

Tucholsky Wagner Zola Scott
Turgenev Wallace Fonatne Sydon Freud Schlegel
Twain Walther von der Vogelweide Fouqué Friedrich II. von Preußen
Weber Freiligrath Frey
Fechner Fichte Weiße Rose von Fallersleben Kant Ernst Richthofen Frommel
Engels Fielding Hölderlin Eichendorff Tacitus Dumas
Fehrs Faber Flaubert Eliasberg Eliot Zweig Ebner Eschenbach
Feuerbach Maximilian I. von Habsburg Fock Ewald Vergil
Goethe Elisabeth von Österreich London
Mendelssohn Balzac Shakespeare Rathenau Dostojewski Ganghofer
Trackl Stevenson Lichtenberg Doyle Gjellerup
Mommsen Thoma Tolstoi Lenz Hambruch Droste-Hülshoff
Dach Thoma von Arnim Hägele Hanrieder Hauptmann Humboldt
Karrillon Reuter Verne Rousseau Hagen Hauff Baudelaire Gautier
Garschin Defoe Hebbel Hegel Kussmaul Herder
Damaschke Descartes Schopenhauer George
Wolfram von Eschenbach Darwin Dickens Grimm Jerome Rilke Bebel Proust
Bronner Campe Horváth Aristoteles Voltaire Federer Herodot
Bismarck Vigny Gengenbach Barlach Heine Grillparzer Georgy
Storm Casanova Lessing Tersteegen Gilm Gryphius
Chamberlain Langbein Lafontaine Iffland Sokrates
Brentano Claudius Schiller Bellamy Schilling Kralik Raabe Gibbon Tschchow
Katharina II. von Rußland Gerstäcker Raabe Gleim Vulpius
Löns Hesse Hoffmann Gogol Morgenstern Goedicke
Luther Heym Hofmannsthal Klee Hölty Kleist
Roth Heyse Klopstock Puschkin Homer Mörike Musil
Luxemburg La Roche Horaz Kraus
Machiavelli Kierkegaard Kraft Kraus
Navarra Aurel Musset Lamprecht Kind Kirchhoff Hugo Moltke
Nestroy Marie de France
Nietzsche Nansen Laotse Ipsen Liebknecht
Marx Lassalle Gorki Klett Leibniz Ringelntz
von Ossietzky May vom Stein Lawrence Irving
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Tom Swift and the Electronic Hydrolung

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Imprint

This book is part of the TREDITION CLASSICS series.

Author: Victor [pseud.] Appleton
Cover design: toepferschumann, Berlin (Germany)

Publisher: tredition GmbH, Hamburg (Germany)
ISBN: 978-3-8491-6838-4

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CHAPTER I

PIRATE MISSILE

Tense, excited men gazed spaceward from the ships and planes of the South Atlantic task force. Other watchers waited breathlessly in the control room of the ship *Recoverer*. Among these was Tom Swift Jr.

"How close to earth is our Jupiter probe missile?" Bud Barclay asked Tom excitedly.

The lanky blond youth beside him, in T shirt and slacks, shot a glance at the dials of the tracking equipment. "Eight thousand miles from this spot, Bud. It should land here in fifteen minutes!"

Tom Jr., his father, Bud, and a host of scientists, Navy officers, and newsmen were crowded aboard a U.S. Navy missile launching ship.

"Just think!" Bud exulted. "You'll have data from the planet Jupiter that no one on earth has yet been able to get!"

"If we recover the missile safely," Mr. Swift spoke up hopefully. The elder scientist's voice was quiet but taut with the strain of waiting. The two Swifts resembled each other closely—each had deep-set blue eyes and clean-cut features—although Tom was somewhat taller and rangier.

"You're right, Dad," Tom agreed. "If we don't snare the missile, our whole project will be a total loss to America's space program!"

At Tom's words, the watchers and crewmen who were crowded into the *Recoverer's* control room stirred restlessly. Its bulkheads were banked with radar and telemetering devices. Tension had been mounting throughout the morning aboard the ships and observation planes of the task force as everyone awaited the return of the planet-circling missile—scientists' deepest penetration into space so far.

"What do you mean, a total loss?" Bud argued. "Even if the recovery operation's a flop, the shot will still pay off in valuable information, won't it?"

Tom shook his head grimly. "The purpose of this unmanned, exploratory flight around Jupiter was to take and record all kinds of data. But none of the info is being radioed back to us."

"How come?"

"If we had put in radio gear strong enough to relay signals back, it would have cut down the amount of information-gathering equipment aboard," Tom explained. "We had to make every ounce count."

Outwardly calm, Tom was seething with inner excitement. Although only eighteen—the same age as his husky, dark-haired pal and copilot, Bud Barclay—Tom had been given the job of directing the recovery phase of the United States government's Project Jupiter survey. The Swifts and their rocket research staff had built the missile and engineered the space probe for the government.

"Whew!" Bud gave a nervous whistle. "I see what you mean, pal. With all our eggs in one basket, we sure can't afford to get butter-fingered with the Jupiter prober."

Admiral Walter, a tall, distinguished man, graying at the temples, smiled. "It's what we call in warfare a calculated risk, Bud," he said. "But with Tom in charge, I believe we have nothing to worry about."

Mr. Swift's eyes shone with fatherly pride at the admiral's remark. Tom Jr.'s pioneering rocket flights and inventions had won the youth a top rank in American space research.

"Guess you're right, sir," Bud agreed. "I'll back genius boy here any day!"

Tom winced as Bud whacked him heartily on the shoulder. "Better save your orchids and keep your fingers crossed, fly boy," the young inventor advised. "That rocket's not home yet."

Radio telescopes, both on land and aboard the ships of the task force, were following the missile's progress as it drew closer to earth. All were feeding a steady stream of information to the ships' computers.

"How soon will you fire the retro-rockets, Tom?" Admiral Walter inquired presently.

"In about ten seconds, sir," Tom replied, eyeing the sweep second hand of the clock.

Moments later, a red light flashed on the master control panel. Tom's finger stabbed a button. Far out in space, the retarding rockets in the missile's nose were triggered for a brief burst, slowing its high speed. Without this, the missile would hurtle to flaming destruction in the atmosphere.

"We've picked it up!" shouted a radarman.

Bud gave a whoop of excitement and everyone crowded around the radarscope. Tom's steel-blue eyes checked the blip. Then he threw a switch which started an automatic plotting machine that had been prepared with the landing plan, and noted that the missile was slightly off the correct path. A new flow of information now began pulsing in as other ships' tracking radars recorded its course. The data was being fed automatically to the "capture" computer. This would analyze the correct flight path for the recovery missile, which would magnetically seize the returning traveler from Jupiter and bring it safely home.

Tom quickly read off the results from the computer's dials, then busied himself again with the retarding-rocket controls.

"Everything going okay, skipper?" Bud asked.

Tom nodded. "I've readjusted the retarding rockets. They'll fire at the proper intervals to slow down the missile still further and bring it back on beam."

The excited buzz of voices in the compartment gradually quieted as the clock ticked steadily toward the next step in the recovery operation.

"Stand by for missile firing!" Tom snapped.

A seaman relayed the order over the ship's intercom. Tense silence fell as Tom's eyes followed the sweep of the second hand.

"All clear for blast-off!" came the talker's report.

Tom pressed the firing button. A split second later the listeners' eardrums throbbed to a muffled roar from topside as the slender recovery missile shot skyward. The ship rocked convulsively from

the shock of blast-off. Then it steadied again as the gyros damped out the vibrations.

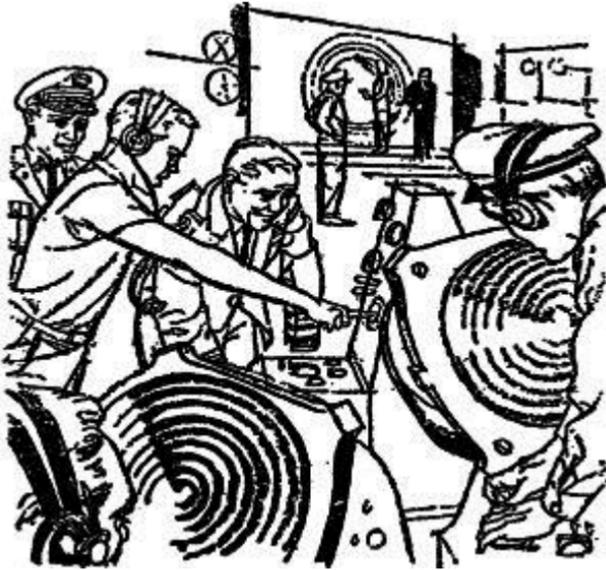
"Wow!" Bud heaved a sigh of relieved tension. Then he dashed from the compartment and up the nearest ladder for a quick look at the rocket as it disappeared into the blue.

Tom watched the recovery missile intently on the radarscope.

"Nice going, son," said Mr. Swift quietly.

In response to his father's reassuring grip on his arm, Tom flashed him a hasty smile. For the first time, the young inventor realized he was beaded with perspiration and that his pulse was hammering.

"It's a case of wait and hope," Tom murmured.



On every ship and plane in the task force, eyes were glued to the radar screens. Two small blips were visible—one the Jupiter probe missile, the other the recovery missile—moving on courses that would soon intersect.

Just as Bud returned to the compartment, several of the watchers gave startled gasps.

"Another blip—coming in from nine o'clock!" Admiral Walter exclaimed. "What's that?"

Tom stared at the new blip. It was moving steadily toward the meeting point of the first two missiles!

"It's a thief missile!" Tom cried out. "Some enemy's trying to steal our probe data!"

"Good night!" Bud gulped. "Who'd dare try that?"

"I don't know," Tom muttered tensely. "But if those three missiles meet, our whole project will be wrecked!"

"Better tape all readings!" Mr. Swift advised.

"Right, Dad!"

Admiral Walter had paled slightly under his deep tan. In stunned silence, the Navy officers and scientists watched as Tom's lean hands manipulated two controls.

"What are those for?" Bud asked.

"One's to speed up our recovery missile," Tom explained. "Looks like a slim hope, though, from the way that third blip is homing on target. This other control has just caused every instrument on this ship, and all the others in the task force, to make permanent records on magnetic tape of all their readings.

"If a collision occurs and the probe missile falls into the sea," Tom went on, "there's only one hope of recovery—to plot the exact geographical position and then get to the spot before the enemy does!"

"Roger!" Bud agreed.

It was obvious that Tom's fears about the missiles colliding were well founded. The mystery blip had veered as the recovery missile speeded up. Within seconds, the three blips met on the screen and fused into a single spot of light.

"The probe missile's no longer responding to control!" one of the telemetering scientists called out.

Admiral Walter, grim-faced, flashed a questioning look at Tom. "Then recovery has failed?"

"I'm afraid so, sir."

The fused blip was still visible on screen as the radar dishes tracked it, moving in a way that indicated a steep downward plunge.

For a moment Tom felt numb with despair. But he set his jaw firmly and turned to the admiral.

"Sir, I'd like helicopters readied for take-off immediately," Tom said. "As soon as the tracking instruments lose contact, have the recording tapes picked up from every ship in the task force and brought here to the *Recoverer*."

Admiral Walter nodded tersely. "Very well. Then what?"

"I'll get to work right now," Tom replied, "and lay out a computer program to process the readings."

The data—consisting of millions of information "bits" from the shipboard instrument tapes—would be fed to an electronic brain. The brain would then calculate the probable location in latitude and longitude of the sunken missile.

As the admiral snapped out orders, Tom exchanged a brief worried glance with his father. Each was pondering the same thought.

Could Tom find the lost Jupiter probe missile? Or would their enemy locate it first?

CHAPTER II

UNDERSEA SURVEY

With an effort, Tom forced all thoughts of failure out of his mind and concentrated on the job at hand. In an hour he had the computer program blocked out.

Mr. Swift and several of the other scientists checked his work. Each nodded approval. By this time, the fused blip had long since disappeared from the radarscopes, indicating that the Jupiter probe missile—or what was left of it—had plunged to the ocean bottom.

"What's your next move, Tom?" Admiral Walter asked.

"No point in wasting time waiting for the computer results," Tom decided. "Suppose Bud and I fly back to Swift Enterprises and organize a search party."

"Good idea." As Admiral Walter extended a hand, his weather-beaten face softened. "And don't feel downhearted, son. You rate a Navy 'E' for the way you handled this operation. It would have succeeded if it hadn't been for that confounded enemy missile!"

"Thank you, sir." Tom managed a grateful grin, in spite of his discouragement.

Minutes later, the two boys embarked in a motor launch that took them to an aircraft carrier standing by in the vicinity. From the flat-top they took off in a Navy jet for Shopton.

Meanwhile, Mr. Swift remained aboard the *Recoverer* to supervise the data processing. Tom, looking back from the soaring jet, could see one of the helicopters on its way to the missile ship to deliver the first batch of tapes.

It was late afternoon when the Navy jet touched down on the Enterprises airfield. The Swifts' sprawling experimental station was a walled, four-mile-square enclosure with landing strips, work-shops, and laboratories, near the town of Shopton. Here Tom Jr. and his father developed their amazing inventions.

Tom and Bud hopped into a jeep at the hangar and sped to the Administration Building, where Tom shared a double office with his father. Bud sank down into one of the deep-cushioned leather chairs, while Tom adjusted the Venetian blinds to let in the afternoon sunshine.

The spacious office was furnished with twin modern desks, conference table, and drawing boards which swung out from wall slots at the press of a button. At one end of the room were the video screen and control board of the Swifts' private TV network. Here and there stood scale models of their inventions, a huge relief globe of the earth, and a replica of the planet Mars.

"What are your plans for our search expedition, skipper?" Bud asked.

Tom ran his fingers through his crew cut. "Let's see. We'd better take the *Sky Queen*, I think, and also—"

Tom broke off as the desk intercom buzzed. Miss Trent, the Swifts' secretary, was on the wire.

"Your father's calling over the radio, Tom."

"Swell!" Tom flicked a switch to cut in the signal of his private telephone. "Hi, Dad! We just got back. Any news?"

"Yes, son. We have the computer results," Mr. Swift replied. "Got a pencil handy?"

Tom copied down the latitude and longitude figures as his father dictated.

"According to the latest hydrographic maps, based on IGY findings," Mr. Swift went on, "this area is a high plateau of the Atlantic Ridge—it's near the St. Paul Rocks."

"What about the depth?"

"It averages between a hundred and three hundred feet," said the elder scientist.

Tom gave a whistle. "Lucky break, eh?"

"Maybe and maybe not," Mr. Swift said cautiously. "The bottom there is heavily silted."

"Oh—oh." Tom made a wry face. "In that case, we may have some digging to do."

"I'm afraid so. However, no use borrowing trouble." After a short discussion, the elder scientist added, "I'll probably fly home tomorrow, son. Give my love to Mother and Sandy."

"Right, Dad. So long!" Tom hung up and reported the news to Bud.

"What kind of underwater gear will we use?" Bud inquired.

"I'm not sure myself," Tom admitted. "Guess we'll have to take along a variety of equipment and play it by ear."

Before proceeding with his search plans, Tom phoned home to inform his mother of his arrival. Mrs. Swift was sympathetic when she heard of the failure to recover the probe missile.

"I'm sure you'll locate it," she said encouragingly.

"Some of your cooking will sure help brighten the picture," Tom replied with a grin. As he put down the receiver a moment later, he

told Bud, "You're having dinner with us tonight, pal. Fried chicken and biscuits."

Bud licked his lips. "Lead me to it!"

Chuckling, Tom began drawing up a list of supplies for the expedition. Bud helped with the details, after which Tom phoned the underground hangar and the Swifts' rocket base at Fearing Island to give the orders for the next day. Crewmen were also detailed for the trip.

It was six o'clock when the two boys finally piled into Tom's low-slung sports car and drove to the Swifts' big, pleasant house on the outskirts of Shopton. Sandra, Tom's blond, vivacious sister, greeted them at the door.

"About time!" she teased. "We were beginning to think you two had taken off somewhere."

"Think I'd leave town while you and that fried chicken are in Shopton?" Bud grinned.

"What a line!" Sandy's blue eyes twinkled. "I know it's the fried chicken you're really interested in."

"Where's the rest of that 'we' you were referring to?" Tom inquired.

"I'm sorry, Tom," Sandy said in a mournful voice. "Phyl couldn't make it."

As Tom's face fell, she burst out giggling and a second later Phyllis Newton emerged from the kitchen. Brown-eyed, with long dark hair, Phyl was the daughter of Tom Sr.'s old comrade-in-arms and lifelong chum "Uncle Ned" Newton. Like Sandy, she was seventeen.

"You didn't think I'd miss this rare evening, did you, Tom?" she said, laughing. "After all, it isn't often we see you two."

Sandy and Phyl liked to needle the boys about their infrequent dates, due to Tom's and Bud's busy schedules.

Mrs. Swift, slender and sweet-faced, gave Tom a hug and greeted Bud warmly. Over the delicious dinner, the conversation turned to the mysterious thief missile.

"Who on earth could have fired it?" Sandy asked.

Tom shrugged. "No telling — yet. There's more than one unfriendly country which would give a lot for the data picked up on our Jupiter shot."

"You aren't expecting more trouble, are you?" Phyl put in uneasily.

Tom passed the question off lightly in order not to alarm his mother and the two girls. But inwardly he was none too sure of what his survey expedition might encounter in trying to locate the lost probe missile.

Ever since his first adventure in his Flying Lab, the youthful inventor had been involved in many daring exploits and thrilling situations. Time and again, Tom had had to combat enemy spies and vicious plotters bent on stealing the Swifts' scientific secrets.

His research projects had taken him far into outer space and into the depths of the ocean. With his atomic earth blaster, Tom had probed under the earth's crust at the South Pole, and in other adventures he had faced danger in the jungles of Africa, New Guinea, and Yucatan. His latest achievement, receiving the visitor from Planet X, had been to construct a robot body for this mysterious brain energy from another world. Now, Tom realized, he was on the brink of another adventure which might hold unexpected dangers.

Early the next morning the majestic *Sky Queen* was hoisted from its underground hangar berth and hauled by tractor to its special runway. This mammoth, atomic-powered airplane had been Tom's first major invention. A three-deck craft, it was equipped with complete laboratory facilities for research in any corner of the globe. Jet lifters in the belly of the fuselage enabled the craft to take off vertically and also to hover.

As Tom supervised the loading of the equipment, a foghorn voice boomed, "'Mornin', buckaroos!"

The chunky figure of Chow Winkler came into view. Formerly a chuck-wagon cook in Texas, Chow was now head chef on Tom's

expeditions. As usual, a ten-gallon hat was perched on his balding head and he was stomping along in high-heeled boots.

"Wow! A shirt to end all shirts!" Tom chuckled.

"Real high style, eh?" Chow twirled about to display his latest Western creation. The shirt seemed to be made of silvery fishlike scales, which glistened like a rainbow.

"I figured as how this was just the thing for an ocean jaunt," Chow added with a grin. "How soon do we take off, boss?"

"As soon as we get the rest of this gear stowed," Tom replied.

Twenty minutes later the *Sky Queen* soared toward the ocean. Soon they came in sight of Fearing Island rocket base, a few miles off the coast. Once a barren stretch of sand dunes and scrub-grass, the island was now the Swifts' top-secret rocket laboratory, guarded by drone planes and radar. It served as the supply base for Tom's space station and as the launching area for all space flights. Seacopters and jetmarines were also berthed here.

A radio call from Tom brought a sleek, strange-looking craft zooming up to join them.

It was the *Sea Hound*, latest and largest model of Tom's amazing diving seacopter. It had an enclosed central rotor, powered by atomic turbines, with reversible-pitch blades for air lift or undersea diving. Superheated steam jets provided forward propulsion in either element.

As the *Sea Hound* streaked alongside the Flying Lab, two figures in the seacopter's flight compartment waved to Tom and Bud. One was Hank Sterling, the blond, square-jawed chief pattern-making engineer of Enterprises. The other was husky Arv Hanson, a talented craftsman who transformed the blueprints of Tom's inventions into working models.

"All set," Hank radioed. "Lead the way."

"Roger!" Tom replied.

Flying at supersonic speed, they reached the area of the lost missile in the South Atlantic soon after lunch. Already on hand were ships of the Navy task force assigned by Admiral Walter to partici-

pate in the missile search. The *Sea Hound* settled down on the surface of the water, while the *Sky Queen* hovered at low altitude nearby.

Tom contacted the government craft and learned that as yet no sign of the lost Jupiter prober had been detected. Then he made ready to begin his own search.

"Let's try the Fat Man suits first," Tom told Bud. Turning to Slim Davis, a Swift test pilot who was in the crew, the young inventor added, "Take over, will you, Slim?"

"Righto." Slim eased into the pilot's seat.

"Got a job for me, skipper?" asked Doc Simpson, Swift Enterprises' young medic.

"Yes. Help the boys, if you like, rig the undersea elevator, and then assemble a tractorized air dome," Tom suggested.

"Will do," Doc promised.

A ladder was dropped. Tom and Bud excitedly descended to the *Sea Hound*. The search for the lost missile was about to begin!

Once the boys were aboard, the seacopter submerged and dived quickly to the ocean floor. Tom and Bud each climbed into a Fat Man suit and went out through the air lock. The suits, shaped like huge steel eggs with a quartz-glass view plate for the operator seated within, had mechanical arms and legs.

The boys waddled about, the built-in searchlights of their suits piercing the murky gloom. They saw nothing but the deep accumulation of silt on the ocean bottom, which made the going difficult.

"This is too slow," Tom called over his sonarphone. "Let's try the air dome."

The dome was a huge underwater bubble of air, created by a repelatron device which actually pushed the ocean water away. The air supply inside was kept pure by one of Tom's osmotic air conditioners which made use of the oxygen dissolved in the water.

The air bubble, however, even with its jet-propelled platform, also proved inadequate for the research job. Its caterpillar treads repeatedly bogged down in the silt.

"Maybe the seacopter itself is our best bet," Bud suggested.

"Worth a try," Tom urged.

But the *Sea Hound*, too, had a serious drawback. Even with its powerful search beam sweeping the ocean floor as it prowled along, the explorers found their vision too limited.

Finally Tom said, "Bud, we could skin-dive at this depth."

"Let's give it a whirl," Bud urged.

The seacopter surfaced again, while the boys donned flippers, masks, and air lungs. Then they dropped over the side and made their way slowly downward into the gray-green depths, accustoming themselves gradually to the increased pressure.

"A lot more freedom of action," Tom thought. "If only we didn't have to communicate by signals!"

There was a sudden *swoosh* somewhere on his right. A projectile, Tom realized! Turning, his eyes widened in horror as he saw an uprush of bubbles.

Bud's air tank had been hit!

CHAPTER III

INVISIBLE SUB

Without wasting a moment, Tom lunged through the water toward his stricken friend. Bud was floundering and thrashing about weakly. He seemed dazed by the sudden shock of his plight.

"Or maybe the impact of the projectile stunned him!" Tom surmised.

Bud began groping his way upward just as Tom came alongside of him. Tom grabbed him as best he could, hooking onto his belt. At the same time, the young inventor inhaled deeply, yanked out Bud's useless mouthpiece, and inserted his own in its place.

Bud's eyes glowed with gratitude.

"We'll have to get topside fast," Tom thought, "even though it means risking the bends."

He stroked upward and they shot toward the surface. Bud assisted to some extent, partly revived by the gulp of air.

As they rose, fathom by fathom, their progress seemed to grow maddeningly slower. Tom had to let air bubbles escape constantly from his mouth. As the pressure decreased, due to the lessening depth of the water, the air in his lungs expanded and he was forced to breathe out.

Tom noticed with dismay that Bud was not responding very well, his feeble strokes were jerky and uncoordinated. "Must've lost pressure too fast when his tank was hit," Tom realized.

The water was growing greener and brighter now as they neared the sunshine. The *Sea Hound's* shadowy outline loomed just above. With a last desperate burst of strength, Tom lunged upward and they broke water.

"H-h-help!" Tom gasped.

There was no need for the cry. Hank and his crew, on the seacopter's forward deck, had already grasped the situation. Strong arms reached out and hauled the two boys aboard.

Both of them were shivering and writhing in pain, only half conscious.

"They have the bends!" Arv Hanson cried in alarm. "Signal the *Sky Queen* to drop a sling!"

The boys' masks were ripped off. Within moments, Bud had been tightly secured to the sling, which was reeled back up into the plane. Tom followed in a few minutes. Doc Simpson took charge of the patients immediately. After a quick examination, he had the boys placed in a small decompression chamber in the *Sky Queen's* sick bay.

"How are they?" Hank asked anxiously as he peered through the window of the chamber. The medic had given Bud a sedative and he was already fast asleep. Tom remained awake.

"Aside from the pain, not in too bad shape," Doc Simpson replied.