

# DEEP WATER ISLAND

by ALAN LEMAY

### INSTALLMENT FIVE

THE STORY SO FAR: Karen Waterson, convinced by her lawyer, John Colt, that she has a claim to the island estate and fortune of her grandfather, Garrett Waterson, arrives in Honolulu to attempt to gain control of the property. Here she meets Richard Wayne, or Tonga Dick, as he is known throughout the South Pacific. 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. Although Tonga Dick knows who she is, Karen attempts to conceal her identity from him. Dick offers to take her sailing and she accepts. Dick, himself has not taken much of an interest in the island estate, but his half-brothers, Ernest and Willard, are very worried lest Karen's claims be valid. Next day as Dick takes Karen sailing she learns that he knows who she is and that he is taking her to Alakoa. She wants to go back to Honolulu but he refuses to take her. Although she is thrilled by the sight of the deep water island, Alakoa, Karen is afraid of what awaits her here. Dick finds that his uncle, James Wayne, is very ill. When Dick sees him, James Wayne is upset over the pending suit for the island and tells Dick he will under no circumstances come to a settlement. Now continue with the story.



"I suppose it amuses you," Karen said, "to make out that my grandfather was a great fool."

### CHAPTER V

A slim Hawaiian girl called Lilua had shown Karen her room; and now this girl was back again tapping at the door panel.

"Yes?"  
"Mister Dick wants to know if you would like to have coffee with him."

Uncertain, Karen Waterson opened the door. Tonga Dick was surely the last person in the world she wanted to see.

As she hesitated Lilua moved across the room and closed a case that Karen had opened, and Karen experienced a sharp annoyance. There was no air of service in the Hawaiian girl's movement or in her face; rather there was a faint irony in Lilua's eyes, as if she condescended to assist a helpless person who didn't know how to take care of herself.

Karen put a cigarette into an ebony holder, lighted it, and studied Lilua impersonally. Lilua had the creamy brown skin of the pure Hawaiian; her softly waved hair, black as any night, was drawn back over her ears, brushed severely.

"How old are you?" Karen asked suddenly.

Lilua's unwavering eyes seemed amused. "Eighteen. How old are you?"

If Karen had conceived Lilua to be in any way less than her equal, that idea was evidently not shared by Lilua. Karen turned away.

"Somewhat older," she said shortly. "Tell Mr. Wayne I will come."

"I'll show you where he is," Lilua said.

Karen turned to look at her, impelled by that steady gaze. "You're glad to see him back, aren't you?" Karen said.

Lilua hesitated perceptibly, but her quiet voice did not change as she answered. "I haven't seen him for two years."

Karen, her annoyance unaccountably increased, followed Lilua through the house.

Dick Wayne was stretched out before the fire in the big room whose immense doors opened upon the valley and the fog; Lilua immediately crossed the room to close those doors. Dick rose, looking apologetic.

"I hope you'll make yourself comfortable here. I'm sorry if you feel I've made things awkward for you. I think I'll be able to take you back tomorrow."

"Good."

In the stiff silence between them, Lilua came and stood in front of Dick's chair, looking at him steadily.

"Dick, you must be careful of this night. I don't like this night at all. E makani suanei, ke kau mai la ke kakai o Kakalpalii—"

"That's rude, Lilu," Dick stopped her. "You know she can't understand that."

Lilua cast a contemptuous glance at Karen, and she did not translate; but she went on in English.

"Pretty soon the clouds are going to rise higher, and the wind is going to blow through. And then it is going to rain, and even the rain is going to be a bad rain."

Dick pulled at his cold pipe, his eyes morose upon the fire. "Don't think much of it myself," he admitted.

"The wrong gods are walking," Lilua said now. "The right gods never walk here any more. Remember how we used to hear them walking? But they haven't walked here for a long time. Something else is here instead. Sometimes I can feel it coming near. And tonight it is very close, terribly close; and even the dog is afraid."

Dick Wayne stirred restively. Perhaps he thought he knew what it was that was near; but he didn't want to look at it, yet. "You'd better go get some sleep, Lilu."

"Dick, this is a wrong time." "Wrong time for what?" Dick snapped at her.

seen it, but they swear it's as big as a ship.

"Kai-Ale-Ale is here again," Lilua said; "and there's another thing. The red mullet are running. Dick. Ever since the Islands first came out of the sea, when the red mullet have run a king has died."

"You'd better go on to bed now, Lilu," Dick said.

"You won't want me any more tonight?"

"No; we have everything we'll need, I think."

Lilua stood motionless a moment more. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, yes, of course!"

When Lilua was gone Tonga Dick Wayne sat looking into the fire, saying nothing; and Karen found herself unwilling either to look at him or to speak.

"Do all your servants call you by your first name?" Karen asked at last.

Dick frowned a little. "She isn't exactly a servant. Her people were a very proud people—masters of this island before any haole ever saw it. And she—she's lived here all her life, and I've known her all her life."

"I don't believe," Karen offered, "that that girl has had her eyes off of you one moment since you've been in this house."

Dick Wayne looked startled. "Huh?"

"You don't mean to tell me that you didn't notice that?"

For a moment Dick looked worried. "Bunch of nonsense," he said.

"Can it be possible," Karen asked, "that she believes all that—that stuff?"

"Of course. Different races have different ways of talking about the factors that make things happen."

"Well—" Dick hesitated, and visibly shifted ground. "Well, it seems to me extremely remarkable that you and I are sitting here tonight, together by this fire."

"It is through no wish of mine," Karen said.

"I'm sorry. I still can't understand why you're not interested. For one thing, this might very well have been the house in which you were born. The room you are to sleep in tonight might have been the very room."

"I thought of that."

"There's a lot of history in this old house," Dick went on. "Of course the most interesting part of it, or at least the most highly colored, goes back to your grandfather's day, before you were born at all—before the Waynes came in. In his day the house was never silent and empty, as it is now."

"You Waynes have certainly turned it into a tomb."

"I'm sorry, sometimes," he said, "that those old days are gone. There are things that are rigid, and dull too, about the Wayne regime."

She looked at him and the shared moment broke up. "How do you know all this?"

"The Waynes were very close friends of Garrett Waterson."

"To the profit of the Waynes," Karen said with repressed bitterness.

Tonga Dick shook his head, not in denial, but in objection. "Your grandfather ended up utterly broke. You see, he was the last of the great old catch-as-catch-can traders. Island trading was a tough game after the sandalwood gave out, but Garrett Waterson had a tremendous robust energy, and he made himself two or three fortunes. But all that was over a good many years before he sold Alakoa. I doubt if he had made a cent for at least a decade. He had no business judgment; even his ownership of this island was an accident. He won Alakoa in a poker game with the native king—and even that was partly by mistake, because he thought he was gambling for just the fishing rights. He was actually astounded when he found out he had won it all."

"I suppose it amuses you," Karen said, "to make out that my grandfather was a great fool."

"You are here," Dick said wearily, "because John Colt sent you cruising with me, to find out some things he doesn't know. You can't imagine it, but certain affairs are a good deal more important to me than John Colt's spying processes."

"If you think," Karen snapped at him, "that either John Colt or I have the least interest in you whatsoever—"

"I think you have," said Dick. "For one thing, I can tell you this—your case is never going to come to trial."

"It's already on the calendar! Nobody can stop it, now."

"I can," Tonga Dick told her. "Ask yourself, Karen, just what John Colt is so anxious to learn."

Karen Waterson flushed. She could have ignored the cool conviction of Dick Wayne's words; but now she was wondering just what John Colt had suspected—and feared—that had made him so unnecessarily curious about Tonga Dick. And she was wondering why she herself had ever been such a fool as to match wits with this cool, hard-bitten man, whose purposes she could not understand. It seemed very long ago that she had made herself believe that she could conceal her identity from Tonga Dick.

"If you don't mind," Karen said, "I think I shall go to bed now."

Tonga Dick let her go.

### CHAPTER VI

In his own room, Dick Wayne found a little fire burning brightly, and he wished belatedly that he had asked Karen if a fire had been laid for her. He did not know that Lilua had put Karen in almost the only room in the house that had no fireplace at all.

A heavy lei of golden ginger blossoms hung on the foot of the bed; the blossoms filled the whole room with a spicy fragrance, heavy and pungent. Instantly Dick knew who had made that lei, and put them there; and for a moment he was troubled. Then, on an impulse, he picked up the lei and went walking through the house. He recognized Karen's room when he came to it by the crack of light under the door.

He knocked and the door was opened.

"Here," he said, pressing the lei into her hands. He was unable to keep a shade of irony out of his voice. "Aloha." He turned and went back to his room. He half expected to hear her door slam behind him, but it did not.

Dick stripped to his shorts and put out the lights. As he flung himself between the cool sheets the many-voiced wind was drowned by the swift rush of rain—first a whisper, then a drumming roar as water beat against walls and casements by sheets and buckets.

The rain was still coming down in torrent upon torrent as he went to sleep.

He was awakened by the touch of a hand upon his shoulder; and, though it was a gentle hand, it was so dripping wet with cold rain that the shock brought him bolt upright. The fire still burned, its slim flames twisting and hissing from the spatter of rain in the chimney, and by its light he saw that Lilua was there.

"What the devil is this?" "Dick," Lilua said, "you have to get up."

"What's happened? Is there anything wrong?"

"Something is terribly wrong," Lilua said. "Something has happened. It's happened just now—within the last ten minutes."

"Oh, Lord!" He got up then, and turned on the lights.

"I'm sorry to wake you up, Dick—but I tell you, I know."

Dick, pulling on his flannels, looked at her curiously. She had dropped to the floor the huge ti leaf with which she had sheltered her head as she came running through the rain, and her hair bushed wildly about her shoulders. Her eyes were no longer quiet, but alive with a terror she was helpless to control.

In another moment there was a quick fluttering tapping at the door and a thin little voice outside was calling, "Mister Dick! Mister Dick!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



### ALL FOR THE BEST

Apathy has flown the coop,  
Unconcern has hit the floor;  
Selfishness has looped the loop,  
Dopiness is now no more;  
Silent are the "gimme" boys,  
All obstructors get the "bird";  
Gone is all light-hearted pose—  
REALISM is the word!

II.  
Now it isn't mere routine,  
When the dangers round us roll,  
Just to gambol on the green  
Waiting for a Gallup poll;  
Nutty rallies now are out,  
Stilled are an'tis this and that;  
On soap-boxes few now spout . . .  
We're a nation AT THE BAT!

III.  
Sleeping at the switch is not  
Now the leading enterprise;  
Mikes no longer get red hot  
From the breath of wild-eyed  
guys;  
Arguments are down the sink,  
Discord's had a run-out pill;  
And no little hunk-dink  
Tries to thwart a nation's will.

IV.  
Now committees full of men  
Who are anti-everything  
Take the count of "eight . . . nine  
. . . TEN!"  
(Though some paid officials  
cling);  
Pussyfooting now is out,  
Half-baked ranters stop their acts  
All the country, there's no doubt,  
Sees the truth, and faces FACTS!

V.  
Hedgers crawl into a crack,  
Compromisers slink away;  
Ten per centers now fall back,  
Trimmers haven't much to say;  
Racketeering labor rats  
(And a lot of bosses, too),  
Cease their very costly spats  
Under the red, white and blue.

VI.  
Critics crawl into their shells,  
Know-It-Alls now take the skirts;  
Experts have had dizzy spells,  
Grown-ups do not act like kids;  
Sunk are armchair leaders all,  
Honey has been booted far;  
Now at last we stand or fall  
SEEING THINGS JUST AS THEY  
ARE!

ON THE SPOT  
("In case of an air raid alarm:  
Lie down immediately on your stomach . . .")  
About his paunch: Dad was always  
defiant,  
But now he wishes he was much  
more pliant!

THE CALL  
Remember the Arizona—  
The Cassin, Downes and Shaw!  
For every one the Japs got  
Let's make it three or four!

Remember the Oklahoma—  
And good old Utah, too!  
Each hit makes more efficient  
Old Yankee Doodle-do.

FLEET SHAKE-UP  
(With apologies to F.P.A.)  
Kimme! and Martia and Short—they  
are out!  
Heeding the umpire's cry:  
Out, one-two-three as the scorekeepers  
shout  
"Tinker to Jacobs to Pye!"

PEGGED  
You must pay the piper  
Is what I was taught,  
And I've always found it  
A distressing thought.  
But now, with costs soaring,  
I think it is nice  
To know that the piper  
Cannot raise his price!

AIN'T IT SO  
Of all poor friends on whom to call  
The "friendly neutral" tops 'em all.

Elmer Twitchell says that nothing  
unravels him as much as Mayor  
LaGuardia urging everybody to let  
nothing disturb them.

The Wright Brothers 38 years ago  
at Kitty Hawk first proved a heavier  
than air machine could fly and it  
is this department's guess that if  
the brothers could have foreseen the  
future, they would have scrapped  
the thing before the try-out.

"Golf and Tennis Balls to Be  
Rationed."—Headline.  
How can we make these all-out  
drives without them?

Bathing suits and rubber bathing  
caps are to be rationed, too, beginning  
next month. This was the first  
news to arouse Ima Dodo to a realization  
the country is really at war.

Yale has pledged its support of  
the country in the war. But a lot  
of football fans will put more faith  
in Harvard and Princeton.

## New Way to a Youthful Figure



CHILD THINKS MATRON A GRANDMA.  
FAT adds years to your age—there's no escaping that depressing fact! But if you briskly set about losing the excess weight with a low-calory diet, you'll look younger and feel as vibrant as Slim Sixteen!

By keeping your calories down to 1,200 a day you lose two pounds

### JUST BEHIND IT

He Was Behind It  
Zimpir—How did you get that swollen jaw?  
Playfoot—A girl cracked a smile.  
Zimpir—Well?  
Playfoot—It was my smile.

She's At It  
"How long will it be before your wife makes her appearance?"  
"She's upstairs making it now."

Put on Pressure  
"But surely you didn't tell him straight out that you love him?"  
"No fear—he had to squeeze it out of me."

A collector is someone who buys things he doesn't need at prices he can't afford.

What About It?  
"I see that historians claim that women were using cosmetics during the Middle Ages."  
"Well, women in the middle ages are still doing it."

Easily Identified  
It was the day of the school concert, and the audience consisted mainly of mothers, proud or envious, according to the parts that their children were playing.

One small boy mounted the platform. Striking a bold attitude, he began: "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears!"  
Whereupon one of the mothers turned to her companion.  
"There, that's the Bjoneses' boy," she said tartly. "He wouldn't be his mother's son if he weren't trying to borrow something."

It's an ideal marriage if the wife is a treasure and the husband is a treasury.

Not a Leg to Stand On  
The impecunious young man, writing to his bank requesting that a new check book be forwarded to him, concluded his letter: "Kindly let me know how my account stands."  
He received the following reply: "Sir—In reply to your letter, we beg to state that your account does not stand. You withdrew its last support on the 2nd inst."

a week. What if you do have to cut out Welsh Rarebit? For 420 calories you can get a lunch of consomme (25), tomato stuffed with ham (100), chocolate loaf cake (100) and tea with sugar (40)—and about a third of your dinner!

Our 32-page booklet has a calory chart, low-calory recipes for several favorite desserts, 42 reducing menus, 3-day liquid diet. Also tells how to put on weight. Send your order to:

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Enclose 10 cents in coin for your copy of THE NEW WAY TO A YOUTHFUL FIGURE.  
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### Hopes for Man

We wish man to be better than he is. We wish him to have more love, more feeling for the beautiful, the great, and the true; that the ideal which he pursues shall be purer, more divine; that he shall feel his own dignity, shall have more respect for his immortal soul. We wish him to have in a faith freely adopted, a Pharos to guide him, and we would have his acts correspond to that faith. —Mazzini.



## Best for Juice

Science proves California orange juice has more vitamins C and A, and calcium, more health in every glass.

And you know it is extra rich from its deeper color and more delicious flavor!

California Navel oranges are seedless, easy to peel, slice and section. Perfect for recipes, lunch boxes, and between-meals eating!

Those stamped "Sunkist" are the finest from 14,000 cooperating growers.

and Every use!

## SEEDLESS Sunkist California Navel Oranges

Alleviating Misfortune  
One alleviation in misfortune is to endure and submit to necessity. —Seneca.

## AND, JANE, REMEMBER, IF YOU BAKE AT HOME, THE ONLY YEAST WITH ALL THESE\* VITAMINS IS FLEISCHMANN'S



\*Per Cake: Vitamin A—3100 Units (Int.) Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>—150 Units (Int.) Vitamin D—400 Units (Int.) Vitamin G—40-50 Units (Sb. Bear.) Vitamins B<sub>1</sub>, D and G are not appreciably lost in the oven; they go right into the bread.

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