

DEEP WATER ISLAND by ALAN LEMAY

INSTALLMENT NINE

THE STORY SO FAR: Karen Waterson, convinced by her lawyer, John Colt, that she has a claim to the island estate of her grandfather, Garrett Waterson, has come to Honolulu to attempt getting the property. In an effort to find out something about the Wayne family, now in control of Alakoa, the island, she accepts a date to go sailing with Richard (Tonga Dick) Wayne. Against her wishes he takes her to Alakoa. While there, James Wayne, Dick's uncle and manager of the property, is found dead from over-work. Next day on the way back to Honolulu Dick tells Karen he loves her, but they quarrel over her claim to the estate. Dick later tries to work out a compromise settlement with John Colt and when he fails he tells Karen and Colt that their adventure is to end soon. He goes back to Alakoa and is in the midst of a conference with his two half-brothers, Willard and Ernest Wayne.



A faint flicker of self assertion reappeared in Ernest Wayne. "You can't order us—"

"You see," Dick said, "as this contest for Alakoa sifts down, all the original aspects of the case are going to have to be investigated with the utmost thoroughness—and made public. You understand that, I suppose?"

Willard Wayne said with an unnecessary intensity, "Just what do you mean by that?"

"I mean that it is very likely—eventually inevitable—that a lot of things are going to be brought to light that nobody's thought about for a long time. Isn't that so?"

"Don't know what you're driving at," Ernest mumbled.

"How well, for instance," Dick Wayne asked them, "do you think that you knew James Wayne?"

"We've worked with him all our lives," Willard said impatiently.

"And yet, did it ever occur to you he might know some things you never suspected at all?"

"Nonsense!"

"For example," Dick went on, his voice lazy, "take the exact circumstances under which old Garrett Waterson left here—just at the time the Waynes bought this island."

"That has nothing to do with it," Ernest declared. "The entire transaction was closed before Garrett Waterson—disappeared."

"This disappearance," Dick prodded them; "the tradition has been that he set sail southwest, in his own schooner, and was never seen again—wasn't that it?"

"Well? Can we be expected to account for—?"

"Didn't you happen to know," Dick Wayne asked them, "that when Garrett Waterson sailed, our father was with him?"

The eyes of the two brothers snapped sharply to Dick's face. Probably they did not believe him; but they were grasping at straws.

"You hold something over John Colt?" Willard asked.

"Do you mean," Dick asked incredulously, "am I in a position to blackmail Colt?"

"Somewhere in that man's life," Willard Wayne said, "there must be something that he doesn't dare have turned up. It's been our only hope, all along, that we could find out what it is. And if you've got hold of it?"

"What on earth," Ernest asked Willard in a bewildered way, "are we supposed to do now?"

Tonga Dick kicked out of bed with a movement of exasperation, and hunted around for a bath towel.

"I tell you what you're going to do," he roared at them. "You're going to go and tell Tsura I want three eggs for breakfast! I have no doubt it will take both of you to handle that problem—you don't seem to be able to do anything alone. Get out!"

Dick Wayne had meant to tell them, tonight, what he knew. He had meant to tell them that their father had not killed Garrett Waterson—had even meant to give them his irrefutable proof. But now his temper broke, and he could not bring himself to tell them anything at all.

He stood up. "Get out of here," he ordered them. "Get out of here, and stay out! I can't stand looking at you any more!"

Ernest and Willard Wayne morosely watched Tonga Dick as he ate his breakfast. He was able to enjoy that, in a way. Uncertain as he was about what this new turn of the wheel might mean, the confusion of his brothers was so much greater as to provide a form of entertainment.

A faint flicker of self assertion reappeared in Ernest Wayne. "You can't order us—"

Willard Wayne stood up and signaled to Ernest with his eyes. Together, after a moment's hesitation, they left the room.

Even when they had abandoned the presumption that Dick was lying, they could not get over their suspicion that the man who had signed himself Garrett Waterson was an impostor.

CHAPTER IX

Dick Wayne went to bed, but it seemed to him that he was not allowed to stay there long. The first light was hardly showing in the sky when his brothers were at him again, literally clamoring at his very bedside.

"I ran into Garrett Waterson while I was knocking around the South Seas," Dick explained. "Later, Uncle Jim found it convenient to have me carry certain messages to Garrett Waterson. That's all there was to that."

"Messages? What messages?"

Evidently they were angry, in addition. "What is the meaning of this?" Ernest Wayne demanded, spinning a yellow sheet of paper onto the bed.

There was no reason for holding back anything now. He had been employed by old Garrett Waterson on condition of complete secrecy as to Waterson's whereabouts, identity—even his very existence. He had decided to break that pledge, rather than permit John Colt to seize Alakoa in the name of Karen Waterson or anyone else; but now that Garrett Waterson had come into the open of his own accord, that consideration was abolished.

"What's the meaning of what?"

"Nobody but you," Ernest accused him, "could have had that radio message sent."

They failed to catch him up on that, and the oversight emphasized their bewilderment.

Dick picked up the paper, and by the poor but increasing light read what was typed upon it. Instantly he was more wide awake than as if he had never slept at all.

"When did this come in?"

"Just a few minutes ago," Willard told him. "You ought to know. There isn't anybody else that could."

Tonga Dick looked at the message again. It read:

"But why on earth," Ernest demanded, "should he have wished to hide himself? That's the mystery here."

MAKE NO SETTLEMENT UNTIL I ARRIVE GARRETT WATSON

Dick's first reaction was, for special reasons of his own, one of immense relief. But his next thought, which followed immediately brought him a new uncertainty. The new turn of events relieved him of certain necessities; but it also took the game out of his own hands in a way that he did not like.

"There's no mystery about it," Dick declared. "The only reasons his actions look mysterious to you is that they were perfectly simple. Garrett Waterson was always a man of violent temperament. Everything he did was in terms of violent extremes; the projects he attempted, the fights he got into—even his eating and drinking—everything was always on a spectacular scale with him. When he was overtaken by ultimate ruin, his reaction to that was violent too. He left Alakoa, and Hawaii, in a tremendously bitter state of mind. He wanted to get away from the past, and from the part of the Pacific that he knew, and never again see anyone who had known him."

Ernest Wayne's nervousness did not permit him to wait Dick out.

"Well—what have you got to say?"

"This message is genuine," Dick told them.

"It's fantastic," Ernest declared. "It's completely unreasonable. I never heard of anything like it."

"Dropping from view is one thing," Willard said heavily, "and going to extraordinary lengths to hide yourself, and conceal who you are, is something else."

"This is incredible—this is fantastic," Ernest said unsteadily.

"Some kind of a hoax," Willard added.

"There's no hoax about it," Tonga Dick assured them.

"How do you know this?" Willard demanded.

"Waterson went to extraordinary lengths in everything he ever did," Dick retorted. "The Pacific is a big place and there are more than twenty-five thousand islands in it; but only a few of them have any white inhabitants, and I suppose Garrett Waterson knew half the people in the Pacific. He couldn't imagine leaving the Pacific any more than he could imagine living inland, so of course it was pretty hard for him to evade the people that he knew. When a man is trying to drop out of sight, and fails at it for a while, it's apt to become an obsession with him. He gets to thinking that everybody he sees is talking about him, secretly. So he draws apart more and more, until at last—"

"You what?" Ernest Wayne bleated.

"He's lying," Willard expressed himself.

"And just why," Dick asked with elaborate patience, "should I be lying?"

"It's completely unreasonable," Ernest Wayne said again.

"Human nature always seems unreasonable to people who don't know anything about it. Unreasonable is what it is; you just have to get used to it."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Willard," Ernest said, "do you suppose this thing could possibly be true? Because if Garrett Waterson is alive, and we can produce him—do you see what that means? John Colt's case is absolutely exploded."

"Is it?" Dick said.

They were stopped once more. Ernest and Willard were both deathly pale, overwhelmed by more unforeseen uncertainties than they were able to handle.

"You mean," Willard said at last, "that Garrett Waterson really is incompetent?"

"I mean," Dick said, "that the whole situation is going to be just exactly what old Garrett Waterson chooses to make it."

"Yes," Ernest said.

Dick could see the man visibly twisted between a cupidry that could not face loss and a cowardice which was afraid of something else. It was not a pretty sight.

"You won't have to go to Honolulu," Dick said sardonically; "you can save yourselves the trip. John Colt will be here within twenty-four hours."

"Colt? Here? What could make him come here?"

"I make him come here," Tonga Dick said.

His and Her Towels



towels and pillow cases at the same time. You'll be surprised how quickly you'll finish a pair.

Pattern 6059 contains a transfer pattern of 12 motifs ranging from 5 by 10 to 4 1/4 by 5 inches; illustrations of stitches; materials needed. To obtain this pattern send your order to:

Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept.
117 Miuna St. San Francisco, Calif.
Enclose 15 cents in coins for Pattern No.
Name
Address

JUST LIKE

As of Old
Nina—Dorothy treats her husband like a Greek god.
Gladys—How so?
Nina—Why, she places a burnt offering before him at every meal.

Clothes have a profound effect upon a woman's poise—and upon her husband's purse.

Come and Go!
"It's an ideal match."
"What makes you think so?"
"Well, he has money and she knows how to spend it."

Corsican
Teacher—Joany, can you give me Napoleon's nationality?
Joany—"Course I can.
Teacher—Yes, that's correct.

THESE smart His, Hers and Mr., Mrs., monograms show who's who and beautify your

Ticked Pink!!



And why? Because he found there was a way to relieve that aggravating gas, headache, listlessness, coated tongue and bad breath, from which he had suffered, due to spells of constipation. He tried ADLERIKA—why don't you? It is an effective blend of 5 carminatives and 3 laxatives for DOUBLE action. ADLERIKA quickly relieves gas, and gentle bowel action follows surprisingly fast. Take this ad along to the drug store.

None Independent
No man is the absolute lord of his life.—Owen Meredith.

How To Relieve Bronchitis

Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.

CREOMULSION
for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

Poor Lenders
Great spenders are bad lenders.—Benjamin Franklin.

SMOKE RALEIGHS



HERE IS an outstanding blend of 31 selected grades of choice Turkish and Domestic tobaccos—made from the more expensive, more golden colored leaves that bring top prices at the great tobacco sales. This finer quality gives you a milder, finer-tasting smoke, yet Raleighs cost no more than any other popular-priced cigarette.

GET THESE FREE

THERE'S A VALUABLE COUPON on the back of every pack of Raleighs. Coupons are good in the U. S. A. for your choice of many beautiful and practical premiums. Write for the catalog that describes them.



Table Clock guaranteed by Hammond. Rare wood panel. 115-v. AC only. 7 inches high.

\$100 Defense Savings Stamps may now be obtained through Brown & Williamson. Send 133 Raleigh coupons for each dollar stamp. Defense Stamp Album, shown above, free on request.

Zippo Pocket Lighter of satin chromium. Wind guard. Plain or three-initial monogram.

Tilt-top Table. Matched butterfly walnut center. Walnut borders. Marquetry inlay.

Single Compact, English tan leather, 3 gold initials. Or double, silver and bronze.

Clothes Hamper with Pearl Pyralia lid. Airy. Removable laundry bag liner.

B & W coupons are also packed with Kool Cigarettes

TUNE IN Red Skelton and Ozzie Nelson every Tuesday night, NBC Red Network

\$500 EVERY WEEK IN PRIZES WRITE A LAST LINE TO THIS JINGLE

HERE'S WHAT YOU DO

It's simple. It's fun. Just think up a last line to this jingle. Make sure it rhymes with the word "now."
Write your last line of the jingle on the reverse side of a Raleigh package wrapper (or a facsimile thereof), sign it with your full name and address, and mail it to Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., P. O. Box 1799, Louisville, Kentucky, postmarked not later than midnight, February 14, 1942.

You may enter as many last lines as you wish, if they are all written on separate Raleigh package wrappers (or facsimiles). Prizes will be awarded on the

"Raleighs are a milder blend, And they pay a dividend. Start to save the coupons now"

HERE'S WHAT YOU WIN

You have 133 chances to win. If you send in more than one entry, your chances of winning will be that much better. Don't delay. Start thinking right now.

- First prize . . . \$100.00 cash
- Second prize . . . 50.00 cash
- Third prize . . . 25.00 cash
- 5 prizes of \$10.00 . . . 50.00 cash
- 25 prizes of \$5.00 . . . 125.00 cash
- 100 prizes of a carton of Raleighs . . . 150.00

133 PRIZES \$500.00

originality and aptness of the line you write. Judges' decisions must be accepted as final. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Winners will be notified by mail. Anyone may enter (except employees of Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., their advertising agents, or their families). All entries and ideas therein become the property of Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation.