DEEP WATER ISLAND

by ALAN LeMAY

W·N·U·RELEASE

INSTALLMENT SIXTEEN

THE STORY SO FAR: Karen Waterson, believing herself to be the heir to Alakoa, the island estate of her grandfather, finds herself no heiress at all, when the old gentleman, Garrett Waterson, turns up after a long disappearance. Meantime she and her lawyer have been engaged in a dispute over the rights to the property with the Wayne family who have been in possession since the old man left, many years before. Richard (Tonga Dick) Wayne has fallen in love with Karen, as has also the lawyer, John Colt. After she quarrels with Dick, Karen decides to leave Alakoa with Colt. Old Garrett Waterson has arrived at Alakoa and is very ill with fever but expresses a wish to see Karen. As Tonga Dick goes to find her he sees that she and Colt have put out to sea. He is determined to bring Karen back to see her grandfather.

Now continue with the story.

The one eyed Captain Ramey was waiting at so nearly the exact spot where Dick took the deck that he had to jump back.

CHAPTER XIV

Even yet, behind the beach of Alakoa, continued the music and dancing which was an extension of the wake for the death of James Wayne; relaxing now into an emotional debacle which had forgotten the reason that it began. Consequently the crew of the Holokai, held on the vessel when they had expected to go ashore, was in resentful and surly mood. From that frustrated and dark-skinned crew any skipper could expect a sullen handling of lines and gear, and the uneasy, heavy-weighted obedience of men who like nothing about their work. But this time as Dick Wayne swung aboard the Holokai something different happened.

Tonga Dick came aboard relaxed and smiling, and every move that he made was lazy. The easy droop of his whole figure would have seemed, at first glance, to be that of a man upon whom anybody could impose. And yet, as soon as he stepped aboard, a peculiar and unexplainable discipline came over the whole length of the Holokai. The crew forgot the doings behind the beach, and the drinking they had missed, and the girls they had missed; suddenly they wanted nothing except to be out of range of the inevitable explosion.

Tonga Dick didn't see any of that. He didn't notice the unaccustomed smartness with which deck Kanakas got out of his way, nor the naval precision with which Inyashi attended him—not too close. The rail felt unnatural as he swung over it because his hands were cold and trembling; and he was seeing nothing except the wavering lights of the Seal, probing out through a channel which no one aboard her knew.

The tall rollers that came across two thousand miles of Pacific were breaking low upon the coral reefs. No one could make his way through there who had not been born among those reefs—not as the tides lay now. Certainly Captain Ramey, bad navigator and weak pilot, could not find his way through. Dick watched the Seal swing perilously in the rip of the tide; he waited confidently, even hopefully, knowing what kind of rock was reaching for the Seal's plates. Presently, he believed, he would take the people off the foundering Seal, and put them back where they belonged—where he had told them to stay. He waited for the reel of the Seal's lights, the sick check of her motion which would mark the physical concussion between John Colt's will and the actualities of land and water.

There was a moment, suspended in hair-breadth contest, in which he knew the Seal could not live—that the one-eyed Ramey had made one mistake too many. Then, unaccountably, by a whim of the sea, the Seal shook off the reef through a course in which no vessel had ever succeeded yet—and was free in open water. Even the broken-toothed coral seemed to have failed Dick Wayne.

"Take your anchor up," Dick said. His voice was so low that Inyashi, waiting near as he was, had to ask him to repeat.

"Weigh your anchor, and give me the Diesel! What is this? Doesn't anything I say ever stick any more?"

The Seal was in the open sea; but now the Holokai was coming out, brought by a shorter and easier way. When Dick Wayne had brought her through the treacherous and angling channel he set his hip against the wheel, letting the Holokai buck brokenly against the cross chop.

"Inyashi," Dick said, "that is our boat."

"Our boat, Captain?"

"I'm going aboard that boat and bring her back," Dick said.

Something special showed in Inyashi then. Sometimes people wondered why a squatty little yellow man, who looked like a clerk in a Japanese dry goods store, should be right-hand man to Dick Wayne. If they had been watching, they might have found out something about that now. Inyashi's face wrinkled in a peculiar grin; it was deferential still, but a peculiar drawing of the lips made the eye teeth show, so that all at once, without ever stepping out of his place, Inyashi was something else than he had been before.

"Are all the Kanakas aboard?" Dick asked.

"All five, Captain Dick."

"Bring 'em here."

The crew of the Holokai didn't look like much as Inyashi brought them up to the wheel which Dick still held. These were slovenly looking men, not very well washed. Their faces were dark; the hair of some of them had a crinkly bush; the noses of some were nothing else but flat, and the lips noticeably thick. A Polynesian who, on a surfboard, seems the image of a god, can look like scum in dungarees.

"You see that boat up there?" Dick said.

None of them said anything, and their faces were inexpressive. The question was rhetorical. Whatever these brown-skinned men might miss in this world or the next, they never missed anything on the face of the sea.

"We're going to come up close on that boat in a minute," Dick said. "We're going to swing so close to her that maybe we'll smash her rudder off. I'm going aboard, and I'm going to take her back to Alakoa. After I've gone aboard, the Holokai is going to stand by for maybe ten minutes. Within ten minutes the malahine boat will turn and go back. If it doesn't turn—"

Dick Wayne stopped a moment, while he turned the Holokai more carefully into the wake of the Seal's lights.

"Then, Captain?" Inyashi prompted. In the undistinguished yellow face the canine teeth were showing in Inyashi's peculiar new smile.

"If," Dick said, "the Seal does not turn in ten minutes after I have boarded her, the Holokai will come alongside the Seal and lash fast."

"And then—?" Inyashi said again.

"One way or another," Dick said, "I'm going to take the Seal back to Alakoa."

Dick Wayne didn't even look at the faces of the Kanakas—he knew what was there. They were looking at each other then, but not in sullenness nor rebellion. The faces of these men were thick-skinned as leather, weathered by a thousand tropic suns; but now there was a curious drawing up of the faces of the first man and the third—different from a smile, and at the same time nothing else—as if the deep-skinned leather had been drawn up by inner cords.

If any haole had anything these men could understand, Dick Wayne had it; and they understood him now. Without looking at them at all, he knew that they would take the Seal, if he named the Seal, no matter what else happened after that. Dick had to grin a little, but not without affection, as he recognized that he was perfectly certain of what these men could be counted on to do.

"Get your buffers out to starboard."

The Seal was all out, and, as Dick already knew, Ramey's boat had a surprising turn of speed; but there was nothing she could do to get away from the Holokai, in the open sea. The Holokai had been built for sail, but she had taken to her power with a surprising surety, so that under her Diesel she went over the water like a thrown shell. Definitely and steadily, with an arithmetic accuracy, the Holokai came up on the Seal; and nothing that men's intentions or present emotions might do could effect that steady overtaking. She could overhaul the unhappy Seal tonight simply by a mathematics of oil and iron contrived by forgotten designers, some of whom were dead . . .

"I have to go now," Dick said to Inyashi.

"You mean—you mean—"

"Take the wheel, and throw her so close that you pick her wheelman's teeth with the buckle of your belt."

"What are you going to do?" Inyashi demanded.

"I'm going to leave this rail, and go aboard this other boat," Dick said.

"Tonga," Inyashi said, lapsing into the name under which he had first known Dick, "if I miss the swing, even by inches—it just cannot be done."

"You go ahead and do it. Take the wheel."

The Holokai's deck crew were lounging against the weather rail as Dick left the wheel. They appeared to be resting; but Dick caught the gleam of a long knife in the belt of a boy who looked the laziest of all.

"Stay back," he warned them. "Stay back until your time comes!"

Nobody moved on the deck of the Holokai as Dick went over the rail of the Seal. Everyone of those sea-riding men must have known what inspiration was in Inyashi's hand as he drew the Holokai past the Seal, against the restless swell of the countering sea. But they stood, waiting their turn, while Dick made his jump across better than a fathom of open water; and, gaining the Seal's deck, signaled Inyashi to stand clear.

The one-eyed Captain Ramey was waiting at so nearly the exact spot where Dick took the deck that he had to jump back when Dick came down over the rail.

"What's this. What is this?"

"How would you like to turn your boat?" Dick said.

"Listen—wait—listen!" There was a frantic expostulation in Ramey's voice, not without its note of appeal. "You can't do this! What are you going to do? Damn me, you can't do it! You know I hardly ever get a decent charter, and when I do, do you have to butt in, and—"

Everyone upon the Seal had known that the Holokai was coming from behind, had seen Dick Wayne come aboard. There was a ring of faces, now, all around Ramey and Dick Wayne. Through the quick fog that action makes he saw that John Colt, too, was there.

"You can't do this," Ramey said again. "I'll hang you higher than a kite in any court—"

Dick saw now where Karen Waterson was. She was leaning against the bulkhead of the cabin, detached still, with an unreadable face.

"You don't even know what I'm going to do."

"Sure, I know," Ramey said with as much black malice as can be put through one eye. "Go ahead and do it—and see what happens to you! Will you, now?"

"You have your choice," Dick said. "You can turn back, if you're willing to turn back."

John Colt spoke then. He said, "I really don't understand—"

"Shut your head," Dick said crudely. He spoke across them all, to Karen who stood against the bulkhead of the cabin; and although he did not raise his voice, no one could have mistaken to whom he spoke.

"You're going back now," Dick said. "You're going back, and you're not even asking why."

John Colt said, with a singularly decent poise, "Are we to understand—?"

"You wouldn't understand this. An old, dying man wants to see what his grandchild looks like. I have guaranteed that he will. The girl is going back."

"If you mean Miss Waterson," Colt said, "she is going where she chooses to go."

"Sorry."

The sound of the sea was all around them, but within it there was a peculiar silence, in which nothing human had anything to say.

John Colt stepped forward across the swaying deck, into that ring of faces.

"This isn't a hundred years ago. We're not in the days of Captain Cook; we're not even in the days of Henry Morgan. We're not living in the old days, Wayne."

"No," answered Tonga Dick, "but this is the sea."

"Am I to suppose—"

"I don't care what you suppose. I have to take Karen Waterson back to Alakoa."

"This is an outrage," Captain Ramey put in. "I'll fight this through every court of admiralty that—"

"You will be very happy," Tonga Dick said, "not to raise your head before admiralty at all. How would you like the admiralty courts to hear what happened at Lord Randolph's Island?"

"You mean to blackmail me?" Ramey screamed.

Dick Wayne grinned. "You bet your life I'll blackmail you—if it's any good to me!"

It was singular the way Ramey faded, after that.

"I'll have you for this—this is piracy," John Colt said. "I can bring charges such as will—"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by
CARTER FIELD

Government Anxious To Keep Non-Essential Buying Down . . . Most Manufacturers Want More Restriction on Themselves . . .

(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)

WASHINGTON.—There is probably more to be said in favor of a sales tax at the present moment than at any time in this country's history. Incidentally, the most formidable group of opponents the sales tax has ever had, the large store owners, have virtually flopped over to its favor, while the chief argument against it—the one which has always moved President Roosevelt—has disappeared for the duration.

Let's consider the President's previous objection. It was that a sales tax was not only a tax on people least able to afford it, but that it cut down consumption, and hence helped to restrict unemployment.

This argument vanishes into thin air for the duration. The government is anxious for people not to buy things they do not have to have. **The government** wants this for two reasons. **First, it wants to limit all non-war production as far as possible. Second, it wants the savings effected by the people NOT buying those things translated into government bonds.**

There is no question of employment—for the duration. The government needs the work of every man and woman possible for war production. It will continue to need them, more and more, so long as the war lasts.

Sales Tax Advantages

Thus in so far as a sales tax operates to curtail buying of nonessentials—and perhaps even some things that are ordinarily regarded as essentials—it is all to the good.

But what must be considered here is the effect of all this AFTER the war. This does not mean that anything that will help in the war should be stopped because of worry about its later effects. But it does mean that congress should consider what steps must be taken immediately after hostilities are over.

When this war ends, whether soon or late, and assuming of course that we win the war, for otherwise nothing will make any difference, we are going to be faced with a terrific and almost inconceivable debt. So taxes must continue at a rate which will continue to hold down improvement in our standards of living.

BUT—when that time comes there will be a need for every possible encouragement to employment—to greater national income so as to spread the tax burden thinner. So it might well be that the thing to do about the sales tax would be to eliminate it the moment hostilities stop, and the swing back to normal from the war effort sets in.

There will be a magnificent market, with the public starved of things it wanted during the emergency eager to buy. But there will be MILLIONS of men returning to private employment, not only from the army and navy, but from industry engaged in war work.

And they must have jobs.

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Few Stockholders Hurt by Profit Slash

One of the shrewdest attacks on the attitude of certain labor leaders that has yet been made came naturally enough, from Rep. Howard Smith of Virginia.

There is no intent here to accuse Mr. Smith of trying to deceive, but he set up as an "attack" on profits by capital a straw man which can easily be knocked down.

The point is that the alleged great profits of **manufacturers on war contracts** are nothing like so dear to the hearts of the manufacturers and their larger stockholders as the union labor leaders would have the public believe. Most of them **would be delighted at some restriction by the government** which would cut those profits down to what almost anyone would consider a very reasonable figure indeed.

They want this for three different reasons. One is that it would tend to take them out of the hot spot, where they are the target for every demagogue, be he labor leader or politician, in the country.

They might be able to stand such criticism if they were benefiting substantially, but it irks them considerably when they know perfectly well that just a few years back they could have made much larger profits in peace time.

The second reason is that they fear continuance of the present situation would make the probable wave of inflation certain. No one in business wants to see that.

Still **a third reason** is that the manufacturers are looking forward to after the war. They know that labor conditions imposed on them NOW will continue, and continuing, make trouble, during what may be a very trying period of reconstruction.

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