

Gambler's Throw

by Eustace L. Adams

SYNOPSIS: Jerry Calhoun's return by plane to Ashwood's tropical island, with Stevens working a machine gun, must rout the gangsters attacking Ashwood's house. Jerry, Emory and Stevens have been opposed to Ashwood, who kidnapped Nancy Wentworth, now Jerry's wife, and several men. But they help him against his rebellious gang.

CHAPTER 37 A MYSTERIOUS LETTER

The hidden machine-gun became silent. The ground in front of the house seemed magically cleared of running men. The plane dived at the tree behind which the second machine-gun had been mounted. Ashwood rose, slipped his hot automatic into his shoulder holster and stretched, glancing about the room. Then the hard lines reappeared in his face as he glanced toward the far end of the room. Emory, getting to his feet, saw Alred, the faithful little steward, lying motionless. Ashwood limped across the room, looked down into the lifeless face for a long moment and turned away. "Let's pass out a round of grog, Ashie," suggested Emory. "I think we've earned it."

Stevens pushed his well-scraped plate aside with a sigh of complete contentment. He grinned comfortably at Nancy, who looked adorable in her borrowed cook's costume. Then he wandered to the door of the wrecked living room and surveyed the scene of desolation. In the reaction from the battle, it had been easy to forget the splintered walls. "Glad I wasn't here last night," he observed judiciously. "See you later."

"There," declared Jerry thoughtfully, "goes a real man." "He's had more fun the past few days," stated Ashwood, smiling, "than he's had in ten years." "If you'll excuse me," said Emory, rising, "I'm going to find a desk and write a letter."

"I'll ease out and see if the boys have cleaned up properly," decided the cripple. "Want to come along, you two?" He looked at Mallory and Martin so meaningfully that they started, guiltily, from their chairs and followed him precipitately. Then, suddenly, Mallory returned. "Here," he said to Nancy, "give these to the minister. Don't let him thank us."

"Look at these," she murmured and passed them to Jerry. They were two checks for \$25,000 each, drawn simply to the order of "Dr. Titherington's church." One was signed by Mallory, the other by Martin. "The fight last night seems to have restored Mallory to something like normal," observed Jerry. "It has done as much for Hamilton, we'll have a lot to be thankful for."

"The minister has finally agreed," said Nancy, "that if Hamilton wakes up in his right mind, nobody is to tell him about Williams and the guard. Their deaths will be explained as part of the general fight last night."

Jerry fell silent, his thoughts wandering. In another few hours they would be on their way back to civilization. In another week, perhaps, this glorious girl would be back on Broadway, charming the hearts of audiences.

able, not daring to believe his ears. "You're a beast!" Her voice shook a little. "Married two whole days and you haven't kissed me once!"

He reached for her hungrily and if his hard-muscled arms all but broke her back, she made no complaint. But, of course, she couldn't. Her lips were sealed. At length, it may have been five minutes later or an hour, Nancy Wentworth Calhoun pushed her husband away and straightened her hair. "One more kiss!" "Not until you return with another load of dishes."

He grumbled, but hastened into the dining room. Just as he was scooping up an armful of plates and cups his eye fell upon a large square envelope. Upon its face was his own name in large, scrawling letters. Anxious to return to Nancy, he grabbed a handful of plates and raced to the kitchen. Thumbing open the envelope flap, he withdrew the enclosure and stared, puzzled, at Emory's familiar handwriting. "What's the matter, Jerry?" Nancy was alarmed at his expression.

"Here, you read it to me." He thrust the letter into her hand. "Dear old top," she read, "it's almost time to shove off for New York a.d., eventually, Boston. But I can't stick it."

"I'm a restless bird of passage, a changeling child in a family to whom there is no world beyond Beacon Hill. I crave new scenes and new doings. It would never occur to me to fade out of the picture without you except that I know what you are too goofy to realize—that you are going to stay married."

"So, old man, after these many years, we've arrived at the parting of the ways which comes inevitably when a girl makes a trio out of a duo. You and Nancy. A great pair, old man! You'll settle down, worry about your golf game and become peevish when the chauffeur clashes the gears."

"Between pals, distance does not count. We'll drift together, old son, from time to time. I'll drop in on you, put my muddy feet on your mahogany deck and tell you how I got my tan and my touch of malaria. And you'll tell me how your tailor fesses about your respectable bulge. You'll be sorry for me and I'll be sorry for you. And maybe, in all your conventional happiness, you'll envy me just a little. You'll smell the smell of burned oil and exhaust gas and you'll remember the kickback of a gat against your palm and you'll wonder where I am and what I'm doing. But, as the old cliché goes, you can't have everything."

"Remember, Jerry, how we'd roll the dice when we faced a difficult decision? Gambler's throw, one roll? Well, I've rolled 'em and I'm joining up with Ashwood for a bit of a whirl somewhere. Next to you, he's the gamest little fighting cock I've ever known. Unlike you he has no future. In which, he resembles me; so we'll share together whatever old Lady Luck has in mind for us."

"You're an ornery cuss, Jerry. You fight too hard and too often. You're an easy-going guy, but you're hell on skates when you get riled. And it's pretty tough to have to shove off without you."

ALBANY GIRL IS ATTACK VICTIM

ALBANY, Ore., Aug. 22. — (AP) — Struggling free from a mass of driftwood and debris where she had been left for dead, Ina Rose, 8, daughter of Mrs. R. A. Rose, Albany, Saturday told police of a brutal attack. Her story led to the arrest of Dean Welch, 17, Albany high school student.

Police said Welch admitted planning a criminal assault on the young girl and that when she screamed as he tried to choke her he struck her over the head with a club, stabbed her with a pocketknife, then dragged her unconscious to a slough where he hid her body in the driftwood. Ina and her sister, Anna, 11, had been swimming at Bryant Park and were on their way to a sand bar when they met Welch, whom they both knew. Ina told police Welch asked her to help him find a purse, and then attacked her when they were alone.

SON-IN-LAW HELD IN POISON PLOT

McMINNVILLE, Ore., Aug. 22. — (AP) — Police disclosed this afternoon that Roy Reeves, 37, of McMinnville, is in county jail on a charge of attempted murder in connection with an attempt to poison

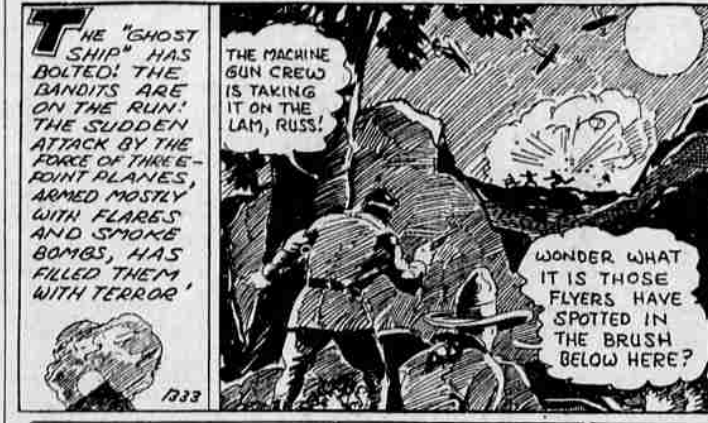
Mrs. W. A. Youum, his mother-in-law, at her farm near Ballston last Sunday. The formal charge was filed after a week of secret investigation, the officers said. Reeves pleaded not guilty today and was held to the Yamhill county grand jury. Mrs. Youum and Lee Janeway, her farm laborer, noticed a bitter taste to their coffee and cereal last Sunday morning, and discarded the food. A dog that ate some of the cereal died 20 minutes later. Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

SOVIET PLANNING DEATH OF CHURCH

VATICAN CITY, Aug. 22. — (AP) — Osservatore Romano, the Vatican newspaper, said today it had learned on excellent authority that the government of Soviet Russia had issued a secret decree ordering "liquidation"

of all churches by the end of 1933. "The Bolsheviks" said the newspaper, "have decided to give effect as soon as possible to their diabolical plan, elaborated down to the last detail, for a battle against religion." According to this decree all churches, chapels and houses of prayer must be completely "liquidated" not later than Dec. 31, 1933. After that date provisional rules will be made for a number of houses of prayer which will be tolerated for a certain period. Pender and body repairing. Prices right. Brill Sheet Metal Works.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Closing In On The Bandits!



THE "GHOST SHIP" HAS BOMBED! THE BANDITS ARE ON THE RUN! THE SUDDEN ATTACK BY THE FORCE OF THREE-FRONT PLANES, ARMED MOSTLY WITH FLARES AND SMOKE BOMBS, HAS FILLED THEM WITH TERROR!

THE MACHINE GUN CREW IS TAKING IT ON THE LAM, RUSS!

WONDER WHAT IT IS THOSE FLYERS HAVE SPOTTED IN THE BRUSH BELOW HERE?

THAT'S WHERE THE CROOKS HAVE THEIR SKY PROJECTOR SET UP.

LET'S START CLOSIN' IN AND TAKE THOSE BODIES WHILE THEY'RE STILL IN A PANIC.

THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO STAND THE SULPHUR SMOKE FROM THOSE BOMBS.

AN' NEITHER WILL WE.

BE BETTER FOR US TO STAY BELOW THEM. THEY'LL HAVE TO COME OUT THIS WAY.

BOUND TO WIN—The Raid!



LEMMIE HOLD ONTO THIS CURT I'LL LOOK BETTER!

ALL RIGHT!

COME ON, YOU TWO! STICK 'EM UP! I'M THE BOSS OF THIS ISLAND!

PLEASE DON'T SHOOT THIS DOG, MISTER! HE'S BEN'S, AND IF BEN TELLS HIM, HE WON'T HURT YOU!

HE COVERED ME WHEN I DROPPED MY GUN TO SAVE BRIAR FROM BEIN' SHOT!

THANKS, 'BIG FEET' I'LL NEVER FORGET THIS!

NO NONSENSE NOW! WHERE'S THE TREASURE?

THE TREASURE'S MINE! IT WONT' GIVE UP!

SNAP OUT OF IT, FAT BOY! YOU'LL GIVE UP SOMETHING MORE PRECIOUS THAN THE TREASURE IF YOU DON'T STOP THAT DRIVELING!

S'MATTER POP—A Trip For The Clohing Merchants



THIS STORE IS SELLING SUITS WITH AN EXTRA PAIR OF TROUSERS

I DON'T THINK I COULD DO BETTER THAN THAT

OH, YES YOU COULD, POP!

HUH?

SO SOME PLACE WHERE THEY GIVE YA AN EXTRA COAT, TOO!

I'LL BET YOU ARE GLAD I THOUGHT OF THAT, POP!

THE NEBBS—Good-Bye



BUDDY IS LEAVING LORELEI LODGE FOR A LONG AND FURIOUS CAMPAIGN FOR SENATOR -- HERE HE IS BIDDING GOODBYE TO THE GUESTS

WELL, MARTY, IF I DON'T SEE YOU BEFORE ELECTION, COME VISIT ME AT THE CAPITOL

GOOD-BYE, BUDDY, GET YOURSELF ELECTED. I'D LIKE TO BRAG ABOUT KNOWING A SENATOR

GOOD-BYE, FOLKS, I REGRET TO GO -- IT'S NOT EASY TO LEAVE SUCH FINE COMPANIONSHIP BUT DUTY CALLS ME SO I MUST GO -- BUT REMEMBER, IF I'M ELECTED (AND I WILL BE) MOTHER AND I SHALL EXPECT YOU TO CALL ON US AT THE CAPITOL!

THAT'S A PRE-ELECTION INVITATION! YES, YOU CAN HAVE MY INTEREST IN IT

YOU SEE, MOTHER, HOW I CAN HYPNOTIZE PEOPLE -- YOU SAW THE GENUINE FRIENDSHIP REFLECTED IN THEIR FACES -- I'VE GOT A WAY WITH ME, FANNY!

YES, YOU HYPNOTIZED THEM -- FROM THE INVITATIONS YOU'RE SENDING OUT, IF YOU'RE ELECTED AND THEY ALL COME TO VISIT YOU YOU'LL HAVE TO HYPNOTIZE THEM TO MAKE THEM BELIEVE THEY'VE BEEN ENTERTAINED!

MUTT AND JEFF—Jeff, Where Art Thou?



JEFF HAS THE OTHER HALF OF THIS HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL, AND HE SAID WORD THAT IF I FOUND HIM HE'D SLIP IT TO ME. IT'S WORTHLESS THIS WAY -- AND I GOTTA EAT. I'VE GOT AN IDEA, I CAN BLUFF WITH IT!

HOT DOGS

CAN YOU CHANGE A HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL, TONY? TEE HEE.

NO -- BUT I GETTA HEEM CHANGED. HEY -- MUTT'S DEES? ONLY HALFA DA BILL!

I TAKA BACK DA HOTTA DOG -- YOU TAKA BACK DA CRAZY BILL!

BRINGING UP FATHER



BUT MAGGIE -- IF I'M ELECTED MAYOR I CAN'T APPOINT THE PEOPLE YOU SUGGEST -- I HAVE OBLIGATIONS TO OTHERS WHO MUST TAKE CARE OF

I'M NOT SUGGESTING, I'M TELLING YOU. I SAID THAT YOU APPOINT THEM AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT YOU ARE GOING TO DO. I AM THINKING OF MY SOCIAL STANDING, GET OUT

WELL -- I'VE BROUGHT THE BOYS HERE AN' I'LL TELL YOU JUST WHAT JOBS THEY ARE TO BE APPOINTED TO.

I'M GONNA HAVE A LOT TO SAY IF I'M ELECTED, BUT THAT'S ALL.

NOW JIMMIE BANKS IS TO BE CONTROLLER -- SLIM SLATTS IS TO BE FIRE COMMISSIONER -- AN' DINNY DOAKS IS TO BE CITY TREASURER. I'LL DECIDE LATER WHAT I WANT. REMEMBER, THIS IS FINAL.

NICE LOT OF PLAYMATES FER ME

WELL -- I'VE GOT A BRIGHT FUTURE BETWEEN THAT GANG AN' MAGGIE.

FOUR ASPHYXIATED BY SEWER FUMES

BUTTE, Mont., Aug. 22. — (AP) — Four Butte men were asphyxiated Saturday by accumulated sewer gas in an excavation. One of the dead was a fire department captain. Three other firemen were overcome but physicians said they will live. The dead: Simon Behan, 54, a captain of the Butte fire department; Patrick McIntee, 73, and his two sons, Ed McIntee, 33, and Eugene McIntee, 38. A basement was being dug under a garage in the rear of the elder McIntee's house. The McIntees had used dynamite in excavating. The blast was believed to have shattered an old sewer pipe.

G. PASS SLAYER PLEADS GUILTY

GRANTS PASS, Ore., Aug. 22. — (AP) — Milton Wiley, 36, of Grants Pass pleaded guilty in circuit court here today to a charge of second degree murder in connection with the death of shooting of John Simson, 51, also of Grants Pass. Circuit Judge H. D. Norton postponed the passing of sentence until Monday morning. Simson was fatally shot at the Oscar Pryor camp on Cove creek near here Aug. 10. Wiley, who police said readily admitted the shooting, at first said he acted in self defense. In court this afternoon he said he shot in a fit of anger. Life imprisonment is this state's penalty for second degree murder.

By George McManus



WELL -- I'VE GOT A BRIGHT FUTURE BETWEEN THAT GANG AN' MAGGIE.

By Bud Fisher



WELL -- I'VE GOT A BRIGHT FUTURE BETWEEN THAT GANG AN' MAGGIE.

By Edwin Alger



WELL -- I'VE GOT A BRIGHT FUTURE BETWEEN THAT GANG AN' MAGGIE.

By Sol Hess



WELL -- I'VE GOT A BRIGHT FUTURE BETWEEN THAT GANG AN' MAGGIE.

By C. M. Payne



WELL -- I'VE GOT A BRIGHT FUTURE BETWEEN THAT GANG AN' MAGGIE.

By Glenn Chaffin and Hal Forrest



WELL -- I'VE GOT A BRIGHT FUTURE BETWEEN THAT GANG AN' MAGGIE.