



A methodical search of her room took five minutes. Angel-face was a Barca mobster. She had told him a phony story about herself.

## ALOHA MEANS GOOD-BY

By Robert Carson

ILLUSTRATED BY BEN STAHL

XI

IT WAS hotter in town than at Waikiki. Ricky got off the bus on King Street by the post office and walked warily, watching for a possible tailor. There wasn't much chance of his spotting one, because the crowds were thick and the faces curiously anonymous. The melting-pot part of the United States had long since come over here, in a degree never dreamed of on the mainland. The town was any medium-sized American town, complete with heavy traffic, undistinguished buildings and garish store-window displays. Civilization had entered and flattened everything like a steam roller, as it always did. But the people resembled no other people in the world.

Their skins ranged in an infinite variety of shades from the deepest blackish brown to the washed-out white of the latest tourist. They talked in twenty different tongues, spicing them with the Hawaiian-English-pidgin of the Islands. There were Portuguese, Spanish, Filipinos, Hawaiians, Puerto Ricans,

Koreans, Japanese, Chinese and various strange breeds never seen before on land or sea; there were, in addition, ten thousand variations of all those races, complicated by the introduction of *haole*, or white, blood. Only the Japanese, who were the most numerous, had kept their strain pure. The others made up a new race, still in the making, tending toward brown, growing larger in stature and already forgetting the diverse bloods that flowed in them. A final democracy of intermarriage gave the streets of Honolulu an unusual quality that matched the mystery of volcanic islands rising suddenly out of a great sea.

Ricky walked in a wonderland that was home to him, feeling happy to be back, and incapable of telling if he was being followed. Sweating a little, he turned into a large bank. Beyond the conventional brass doors there was air conditioning, and a wave of chilly air dried his damp face. It was near closing time and the bank was crowded.

Behind a low railing sat a little old man, laboriously inscribing customers' names in passbooks. He was nearly bald, and his skin, dry and weathered, clung tightly to his skull. He had hollow eyes and high cheekbones and his mouth seemed to be pulled partly open by the scarcity of skin. His body was bony and spare, and his clothes didn't fit him. He wore a high, old-fashioned collar and a cheap stickpin in his narrow tie. A sign on his desk read:

A. V. SMITH . . . NEW BUSINESS

Ricky entered a gate in the railing and took a chair beside his desk. A. V. Smith examined him without surprise and unsmilingly.

"Hello, Ricky," he said. "I'm glad to see you."  
 "Thanks," Ricky replied. "I thought I might run by your house this afternoon and pick up those clothes you kept for me."

"Of course."  
 "I don't know whether I'm being followed or not."  
 "This is an excellent place to talk," A. V. Smith said.

Ricky waited a moment, glancing casually around them. No one could possibly get close enough to overhear without being observed. A. V. Smith went on writing.

"Barca's given me some dough," Ricky said, "and told me what he is. He wants the dope on the coast-defense guns. I've got enough on him right now—if it's him you want."

"I want more than Barca," A. V. Smith said.

"There was a switch on Oki at Los Angeles. The new guy strikes me as being a naval officer."

"That's possible. It's an old trick, using another man's passport if they need somebody. I'll check on it."

"Then there's Joe Totsuiko," Ricky said. "Colonel Hart told me he was one of the Black Dragon boys."

"He is."

"The girl —"

"Canadian Intelligence checked on her," A. V. Smith said. "She comes from Montreal, where she is quite a well-known dress designer. She has frequently been in New York. Evidently she has some means. She came to Vancouver about two weeks before the Genoa Maru sailed."

A sick and hollow feeling came in the pit of Ricky's stomach. He had been afraid of some blow like this falling for days now, but it was still hard to take. Suddenly all the spice was gone from the situation, and he felt tired and hopeless. There was fear, too—fear that he would presently have to strike her down with the rest of them.

A. V. Smith was going on, "So far, we've been unable to establish any connection between her and Doctor Barca, yet one must exist. Otherwise I do not believe they would ever have allowed her to travel on the boat."

A thin ray of hope entered Ricky's mind. "She couldn't be a Canadian agent, could she?"

A. V. Smith smiled faintly. "I feel sure they would have told us."

"She first pointed out the Oki switch to me."

"The commonest way to invite confidence is to give it."

"Is she really Dan Marlow's niece?"

"Unquestionably." A. V. Smith stopped writing and looked at Ricky for the first time. "Are you pleasurably affected by the young lady?"

"I wouldn't call it pleasurably," Ricky said. "What kind of a guy is Dan now?"

"A dipsomaniac. Perhaps a little cracked. He rarely comes to town any more. Why?"

"Is he all right?"

"No reason on earth why he shouldn't be."

"She's going to see him," Ricky said.

"That could be a good blind," A. V. Smith said.

"Nobody with Dan's money would bother with the small profits treason pays. And he's not the type to mix in it for excitement. I think we can forget him for the moment. We can't forget his niece."

"What's the next step?"

A. V. Smith resumed his writing. "This is the way I see it, based partly on information and partly on guesswork. Doctor Barca has not returned to Hawaii simply to seduce any ex-artillery officers; getting military secrets from you is merely incidental. Besides that, I am sure he is no longer in command. The Black Dragon has taken over. Totsuiko and probably Oki have come here for a definite purpose. I presume we are on the eve of a terroristic incident."

The skin crawled coldly on the nape of Ricky's neck. A. V. Smith's almost inaudible, level voice was very convincing.

"Something big is going to happen," A. V. Smith said. "Being big, it will happen quickly, because they dare not let those things wait long. Too many people are concerned in them. It is useless for us to know only the people. That part is generally easy. We must know what they are doing."

"Barca is simply the front man for this job. Right?"

"Correct. Somebody else is the brains. It might be Totsuiko, it might be Oki, it might be a man we've never heard of. Or it might be Miss Marlow. Stranger things have happened."

"What would you say my time limit is?"

"Another twenty-four hours, perhaps."

"Okay," Ricky said. "Suppose the doc won't sing for me?"

"I wouldn't worry over that eventuality," A. V. Smith said. "Your attempt to discover his secrets will either succeed or betray you. If it betrays you, what happens here will be of no more concern to you."

"Then I haven't got a thing to worry about."

"You've been here long enough," A. V. Smith said.

Ricky went through the gate in the railing and across the now deserted lobby. A uniformed bank guard with a skin the color of his khaki unlocked one of the brass doors and let him out. It was good to get into the sunshine and warmth again after the chilly somberness of the bank. Ricky hailed a cab on the corner and drove up in Nuuanu Valley.

A. V. Smith's house, as small and unimposing as he was himself, stood in the deep gloom of a banyan grove, the flame of the bougainvillea around it dulled by the perpetual shade. An elderly Chinese housekeeper opened the door for Ricky and led him back to the spare bedroom. In the closets were his clothes, just as he had left them months ago, including uniforms. He paused to look at the latter for a moment before he took what he wanted. They represented something that seemed very far away now.

He opened his trunk. In the tray, in a paper bag and wrapped in oiled rags, was an automatic pistol. He dropped it into his coat pocket, together with a couple of clips of ammunition. The house was still as death. Even the wind had momentarily stopped and the banyan trees had ceased their rustling.

Ricky caught himself holding his breath, unconsciously waiting like everything else in this calm before a mysterious storm.

The bang of the falling trunk lid was like the first gun signaling the beginning of an action. He started out, his arms burdened with garments. The housekeeper waited in the bedroom doorway, impassively watching him.

"Mahalo nui," he said.

She nodded and smiled.

## XII

WHEN Ricky got back to the Halekahala, he looked for Sam. The old Chinaman was not around. Ricky was still in the lobby when Doctor Barca came in, and the latter accepted his invitation to dinner, smilingly agreeing to dress for Miss Marlow's benefit. Later on, Ricky called Alberta in her room. She was delighted to hear they were going out.

The three of them met in the lobby at seven. Alberta wore a lemon-yellow dinner dress, with slippers and bag to match, and a wisp of evanescent chiffon covered her shoulders. Men were looking at her.

"See how prompt I am?" she said. "Wouldn't I make a good wife?"

"As soon as they get to be wives," (Continued on Page 86)



"All I want is never to see you again," Ricky said. "Maybe in ten or twenty years I'll forget you."



## -how's Your Oil Filter?

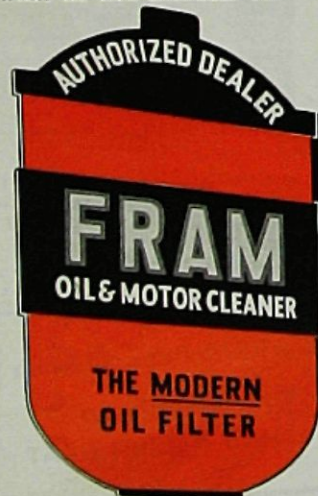
**SAVE MONEY!** Stop motor wear caused by dirty oil before it starts. Free test with patented FRAM Dip-stick ends guesswork, protects your motor.

You save money, save oil and save your motor when you get a free test with the Fram Dip-stick. This patented oil condition gauge shows at a glance—by direct color comparison—when it's time to replace your oil filter cartridge, and thus escape costly motor wear caused by dirty oil.

When it's time to change, get a genuine, *chemically-treated*, FRAM Replacement Cartridge (now available for most any make of filter). It does what no non-chemical car-

tridge can do. It keeps oil physically clean, visibly clean and *chemically clean* as well—free from harmful acids and corrosives that form in even the best oil in normal motor operation.

Drive in where you see the FRAM Authorized Dealer sign below. For address of nearest dealer, write to: Fram Corporation, Providence, R. I. In Canada: J. C. Adams Co., Ltd., Toronto. . . . Factories at East Providence, R. I., Ann Arbor and Otsego, Michigan.



*if* your car  
has no Oil Filter

A Fram Dealer can install a FRAM Oil & Motor Cleaner in a jiffy. IT'S GUARANTEED: If you feel, within 90 days, that you can afford to drive without it, you can have your money back.

kill them all. I thought he was trying to. And then he started up and bounced once and they were off the ground. They were off the ground and over the trees and in the air and away from us; and Camprillo and I were there on the ground, in the flat, empty silence, in the backwash and anticlimax and the loneliness of the forest. This guy Camprillo, that I didn't even trust.

I looked over at him. He had fallen down with the take-off; he was picking himself up now, sheathing his machete, looking thoughtful.

He looked up and smiled at me; he said, "Here we are, my friend. And now it's up to us."

"Isn't it!" I said. I was surprised to find I was shouting; my voice wasn't my own any more.

He looked thoughtful. "That is a very brave man, that Tom."

"He hadn't any right," I said, "to make Anne go. To make her take a chance like that. To risk her life—"

"On the contrary, that was courageous. He made her think she must go to help him. When really he was forcing her to go because he thought it would be better for her." He looked around us. "It was a bad choice," he said. "As you say, fifty-fifty. The plane was a little better. Because in the plane the end—if it came—would be quicker."

"How do you know all that?" I said.

Camprillo looked surprised, as though I were asking him to repeat something that had been clearly stated several times. "You did not notice? He offered me my choice. When I refused the plane, he knew it was the safer." He wasn't bragging; he said it simply, as though it were the most natural thing in the world, and when I looked at his face I knew all of a sudden that it was. This was the guy, I thought, that I didn't trust. And I looked at him again, and I knew I had a lot better chance of getting out of there alive—with him—than I'd thought I had a few minutes before.

"And what are our chances?" I said.

## ALOHA MEANS GOOD-BY

(Continued from Page 25)

Ricky said, "they're no longer prompt. . . . Right, Doctor Barca?"

"I've never been married," Doctor Barca replied.

They paused outside and Ricky bought Alberta a plumeria lei and hung it around her neck. The yellow centers of the flowers matched her dress perfectly.

"Let's take in the Royal Palms tonight," Ricky said. "The Canadian will create the most commotion there."

They started along a path that led to the Royal Palms driveway. Above them was a monstrous white moon, swimming in an impossibly blue sky, and the air was soft.

Alberta sighed. "A girl hasn't got a chance in these parts."

"The men go fast too," Ricky said. "You listen to the music and have a drink, and then you're married."

She glanced approvingly at his white jacket and the trousers with the braid on the sides.

"You look nicer than I've ever seen you, Ricky."

"Please don't make any advances," Ricky said.

Doctor Barca smiled. "I was about to remark that three's a crowd," he said, "but I see that you still need a referee for your love-making."

"Still fifty-fifty," he said, and laughed. "Fifty per cent you, fifty per cent me." He took a wicked swing at a bush with his machete. "Considering that I'm only part Indian," he said, "I'm very good at this."

When I had put Tom on his bed, and given him a drink, and started him coming round all right, I went back to where Mr. Gibbons and Anne were. I was ready to be defiant; I was ready to try to cover up for Tommy any way I had to.

When I saw Mr. Gibbons' face, I knew I didn't have to.

"Mrs. Summers has been telling me," he said, "about that experience you had in South America."

"A long time ago," I said.

"It makes an interesting story," he said. "You were very brave, all of you. That takes character, a thing like that. That's what shows you what people are really like, don't you think?"

"In a way," I said, and leaned back in my chair, and wondered what more I could say. We were going to get the loan, I could see that. But for the wrong reason. Mr. Gibbons was banking on me, the big feller. He was figuring he could count on me to carry Tom, who came through fine in a pinch, but was otherwise pretty much of a sissy.

"That must have taken courage," Mr. Gibbons said, "to see that plane go off without you."

"Not much," I said. "Not as much as it took to take that plane off."

Mr. Gibbons smiled kindly at my modesty. But it wasn't modesty; it was sense. I wasn't brave. I can't see five minutes ahead; I don't need courage. But for Tom, who worries, who looks ahead, who knows all the trouble that might happen—for him to take that plane up, and leave us there, that took courage.

And I knew I'd never get Mr. Gibbons to see it, and I was sorry. But at least I know it, and Anne knows it, and our partner down in South America, Rafael San José Camprillo, he knows it.

Alberta's heels clicked sharply on the pavement of the driveway. They dodged cars coming up to unload their passengers under the portico and went into the cool tiled lobby of the Royal Palms. The Chinese bell captain stared at Ricky over the top of his tall desk and turned elaborately away.

"Let's have a drink," Ricky said.

He steered them on past the elevators. The assistant manager of the hotel, a bald and globular little man, stood near the entrance of the bar. He saw Ricky and took one step forward, as if in protest. Ricky's face hardened. Doctor Barca was watching interestedly.

"Hello, Andy," Ricky said.

"Good evening."

"Maybe," Ricky said, "you'd rather I wouldn't come in."

"This is a public place," Andy replied.

They sat down at a small table and Ricky ordered gin fizzes. Several men looked at him and hastily turned their backs.

Some of the color left Alberta's cheeks. Doctor Barca puffed on a cigar, a pleasant sphinx.

"If it gets too tough for you," Ricky remarked, "let me know and we'll leave."

"If it's not too tough for you," Alberta said, "it's not for me. What did you do, shoot the mayor?"

"In the pants," Ricky said. . . . "Does it bother you, doc?"

"I'm enjoying it." They finished their drinks in silence, ringed by averted, hostile faces. Ricky rose and pulled Alberta's chair back for her. He was pale under his tan and his jaw muscles were tight. They all walked out too fast.

The dining room was a terrace fronting on the beach, with a canvas roof. Beyond the last tables Hawaiian women were playing and singing and a line of hula girls were dancing. A sad-eyed French headwaiter conducted them to a place under the lee of a potted palm. He seated Ricky as though he were handling a delayed-action bomb.

"That's right, Jacques," Ricky said. "Hide me."

"I don't want any fights in my room," Jacques said. "Somebody will say something and then there will be a fight."

A Filipino waiter brought them menus. Alberta peeked at Ricky over hers. "Your name isn't Ripper, is it?" she asked. "First name, Jack?"

"I'll have a sea-food cocktail," Ricky said.

"I admire your courage," Doctor Barca said. "I am not referring to the sea-food cocktail, Mr. Leland."

After she had ordered, Alberta soberly inspected the dancers. There was one slim girl in the group. The rest all ran to considerable tonnage.

"Do you have to be fat to be a Hawaiian chorus girl?"

"No, but all that exercise makes you hungry."

"What story is that dance telling?" It says in my book that they all tell stories.

"This is a continued one," Ricky said, "and I've missed a few installments."

"Which is understandable," Doctor Barca commented, "in view of the reception you received here tonight."

Alberta looked at Ricky gravely. "I like the dancing," she said. "Very much. Naturally, I think the girls ought to reduce."

"I love you," Ricky said. "It's silly, but I do."

Dinner was served in a leisurely fashion, and they took a long time eating it. People came and went, watching them covertly. Once five men wandered by, their faces red with drink, and one of them spoke Ricky's name and added an impolite word. Ricky sat up straight, his hands clenching. The other men shoved the tough guy on ahead of them.

Alberta patted Ricky's arm. "Don't get up," she said. "You can't lick five of them."

"I can try."

"This is the first time I've ever been out with a bad man," Alberta said.

"Did you get in touch with your uncle today, Miss Marlow?" Doctor Barca asked.

Ricky noticed instant fear coming into her eyes. "No; they said he was away."

"Probably out on a fishing trip," Doctor Barca said.

"If I can't get him tomorrow morning, I'm going to rent a boat and visit the island without an invitation."

"What's the rush?" Ricky said.

"There's no rush!" Alberta replied sharply. "I simply want to see my uncle."

"Perhaps Miss Marlow is worried about him," Doctor Barca suggested.

"I'm not worried at all."

But she was worried, Ricky saw; if not about her uncle, then something else. Her face was strained and her voice too high. Doctor Barca's black eyes were intent, but he did not pursue the subject.

They had fresh pineapple for dessert, the way it can be only where it was born. A man in an immaculate white suit appeared. He was tall and very thin, with an angular English face and quiet, insolent eyes.

"Hello, Ricky," he said, looking at Alberta. "Mind if I sit down, old fellow?"

"Yes," Ricky said.

The man sat down and smiled at Alberta. "I'm going to write a letter to the Tourist Bureau in the morning and thank them for you."

"She's been in Hawaii since noon," Ricky said. "How did you happen to miss her, Winnie?"

"I'm getting old. But better late than never. Introduce us."

"Miss Marlow, Mr. Arthur James Albert Windstead. This is Doctor Barca. The pleasure is all Mr. Windstead's."

"Charmed," Windstead said to Doctor Barca. He turned to Alberta again.

"My God, you're beautiful!"

"Oh, it's nothing," Alberta said.

"The whole family is like this."

"Did you bring them?"

"No."

"What a pity!" Windstead said.

"Mr. Windstead," Ricky said, "is a limey without visible means of support. He's been around here for years. There are rumors to the effect that he's the scion of a noble family with castles and everything, and that they've pensioned him off here for reasons which are obvious when you look at him. Winnie, as he is affectionately known to Waikiki's choicest riffraff, meets all boats. He specializes in blond tourists. I don't know if he takes money from his clients. . . . Do you, Winnie?"

"Not any more," Windstead said.

"You ought to have a long, cooling drink, ducky. Do you good."

"Winnie is a wolf," Ricky said. "He works at it."

"Do I frighten you, my child?" Windstead asked Alberta.

"I'm too old to play Little Red Ridinghood any more."

Windstead summoned the waiter and ordered a drink. "Won't you join me, Doctor Barca?" he said.

"No, thank you," Doctor Barca replied. "I'll just watch."

"Do you think you ought to be seen talking with me, let alone drinking with me, Winnie?" Ricky said.

"I intend to talk mostly to Miss Marlow. Anyhow, I'm a public character. I can afford to stop and comfort a fallen brother."

"That's swell of you, being so democratic," Ricky said. "What would you do if I gave you a push in the face, Winnie?"

"If I were able," Windstead said, "I should certainly call the manager. He was very helpful the last time somebody pushed me in the face."

"Mr. Windstead, do you know my uncle, Dan Marlow?"

"Don't tell me you're an heiress!"

"I've gone through that before," Alberta said, "with another man. No, I'm not."

"Well, money isn't quite everything," Windstead said. "Danny and I used to be thick as thieves. Lately, though, the old boy's got religion and hid in his cave a bit. Possibly the d. t.'s scared him. They always do frighten one at first."

Be sure the brakes on YOUR car are in good condition!

Drive to nearest Wagner Brake Service Station and have an expert

PULL A WHEEL

It takes only a few minutes for a brake expert to pull a wheel and get the real inside information on the true condition of the brakes on a car or truck. It's the sure, safe way. If everything is okay—you're soon on your way. If, however, parts or brake lining are badly worn—it's better to know the facts and have repairs made before serious damage or an accident occurs.

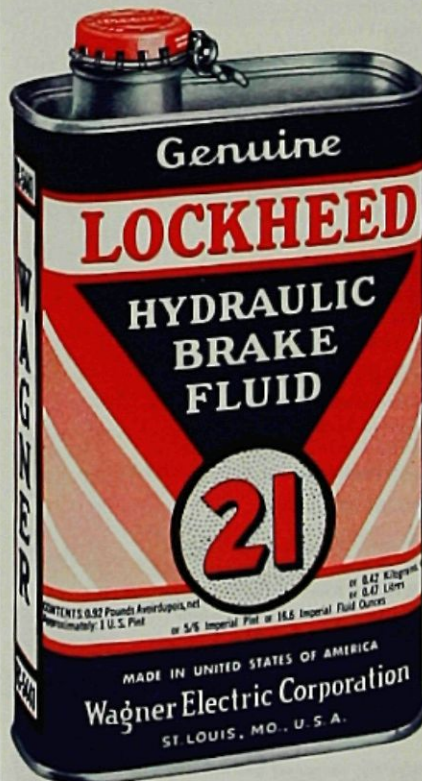
Pulling a wheel may disclose that grease retainers or hydraulic brake wheel cylinders and parts need attention. It may also show that the brake lining is worn down to the rivets to the point of scoring the brake drums and causing faulty brakes.

It is equally important to have the brake expert check the master cylinder as well as the wheel cylinders. If parts are badly worn you can save time by specifying the installation of complete all-new, factory-built and factory-inspected master cylinder and wheel cylinder



assemblies. You can't make a better investment in practical safety insurance. Also ask the service man to check the level of the fluid in the brake system.

If fluid is needed--FOR SAFETY'S SAKE specify  
**WAGNER LOCKHEED**  
**No. 21 HYDRAULIC BRAKE FLUID**



The small cost of having a master cylinder filled to the correct level with No. 21 Fluid is negligible compared with the added safety gained. And one filling lasts a long time.

**21 IS AN ALL-WEATHER YEAR-ROUND FLUID**

No. 21 is recommended for all hydraulic brakes. It retains its highly efficient qualities under all driving conditions. It completely and properly mixes with all other approved fluids, furnishes necessary lubrication for working parts of the hydraulic brake system, and in general, preserves the essential characteristics of the entire system.

**FOR ALL CARS and TRUCKS**

Behind this quality product are sixteen years of Wagner development and research. No. 21 is used by car manufacturers, and is recommended for the service needs of all cars and trucks having hydraulic brakes.

For safety's sake—why not have your car checked TODAY! There is a station near you. Automotive Parts Division, WAGNER ELECTRIC CORPORATION 6400 Plymouth Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A. (In Canada: Wagner Brake Service Company, Ltd., Toronto.)

**Wagner**

LOCKHEED HYDRAULIC BRAKE PARTS and FLUID...  
AIR BRAKES...CoMaX BRAKE LINING...NoRoL...TACHOGRAPH

# Index of Advertisers

JULY 19, 1941

	PAGE		PAGE
Acushnet Process Sales Co.	84	Ingram's Shaving Cream	34
Air Transport Association	62	Inland Manufacturing Company,	
Alemite (Stewart-Warner Corporation)	48	The	58
American Express Company	49	Ivory Soap	46, 47
American Optical Company	68	Kellogg Co.	6
American Tobacco Co., The:		Kool Cigarettes	53
Lucky Strike Cigarettes	29	Ladies' Home Journal	81
American Trucking Associations, Inc.	43	LaSalle Extension University	60
Automatic Paper Machinery Co., Inc.	60	Listerine	1
Barrett Company, The	91	Mule-Kick Cleaners	50
Bates Manufacturing Company	42	National Board of Fire Underwriters, The	51
Belden Manufacturing Company	55	National Carbon Company, Inc.	42
Benjamin Franklin Hotel	76	New York Central System	59
Borden Company, The:		Nicholson File Co.	4
Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk	52	North Bros. Mfg. Co.	80
Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation	53	Norwich Pharmacal Company:	
Buffalo Fire Appliance Corp.	50	Pepto-Bismol	89
Camel Cigarettes	61	Nujol	63
Chrysler Corporation:		Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company, The	69
De Soto	32	Perfect Circle Piston Rings	2
Dodge	39	Philco Radio	2
Club Photo Service	72	Proctor Electric Company	67
Conoco Nth Motor Oil	78	Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company	40
Continental Oil Company	78	Pyroil Company, The	83
Delco-Remy	56	Raybestos Division of Raybestos-Manhattan, Inc., The	82
Delta Manufacturing Co., The	41	Republic Steel Corp.	77
De Soto Motor Corporation	32	Reynolds Tobacco Co., R. J.	61
Disston & Sons, Inc., Henry	38	Rutland Fire Clay Co.	66
Dodge Brothers Corporation	39	Sal Hepatica	57
Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer	72	Sani-Flush	72
Eastman Kodak Company	73	Sexauer Mfg. Co. Inc., J. A.	50
Electric Storage Battery Co., The	75	Shaw-Box Crane & Hoist Division, Manning, Maxwell & Moore, Inc.	79
Ethyl Gasoline Corporation	5	Shell (Golden Shell Motor Oil)	74
Exide Batteries	75	Socony-Vacuum Oil Co., Inc.:	
Fisk Tire Division of the United States Rubber Company	37	Mobilgas	54
Flare Laboratories	72	Soft-Lite Lens Company, Inc.	36
Fleischmann's Yeast:		Sta-Way	42
Standard Brands Inc.	45	Swift & Company	64
Florida Citrus Commission	76	Texas Company, The (Havoline Oil)	II Cover
Fram Corporation	86	Tide Water Associated Oil Company	85
Fruehauf Trailer Co.	71	Union Carbide & Carbon Corporation	42
Fyr-Fyter Co., The	60	United Motors Service	44
General Electric Company:		United States Steel Corporation Subsidiaries	III Cover
G-E Mazda Lamps	7	Veedol Motor Oil	85
General Mills, Inc.	IV Cover	Wagner Electric Corporation	87
General Motors:		Waterman's Pens, Pencils & Ink	49
Delco-Remy	56	Western Electric Co.	35
G. M. C. Trucks	30	Westinghouse Mazda Lamps	76
United Motors Service	44	Wigder Mfg. Co., The	60
Golden Shell Motor Oil	74	Wilson & Co. (Dog Food Div.)	55
Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour	IV Cover	Yellow Truck & Coach Manufacturing Company	30
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company	8		
Goodyear LifeGuards	8		
Hudson Products, Inc.	70		
Hygienic Products Co., The	72		
Indian Refining Company, The	II Cover		

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

## ADVERTISING BRANCH OFFICES

For advertising business only—subscriptions not received—are as follows:

NEW YORK, 60 East 42nd St. . . . CHICAGO, 333 N. Michigan Ave.  
 DETROIT, 3044 W. Grand Boulevard . . . PHILADELPHIA, Independence Square . . . CLEVELAND, 629 Euclid Ave.  
 BOSTON, Stalder Office Building, 20 Providence St. . . . SAN FRANCISCO, 235 Montgomery St.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
 CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, Founder and President from 1883 to 1932  
 WALTER D. FULLER, President

FRED A. HEALY, Vice-President and Advertising Director . . . MARY CURTIS BOK, Vice-President  
 CARY W. BOK, Secretary and Treasurer . . . LEWIS W. TRAYSER, Director of Manufacturing  
 BENJAMIN ALLEN, Director of Circulation . . . HERBERT M. FAUST, Advertising Manager

"Have you been on the island?"  
 "Loads of times."  
 "Lately?"  
 "No, not lately. Surely you're going out while you're here?"  
 "I hope so," Alberta said. There was anxiety in her voice again. "You must tell me everything about the island."  
 "Love to. Does Danny know you are here?"  
 "I've called him, but I can't get him."  
 "I'll have to ring him," Windstead said. "Perhaps I can take you out."  
 "That would be lovely."  
 "Lovely," Ricky said.  
 "Someday when ducky here isn't monopolizing you."

"Could you take me tomorrow?"  
 "Nothing would please me more," Windstead said. "By the way, don't you find it rather difficult going around with a pariah?"

"You mean ducky?" Alberta asked. "It would be fine if he didn't get mad." A Chinese bellhop came up to the table and handed Ricky a note. He unfolded it under the rim of the table.

Two words were written on the paper—*mea hou*. That meant "news" in Hawaiian. Ricky stuffed the slip in his pocket and got up, thinking fast. Doctor Barca was regarding him keenly.

"It seems the Royal Palms would rather I'd go," Ricky said.  
 "Oh, dear!" Alberta said, and started to push her chair back.

"You might as well stay where you are," Ricky said.

"I'd rather go with you, Ricky."  
 "As a matter of fact, I'm getting sleepy. I feel like turning in."

Alberta stared at him, her face growing red. "I'm not sleepy."

"Neither am I," Windstead said.  
 "Good," Ricky replied. "You and Doctor Barca can go on with the Canadian from where I leave off."

"So this is the Hawaiian hospitality I've heard so much about," Alberta said.

"Mine or ducky's?" Windstead asked.

"Not ducky's," Alberta said.  
 "So long, folks," Ricky said. He was startled at seeing the hint of angry moisture in her eyes.

"Don't forget to pay the check," Windstead said.

Ricky found the waiter on his way out and gave him money. He stopped at the end of the terrace and looked back. Doctor Barca had risen and was taking his leave of them. Windstead had pulled his chair closer to Alberta's.

## XIII

SAM was waiting in his little office off the lobby. Ricky came in, closed the door and sat down. The old Chinaman's face was blank and his eyes veiled.

"Where Doctor Barca?" he asked.  
 "About a block behind me."

Sam picked up the telephone on his desk, called the clerk in the lobby, and told him to let them know when Doctor Barca arrived. He spoke in Cantonese, but Ricky caught Doctor Barca's name and guessed the rest.

Then there was silence for a moment or two. Ricky concealed his impatience while Sam observed the amenities.

"Fleet come in tomorrow," Sam said.

"That's secret information. How do you know?"

"Japanese fishermen watch. Doctor Barca know bimeby."

"What else?"

"When fleet come, Doctor Barca go. When Doctor Barca go, it happen."

"What happens?"  
 Sam spread his hands in a questioning gesture.

"When will Doctor Barca know about the fleet?" Ricky said.

"Bimeby. In morning."  
 "It can't happen before he goes?"

"No."  
 "I've got to know more than this, Sam."

"Sam pau," Sam said with finality. Ricky got up, knowing further catechism was useless. "Thanks."

They walked out to the lobby together. The room was deserted. The night clerk said Doctor Barca had not returned.

Despite the news he had heard and the blood pounding faster in him, Ricky's mind was on Alberta. He stood for a moment at the desk, licking suddenly dry lips.

"Give me a passkey, Sam," he said. Sam hesitated for a second, the wrinkles on his forehead deepening; then he motioned to the clerk, who handed Ricky the key.

"Let me know when the next load of dope comes in," Ricky said.

He went up the stairs to the second floor and knocked softly on Doctor Barca's door. There was no answer. He waited, listening, until he was sure the Filipino wasn't in. Then he continued to Alberta's door.

The key in his hand, he stopped, revulsion growing in him. This wasn't his usual line, and it seemed a sort of treason he was up to. He forced himself to go ahead.

Inside, he closed the door, drew the blinds and turned on the lights. Below him on the lawn there was the sound of voices and a woman's laughter. Tips of cigarettes glowed in the darkness. Over all was the steady pounding of the sea.

On the point of going through her things, he stopped again. Sweat was dripping down his back as he argued with himself. It was better for him to know now, once and for all. He was really going behind her back like this for her own protection, not merely for information. If she was innocent, the sooner he knew, the better for her. Then he could help her.

A methodical search took five minutes, and he covered the room with a fine-tooth comb, disturbing nothing. She had no papers worth mentioning and no letters. In a purse at the bottom of a bureau drawer he found a New York State driver's license. Her name was really Alberta Marlow. One of her bags contained a four-by-five photograph of Bountiful Island. The picture had evidently been taken from a distance and wasn't too good; the island looked low and squat in slate-colored water, and not very enticing, with the buildings hidden by shrubbery. On the back, written in a man's hand, was: "This is Bountiful Island. Someday it will all be yours, so take a good look."

In a suitcase was something carefully wrapped in tissue paper and tied with ribbon. He opened the paper. It was the ginger *lei* he had bought her when they arrived at the Halekahala. The flowers were withering and growing yellow, but their fragrance remained. Ricky stood holding them, sharp, poignant pain in his throat. After a moment, he bent and returned the *lei* to the suitcase with gentle fingers.

There were no labels in her clothes, but there had been; he could see the marks they had made before being removed. Finally he discovered a sweater she must have missed. The label was bright and clever, in the shape of a

maple leaf. It read: MARLOWCRAFT, MONTREAL. They made nice clothes in Medicine Hat, Ricky thought.

He sat down on the edge of the bed and scratched his head wearily, a sick feeling coming in his stomach. It was a waste of time to kid himself any longer. If she was an ordinary tourist, he was a Turkish rug seller. Things added up, even if they didn't make sense yet. Angel-face was a Barca mobster. She had told him a phony story about herself. She had picked up that gun fast enough on the boat when the man in the green suit tried to bump off her boss. She had pumped him about being a G-man. She had pointed out the Oki switch in an effort to get him to talk, and Doctor Barca had professed alarm at her discovery to keep the gag going. She had even given Joe Totsuiko a hand on his amateur program. Things added up.

Ricky rose, smoothed the bed where he had sat, took a final look around and switched off the lights. He examined the hall through a crack in the door before he went on up to his own room.

The instant he was inside, he knew someone was in there, concealed by the darkness. He grew rigid, bracing himself for the blast of a gun. The smell of cigar smoke was in his nostrils.

His groping hand located the light switch, and in front of him was Doctor Barca, blinking in the sudden glare. A crushed-out cigar butt was in the nightstand ash tray. Doctor Barca had his hands in his coat pockets, and he was standing. "Good evening," he said. "Did I alarm you, Mr. Leland?"

"Not any more than usual," Ricky replied. "Have a chair, doc."

Doctor Barca sat down. Ricky perched himself on the edge of the writing desk.

"Where's Miss Marlow?" he asked. "With Mr. Windstead, I believe. I left them shortly after you did."

"I hope she enjoys herself more with him than she did with me."

"I'm sure she'd prefer to be with you," Doctor Barca said. "Did you enjoy searching her room?"

Ricky settled his feet on a chair. "I was shocked," he said. "You'd be surprised how little girls wear these days."

The shiny black eyes were boring into his. "Was that the object of your investigation?"

"I got worried about who she really is. I'm in enough trouble here without her starting to tell people of my connection with you."

"Have you talked too much to her?"

"I bragged of getting some money from you."

"You don't need to worry about her," Doctor Barca said.

Ricky's face stayed expressionless, but he could not keep the blood from leaving his cheeks. Doctor Barca missed nothing. "You like her, don't you, Mr. Leland?"

"A little," Ricky said.

"I advise you to find a safer romance," Doctor Barca said. "Something more permanent. However, I'm talking too much. I came here tonight to listen."

"Where shall I begin?"

"Diamond Head is a good place. How many batteries are there and what are their calibers?"

"Wait a minute," Ricky said. "Is there more dough in this for me?"

"A good deal more—after you talk."

"I'd do better if I could put the stuff in writing."

Doctor Barca smiled. "I'm an old hand, Mr. Leland. The reason I'm an

old hand is because I never have anything in writing. My memory cannot be read by anyone else."

"Don't you want maps?"

"I have maps I'll mark myself."

Ricky lit a cigarette to give himself time to think. "I've got a proposition to make you, doc."

"I was afraid you'd have one," Doctor Barca said.

"It's a sensible deal. Cash payments never seem to do me much good. I get through the dough if I have it all in one piece. Besides, I have a living to make. Why can't you give me a steady job?"

Doctor Barca shook his head. "That's impossible."

"I could be a valuable man to you here. I know people, especially in the service. I'll get in with them again before long. They're always dropping secrets."

"No doubt. But I don't need you."

"Come on," Ricky said. "Introduce me to the big boss. I want to get married and raise a family."

"What leads you to think I'm not the big boss?"

"Because if you were, you'd give me the job. I saved your life."

"It's rather good for you that you did," Doctor Barca said. "I'm sorry, Mr. Leland. I assure you the big boss wouldn't be interested. Suppose you talk? Several thousand dollars' worth."

"Look, I'm a sucker," Ricky said. "I spill all my dope and I'm through. On the other hand, if I trade it for a membership in the club, I'm in for the duration. What I've got to tell is worth more than peanuts."

"I'm in a hurry," Doctor Barca said. "Take me in the mob."

Doctor Barca rose and stood negligently, his hands again in his pockets. "You're being clumsy, Mr. Leland. The searching of Miss Marlow's room was especially clumsy. I'd be suspicious but for the fact that you're doing everything so badly."

"I don't get you."

"Yes, you do," Doctor Barca said. "I think I'll have to dispense with your information."

"But I only want —"

"You'll be happier forgetting we ever discussed this matter. Believe me."

"Well, if it's a question of starving," Ricky said, "I'll talk your terms."

Doctor Barca's shiny eyes watched Ricky without rancor. "The terms no longer exist."

"Aw, don't get sore."

"As a matter of fact," Doctor Barca said, "I feel quite benevolent toward you. After all, you did save my life. I'm in a position now to return the favor, literally. You should listen to me carefully."

"I'm listening."

"Don't be curious about what I'm doing here—nor anyone else who came over with us, including Miss Marlow. Don't ask any more questions or attempt to bother me. Above everything, don't talk and don't get the ingenious idea of going to the American authorities with the plan of selling them what little you have managed to discover about me."

"Okay," Ricky said. "But you ought to give me another chance. I'll play ball according to your rules."

"I'm no longer interested in anything but your silence," Doctor Barca replied. "Good night, Mr. Leland."

XIV

KONA weather came with the morning and masses of slate-gray clouds hung low, occasionally dribbling

# YANKEE DOODLE WENT TO TOWN ... LAST NIGHT!



ALL TOGETHER NOW ...  
to the tune of  
"Yankee Doodle"

"Let PEPTO-BISMOL fix you up  
When you're feeling dismal.  
If your stomach is upset  
Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL!"



The stomach distress that follows over-indulgence in food and drink should not be aggravated by over-doses of antacids or by drastic, irritating physics or purgatives.

Take soothing Pepto-Bismol instead. It is not an antacid. It has no laxative action. Pepto-Bismol helps to quiet the upset, to soothe the irritated intestinal walls, to retard intestinal fermentation, gas formation and to relieve simple diarrhea. This soothing remedy is pleasant—you'll like the flavor!



Phone for a bottle from your druggist today! In two sizes—or by the dose at drug store fountains.



# PEPTO-BISMOL FOR UPSET STOMACH

\*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

rain. The air was moist and steamy. Even the roar of the breakers seemed dulled by the muggy weather.

Ricky awoke with one cheek resting on the cold breech of the automatic pistol, which had slid out from under his pillow.

He got up and walked to the window. In the misty distance off Waikiki stood an aircraft carrier and a battle wagon. Beyond them was what appeared to be a couple of light cruisers or destroyers.

After a hasty shower, he telephoned A. V. Smith at the bank.

"I spooked the economist last night," he said. "The deal's off and I think he's getting wise." Then he told A. V. Smith what had happened.

A. V. Smith's level voice was as unemotional as ever. "It was beyond your control. We'll have to try something else."

"Maybe we ought to pull them all in. If the doc doesn't leave —"

"I'd prefer another solution. Sit tight. Do what you can. Stick with Barca."

"Right," Ricky said, and hung up. He shaved and dressed and went downstairs. Sam was arranging flowers in the lobby. He regarded Ricky blandly from behind a screen of blossoms.

"Aloha kakahiaka," he said for "good morning."

"Anything new?"

"Bimeby."

"Where's Doctor Barca?"

"In room."

"Missy Marlow?"

"Breakfast."

Ricky nodded to Sam and went out on the terrace. Alberta was sitting alone at a table. When he took a chair beside her, she barely looked up at him. Her face seemed drawn under the red of her sunburn.

"Hello," Ricky said. "Did you have a good time last night?"

"Before or after you ditched me?"

"That's a harsh word."

"You have a harsh way of leaving women," Alberta said. "Winnie told me all about you."

"That was swell of him."

"It wasn't his fault. I asked questions."

"Then you have only yourself to blame."

Alberta regarded him somberly. "I might have known it would be a woman."

"Is that what you object to most?"

"What does it mean to me? Why should I care if you were mixed up with some woman and disgraced yourself?"

"Don't holler," Ricky said.

He noticed Doctor Barca approaching them as he gave his order to a waiter.

"I told you on the ship what had happened to me," he said.

"You didn't mention a woman," Alberta said. "And shut up."

"Good morning," Doctor Barca said, coming up. "May I breakfast with you?"

"Of course," Alberta said.

Doctor Barca sat down and told the waiter he wanted only coffee. His brown face was sober.

"Something the matter, doc?" Ricky asked. "You look worried."

"I've just received a cable from Manila with bad news," Doctor Barca replied. "My brother is very ill."

"Oh, I'm sorry!" Alberta said.

Ricky looked at her. The expression of sympathy on her face appeared genuine, but there was worry in her eyes.

Doctor Barca sighed. "I'm afraid I'll have to be leaving you on short notice, children. I've made a reservation on the Philippine Clipper. It goes at four this afternoon."

"What a shame it is that this had to happen," Ricky said. "We'll miss you, doc."

"I hope to be back when it's all over," Doctor Barca said.

When breakfast was finished, he lit one of his long Manila cigars.

Alberta got up. "If you gentlemen will excuse me," she said, "I'll run. Mr. Windstead is coming to take me out to my uncle's island."

"That reminds me," Doctor Barca said, glancing at his watch and rising too, "I have a million and one things to attend to before I leave."

"Me, I haven't got a thing to do," Ricky said.

at Doctor Barca. He was watching Alberta intently.

"You'll enjoy it here," Dan Marlow said. "I'm in a great hurry now—on my way downtown for one of my rare visits—but we'll definitely get together. I'll call you later in the week."

"That'll be fine, Uncle Dan," Alberta replied quietly. "Are—are you all right?"

"Certainly. Why shouldn't I be?"

"I just asked." She turned to the others. "Uncle Dan, this is Doctor Barca and Mr. Leland. They came over on the boat with me."

"How do you do?" Marlow said.

"I believe we've met before," Doctor Barca said.

"Glad to meet you," Ricky said.

Dan Marlow's hand was clammy in his grasp. There were heavy pouches under his dull, faded gray eyes and he

She dropped dispiritedly into a chair. Ricky and Doctor Barca remained where they were. A roadster with the top lowered stopped in the hotel entrance. Windstead got out of it and came in.

"Heigh-ho," he said. "She sits in beauty. Good morning, gentlemen."

"Good morning," Doctor Barca said.

Windstead looked at Alberta. "All ready to go out and visit the wonderful Wizard of Oz?"

"The Wizard just left here," Ricky said.

"Really? Then we're invited. I couldn't reach him on the telephone this morning."

"We're not invited," Alberta said, getting up. "I guess our trip is off, Winnie."

"By no means!" Windstead said. "I insist on you feasting your eyes on the beauty of Oahu while I feast mine on you. Please come."

"All right," Alberta held out her hand to Doctor Barca. "In case I don't see you again, I hope your brother is completely recovered when you reach Manila."

"You're most kind," Doctor Barca said. "Good-by, Miss Marlow."

They went out and got into the topless roadster. It roared away.

"I see," Doctor Barca remarked, "that you've lost your girl."

"My girl," Ricky said, "my reputation, and pretty soon my mind."

"At least," Doctor Barca said, "you haven't yet lost your life." He dropped his cigar in an ash tray. "Well, I must be about my business."

He went upstairs to his room. Ricky walked out in front and sat down on a bench under the trees. A few minutes later he saw Doctor Barca come down and drive away. He was without baggage, which meant he would return to the Halekaha before going to the Clipper base near Pearl City. A battered truck trailed his taxicab along the drive.

xv

SHORTLY after two o'clock Doctor Barca came back. Ricky was sitting in the lobby, pretending to be engrossed by a newspaper.

"Hello," Doctor Barca said. "Time seems to hang heavy on your hands, Mr. Leland."

"Yeah, sort of," Ricky replied. "Have you had lunch yet, doc?"

"No. Will you join me?"

They took a table on the terrace. A warm wind was blowing in from the sea, smelling of salt water and the rank wetness of the vegetation. Doctor Barca ate his food rather quickly, looking frequently in the direction of the warships.

"Must be the Lexington out there," Ricky remarked.

"I don't believe so," Doctor Barca said. "The older aircraft carriers have a different silhouette. That's a later model."

"I wouldn't know," Ricky said.

Bathers were out in full force despite the bad weather. They watched a fat lady in a tight bathing suit trying to straddle an inflated rubber duck. A wave broke and buried both the fat lady and the duck. Doctor Barca smiled as he looked at his watch.

"I must pack," he said. "Being followed by American agents made my visits today take longer than I had anticipated."

"I imagine you're used to that."

Doctor Barca's eyes were inky as he rose. "This is the first time it has happened."

(Continued on Page 92)



"All of a sudden he just warped!"

They left the terrace together. Ahead of them a man entered the doorway and looked around.

He was tall and heavy, in his fifties, dressed carelessly in rumpled slacks and a polo shirt and a canvas fisherman's hat, and his skin was burned to the color of old wood. A couple of paces behind him was a Japanese chauffeur in uniform.

"Uncle Dan!" Alberta said, and ran to him with her arms extended.

He avoided embracing her, and as Doctor Barca and Ricky came up he was coolly shaking hands.

"They told me at the island that you had called," he said. "I was out fishing. How long have you been here, my dear?"

"Since yesterday."

"Do you plan to stay long?"

"Not very long."

Alberta was staring at him. Her cheeks were whitening. Ricky glanced

seemed unutterably tired. He had a drunkard's puffiness in his jowls and he didn't look directly at Ricky.

Alberta took her uncle's arm and they walked into the lobby. Doctor Barca, Ricky and the Japanese chauffeur followed.

"I'll look forward to seeing you in a day or two," Alberta said.

"Good-by, my dear," Marlow said. He nodded to Ricky and Doctor Barca.

The chauffeur accompanied him to a station wagon parked in front and held the door open. Then he climbed in on the driver's side. The station wagon disappeared down the driveway. Alberta's face was set and her eyes dry.

"I seem to remember Mr. Marlow as a more cordial man," Doctor Barca remarked. His shiny black eyes were still appraisingly on her.

"I don't think he's very well," Alberta replied.

(Continued from Page 90)

"You shouldn't have associated with me," Ricky said, and grinned.

"That has sometimes occurred to me," Doctor Barca replied.

Ricky sat and waited after he left until twenty minutes had passed. Then he went into the lobby. Sam was standing there, his hands behind his back, the picture of a genial host.

"Don't let anybody go up for Doctor Barca's bags, Sam," Ricky said. "I'm going to visit him."

The geniality left Sam's face. "Whassamatta? I get news bimeby."

"I can't take a chance on that."

Ricky climbed the stairs and knocked on Doctor Barca's door. He could feel his shoulders tightening.

"Come in," Doctor Barca called.

Ricky stepped inside and shut the door. Doctor Barca had his bags piled in the middle of the floor and was slipping into a light raincoat. He looked at Ricky in surprise.

"Are you a bellhop now?" he asked.

"No," Ricky said. "Doc, I'm not quite satisfied with our deal. I'm getting the short end."

"That's most unfortunate."

Doctor Barca finished arranging the raincoat. He started casually to put his hands in his pockets.

"Keep your hands out in the open," Ricky said. "Sit down and we'll talk it over."

"You're being very imprudent, Mr. Leland."

"Sit down."

Doctor Barca settled in a chair. The brown of his face was changing to a mud color. Ricky sat on the bed across from him.

"I presume you want more money," Doctor Barca said.

"That's right."

"How much more?"

"A lot more."

Doctor Barca stared at Ricky for a moment and then shrugged. "I'm in a hurry, so I'll let you hold me up. But I assure you that you won't enjoy the money you get from me this way."

"Let's have it," Ricky said.

Doctor Barca reached inside his coat as Ricky tensed himself. The hand reappeared holding a wallet.

"You needn't be alarmed, Mr. Leland," Doctor Barca said, smiling. "I can't afford the delay which would be caused by shooting you." He took a sheaf of bills from the wallet. "Here's a thousand dollars."

"Not enough, doc."

"That's all you'll get!"

"Yeah?" Ricky said. "I've got a hunch you'll pay plenty—right now."

Doctor Barca waited, twisting the wallet in his fingers. Finally he emptied it. "Two thousand," he said.

"No dice."

"It's all I have with me."

"You've got more."

Doctor Barca replaced the money in the wallet and put it back in his coat. "That or nothing, Mr. Leland."

"I can wait," Ricky said. "Can you?"

There was silence for a while. The sea pounded outside slowly and ominously, and the curtains flapped in the wind. A tiny trickle of perspiration ran down the flat bridge of Doctor Barca's nose.

"Be reasonable, Mr. Leland," he said. "This is all the money I have. I can't cash a big check except at the bank, and the bank is closed by now."

"Two grand is chicken feed."

"I'll leave you a check you can take to the bank tomorrow."

"I'm doing a strictly cash business," Ricky said.

Doctor Barca slid lower in his chair, his face expressionless, his hands growing limp in his lap. The sea pounded on, punctuating the fleeting minutes. Ricky looked at his wrist watch. It was too late for Doctor Barca to catch the Clipper. He rose from the bed. As he did, the telephone rang. Doctor Barca picked it up and said "Hello." He listened for a moment and hung up. Then he turned to Ricky.

"That call might interest you," he said. "Because of bad weather, the Clipper will not take off until ten o'clock tonight."

"You win, doc."

"Perhaps," Doctor Barca said. "But I distinctly had the impression, Mr. Leland, that the amount of money I offered you was immaterial. I felt you were more concerned with having me miss the plane."

"Did you?" Ricky said. "You're a bright guy, aren't you?"

He walked backward to the door, fumbled for the knob and moved quickly outside.

While he was closing the door, he could hear Doctor Barca picking up the telephone again.

He returned to the lobby and sat in a chair near the door. He drew a long breath. He was riding the tiger now, and he couldn't get off.

Darkness was coming early and the rain had driven a lot of people inside. Tourists bought knickknacks at the cigar stand, and near the desk seven elderly men and women had discovered they were all from Chicago. A man tinkered with the lobby radio and got a news broadcast. The announcer gave race results on the mainland and some local basketball scores. The Young Men's Buddhist Association had taken the Kapiolani Wildcats 41 to 36. Then the announcer quoted Sin Shun Pao, the Japanese army newspaper: "We hate the United States more than we hate the Chungking government. The time will come when either we will swallow up the United States or the

United States will swallow us. Awaken, Asiatic peoples!"

Through the door came Alberta, followed by Windstead. She saw Ricky and stopped. He pushed himself out of the chair, noting that her hair was mussed and she looked tired.

Windstead grinned at him insolently. "Hello, ducky," he said. "You shouldn't have waited up for us."

"Have a nice time?" Ricky asked Alberta.

"Lovely," she said. "I fought my way all around the island of Oahu."

"Game called on account of darkness," Windstead said. "Let's all have a spot of whisky. Tomorrow's another day."

"That's Winnie's variety of Hawaiian hospitality," Ricky said.

"Just don't let him follow me upstairs," Alberta replied. "That's all I ask."

"Run along, Winnie," Ricky said. "Run fast."

"Please," Windstead said. "I'm a bit irritable tonight. You can be heroic some other time."

"Winnie's so strong," Alberta said. "I'll bet he could lick a woman twice his size."

Ricky heard the anger and fear in her voice, and the disgust. The first pleasurable sensation he had experienced in many hours animated him. His hands swung loosely at his sides and his face showed agreeable mayhem.

"Winnie, darling," he said, "put up your hands or duck. Do something. Passive resistance is the bunk."

"Don't be a fatuous ass," Windstead told him. "The age of chivalry is past. Let's all have a drink. . . . Whoo-o-o-oo!"

His breath left him in a great gasp and he bent suddenly double, his mouth writhing open. Ricky had flicked his left hand at his face and Windstead's arms had shot up to protect it. Pivoting slightly, Ricky had hooked him in the stomach. Now, with Windstead jackknifed before him,

Ricky stabbed with his left, taking care to pick a spot where he wouldn't break his hand. Windstead fell forward on his hands and knees, his head wobbling.

The lobby grew instantly quiet. People stopped talking. Even the radio was turned off. Everybody stood where he was and eyed the little group near the doorway.

Sam appeared from nowhere, padding on swift feet. He helped Windstead to his feet, turned him around and headed him out.

"Hele aku oe," Sam said. "Beat it. No come here any more."

In the doorway Windstead braced himself against Sam's pushing hands and halted. He rubbed his head, neither embarrassed nor angry.

"Just for the record, Sam," he said, "why am I being thrown out?"

"For starting fight," Sam said. "Beat it."

Alberta walked quickly out of the lobby, her face lowered to shield her from the staring eyes. She was heading for the beach.

Ricky followed her. Sweat was dampening his shirt, and he was surprised to find himself trembling.

He caught her as she reached the sand and gripped her arm and spun her about. His fingers dug into her flesh so hard she flinched. The light of an angry, blood-colored sunset shone on their faces.

"Listen," Ricky said, "I'm going to give you a break. There's a boat sailing for Hilo tonight. Go over there and stay until the next liner leaves for the mainland. If you'll keep out of it from now on, I'll let you get away."

Her eyes widened and he heard her breath catch. He released her arm.

"So you're in it too?" she said faintly.

"Up to my neck," Ricky said harshly. "Beat it. Don't ever come back."

She was silent and rigid, staring at him.

"All I want is never to see you again," Ricky said. "Maybe in ten or twenty years I'll forget you. Aloha—and aloha means good-by."

A spray of rain blew on them. Her cheeks were wet, and he couldn't tell if it was the rain or tears. She turned and walked off into the gathering darkness.

Ricky went over to the terrace, and Sam met him there. Under their wrinkled lids, Sam's eyes were watchful and alert.

"Doctor Barca leave with bags," he said, "and two Japanese friends."

"It's all right," Ricky said wearily. "The plane's not going until ten tonight."

"You like movies?"

Ricky's head lifted sharply. "Sure. Why?"

"You go Japanese movie," Sam said. "Ewa of Nuuanu."

"Okay. What time?"

"Nine o'clock."

"Will somebody meet me?"

"Nice Japanese picture," Sam said. "Maybe like."

Ricky made a slight gesture of disgust.

Nothing escaped Sam. "Whassamatta?" he asked.

"Alla time talk, talk, talk," Ricky said, mimicking Sam's speech. "Waste time."

The creases in Sam's face grew deeper for an instant. He was smiling faintly.

"Much pūikiā," he said.



"Lieutenant Colonel Ellis reporting—U. S. Army, retired and rehired."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



Copyright of Saturday Evening Post is the property of Benjamin Franklin Literary & Medical Society and its content may not be copied or emailed to multiple sites or posted to a listserv without the copyright holder's express written permission. However, users may print, download, or email articles for individual use.