



## ALOHA MEANS GOOD-BY

By Robert Carson

### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENT

When tall, young RICKY LELAND took his rather shabby person aboard the Genoa Maru at Vancouver, he did not anticipate a great deal in the way of entertainment or light dalliance. Japanese freighters ordinarily do not boast much in the way of passenger lists. What was his surprise and

delight, then, to discover, among his fellow travelers to Hawaii, a young Canadian girl, ALBERTA MARLOW, who turned out to be amusing beyond the promise of her lithe, blond prettiness. The complement of passengers was made up by DR. ANASTACIO BARCA, a Filipino economic expert, who explained that he was to lecture on his subject at the

*The second report was more muffled, because Ricky had the man's arm and was shoving the pistol toward the floor.*

University of Hawaii, and his Japanese manservant, T. OKI. For several days Ricky amused himself joshing Alberta, who gave as good as she got, until, commencing to realize that she seriously interested him, he brought himself up short. He explained then, to Barca and the girl, that he was an ex-artillery officer who had been discharged dishonorably from the Army, through, he assured them, no fault of his own. The Canadian army had rejected him, he said, and he was returning to Hawaii because he had been born there and could live cheaply. On a rough afternoon, when Alberta had retired seasick, Ricky sat in the lounge with Doctor Barca, drinking large quantities of Scotch-and-soda, purchased by the latter. Pretending that the liquor had loosened his tongue, Ricky expressed violent dissatisfaction with the treatment he'd received at the hands of the military establishment. Then he returned unsteadily to his stateroom, quite sober.

### IV

DELAYED by the storm, the Genoa Maru docked in San Pedro at ten in the morning. By eleven the formalities of entry were over and the immigration officers had departed. Then First Officer Miyuma visited the staterooms with a message from Captain Higoto. He explained painfully and patiently, with Sugi's aid, that the ship was only at this dock to take bunkers. When she was fueled, she would move to another location to load cargo. Miyuma gave the number and the way to get to the second pier.

The Genoa Maru probably would sail early on the following morning. Captain Higoto thought that it would be best for the passengers to be aboard that night. Lunch and dinner would be served as usual.

Ricky waited for Alberta on the main deck near the gangplank. The sun was shining and there was a flat calm after the storm, but the air had a chilly bite to it. There was winter even in Southern California.

Alberta came out looking pale and drawn, and wearing her short white coat, a brief blue dress and sandals. Her legs and head were bare, and her hair

was tied with a blue ribbon. She appeared about fifteen years old, and cold. A tremor shook her arm as Ricky helped her down the gangplank.

"Is that all you've got to wear?" Ricky asked.

"Would you rather see me in an evening dress?"

"Didn't anybody tell you Honolulu was two thousand miles away?"

"Of course," Alberta said. "But I'd been waiting three years to say good-by to winter. I was reading about the clothes women wear in Nassau and Palm Beach and at Waikiki when it was thirty below and I had on woolen underwear. I didn't want to take anything with me that'd remind me of winter."

"Well, you didn't," Ricky told her. "I hope they don't mistake you for the Rose Queen when we get to Los Angeles."

She slipped a little cold hand in his and smiled. "We'll make a nice pair. A crazy woman and a bum."

"Maybe you'd like to go with somebody else."

"Who else is there?" Alberta said candidly.

Doctor Barca was walking up and down at the shore end of the pier. He moved over to meet them.

"Hello!" he said. "How are all the sick people this morning?"

"I'm fine," Ricky said, "except that they're riveting something in my skull. In another hour I'll be well or crazy."

"My fault."

"Oh, don't apologize. I'm always letting people do this to me." Ricky grinned. "I'm a great hand for free drinks."

"Like me with bread pudding," Alberta said. "But I'm all right now."

"Good," Doctor Barca said. "You look it too. Are we all going to Los Angeles?"

Oki overtook them on the street. He drew his breath in sharply, bowed and spoke to Doctor Barca in Japanese. Doctor Barca waved him on, and Oki went hastily off.

"Oki wanted permission to visit relatives here," he explained, smiling. "Japanese seem to have relatives everywhere."

"I wish I had relatives in Los Angeles," Ricky said. "It always helps to be related to a man you're going to put the bite on."

They caught a bus that took them to Wilmington. From there an electric interurban bore them across the southwestern suburbs to town.

Alberta sat in fascinated silence and looked at the small houses, sunken wastelands and occasional clusters of factories. The brilliant sunlight made her eyes blink.

"Hey, there's a palm tree!" Alberta said.

Ricky laughed and Doctor Barca nodded indulgently. She glared at them.

"Where I come from, pardner," she said, "they don't grow those things in front of filling stations."

But in a moment she had forgotten the palm tree in the wonderment of a back yard that abutted on the railroad right of way. In the yard, roses were climbing over a stucco wall in red and white profusion.

"Roses," Alberta said. "Roses in the winter. I must be imagining that I feel cold."

"Wait'll you get to Hawaii," Ricky said.

"What's the matter with California?" Alberta demanded. "Why, this place would look wonderful in technicolor!"

After that, Ricky gave up.

They emerged from the gloom of the interurban terminal and stopped in the sunny confusion of a downtown street corner. Everyone was in dark winter clothes. Men turned to stare at Canada's promise of spring. She was examining her surroundings and trying to remember pictures she had seen. This corner obviously hadn't been in any of them.

"Where are the studios?" she asked.

"Miles from here," Ricky said. "Look, the guy I'm going to try to borrow money from is up in the

financial district, a couple of blocks away. Why don't you go back in the station and wait for me? I won't be gone long."

"Oh, I'll stay with Doctor Barca—if he'll let me."

Ricky wasn't looking at Doctor Barca. "Wait in the station."

"No, thanks."

"You can't go with me," Doctor Barca said. "It doesn't look well for a white girl to be seen with a Filipino."

"So long, doc," Ricky said.

Doctor Barca's eyes were suddenly very black and hot, and the brown of his skin was lightening as red pumped into it. His voice was harsh. Alberta stared at him.

"The Filipinos are an inferior race on the mainland, Miss Marlow," he said. "They know their place, and they keep it. The American sailors call us goo-goos. They say we are monkeys without tails."

"Forget it," Ricky said. "You're going to the Islands, aren't you?"

Doctor Barca drew a long breath. His voice was normal when he spoke again. "I have a few errands to run, so I'll see you at the boat, children. Enjoy yourselves."

He turned abruptly and walked away.

Alberta glanced at Ricky. "Sorry," she said. "But I didn't know."

"It's different in Hawaii," Ricky said. "Get on your bench, angel child, I'll be with you in no time."

He handed her a nickel. "Buy yourself a candy bar."

He hadn't gone a block before he knew he was being tailed. A tall man in corduroy pants and a leather windbreaker had picked him up as he left Alberta, and was following him on the other side of the street. Ricky walked fast and slow by turns, to make sure. The man matched his pace exactly, which was an infallible sign.

Ricky crossed the street ahead of the man and stopped in front of a jewelry store whose plate-glass window was enough in the shade to make an excellent reflector. If the guy had any sense, he wouldn't stop and attract attention to himself. Ricky wanted a good look at him.

The store window was filled with rings.

*Talking to her was the tall man in the windbreaker who had tried to shadow Ricky.*

A placard read: ENGAGEMENT AND WEDDING RING COMBINATION—\$25.00—YOU GET THE GIRL, WE DO THE REST. Ricky's thoughts wandered on the subject of marriage. Settling down would be nice, one of these days, maybe with some Canadian girl.

The tall man's reflection paraded by Ricky on the plate glass. He was looking stolidly ahead and walking slowly. Ricky didn't know him.

He paused at a drugstore magazine rack as Ricky left the jewelry-store window. Passing him, Ricky noticed he was using the window dodge too. He recrossed the street and turned a corner.

The man caught up with him when he entered an office-building lobby. A uniformed starter was standing before an open elevator. Ricky stepped into it.

"Four," he said so loudly to the operator that he startled him.

More people crowded in, but not the tall man. That made Ricky sure the guy had heard him call his floor. The starter rattled his little gadget and the elevator shot up.

"Two," Ricky said, and the operator glared at him.

He got out on the second floor and walked quickly down the hall. Stairs led to the lobby. He halted on the first

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ILLUSTRATED BY BEN STAHL



# AN OPEN ROAD TO PIPE PLEASURE—

you'll find the secret a few lines below

THERE ARE few men who don't smoke a pipe without wishing that they did.

IT'S OUR OPINION that the "wish they did" started on the wrong tobacco. At least, we can show you thousands of letters from men who tell us that the "right" tobacco opened the way to smoking pleasure they wouldn't do without.

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**Dr. Scholl's ARCH SUPPORTS**

was pandemonium. The referee forced Ogden Pieter into a neutral corner while Rivet knelt, taking the count of nine.

Ogden Pieter knew that last blow had been effective. He knew it was a harder, more solid blow than he himself had received. He was elated. Now Ogden Pieter commenced to jab. His trainer had told him he had a good left, a jarring left. He remembered his years of instruction and was very cool. He found it was easy to dart that left hand into Rivet's face and keep the man off balance. Rivet tried to get to close quarters, and as he came in Ogden Pieter feinted to the head and let fly with a right to the body. It was a tremendous right. He heard Rivet grunt, felt his fist sink into the man's body, and then he brought up his left with all the power of his young body. It was another clean knockdown. Presently the gong sounded again and Ogden Pieter needed no referee to guide him to his corner. He was strong. He was elated. After all, he was a dandy fighter. After all, Footsy wouldn't be ashamed of him, nor would Peggy Fogarty be ashamed of him.

Footsy was working over him. "You fooled him," Footsy said. "You won't fool him again. Mebby. I dunno."

Rivet came out slowly, cautiously, for the next round. Ogden Pieter sensed that the man's legs were weary, sensed that he was younger than Rivet, not burned out by years in the ring. He felt sorry for the ex-pugilist, but for all that he was wary. His legs were better legs and he used them. He moved about Rivet, jabbing and jabbing.

Once a right landed under his ear, but it had not the same force, the same stunning impact as before. He jabbed and waited for an opening, and because Rivet's legs were slow and weary, because Ogden Pieter's legs were young and resilient, he was able to find his target. A straight left and a straight right sent Rivet to the floor. When he was up again, Ogden Pieter waded in, but waded in not for the kill but to clinch.

He held Rivet and whispered, "This is your show. You're gone. It means something to you not to get licked. I'm satisfied."

landing and surveyed the scene. The tall man had left, undoubtedly for the fourth floor.

Ricky turned the corner again, cut across a parking lot and walked through an alley. The guy was no longer with him. On the ninth floor of another building was the Atlas Holding Corporation. Ricky arrived there quite pleased with himself.

"I'm looking for a Colonel Hart," he told the girl at the switchboard. "My name's Leland."

She plugged in and announced him. "Second office on your left," she said.

Colonel Hart was big and bronzed, dressed in careless country-gentleman tweeds, with a hearty manner that didn't go well with gimlet eyes. He rose from behind a desk and gripped Ricky's hand when he entered the office.

"I was delighted to hear from Canadian Intelligence that you made connections," he said. "Sit down, lieutenant."

"Thank you, sir."  
"Did they treat you well up north?"

"Nix," growled Rivet. "Do your stuff or I'll bust you wide open."

"Sorry," said Ogden Pieter.

He pushed Rivet against the ropes, sank a left in the man's stomach, brought a right to the jaw. Rivet covered. Ogden Pieter stepped back and Rivet rushed. Ogden Pieter was poised; he struck—struck with every ounce of the weight and strength of his young body—one, two, left, right. He looked down. Rivet was lying on his face, quivering, and the referee was counting; his arm rose and fell. How slowly the numbers came! Eight! Nine! Ten!

Ogden Pieter stooped, lifted Rivet, half carried him to his stool. Rivet sat slumped, slowly straightened, moving his head. He sagged back against the ropes. And then he grinned.

"Good kid," he said.

Ogden Pieter was again in the locker room, and Rivet sat opposite him pulling on his pants.

"Kid," said the man, "you can go places. You're green, but in a year I can make you. You got the makin's."

It was the sweetest praise that ever had entered Ogden Pieter's ears.

"Drop around and we'll talk it over," said Rivet.

Then Ogden Pieter was out in the hall again, and found he had made a hundred friends. But he did not know how solid was that friendship, nor was he ever to know what caused its sincerity.

He did not know that Ed Rivet was going about from group to group saying, "The kid's right. Know what he done? He had me out on my feet and knowed it. Yeah. But he whispers to me to take it easy 'n' he'll carry me, see? Not show me up in front of my crowd. He's a right kid." He resorted to profanity to explain how right Ogden Pieter was.

The fight established Ogden Pieter as a personage, but his offer to carry Rivet was a sort of sportsmanship to which these men responded. It established him as something better than a personage—as a square shooter, a guy that would do to tie to. Instead of being merely a man they liked to watch as he fought, he became a man they would be willing to fight for. He thus acquired an asset whose value he

could not estimate because he did not realize that he possessed it.

Grandma waited up for them. Her fingers were busy with her knitting as they came into the dining room. She looked up inquiringly.

"He got up off'n the floor three times," Footsy said, "and whaled hell out of Ed."

"Three times?" asked grandma.

"Flatter'n a pancake," said Footsy.

Grandma clucked. "Then," she said, "you better make up your mind to pay some attention to him when he talks."

"Sure," said Footsy. "Ed took a shine to him."

"Do tell!" She turned to Ogden Pieter. "What did you think when you was flat on your back?" she asked.

"I didn't think anything," he answered. "I just knew I had to get up again."

"Proba'ly," said grandma, "the best thing a body can ever think." She turned suddenly and looked out of the window to see what was causing the shadows to dance on the dining-room floor. Then she spoke, and her voice was unexcited, unchanged in tone or timbre.

"You boys," she said, "better hyper out to the barn. It's afire."

The old, dry, wooden structure seemed to explode into flames. Before the fire apparatus arrived, it was a roaring, crackling, avid inferno. An hour later it was ashes and embers, and Footsy's truck was nothing but a twisted mass of reddened, useless iron and steel.

Footsy stared at Ogden Pieter glumly. "This," he said, "is the finish."

Ogden Pieter was raging. Never had he been aware that a man could burn with such anger. He hated Acme; he hated Bronson. Though none could prove it, he knew and Footsy knew and grandma knew that this fire had been set by incendiary hands. Ogden Pieter was not handy with language, especially with ungentle language and such words as should not be used by people of graciousness and breeding. But this moment seemed to require something more.

"The hell it is," he said grimly.

"This is the start."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## ALOHA MEANS GOOD-BY

(Continued from Page 25)

"Very well," Ricky said. "In fact, they were watching me every minute. I even had to go through the business of trying to join their army, including a thorough physical examination and an insulting rejection. By this time, I think that everybody on board the Genoa Maru has read the letter of rejection."

"Excellent," Colonel Hart said. His wintry eyes had a faint twinkle in them. "I had a few doubts about you when you passed through here on the way up, but I must say they've been dissipated. The Canadian boys are most complimentary concerning your work."

"How did I manage to get on the boat?"

"Your story was told in the right quarters. Doctor Barca was well informed before you ever came aboard."

"There's a girl—"

"We're checking on her now. She doesn't seem the type, from what I hear."

"Would she be there if she wasn't?" Ricky asked.

"Possibly, although I don't think so. They might have some reason for letting her go along."

"What kind of a reason?"

"That's what you must find out."

"It's nice work if you can get it," Ricky said.

"How are you and Doctor Barca getting along?" Colonel Hart said.

"We're sparring yet, but he's rising to the bait."

"Try to move as fast as you can."

"Have you anything new on him?"

"Only what you probably already know," Colonel Hart said. "He's been touring here and in Canada, presumably building up goodwill for the Philippines and lecturing to trade associations and foreign clubs. Actually he's been collecting all the dope he can on Canada's war effort, for eventual transmission through Tokyo to the Axis. Now he'll go over to Hawaii and lecture at the university and contact the bad boys there. When and if the little yellow gentlemen decide to move on the Philippines, Doctor Barca will be a big shot—unless he

comes a cropper this time in Honolulu."

"I think he will. He loves my stories."

"I wouldn't be too sure," Colonel Hart said. "The good doctor is not a chump. He wouldn't have lasted as long as he has at his job if he was. He may be just giving you enough rope."

There was silence for a moment. Ricky stared at Colonel Hart. Suddenly he grinned.

"I have a feeling you're holding out on me," he said. "Being on a boat gives you time to think, and I've been thinking of Barca. He's a politician, and a bright guy. He wouldn't be where the rough stuff is. What am I really after?"

Colonel Hart didn't reply immediately. Ricky sensed he was hesitating.

"We decided you shouldn't know too much at first," Colonel Hart said, "in case things went wrong. You're after trouble. Big trouble in Hawaii. Hell is going to pop very shortly. Have you ever heard of the Black Dragon?"

"A secret Japanese terroristic society, isn't it?"

"Yes, the largest of the patriotic societies, the super-*ronin*. They're the boys who decide a good deal of the government's policies, and war and peace, with guns and bombs. Lately, we happen to know, the Black Dragon has taken over Doctor Barca's organization."

Ricky whistled softly.

Colonel Hart paused again, seeming to choose his words carefully before he went on, "Getting on the Genoa Maru tonight is a member of the Black Dragon. His name is Totsuiko."

"I'll watch for him," Ricky said.

"What else?"

"One more item. The details of your disgrace have been widely circulated in Honolulu. You won't be exactly welcomed. Prepare yourself for being a pariah."

"Am I on my own over there?"

"Not completely. Smith will be waiting for you. But no one else knows. You must be very careful from now on, in view of the Black Dragon men. Have you the headquarters number to call in an emergency?"

Ricky nodded.

"Are you carrying a gun?"

"No. They frisk my stateroom every time I'm out of it."

The gimlet eyes were sizing him up. "Don't overdo the dilapidation. You're getting close to Charlie Chaplin."

"All right."

Colonel Hart got up from his desk. Ricky rose with him.

"How about some lunch?" Colonel Hart asked.

"I'd better not," Ricky said. "I had to shake a guy in getting here."

"A white man?"

"Yes," Ricky described him.

"I believe I know him," Colonel Hart said. "We'll pay him a visit someday." He led the way to the door. They walked together out to the switchboard.

"Sometimes things go wrong on a ship if they get wise to you," Colonel Hart said. "A box drops on your skull or a wave washes you overboard. Stay out of the way as much as you can, just in case."

"Sure," Ricky said.

They stopped at the board. The girl handed Colonel Hart a note. He glanced at it, and then at Ricky.

"Doctor Barca is visiting Totsuiko now," he said. "Where's the girl?"

"Around town. Not with Barca."

"What's she like?"

"Remember the girl you dreamed about marrying when you were sixteen?"

"Yes."

"This is her in the flesh," Ricky said. "I see," Colonel Hart said. He extended his hand. "Good luck."

Ricky grinned. "Don't lose sleep over me."

"The reason I'm worrying is because I've never seen a smart gunner."

"It ain't my fault," Ricky said. "I'd rather take my chances with a muzzle burst any time. So long, sir."

He opened the door and went out. "I hope you and the girl I was going to marry when I was sixteen have a nice lunch," Colonel Hart called.

That's the American intelligence for you, Ricky thought, going down the hall. *They know everything.*

v

ALBERTA was waiting for him in the terminal on a straight-backed wooden bench, eating a candy bar. Standing talking to her was the tall man in the leather windbreaker who had tried to shadow him. Ricky's throat tightened in sudden alarm.

She saw him coming and rose, walking away from the man. He sat down on the bench, not looking at Ricky.

"Hello," Ricky said. "I see you blew my nickel."

Alberta stuck the candy bar out to him. "Have a bite. It's good."

He bit and chewed and said with difficulty, "Let's go."

"I hate to complain," she remarked, "but that man in the leather coat has been pretty nasty."

"About what?" Ricky asked, wondering if this was the alibi for being seen with the tall man.

"The usual thing."

He took her arm and steered her over in front of the man, who started studying his shoes.

"Did you want to meet this young lady?" Ricky said.

"No," the man said.

"She thought you were talking to her."

"Not me. I was reciting poetry to myself."

"I wish you'd recite something now," Ricky said wistfully. "Something tough."

He had dropped Alberta's arm and was standing with his hands swinging loosely at his sides, the fingers half curled into the palms. Alberta stepped clear of him.

"I got to be going," the man said, and stood up.

He started to walk away, and Ricky's left hand closed on his collar and jerked him back so hard his head snapped. The man looked him up and down and made up his mind.

"It's not polite, walking away like that," Ricky said. "You ought to tell the lady you're sorry and then say good-by."

The man raised his hat. "I beg your pardon, lady. I guess I mistook you for another lady that used to sit in here all the time. Good-by, lady."

"Good-by," Alberta said.

They went out on the corner and paused.

Alberta glanced at Ricky. "You didn't get that dent in the bridge of your nose playing ping-pong, did you, Ricky?"

"I got it from walking into a door," Ricky said. "Right after I'd seen a girl not half as pretty as you are. Hungry?"

"Did the man give you the money?"

"More than I asked for."

# Un-American Disease

**B**ELLYACHING is *not* a typical American disease. That's why you hear so little of it from Army camps and Naval stations today. The truth is the boys have cause for bellyaching. Not about the things they're asked to do in line of duty, but about the things they *can't* do when off duty.

Some of the camps house many thousands of young men, transplanted from all that's familiar and set down in a strange new world. There may be no large city within many miles, only a town whose quiet streets have never known the beat of more than a few thousand feet.

There is hospitality in the hearts of these townspeople, but the sticks and stones that make up the buildings of a small town just won't stretch to meet a sudden influx of men from the camps. They come—and find no seats at the movies, no place to eat, no friend to greet them, no doors open except those that lead to trouble.

## Something IS Being Done

### About This Unhealthy Situation—

## It Needs Your Help

The "service organizations" that did such important work in the World War—the Y.M.C.A., National Catholic Community Service, Salvation Army, Y.W.C.A., Jewish Welfare Board, National Travelers Aid Association—have joined forces in a group called U.S.O. (United Service Organizations for National Defense). The Government will appropriate money to build club houses near camps, clubs where soldiers can play, meet friends, get acquainted with girls, dance, get information, read, write letters, listen to music, enjoy shows.

These clubs are to be staffed and run by the U.S.O., the expenses borne by you, the civilians. That's as it should be in the world's greatest democracy. Let's leave 100% regimentation by the army to the dictators.

Yes, we, the civilians, are being asked to put up the money. It isn't much to ask, when you consider what these young men are giving. It isn't much when you consider what America faces. It isn't much in a world that's demanding such huge sacrifices from so many of its people.

Give. Not just a little loose change. But enough to let you hold your head high in the knowledge that you have done *something* for the young men who are doing a *lot!*

Send your contributions to your local committee or to U. S. O. National Headquarters—  
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**Sherman BALL BEARING FAUCETS**

"Let's go to the Hollywood Brown Derby," Alberta said, pronouncing the name of the restaurant reverently.

They took a bus and rolled for a long way on a wide, clean street with beautiful buildings on either side called Wilshire Boulevard. The traffic was heavy and fast.

"The thing I like about it here," Alberta said, shivering a little, "is that, even if it is cold, it doesn't look cold. Did you see the palm trees down that side street?"

On the way to their table in the restaurant Alberta saw a movie star and fell over a bus boy. Before she sat down, she had spotted another star. Two prominent character actors were at a table directly opposite. When her food came, Alberta couldn't eat it.

"I'm too excited," she said. "How long has this been going on?"

"I'll bet palm trees look pretty small to you now."

"What palm trees?" Alberta asked absently. "I wish Mickey Rooney would come in."

People were looking at her too. Not at her costume, because it attracted no attention here; these people had seen about everything in the line of bizarre attire that the greatest collection of exhibitionists in the world had to offer; they were examining the light hair, the blue eyes, the skin that seemed to have milk mixed with satin. While they looked, they tried to remember where they'd seen her.

"Maybe you ought to stay here," Ricky suggested. "Wouldn't you like to be in pictures?"

"No," Alberta said. "You know, I've been thinking. As long as you have some money now, why don't you buy yourself a new suit?"

Afterward they walked along Hollywood Boulevard, gazing in the shop windows.

At five o'clock they returned to Los Angeles, riding on a trolley through the damp grayness of early evening. Alberta was getting tired and cold, and some of the hospitality of the city appeared to have evaporated with the sunlight. Ricky found a good restaurant he remembered and they went in.

"This has been the nicest day I ever spent," Alberta said as they sat down. "Why are you so kind to me?"

"You're Canadian," Ricky told her. "We always do our best for foreigners that visit here."

She smiled at him. "I'm getting curious about you."

"I'm twenty-seven. I weigh a hundred and ninety-four and I've had my tonsils out. I think I'm in love with a springtime gal from Canada."

"Go on."

"I used to be in the Army in Hawaii. Then I went to Canada."

"Why?"

"To fall in love, I guess."

"Go on," Alberta said. "The boys in Canada talk the same way too."

"Well, now I'm going back to Hawaii to retire."

"How can you retire without any money?"

"That," Ricky said, "is my problem. Tell your Uncle Ricky about his little Dominion cousin."

"I'm twenty-two," Alberta said. "I weigh a hundred and six, including my tonsils. I'm from Medicine Hat, in the province of Alberta. I was named after the province."

"It must be a nice province."

"It's flat country, hot in the summer and cold in the winter. They grow wheat there."

"What I can't understand," Ricky said, "is the Hawaii part. Why

wouldn't a Medicine Hat debutante want to go to Banff or Quebec?"

"She would if she wasn't a Marlow. All Marlows are divided into two parts—the rich ones and the poor ones."

"Don't tell me you're rich. That's too much to hope for."

"No," Alberta said, "I'm a poor Marlow. But there's a rich one in Hawaii."

"Marlow." Ricky stared at her. "Say, you wouldn't be any relation to Dan Marlow, who owns Bountiful Island?"

"His niece."

"Well, well," Ricky said. "A pretty girl with a rich uncle. I'm not so dumb."

"Don't be too happy. He probably couldn't recognize me. Do you know him?"

"I met him at parties a few times in Honolulu some years ago, but we weren't exactly bosom pals. He used to be a pretty gay guy. Then he bought his island and retired. I don't think anybody sees him any more."

"Maybe he won't want to see me," Alberta said.

"Mail him your picture. If he's human, he'll want to see you."

"There're some other reasons."

"Start at the beginning. How did you happen to become his niece?"

"The usual way," Alberta said. "My father is his brother. But it's not so simple as it looks. They were both in love with the same girl, and they got mad at each other. My father won her, so Dan Marlow went to the United States and became an American citizen and got rich."

"After which," Ricky added, "he moved to Hawaii, tried to drink himself to death and bought an island. That disposes of the rich Marlows. Let us now turn to the poor ones."

"John Marlow homesteaded in Alberta. It was a hard life. My mother had a lot of hard things to do. She died from doing them."

"Was she happy?"

"Very happy," Alberta said. "Always."

"Are you the only child?"

"Yes."

"It stands to reason. They couldn't do you twice."

"Thanks," Alberta said. "Why am I telling you all this, anyway?"

"I believe in a girl telling everything to the man she's going to marry. Especially details concerning rich uncles."

"All right. When mother died, my father lost interest. In 1935 we rented the farm and moved into Medicine Hat."

"And you worked," Ricky said, "after you finished school."

Alberta nodded. "In a dime store. I earned these funny clothes wrapping up peanut brittle and selling egg beaters."

"The brothers didn't make up?"

"They've never so much as exchanged a letter. If we hadn't happened to read Dan's name in a newspaper, we wouldn't even have known where he was or what happened to him. Dad's getting old now, and he's not well. He doesn't want Dan to hate him any more."

"You're the girl they fought about all over again?"

"Pretty much," Alberta replied.

Ricky motioned to the waiter and said, "I ought to let you pay the check, the bonanza you're going into."

When they left the restaurant, they caught the interurban train and started the long grind back to Wilmington.

"I suppose," Ricky remarked thoughtfully, "that there's a young man in Canada."

"Thousands of 'em. You'd be surprised."

"You know what I mean."

"I admit nothing," Alberta said. Ricky sighed. "Did they hang around the dime store?"

"A few of them."



"If I'd been there," Ricky said, "I would have. Eating peanut brittle till I was sick."

"Will they hang around in Hawaii?" "My only hope is to have Captain Higoto marry us on the boat."

"I want a church wedding," Alberta told him, "and a groom with more than two suits."

After a while Ricky took her hand in his. She made no effort to pull away.

"Don't get the idea this is mere sticky sentiment," he said. "I'm thinking of your rich uncle."

"What is the island like?"

"I don't know, I've never been on it. I understand it's a sort of a Pacific what-do-you-call-it—you know, that place in Tibet in the picture."

"Shangri-La?"

"Uh-huh. It'll be just the place for our honeymoon."

"I wish I could make up my mind about you," Alberta said. "Men like you upset girls."

"I feel very happy and secure," Ricky said. "You'll go over and make friends with eccentric Uncle Dan and we'll get married and live happily ever after on Uncle Dan's dough. And if you don't give me any spending money, I'll stay home all the time."

"I don't want his money."

Ricky opened his eyes wide and looked at her. "If you keep talking that way," he said severely, "our association must end."

At the deserted Wilmington terminus they got off. Ahead of them was a little man in a light green hat, tan shoes polished highly enough to glitter in the darkness, and a long overcoat that fitted him like paper on the wall. Ricky knew he was a Filipino before they saw his face. He took the only cab standing outside.

"Maybe he's going to see Doctor Barca," Ricky said. "We should have yelled at him."

"We want to take the bus anyhow," Alberta said. "It's cheaper."

But no bus appeared, and they walked restlessly down the empty street. Alberta was shivering. A cruising taxi overhauled them and Ricky waved to the driver.

"You ought to save your money," Alberta said.

"I'm trying to make an impression on an heiress," Ricky said, taking her hand again. "This is no time to be niggardly."

The pier where the Genoa Maru was loading case oil stood out sharply, an oasis of light in the jumble of black warehouses. Derricks squealed as the bulging nets rose in the air and then disappeared in the holds. They stopped behind another cab. The little man in the green hat was paying his driver. When he pulled back his overcoat to get at his money, he disclosed a very tight and fancy green suit. Imprinted plainly on the left side of his jacket was the outline of a Luger automatic, even to the knob on the breech.

"See," Ricky said, "what did I tell you? We could have ridden for nothing."

He paid the fare and hooked his arm through Alberta's. The little man was looking at them.

"He might let us walk up the gangplank with him," Alberta said. "Would that save you anything?"

"Let's go this way."

"Why?"

"Never mind, darling."

They walked into the warehouse, Ricky gripping her firmly. The moment he was out of sight, he began hurrying. They reached a doorway. Ricky peered around its corner. The

green-hat boy was ascending the gangplank.

"You stay here," he said to Alberta. "I'll come back for you in a minute."

"No, you won't," Alberta said. "I know something's going to happen!"

"Damn it!" Ricky said. "Stay here!"

He moved out, taking long steps. On his heels, trotting, was Alberta.

Three contingencies worried him going up the gangplank. If the guy was after him, he'd undoubtedly walk right into him, which was unpleasant.

If he was after Doctor Barca, that would be even worse. Alive, Doctor Barca was a fascinating possibility; with a couple of slugs in him, he was only another dead economist, and life would go on with some other gentleman Ricky hadn't worked on. The third item was the Canadian sensationist breathing on his neck. Innocent bystanders always got hurt in fights.

"It can't be a social call," Ricky assured himself, and stepped inside the deckhouse.

The man in the green hat stood in the doorway of the saloon. His right arm was extended forward into the room. Ricky couldn't see the pistol, but he knew it was there.

He whirled and pushed Alberta in the face with the flat of his palm. As she was sitting down on the deck, he covered the distance to the saloon in two great leaps. The pistol went off and the bullet bit into wood and then metal and whined as it ricocheted. The second report was more muffled, because Ricky had hold of the man's arm and was shoving the pistol toward the floor.

Kicking him in the knee, the man broke free and turned on him. Ricky shuffled one step forward and left-hooked him. The man sagged against the wall, his knees folding, and the pistol clanged in the alley. Alberta scrambled briefly at Ricky's feet and rose, handing it to him. "Is that what you wanted?" she asked.

Ricky nodded. Doctor Barca was getting up from the floor. The woodwork in the corner where he had been was scarred from the first bullet. His face was the color of dried mud, and sweat was running down the flat bridge of his nose.

"Hit?" Ricky said.

Doctor Barca shook his head.

"Shall we call the cops?"

"Oh, no!" Doctor Barca said. "If you please!"

He came out in the alley and looked piercingly at the man in the green suit, who had straightened up and finished checking over his teeth. Doctor Barca's eyes were glittering as he fixed that face in his memory. The man watched him without apparent interest.

"Know him?" Ricky said.

"I might," Doctor Barca said. "I've met a lot of people. But he isn't a close friend."

"I kind of guessed that."

"I'll know him the next time," Doctor Barca said.

The genial doctor, Ricky saw without surprise, had other and less pleasant sides. This was one of them. Ricky decided the doctor was not a man you should shoot at and miss.

He was suddenly aware of Sugi standing beside them with an expressionless face. In the doorway of the deckhouse was First Officer Miyuma with his hand in his pocket. Everybody was polite and motionless and unsurprised.

"You understand," Doctor Barca said. "If the police were called in,



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there'd be an investigation. I might not be able to sail."

Ricky motioned to the man. "Sure. It's none of my business."

They walked down the alley, a tight little group. Miyuma stepped aside for them. Ricky tossed the pistol over the rail. It plopped softly in the water of the harbor and vanished.

"Good-by, handsome," Ricky said to the man. "Please don't go get a lot of your friends and come back."

The man in the green hat stared at him for a second and then turned and went quickly down the gangplank. Doctor Barca glanced at Miyuma. The latter followed the Filipino as far as the pier and entered the warehouse. Ricky understood why. There was a telephone in the warehouse. Unless the little guy moved fast, he'd have that green suit of his spoiled. Ricky thought he would anyhow, sooner or later.

He sighed and said, "He got all dressed up for the killing, didn't he?"

"I'll never be able to thank you enough," Doctor Barca said.

"I don't want any credit," Ricky told him. "We happened to be coming in and I practically stumbled over the guy. I just grabbed him by instinct."

He looked in Alberta's direction. She had her eyes on Doctor Barca and her mouth remained closed.

"You did nobly, too, Miss Marlow," Doctor Barca said.

"I think I got pushed in the face by somebody," Alberta replied. "My lipstick is smeared."

Ricky took her arm. There was no use straining his luck.

"See you later," he said. "You'd better have a drink, doc."

Passing Sugi, he slapped him genially on the shoulder, contriving to feel the gun under his white coat.

"Don't forget those sandwiches tonight, Should Be," he said. "This exercise has made me hungry."

"Sandwiches," Sugi said. "Yes."

They climbed the companionway to the boat deck in silence and stopped at Alberta's door. Ricky rubbed the swoller knuckles of his left hand.

"Thanks for picking up the gat," he said.

"Don't mention it," Alberta said.

"Thanks for the push in the face."

"Forget it," Ricky said. "I mean that."

"If you'll excuse me, I think I'll go in now and faint."

Ricky grinned. "Why? I wasn't in any danger."

"Maybe you weren't," Alberta said, "but I was."

Ricky turned toward his own place. The door of the double stateroom opened and a new Japanese appeared. He was short and broad and young, and he had horn-rimmed glasses and an American accent. His face was flat and comic, with the pleasant truculence of a schoolboy.

"Listen," he said. "Was there some shooting around here a few minutes ago? Did I miss anything?"

"They were celebrating Chinese New Year," Ricky said. "Shooting off firecrackers."

The Japanese grinned, exhibiting twin rows of enormous, shining teeth. "I'm a stranger in this boat myself. My name's Joe Totsuiko."

Ricky gripped his hand. "Ricky Leland."

"I'm glad there's somebody around that talks my language," Joe said. "I'm rooming with a dope named T. Oki that's got his lip buttoned for good, as far as I can find out."

"I've met him," Ricky said. "He's not much fun."

"Where you bound for?"

"Honolulu."

"Me too," Joe said. "Is this your first time?"

"No, I've lived there."

"Then tell me something. Are those hula girls the McCoy?"

"Fat but fluid," Ricky replied.

"You might like them. It depends on what you're used to."

"Well," Joe said, "they don't all wear kimonos where I come from. See you around, Ricky."

"So long, Joe."

Joe went down the stairs, whistling I'm Nobody's Baby Now. Ricky sat in his stateroom for a while, wondering if Doctor Barca wouldn't have been better off dead. Then he walked out on deck.

The loading was still going on. Ricky leaned on the rail and thought about Alberta. She was a buttinsky, but she was calm. However, if she wouldn't get excited over a shooting, she certainly wouldn't get excited over him. Disliking that, he also disliked being put in the position of trusting her. It was all Barca's fault for allowing himself to be shot at.

He smelled the fragrance of a Manila cigar and kept looking straight ahead. Doctor Barca joined him at the rail.

"I hope nobody is standing on that dock with a gun," Ricky remarked. "This close together, you might be bad luck for me."

Doctor Barca smiled. "We've investigated the dock pretty thoroughly."

"I'll just close my eyes. Maybe that'll make it easier."

"I suppose you're wondering about that incident in the saloon."

"Not particularly."

"It's very unfortunate," Doctor Barca said. "Some of my countrymen resent my realistic attitude toward the Japanese. A few of them even call me a traitor. That idiot tonight believed he was a patriot."

"If I were you, I think I'd give up the Japs."

"My ties with the Japanese are rather close," Doctor Barca said. "Financially, spiritually, and otherwise. Those ties involve some personal danger. I don't mind, considering the rewards."

"Then I guess I shouldn't mind either."

"I'm being frank with you, Mr. Leland, because you saved my life. Naturally, this is in confidence."

"Sure," Ricky said, "but I'm traveling for my health, and this boat doesn't seem to be the right place for continued health. It's the most gunned-up boat I ever saw."

"Really?"

"The guy who came to see you had a gun. Should Be's got a gun. The first officer wasn't standing there holding an apple in his pocket and—"

"I wondered why you were so friendly with Sugi," Doctor Barca said.

"You don't carry one, too, do you?"

Doctor Barca removed a hand from his pocket. In his palm was a small flat automatic. "Even I."

"A floating arsenal!" Ricky commented.

"I wouldn't worry about it, if I were you," Doctor Barca said softly. "In fact, I wouldn't even think about it."

"Thanks for the tip."

"Did you have a good time with Miss Marlow in Los Angeles?"

"Wonderful."

"You saw your man and got your money?"

The black eyes were boring into Ricky's face, searching for a change of expression, a momentary uneasiness. Ricky lit a cigarette to give the doctor more illumination for his inspection, and regarded him amiably.

"I got it," he said, "and spent it."

"I wouldn't worry about that either," Doctor Barca told him. "But I've been very rude. I forgot to ask about the headache you had this morning."

"I'm not troubled by headaches as long as I don't think," Ricky replied. "And I don't think."

"Good night," Doctor Barca said.

"So long," Ricky said.

He finished his cigarette, which took another five minutes. Returning to his cabin, he got into pajamas. Presently Sugi came in with a plate of sandwiches and a glass of milk. Ricky sat up in bed and ate and read a book called Inspector Jimson's Last Case.

He had got to the part where the corpse was found when his door started slowly and noiselessly swinging in. He stopped eating and awaited results with acute interest.



"I found a j-o-b for A-r-t-h-u-r."

It was Alberta again, in pajamas and a dressing gown.

"Hey," Ricky said, "where's your modesty?"

She put a finger to her lips and said, "Sh-h-h!"

She closed the door with as much care as she had opened it. One port-hole window was ajar. She fastened it tight. After devoting a minute to listening, she walked over and sat on the foot of the bed. "What's going on on this ship?" she asked in a whisper.

"Nothing," Ricky said in a normal voice.

"Not so loud."

"Nothing," Ricky whispered, "except a few attempted assassinations."

"Who are you after?" Alberta said.

"Are you a G-man?"

Ricky had been nervous twice in his life. The first time was when he was taking his examinations for West Point. The second time was when he intercepted a long Navy pass and then got butter fingers and bobbed it. Now he was nervous again.

"Listen," he said, "I'm just an honest citizen that happened to be passing a room where one guy was trying to kill another guy. I fell over the one guy and knocked the gun out of his hand."

"You did not! You followed that man in the green suit. And you lied to Doctor Barca about stumbling over him."

"All right, I'm J. Edgar Hoover. This boat is loaded with marijuana cigarettes. I'm trying to save the youth of Japan."

"Some joke," Alberta said. "I believe in a man telling the girl he's going to marry everything."

"If you don't get out, I'll yell for help."

Alberta rose from the foot of the bed. "You can find yourself another heires."

"Powder," Ricky said. "Keep your mouth shut and stop thinking."

She headed for the door, and he popped out of bed and followed her.

"This is your last chance to come clean," Alberta said.

"I've changed my mind," Ricky said. "The romance is off. I won't be a hero for anybody."

He opened the door for her and she went out. As she did, Joe Totsuiko emerged in the alley from the head of the companionway. Alberta fled. Joe stared and whistled softly.

"Nice going, Ricky," he said.

Ricky closed the door and locked it. He sat on the edge of the bed and took a stiff drink of milk, pondering on what he had done to deserve this additional problem. That pretty roebud mouth simply had to stay closed. The brains underneath the blond hair would have to shut down.

He decided to forget it for the moment. Later on he might have to push her overboard, playsuit and all.

VI

FOR four days the ship pushed through cobalt seas, wet frequently by quick rains which fell from endless low-hanging clouds that let sunlight through thinly if at all.

Life on the Genoa Maru settled into the peaceful routine of ocean voyaging. The passengers met morning and noon in the saloon, and after the officers had gone in the evening there was generally a card game till bedtime, made up of Alberta, Ricky, Joe and Doctor Barca. Occasionally Captain Higoto joined in. Joe struck up a fast acquaintanceship with Alberta the first day out, and usually they made a threesome with Ricky. When the weather was pass-

able, they sat on the boat deck, sleeping, talking desultorily, or staring at the fine pencil line of the horizon. Joe read to them from a book of Haiku poetry he had along, translating as he went.

Doctor Barca was often smilingly with them, but he spent more time in the captain's house up on the bridge deck. He was, as he good-humoredly explained, out of place in a group of such gay young people, and the skipper was closer to his age and speed. The most he could do was keep a benevolent eye on them.

Ricky's existence during this period was not entirely satisfactory to him. He finished Inspector Jimson's Last Case and grew tired of the recitations of Haiku. Because of Joe, he had practically no chance to be alone with Alberta. Doctor Barca didn't make any further attempts to follow up the lead he started the night the Filipino tried to shoot him. Ricky tried several times to reopen the subject, but Doctor Barca showed no interest.

That bothered Ricky little at first. As the days wore on, however, he grew increasingly anxious. The "accidents" Colonel Hart had mentioned did not worry him. To be ignominiously dropped when the boat reached Honolulu, with no way of getting back into the doctor's confidence, was a dirtier fate than being washed overboard or hit on the head by a boom.

The fifth day the sea grew brighter and the cloud banks were left behind. The air developed a mysterious balminess. The sun was languorously warm on the boat deck. Alberta came happily out in a bathing suit and Sugi found a shuffleboard set and repainted faded lines abaft the funnel.

After lunch, Ricky put on shorts and slippers and went in search of sunlight. Alberta was lying on a blanket, her face pillowed in her arms. Ricky sat down on the deck beside her, tailor-fashion.

Below them on the main deck was Joe, talking Japanese to a sailor chipping paint. The sailor was as near hysterics as Orientals ever get.

"Isn't he wonderful?" Alberta said.

"To me," Ricky said, "he's not funny."

"You're jealous."

"Sure I'm jealous. If he wasn't around all the time trying to be funny, we could be getting serious."

Alberta lifted her head to look at him. "I came on this trip for a rest."

Joe left the seaman in convulsions and came up to take a canvas chair beside them. He was wearing a loud, checked sport coat and had a muffler tied around his neck.

"Boy, are seamen simple!" he said.

"The guy was laughing at jokes that went out with vaudeville, and they ain't very good in translation either."

"You're telling us," Ricky said.

Joe grinned at him admiringly. "Say, you're a big guy!"

"Big and dumb." Ricky glanced at Alberta. The fair skin on her shoulders was getting red. "Better turn over," he told her. "This sun down here burns fast. And don't stay out too long."

She rolled on her back, leaving a space on the blanket clear. Ricky took it, settling on his stomach. Joe picked up the book of Haiku poetry, which was on another chair, and leafed through the pages.

"I was afraid of that," Ricky said.

"Al likes it. Don't you, Al?"

"I love it," Alberta said.

She had her eyes closed against the sun, and her lips were parted. Ricky



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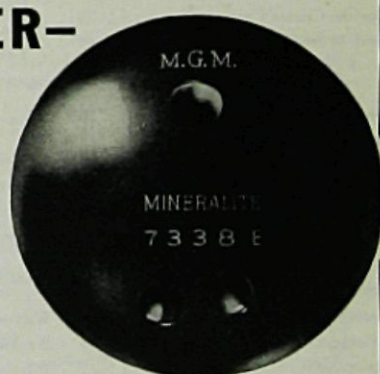


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fought down an overpowering urge to kiss her, wondering what brought these sudden seizures in men.

"Here's one," Joe said, "by Issa:

*"You birds of passage, do not fight,  
 But help each other in your flight."*

"I like Kipling," Ricky said. "The Japanese build their poetry like they do their houses."

"Read some more, Joe," Alberta said.

"This is by Taigi:

*"Although 'tis beautiful,  
 How hot is women's hair!"*

"That's right," Alberta agreed sleepily.

"There's a guy like Joe on every boat," Ricky said. "No matter how small the boat."

Joe grinned again and the pages of the book rustled dryly.

*"The cherry blossoms at the well  
 In danger are! See, drunken men!"*

"You shouldn't read such exciting stuff when we're trying to rest," Ricky said. "I think I'll get drunk."

Joe jumped up, dropping the book, and said, "Hey!"

Alberta rose to look.

A flying fish slanted above the calm surface of the sea and skimmed along on transparent wings. Alberta clasped her hands together ecstatically, like a child.

"And to think I beefed when my old man told me I had to go to work for some relatives in Honolulu!" Joe said. "I wonder if the hula girls know I'm coming?"

"If they do," Ricky said, "they're probably already on the way to Manila."

"Leave Joe alone," Alberta said. "I wish I could tell stories the way he can."

Ricky thought of her corny yarn about Medicine Hat and the two brothers and the little gray-haired mother that died plowing the north forty or something. Maybe she could tell stories just as well and didn't know it. Or maybe, he hoped, she only told the truth.

Joe walked restlessly to the rail. "Anybody want to play shuffleboard?" he asked.

"Not now, thanks," Alberta said.

"Ricky?"

"No."

"I guess I'll go in and shoot the breeze with Sugi," Joe said.

"Stick around," Alberta said.

"I get restless," Joe said. "What good would a tan do me?"

He disappeared in the deckhouse, starting to whistle. Ricky sat up beside Alberta.

"At last we are alone," he said. "Look, bright eyes—"

"No romance," Alberta said. She fluffed her hair out from her neck.

"How hot is women's hair!"

"But the women are not so hot."

She was staring off down the boat. "There's something very interesting out there, Ricky."

He looked in the same direction. The deck was deserted, except for Oki.

"I don't get it," he said.

They were sitting like that when Doctor Barca came quietly up from behind them.

"What a charming pair," he said.

"Am I interrupting?"

"Not at all," Ricky replied. "We were just examining your T. Oki. He's very interesting."

He spoke the words lightly, but Doctor Barca grew abruptly tense. "Interesting?" he said. "Why?"

Ricky was aware that besides the black eyes, there were a pair of blue ones on him. Puzzled, he grinned innocently.

"You tell him," he said to Alberta. "I think Ricky's joking, Doctor Barca," Alberta said. "He was pretending I have a secret crush on Oki."

Ricky gazed at the little liar and observed that she had a perfectly dead pan. Even Doctor Barca would not be able to penetrate that blank ingenuousness. At the same time, he wondered why the child told her falsehoods.

"Oki looks the same to me," Doctor Barca said.

Ricky saw that he realized his mistake in saying that, the moment it was out of his mouth. For the space of a few heartbeats there was silence, and Doctor Barca was obviously flustered. Ricky had to cover up his own surprise by talking.

"No, he isn't the same," he said. "There's a sly and satisfied expression on his face. He knows he's stolen my girl."

Doctor Barca laughed, and Ricky wished he could know if it was in relief. "Surely you're not jealous of Oki!"

"I'm jealous of everybody. I've been that way ever since I discovered the light of my life was an heiress."

"An heiress? Really?"

"Ricky!" Alberta said.

"Why should we keep it quiet?" Ricky said. "I'm not ashamed of wanting to marry a rich girl."

"I'm not a rich girl."

"You will be if Dan Marlow has the right attitude."

"Dan Marlow?" Doctor Barca said.

"Yes," Ricky said. "The Marlow who owns Bountiful Island. You must have heard of him, doc."

"Of course. I've met him. How stupid of me not to connect the names!"

"Alberta is his niece."

"What a lucky man! Does he know you're coming to Hawaii, Miss Marlow?"

"No," Alberta said, "and despite what Ricky says, I don't even know if he'll see me."

"I'm sure he will," Doctor Barca replied. "Of course, I'm no authority on Mr. Marlow. I don't know him very well."

"I feel quite humble," Ricky said. "Who am I to merit a gorgeous girl and a fortune? My past is not above reproach."

"That's what worries me," Alberta assured him.

Doctor Barca smiled. "Don't let anything stand in the way of your happiness. Enjoy life while you can."

He turned back into the deckhouse. They watched until he had vanished.

"I don't exactly like his last remark," Ricky said.

Alberta glared at him. "Can't you keep your big mouth shut?"

"I'm going in now and wash it out with soap."

She caught his hand as he rose. "Ricky, I want to help you."

"Oh, you're helping me," Ricky said. "Don't worry about that! What's so interesting in Oki?"

"I'm not sure yet."

"As soon as you are," Ricky said, "let me know and I'll radio J. Edgar Hoover."

She was looking at him intently. He headed for the deckhouse. It seemed the safest place to be at the moment.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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