

# Gambler's Throw

by Eustace L. Adams

**SYNOPSIS:** Two men have been mysteriously murdered on the island where Jimmy Ashwood is holding the prisoners for ransom. Jerry Calhoun, who has hoped to rescue Nancy Wentworth, one of the prisoners, and his friend, Emory Bottles, have been captured by a detective, Stevens, and held by Ashwood and his gang.

## WHO KILLED THEM?

**MURDER-DRUNK** bird running around with a gun that we've got to have," Stevens groined. "Limpy brooding about some new scheme he's got in mind but doesn't want to talk about. Heat scrambling our brains like a pan full of eggs. Rewards slipping out from under us every minute. First thing you know there won't be any rewards to get; everybody'll be bumped off by the madman with the gun. We've got to get busy right away."

"Who killed Williams and the guard?" asked Jerry, his mind busy with the most obvious of the immediate problems at hand.

"I wish I knew. Might be almost anyone. I guess Limpy's right in blaming it on one of the prisoners. It's easy to guess, of course, that it would be Malloy or Lucel. Malloy's half off his cork now. Lucel would just as soon knock off another man as crack a peanut. But I'm not sure. Williams was a harmless little squid and hadn't been arguing with either of them. That leaves only the three of us, Hamilton and Martin. You boys didn't do it, did you?"

Jerry and Emory stared at him incredulously, but the old blue eyes were serious.

"Well, of course I really didn't think you did," he hastened to inform them. "But it doesn't seem a likely thing for anybody to do and this heat and everything certainly plays hell with a fellow's state of mind."

"Now this killing of the guard," he went on, "was another matter. Anybody—the three of us, even—would have had a motive there in getting his gun and ammunition. But it was cold-blooded as the devil, a thing I wouldn't want to do. If it hadn't been for the killing of Williams, a few minutes later, I'd have blamed it on Lucel. He's always sneaking around here at all hours of the day or night. It's a wonder the guards haven't shot him long ago. But I can't see him bumping Williams off. That's where my engine misses fire every time. I guess I'm not as bright as I used to be."

"I've had about enough of it," declared Jerry, a reckless gleam in his gray eyes. "You fellows keep your eye on me and when I start something, be ready to jump right into the middle of it. I haven't been in a good, old-fashioned, knock-down-and-drag-out bar-room brawl for so long that I'm beginning to crave action."

"Wish I'd brought along a couple of older men," complained Stevens plaintively. "It's all right to fight when there isn't any other way to get out of trouble. But the older you get, the more peaceable you become. You just jump a second too soon or a second too late, young man, and that Limpy will empty a whole clip into you before you reach him."

Jerry's face bore a stubborn expression which the detective's words failed to erase. The flyer was fed up with inaction and was determined to force things to a conclusion. The sooner the better.

Emory, a wide smile on his reckless face, cared little what happened so long as something happened soon. He was enjoying every minute of his stay on the island. Not since the armistice had his nerves tingled with such pleasurable anticipation of impending action as they did here, where every moment which passed in peace brought the inevitable crisis just that much closer. Even the thought that the murderer might pick him as his next victim did not decrease his happiness by a single whit. He believed he could take care of himself and the excitement of the moment would make the experience a delightful one. Emory's only conscious dread was of the days, months and years of probable boredom to come when this adventure had reached whatever conclusion was destined for it.

"Look," exclaimed Stevens. "Here comes Miss Wentworth. In a hurry, too."

The girl was approaching through the scrub, her face pale and drawn with emotion.

"Oh, Mr. Calhoun," she gasped. "I must get off this island this morning!"

"What's the matter?" demanded Jerry and Emory at the same moment. She had not been as overwrought and nervous during those horrible few minutes after Williams' murder.

"Ashwood is making me marry him. That plane has gone after a minister."

The three men stared at her in amazement. Jerry, his face suddenly pale, rose quickly, to his feet and turned toward the house.

"Come on, you fellows," he said, quietly. "Here's where the lid blows off."

Emory, smiling contentedly, rose and started after his friend. Stevens sat still, watching them quizzically.

"Where you fellows going?" he called.

Jerry stopped in mid stride.

"The houseparty's going to break up now," he snapped. "I'm going to take Ashwood apart to see what makes him tick."

"And what are the guards going to be doing?" asked the detective curiously.

"Are you coming?" demanded Jerry shortly.

"Uh, huh, in just a minute, if you'll sit down and plan things a little bit first. I never was one to rush right into trouble. Come on, sit down. Five-ten minutes isn't going to make or break anything."

Jerry and Emory hesitated. Their fighting blood was at the boiling point and logic was not what they wanted.

"Sit down, will you?" The detective's voice was petulant. "Do you want to do the best thing for Miss Wentworth or do you just want to fight?"

They sat down. Emory looked decidedly sulky.

"All right," said Stevens. "Now, Miss Wentworth, you sit down, too, and tell us all about it. We'll get things fixed up somehow. If we have to fight, I reckon we can do a pretty good job. If a little fernig going around will settle things, we'll do that. But tell us what it's all about."

She glanced at him gratefully and sank to the ground. His quiet, kindly voice impressed her with confidence. Scarcely, ironically, she told them of Ashwood's plans for her abduction.

"Phew!" Emory whistled, at the conclusion of her story. "The little girl has nerves enough, I'll hand him that."

Jerry had fought down his impulse for swift, decisive action.

"How about a marriage license?" he asked.

"He didn't mention that," replied the girl simply.

"The flyer might be able to get one wherever they're going after the minister," hazarded the old man.

"I wonder," ventured Jerry, hesitantly, "whether he would be threatened to carry you away if you had been married already?"

"No telling," said Stevens positively. "You can't guess the way that fellow's mind will turn. It's a fifty-fifty bet."

"I don't believe he would take a married woman off," stated Emory. "That bird has a code of morals all his own."

"Well, I'm not married," she said flatly, "so there's no use guessing about it."

"It might be worth taking a chance on," observed Jerry, a spot of red on each cheek-bone. She looked at him, not understanding.

"When is this marriage business going to be pulled off?"

"Tonight or tomorrow morning, I think." Her voice was discouraged. "Ashwood plans to leave here tomorrow."

"What?" demanded all three men at once.

"Yes, didn't you know? He says we can be at his yacht by tomorrow evening."

"Looks like we stand ready to lose our share of the reward," mourned Stevens. "Unless something happens tonight there doesn't seem much chance for us to claim the rescue of the kidnaped folks. We can't very well collect on them if Limpy turns them loose of his own accord. I just knew I wasn't going to get that pecan grove so easy!"

Emory laughed and slapped the old man on the back. But Jerry had not been listening. When he spoke his face was red.

"If we can get a chance to work on the minister, first, he might marry you to someone else—to me, for instance," he added desperately.

(Copyright, Dial Press)

Does Nancy agree? Uneasiness holds the house in the next installment.

# SEASON ON DUCKS IS LENGTHENED AS BOON TO HUNTER

Announcement has been made that the duck season throughout the United States will be two months

this year, with the Oregon season from noon October 16 to December 15. The time of the seasons vary according to climatic conditions in the states.

Bert Nobilt of the Jackson County Game Protective association stated yesterday that the California duck season, Tule Lake, would open November 1 and close December 31.

The limit is 15 ducks in a day, and 29 in a week, under the Oregon law, Mr. Nobilt pointed out, with four geese or brant in a day, or eight in possession. If a hunter is in the field more than one day, he may have

20 ducks and eight geese in his possession.

Season is opened on elder ducks which have increased under protection sufficiently to warrant shooting, he said. Not more than five of the 15 duck limit shall be elder ducks and not more than 10 of the 15 shall be canvasbacks, redheads, blue bills, ringnecks, blue wing, green wing and cinnamon teal, gadwells and shovellers as these varieties appear to need some protection.

The season is closed entirely on ruddy ducks and buffleheads. The ruddy duck is the small brown duck

with a fan-shaped tail, locally called splatter tails on account of its habit of rapidly kicking the surface of the water with its feet when rising in the air.

Mr. Nobilt said that the use of live duck decoys is limited to 25 in any one stand.

In addition, he stated, an open season of two weeks on wild or band-tailed pigeons in Washington, Oregon, California, Arizona and New Mexico was declared on account of the harm these birds are doing to farm crops. The actual date of this season will be announced later, as will the snipe season.

# BOLIVIAN PILOTS ARE SHOT DOWN

BUENOS AIRES, Aug. 8.—(AP)—Prospects for peace in the dispute between Paraguay and Bolivia over the Gran Chaco appeared more remote today following the shooting down of a Bolivian airplane

over the Paraguayan lines on the frontier.

The plane was shot down as it reconnoitered the Paraguayan forts, 20 miles east of Fort Chanar, in the middle of the swamps of Estero Patino. The two Bolivian aviators were captured.

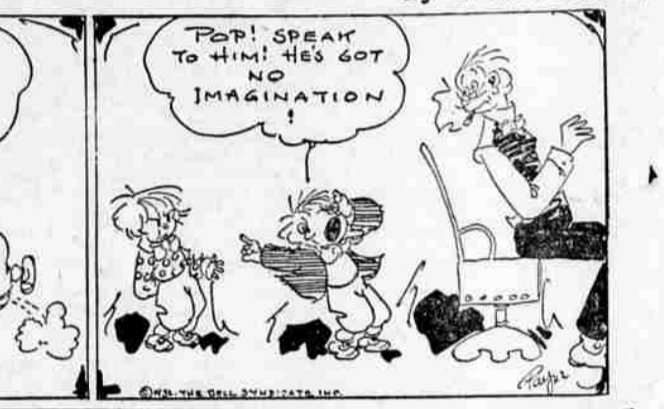
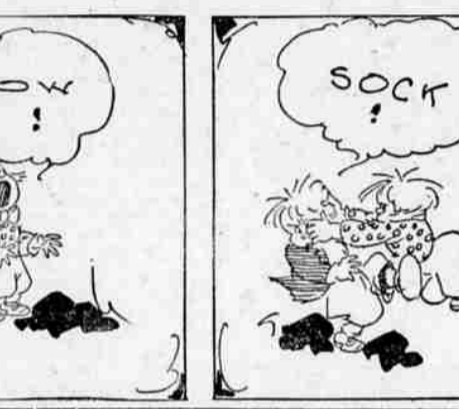
As a result of the incident, the Associated Press was informed, Paraguay was preparing to send a new note to the neutral Central and South American nations, and to the United States.

Permanent waves, \$2.50 and up. Bowman's, 103 W. Main. Phone 57.

# TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Chief Decides—What?



# S'MATTER POP—When Commonsense Intervenes



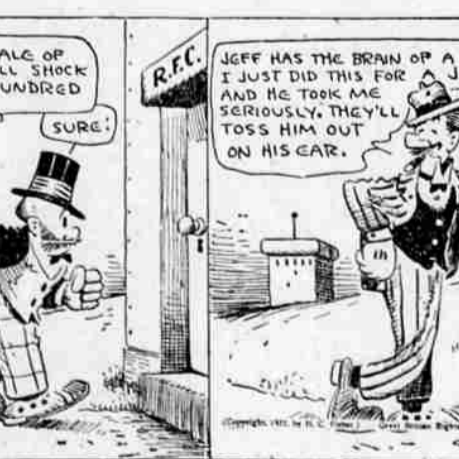
# BOUND TO WIN—Eli's Little Plan!



# THE NEBBS—I Never Thought Of That



# MUTT AND JEFF—Almost Uncanny



# BRINGING UP FATHER



# BAKER BOX MILL ON DOUBLE SHIFT

BAKER, Ore., Aug. 8.—(AP)—The Oregon Lumber company started a night shift in its box factory here Saturday, adding 25 men to its payroll. One hundred and twenty-five men are now employed at the Baker plant and 45 at Whitney, which is on a one shift basis. The Stoddard Lumber company, Baker's largest mill, is likely to reopen within a month it was learned today though no announcement was forthcoming at the company office here.

The Grande Ronde Pine company at Fondosa, 25 miles north of here, is running one shift in its lumber mill and two in its box factory. It

total payroll of about 175 men is about as large as it has ever employed. E. S. Collins of Portland is the principal owner of this enterprise.

Signs of renewed lumber activity have created a distinct improvement in local business sentiment within the past few days.

# Coo's Bay Ferry A stray in Fog

MARSHFIELD, Ore., Aug. 8.—(AP)—The usual ten-minute ferry trip across Coo's bay took more than an hour's time this morning when the boat became lost in fog and recovered its bearings nearly a mile off the shore's time Saturday when the real hundred feet after having been thrown overboard when the crew found further progress inadvisable.

When you shop at the Groceteria park your car at the Groceteria parking lot, 127 No. Central

# By George McManus



By GLEN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

By C. M. PAYNE

By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HESS

By BUD FISHER