

# Gambler's Throw

by Eustace L. Adams.

**SYNOPSIS:** Operating by airplane, a gang of kidnapers carry off four millionaires, an important gangster and a musical comedy star, Nancy Wentworth. Ashwood, the leader, keeps his prisoners on a tropical island while he demands installments of money from their friends and relatives. An airplane is used to take off the kidnapers, and the kidnappers are ready for an attack. The kidnappers are ready to take off if Ashwood signals. Meanwhile a detective who is searching for the kidnapers, Stevens, has joined forces with Jerry Talham, who was injured in a fight with the gang when Nancy was captured. Jerry and Stevens and Emory Butler, a friend of Jerry, in an airplane which Jerry pilots, watch the kidnapers when they take their ransom money in a hydroplane. They follow the hydroplane, keeping out of sight. They plan to rescue where the prisoners are hidden.

## Chapter 15 THE COIN IS MATCHED

The tiny black dot in the air gradually assumed form. A single, silvery wing developed atop a tapering cylindrical fuselage. Nancy watched it, her heart beating wildly. Could it be that those flyers were searching for her and the other victims of the kidnapers?

"Back in the house, everybody," Ashwood's voice was quiet, unworried.

From her bedroom window Nancy watched the monoplane buzzing onward toward the south. For a few breathless seconds she thought that the flyers must have seen the house on the island, but her heart sank as it drifted steadily on. Without turning a hair's breadth from its course, it passed out of her range of vision. In a few moments the snarl of its motor had dwindled into nothing.

"There's your peacan grove, old timer, if our luck holds out!" snouted Emory triumphantly, as Jerry pointed down at the tiny spot of land below. "There's a house big enough to hold a regiment, and a hangar, too. Whoops, sisters, whoops!"

"I'll say that's some navigating," grinned Jerry, watching the island slide beneath the gleaming wing. "Now we'll have to keep going until they'll think we haven't seen them. Then I'll glide down and come back just over the top of the water so they can't see us. Watch for an island down there that would make a good landing place."

"Make it far enough away so's they can't hear the motor," suggested Stevens, making a careful notation upon a large-scale map. "I don't aim to have them waiting for us with a couple dozen machine guns."

His jaws resumed their placid, rhythmic motion as he turned his attention to the machine gun, which he wiped as carefully as though it had received no care for weeks.

Ahead, astern and to the left, the sea was dotted by thousands of tiny islands, hard-edged spots of dark green against the sapphire blue of the water. To the right there was nothing but the endless expanse of the Gulf of Mexico, extending to the very edge of the horizon. Except for the house and hangar they had just passed, there was no sign of a human in all the tremendous panorama beneath them. The silent islands were, for the most part, simply clumps of dense mangroves which seemed to have grown out of the water with no earth to give them anchorage and sustenance. Far over to the eastward the islands became more numerous until there was more land than water. Here, as the islands blended one into another, began the Everglades, which extended straight across the southern Florida peninsula to the Atlantic ocean.

As Jerry cut the throttle and nosed the monoplane into a thin glide, flocks of herons, cranes and pelicans flapped their wings and flew away from the strange air monster which had invaded their age-old privacy.

The pilot's spirits danced as he realized that they were at the end of their two-thousand mile chase. He had not the slightest doubt that in that low H-shaped house were to be found those who had "disappeared so mysteriously from the midst of civilization, as well as those who had spirited them away."

Just ahead and seven or eight miles from the inhabited island, was a long, narrow key, bordered on the east by a mile-long stretch of sand which looked hard enough to sustain the monoplane's weight. Making one low flight across its entire length to assure himself that the beach held no obstacles which might trip the wheels, he dropped the plane, light as a bird, in a perfect three-point landing. Then, cutting the engine, he pushed himself out of his bucket-seat and stretched his tired muscles.

"Someone'll have to pry me out of here," muttered the detective, Jerry arrives tomorrow, and Ashwood gives him a cold reception.

"Pardon me if I seem to crow," offered Jerry, "but your birds will have to admit that this was a pretty piece of navigating. You were both fit to be tied when that gasket blew and we had to slide down near Tallahassee, leaving the amphibian to sail away on its merry course to the southward."

"Huh, you weren't doing any back-and-wing dance yourself!" retorted Jerry. "Not at that moment," admitted his comrade. "But you'll grant that when I studied the map last night, used the ruler and projected the line of the amphibian's flight, I drew a circle around the Ten Thousand Islands on the extreme southwestern coast of Florida. I told you we'd find our little hide-and-go-seek partners somewhere within my pencilled line."

"I have a plan," announced Jerry, his face suddenly serious. "Now that we're here, we've got to do something about getting our feet on the island that house is on. We wouldn't get anywhere landing there with our plane. They've undoubtedly got machine guns and would wash us out before our propeller stopped whirling. We'll have to use strategy."

"What ho, the Delphic oracle speaks!" applauded Emory, his face solemn. "One more peep out of you and I'll bury you alive in the sand!" Jerry threatened heatedly. "Now here's what I have in mind. We'll pump up the collapsible rubber boat. Then I'll paddle it from one island to another until I get to the one nearest them. I'll defeat the boat and hide it in the scrub, go to the shore toward the house and yell for help. They'll probably rescue me, out of curiosity. I'll tell them some kind of a cock-and-bull yarn and try to get the lay of the land and—"

"And tomorrow," interjected Emory, "Steve and I'll fly over the island and drop sand-burrs on your grave."

"Shut up! Tomorrow, some time in the afternoon, you get your machine gun ready and, as our wifty friend has suggested, fly over the island. If things are right, I'll find some way to show something white, a table cloth, or a sheet, or a napkin, out of a window or on the lawn. If you see it, come on down, ready for trouble, while I start some kind of a rumpus in the house to keep everyone annoyed."

"It's a lousy idea!" drawled Emory. "Why?"

"Just this; I hate to throw money matters in your face, but I financed the expedition for the fun there would be in it. Now, the first time that it looks as though there might be a little excitement, you go and try to take the play away from me. Seems to me you might let me paddle over to the island and you and the old-timer here do the manna-from-heaven act."

Stevens spat reflectively and scratched himself. "Me," he ventured, "I don't think it's so good, either. What we ought to do is to fly to the nearest town and get all the cops in sight and then come back in a boat and raid the place, good and proper. I'm a peaceable feller and I smell trouble if we're going to mill around so impetuous-like. But, on the other hand, if we call in the bulls, we'll have to split the rewards twenty-thirty ways."

"Sure," agreed Jerry hastily. "To take a place like that island in a direct attack would give them time to prepare sand trenches and emplacements for their machine guns, if they haven't them already built. For a massed attack, fifty men would be none too many. We'd hardly get a nickel of the reward."

"Tell you what I'll do, Emory!" suggested Jerry, brightening. "I'll match you to see which of us goes alone to the island."

"Listen, fellows," interrupted Stevens. "Seems to me you are forgetting there are three of us. We'll match; the odd man goes. Gambler's throw, winner take all."

They matched. Emory and Stevens turned up heads. Jerry triumphantly exhibited a tail, gleefully pocketed the coin and strode toward the fuselage where the rubber boat was stowed. While his comrade glowered, Stevens shook his head sadly. Years ago, he remembered, he had been all get-up-and-go like these boys. Well, time would temper them unless they went and got themselves killed first.

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"MUTT, YOUR PLATFORM IS A JOKE. THE RADICAL LION TAMPERS MUST HAVE BEEN CRAZY WHEN THEY NOMINATED YOU FOR PRESIDENT. SUCH A PLATFORM!"

"M-M-M!"

"JEFF - IF YOU'LL LISTEN TO ME FOR FIVE MINUTES I CAN PERSUADE YOU THAT MY PLATFORM IS SOUND AND CONSTRUCTIVE!"

"IF I LISTENED A WEEK - YOU COULDN'T PERSUADE ME OF NOTHIN' -"

"WELL, THEN - MAYBE THIS COULD PERSUADE YOU. WHAT'S YOUR HONEST OPINION OF MY PLATFORM?"

"MY HONEST OPINION IS THAT YOUR PLATFORM IS SOUNDER THAN MINE, OR HOOVER'S - OR ROOSEVELT'S. IT'S A WOW!"

"YOU'RE NOT SO DUMB AT THAT!"

"BY GOLLY, I'VE GOT A DATE TO MAKE A POLITICAL SPEECH ON THE STREET TO-DAY, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO TALK ABOUT. I'M LATE NOW"

"OH-OH! I WONDER IF SHE'S GONNA VOTE FOR ME FOR MAYOR?"

"AN' GENTLEN, IF I'M ELECTED MAYOR OF THIS TOWN, I INTEND TO BEAUTIFY IT THE FIRST THING TO GO WILL BE ALL THESE OBJECTIONABLE TELEGRAPH POLES."

## STATE EMPLOYMENT COMMITTEE MEETS

SALEM, July 27.—(AP)—A meeting of the state-wide unemployment executive committee, appointed at the representative session held in Portland several months ago, was in session with Governor Julius L. Meier here today. The committee was considering conditions of unemployment in the state, looking toward obtaining a loan from the federal reconstruction finance corporation under the relief bill.

The session of the executive committee was not open. Continue Grid Broadcast: PARADENA, Cal., July 27.—(AP)—The athletic heads of the colleges of the Pacific coast conference voted today to continue the permission of radio broadcasting of football games through 1932 but made no mention of plans for the years to come.

## Jobless Riot In St. Johns Streets

ST. JOHNS, Newfoundland, July 27 (AP) — Several hundred unemployed men rioted in the streets early today, pillaging shops and smashing windows before police could get the disorder in hand. Two policemen were injured and 18 of the rioters were arrested.

Chain Store Funds Taken. SAN FRANCISCO, July 27.—(AP)—With week-end receipts of 91 food stores in his automobile, Howard Evans, Public Food Stores collector, was kidnaped, bound and robbed here yesterday. He was robbed of between \$6,000 and \$12,000.

## Favor Life For Slayer Of Cop

SALEM, Ore., July 27.—(AP)—Dunpre Poe, one of two men charged with the slaying of James Iverson, a Silverton policeman a year ago, was convicted of first degree murder in a verdict brought in by a circuit court jury early today. The members recommended life imprisonment for his punishment.

NORTH BEND.—Local mill of Coos Bay Logging company to reopen shortly.

## Coast Lumbermen To Boost Product

SEATTLE, July 27.—(AP)—The West Coast Lumbermen's association today called representatives of the industry in western Washington to meet in Tacoma Thursday, July 28, to consider plans to bring about a greater use of Pacific north-west lumber and timber in city, county and state public works.

ASHLAND.—Resurfacing Boulevard from library to Union street underway.

## Recover Climber's Body

HOOD RIVER, Ore., July 27.—(AP)—Five men, members of the mountain climbing Hood River Crag Kats, last night recovered the body of Arthur Karstetter, 34, who lost his life while fishing in a remote, deep canyon near here yesterday.

MYRTLE POINT.—O. W. Robson improving store.

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Makes A Decision!



TOMMY!!—WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT IN THE WILDERNESS THIS HOUR OF THE MORNING?

"WE'VE HAD ANOTHER MISHAP ON THE MAIL RUN, RUSS! I WANT TO USE YOUR 'PHONE!"

"IF THERE'S MONKEY WORK GOING ON IN THESE MOUNTAINS HOW ABOUT US RANGERS LENDING A HAND?"

"THIS IS NO ORDINARY GANG OF BANDITS, RUSS! THERE'S SOMETHING SINISTER, SOMETHING STRANGE, THAT I CAN'T EXPLAIN BACK OF IT!"

"I'LL FIX YOU UP A SNACK TO EAT. BUT I'D LIKE TO GO WITH YOU. GHOSTS DON'T SCARE ME!"

"WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT GHOSTS? NOT I! WHAT I WANT TO FIND OUT IS WHAT IS IT THAT HAS CREATED THIS ILLUSION OF A PHANTOM PLANE?"

## S'MATTER POP—An Aerial Proposition



LISSEN! WHAT DO YA KNOW ABOUT THIS!

I HEARD MY POP TELL MAW HE FELT WEALTHY ENOUGH TO BUY AN AIRPLANE. IF HE HAD A PARTNER TO GO IN WITH HIM ON IT!

POP SAID TO MAW, IF THA PARTNER WOULD GET THA PLANE, POP, HE WOULD TURN THA AIR TO FLY IN!

POP LET US DO THAT TOO!

EXCUSE ME! I MUST TELL ALL THE KIDS!

## BOUND TO WIN—Not The Tide!



NATURALLY, THERE WAS NO MORE FORTUNE IN THE REMAINDER OF THAT NIGHT—INDEED, HAD ALL SECRET THOUGHTS BEEN LITTERED, BEN, JONATHAN AND "BIG FEET" MIGHT ALL HAVE AGREED TO CHANGE THE CAMP'S NAME!

RECKON I'LL LET "BIG FEET" FIX UP THE VITLES WHILE BEN AND JONATHAN ME DO SOME INVESTIGATING!

BEN, I BEEN THINKIN' THERE MAY BE MORE'n ONE BIRD ON THIS HERE ISLAND BESIDES US—W.D.H. COULDN'T STEAL A BOAT 'N DELIVER A MESSAGE AT ONE AN' THE SAME TIME COULD HE? STILL, MAYBE THE BOAT WOULD ANCHOR CAREFULLY, EH?

NO, JONATHAN, I ANCHORED MYSELF—I LEFT PLENTY OF SACK FOR THE TIDE, TOO—

THEN THERE MUST BE MORE OF 'EM WORKIN' AGAIN US AN' IF THEY'VE GOT OUR BOAT WERE SUNK!

## THE NEBBS—No Fool Like An Old Fool



GOOD-BYE, GIRLS, ENJOYED THE GAME! SEE YOU SUBSEQUENTLY—IN THE MEANTIME, DON'T DEAL IN ANY WOODEN COINS AND REMEMBER THE PASSWORD "LUCKY GUCKY"

NIN! THERES OUR WIVES SITTING ON THE PORCH.

SEE YOU SUBSEQUENTLY—LUCKY GUCKY—YOU'RE A FINE, UPSTANDING EXAMPLE OF A HUSBAND AND A FATHER!!

I DON'T CARE BUT EVERYBODY IN THE HOTEL IS TALKING ABOUT THE WAY YOU OLD FOOLS ARE CUTTING UP!

WELL, IF YOU DON'T CARE, I CERTAINLY DON'T—YOURS IS THE ONLY OPINION I CARE ABOUT—JUST AS LONG AS YOU LOVE AND RESPECT ME THE HEAVENS WILL ALWAYS BE BLUE

## MUTT AND JEFF—Harmony In The Presidential Candidates' Camp



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## BRINGING UP FATHER



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## MELLON DENIES HE'LL QUIT POST

NEW YORK, July 27.—(AP)—Andrew W. Mellon, returning today on the liner, Majestic, denied reports he intended to resign as ambassador to Great Britain. "That's news to me—midsummer news—there is no foundation for it," said Mr. Mellon. The ambassador, while on board the boat, was not certain whether he would go directly to Pittsburgh or to Washington, but said he would spend no time in New York. He declined to discuss the reason for his trip home, saying only: "There was a lull over there for the time, and I took advantage of it." He refused to discuss debts, reparations, or anything official.

## RATTLER'S HISS 2-DAY MYSTERY

WINTHROP, Iowa, July 27.—(AP)—For two days Mrs. F. Zimmerman thought the hissing noise she heard was caused by the hissing fruit jars in the basement of her home. Finding nothing wrong in the basement she looked under the dining room table and found the cause. It was a rattlesnake, four feet long. Mr. Zimmerman stopped the noise by killing the reptile. It had ten rattles. A bridge more than two miles long, expected to be the largest in Europe, has been authorized in Denmark along the main railway line between Copenhagen, Berlin and western Europe.

## By George McManus



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By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

By C. M. PAYNE

By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HESS

By BUD FISHER

By George McManus