

Gambler's Throw

by Eustace L. Adams

BY NUPPIE: Calling himself Mr. Peabody, Jerry Crabtree comes to the tropical island where Limpy Ashwood, gang leader, is holding prisoner Nancy Westworth and four men. He expects Emory and Jeff to be a detective to follow him by plane. Ashwood asks him if he knows a Captain Jerry Crabtree.

Chapter 15
A FRIENDLY WARNING
"CERTAINLY," replied the flyer unblinking. "He was our commanding officer in the 1924 Pursuit Squadron. Did you know him, too?"
"I met him at the Claridge bar, in London," acknowledged Ashwood, his eyes regarding a newly-healed scar on the pilot's forehead.
Jerry would have given a lot to have been able to study the other's face, but he dared not betray too great an interest in the conversation. He devoted himself to his breakfast.
"I was with the British," continued the cripple, "and Captain Calhoun, with three of his companions who were on leave from the front, wandered in to the bar and before long we had joined forces for a bit of a binge. I have remembered him ever since because he wore his medals modestly, held his liquor like a gentleman and was one of the handiest men I ever saw with his two fists in a brawl. I learned with

BANK ON WHEELS TOURS VILLAGES ON OHIO HIGHWAY

SPRINGFIELD, Ohio.—(AP)—Merchants used to say to one another: "I'll pay you when my ship comes in."

Today up and down Main street in Jeffersonville, South Solon, South Charleston and Cedarville, Ohio, merchants say to one another: "Lend me some change for this five, will you? I'll pay you when the bank comes in."
And farmers in these four communities time their visits to town on Mondays and Fridays, because those are the days when "the bank is in town."
What is said to be the first "bank on wheels" established east of Cincinnati has been started by the First National Bank & Trust Co. of Springfield.

field, and the First National bank of Washington Courthouse, both member banks of the BancOhio corporation.
The new "rolling bank" provides limited service for patrons in the four villages, located between the two cities.
The closing of local banks in several villages left the residents without banking facilities of any kind. The "rolling bank" was started when bank officials received numerous requests for emergency banking service of various kinds from the business houses.

So now a heavily armored truck, protected with bullet-proof steel plate and equipped with sawed-off shot-guns and high-powered rifles, rumbles into each of the towns twice a week.
The truck stops under the shade of a tree, or perhaps by the town pump, and immediately that spot becomes the "financial district" of the town.
Merchants send their clerks scurrying with money bags and bank books. Farmers line up with their deposits and withdrawal slips. The armed teller busily transacts business during the half-hour to two-hour scheduled

LURE OF MOON COSTS 5 LIVES

MINTO, N. B. July 30.—(AP)—An attempt to see the moon in daylight from the bottom of an abandoned mine shaft near here cost three boys

their lives and two men died trying to rescue them.
As the youngsters descended the shaft yesterday they were overcome by gas and fell 40 feet into a pool of water. A fourth lad in the experiment ran for help after seeing his companions drop. The two men who lost their lives were the first of a party of rescuers to attempt to reach the boys.
The victims were Alwyn Gaudine, 9; Cyril Strack, 13; his brother, VeVern Strack, 10; Vernon Betts, 37, father of five children; and Thomas Gallant, 45, father of nine.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Speed Sees The Light!



S'MATTER POP—A Squawk Against A Ticket



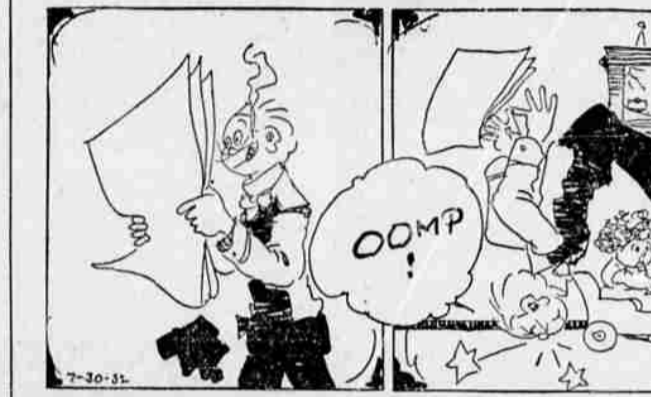
BOUND TO WIN—"Big Feet's" Treachery



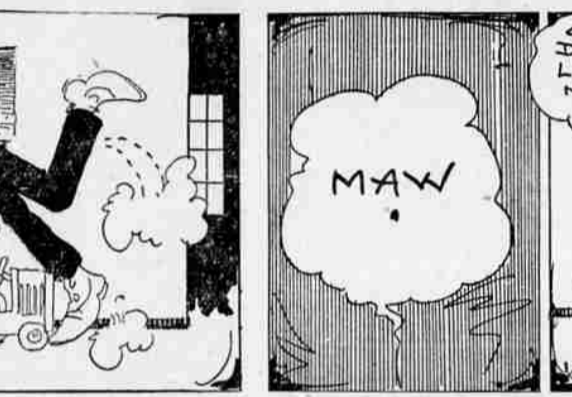
Jerry was acutely conscious of an undercurrent of friendly, sincere warning.

sincere regret that he was impetuous enough to interfere when Miss Westworth was being given her invitation to this houseparty and that he was slightly crooked in the ensuing melee.
Jerry could feel the other's keen blue eyes boring into his own.
"That was tough," he murmured, pushing back his well-scraped plate. "I wish you would congratulate your chef on these sausages and bacon. They were delightful."
"Fortunately," said Ashwood, toying with a strip of broiled bacon, "our electric light plant also serves our refrigerator, so we are able to enjoy many of the comforts of civilization. With a staff plane at our disposal, we are able to purchase fresh meats, vegetables and table delicacies at three or four cities within a hundred miles radius without attracting undue attention to ourselves, so despite the heat, we are able to live in moderate comfort.
"I have had the entire building lined with insulating material and still the guests complain somewhat about the heat. I scarcely blame them. I was led to believe that the climate would be much cooler in September. Indeed, Floridians assure us that it is very unseasonable, but it is just possible that they are biased in such matters."
"So I've heard," said Jerry. Jerry's trained ears caught, again, the sound of an airplane motor. One motor? No, there were two! It cost him much to keep his face a rigid mask of polite indifference as Ashwood lighted a cigarette and squinted shrewdly at him through blue wisps of smoke. With an effort, Jerry forced his attention back to the table.
"Mr. Ashwood," he ventured blandly, "your island certainly has its attractions, but I imagine that your guests will become restive before long. The climate here seems conducive to frayed nerves. When are you planning to break up the party?"
"That's a fair question," confessed the other with a glint of amusement in his eyes. "I'll be frank with you. If you have read the newspapers, you will recall that I was forced to collect a board bill from the friends and families of

THE NEBBS—Who Cares



MUTT AND JEFF—It Seemed Perfectly O. K. To Jeff



BRINGING UP FATHER



ing din had made the cripple's voice almost inaudible, were suddenly shut off. Jerry could hear the singing of the wind through their struts as the ships glided to earth. Unless Ashwood possessed two planes, one of which was just arriving after a long flight, the very worst had come to pass.
Ashwood was speaking again. "I am delighted to have you join us as a non-paying guest, to remain until we all leave. Just let me put this one thought into your mind. You bear a marked resemblance to one who, although admirably courageous, had the besetting sin of impetuosity in seeking physical conflict. I sincerely hope that you do not follow him in that respect as closely as you do in his features. I urge you, moreover, not to mention the location of this island, or even hint of it, until we discuss the matter again later in the day. And now, Mr. Peabody, I think we may as well stroll out to meet our new guests. It is possible that you may know them."
The cripple's voice had been matter-of-fact, but Jerry was acutely conscious of an undercurrent of friendly, sincere warning.
He knew, now, that he had met this remarkable man before. There was an expression around his vivid blue eyes that was familiar, a twist to his mouth that reminded him of someone he had once known. Jerry had flown over to London a number of times and had indulged in some notable spree, he and Emory, with the British fiers. But he could not place Ashwood. Reference to his own prowess with his fists did not help a great deal. Celebrations which had ended in fights had been the rule rather than the exception.
There had not been a white-haired cripple present at any of their parties. This man had changed, perhaps, since their meeting. Jerry gave up the problem for the moment.
As the two emerged into the hot, glaring sunshine, the pilot felt as though a bottomless pit had opened beneath his feet.
(Copyright, Dial Press)
Have Emory and Stevens been captured? Jerry finds danger close, on Monday.

OREGON WOMEN IN GANG BROTHERS ARE RUBBED OUT

PORTLAND, July 30.—(AP)—The Oregon women's state relief committee was formed here today with 60 organizations represented and prospective force of 60,000 Oregon women made available for practical work in conservation of supplies for the needy.
Mrs. W. W. Gabriel, chairman of the woman's division of the state executive committee created by Governor Meier, presided. Assisting Mrs. Gabriel in sucking out county units of the state organization will be one key-woman in each of the 36 counties. They will co-ordinate the local organizations of women for effective work in their own communities.

OREGON WOMEN IN GANG BROTHERS ARE RUBBED OUT

PITTSBURGH, Pa., July 30.—(AP)—Three Volpe brothers—John, Johnnie and Arthur—long political powers in the borough of Wilmerding, were shot and killed today.
The shooting occurred in a coffee shop in what is known as the "Hill District" not far from the center of the city.
Dapper Johnnie Volpe, shot near the heart, staggered from the coffee shop and fell dead in the gutter.
His two brothers hardly moved from their tracks. They were dead when police reached the scene.
Call Lottie Howard, Rep. Investors Syndicate, 1936-4.

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