

Gambler's Throw

by Eustace L. Adams.

SYNOPSIS: Leaving the flying field where he is a pilot late at night, Jerry Calhoun finds that his car is out of gas. He accepts a lift from Nancy Westworth, musical comedy star. On the way to a gas station her car is blocked by a sedan marked across the road. Five men, armed with automatics and a machine gun, surround their car. Jerry reaches for the door, but a flashlight is turned on them and he and Nancy are ordered out. The men seize Nancy and disappear into the darkness. Jerry loops forward, then falls unconscious. He wakes up in a hospital next day where he is told that a bullet had caused a minor but painful head wound. Stevens, a detective from the Treasury department, asks Jerry what he can remember about the hold-up and tells him that Nancy has been kidnapped.

Chapter 2
A KIDNAPING EPIDEMIC
I DON'T mind saying, Calhoun, that at first we thought you were one of the gorillas," Stevens said. "But we found a letter or two in your pocket and your car was in the road a couple of miles with its tank dry. It wasn't much trouble to check up your war record, and out where you were flying and to locate the helper who was working with you last night. So that left your writer's snout."
"Now," he continued, hitching his chair nearer the cot, "can't you remember what kind of a car those babies were riding in?"

cently, Jerry clenched his fists instinctively. "Besides," the placid voice added, "who's reported to be engaged to Phillip Macomber, president of the International Bank and Trust Company. He could drop a couple of millions any time and not have to lay up a yacht. So far as that goes, the girl has made plenty of jack the past two years. But it's Macomber they'll try to chisel."

The pilot was silent, again aware of his throbbing head. The idea of Nancy's being engaged to a middle-aged millionaire was repugnant. He had seen Macomber's picture in the newspapers. Why, with all the eligible young men there were in the world, Nancy had chosen that beetling-jawed, cadaverous banker was more than he could fathom. And the thought that she was in the hands of kidnapers who may have taken her away because of her beauty was even worse!

The doctor winked meaningfully at the detective and twitched his head toward the door. "Well," announced the detective, "I'll be easing along now. Got a lot of work ahead of me. Wish they'd put someone else on the case. Only reason I'm here at all is that the chief's got a hunch some old friends of mine are mixed up in it."



"That's three prominent people kidnaped within ten hours," the detective said.

Two days later Jerry Calhoun emerged from the hospital, pale and shaky. There was a grim, set expression on his face which transformed the little laughing wrinkles around his eyes into hard, stern lines which framed, and accentuated, the steely glint of the pupils themselves.

For forty-eight hours he had tormented himself with harassing recollections of the ignominious and futile part he had taken through those brief moments on the roadside. His sober judgment assured him that against five armed men he, single-handed, could have done little to alter the sequence of events. Yet the entire episode was, to a soldier and a man of action, unbelievably humiliating. He could not rid himself of the feeling that he had squandered himself very badly. Even now he would not define a plan which he could have prevented the kidnapers from getting away with the girl.

More than anything else, Jerry was conscious of an almost overpowering desire for revenge. In affairs like this he was a firm believer of the ancient law of an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. He knew that without another meeting with those men, the affair would rankle for a longer time than he cared to anticipate. Moreover, the girl was a captive. He could not overlook the horrible possibilities that existed in such a situation.

But what could he do? He realized that the police were stirred into feverish activity and that because of the prominence of the victims the newspapers would harry the officials unmercifully. For some vague reason the government, too, had become interested in the case, as the visit of Stevens had borne witness. It seemed utterly presumptuous that Jerry, alone, could accomplish a thing. It would take unlimited time and money even to join in the hunt. Of time he had sufficient; of money, next to none.

(Copyright, Dial Press)
Jerry finds company and money for the hunt, in the next installment, and the kidnapers send a letter.

FATHER AND SON DROWN ON PICNIC

PORTLAND, Ore., July 12.—(AP)—Samuel J. Greenstein, 31, of Portland and his four-year-old son, Heubert Moretun Greenstein, were drowned in the Columbia river about a mile from St. Helens, Sunday while the

and mother watched helplessly. The Greensteins with a party including nine persons all told, had cruised down the Columbia river in Greenstein's launch, Adrienne, and had anchored in the slough preparatory to eating lunch. Mr. Greenstein was making fast the anchor when Heubert fell to the railing and fell into the water. His father plunged after him. But a swift current swept them downstream and out of reach of a life line that was thrown out. Crystalglow—Kodak glass supreme The Peasley's, Opp. Holly Theater.

MEIER URGES \$3 WAGE ON ROADS

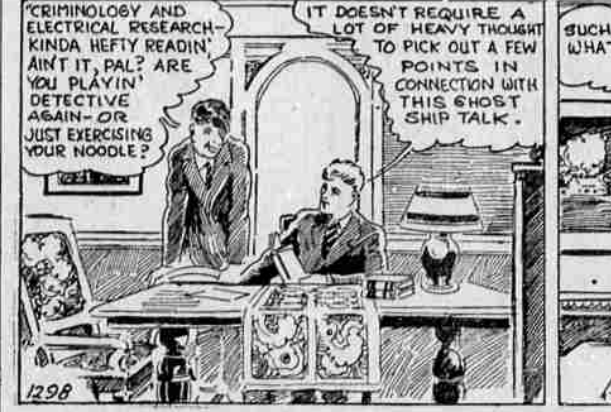
SALEM, July 12.—(AP)—A wage scale of \$3.00 per day for a six-hour day on emergency relief work to be started by the state highway commission on the lower Columbia River highway in Multnomah county

next week, was recommended to the commission by Governor Julius L. Meier today. The recommendation of the governor followed a conference he held last week with representatives of labor and the American Legion. The wage matter has been before the commission for some time, with protests being filed against a suggested \$1.50 scale.

hood near here, was killed instantly Sunday when a pump on which he was working came in contact with a high-power electric wire. The pump was being lifted by Dixon, his grandfather and four other men from a well when it touched the wire.

here Sunday at the home of her father, H. L. Lewis. Miss Lewis, for the past two years, had been in San Francisco with the National Broadcasting company, singing over KPO

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy's Observations!



High Power Wire Gives Fatal Shock

DAYTON, Ore., July 12.—(AP) Ellis Dixon, 20, of the Webfoot neighbor-

Dorothy Lewis Of Radio Fame Dies

PORTLAND, Ore., July 12.—(AP)—Miss Dorothy Lewis, 37, whose mezzo-soprano voice was known to radio audiences along the Pacific coast and throughout the northwest, died

Paint Creek Floor Death Toll Mounts

CHARLESAN, W. Va., July 12.—(AP)—Reports were received here today that the death toll in the Paint Creek flood might number as many as 20 persons.

Rescue workers said as many as 800 may be homeless.

S'MATTER POP—The Longer The Better



BOUND TO WIN—Briar's Strange Actions



THE NEBBS—Snubbers



MUTT AND JEFF—For The Love Of Mike



BRINGING UP FATHER



LOANS MADE FOR RECONSTRUCTION WILL BE PROBED

WASHINGTON, July 12.—(AP)—An investigation of loans by the reconstruction finance corporation was ordered Monday by the senate.

A resolution to create a senate committee of five members to make the inquiry was also approved. The resolution was adopted at the behest of Senator Couzens (R., Mich.) its author.

He said under the law details of the corporation's loans are kept secret, adding that the investigation

GOLD DUST BECOMES MEDIUM OF EXCHANGE

JOHN DAY Ore., July 12.—(AP)—The cash register in Roy Davenport's hardware store at Canyon City has been replaced with a pair of gold-weighting scales.

Davenport said virtually all mines operating in the district are paying for their goods with gold dust.

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