

# DEEP WATER ISLAND

by ALAN LEMAY

W-N-U-RELEASE

**INSTALLMENT FIVE**  
**THE STORY SO FAR:** Karen Watson, convinced by her lawyer, John Colt, that she has a claim to the island estate and fortune of her grandfather, Garrett Watson, 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-brother, 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 out 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 Liliua 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 Watson opened the door. Tonga Dick was surely the last person in the world she wanted to see.

As she hesitated Liliua 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 Liliua'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 Liliua impersonally. Liliua 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.  
 Liliua's unwavering eyes seemed amused. "Eighteen. How old are you?"

If Karen had conceived Liliua to be in any way less than her equal, that idea was evidently not shared by Liliua. Karen turned away.  
 "Somewhat older," she said shortly. "Tell Mr. Wayne I will come."

"I'll show you where he is," Liliua said.  
 Karen turned to look at her, impelled by that steady gaze. "You're glad to see him back, aren't you?" Karen said.

Liliua 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 Liliua 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; Liliua 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, Liliua 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 auanei, ke kau mai la ke kakai o Kakaipali."  
 "That's rude, Liliu," Dick stopped her. "You know she can't understand that."

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

Liliua glanced at Karen, but what she said next was unintelligible. "Dick," Liliua said, "Kai-Ale-Ale has been seen again. He hasn't been seen—Dick, he hasn't been seen—since my grandmother died."  
 Dick Wayne took time to explain this to Karen. "There's a big shark," he put in, in aside, "that the natives think is a god. I've never

seen it, but they swear it's as big as a ship."  
 "Kai-Ale-Ale is here again," Liliua 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 a run a king has died."  
 "You'd better go on to bed now, Liliu," Dick said.  
 "You won't want me any more tonight?"  
 "No; we have everything we'll need, I think."  
 Liliua stood motionless a moment more. "Are you sure?"  
 "Yes, yes, of course!"

When Liliua 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 their 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 Watson."  
 "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 Watson 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 shouldn't mind," Dick smiled. "You and John Colt are trying to establish that he was an imbecile."  
 Karen bit her lip; she was silent for a full minute, and when she spoke she took an entirely new tone.

"I have no idea what you expected to gain by bringing me here, but—" "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 whatever—"

"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 Watson 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 Liliua had put Karen in almost the only room in the house that had no fire-place 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 spalter of rain in the chimney, and by its light he saw that Liliua was there.

"What the devil is this?"  
 "Dick," Liliua said, "you have to get up."  
 "What's happened? Is there anything wrong?"  
 "Something is terribly wrong," Liliua 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)

## GRASSROOTS

WRIGHT A. PATTERSON

**MANUFACTURERS SURVEY ON SPENDING**  
 THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MANUFACTURERS wanted to know whether or not the taxpayers' money was being wasted in rural communities by either local, state or federal governments. To find out, the association went direct to the surest source of accurate information, the editors of America's hometown newspapers. Replies were received from 961 country newspaper editors. Of that number, 41.6 per cent reported needless spending by their local governments; 87.1 per cent said their state governments were wasting the taxpayers' money in needless spending, and 67.1 per cent said that so far as their communities were concerned, the federal government was throwing money to the winds.

A considerable part of the editors did not content with mere general statements of waste, offered definite figures. For example, 161 said local governments in their communities could save a total of \$17,905,900, an average of \$111,216 for the 161 communities. As to state savings, 167 editors, representing 47 states, said a saving totaling \$207,000,000 in state spending could easily be made.

As to federal savings, 201 editors gave figures for savings in their communities totaling \$14,432,200, an average of \$69,314 per community. In response to the question, "What broad activities of government might now be reasonably curtailed?" 65.3 per cent said cut out WPA and relief; 36.2 per cent were for stopping AAA and farm aid; 31.3 per cent believed National Youth administration could be dispensed with, and 28 per cent would close the CCC camps.

It is a safe bet that Secretary Morgenthau would welcome those country editors as members of congress. Their presence in Washington would insure the reduction in civilian expenditures for which he is asking. It is also a safe bet that those country editors know what they are talking about. No one of them would hesitate about war expenditures, but each would surely cut out the non-essentials at this time.

**PRICE CEILINGS**  
 IN A WESTERN STATE a straw vote was taken among workmen on the question of a ceiling for commodity prices, for rents and for wages. Quite naturally, it showed a big majority, practically 100 per cent, for a ceiling of commodity prices and rents, and about the same percentage against a ceiling on wages.

We are all more or less selfish. Most of us are willing and anxious to take, but we are short on giving. The worker wants more wages and lower living costs. The farmer wants to sell for more and buy for less. The manufacturer wants higher prices for what he produces and lower wages for his employees. But it does not work. If we would take, we must also give, or the system fails. To prevent inflation, we should have a ceiling on commodity prices and rents, and also on wages.

**LUMBER MANUFACTURER WHO IS BIG GAME HUNTER**  
 IN THE BUSINESS and financial world he is Mr. J. C. Nichols, lumber manufacturer in a big way. To his cronies, of which there are many and world wide, he is "Kid" Nichols, a name he acquired as champion wrestler of the Northwest lumber camps when he was a young lumberjack.

While "Kid's" vocation is that of a lumber manufacturer, his avocation is big game hunting. From the shores of the Arctic ocean to the jungles of Central America he has successfully hunted all known types of wild animals found in North America, and from Africa he has brought back specimens of some 40 different species.

When you go into his Chicago offices you deposit your umbrella in the foot of an elephant, one of the largest ever killed in Africa; you hang your hat on a rhinoceros horn; you walk on layers of bear, lion, zebra, cougar and other skins. His office and his home are veritable natural history museums.

"Kid's" patron saint is Buffalo Bill Cody. He built, furnished and maintains the Cody museum at Cody, Wyo., and owns a large cattle ranch nearby, maintained especially as a place in which to entertain his friends. Each year he stages a Buffalo Bill birthday party in Chicago, at which buffalo steaks are provided for the 200 or more guests.

"Kid" Nichols can tell you, when he will, many an entertaining adventure yarn. He prefers that to manufacturing lumber.

**WEATHER NEWS**  
 WE NEVER APPRECIATED the weather man. Many of us preferred to take our weather forecasts from the patent medicine almanac. But now those of us who are living on or near the coasts are really missing those daily weather prognostications, which the military authorities claim would be of benefit to the enemy, even though we may have thought they were valueless. In the newspapers or on the radio they were of more interest than we had realized.

## PATTERNS

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**Bright Outlook**  
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**DARLING, IF WE BAKE AT HOME, REMEMBER, THE ONLY YEAST WITH ALL THESE\* VITAMINS IS FLEISCHMANN'S**

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**Quite Apparent**  
 A visitor to the Pacific ocean, who lived on the Atlantic coast, was gazing out over the ocean.

"The Pacific is bigger than the Atlantic," remarked her host.  
 "Yes, I see that," replied the visitor.



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