and forth wagging her tail, barking and whining in heavy angry tones -- sometimes growling, again yelping in distress. She leaped up to look over the water toward the wrecked ship. Now and then her master's voice, raging fiercely, could be heard above the roaring sea. Suddenly the dog gave a shrill cry of anguish and rushed off over the hill.

All was peaceful and quiet in the cave. The Village Pirates slept soundly after the strain and worry of the storm. They did not hear Kina, as she slipped through the

cave door. Sniffing and hurrying to the nearest boy, she gave several quick barks. Then she began whining and licking Alapai's face.

Instantly Alapai awoke and in his surprise yelled in a loud harsh voice.

"Get away! Get away! Get out of here!"

"What is it?" Ilami jumped up and asked.

"What is it?"

Kina gave several sharp barks.

"This must be the Old Captain's dog," said Alapai.

"It sounds like her." Ilami said. "I do not hear her barking by the sea any more. She seems to be in distress. Look how she rushes to the door crying and then comes back to us."

"I'll go with her to find out the trouble," Alapai said. You wake up the other boys and be ready, for we might need you."

Just as they reached the beach a small boatload of men were landing. These men had mutinied on the Sea Devil before she went aground on the coral reef. They wanted to rob the Old Captain and take his maps and treasure. It was their fault that the Old Captain lost his ship. Alapai crouched quickly behind a rock. Out across the water he heard the strong voice of the Old Captain calling, "Get 'em Kina!"

Get 'em! Get 'em! Get 'em!"

Upon hearing her master's voice, Kina gave a wild leap. She landed in the middle of the boat with the ship's deserters.

The men drew their pistols, "Snap, snap, snap!" They were trying to shoot the Captain's dog. Quick as a flash Kina gave a mad ugly snarl and a vicious growling bark. Then lunging forward with her full strength against one of the men, she knocked him down and seized his throat with her sharp pointed teeth. A stream of blood gushed forth from the deep gashes. The other deserters moved closer with their pistols drawn. "Snap, snap, snap!" the triggers sounded through the darkness but their water-soaked guns would not shoot.

Still hearing her master's voice calling, "Get 'em Kina! Get 'em! Get 'em!" the dog became more and more enraged. At the sight of the weapons and the smell of blood she sprang forward savagely like a wild beast ferociously gnashing her teeth, biting and clawing the men brutally.

These deserters who had faced death many times in battle and had never known fear, were in a panic. Guilt, shame, and conscience overpowered them. The sound of their master's voice calling to his faithful friend, his dog, made cowards of them all.

Instantly Captain Alapai gave one sharp whistle, then another. This was a distress signal for help to his men on

watch back there in the dark cave. Each one grabbed his weapons and dashed toward the sea. Just as they ran over the brow of the hill onto the beach, they heard Captain Alapai's gruff shout, "Give it to 'em" together with the Old Captain's cry to his dog, "Get 'em! Get 'em Kina!"

Rocks and clubs flew through the air, "bang, bang, bang!" Each weapon seemed to hit the right spot. All of the men were bruised and bleeding. Helped by the Village Pirates, Kina fought with an added fierceness which caused the men to back off away from the boat.

At this instant the moon grew brighter. A light wind stirred the trembling palms. The air was heavy with the odors of the salt-marsh as it drifted through the night. A soft shower began to fall. Changing moonbeams dimly tinted a lunar rainbow against the rain-swept sky.

"Ah, ha, ha, ha! Ah, ha, ha, ha!" came a shrill mysterious laughter which echoed through the hills. "Ah, ha, ha, ha! Ah, ha, ha, ha!" Then silently, like the rushing wind, a dark shadow slipped past -- the shadow of a bent, tottering, old man with long flowing hair and hollow eyes. The sight of him cast a feeling of dread of a future evil that was hovering over them.

The Village Pirates fell to the ground as if struck by lightning. Kina tucked her tail between her legs, gave a

sharp, quick yelp and disappeared. The deserters fled swiftly over the hill.

In a moment the midnight rainbow sank into the sea. The rain cleared away and the shadow, reeling from side to side vanished into the darkness. The spell was broken.

The Village Pirates rose quickly, jumped into the boat which contained the treasure chest and rowed out toward the Old Captain. His loud cries of "Help! Help! Come quick!" could be easily heard above the pounding surf. They pulled the oars with all their strength and slowly moved the boat through the surging waves.

The sky grew lighter -- the early morning fog had lifted enough that they could see a short distance around them. The ship's deserters were gone. But where was Kina? They could not see or hear her anywhere. Had those cowards who robbed their Captain now killed his dog? "Scum of the earth! It takes a cruel heart to do a wicked deed like that!" Iko said.

Hearing the Old Captain's voice, they looked toward him just in time to see his large, gray dog pulling herself out of the water on to the wrecked ship's hull. She was barking a happy greeting to her master.

The boys rowed with stronger courage. Soon they were within close range of the distressed Captain and the sad-

looking wreck of the Sea Devil.

"Friend or foe?" the Old Captain called out as the boat drew near.

"We are your friends," replied Alapai, in a frightened voice. "We are returning your stolen treasure."

"Ah, my treasure, my treasure! I see you have it! Those rascals!" stormed the Old Captain shaking his fist in the air. "Those rascals were my own men. They wrecked my ship and stole her treasure. My treasure that I had worked so hard to get." The Old Captain clinched his teeth, and shook his fist, as if to include the whole world.

"Ah, my treasure!" the Old Captain smiled. He spoke now in a gentler tone. "My treasure and my friends!" The boys tried not to be frightened but the Old Captain looked like a giant to them. His heavy, stern voice and black, piercing eyes caused their hearts to beat faster and their teeth to chatter in spite of their determination to be brave.

As the boys pulled the boat up within close range of the Captain, Kina growled and drew nearer to her master. Suddenly jumping back, she braced herself on the ship's hull and gave a vicious growl. Then, springing forward, down she came, "crash" into the treasure boat. Giving another fierce growl she leaped, seizing Alapai with her fore feet. "Kina! Kina!" the Captain yelled in a loud harsh tone - but it was

too late. Alapai lost h's balance and before the others knew what was happening, he and Kina fell headlong overboard into the deep rough water.

Quicker than a flash Alapai pulled away from the struggling frightened beast and swam under water for a short distance before coming up for air.

As soon as Kina rose above the water the Old Captain stormed in his gruffest tones, "Come here, Kina! Come here! Come here to me! What is the matter with you? You come here!" Kina wanted to fight some more. The Old Captain beat on the ship's hull and commanded. "Come here! Come to me!" Unwillingly Kina swam back and pulled herself up out of the water.

"Shame on you! Shame on you, Kina! These boys are our friends."

"Here boys, loosen these cords on my legs and arms, that boy out there might need help. Those scoundrels gagged and bound me. They tied me up while the storm was at its worst." As he said this he clinched his fist and shrieked, "Scoundrels!" until he could be heard far over the tossing sea. "They wanted my treasure."

"You see I strained and twisted one hand loose but the wet knots would not slip on my legs and the other arm. The cords were bound so tight that deep gashes are cut in my

flesh. The scoundrels! Some day they'll be sorry!"

Alapai was making good headway back to the boat, sometimes swimming easily above the water and again underneath the waves' crest. He raised his arm to let them know that he was all right. Suddenly a great billow swelled by the wind came rushing in, and struck the coral reef with such a force that the water was thrown high into the air. In a short time they could see Alapai's head bobbing up and down in the choppy sea as he was washed out by the strong undertow.

Alapai remembered what the old men always said about sharks washing inside the coral reef during a heavy storm. It was not easy for them to find food in the shallow water. They would attack any living thing when suffering from hunger. Thinking of this Alapai pulled stronger and faster through the gray choppy sea.

The Captain stood up on the hull of the Sea Devil and motioned to Alapai to come around and fall into the current that led to the beach. Soon he was swimming steadily toward the boat. For awhile the waves came tumbling in close together. Suddenly there was a short lull which gave him a chance to make his way through the water. He swam strongly and soon was back at the boat.

"Well, well, you made it back," the Old Captain said

as the boys reached out their hands to pull him into the water. "Shame on you, Kina! Tell the boy that you are sorry for what you did."

Kina gave a joyful bark and held out her leg for Alapai to shake it. "She is trying to say, 'I'm sorry,'" the Old Captain explained. "Hush, Kina, don't bark so loud. We know that you are sorry. We know that you are ashamed to treat your master's good friends as you did. We will forgive you. Come now and get into the boat. It is time to go ashore." Kina stepped carefully into the boat as if she were afraid that some unexpected thing might happen. Springing up quickly and resting her forefeet on the treasure chest, her troubled eyes anxiously scanned the beach while she barked and growled.

The Old Captain moved very slowly as he climbed down from the hull of the Sea Devil into the treasure boat. His limbs were stiff from cold and exposure and his wounds were beginning to pain him.

"You'll feel better after you get something to eat, Captain," Alapai said to him.

"And a little sleep," Moku added.

"Such little things as sleep and hunger are not bothering me, but my treasure is," the Old Captain replied trembling. "My treasure must be guarded." Then, remembering, he quickly felt in his hip pocket. "Oh, my map! My map!" he cried,

"those deserters took my map. Oh, I am ruined! If they are able to figure out the map's code, the work of a lifetime is gone -- and the treasure, the treasure, the treasure," the Old Captain sank back exhausted into the boat.

The boys rowed the boat nearer and nearer to the shore. As soon as they landed the Old Captain said, "Kina, go! Go home, Kina! Go get Lui. Bring my man, Lui. Kina, go!"

Kina jumped and barked. She plainly understood every word the Old Captain said. She gave a sharp quick bark, and was off with a bound, running full speed in the direction of her master's home.

For a few minutes the Old Captain watched his faithful dog as she disappeared amid the lahala bushes. Then, sadly he looked back toward the lonely and forsaken ruins of his dearly beloved ship, the Sea Devil. Tears filled his eyes and streamed down his cheeks. His hands were shaking and his voice trembling, "My ship is wrecked, my map is lost, and my men traitors," As the Old Captain said these last words he clenched both of his fists in great fury and made a terrible threat. "Brutes! you'll die! Cutthroat, you'll die at my hands. Die at my hands!" His eyes grew wide for a moment and had in them the wild glare of a mad-man as he snarled, "Die! die! die!"

Then, turning to the Village Pirates, the Old Captain

said, "I warn you to keep open eyes and sharp ears and maybe some day you will find the hidden treasure for which men have long been searching."

Kina came bounding back to them barking and jumping joyfully as if to say, "I have done what you told me to do."

The Old Captain turned to the boys and said, "It is best that we part before my man comes. We will meet again another day."

The Village Pirates hurried away over the hill leaving the Old Captain alone, wrapped in a deep shroud of mystery.

THE SHIP'S DESERTERS

As the Village Pirates hurried over the hill, Captain Alapai commanded his men to go by the cave to get their wet clothes. He also wanted to get his ukulele which was left on a high rock ledge.

As they entered the cave, they noticed that some one had been there. They missed the coconuts left over from the midnight feast and the rocks they had piled up for weapons were scattered and gone. All around there were large rough looking footprints of men.

"The deserters!" Ilami exclaimed.

"Yes," Moku whispered, "the bloody rogues! Robbers of the Sea Devil."

"Let's get out of here," commanded Captain Alapai.

As the boys turned to go, they heard low, mumbling voices. Now they knew that the ship's deserters were lurking near in some dark inner cave.

The Village Pirates had been in the cave many times before and knew that there was only one passage-way. Quickly they hastened outside and lighted the huge pile of dry wood into a crackling bonfire. The blaze and smoke filled the cave door until it was impossible for anyone to escape.

"Get more wood," Captain Alapai commanded. "Run! Work fast!"

"Yes, Captain!" Iko replied, "we'll keep the fire up." Then he called to the other pirates, "Hurry! go bring the driftwood! Gather up the fallen limbs."

"We ought to smoke them out if we don't get a chance to do anything else," Moku said.

"There's one thing sure they'll never be able to come out as long as we keep up the fire."

"I hope the smoke fills the cave until they smother and die," cried Ilami in fearless tones.

"Yes, die!" Iko added, "Die!" he snarled, curling his lips in anger until his white teeth showed.

"We can starve them to death because the few coconuts they took will not last long."

The boys threw more rubbish on the fire. The blaze lapped the top of the cave door. The heat and smoke forced them to back away.

Captain Alapai commanded half of his men to be wood-carriers and the other half to be firemen, keeping the fire burning high. The boys worked hard -- as hard as they could on an empty stomach. Captain Alapai hurried to pick up some green coconuts and opened them so that the boys could have a cool drink of milk. They took turns at eating. Only one

ate at a time while the others worked fast to keep the fire built up.

"Bang!" there was a great crash. The blood-thirsty deserters threw a heavy rock shattering through the fire. Then another came crashing through. There was no time for eating and drinking now. Captain Alapai lifted his fingers to his mouth and gave a loud clear call of distress. The Village Pirates fell to with a will. They knew that they could manage the deserters better by holding them inside the cave.

Yelling and shouting their terrible oaths, the deserters hurled a steady stream of heavy rock through the fire, outside the doorway. They were forced back by the heat and smoke of the hot roaring fire. Hungry and overcome by long hours of fighting, the deserters crouched back in the cave.

They had fought until their rock pile was getting low and it was hard work to break more rock from the lava walls of the cave.

The Village Pirates kept up the fire, throwing huge logs and limbs of wet wood on to the red hot coals which caused a denser smoke. They were glad the ship's deserters had settled down for a while. This gave Captain Alapai a chance to strengthen his fort by piling up rocks to be used as weapons and more wood for a onfire. They also gathered up food: coconuts, mangoes, bananas, and breadfruit. All of

the time that the deserters were cowering back in the cave the Village Pirates lay low in order to be ready to fight more furiously later on.

Wearied and wounded the deserters were not at their best for driving away the enemy. They were shut in by the solid lava rock forming the cave's wall. They realized that it was not possible to hold the fort without some kind of weapon. Looking at their water-soaked pistols in disgust they remembered their trusty swords which were lost on the Sea Devil. They had nothing to fight with and no way of escape.

"Come on!" commanded Captain Alapai, "we must strike our hardest!"

"We will need to," Ilami added, "these men are hungry, for they have eaten nothing all day. They will fight more furiously when they get hungrier!"

"Pile up more wood," Iko said. "Punch up the fire!"
"We'll smoke 'em out."

The red hot blaze was leaping upward. Again the boys had to move back on account of the glare and heat. While the fire was roaring high the Village Pirates took turns at eating the stored-up fruit.

Just at this time, while the Village Pirates were anxiously watching with a terrible feeling of dread, not knowing what those blood-thirsty deserters might decide to do, they

heard a terrific noise behind them. Looking around, they saw the Old Captain running like a madman over the hill, brandishing his sword in one hand and shooting his pistol into the air with the other. "Vengeance!" he was shrieking in great fury. "Vengeance! Vengeance! Blood-thirsty rogues, vengeance!" The Old Captain stopped to call, "Kina! Lui!" In an instant they dashed over the hill toward the cave.

Lui was carrying more guns and knives in his arms. His pockets and knapsack were filled with ammunition.

Restless and excited, Kina was eager for a fight. She was sniffing loudly and seemed to scent the smell of the foe she had fought earlier in the day.

"Brave fellows!" the Old Captain exclaimed. "Brave fellows to hold this fort a day."

Captain Alapai brushed the sweat from his face and eyes, and looked around. There was no time to lose. Placing his fingers to his lips he gave the Pirates' call. Though they were hot and thirsty his men huddled together eagerly awaiting further orders.

Then, running toward them, he called in whispered tones, "Fall in, lads! To arms!"

The Old Captain with all of his courage stepped forward and placed a pistol, musket, or sword in each boy's hand. Some of them also carried heavy stones or clubs in case their

guns failed them.

Everything was ready. The Old Captain held Kina back to keep her from dashing into the cave ahead of time.

Captain Alapai stepped out in front of the Village Pirates and said, "Pirates, we are now ready to charge. Raise your hand and take this oath with me: 'I solemnly vow that I will die fighting rather than give up or turn back.'"

Each one raised his right hand and in all earnestness repeated the words with his leader.

Kina grabbed a stick in her mouth and kept pawing with her right foot as if she understood all they were saying, and she, too, was taking the oath with them.

The fire was still roaring in front of the cave door. The Village Pirates were standing at attention waiting for further orders. Captain Alapai commanded: "Lay down your guns, men! Plunge into that pool of water. Your wet clothes will enable you to leap through the blaze without being burned."

The Village Pirates did as they were commanded, pulling Kina into the water with them, and soon were back in line a dripping mass of mud and water. Picking up their weapons and holding them away from their bodies to protect them from the water and mud, they waited Captain Alapai's command.

Suddenly at his signal, the Village Pirates rushed through the fire all together shouting like a pack of fiends. Captain Alapai and Kina led the way. The Old Captain stayed outside and shot his musket so that the bullets fell to the ground just ahead of the Village Pirates as they advanced upon the ship's deserters.

The deserters taken by surprise were too panic-stricken to fight and backed up in terror. Then, regaining their courage, they sent a furious shower of stones and clubs at the Village Pirates and made them fall back. Never before had the pirates fought such vicious men. At first they were terrified. But shooting truly and steadily from outside the cave door the Old Captain kept shouting, "Hands up! Surrender!" Then, "Get 'em, Kina ! Get 'em! Surrender!" and to the Village Pirates, "Lay to it, lads! Let 'em have it!"

The deserters were terrified at the sight of the dog, for the deep gashes she tore in their flesh that morning had caused them great pain all day. They were helpless in the face of the pistols. They had nothing with which to defend themselves.

"Hands up! Surrender!" commanded Captain Alapai.

The bullets from the Old Captain's musket were singing and hissing through the air. These deserters, demons in human form, seemed to lose all courage at the sound of their

master's voice. Many times, fighting with him as their leader, they had faced danger and even death without flinching, but now a feeling of confusion and terror overcame them when they met the Old Captain to whom they had sworn allegiance. They remembered how he was always faithful to his men. Conscience - the inner sense which judges right or wrong - filled them with fear.

Facing their old leader in battle, the deserters had no stomach for fighting. They knew too well that he considered a man's honor his greatest glory and a deserter could have no honor. Their strength had always been their undying loyalty to each other, but now with that gone their bold courage was lost and they were nothing but weak cowards.

The Village Pirates, with eyes flashing like steel, kept their guns on the deserters and closed in upon them. Kina was sneaking along snarling and growling as if she were ready to spring on them any minute. Ilami steadied himself and fired a shot. The bullet whistled and shattered the rock wall but missed its mark.

"Lay to it, boys! Give it to 'em!" roared the Old Captain as he kept up a steady stream of fire from outside the cave door.

The shirt of one of the men was soaked in blood. A bullet from the Old Captain's gun had wounded him.

The sight of blood terrified the deserters. Packing off till they came near a huge rock they dashed behind it quick as a flash and disappeared. Charging fiercely Kina sprang after them. The Village Pirates rushed forward and to their surprise saw that the deserters had disappeared through a secret passage. They had rolled a huge rock from over a deep dark hole that led to an underground tunnel. Instantly the boys fired guns into the hole. Then far beneath they heard the deserters pushing a heavy rock over the mouth of the hole.

"Ah! A hole!" exclaimed Captain Alapai. "How did they know it was there?"

"Shoot 'em! Kill 'em!" shouted the Old Captain. "Don't let those scoundrels get away!"

"They escaped!" Moku called to him.

"They slipped through a secret passage!" Hikili cried out.

"Impossible!" roared the Old Captain. "There is no outlet to this cave. Outrageous! The bloody villains!"

The Old Captain jumped through the fire and with flashing eyes rushed into the cave where the boys were.

"Show me the hole! Where is it?" he stormed, while his eyes blazed in anger, as he held his finger on the trigger ready to shoot.

The boys trembled with fear and respect for the powerful Old Captain.

"Here's the hole," Captain Alapai said as he pointed to the place where the men escaped. "I never heard of an opening in this cave before."

"No one else ever did!" the Old Captain replied.

"The blood-thirsty brutes! Dogs! Low, worthless rascals!" He clinched his fist as he raved these last words, and waved his gun in the air. Then, he began shooting wildly into the hole in the act of returning evil for evil. His red face and wide staring eyes were filled with madness. Reckless and blinded with anger he shot fast and furiously as if he would never stop.

All of a sudden there was a sharp outcry. Kina rushed away from them yelping and barking in loud tones of anguish. Her cries of distress echoed back and forth through the cave walls.

Quickly the firing ceased; the Old Captain lowered his gun and called, "Kina! What's the matter? Come here Kina!"

"She's hurt!" Captain Alapai cried suddenly.

"There's blood! She's bleeding!" one of the boys exclaimed. "The blood is spurting from a wound."

"Ah, my dog," as the Old Captain said these words he turned and ran toward his faithful dog. He could see she was licking her leg, and lying in a pool of her own blood.

Trembling from pain and fright Kina growled at the Old Captain as if she did not understand why he hurt her.

"Kina!" the Old Captain exclaimed. "I'm not going to hurt you! I wouldn't hurt my dog. Stand back, boys! She might bite you, while she is in so much pain." Then, walking nearer, he placed one of his large rough hands gently on Kina's side. "What's the matter, old thing? Doggie! What hurt you?" Kina flinched as her master touched her and gave a whining cry of pain. She was suffering and excited.

"What hurt her?" Iko asked hastily.

"Poor thing! What's the matter?" Moku asked as they gathered close around the dog.

"This is a bullet wound," the Old Captain replied sadly. "I don't see how it happened." Captain Alapai added, "I heard the bullets spattering over the ground while you were shooting into the hole."

"I didn't know it," the Old Captain replied. "They must have been hitting a rock and glancing back. Poor thing! Your master wouldn't hurt you. I wouldn't hurt my dog!" Then rising quickly he said, "Here, Lui, come and carry Kina home. She is not able to walk that far."

Picking up the large dog, Lui made for the cave door. She was almost too heavy for him to carry.

"Hurry along home, Lui!" the Old Captain commanded, .

"I will be there very quickly."

Just as they turned to go Captain Alapai's eyes caught the glimpse of a small white object among the rocks. Stopping to pick it up, he found it to be a piece of folded paper. "Look! What is this?" he exclaimed aloud.

"Open it!" the Old Captain said eagerly. "It looks like my map."

Captain Alapai unfolded it quickly and there before him was a sheet of paper containing half of a map.

"Give it here!" the Old Captain cried abruptly. "That's my map!" Taking the paper into his hand he continued, "This is my map, but the code - the code is gone - the code! Ah, the blood-thirsty scoundrels. I hope they die! But death would be too sweet! Vengeance!"

For a few minutes after he finished saying these last words, there was a hushed silence. Then, looking down, he smiled. A strange quiet smile. "Captain Alapai," he exclaimed, "I salute you! For your good work! I, the sea captain, salute you, the land captain!"

At these words, Captain Alapai's heart leaped with pride as he drew himself erect to receive this honor. Then stepping behind his men, the Village Pirates, he placed his arms around them and said, "These are my helpers, praise them. I couldn't have done it without them."

Suddenly a small bent figure appeared in the cave door, and leaping over the dying flames came staggering toward them. His flashing eyes gleamed through a tangled mass of long hair. He came closer, reeling from side to side.

With half closed eyes the weary voice of the old man droned in low hollow tones : "Deep down underneath in a lava tube the deserters make their home. One end of the tube begins in the fiery pit of Kilauea and the other end empties into the surging waters of the sea. There in that dark tunnel walk the ghostly shadows of wicked demons. They haunt and worry all living things. No man can find peace there!"

Suddenly the old man flung out his arm in a wide gesture commanding silence. Then nearer he drew to the Old Captain, nearer and nearer. The spluttering bonfire sent stark black shadows dancing weirdly about the cave. "Ah," his voice was heavy with a grave and stumbling weariness, "danger lurks near the buried treasure. Fie! Deserters! Ah, the map! Steady on and you will find the code."

There was a stilled silence. His eyes grew wide for a moment. Then he continued:

"When the wind is sighing through the trees,
Down near the moaning of the seas,
Where ghostly shadows flit about,
And a lonely dog is crying,
There search for the code and have no doubt,
On a high narrow ledge it is lying."

As soon as he finished speaking, the old man tottered out through the cave door. A hot breeze swept briskly about. Breathlessly they stood staring for a few moments.

"Come, let's go!" Captain Alapai whispered softly. The others said not a word. They saw visions -- visions of adventures to come -- sometime -- somewhere.

THE TALKING MYNAH

It was a pleasant summer day. The blue sea reflected the blue of the sky. The sun was shining brightly. Though many weeks had passed since the Sea Devil had gone aground on the coral reef, the Village Pirates, had not lessened their close watch for the ship's deserters.

Alapai awakened early on this morning for his Uncle Lokeke, with whom he had lived ever since he was a small boy, had promised to tell him about the long ago. There was nothing that delighted Alapai so much. His uncle always told about pirates, lawless robbery on the high seas, and the long endless search for hidden treasure.

These tales of the olden times were handed down by word of mouth from father to son. Alapai heard many things about the evil days of piracy - the torture, murder, death, and slavery of men, women and children, also how many a brave innocent man had walked the plank to his death.

In the early days Uncle Lokeke had been a sea-rover. He had plundered and ransacked every island his ship had come near, while roaming the South Seas. Having led this rough, daring boisterous life, he had learned many things about bloodthirsty, reckless pirates and their wicked deeds.

Often the village people gathered under the light of the fiery volcano. There they told stories and chanted songs filled with the heroic deeds of an ancient race - songs about adventure and far-reaching seas.

Finding himself alone in the house, Alapai hurried into the yard looking all around in search of his uncle. When he saw no one he called, "Yo-ho! Yo-ho! Yo-ho!"

Suddenly from among the trees a voice cried, "Hullo! Hullo! Hullo!"

This unexpected reply was so near that a feeling of horror chilled Alapai's heart. His eyes were wide and gleaming. "Pirates! Is that the Pirates?" he thought to himself. "I wish the folks were here. I don't see why they left me asleep."

Quickly Alapai thought over the things that it could not be. "I am sure that it isn't a menehune or dwarf for they always go back into the hills just as the sun is rising. Maybe one got lost from the group," Alapai said aloud. "Wouldn't it be fun to find a little man no taller than my knee? I would never have to work any more for Uncle Lokeke tells me that the menehunes do your work while you sleep."

Alapai looked at his hands. They were trembling. He felt his knees shaking. At this moment, he heard laughter and voices among the coconut trees. He did not lose a minute.

He ran to the palm grove faster than he had ever run before.

There under the palms were his uncle and two other men husking coconuts. They looked a little surprised to see Alapai. "Heigh there! What's up now?" Uncle Lokeke cried suddenly.

"I've found something," Alapai replied.

"What is it?"

"I do not know, but every time I call, it calls."

"What does it look like?" inquired Uncle Lokeke.

"I could not see it. The voice seemed to come from among the trees."

"Ah, ha, ha." Uncle Lokeke laughed, "it must be the boys."

"No, no, Uncle Lokeke, it cannot be the boys."

"Well, what is it?"

"I believe it is a pirate or a menehune."

"Not a pirate," Uncle Lokeke repeated. "Pirates roam the sea."

"Maybe it's one of the deserters from the Sea Devil," Alapai suggested. "He might have stolen off on a swift raid of plundering."

"Oh, no, no, no, no. It's not the deserters. And it can't be a menehune, for after working all night, they go

back to the hills before sunrise," Uncle Lokeke explained.

"Perhaps he got lost from his group and was left behind," Alapai insisted. "I wish that I could have seen him. I have heard it said that only those who have menehune blood are able to see them."

"That is true," Uncle Lokeke answered, "and you should have seen him for all of our folks have menehune blood. I told you once that something frightened most of the menehunes away from these islands, many years ago. Come, we will go and find out what this strange thing is."

"I have a queer feeling, Uncle Lokeke, I don't want to go back up there."

"It can't be any thing that will harm you. Come on."

They started toward the house leaving the men at work. One of the men called to them, "If you find a menehune, bring him down to husk these coconuts."

"All right," Uncle Lokeke laughingly called back.

The two men walked along in silence for a while. Then Alapai lagged behind. "I'd rather meet a pirate than a menehune," he thought to himself. Stopping, he raised one bare foot up over his knee and pretended to be pulling out a grass bur.

"Come on here, Alapai, you know there is not a grass bur anywhere near this place."

As Alapai put his foot down a terrible frown of pain came over his face. Slowly he came, limpty, limp, limpty, limp.

Uncle Lokeke got tired of poking along and was nearly to the hut before Alapai had climbed over the lava rock fence.. It was just as well that he did not wait long for Alapai never got over the fence, he only got half way over. By the time he reached the first pile of rock his pain suddenly grew so much worse that he could not possibly go any farther. Falling upon a rough jagged rock to rest, he gave a loud groan of pain for he really fell harder than he had intended.. In a short time he heard a voice calling, "Yoo hoo! Yoo hoo!"

"Ah, that is Uncle Lokeke. I wonder what he wants. I hate to go. I am afraid. If it's a pirate he could give a distress signal and a whole army of men would suddenly appear. They would carry both of us down into that dark lava tube with them to be their slaves. Some people might make willing and hard-working slaves - but a Hawaiian never! Never! Never!"

Alapai had walked a little nearer to the hut though he could not see it for the many banana, mango, and papaya trees shut off the view. He had forgotten to limp, but no one was looking, so what did it matter? A fellow limps just to let others know that he is hurt. Why one time he remembered limp-

ing a whole summer when a shark had snapped at his foot as he swam in the sea.

Again Uncle Lokeke was calling, "Alapai, Alapai."

Finally he found courage enough to answer, "Yo ho! I'm coming." Quickening his step and drawing near the house he could hear Uncle Lokeke talking with some one.

Just as he stepped into the yard a strange voice cried out, "Aloha, boy! Aloha!"

Alapai's eyes had a startled expression. "Who is it, Uncle?"

Uncle Lokeke opened his eyes wide as he answered in low tones - "Pirates! Fierce bearded pirates, each with a head of long matted hair, a spear in one hand and a pistol in the ot her."

"Sure enough?" Alapai asked. Then drawing nearer to his Uncle he whispered, "Where?"

At this instant a queer sounding voice called, "Peu, boy, Pau." Then it said, "Poor Kimo, poor Kimo!"

Uncle Lokeke turned toward Alapai. His eyes were twinkling with laughter. "Don't you really know? Come over here, stoop down and look at the back of the arbor and you will see it."

Alapai did as he was told. His whole body was trembling.. He was ready to run any minute. When he stopped down to look

the same strange voice cried, "East 9-1-7-815-3; West 4-6-2-1-8. Poor Kimo, poor Kimo!" The leaves were rustling and shaking underneath in the closely woven arbor.

Alapai looked up at his Uncle with a helpless expression. "What does that mean? Listen! Who is Kimo?"

"East 9-1-7-8-5-3; West 4-6-2-1-5," the voice repeated.

Alapai wanted to run as fast as he could to a place of safety.

Uncle Lokeke said, "Go on, see what it is. It's not going to harm you."

"I have seen all of the pirates I want to see. I wish the Old Captain and Kina were here," Alapai said. At this instant there was a terrible scrambling noise among the vines and limbs. A great rushing sound and beating against the bushes filled the air with falling twigs, leaves and dust..

Alapai was blinded by the mass of down pouring rubbish and almost smothered by the dust. Just as he opened his mouth to speak, an old decayed bird's nest fell with a spanking blow right into his face. He spat and sputtered. He wiped his face with his hands. He swallowed dirt and choked on the dead leaves, gasping for breath.

There was another cry of distress. Something rushed past Alapai. In the midst of the cloud of falling rubbish he could neither see nor breathe. He threw his arms over his

head and face to shut out the dust and leaves.

Suddenly there was another loud cry. Then a swiftly twirling something beat Alapai over the head with his arms as he rushed past. In spite of the choking cloud of dust Alapai screamed, "Help! Murder! Save me! Oh, Uncle, I'm killed," he sobbed aloud. "He hurt me! He beat me with a stick. Oh-o-o-o, the pirate beat me."

Alapai was sitting flat on the ground supporting his wounded head with both of his arms. His eyes were so filled with tears and dirt that he had a dazed expression.

Seeing it all Uncle Lokeke could hardly keep back a laugh. Walking over to Alapai he pulled his hands down from his head and said, "Get up, son, you'll be all right. Let me brush all of these feathers, sticks and hairs off of you. You look like a naughty little boy that has stolen a bird's nest."

"I didn't rob a bird's nest, Uncle. It just fell on me. I couldn't help it. Boo-hoo-hoo. That wicked pirate knocked it down."

Just as Alapai said these words a strange scream of laughter was heard out near the mango tree. Then the same voice calling, "Hallo!"

Uncle Lokeke turned and looked in the direction of the sound. Then he knelt down on the grass by Alapai and lift-

ing his chin up with one hand said, "Look, son, look right where I am pointing.""

Wiping his eyes and blinking hard, Alapai said, "I can't see a thing. Do you think I'll ever see again? Oh, boo-hoo-hoo."

"Come on," Uncle Lokeke said, as he took hold of both of Alapai's arms and pulled him on to his feet. "You're all right."

Suddenly a large gray bird alighted on the grass near them.

"Look, Alapai, look!" Uncle Lokeke exclaimed in excited tones.

"Aw, Uncle, it's nothing but a mynah bird. I see them all the time," Alapai answered.

As Alapai finished talking that same strange voice called out, "Pirates, East 9-1-7-8-5-3 and West 4-6-2-1-8! Pirates! Pirates! Poor Kimo! Poor Kimo!"

"Why Uncle," Alapai cried, "it's the bird -- it's the bird, Uncle."

"Yes, it's the bird but whoever heard of a bird talking?" Uncle Lokeke replied. "I am sure his name is Kimo for he keeps saying it over.

"The code, Uncle! The code! East 9-1-7-8-5-3; West 4-6-2-1-8!"

"I won't forget the cods," the uncle answered, "but where did he come from? He must belong to some one not far from here."

"Although these saucy birds chatter more than any bird I know, this is the first time I ever saw one that could really talk. Poor Kimo, come here, Kimo!" Uncle called. "See how he listens. That must be his name. Anyway, we will call him Kimo."

Uncle sent Alapai to get some rice so that they could feed the bird and catch him. Stepping about lightly and watching all the while, Kimo ate the grains of rice greedily. Twice they almost had their hands on him, but each time he rose quickly and flew a little farther over in the yard. Finally Uncle Lokeke got a strong bamboo pole and fastened a hook-shaped wire on the end. Working patiently for a long while he managed to slip the hook around Kimo's right leg. But even when his leg was in the snare, Kimo was far from being caught. Each time he stepped out and away from it. As they watched him they noticed that one toe was missing from his left foot which caused him to limp slightly. It looked as if it had been cut off or perhaps bit off by some sea monster.

Alapai heaved a deep sigh of disgust. "This is far worse than fishing. One does have something for his work when he

fishes, but all we'll have out of this will be a tired hungry feeling. I'd just love to eat this old bird -- eat him alive, skin, feathers, bones and all. It would take just that to get even with him for all of the trouble he has given me today."

"Do you remember, son, I told you once about how the Hawaiians used to catch the birds from which they plucked the feathers to weave into the royal robes for the kings?"

"Yes, I had forgotten that. Didn't they use something sticky to hold the bird's feet? I wish we had something." Like a flash Alapai darted away as he said this.

Uncle Lokeke kept worrying with the bird. He could not get any nearer to him. The bird was getting shyer all the time.

In a few minutes Alapai was back carrying a bucket of refuse black molasses. Uncle opened his mouth to say, "Son, that is my fertilizer. Don't pour it out." Before he had time to speak, the black gummy substance was on the ground. Quickly Alapai ran and grabbed up a handful of worms from his fishing bucket. Placing this fat wriggly mass on some leaves he laid the leaves upon the foamy scum of the thick, sour-smelling molasses.

Alapai and Uncle moved back to give Kimo a chance at the worms. In spite of his skill in conversation, he was

still just a plain mynah -- greedy, saucy and bold.

Cocking one bright eye and then the other, over the squirming worms, Kimo listened to see if any one was near. Spreading out his wings at his side and lifting himself off the ground, he alighted each time a little nearer to the worms. Chattering to himself, he began slipping up easily toward the juicy bits, when he thought no one was watching. Then jauntily tilting his eye over the wriggling worms, he reached in and pulled one out with his strong beak. He caught it back into his mouth and swallowed it. Eating fat, juicy worms gave him such great joy that he forgot all about his feeling of fear. He drew nearer to this meaty dinner by resting one foot on the sticky molasses. He was so hungry. He ate greedily, conversing with himself in shrill notes -- "Chirp, chirp, chirp," all the time he was eating.

The minute that Kimo's foot sank beneath the surface of the sticky mass, Alapai made a dive for him. Kimo had a very keen sense of sight that he used at all times. The instant Alapai moved, the bird darted up with fluttering wings held out from his side and made a strenuous effort to escape. His strength and fast-flapping wings lifted him up a short distance, but the thick, sticky mass held his foot down. Fluttering and struggling, his whole body writhing and twisting, he could not loosen the hold on his feet. Suffering so

much pain he sent out a cry of agony which seemed to plead for help.

The poor bird was so frightened and struggled so hard to get away that Uncle said, "Why don't you put him into the screened shed where the bananas ripen? He can stay there until...."

"Until I can build a better place for him?" Alapai questioningly interrupted.

"That is not what I had in mind. I was just going to say that you could keep him there until the owner is found."

"The owner?" Alapai exclaimed in low spirit. "I forgot all about that. I was hoping that he might belong to me."

"East 9-1-7-8-5-3," Kimo screamed. "West 4-6-2-1-8."

"Listen! The code, Uncle! The code!"

Hearing footsteps they looked around. Approaching them was an old man dressed in loose hanging rags with long shaggy hair and large hollow eyes.

Mysterious dark clouds passed before the sun, casting a haze of purple over the earth in a death-like palbr. Rushing down from the hills, a cold breeze seemed to bring a warning -- a warning against the wickedness of evil doers.

The old man drew near and stopped. Raising his hand with a gesture of silence, he spoke in a low grave voice:

"Deep down in an underground passage dwell vicious demons who are trying to murder this bird. Ah, ha, ha, ha!" he laughed

strangely. "The bird is bewitched. Return him to his master at once."

For a moment the old man stood silently staring ahead, then groaning and staggering he vanished in the purple mist and the spell was broken.

A VISIT TO PIRATE HILL

As soon as the old man disappeared Alapai breathed a deep sigh and said, "That old man just frightens me to death. I wonder if what he says is really true."

"There's no use to be afraid, he won't harm you. He has been living here for years," his uncle reassured him.

Alapai held the poor trembling bird in his arms. He almost dropped him from fright, when Kimo screamed loudly in a harsh voice, "Pau! pau! pau!"

Uncle kept hollering, "Hold him, Son, hold him! Don't let him get away."

It was not long until the poor trembling thing was snuggling close with his head tucked under Alapai's arm. In a short time he began singing murmuringly a song which seemed to mean:

"Oh! how well do I remember,
The place where I was born,
A valley filled with sweet ripe fruit,
And fields of yellow corn.

Oh! happy days spent in the grove,
Out where the feathered choir
So gaily sing to all mankind
And lonely hearts inspire.

Oh! mother, how I long to be
Near your soft breast so warm -
Where sheltering wings would fold about,
And keep me safe from harm.

"I have just been thinking," said Uncle Lokeke, "that long ago some one told me about the Old Captain having a talking mynah. I am sure this bird must belong to him."

"The Old Captain?" inquired Alapai.

"Yes, they say that he has many strange animals, birds, flowers, and trees. Most of it is plunder that was taken in far -off battles."

"I am afraid of the Old Captain, Uncle. His loud, harsh voice and large body, remind me of a giant."

"No one in the village fears him," Uncle Lokeke replied. "But do hurry along, he is probably looking everywhere for his bird."

"His long, drooping mustache, blowing out with the wind makes him look so strange, Uncle."

"That is his Mandarin mustache. He takes great pride in it."

"What does Mandarin mean?" Alapai asked.

"Well," began Uncle Lokeke, "you see the Old Captain's father was a Chinaman. A Mandarin is a Chinese of the higher class. The father came to these islands years ago to work in the sugar cane fields. He made a good living so he never returned. After awhile he married a native girl."

"Do you mean a Hawaiian, Uncle?"

"Yes, a beautiful Hawaiian woman named Leinani."

"Then the Old Captain is Chinese-Hawaiian?" questioned Alapai.

"Yes, he always says Part-Hawaiian. He is very proud of his Hawaiian blood," explained Uncle Lokeke.

"What was his father's name, Uncle?"

"I believe it was Ah Choy Ching. It might have been Ah Chick or Ah Chock, but I am sure the family name was Ching. It seems to me that every other Chinese family has that name. My father used to laugh and say, 'If you have forgotten a Chinaman's name, guess Ching, first, if they say that isn't right, say Chong, Chung, or Chang and you will be sure to get it.'"

"Those names make me think of temple bells pealing forth the hour of worship," Alapai remarked. "Ching, Chang, Chong, Chung, Chong," Alapai sang up the music scale and down again, making his voice ring out in loud, long sounds, as he imagined the bells would ring.

Uncle Lokeke laughed and said, "Do it again and I'll be the deep, solemm bells." They were having much fun. Uncle sang the bass while Alapai sang in a high clear voice. Just as they reached the bottom of the scale some one in the rear clapped his hands. Turning around quickly, they saw Aunt Doreka. She was carrying a basket of fish and sea-weed.

"Hurrah!" shouted Alapai, "we are going to have fish

and sea-weed for lunch. Don't forget the poi that Uncle and I pounded yesterday."

Uncle turned to Alapai and said, "You won't be back in time for lunch if you don't get started."

Aunt Doreka took Kimo in her arms to look him over. The poor thing became frightened again and cried, "Pau! East 9-1-7-8-5-3; West 4-6-2-1-8." As he struggled he bit Aunt Doreka on the hand until the blood oozed out in places.

Soon Alapai tucked Kimo's head under his arm and they were off to the Old Captain's house. He chose to walk near the beach where the sand was soft and cool to his bare feet. He waded in water which sometimes leaped and lashed up to his knees in rough waves. He hurried along without stopping, for Aunt Doreka had said, "The poi and fish will be ready when you get back."

Crabs of all sizes were scurrying along the beach. He could hardly walk for them.

Alapai neared the Old Captain's place. Kina came rushing out barking and the Captain's gruff voice called her back. Fearing both the dog and her master, Alapai approached the yard rather shyly.

There was no reason to be frightened at the Old Captain except for some of the strange tales whispered about the village. "Sure, anyone would know the Old Captain is a

pirate. Strutting through the village he lords it over all the men who come in his way. He has a terrible temper and is cruel and merciless to everyone."

"Despising the village people because they do not approve of his ways and will have nothing to do with him, he has sworn to seek revenge."

"Many a poor man, passing the Captain's home, has been seized and thrown into an underground cell, where he was gagged, bound, whipped, tortured, and sometimes butchered to death. The bones of these dead bodies can be seen scattered about in the sand on the beach below the Captain's home."

Another tale going around was, "We passed the Captain's house after midnight and saw him digging up a chest in his back yard by the light of a torch."

Still another old tale said that he was always mumbling very strangely to himself, "East 39; West 45; East 39; West 45."

Every sunny day, they said, the Old Captain brought out all of his weapons to clean and oil them. He had guns, they said, so many guns that it took a whole afternoon to shoot each in turn. He kept his guns, swords, and daggers where it would be easy to get at them.

Most people thought that he was always watching for sea robbers to pull in for his place some day. The Village

Pirates said that when ever a strange ship with a three-cornered sail pulled in to port they would join in with the Old Captain and "Give it to 'em."

As Alapai walked through the hibiscus hedge into the Old Captain's yard, his knees were trembling and his heart was pounding heavily. Kina growled and sneaked away ashamed with her head down and her tail tucked when the Captain said, sternly, "Pau! pau! pau!" Then, "Go lie down!"

The Captain smiled as soon as he saw who it was and came rushing, "Aloha, Captain Alapai, Aloha! 'Tis good to greet an old friend -- a friend who saved my life." His face grew red and his black eyes flashed as he recalled that horrible night. Glancing below at the sea and the helpless pathetic hull of the Sea Devil tossing about on the coral reef, the Captain breathed a deep sigh. He still sorrowed over the loss of his ship.

By this time Alapai had found courage enough to say: "Captain, I brought your bird back."

"My bird, where did you get him?"

"I found him in our yard this morning," Alapai answered in trembling voice. "Uncle Lokeke says that you are the only one around here who has a talking mynah."

"This is my bird, all right," the Captain said as he examined Kimo carefully, "for he has one toe missing." The

big man reached out and took the frightened little bird in his large, rough hands. "He is trembling, poor thing. What did you run away for? Your master is kind to you. Do you want some worms, Kimo? Talk to me. Do you want some worms?" His rough hands smoothed down the windblown feathers of the frightened bird. In a few minutes Kimo brightened up and began saying, "Chirp, chirp, chirp."

The Old Captain said, "You're not talking. Do you want some worms? Talk, Kimo!"

"All right. You shall have all you can eat."

They walked over to a hau tree and found several long black, hairy worms which Kimo "gobbled" down quickly.

"Now come on, Kimo, let's show the boy where you live."

Around to the side of the house under a spreading poinciana tree there was a large net-wire cage. Inside this cage were dead limbs, on which the bird could alight and rest. There was food, a swing, a bath, and clean fresh sand for dusting himself. Near the center at the back of the cage was a small grass hut. It was just large enough for one bird. As soon as Kimo saw his house he began squirming, stretching his neck and chirping softly. Soon he became so impatient that he screamed, "Wikiwiki," meaning hurry.

They laughed to see him stretch and then run for the bath. After drinking the cool water, he stepped about lightly

and proudly, chattering to himself. As they turned to go Kimo began singing, "Aloha-oe, Aloha-oe."

Following the Captain and bleating mournfully was a soft woolly lamb. When he stopped to point out something to Alapai, the little lamb rubbed his body against the Captain's legs. Several times he cried pleadingly.

"What's the matter, little lambie?" Alapai asked as he stooped over and patted his head tenderly.

"He's trying to say, 'I'm hungry,'" the Old Captain replied. "When I fed him this morning he acted just like a child. He ate a little and then began romping and playing. He ran leaping and kicking his heels. He romped all over the yard. Then he came bounding to me for more milk. I feed him out of a bottle."

"Hasn't he a mother?" Alapai asked.

"His mother died when he was only a few days old."

"Poor thing!" Alapai said sympathetically as he stooped over to rub his soft white wool.

Hearing a peculiar noise, they looked up into a tree and saw a small brown monkey with an angry expression on her face.

"Come on down, Nani!" the Old Captain called to her. "Come, Nani! She wants to get on my back." As he waited for the monkey to climb on to his shoulder, he said,

"Nani almost always rides on my shoulder when I walk out here. She is not used to seeing me carry any other animal, except my rabbits."

"Rabbits?" Alapai exclaimed.

"Yes, I have some large white rabbits. The kind with long pink ears. I started raising them because I am so fond of rabbit meat, but I have never been able to kill one yet. They are too innocent and trusting-looking."

The Old Captain showed Alapai all around his yard. There were many strange plants and fruits, most of which had been brought back from his pilfering raids in the South Seas.

The *duroc* tree which came from the Malay Peninsula seemed very peculiar to Alapai. It was bearing fruit that looked a little like a papaia or cantaloupe. The fruit was about a foot long. It had a thick rind covered with spines. Inside was a creamy pulp. The Old Captain pulled a ripe fruit and cut it. The pulp and large black seeds looked very pretty. But Alapai covered his nose as soon as he got a whiff of the strong, offensive odor. The minute he did this, the Captain tore out a huge bite and crammed it into Alapai's mouth. Then, laughing heartily, he began to eat some himself.

When Alapai had finished swallowing the Old Captain

asked, "How was it?"

Smacking his lips Alapai replied, "It is really good. It tastes much better than it smells."

Laughing again the Captain said, "Come now, I have a treat for you. My daughter sent a package from Honolulu for my birthday." Going into his shack he brought out a large sized box filled with sweets and nuts. Alapai exclaimed, "O-ho! Happy Birthday!"

The Captain said, "Help yourself. The candied pineapple is fine, also the candied papaia. These are popped rice balls. There are some crack-seeds. Do you ever eat lichee nuts? Here are watermelon seeds. How about some cookies and dried abalone in the bottom of the box? Eat all you want."

Alapai was eating and smacking his lips over this rare treat, when the Captain said, "Hold out your pockets." Soon his pockets were bulging with the sweets that the Captain had stuffed inside.

Turning toward his shack he said, "Come! Come on inside!"

Alapai had heard so many tales about the Old Captain's place that he hung back. But soon his curiosity got the better of him. He stepped inside, to see what mysteries awaited him.

Sure enough just as he had always been told, there was

the chest. It was worn and old and bound with heavy iron bands. Alapai's mind flew back to the tale he had heard about the chest that was dug up in the night. Here it was, right before his eyes.

Raising the creaking lid on the old battered chest, the Captain reached under some tapa cloth and lifted up something bright and shining. Then turning to Alapai, and holding out his hand, he said, "Here is a small gift, a piece-of-eight, for returning my bird.

Alapai gasped and exclaimed, "A piece-of-eight! This is the first one I ever saw. Please tell me what it is," Alapai asked.

"Pieces-of-eight were Spanish silver dollars," the Captain answered. "Each contained eight Spanish reals. A real was twelve and one half cents. A piece-of-eight is worth eighty cents in present values."

"My! a boy is lucky to have a piece of silver like this," Alapai remarked.

"Yes, it is a very old coin," the Captain continued. "Long ago the piece of eight was used in almost all of the countries as the standard of exchange or their money for trade."

"I can't take any pay for returning your bird, Captain. Besides, this is too much."

"Take it, my bird is worth far more than that to me. Life on this old hill would be very lonely without him. You see Kimo used to belong to some bold, wicked pirates. I think some day he is going to help me clear up a mystery -- a mystery that is not easy to solve."

Alapai smiled and slipped the coin into his pocket.

Pointing toward his guns the Captain said proudly, "Did you ever see so many guns?" and not waiting for an answer he added, "Captain Alapai, when you come again bring all of your Village Pirates and we will have some lessons in shooting."

"That would be the happiest moment of my life, Captain, I have always wanted to know how to shoot. Shoot a gun!" Alapai cried suddenly. "Not one of the boys in the village knows how to shoot. Nothing would please them more." The Captain picked up a beautiful cream colored conch shell and gave three loud whistles. "Some day when you hear this signal," he said, "bring your men. Then we will have the lesson."

When Alapai turned to go, Captain Kawaakoa and Kina walked down the hill with him. As they strolled together down by the sea past the sad and lonely hull of the Sea Devil, Alapai looked at the Old Captain, large, rough, and strong, and this thought ran through his mind. "When I'm

a man I'll be a pirate reckless and bold for I want to
be a man just like the Captain."

After they had parted Alapai hurried along to his home
singing an old ballad that he had heard sung many times:

"Out in the islands of the sea
There lives an old sea Captain
Reckless, strong and bold is he,
This old sea robber Captain.

"He always likes the smell of fight,
And has a very black temper
Roaming the sea is his delight,
This old sea robber Captain.

"On a high hill he settled down
Watching afar both land and sea,
Always wearing a sword and frown,
This old sea robber Captain.

"But around his house the flowers grow
And lambs and rabbits frolic
His heart is gold toward friend and foe
This old sea robber Captain."

THE HIDDEN TREASURE

Many weeks had passed since the Sea Devil had gone aground on the coral reef. During the time no one had seen or heard any thing of the deserters.

The Village Pirates kept a close lookout, however, for they knew that these barbarous villains who mutinied aboard ship, gagged, bound, and robbed the Captain, would also ransack and burn their village and murder the people should they get a chance.

The whole village lived in constant dread and fear. They expected these fiendish rogues to swoop down upon them suddenly and swiftly. Men who were dangerous on a full stomach, when leading a carefree life, would surely become more brutal and malicious, as the nagging pains of hunger and the confinement of living in a dark underground cave, incited them to desperate deeds.

Out in the dark of the night the thunder rumbled and roared. Chilling rains lashed the village in black torrents. Nothing could be seen except the distant glare of the volcano light as it flashed against the sky. Whining and moaning in the wind, the trees seemed filled with ghostly voices. The sheets of rain were filled with ghostly shadows, weird

forms, like spirits of dead pirates who had come back to haunt the people at whose hands they had met death, years ago. Possible it was a message of warning that kindly spirits were trying to bring against some evil that was lurking.

Whatever the meaning of this unsolved mystery might be, the passing and repassing of these strange figures throughout each night, the strain of not knowing what the deserters might do, these worries harrassed the village people until it was making ghostly looking shadows of them all.

During the fight in the cave, the deserters had sworn revenge upon the men, women, and children of the village. One of these dogs scarred by many a fight had said, "We'll ransack your village and feed your people to the sharks." "Aye," another of the brutes had sworn. "I will slit your throats and suck your blood." There were times when the people felt certain that death was near. Another deserter had shouted, "If you press us too sharply, we'll burn your village and massacre every man, woman, and child."

The Village Pirates were glad to forget about their worries. For days they had been going to the Captain's hut on Pirate Hill to practice shooting with his guns. He had said to them, "You must learn how to shoot. To the lad who

hits the bull's eye, I'll give a gun."

"A gun! Do you really mean it, Captain?"

"Certainly. I mean it. Now that I am growing old and cannot defend this island as I once did I shall expect you boys to take my place. In order to be able to do this you will need to learn many things. You must have courage to face danger and stand up for your rights, and at all times be prepared to perform any duty that you are called upon to do."

"Ah, that's easy, Captain. We can do almost every thing now, except shoot a gun," Moku said.

"Fine! Lads! Fine, that you already know so much," the Captain replied laughing. "With a little practice it won't take you long to learn how to shoot."

"Here, get your places in line," commanded Captain Alapai. "Cock your guns! Aim! Fire!"

"The Captain! The Captain! Hurrah! The Captain hit the bull's eye!" Iko shouted.

"It looks easy," Hikili exclaimed.

The group shouted, "It is easy! We can do that!"

"Ready!" Captain Alapai commanded, "Get on your mark! Fire!"

"Bang! Bang! Bang!" went the guns.

"I beat! I beat!" Moku shouted.

"No you didn't," Ilami argued. "I came nearest."

"Nearest to what?" Moku asked examining the target closely.

"Ah, ha, ha! Iko laughed. "He means nearest to the outer edge."

"Here's your mark," Captain Alapai cried out pointing to the target," right here about a finger's length from the center."

With much care the Captain helped each boy get the right position. In every round a different boy led the group by shooting nearest the bull's eye of the target.

Selecting for practice the pistol that he would like to own, each boy worked hard to win first place.

"We have done well." said the Captain when they had finished shooting late that afternoon. "Ah, good shooting, lads, very good shooting."

The Village Pirates went to the Captain's home every day for target practice. They were anxious to become better marksmen. Each day after they had finished shooting and their guns were put away, they were served something good to eat; crab, lobster, squid, fish, poi, taro, yams, and fruit.

The calabashes of food were set on the grass under a spreading banyan tree. When the meal was over the boys

stretched out on the grass listening to the Captain tell tales about his raids while on the Sea Devil. They liked to watch the fading sunset and the sea as it began to change color with the shifting light. Long after the sun had sunk they would lie and watch the tinted clouds, pierced by lights of purple and gold.

Captain Alapai aimed with a steady and sure eye and rarely ever missed the center of the target. The boys soon saw that he was the best marksman and all of them agreed that he should be the first among them to receive the prize offered by the Captain.

Alapai's face beamed with pride when the Captain placed the gun, which he had worked so hard to win, in his hands. Each boy was as happy over Alapai's victory as if it had been his very own. And deep down in his heart each one treasured the hope of winning a gun for himself before many days passed.

There was much rejoicing among the village people that night when Alapai brought home the first gun. Every person young and old gathered around them. Seeing this beautiful prize was not enough. The men and boys wanted to touch it, and once their hands were on the new glistening metal, they could not turn it loose without trying it out.

Several weeks later after each of the boys had been awarded a gun, the Old Captain called them together to talk

over some things that he had been worrying about for a long, long time.

"Village Pirates," the Captain began, "I have been thinking that you are now getting old enough to be treated as if you are men. I am sure there is not one among you whom I cannot trust. During the past few weeks that we have been together you lads have proven that you are honest, dependable, and capable of meeting sudden needs or unusual demands.

"I am growing old and feeble. Many of the things I once did I can no longer do. My stomach for adventure and fighting is gone. For years I have been searching for a hidden treasure."

"Treasure!" the Village Pirates suddenly cried out. Their eyes stared wide with astonishment. "A treasure!"

"Yes, a treasure," the Captain continued. "Several times I have come very near to it, but each time something has hindered me from carrying out my plans.

"One day, a good many years ago, when on a voyage among the islands of the South Seas, I came across a very old man who was sick and dying. I gave him nourishment and a cooling drink, for which he was very grateful. I stayed with him to the end. Just before passing-on he slipped a paper into my hands and whispered, 'My treasure!' Then pointing to a large gray bird in a bamboo cage, he said feebly, 'The

talking mynah is yours.'

"I did not have time to say more for just as the poor sick man finished saying these words he breathed his last.

"Not until after we had buried him in a lonely spot on a far away isle, did I have time to think again over his last words and gift to me.

"The folded paper which he had slipped into my hand contained the crudely drawn outline of an island. Studying it more carefully, I found it to be a map of the Island of Hawaii. An arrow pointing to a spot near the volcano Kilauea marks the place where the treasure is buried. There was a code in one corner of the map which reads East 9-1-8-5-3; West 4-6-2-1-8."

"That's what Kimo says!" Captain Alapai exclaimed.

"That's true," the Captain replied.

"It's right near us," several boys cried out, excitedly.

"Yes, it is not far. But several times when I have gone up there alone to seek out the place, I always felt that some one was watching me. I tried hard but could not find out who it was. Now I know! Now I know!" the Old Captain said in deep tones of fury clinching his fists as he spoke. "Those blood-thirsty rogues! Cut-throats! Scoundrels! Villagins!

"It has always been my belief," the Captain continued,

"that if a number of us went up there together we could easily find the buried chest and also ward off the spies. If you boys are willing to go in search of this rich treasure, we will share all that we find. Half of the riches will be divided equally among you. The other half falls to me."

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" the boys shouted, "Let's go!"

It mattered little to them whether they found jewels, silver, or pieces-of-eight, they were longing for adventure, and maybe a fight.

"Whoo-pee! Gold, silver, pearls, and precious stones," shouted Ilami. "A buried treasure!"

"Let's go now," suddenly cried Hikili. They danced around slapping each other on the back.

Captain Alapai did not share in their enthusiasm. He was always very careful, though he had a bold, daring spirit. He never wanted to rush his men into a fight or cause trouble that could be avoided.

The Village Pirates were jubilant over the prospect of finding the hidden treasure, and delighted with the thought that they were to have a share of the findings. This would be a fortune for them all. Should they get this, they could retire from "pirate life" and settle down in some little fishing village to live in peace and quiet the rest of their days.

Turning to his men with a renewed boldness, Captain Alapai said, "The deserters cannot outwit us. We have everything that is needed in order to defeat them. Men, guns - and a daring spirit."

"That's right!" the lads yelled loudly. "Let's go!"

Every face turned to Alapai in eager expectation. He did not show any uneasiness about the dangerous task that his men were facing, though a feeling of fear came over him at the times he thought of dark caves, long narrow lava tubes, and fiends lurking somewhere near the buried treasure - fiends who possessed half of the map and the secret code. It might be that they had already found the treasure and escaped with it.

"Men," began Captain Alapai, "the opportunity is here. I am sure you are anxious to go in search of this treasure."

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" the Village Pirates shouted joyfully, losing all sight of danger in their impatient desire to begin the search. They had always dreamed of digging for buried treasure - a treasure so filled with riches that they could spend the rest of their days enjoying ease and comfort.

"It's a dangerous plan!" Captain Alapai assured them.

"It might be dangerous " Ilami exclaimed, "but who minds a little danger! Just think of the riches that await

us there."

"It is the dream of a life time," Iko insisted. "The chance for which we have been longing is here. Let's go!"

The boys insisted until Captain Alapai hardly knew what to say. Then turning to the Old Captain he asked, "When shall we start?"

"I'd say the time to start is now," the Captain began. "A little later when the winter rains set in, the trails and gulches will be almost impassible. The soil gets so wet that sometimes those narrow steep trails give way under the weight of a man's body. There is no support one can depend on. The great amount of rain causes the vegetation to become so brittle that it is dangerous to take hold of the bushes. I got a bad fall in that way once just as I was pulling up a steep cliff. The limb to which I was holding gave way and I fell quite a distance down the bluff. Landing against the firm trunk of an old tree was all that saved me. And sometimes without the least warning, Madame Pele begins throwing up smoke, ashes, and red hot lava. It would be impossible to go up there during an eruption. The earthquakes which cause landslides and deep, wide cracks are very dangerous. Sometimes volcanic ash which is thrown over the countryside for days is blinding. No matter how well acquainted one is with the volcano, he is never sure when and in which way it will flow."

"The lava came down almost to our village once, didn't it, Captain?" Hikili asked.

"Yes, it came so near that we could feel the heat," the Captain replied.

"How! How came it to stop?" Moku questioned.

"Well, all of a sudden it dashed down a deep gulch and pushed its way along into the sea," said the Captain. "We had all of our things packed up to move. Children crying, pigs squealing, chickens squawking, and dogs barking, it was a horrible day to experience."

"I guess you were glad when Madame Pele changed the lava course," Ilami remarked.

"Yes, we sang and shouted praise to Pele all night," replied the Captain.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Captain Alapai, "I think burning is far worse than any other death."

"The Goddess Pele is very kind to our people. She had never caused anyone to lose his life."

"It will be great to see the volcano," Iko remarked.

"Yes," the Captain replied, "Pele's house of fire is a wonderful sight. It never looks the same. The sight always fills me with fear. The fountains of fire, cloud of ash, pillars of steam, sharp earthquakes, underground lava tubes, steaming fountains hissing from the ground, dead craters,

avalanches rumbling into the molten lava, and the dread that harm might come from the angry goddess are all terrible."

"Well, let's go!" Ilami cried out.

"Comrades!" Captain Alapai said, "I suggest that we start tomorrow. There is no need of waiting longer. The summer sun and cool mountain breeze will be fine for hiking. We won't have much preparation to make. Camping in the open will not be a hardship. We can sleep on leaves and brush beneath the stars. There are always overhanging rock under which we can find shelter if it rains. It is an old pirate custom never to take very much food on a raid. We can forage for food. The mountains are full of cold, clear, running streams of water. There are wild goats, wild boars, pheasants, and enough fruits and herbs to keep us from starving. It might be that we can live off of the enemy. We can if they have anything, for all that they have will soon belong to us." Turning to the Old Captain, Alapai asked, "Do you have something more to say, Captain?"

"Yes," the Captain replied, "I want each boy to choose the gun that he can carry and handle best. Here they all are. Look them over and take your choice. After you have decided on your gun, pick out a pistol and, also a dagger. They are lying on the bench to your left."

Captain Kawaakoa picked up a short, sharp-edged, weapon and said, "This is the dagger with which I stabbed the shark

that I fought under water. It is strong and dependable. I am going to give it to your leader, Captain Alapai. He will use it wisely, I am sure. Now, boys, guns are of no use unless you have ammunition. Here are some of my old wallets that have been used on many a raid. Fill them to the brim, also load your pockets. I want you to be armed to your teeth. We will need everything we can get to fight those demons. Brutes! They planned to make me walk the plank on the ship that night. I shall never forget how they dashed up and down the deck brandishing their swords. One of them jabbed his pistol in my ribs and said, 'This is too good for you!' Another shouted, 'Throw him overboard!' There were cries of 'Give it to him! Shoot him!' Then one of the demons placed his dagger at my throat and said, 'I'll cut your throat and suck your blood.' There was a terrible uproar, the men were shouting like savages. They gagged and bound me. Then they seized the huge ironbound chest in my cabin. It was filled with pieces-of-eight. The storm and shipwreck changed their plans. Of course they intended making away with me, my ship, and my treasure -- the scoundrels!"

After the Captain finished talking he stood staring ahead and breathing hard for a few minutes.

"Hearing all of this makes me want to go right now," Captain Alapai said. "Too bad that it is so near sunset."

Sinking slowly into the waters, the evening sun cast a blaze of color across the sky. The jagged mountains caught the glow, forming a rainbow in its fluffy white clouds. The wide sea turned into a sheet of burning metal. Along the beach, slender coconut palms stood like javelins painted against the glowing sky. Their leaves tossed in the trade wind.

The Village Pirates could hear the moaning call that Uncle Lokeke blew in a conch shell.

"Uncle Lokeke is calling us," Alapai remarked. They turned to go.

Just before parting they agreed to meet long before sun up, on the following morning, to begin their march.

Darkness fell. The stars came out. Mysteriously the night-blooming cereus was gently unfolding its large snow-white blossoms, filling the night air with its weird fragrance.

Walking home amid the beauty of the night the boys forgot that demons and battles awaited them on the morrow.

As the Pirates approached the village a sweeping rain was swiftly moving down the valley. The air was heavy with the fresh smell of the newly fallen shower. Soon after the moonlight cast a radiant glow upon the falling rain.

"A lunar rainbow!" Hikili cried out.

"It's a bad omen!" Ilami explained as they stopped to gaze upon the bow arched in the heavens.

Suddenly from beneath the dark shadows walked a ragged, tottering old man. Pointing toward the volcano and turning so that his face glowed in its light, he chanted slowly and solemnly in deep, guttural tones a song in praise to Pele:

"O Pele, Goddess Pele
Thou mightiest of evil spirits
Ruler of the great fire-mountain,
Keeper of the blinking embers
Bringer of the warming firelight,
From the boiling, spurting fountain
Flows a river of hot lava
Comes a smoking fiery tide."

O pele,
Through the forest down the valley,
To the hearth-stone of mankind
Where man watched the bright red lava,
Wonderingly watched the flames,
Till they learned of its secrets
Found it hurt when he came too near
Also learned about its comforts
Warmer than the warmest bear skin,
Cooked his meats and made it better
Threw a light across the darkness
Guarded the camp spot where he slept,
Fire, a friend which helps to conquer
Fire, an enemy that destroys
Fire, with all its many uses,
Fire, man could not live without you.

All praise to Thee, O Pele!
All praise, thou Goddess of Fire!
O spirit of the fire mountain,
All praise! All praise! All praise!

As the old man finished his chant a heavy tremor was felt shaking and swaying the earth. The lunar rainbow faded away, leaving the whiteness of the moonlight all about.

Every thing seemed strange, silent, and mysterious.

Like ghosts, the boys slipped along without saying a word, to heir grass-covered shacks in the village.

THE PIRATES' ADVENTURE

The Village Pirates were up early the next morning. All of them gathered at Captain Alapai's hut. Aunt Doreka had said as they were leaving the evening before "Come and eat breakfast with us. You can get an early start from here."

As soon as Alapai awoke, he rushed out into the yard and blew a loud sharp whistle through his fingers. There was an echo from the hills back of the village. In a few minutes the boys came running, armed with their guns, daggers, and pistols.

Uncle Lokeke called, "Ai kakou" (it's time to eat.) The table was loaded with poi, fish, steamed potatoes, bananas, papaia, breadfruit, and the cool, sweet milk of young coconuts.

Since the boys were not sure where they would get their next meal, Uncle Lokeke laughingly told them they had better eat enough to last several days.

The morning was calm. Tufts of clouds flushed pinkish gray against the pale blue sky. As the sun climbed up the slope of the sky, its golden glow swiftly turned them to a delicate pink. Purple shadows filled the valleys while high above shafts of yellow light played across the hills.

As soon as they had finished eating Captain Alapai arose, and, carefully putting his fingers together, blew the signal which meant, "Fall in." Instantly the boys were in line with their weapons -- two guns, one before and one behind, and a sharp dagger hanging at each waist.

The boys moved out with sparkling eyes and smiling faces. The day of adventure, a treasure hunt and maybe a fight, had come at last.

As the Village Pirates gaily marched along toward the Old Captain's hut, Uncle Lokeke was reminded of the time, when, with drums beating and colors flying, a group of barbarous men from the South had charged upon his men as they were making camp for the night. "We stood firm and poured in deadly volleys. The battle continued for hours. The barbarians fought with a stubborn bravery, but their loss was terrible. After hours of fighting, the weary survivors wheeled and fled to their ship." He loved to tell it over and over.

At this moment the boys stopped to wave their last farewells to a small group of village people, who were watching them follow the little trail around the bend out of sight.

Alapai could see Aunt Koreka sobbing and wiping her tears away with her cook apron, as she waved good-bye to them.

Uncle Lokeke kept waving his large hat without stopping, except that he occasionally brushed a tear from his eyes.

Just before the boys rounded the curve, they jerked their pistols from their hip pockets, then, altogether, shooting them straight into the air, dashed out of sight.

Forgetting about their tears the village people burst into loud laughter and roaring cheers. Uncle Lokeke blew such a sharp whistle through his fingers that it echoed far up among the hills. He did not have to wait long for an answer, because Alapai knew that sound and in an instant blew a resounding reply that could be heard throughout the valley below.

Now that the boys were gone the village people sadly turned toward their homes. Not a word was spoken. There was a strange silence as they walked along. They were thinking how sad and lonely the days ahead would be as they waited for their boys to return. Also, they were too full of their own thoughts about the demons who were lurking somewhere near the hidden treasure to say anything.

The Village Pirates marched side by side and spoke in lowered tones. Climbing up the steep cliff toward Pirate Hill heavy scented flowers, avocados, mangoes and bread-fruit mingled their sweet odors. Under the yellow sunlight the cool morning air was refreshing and soothing.

As they pulled up over the cliff into the large yard surrounding the Old Captain's place, Kina rushed out barking in an angry excited tone. She was limping slightly. The scar on her leg where the bullet had pierced it that morning in the cave many months before could still be seen.

The Old Captain called to Kina to come back. Instead, she fell down on the grass and kept growling now and then as the boys passed.

Approaching the house they could hear Kimo calling, "East 9-1-7-8-5-3; West 4-6-2-1-8! Cap'n! Cap'n!"

Lui came around the house carrying Kimo and gave him to his master. The poor thing struggled and cried, "Pau! Pau! Lui!" Smoothing down his feathers gently the Old Captain said, "We can't go without you, Kimo. You must guide us to the treasure." The bird blinked his eyes and looked very wise as if he understood all that was said. The Captain placed Kimo on his shoulder.

The Old Captain believed that long ago Kimo had lived up in these hills with the old man whom they buried on a lonely isle on the South Seas. He hoped that the bird might in some way guide them to the spot where the treasure chest was hidden. Soon Kimo seemed contented on his master's shoulder and nestled down for the long trip.

Never before had the boys seen such a happy expression

on the face of the Old Captain. He came walking toward them with a quickened step and the youthful spirit of a boy. A smile lighted his face as he greeted the lads. "Ah!" he said as his eyes fell over the grave of the Sea Devil. "Now I'll get revenge! I'll get revenge on those rascals!"

Brandishing an axe high in the air and raising his gun up over his head the Old Captain showed that he did not fear defeat. He was sure that he had enough men and weapons to hold off the bloodthirsty demons. Suddenly his face became stern and his eyes cruel. Tightening his grip on the gun and axe handle he showed that he was eager to get at close range with the villains who had gagged and bound him and wrecked his ship.

The loud gruff barking of a dog caused them to look around. There stood Kina wagging her tail and barking as if to say, "Let me go." Turning toward his faithful dog, the Old Captain said in a kind, sympathetic voice, "You can't go, Kina. You are still limping. Your leg won't hold out. Your master can't take you this time."

Kina kept barking in a pleading tone of voice as if to say, "Not going to take me? You can't go without me.!"

"Oh, take her, Captain," begged Alapai, "She can stand the trip."

"Listen how she is begging," Moku said sympathetically.

"She wants to go. Let her go, Captain."

"I'd like for her to go," the Captain replied, "but she might not be able to hold out. She still limps a little."

By this time Kina was becoming more and more distressed. Barking, she jumped up on her master and looked into his face as if she understood everything that was happening. Then barking again and pawing her large feet over the Captain she seemed to beg just like a child. "Woo, woo, woo, woo! Take me, take me."

"Do take her, Captain," pleaded Moku. "I'll bring her back if she begins limping too much and we see that she can't make it."

"Who'll be fighting in your place if you come back?" Captain Alapai inquired.

"Oh, I keep forgetting about those villains that we are going to meet up there," Moku replied.

"Listen, how she is begging," Captain Alapai said tenderly. "Let her go, Captain, she'll be able to stand the trip."

"Well," the Captain replied, "I'll take her, but if anything happens so that she can't go on, I'll have to shoot her. We can't leave her to starve and no one can take time to bring her back."

The Old Captain pointed toward a pile of pickaxes and

said, "Don't you think we had better take these pickaxes? There will be a many a place where we will have to cut our way through brush and undergrowth."

Grabbing the light, short-handled tools the boys hung them onto their strong leather belts. Their sparkling eyes and eager faces showed that they were in high spirits, and anxious to be off.

A sharp whistle from their leader followed by the command, "Forward march!" proved to the Village Pirates that it was time to start. Quickly stepping to the front of the line Captain Alapai led his men single file up the narrow mountain trail with the Old Captain and Kina bringing up the rear.

Thrilling thoughts of the adventure filled the boys with such happiness that they lost sight of the dangerous undertaking. Looking forward to a fight together with the expectation of finding a treasure made them forget that success was uncertain.

Flying across the path with a whizzing sound of his wings, a brilliantly colored pheasant alighted in a grove nearby. The reds, blues, yellows, and greens of his feathers looked like brightly tinted rainbow flowers in the grass.

Instantly Ilami aimed his gun and was ready to fire. "Hold!" exclaimed Captain Alapai throwing his arm down with

a large sweeping gesture as he brought his men to a halt. "We will not cause any blood to be spilled unless it brings us needed food or protects our lives. Let us try to make as good time as possible during the morning hours with the hope of finding food late in the evening just as we make our camp for the night."

Captain Alapai possessed unusual skill in the art of hunting and fishing. Uncle Lokeke had taught him these things since he was a very small boy. For a long, long, time, he had helped to provide his family and the village people with food.

The Village Pirates kept close together and did not speak a word unless it was to call Kina back to the line when she ranged ahead. Occasionally there was a command from their leader to halt for a few minutes of rest.

Captain Alapai led his men well. He sensed the course through the mountain trails with the natural sureness of a forest animal.

Far up on the hillsides the sun was throwing golden shafts of light from crag to crag. The morning sunlight pushed back the fog with brightness and warmth. Captain Alapai and his men gazed far below at the waterfalls and silver-ribbon streams winding their way down the reddish ravines through the outspreading sugar-cane fields to the

sea beyond.

They marched up the trail during the whole afternoon. No sound came to their ears except when some frightened, wild creature sprang up out of the bushes ahead and scampered away.

It was growing late. All of the trees had fallen into shadow. The air began to be chilly. The strong evening breeze whispered through the trees.

Suddenly a herd of wild pigs, which had been rooting up the earth, sprang away with their heads high in the air and rushed off.

Kina ran after them barking fiercely. A large wild sow raised her bristles angrily and faced Kina. There was a clamor of vicious growlings and yelps, together with wild guttural grunts of the beast. Above it all the excited voice of the Old Captain could be heard shouting, "Get 'em! Get 'em! Get 'em! Get 'em! Kina!"

Quickly and silently, Alapai and the boys ran after the drove of hogs as they hurried off through the thickly growing timber and undergrowth. One or two of the fierce old sows turned back to fight, but rushing around and past them the boys soon came within shooting range. Alapai's carefully aimed first shot brought down a young, fat shoat.

The Old Captain was left behind. He looked around and

saw a wild boar with long, sharp-edged tusks bounding towards him. Instantly he aimed and shot. The animal was wounded in the shoulder and fell. Then staggering to his feet and popping his long, sharp teeth at the Old Captain, he made a vicious plunge.

Grabbing the boar's ears with both hands and pushing with all of his strength to keep the tusk from being lunged into his body, the Old Captain held the mad beast at arm's length while he jumped, pitched and reared. The Captain's hands and arms turned crimson as the blood spurted from the pig's bullet wound. Then the animal weakened and suddenly fell to the ground.

The Old Captain, completely exhausted by the struggle fell down on the cool grass to rest.

Far up the hillside Alapai threw the warm bleeding pig over his shoulder and worked his way through the brush back to the trail with the boys following him.

It was getting dark and so they decided to set up the camp in a thinly scattered growth of trees. The spot was lonely and forsaken-looking at any time of the day, but now it was much more so, draped in the purple shadows of night.

Whistling through their fingers and calling in high shrill tones, they finally made the Old Captain and Kina hear them. He answered in a savage cry that sounded like the

war-whoop of a wild man. The boys stood still and their blood froze cold.

"Ah! The Old Captain!" Iko cried suddenly. "Just the sound of his voice makes my heart beat so fast that I can hear the throb, throb, throb against my eardrums. Though he is kind to us, I am more frightened of him than death itself."

Captain Alapai and several of the boys hung the pig to a low limb by some tough bark which they had peeled off of a nearby tree. Then each took his dagger and began dressing the pig.

The other boys gathered up wood to start a fire. Soon they had plenty of brush and logs to keep it burning all night.

The Old Captain and Kina walked slowly up to camp. Kina was limping more than usual. She looked hot and exhausted from her fight with the boar.

Carrying two pieces of dry sticks in his hand the Old Captain said, "I'll start your fire; perhaps I can make it quicker than the rest of you. Long ago," he continued, "our people lighted torches in the fiery pit of the volcano and carried the burning wood to their camp sites. This fire was watched and kept burning day and night."

"What happened if it went out?" Moku questioned.

"Many times it did go out," the Old Captain answered, "especially during the long, wet season, and sometimes, the fire was lost when the watchman fell asleep."

Getting down upon his knees the Old Captain rested one end of the large dry sticks against his body and the other end on the ground. Then taking the short blunt stick in both of his hands he was ready to begin.

"How did man learn to build a fire with sticks, Captain?" Iko asked.

"Well," began the Old Captain, "after man learned to enjoy the warmth of fire and eat cooked meat, he disliked doing without it. He tried to keep camp fires burning day after day. Everything went along very well until the fire went out. Then, someone would have to make the long journey up to the volcano to relight the torch.

"Seeing the great need of his people, a Polynesian here, called Maui, performed one of his great deeds. He taught mankind to start his own fires! Long ago, the alae (mudhens) were the only ones who knew the secret gift of fire. Finally after much persuasion they passed the gift on to Maui. He made fire by rubbing the first stick that he lighted on a mudhen's head. A red streak is on her topknot to this day.

"So Maui taught man to kindle his own blaze! He rubbed two dry sticks together until the wood glowed then he placed

dry leaves or grass on these small embers."

Still holding the short stick in both of his hands, the Old Captain leaned over and began rubbing it briskly on a larger dry stick. In a short time the furrow was smoking. The Old Captain began to blow the live embers while the boys carefully placed some small shavings on the smoking dust. Suddenly the flame burst forth.

"Quick! More wood!" the Captain shouted. "Keep it going! Build it high!"

"Hurrah!" Captain Alapai cried, "A blazing fire and plenty of meat! What more could a camper want?"

After the boys had cooked and eaten the meat, they stretched out around the campfire, talking a long time about their adventures during the day, never once mentioning the thing that was nearest to their hearts -- blood-thirsty demons, a treasure, pieces-of-eight, gold, jewels and perilous fights.

THE BATTLE IN THE DARK

The tired and sleepy Village Pirates were just beginning to dose when Kina sprang past them with a rush. Barking fiercely she charged and leaped into the darkness.

Suddenly a ragged old man emerged from the woods. His wild eyes blazed through a shaggy mass of white hair. Coming closer he staggered and leaned against a small tree.

The boys watched him as he waved his arms in a sweeping gesture. Pointing in the direction of the trees, he droned in a hollow trembling voice: "Deep down underneath the large Koa tree out there in a burial ground lies a hidden treasure. At the stroke of midnight the dead walk. Go and take the treasure while the graves lie open and the coffins are empty. Be quick and work fast for danger is lurking at this hour."

Mysteriously the old man disappeared. Silent and breathless, the boys watched the darkness - watched for vague shadowy forms to float past them.

"Listen! What is that?" Moku asked. "Listen!"

They heard a loud groaning, chains rattling, and a ghostly laughter. Then a low mumbling voice, saying: "You

take this and I'll take that. You take this and I'll take that."

Captain Alapai quietly aroused his men and said, "To your arms, men! Be on your guard!"

Jumping to their feet the lads stepped back into the darkness and primed their guns.

The mumbling of the voices became louder. A shrill scream echoed through the darkness. In a few minutes the frightened boys could hear a dig, dig, digging. Then the lonely rumbling of dirt pouring into a hole.

"What's that?" Moku whispered with trembling voice.

"It sounds like clods falling on a coffin," Hikili replied.

"A coffin?" Moku exclaimed. "A Coffin?"

"Yes, a coffin," Hikili answered. "Coffins and dead men are out there."

Instantly the digging stopped. "Crack! Bang! Boom!" three loud noises (like that of a gun) rang out in the graveyard! A cold damp breeze which seemed to bring a warning of danger blew past. A strange silence followed. Too frightened to speak the Village Pirates stood with their guns cocked. Their blood was frozen stiff; they were filled with dread -- a dread of graveyards, dead men, coffins, and ghostly spirits.

Many times on cold rainy nights they had sat around the grass hut shuddering with fear while Uncle Lokeke told about dead men's spirits walking in the night, never dreaming that they would ever be seeing these terrible things happen.

The boys were ready to run but fear kept them close to the Old Captain. They knew that he had worked his way out of many dangerous situations.

In a short time a silver glow tinged the trees while misty shadows were rising and floating about them. Nearer and nearer these shadows came. A flicker of phosphorescent lights was playing through the graveyard.

"Come!" said the Old Captain. "This is the hour when the desolate bodies of the dead leave their graves."

"Oh, I am afraid!" Iko whispered. "I don't mind blood-thirsty demons, but ghosts, skeletons, burying places, and dead men's bodies make me weak and miserable."

"Oh! Why did we ever come here?" Mo'ku cried.

"Sh! What is that?" Hikili whispered with a frightened look on his face.

All the boys grew pale and their trembling bodies took on a ghastly look under the flickering light of the camp-fire. Anxiously they waited, too terrified to speak, their hearts throbbing like beating drums. The moments seemed to drag by like years.

"Listen!" the Old Captain exclaimed. "That is the skeletons' teeth grinding. Their bones are also popping."

"Uncle Lokeke used to tell us about this horrible sound," Captain Alapai gasped.

"Let's run!" Iko muttered, his eyes wide with fear.

"Come! Come!" said the Old Captain, "they will be back in their coffins in a short time."

"Being afraid never brought good to anyone," Captain Alapai said in a forced, trembling voice.

"We're here to find the treasure," the Old Captain reminded them, "and, by thunder, we'll get it! Gold is very near," he said, "I feel it in my bones. Yes, I have that strange feeling that has never failed me." Placing a hand over his eyes he continued, "I see a chest filled with gold, pieces-of-eight, silver and jewels."

"Find you some torches, lads," commanded Captain Alapai. "Light them! Be quick! Let's start! We will go in search of this yellow stuff that the Captain feels is so near."

Darting frightened glances about, the Village Pirates obeyed their leader's command. In a short time they were marching single file beneath burning torches through the old burial ground.

Under a large koa tree in the far side of the graveyard they found a hole freshly filled with new dirt. On

top lay a spade and broken pick. A deadly chill went to their hearts.

"Halt!" commanded the Old Captain. "My bones tell me that this is the place."

"That's what you call 'Talking bones,'" Iko remarked with a little laugh.

"I'd rather have live bones that talk than dead bones that walk," Moku added.

"And much better still
Are bones that can run
When a dead man says,
'Hands up! That's my mun!'"

"Aye, aye," returned the Old Captain.

"Lads," began Captain Alapai, "There's work to be done. We must build a bonfire so that we can see what we're doing. We must start the digging."

As they began to dig the boys found several pieces-of eight on top of the newly banked mound.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the Old Captain. "Money! Silver dollars!" Then slapping his legs, Whop! Whop! Whop! with his hands gleefully until the sound echoed in the silence he said, "Ah! bones, you've never failed me yet."

Suddenly Kimo roused from his sleep in the tree, where they had placed him for the night, and screamed out, "East 9-1-7-5-3; West 4-6-2-1-8, Cap'n! Cap'n!"

"This is the right place," Captain Alapai remarked.

"Ximo is calling to us, 'dig boys, dig.'"

"Yes! let's begin," the Old Captain shouted. "I have waited many a long day for this hour."

The boys began digging. They used their pickaxes and scratched the dirt out with their hands. In a short time a layer of rocks was removed. Then, not very far beneath the rock lay the chest.

Sure enough it was an old box with rusty iron bands around it.

"I feel three locks," Ilami shouted, as he ran his hand along the side of the lid.

"Ah, that's it! That's it!" the Old Captain suddenly cried out. "That's it. At last we have it!" Then lowering his voice he whispered, "We have it!"

"Here, take my axe and break the locks," Captain Alapai commanded. "We will never be able to lift such a heavy box from the hole; a box that size will hold a fortune for us all."

Several of the boys ran to get better torches so that they could see inside the chest as soon as the locks were broken. They were hammering on the third lock when "Crash" went the axe and the lock gave way.

"Listen!" exclaimed the Old Captain in low hollow tones.

"Was that someone walking?"

They stopped and listened. A feeling of horror crept over them. There was no sound except their own heavy breathing in the stillness.

Captain Alapai stepped down into the hole. His heart leaped to his throat. This was the first time he had ever been in a graveyard at night. He felt as if the ghosts were lurking in the darkness and watching for the treasure to be opened.

Stooping down to open the chest, Captain Alapai was so weakened from fear that he could not raise the iron-bound lid.

Instantly the Old Captain, tense with excitement jumped down and jerked the lid up so quickly that Captain Alapai became over-balanced and fell head first into the treasure chest.

"What is it?" the Old Captain questioned, not taking time to inquire if Captain Alapai was hurt.

Pulling himself up and feeling around the best he could, Captain Alapai answered, "It must be gold, it is so hard, Oh! my head!"

Quickly Iko held his bright blazing torch down over the open box.

"What is it?" the Old Captain repeated again eagerly.

Feeling about over the chest, Captain Alapai said, "This is cloth - tapa cloth."

"Black tapa?" the Old Captain asked anxiously, realizing that black tapa was always used for funerals.

Captain Alapai rose to a sitting position and jerked the tapa aside.

"Ugh!" the Old Captain cried shudderingly.

"Whew!" Captain Alapai exclaimed. "Let me out of here!"

As the boys leaned over with their torches they saw by the flickering light a grinning skull and bones. Stricken with terror they stood paralyzed for a few minutes.

"Run!" cried the Old Captain. "Run! Run! Run!" Bounding like a madman he leaped out of the grave while shouting these words and swiftly led the group through the darkness back to their camp. Strange, cold things brushed against them as they ran. Sometimes long shadowy arms reached out and grasped their clothes while all about weird voices could be heard in the darkness.

As soon as they reached the camp they noticed that Captain Alapai was not there.

"Captain Alapai, where is he?" they cried together.

"What happened to him?"

"Ah!! Danger is lurking," replied the Old Captain.

"Danger, danger!"

Back in the cold, dark grave, Alapai's heart stood still when the Old Captain and the boys left him. In his hurry to get out he touched a cold and clammy thing that moved. As he tried to pull himself up, out of the hole, something grasped his ankle and held his foot with a rough, clinching grip. He tried to get loose, but the harder he pulled, the tighter this unseen fiend held him. A low laugh, "Ha, ha, ha, ha. ha, ha!" came from within the chest. Then a number of loud, shrill screams filled out of the blackness of the night,

For a brief moment Alapai trembled and jumped back, choking, smothering, and gasping for breath. His heart felt as if it would burst. He grew sick and dizzy. A blind and deaf feeling came over him. Then suddenly he fell back swooning into the grave. All consciousness was not gone. Arousing in a few m'utes, he felt his cheek resting against the cold skull in the coffin.

The winds sighed and whispered about, while the bones of the skeleton sent up a pop, pop, popping and a grinding of teeth. He seemed to hear the old man speaking: "Be quick for danger is lurking at this hour."

With a shrill scream, "Oh! ---- horror ---- Oh!" he tried to escape, but the terrible thing held on. Thick black darkness was all about him ----- damp, sickening darkness

with this ghastly thing clutching his foot.

Swishing like the wind a shadowy form appeared. His wide eyes blazed with a fire that cast a gleaming light about. Full of terror Alapai watched him, as he stepped down into the grave.

THE TREASURE IS THE THING

Quickly loosening the invisible grip from Alapai's foot and lifting him up, the strange old man droned in a low hollow voice: "Be quick for danger is lurking near at this hour.

A cold damp wind rushed past. The shadowy form disappeared, leaving Alapai alone to find his way back to the camp where the terrified group waited for their leader.

Because they were sure that danger was all about them the Village Pirates slept very little after their terrible fright in the graveyard. The short time they did sleep was filled with horrible dreams - dreams of ghosts seizing them in the darkness, floating skeletons pushing them into graves, skulls everywhere grinning and gritting their teeth, murdered men with daggers sticking in their sides moaning and groaning, uncanny voices whispering in the air with phantom figures moving about from place to place. All of these dreaded horrors filled the boys with frantic fear.

Long before sunrise the next morning the boys had eaten their meat and were far up the trail from the burial

ground. They were still shivering and shaking from the hair-raising experience that had come to them the night before. They did not mind facing demons and fighting, but ghosts, and walking skeletons were more than anyone could stand. These cold, clammy, mysterious things filled them with fear - a fear that made them weak, sick, and downhearted.

The boys grew so tired and sleepy later in the day that they could hardly keep going. Finally Captain Alapai said, "We'll have to rest awhile." They were soon stretched out in the shade fast asleep.

It was getting hot and they awakened with a terrible thirst for they had not been able to find any water all the morning.

"Let's start on," the Old Captain suggested. "We are losing strength and will soon be exhausted by this horrible thirst."

With every muscle worn and aching they walked on for hours. The heat and raging thirst weakened them. Moku fell down a steep bluff when the dirt caved way from under his feet. Instantly Captain Alapai was at his side trying to pull him up again. Moku refused to help himself. There was the sound of several sharp slaps.

"Get up from there!" Captain Alapai stormed angrily. "Get back in line! Someone lend a hand! Iko!"

Two of the boys hastened to pull Moku up out of the hole. Blood streamed from his nose. His teeth chattered in terror. He kept spitting out the dirt and gravel caught in his mouth and throat.

"Pull up there!" Captain Alapai commanded. "You are not hurt. Get back in line! Let's start on!"

The weary lads began trudging along. They were two days longer in reaching the volcano than they had expected to be. Heavy rains, muddy paths, and wet underbrush delayed them.

At last they were on the rim of Kilauea and struck off across the lava beds to find a cave - the cave that was pictured on the map, showing the location of the treasure.

As they reached the volcano, they were careful to walk where the ground was visible. "Never take short cuts through the thick undergrowth," Alapai warned his men. "Volcano country is always crossed with cracks and some of these steam-cracks are large enough to fall into, and as they are hot a few feet down, such a fall might be a serious matter. Sometimes cows, horses, and sheep have been killed in this way."

During the descent down the broken path the boys passed under red-blossoming lehua trees and by beautiful koa forests, and some of the largest tree ferns to be found anywhere.

"Watch your step," Alapai warned as they reached the floor of the crater and walked over the hard lava bed. They could see blood-red fountains spurting, and sulphur smoke rising. Suddenly a huge crack appeared directly across their path. They followed the crack knowing that they were on the inner edge. "Hurry!" Alapai shouted, "we must get out of here." At last they found a spot where it was narrow enough for them to jump across to the other side. The thought of sinking into the boiling fires beneath frightened the boys so much that they walked for miles without speaking a word. At last they came to a cave -- a deep cave with tunnels left by a lava stream as its outer crust hardened overhead. A trail marked off by heaps of stones between beds of cinders led into the cave.

The outer cave was filled with fantastic forms where the molten lava had piled up before cooling. The inner cave was like a cellar with a hard, smooth floor and in the darkness water was dripping from tree-roots that interlaced the roof.

Quietly the boys waited while their leader lighted his torch. It was a mysterious place, in the flickering torch-light, the home of Madame Pele and the fire spirits.

With his large torch burning, Captain Alapai entered the lava tube and went ahead lighting the way. The boys followed carrying sticks that could be lighted as soon as

they were needed.

He led the way into a crack which was narrow and so low that they had to crawl on their hands and knees. From here they went through another opening. This led to a room which had six cracks in the wall wide enough for them to go through. Now they found themselves in a long tunnel high enough to stand in. They recognized it as the lava tube shown on the map. The tube which they hoped would lead to East 9-1-7-5-3; West 4-6-2-1-8.

After walking a long way they came to a narrow passage that turned to the right. Here Kimo roused up for the first time and screamed "East 9-1-7-5-3."

"This must be the right place," the Old Captain exclaimed.

Captain Alapai continued to lead the way. He had gone only a few feet when Kina began sniffing and growling. "Line up, lads! Stay close together!" he commanded.

The torch was burning low. A feeling of terror came creeping over the boys. They walked carefully to avoid any risk of danger, peering ahead into the darkness, and glancing behind at every imagined sound.

Now the boys came to a place in the tube where the walls were so hot that they could not touch them. Their thirst was terrible. Fumes of sulphur, given off from the

hot lava were smarting their eyes and making them cough.

Passing on into a large cool cave they heard a drip, drip, dripping that could not be anything but water. Looking around they saw a huge icicle-like formation from the roof of the cave, caused by water dripping from above. There on the floor of the cave was a clear, cold, bubbling stream.

After the boys had had their fill of this refreshing drink, they were overcome by a heavy drowsiness. Climbing up on a narrow ledge, they stretched out. Ilami kept watch. Brandishing his dagger high in the air, he whispered boastfully, "Come on, demons! I can drink your blood!" The weary lads fell into a deep slumber, but the Old Captain slept with one eye open.

They had slept some time when suddenly the watchman whispered, "Listen!" As he said this the Old Captain raised up. Straining their ears they could hear foot steps pounding on the lava rock below, "plop, plop, plop." Nearer and nearer the sounds came. The boys' hearts were chilled and throbbing. Then there appeared before them the fiendish leader of the mutiny carrying a large hard-wood club. His dark, flashing evil eyes were looking in every direction. They saw that his cruel face spoke of hunger and terror.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!" All of the boys jumped up dazed and confused. The bullets went crashing into the cave

where the demon stood. "Crash! Bang! Crash!" More shots whistled through the air.

The mad fiend was wounded. They could see blood spurting from his arm. One sleeve was red and blood-soaked as great drops fell on the floor. Terror-stricken by the loss of blood the demon turned and fled into a crack of the cave.

"Come!" said Captain Alapai, "we must get away from here!"

"Yes," added the Old Captain in dismay, "that wounded brute will be filled with an insane madness to kill."

A few minutes passed. Not the slightest sound was heard. Then all at once the Old Captain said, "Sh!" His quick ear had caught the sound of falling stones above them. "Footsteps!" he whispered. "They're coming!"

The Village Pirates waited breathlessly in an agony of expectation.

Kina gave a low, fierce growl and plunged down the steep incline to the cave below. They knew that she had scented the smell of the Captain's crew - the villains whom she had fought on the beach the morning after the shipwreck.

Watching with anxious suspense they saw one of the brutes draw back his club and strike Kina a horrible blow. For a moment she lay stunned and motionless. "Crack! Bang! Crack!" The bullets resounded through the air as

Captain Alapai and his men fired.

The demons turned and darted back into a tunnel that protected them from the guns of the Village Pirates.

"Let's get away from here!" commanded Captain Alapai.

"These men will trap us if they can."

Kina came up fighting fiercely. She rushed into the opening that led in the direction the leader had gone. They could see her as she seized the man and beat him from side to side. Then the struggle diminished. Everything was quiet.

"Is he dead?" someone whispered.

"Run!" shouted the Old Captain abruptly. "Grab him while he is stunned.! Take him captive!"

As they approached the wounded man, the boys found him lying on his side. His eyelids twitched. Taking no chances they dragged him out into the cave and tied him.

"I am sure this is the tunnel that leads to West 4-6-2-1-8." the Old Captain told them. "We are probably very near the treasure. No doubt this man was on guard while the others were foraging for food or sleeping."

"If this is the right tunnel there is only one entrance and no outlet." Pulling the chart out of his pocket, while they drew the torches near, Captain Alapai said, "It looks as if this is the place."

Leaving the Old Captain and the others on guard at the opening, Alapai, Iko and Kōku crept inside, taking care to make no sound.

"Remember!" the Old Captain whispered loudly to them. "The treasure is the thing!"

Kimo began to squawk restlessly. He tried to fly in the direction of the tunnel through which the boys had gone. This reminded the Old Captain that he might know where the treasure was hidden. Maybe he had lived here with his master before the old man had died in the South Seas.

Quickly untying the grass string from the bird's foot, the Old Captain released him. Flying swiftly into the tunnel, Kimo chattered and chirped. They could hear him crying, "West 4-6-2-1-8," as he disappeared, in the darkness.

Captain Alapai and his two men crept along softly. They glanced about nervously every few minutes with ears strained to catch the slightest sound. The stillness was broken only by frequent fumbling earthquakes in this lonely place. The boys talked in low tones of awe. Their voices echoed softly from the walls of the cave.

Feeling as if something were going to grab them from behind and frightened at the thought of going ahead, they imagined all kinds of dreadful things: ghosts dressed in

shrouds fluttering about gritting their teeth, voices of spirits whispering through holes in the lava walls, bats swishing about squeaking and beating their wings, angry black cats, hissing, spitting and squalling, lurking in the dark corners. Looking wild and completely overcome by the deep solitude, the boys almost sank down from fright. It seemed to them that the tunnel would never end. Kimo flew just ahead chirping and squaking.

All at once the cave made a sudden curve and became so narrow that they could reach the walls with outstretched arms. Horrors! something seemed to thrust them back.

In every niche and crack were skulls, bones and skeletons of murdered pirates. Were these placed here as a warning to all coming and going that the same thing would happen to any one who dared invade this place? Their hearts jumped and pounded at the thought.

"Let's go back!" pleaded Iko. "Oh --- horrors --- oh!"

"We can't pass this!" Moku said, "Oh, I wish we'd never come!"

The walls resounded with a low laugh, "A-ha! A-ha! A-ha!" followed by shrill screams. Their hair stood up on their heads. Then there was a loud groaning and gritting of teeth.

"Oh my! This is awful!" cried Captain Alapai. "These men have been murdered."

"Murdered!" Iko said. "Horrors! Oh! Horrors! I don't want to be killed! I don't want to die. Oh!"

"Silly," Captain Alapai replied in a frightened hollow voice, "ghosts and dead men's bones walk in the night. They'll not bother us in the day."

"I feel uneasy," Moku shivered as he spoke.

"Well, we are sure this is the place," Captain Alapai replied fumbling his trigger. "They'll not keep us from digging. The treasure is the thing. Just think, with a chest of pearls, diamonds, gold, silver, jewels, and coins, we can buy ships, islands, coconut groves, fish ponds, and taro patches."

"Good gracious! That sounds wonderful " Iko exclaimed. "The treasure! Let's get the treasure! The treasure is the thing!"

Moving along between the rows of skeletons, the boys stared straight ahead with widened eyes. They could almost feel the teeth of those grinning skulls sinking into their bodies.

Kimo flew ahead of them, chirping and squawking. Soon they passed into a large cave with glass-like walls. To their surprise Kimo gave a loud chirp and alighted on a jagged shell high above. Only a rough trail led up the cindery slopes where the cold wind howled against the burnt

craggs. Trembling quivers and sharp jerks of the earthquakes seemed to warn that the whole mountain was full of hot rocks, gas, and boiling lava.

"That must be the place!" Captain Alapai whispered loudly, pointing in the direction of the shelf where Kimo perched. "I'm sure that's the place."

Climbing up a steep, narrow ledge that wound its way around and up the side of the tunnel wall, the boys pulled themselves over the high rocks and pushed their way through jagged lava holes. "How will we ever get down?" Iko asked. "How will we carry the treasure away?"

Panting and puffing they crawled over the ledge onto a flat surface, which led to a cave. They could see footprints and broken twigs. Kimo dashed through the door of the cave crying, "Nest 4-6-2-1-8."

The boys crept up to the cave entrance and peeped inside trembling. There in the lava rock a few feet above the bottom of the cave they saw an arrow cut into the wall.

"There it is! There it is!" Captain Alapai cried out in a low excited tone. And he pointed to the arrow.

"Ah, the prize!" Moku exclaimed. "The prize!"

Unfolding their half of the map, Captain Alapai pointed to the arrow. "This is exactly as the Old Captain told me it would be," he exclaimed.

They strode into the dark outspreading cave. Their daggers and pistols flashed. They prepared to take revenge on the cut-throat deserters, who had robbed the Old Captain and wrecked his ship.

The lads found clubs, daggers, and spears, which were stained with blood, scattered all about. In the dark of a corner was a bundled heap - ah, a man! A dead man lay on the cave floor between them and the treasure.

Terror churned within them. They could all but feel sharp daggers being hurled through their bodies.

"Was that some one groaning?" Moku whispered. They imagined a terrible fiend reaching out and grabbing them. Their hearts stood still.

But Captain Alapai urged them forward. "Be quick! Our luck is greater than we can imagine. Work fast! The rich prize is truly within our reach."

Forgetting all about their fears in their eagerness to find the treasure, the boys gallantly rushed into the cave past the bloody weapons and the dead man's body.

Dauntless, they began moving stones and digging fiercely underneath the arrow.

"Gee!" Iko said, "this is great."

"O-ho! o-ho!" they all cried. They worked faster. "Riches, gold, jewels, pieces-of-eight!"

"Be quick, lads!" said Captain Alapai. "Keep digging! The rumbling of the volcano seems nearer."

They had dug about two feet down when their pickaxes struck a solid piece of hard wood. "Ahoy!" Captain Alapai shouted, "I struck something." Then, digging deeper in the same spot, he said, "Here it is! A box! A box!" They scratched the dirt from around the edges of the box. It was a solid koa chest securely bound with iron bands and much larger than the chart showed it to be.

"The chest! Hurrah! The treasure!" they shouted together.

"At last we have it!" Captain Alapai exclaimed. "Riches! Oh, joy! Hurrah! We're rich!"

"Hurray! Goody! Goody!" they cried together. "The rich prize!"

"I'll buy a ship with mine," Iko said.

"Cakes, crack-seeds, popped rice-balls and candy will be good enough for me," Moku said.

All the time they were at work Kimo sat perched on a high ledge in the cave saying, "Chirp, chirp, chirp," which sounded like, "work, work, work."

"This is too good to be true," Captain Alapai said, "Luck - much better than we dreamed. But how will we ever get the chest down from here?"

Suddenly a cold, damp air filled the cave. Hearing footsteps the startled boys looked around in terror. There they saw the tattered old man staggering toward them. His eyes flashed wildly through a mass of long flowing hair. He swayed closer and closer. Then speaking in a low droning voice he said. "None before you have ever left this place alive."

He waved his arm. A strange light filled the cave. Instantly there appeared a large group of menehunes or dwarfs.

"Be quick! Danger is lurking," the old man said glancing about warily.

Quick as a flash the menehunes dashed past the lads and lifted the chest out of the hole and onto their shoulders. Weighted down with their heavy load they followed the old man and Kimo out of the cave and down the winding ledge. The lads kept close behind staring after them with a feeling of relief. Passing along the lava tube and quickly slipping through the hall of skulls and bones, they were soon back where the Old Captain and his men were keeping guard.

"Ah! The treasure!" Hikili whispered.

"Sh! Be quick. This is no place to talk," Captain Alapai said hurriedly.

Leaving the deserter gagged and bound they hastened toward the outside. Their eyes following the treasure.

No one said a word. They were too filled with their own thoughts to speak.

It seemed they would never reach the outside when suddenly the lads gave a great outburst of joy, "A light! A light!" The light grew stronger as they advanced. Very quickly the underground passage came to an end.

Outside the moon shed silvery beams. The little stars seemed to twinkle in laughter. A cooling breeze fanned the hot, weary boys.

As soon as they were out of danger the old man directed the menehunes to set the chest down. Then the swarfs disappeared as mysteriously as they had come. The rumblings ceased and the Village Pirates and the Old Captain were alone to open up their rich prize and count out the spoils among them.

Gathering around while Captain Alapai broke the locks with his pick-ax, they looked on with greedy, excited eyes. How the valuables glistened in the moonlight! Pieces-of-eight, gold, silver, diamond necklaces, ropes of pearls, and coins from nearly every country in the world.

The boys' eyes were sparkling with joy. Each one greedily grabbed up some of the treasure. Captain Alapai placed a flashing diamond lei or necklace around Kina's neck, then a lovely lei of pearls was entwined around Kimo's wings and throat. "We could never have done it without you

two," he said.

Watching eagerly, the boys waited for their share of the rich prize. Very quickly the Old Captain knelt down on the ground. Leaning one arm on the chest, he began: "You take this and I'll take that. You take this and I'll take that."

"Whew! That is graveyard talk," Iko said, as they burst into loud merry laughter.

After giving each one a handful of jewels the Old Captain took half of the coins, leaving the other half for Captain Alapai to divide equally among the boys. By the time they had finished it was past midnight. Tired and weary they stretched out on the ground, but sleep did not come easily to their wide staring eyes. They lay there in the soft glow of the tropical moon, thinking - thinking that their dreams of treasure hunting had come true.