

DEEP WATER ISLAND

by ALAN LEMAY

W-N-U-RELEASE

INSTALLMENT THREE

THE STORY SO FAR: Karen Waterson, San Francisco girl, convinced by her lawyer, John Colt, that she has a claim to the island estate of her grandfather, Garrett Waterson, arrives in Honolulu to attempt to gain control of the property. One evening while she and Colt are dining and discussing plans for pressing her claims, Richard Wayne, or Tonga Dick, as he is known, enters their dining place. He is a member of the Wayne family that has been in control of her grandfather's island, Alakoa, since the old man's disappearance. Karen meets him, and believing that he is unaware of her identity she accepts an offer to go sailing with him the next day, hoping she can get some information from him. Later that night Dick goes to the home of his half-brothers, Willard and Ernest, and a conference is being held regarding the validity of Karen's claim.

Now continue with the story.

"I always heard," Tonga Dick said, "that Garrett Waterson was a great old boy—quite a character."

"Character be damned," Willard fumed. "He had no character at all. He was an outrageous old brawler, always at the center of every disturbance of any kind. He was always doing incredible, outlandish things."

"And he sold Alakoa for fifteen thousand dollars," Tonga Dick commented. "What's it worth today? Three million?"

"Ridiculous," Ernest snapped. "The assets, as we carry them on the book—"

"Maybe," Dick said, "after all, Garrett Waterson was a little fuzzy at the edges, when he did that!"

"Right there," Willard said mockingly, "is the whole point. If they can show that Garrett Waterson was incompetent, it follows that his granddaughter was left destitute by this single incompetent act."

Tonga Dick considered; and presently allowed himself a slow grin. "You know, it's just possible that the girl really has you!"

Ernest flared up. "You have just as much interest in Alakoa as we have—or ought to have!"

"I guess," Dick said speculatively, "I'd better have a talk with this Waterson girl."

"Ridiculous!"

"Can't see how it can hurt anything."

"She won't talk to you," Willard said shortly. "She won't do anything at all without consulting John Colt."

"Oh, yes, she will. Tomorrow, I'm going to take her on a cruise up the coast—sight-seeing, you know."

"She won't even see you," Willard said again.

"She already has. I talked with her nearly an hour tonight."

"You what?"

"I said, I've been talking to her all night. Can't you understand plain—"

"Did she know who you were?"

"Naturally. Do you think she's a dummy?"

His two brothers stared at him for a little while in inarticulate outrage.

"I absolutely forbid this sailing trip," Willard got out at last.

"And so do I," Ernest echoed. "Any parley that is made with that adventuress is made with full consultation with us and our attorneys. I absolutely forbid you to see this girl again without the full concordance of—"

"Go ahead and forbid," Tonga Dick encouraged him. "After all here isn't a thing in the world you can do."

John Colt came to take breakfast with Karen Waterson next morning. Their brightly silvered breakfast table overlooked the beach, where the warm sea was breaking in emerald combers shot through with the early sun. Looking out at the lazy sea, Karen Waterson knew that she was afraid.

The exultant assurance of victory which she had felt the night before was gone, suddenly unable to live in all this sunlight.

She could hardly remember what had persuaded her to make an incognito date to sail with the one man who had most reason to be her enemy. In spite of the evening, Tonga Dick remained a shadowy and mysterious figure—an unaccountable stranger whose very name was outlandish according to any standards she knew.

In this mood she found it pleasant to sit across a breakfast table from John Colt. It did not happen very often, and was the more helpful because it did not.

Some day, she knew, John Colt would make love to her; whether they won or lost, that time would come as inevitably as the falling of Hawaiian rain. Often she speculated curiously as to whether this would happen before or after their fight with the Waynes was closed, and amused herself by imagining what she would do about it when it came.

"I am very much at a loss to imagine," he said now, "why you have committed yourself to this peculiar arrangement."

On an impulse Karen said, "I'll tell you why I have to go. I have to go because I'm afraid of those Waynes."

"They're people," Karen said, "from whom we are about to take everything they have."

"What you're taking is yours," John Colt said.

"Sometimes I wonder if it really is."



On an impulse Karen said, "I'll tell you why I have to go. I have to go because I'm afraid of those Waynes."

John Colt looked at her curiously. To this man, this watchful and restless planner, honesty was a rigid thing; rights of property were matters decided only in courts, and no other rights existed.

"Listen to me," he said. "Everything they have is based upon the fact that they took the island of Alakoa from your grandfather after he had become incompetent—as we shall prove. Thus everything they have is literally stolen from you."

Something of John Colt's own spirit of conquest came back into Karen Waterson. "Yes," she said; "and I'm not wavering, John. You can be perfectly sure of this—I'll never turn back now."

"I think," she said, "we'd better go back, hadn't we?"

There was defeat and admission of defeat in that; but, knowing what she now knew, she could hope for nothing in the world here, except a means of return. "We'll be very late into Honolulu."

"A little," Dick said.

"But if you'll turn now—"

"The funny thing about it," he said oddly, "is that we can't turn back. At least not yet."

"You mean—you mean—"

"Don't worry," Dick said; "there isn't anything to worry about. Meanwhile—if you'll look across the starboard bow, you'll see Alakoa—Karen."

Alakoa, as seen from this approach, rose steeply from the water; the folds of her hills were of a shadowy and unearthly blue, but the rays of the sun, slanting low now, struck her tall up-thrusting ridges with traceries of red gold. There was something terribly appealing about Alakoa as Karen saw it then. In one way it seemed so little in that vast expanse of salt water, the very intensity of whose deep blue seemed to speak of a vital strength, a vast living will which nothing could withstand nor deny. Yet Alakoa rose bravely from the heart of the sea, so tall that it seemed slenderly tall.

Tonga Dick stood up, rising lightly on one heel instead of two, and reached for her hand. When she did not give it he took her wrist, and pulled her to the forward rail, beside the reaching sprit.

"Of course," he said, "you don't see much of it from here. There's four thousand feet of rise in those highest hills. The cane fields, the rice paddies, and the little fishing villages are all on the other side."

"And now what?" she asked.

"We'll land in another hour," he told her.

"In another hour? But Honolulu is—"

"I mean, on Alakoa."

When Karen was certain of what he had said, angry tears sprang into her eyes. "You mean you're not going to turn back?"

"I'm afraid I can't."

"You can't what?"

"I can't turn back. You see, I have received an extremely urgent radio from Alakoa. It will be necessary for us to land. I think, Karen, you had better plan to spend the night as Alakoa's guest."

"This is preposterous," Karen said. "I certainly shall do nothing of the kind."

"Now, now," Dick said soothingly. "I was hoping you would enjoy it."

"This is kidnap," Karen said. Her voice was steady now; the anger was still there, but leveled now by something very like a calculating hate.

Tonga Dick smiled. "Shanghai," he corrected her. "We call it shanghai, at sea."

"I can't imagine," Karen said, "what you can possibly expect to gain by this."

"I'm very much surprised that you're not more interested," Dick said. "Inasmuch as you have set out to take possession of Alakoa, I should think you'd like to see what it looks like."

"I can see it perfectly plainly from here."

"You see a rock sticking out of the sea," he admitted. "There are a good many thousands of them in the Pacific. But you can't see from here any of the things that make Alakoa desirable to you and to your friend John Colt. What is really interesting, from a financial standpoint, is the development that the Waynes have made—the furnaces that make the cane fields possible, and the mills. Those things have taken a good many years to build; without them Alakoa would still support only a handful of fishermen, and would certainly never have come to the attention of Mr. Colt."

Karen cried out, with a passion strange to herself, "If you've brought me out here to preach at me—"

"Be sure of this," he said crisply. "I preach to no one. I brought you here for the same reason that you came. I wanted to know what you were like. Isn't that what you wanted of me?"

"Yes," Karen Waterson said. Her voice was suddenly quiet.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

CHAPTER III

Lying full length on a deck chair, Karen drank a pre-lunch Martini, and watched the stunning blue and white of the sea stream past the low foredeck of Richard Wayne's schooner. Here, out upon the slowly breathing Pacific, John Colt himself seemed as far away as San Francisco had seemed from the lanai of the Royal Hawaiian.

At first, sheering away from Barber's Point, Karen had experienced a sharp sinking of spirits.

But during the morning hours on the sea a new vitality had come into her, as if from the long swells of the open sea itself; and after lunch she sought a way to push ahead with her self-elected task of studying Tonga Dick. The Holokai was a two-masted schooner of 110 feet; Dick Wayne called her a trading schooner, with auxiliary power, but very definitely she was something else. Her racing-schooner hull, astonishingly loaded by her great Diesel, had hardly any cargo space at all, other than that needed for her own stores. Karen put out a tentative feeler.

"I was wondering how your schooner came by her name."

"Holokai means 'sea-rider,'" he told her.

"That's peculiarly poetic."

"Oh, I didn't name her myself. She was named by the man from whom she came to me."

"Who?" Karen asked innocently.

Tonga Dick shrugged. "There are all manner of boats knocking about the Pacific. You can always get hold of a boat."

She studied Tonga Dick Wayne, covertly. In the bright reflected light of the cloudless sea he still seemed young, even younger than she had believed the night before.

She thought now that she detected something faintly ironic in his gaze. It was as if the darkness that was under the blue of the sea had come nearer behind his eyes.

Karen turned uneasily. She said, "Dick—what is it?"

"You're very lovely," he said. "It's only fair to tell you this: in every way that I can imagine, you're the loveliest thing I've ever seen on the earth or the face of the sea."

"Well, really, are you making love to me now?" I was a flimsy defense; in contradiction to his words, she knew that he was not making love.

"No man of any sense pretends to know anything about women," Tonga Dick was saying. "The old island people drew deadlines past which no woman could come, and those lines were drawn by darkness, and fear. They knew the truth—that it is not possible for a man to know what things govern a woman. Yet I'll tell you this: it would be easy for anyone to believe in you, even without understanding you at all."

He was speaking as if from behind a wall. Suddenly Karen Waterson knew what he had meant, and it accounted for the flat sound of words that should have been love-making. A sharp and immediate panic swept her as she understood, all at once and completely, that Richard Wayne knew who she was.

She jerked her eyes from his face and stood up, bracing herself against the reel of the little schooner. A glance across the face of the sea told her a startling thing, before unconsidered. All that day, since early morning, they had been striking straight out from Honolulu into the open Pacific.

Signs of Zodiac Had Significance In Middle Ages

The peculiar figures constituting the signs of the Zodiac are generally looked upon merely as a curiosity today, but they once were credited with strange powers.

During the Middle Ages the 12 signs were supposed to influence human life. As a result each sign was connected with a different part of the body in addition to being associated with various months of the year. The Zodiac itself is an imaginary band in the sky within which lie the apparent paths of the sun, moon and major planets.

Unlike the present calendar which will begin the new year 1942 on January 1, the Babylonian year began in April. Because rams were sacrificed to the gods during this month, it was associated with Aries, the ram.

APRIL
Aries, the Ram

OCTOBER
Libra, the Balance

MAY
Taurus, the Bull

NOVEMBER
Scorpio, the Scorpion

JUNE
Gemini, the Twins

DECEMBER
Sagittarius, the Archer

JULY
Cancer, the Crab

JANUARY
Capricornus, the Goat

AUGUST
Leo, the Lion

FEBRUARY
Aquarius, the Waterman

SEPTEMBER
Virgo, the Virgin

MARCH
Pisces, the Fishes

May (Taurus, the bull) brought the approach of summer with the sun being conceived as a bull who plowed his way among the stars. June (Gemini, the twins) was represented by Castor and Pollux, twin sons of Zeus and Leda.

The backward motion of the crab was associated with July (Cancer, the crab), the month when the sun began to retreat toward the horizon. Culmination of the sun's heat came in August. This was represented by Leo, the lion—the ancient symbol of fire.

September (Virgo, the virgin) celebrated Ishtar's descent into Hades in search of her husband. The ancients recognized the balance of day and night which occurred during October (Libra, the balance).

Scorpio, the scorpion, symbolized the darkness of November following the decline of the sun after the autumn equinox. December was represented by the figure of the archer, Sagittarius, god of war. January (Capricornus, the goat) symbolized the nurse which cared for the young gods of the sun.

Even the weather was recognized by the men who drew up the signs of the Zodiac. February (Aquarius, the waterman) was associated with the heavy rains which periodically flooded the Nile river. March (Pisces, the fishes) marked the month when labor was resumed in the fields.

It is believed that Homo Signorum, or Man of Signs, was originated about 1300 A. D. The actual signs of the Zodiac, however, were known for many centuries before.

Famous Scotch Bun
A famous Scotch bun made entirely of egg and chopped fruit enclosed in a crust appears bountifully during New Year week.

Two-Week Celebration
Fourteen days are coming in Japan to celebrate the coming of the new year. During the festival streets are made lively by stilt-walking, top-spinning, jumping, ball-playing and rope-pulling.

While the youths are enjoying the outdoor sports, the older people write New Year's poems or play games. After two weeks of revelry the festival is brought to a close by burning the kado-matsu and other decorations put up for the celebration.



THE PAPERS OF PRIVATE PURKEY

Dear Ma—

Well I have done a lot of kidding and squawking in my letters but I guess that is all over now. After what them double crossing Japs did there is no longer no funny side to this training and all I want to do is get a crack at them. All the boys feel the same way. Up to the time they heard about them Japs stabbing Uncle Sam in the back under a flag of truce I guess they all felt the same as me that the war was too far away to bother much and that this army training was a pain in the neck. But it woke us all up like no bugle ever did.

.....

I kind of felt that nobody wood ever tackle this country on account of we got two big oceans to depend on and all that and I guess I never sweated in a manover without saying to myself this is the bunk as Hitler wood be crazy to get more trouble on his hands. I never thought that Japan would be even crazier. I hated the hikes, I hated the drills and inspeckshuns and I could not bathe a new crop of corns without burning up inside. But all of a sudden I feel different. Even my bunions seem patriotic now.

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It's the same way all through my outfit. Jeeps who have been squawking eight hours a day look like they become fighting men over night. They know it is not all a lot of foolishness no more and any boy in camp will attack a tank single handed now if you just tell him there is a Japanese doll inside.

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As for me personally ma I got a clear picture of what the country is up against for the first time and I wonder now that I did not get the right slant long before this. I guess it was just because I got snatched so sudden from all the comforts of civilian life that I didn't see straight. I was soar over giving up a box spring mattress, a personal alarm clock and the right to do what I pleased. But Emperor Hotsy-Togo or whatever you call him woke me up like nobody's business. I am so soar now that I am sorry I ever applauded Japanese tightrope walkers.

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This war has all of a sudden become a great exciting show, ma. It don't seem just like a optical illusion no more. All the tanks don't seem like they was just a few things being demonstrated by a auto salesman. My rifle witch has just seemed something I wood like to have carried for me by a caddy has all of a sudden become my BUDDY! It's real and human. And my uniform even when it is wet and wrinkled now looks like the grandest uniform anybody could ever climb into. What has come over me I don't know for sure but I credit the Mikadoo with an assist.

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I guess you will have to forget about me being home for Christmas. But I know what kind of a mother you are and I guess you feel just like I do about what has happened. I have done a lot of wise cracking about being leashed or lent but I don't care where they use me now, so long as it is where I can take a sock at the world's worst enemies of today, the double-talk nations witch jab a knife in your kidney while asking what you want for Christmas.

.....

Well, I must close now. Do not worry. Everything will come out all right with the old Stars and Stripes on top.

Your loving son,
Oscar.

P. S.—I serpose pop is trying to get into the army again now. Tell him to forget it and stay home and look out for you as I will do enough fighting for all three of us.

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THOUGHT ON FOOD
It is the sad, unlucky fate
Of some to have a diet;
Each time they hear a friend's lost weight
They ask him how, and try it.

And yet, however fond and fair
Their hopes at the beginning,
They almost always find that they're
More thinned against than thinning.

—Richard Armour.

.....

"Remember back before social security when people thought the way to be sure of a good living in their old age was to raise a lot of grateful sons and daughters?" asks Merrill Chilcote.

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DESERT SONG
In Cunningham,
Said Nazis, running,
There's less of ham,
And more of cunning.

—Richard Armour.

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The time to anticipate a war these days is when the peace conversations reach a height.

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"Up to Pearl Harbor," said Elmer Twitchell today, "I never thought Orson Welles' famous broadcast would be topped in my lifetime."

Things to do



Pattern 7115.

HERE'S a lovely wall hanging that's fascinating to embroider in soft colors. All the stitches are very easy.

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Self Reason
People are generally better persuaded by the reasons which they have themselves discovered than by those which have come into the minds of others.—Pascal.

Watch Your Kidneys!
Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste
Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.
Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength.
Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination.
There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nationwide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

WNU-13 52-41

We Can All Be EXPERT BUYERS

● In bringing us buying information, as to prices that are being asked for what we intend to buy, and as to the quality we can expect, the advertising columns of this newspaper perform a worth while service which saves us many dollars a year.

● It is a good habit to form, the habit of consulting the advertisements every time we make a purchase, though we have already decided just what to buy and where we are going to buy it. It gives us the most priceless feeling in the world; the feeling of being adequately prepared.

● When we go into a store, prepared beforehand with knowledge of what is offered and at what price, we go as an expert buyer, filled with self-confidence. It is a pleasant feeling to have, the feeling of adequacy. Most of the unhappiness in the world can be traced to a lack of this feeling. Thus advertising shows another of its manifold facets—shows itself as an aid toward making all our business relationships more secure and pleasant.
