VACATION ESCAPADE

by ARTHUR SHUMWAY

CHAPTER 57

THERE WAS no chance that day to get to Ted or Hall or to the police the news of her discovery that Proctor must have written the note to the police, must have had Gus Vitelli killed and Ted "framed", for that strange, devilishly shrewd, and charming man insisted on taking her to a dance at the Clarendon hotel.

"It'll be our last night in Daytona for a long time," he said cheerfully.

"It will?"

Sally trembled inwardly, but she gave him an intriguing smile and half veiled her eyes.

He nodded. "I'm waiting only for the races now. They're going to have them in a hurry if this wind gives them a good beach tonight—and dies down. It will be great to watch, Sally. We'll see it from the house. Three of the world's fastest cars."

"I heard them testing today," Sally said. "The Englishman and Egan."

"Captain Bucklin is having a little trouble with his job, poor fellow," Proctor said. "Nice chap, too. But Egan's is going to be the big surprise. I've put a big roll on that lad," he added. "As for the 'Triton', which our friend Chandler" (he said the name with a special emphasis) "is going to break his neck in, there's no telling which way it's going to fly, but it'll do something funny. And my guess is that it'll land in the ocean—the way Lockhart's did—only Lockhart escaped that time. No," he said, shaking his head sadly, "I'm sorry for poor Chandler. Handy young man, but—foolish."

Sally felt gooseflesh creeping over her body. What was this man planning. What, perhaps, had he already done to Ted's car?

But she could do nothing now. Save to go to the Clarendon with him for an evening of superficial gaiety that really was torture. They traveled again in the sedan with two other cars guarding them. Evidently Mike Collins still hovered somewhere about. Proctor had said nothing of him, though, and had made no reference to the murder of the men outside the house the night before. He seemed as cheerful as if he were a college boy at home for a Christmas holiday dance.

That night as she went to bed, little able to sleep, Sally knew the wind had died down. That meant Ted would race tomorrow.

She lay, tossing and turning in bed, when she heard steps outside her door, heavy, familiar steps, and heard a voice—Louie Gokar's. She arose quickly and listened. Louie evidently went into Proctor's room. Sally slipped on her robe and stole into the hall, taking a desperate chance.

Scarcely daring to breathe, she tiptoed to Proctor's door and crouched, listening.

". . . but there ain't a chance, boss. They be watching twice as close tonight, see? I get that guy. He wing me last night. I get him!"

"You bet you will, Louie—or you'll wish you had," Proctor remarked in an even, pleasant tone.

"Sure, I get him, boss. I wreck that car."

Sally trembled. Wreck that car! Ted's car!

"Machine gun in the speedboat, boss. We lay off the beach and wait. When he come we let him have it. We got two chances—the up and the down."

"And if I were you, Louie, I wouldn't miss," Proctor said quietly.

Hearing a movement in the room, Sally darted back to her own, just as Louie came out. She snatched up her pistol, slipped it into the pocket of her pajamas, wrapped her tweed coat around her body and slipped over the windowsill, hung by her finger tips, dropped, and struck the sand with a stunning force. She looked up dazedly, then rose, determined to reach Ted and prevent Proctor's murderous plan to wreck the "Triton" with a machine gun planted in a speedboat lying in the water just off the race course. She started to run toward the front of the house when Louie Gokar's bulk appeared from the side door. He whirled and saw her.

Sally turned and plunged back toward the beach. Louie was after her, making surprising headway for such a neavy man. His foot stretched forward. Sally felt her ankles go and fell flat on her face in the sand.

Louie Gokar's big hand grasped her shoulder and jerked her to her feet.

She heard Fred Proctor's voice from his window.

"What is it, Louie?"

"Come down, boss," Louie called, his big left arm crushing the breath from Sally's body. The other arm was in a sling.

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Ted paced in the hard sand by the "Triton", glancing at his wrist watch, anxiously watching the waterline as it grew farther and farther up the beach, narrowing the strip of firm sand on which he would have to send his gigantic car crashing at a terrific, flaming speed. If Egan didn't hurry and run Ted would be cheated of his turn by the tide and would have to wait another day. That day might not come soon, either, for a breeze was coming up out of the southeast, the danger quarter on the Florida coast, the source of the disastrous West Indian storms. Ted was certain that Egan, who had drawn the privilege of running second, was stalling to crowd Ted out of that day's program.

"Not much time, Ted," Winslow Porter growled, puffing at his cigar and looking apprehensively at the southeastern horizon, which was dark and thick.

"Don't I know it," Ted snapped. His nerves were brittle. Especially after the narrow escape Captain Bucklin, the Englishman, had had when his motor gave out toward the end of his first run and sloughed the car about the beach, finally pitching Bucklin into the water to escape with a broken arm and a bad shaking. If the accident had happened during the high speed section of the run, Bucklin would be dead instead of sitting down in a box at the grandstand, gamely watching for the appearance of his rivals, smoking his stubby little pipe and chatting with Lord and Lady Brinchwell who had come from London to see him race.

Finally the man at the telephone looked up and nodded at Ted and Porter. "Egan's coming," he announced.

"It's about time!" Porter growled.

They waited what seemed a long time, but really was scarcely more than a couple of minutes when they heard the high-pitched scream of Egan's "Mystery Bullet". It was an unearthly, blood-chilling sound, worse even than the screech of Frank Lockhart's little white car, old-timers declared. It could be heard clear over on the mainland, across the river—a sound that suggested that the heavens and earth and all mankind had suddenly been plunged, wailing and roaring, into the pit of hell.

It grew rapidly louder as Egan's black, bullet-shaped car with the big red question marks on the side, gained speed and approached the record mile in front of the grandstand. Fifteen to twenty thousand persons were watching that screaming black flash, spitting a wake of thick smoke which reeked of burning castor oil. They cheered all along the line, their shouts lost in that screaming noise, as the car whizzed past them, boring its way through the air, its wheels seemingly scarcely to touch the beach, its body rising and falling with the easy undulations of the sand.

Almost as soon as Ted's party heard the car they saw it in the white, hazy distance of the beach, emerging from the delicate mist, a rapidly growing black spot, then a recognizable shape, a car, and in what seemed an instant it was approaching them much more slowly now, screaming no longer, its motor coughing and popping as it neared the end of the marked-off beach.

Egan got out, a black-clothed, black-helmeted little figure with a grimy, grinning face. Ted and Porter rushed over and patted his back and pumped his hands. In a moment the telephone man looked up. "Two-sixty-five, Mr. Egan," he said.

Egan jumped up and shouted and Ted and Porter and Egan's men pressed about him again. "A new record, young feller," Winslow Porter said. "Do as well on the way back and you'll give us something to shoot at."

In a few minutes Egan was back in his car and his men began pushing it forward. the motor crackled, coughed, belched black smoke, and he was off with a terrific whine. Incredibly soon he was gone, a vanishing speck dying in the white haze, and only the scream, unearthly, nerve-shattering, remained. And suddenly that stopped.

The telephone man looked up. "Egan crashed," he said.

Ted felt his stomach sink. A moment ago the likeable little Irish lad had been laughing and joking with them, a potential new world's champion driver. Now—the Lord knew! But that was beach racing.

Finally the word came on the telephone that the course was clear, but the mayor of Daytona Beach wished Ted wouldn't run that day. The crowd had been horrified by the two crashes, especially the latter which had killed little Egan, and the beach was narrowing with the incoming tide and a bad wind was coming up out of the southeast; looked like a storm.

"Don't do it, then, Ted, my boy," Winslow Porter said gently, putting a chubby hand on Ted's scarlet-clad shoulder.

Ted merely walked toward the car, pulled his goggles down from his dome-shaped steel helmet, and crawled into the narrow cockpit of the great racing machine. He raised a hand to the telephone man. His lips were a tight, pale line.

Winslow Porter shrugged and sighed heavily. He came over, patted Ted's shoulder and shook his hand. "Good luck, lad," he mumbled.

One of Ted's men took his post at the hand magneto used for starting the great motors; the others stood at Ted's side, ready to help. Ted snapped the switch and in a moment the motors, already warm, were sputtering, snapping, roaring. Finally Ted gave the signal and the men gave the great car a shove as he touched his foot to the pedal of the motor-driven clutch and threw the gears into low. When he let out the clutch, the car leaped ahead, gaining momentum. Ted saw the white flags whiz past, saw the horizon draw in upon him, touched the clutch again, went into second, and felt the car seem to leave the ground. Finally into high, the white flags whizzing past in a blur, the motors roaring, the wind howling. And then he knew he was master no longer. The great car would stay together and hold its course or it would not. All he could do was grip the wheel and feed the gas and trust to luck.

The record mile. A sensation such as being wrenched from his skin and sucked through space, a wall of white—the flags—a blur of black—the grandstand—and ahead a thin funnel of open space, blurry and dark in the foreground, closing in upon him. And it was over before it had begun, it seemed, and he was conscious of the thought that he should ease the pressure.

At the end of the course he found them cheering.

"Two-seventy-seven," a man shouted.

From out of the confusing blur of people came a dark face. Flobelia Bushnell's. She shouted in his ear, her voice faint and far away after the motors. "Mist' Chan'ler! They taken Miss Sally!"

"Who has?" Ted demanded savagely. The news cameraman's mouth dropped open, but he cranked on, and another pushed forward for a picture.

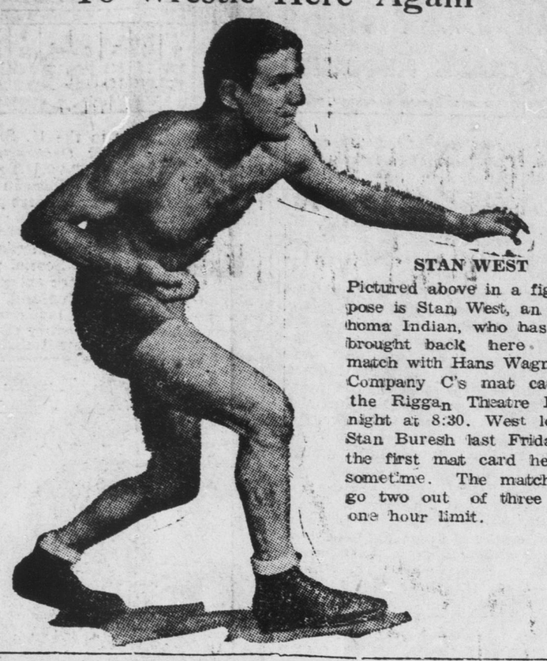
"Mist' Proctah. They taken her to the boat."

"We'd better start back, sir," one of Ted's men warned. "That tide's coming in and the wind is rising."

Mechanically Ted sank back into the seat and let them wheel him around. He gripped the steering wheel viciously. Sally! But there was the race to finish; there was Winslow Porter depending upon him. In a moment the motors were roaring again and he was off, a scarlet streak. "Oh, God, see me through this now!" he moaned.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

To Wrestle Here Again



STAN WEST

Pictured above in a fighting pose is Stan West, an Oklahoma Indian, who has been brought back here for a match with Hans Wagner on Company C's mat card at the Riggan Theatre Friday night at 8:30. West lost to Stan Buresh last Friday on the first mat card her for sometime. The match will go two out of three falls, one hour limit.

ANOTHER MAT CARD HERE FRIDAY NIGHT

Stan West Meets Hans Wagner, Mallory Meets Ramos At Riggan Theatre

Mat fans will get another taste of the old wrestling game here Friday night at 8:30 at the Riggan Theatre when Promoter R. B. (Bob) Carter brings Stan West here to meet Hans Wagner in the feature match of the evening, with Bulldog Mallory and Pete Ramos wrestling the semi-finals.

A predicted hurricane kept the fans away from the card last Friday night and the promoter, together with the officers of Company C, decided to give it another test in the city, bringing the boys back here tomorrow.

The fight is slated to be plenty rough, according to the advance dope passed out by those in charge of the bouts. The men are said to be high in their profession and are plenty "mean" when they get into the ring

West, an Oklahoma Indian, wrestled Stan Buresh here last Fridya and lost his match but proved to be popular with the fans. He is plenty tough and is expected to give Wagner a good tussle on tomorrow night's program.

Bulldog Mallory earned his handle by the fight he displays in the ring and his match with Pete Ramos is expected to be just as tough as any of them for both of the boys show plenty of skill and are hard fighters.

If the fights go over big tomorrow night, a schedule will be arranged bringing wrestlers to the city every Friday night, it was said by an officer in Company C, sponsors of tomorrow's program. Good crowds are expected to turn out and the fights are expected to be on par with those given in Raleigh at the Memorial Auditorium by the same promoter. Two fights have been had among the spectators during the matches that have been held there.

Results

AMERICAN LEAGUE

New York 5; Chicago 3.
Washington 13; St. Louis 5.
Philadelphia 2; Detroit 1.
No others played.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Pittsburgh 3; Brooklyn 0.
No others played.

Standings

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Club:	W	L	Pct
Washington	96	49	.662
New ork	87	55	.613
Philadelphia	75	67	.528
Cleveland	74	72	.507
Detroit	69	79	.466
Chicago	63	82	.434
Boston	59	84	.413
St. Luis	55	90	.379

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Club:	W	L	Pct
New York	88	55	.615
Pittsburgh	83	65	.561
Chicago	82	67	.547
St. Louis	80	67	.544
Boston	76	68	.528
Brooklyn	59	84	.412
Philadelphia	56	85	.397
Cincinnati	57	90	.388

Today's Games

AMERICAN LEAGUE

St. Louis at Washington
Detroit at Philadelphia.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Brooklyn at New York.
Cncinnatti at Chicago.

FOOTBALL PRICES POPULAR TO FANS

Chapel Hill, Sept. 21.—The 50 percent reduction in prices for season tickets for home games at Carolina this year is makng a big big hit with the fans.

University athletic officals have received numerous congratulatory messages along with a number of orders, since the reducton, made to enable more fans to see more games was announced Tuesday.

Tickets to eight home games, five varsity and three freshman contests are being offered for $6, whereas if the tickets are purchased singly they would cost $11.45. This latter figure, however, represents a reduction under last year.

BUSTER CRABBE TARZAN THE FEARLESS

ROCKY MOUNT FAIR TO BE BIGGEST YET

Rocky Mount, Sept. 21—The Rocky Mount Fair to be held here under the direction of the Twin County Fair Association October 16-21, will be the biggest and most elaborate ever undertaken here if present plans materialize.

A number of entirely new features are assured an dthe carnival which will be on the midway is regarded as the best ever secured for the fair.

C. W. Jacks, manager, is busily engaged in making extensive repairs to the fair grunds and buildings and will have everything in readiness when the fair opens. All of the buildings are undergoing rennovation the grounds aare being put in condition and several thousand feet of new fence is being erected.

Probably the most important improvement being made is the regrading of the track for high speed racing. The straightaways are being leveled and smoothed and the curves sharply banked for safety of drivers in rounding them.

On the midway will be the famous "World of Mirth" shows. It is the same show which will play the Virginia State Fair and the N. C. State Fair at Raleigh. It will come to Rocky Mount directly after the close of the State Fair at Raleigh.

BREES WILL CLOSE CONCERTS AT DUKE

Durham, Sept. 21—For his final recital of the summer season, Anton Brees, noted carillonneur of the Mountain Lake Singing Tower at Lake Wales, Fla., who has been guest recitalist at Duke since early in June, will include a program of familiar compositions the favorites of the thousands who have heard him throughout the summer.

Mr. Brees has rendered two programs weekly on Thursday evenings and Sunday afternoons, and has been heard by thousands of visitors from throughout this and other states.

For his final program the carillonneur will include a number of favorite compositions of those who have heard him during the past four months and have requested familiar selections.

Versailles is about 11 miles southwest of Paris.

100 FROSH GRIDMEN REPORTING AT DUKE

Durham, Sept. 21.—One hundred freshman football players reported for the first practice at Duke university this week. Late arrivals were expected to swell the total to 125 before the end of this week.

The Imps open with Wake Forest in Duke stadium on October 8, the day before the Wake Forest and Duke varsity elevens battle.

WILL SEND GROUP TO GRANGE EVENT

State College To Be Represented at Lexington September 27-28

College Station, Raleigh, Sept. 21.—The State College school of agriculture will send a representative delegation to the fifth annual meeting of the North Carolina Grange to be held at the National Orphnas Home of the Junior Order near Lexington on September 27 and 28.

W. Kerr Scott, former county agent of the Extension Service and president of the State Farmers' Convention, is master of the State Grange and will preside at the two-day sessions. Scott has announced an interesting meeting and a good prospective attendance. Phil M. Hendricks, county agent of Davidson county, is master of the Davidson Pomona Grange, host for the annual meeting.

The State Grange will open its session on the morning of September 27 in the sixth degree, dropping to the fourth degree for the transaction of business and the appointment of various committees.

During the afternoon there will be reports from the various state officers followed by a debate between teams winning the right to compete in the state finals. Dr. Clarence Poe, past master of the Grange, will deliver an address in the afternoon.

The annual Grange banquet will be held in the evening at six o'clock with a program planned by the Davidson Grange.

The program Thursday will be largely a business affair featured by the election of officers and the conferring of high degrees.

BUSTER CRABBE TARZAN THE FEARLESS

— WRESTLING —

PROFESSIONALS

8:30—Friday—8:30, September 22

STAN WEST Vs. HANS WAGNER

2 out of 3—1 hour limit

Bulldog Mallory Vs. Pete Ramos

Auspices Co. "C" 120th Infantry

RIGGAN THEATRE

Admission 40 and 65c (tax included)

STIFF SCRIMMAGE GIVEN HIGH SQUAD

Bill Scoggins Shows Up Well, Little Offered by Remainder of Squad

A stiff scrmmage sessions was passed out yesterday afternoon to the high school grid hopefuls by Coach Hank Powell and his assistants, Jimmie Harris and Randy Teague, former high school stars; but little was shown on the part of the team with the exception of the veteran Bill Scoggins at quarter. The backs have not shown any marked ability of speed or shiftiness in their drills but they are expected to show some improvement before their first game here on September 29 with Methodist Orphanage. of Raleigh.

Three linesmen are clicking along in very good style. They are Rudy Teague, center, Ben Nelson, guard, and Donald Evans, tackle, but all three lack the experience that will make them into first string timber.

Another stiff drill was to be passed out this afternoon, giving the men a mighty good opportunity to get into good shape before the first game.

Coach Powell said today that he would probably be able to release the schedule for the 1933 season tomorrow.

DUKE GRID PRICES GIVEN FOR SEASON

Durham, Sept. 21.—Prices of admission to Duke univeysty's home football games this fall were announced today by Wallace Wade, athletic director. All prices listed included both State and federal taxes.

The same low scale of prices which met with such approval among fans last year is again listed this fall.

SAVE WITH SAFETY AT

PARKER'S DRUG STORE

YOUR Rexall DRUG STORE

Sale PRICES EVERYDAY

SPECIAL PRICES on SHAVING NEEDS

35c Colgates Shaving Cream .. 25c
25c Rexall Shaving Cream .. 15c
75c Lilac Vegetal 59c
50c Durham Duplex Blades .. 44c

SPECIAL PRICES on MEDICINES

50c Phillips Milk of Magnesia 39c
$1.00 Dr. Miles Nervine 89c
50c Groves Chill Tonic 44c
60c Bromo Seltzer 49c

$1.00 Dr. Foster's Liver Kick 59c

70c Sloan's Liniment 49c

50c Jonteel Cold Cream ... 29c

50c Alco Rex Rubbing Alcohol 29c

$1.00 Listerine Antiseptic 69c

Probak, Gillette and Auto Strop Blades 25c

75c Fountain Syringe 39c

HOME NEEDS

4-oz. Spirits Ammonia 29c
50c Vanilla Extract 33c
50c Lemon Extract 33c
Quart Milk of Magnesia 69c

TOILET GOODS

$1.00 Dugas Face Face Powder 50c
50c Ipana Tooth Paste 39c
50c Palmolive Shampoo 25c
$2.00 Ambrosia Combination 75c

$1.00 Wine of Cardui 89c

$1.00 Orchid Face Powder .. 69c

$1.00 Coty Talcum Powder .. 59c

SAVE AT PARKER'S

50c Grove's Chill Tonic 44c
40c Fletcher's Castoria 34c
60c Syrup Pepsin 54c
60c Bromo Seltzer 49c
15c Putnam Dyes 10c
25c Colgate's Tooth Paste 19c

75c Mineral Oil, pint 49c

Pint Pure Cod Liver Oil 69c

Parker's Everyday Prices