

Prince of the Pampas

by LOIS EBY AND JOHN C. FLEMING

SYNOPSIS

TERRY ARNOLD, a young Vermont newspaperman, has written a fairly successful novel. To gather material for a second book she has gone to the Argentine, for subject matter to be the wealthy playboy set of that Latin-American country.

FITZ THUNDER, a New York columnist in love with Terry, has vainly advised against the trip.

DON DE VERA is an Argentine newspaperman who mistakes Terry for a Miss Ainsworth, a Boston heiress.

YESTERDAY: Believing her idea for her novel a failure, Terry purchases a cheaper plane to New York, though she clings to the hope that something will occur to prolong her stay in Argentina.

CHAPTER TWO

FOR ONE painful instant Terry's eyes refused to focus on the figure coming through the revolving door. She was conscious only of the thumping beat of the rhumba, the muffled roar of a lifting plane beyond the glass walls of the room and the rhythm of her own ringing words.

"If a woman comes through next, I go home, but if it's a man, I stay."

Then the enveloping haze around the fateful person slowly faded. Terry's hammering heart seemed to stop.

It was a man! A short, stocky man in loose hanging top coat and slouch hat. Terry never saw him again, but years later she could describe him in detail. She took a deep breath and a tingle of reckless happiness shot through her.

"I love that man," she said. She tipped the astonished waiter and made her way out of the tearoom full of hope, brimming with her own bright humor instead of the sardonic gloom that had filled her when she came in. It was not until she was crossing the vast airport again that any misgiving assailed her.

Nothing had changed, really. She rechecked herself, except that she had tricked herself into doing a completely mad thing. It was idiotic to be happy about it.

Perhaps, she calmed her conscience, she couldn't turn in her ticket so near plane time. Then she would have to go home. She dug into the dark recesses of her handbag and brought out the small envelope. Her hand trembled noticeably as she slipped it through the polished brass grillwork. "Could I get my money back?"

The man gave the ticket swift, professional glance, and pulled open a drawer.

"Certainly. We have people waiting for cancellations on that flight." His skilled fingers raced through crisp red bills, shoving a pile of them under the grill to her.

Terry heaved a grinning sigh. "You know, you're contributing to infantile delinquency, don't you?" she murmured as she stuffed the bills into her bag. She left the puzzled Latin and went on to the baggage window.

The dark-eyed attendant here remembered the beautiful, young Norte American in pants. He grinned slyly at her.

"Your baggage we are just taking now to the plane."

Terry put down her baggage check on the metal counter. "You can bring it back then, please," she said. "I'm not going."

She reflected humorously, while waiting for her bag at the front entrance later, if all the puzzled Latin she had left in her wake in the last few minutes could be laid end to end. . . . She didn't finish the thought because her gaze had jolted to an embarrassed stop.

A few feet away from her, also waiting for a bag and now staring at her with reluctant suspicion, were the three newspapermen.

She could have read their minds at 20 paces. So she was taking the plane, was she? Why, the chiseling little double-faced, press-dodging Got-rocks! (Or the South American news-hawk equivalent.)

Her gaze moved on vaguely. Maybe they wouldn't follow it up. But, as she hurried across to the approaching cab, she realized that the approaching cab, she realized that De Vera, the tall dark one, bowed.

"You are NOT taking the plane, Senorita?"

Terry tried for a bright, casual smile. "I've changed my mind."

Three pairs of dark eyes smiled at her insensitively.

"A woman's privilege, you know," Terry argued.

"But naturally," murmured De Vera.

The driver slid Terry's bag into the cab, climbed back behind his wheel, and raged his engine impatiently. Terry got in quickly and one of the newspapermen shut the door.

"Where, Senorita?" The driver was painfully twisting his fat neck half around.

The three newspapermen lunged against the cab and grinned at Terry maliciously, waiting for her reply.

"Drive on," said Terry desperately. "I haven't decided."

De Vera gave her an understanding beam and leaned toward the driver.

"The Plaza, of course, Pedro," he said. "and drive carefully." The cab pulled away from the curb with a jerk and Terry sat back violently.

She righted herself again, indignant and amused. She would have to tell him where to go. The Plaza was fantastically expensive. But, she hesitated. Her hand was resting on the roll of bills in her handbag. She was gambling, wasn't she? If she didn't win on the race tomorrow she'd be broke anyway. Abruptly the comfort and luxury of the Plaza seemed infinitely desirable. She sat watching the glittering shop fronts, the cabarets, the cinematographs whirl by and by.

fore she could overcome this last temptation, they had pulled up into the porticochere and a large doorman in moss green livery generously awarded with gold braid, was opening the door.

She smiled at the imposing doorman. If he only knew, she thought, what a familiar figure he was to her. She had scouted him long often in her sports coat and walking shoes slipping into the hotel for an hour of eager watching and eavesdropping in a frantic effort to understand and exploit the smart, cosmopolitan Argentine set that made this their headquarters when they came in from their estates.

But she had never met even one.

As she followed the boy with her bag across the vast lobby, she felt sobered. She wouldn't meet one of them now. She was throwing her money away. Why, she asked herself fiercely, she kept on walking toward the desk, was she so stubborn? A single comforting thought came to her. The desk was thronged with people. The night before the race that of course the hotel would be filled. She would still be saved from her mad action.

And then she saw De Vera. He was draped in nonchalant fashion over the black marble desk while his companions slouched comfortably in nearby chairs.

"For a moment you had given us this slip," he smiled pleasantly.

There were a faint of relief in Terry's eyes as she assured him she did not. He frowned. Terry felt happier. "Well, if you haven't anything—"

It was then she saw the swift look that passed between the clerk and the newspaperman. The clerk abruptly beamed at her.

"By the great good fortune we have something left. I am assured would please the senorita."

Terry could have happily chafed each of the three benevolent newspapermen. She signed her name in bold letters, but the clerk was prepared for a non de plume. He merely exchanged a fresh look with the newspaperman and, as he called up an attendant to escort her to her room, handed Terry a racing form. The senorita might like this.

De Vera followed her to the elevator. "Perhaps," he murmured, "you would give him a tip on to newspaperman's race."

Terry smiled grimly at him. "I'm playing a LAST CHANCE," she said cryptically. "You might try it to win!" She stopped on the elevator and as it shot up she glanced at the racing form to hide her amusement at his puzzled look. And then her eyes stopped on a line. "William Ventura. It meant 'last chance'!"

(To Be Continued)

THIMBLE THEATRE—Starring Popeye



BLONDIE—(Registered U. S. Patent Office) Mr. Fixit!

By Chic Young



THE GUMPS SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE



HIMMLER'S BODY AFTER HE TOOK HIS OWN LIFE



His hands locked across his chest in death, Heinrich H. Hitler, most savage of the Nazis, lies on the floor of a tiny room in a brick house in Lamsberg, Germany, after he had committed suicide. The mustache he had worn for many years is missing. He had snuffed out an attempt to take his own life by shooting his appearance in other ways, but British troops captured him despite the chances. The former Gestapo chief chewed a vial containing cyanide while doctors were examining him and died some minutes later. British official radio photo. (International)

DOENITZ AND HIS AIDES AFTER THEIR ARREST



SHOWN AFTER THEIR ARREST following a dramatic meeting aboard the German liner Patria in Flensburg harbor are Production Minister Albert Speer; Adm. Karl Doenitz, who made himself Fuehrer after Hitler's reported death and Col. Gen. Gustav Jodl, one of the signers of the German unconditional surrender terms of Reims. In company with the remaining members of the German general staff in Flensburg, they were flown out of Germany. The arrests put an end to the Doenitz "government." (International Radiophoto)

THE OLD HOME TOWN

By STANLEY



SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK

By R. J. SCOTT



BARCLAY ON BRIDGE

NOT A LEAD DIRECTOR

ONE OF the working tools of the expert bridge craftsman is the conventional meaning attached to a business double of a slam contract. It informs the partner that the normal lead is not desired, but that a different one, of the suit which otherwise would be considered the worst possible lead, should defeat the contract. That does not apply, however, except to doubles of a slam. The double of a lower contract merely expresses confidence in the side's ability to beat the contract by normal defense, and is in no sense a lead director.

♠ K 9 3
♥ 7 5
♦ A K J 10 9 6
♣ A 2

♠ A 4
♥ K Q 10
♦ 8 7 5 2
♣ K 8 7 4

♠ Q J 10 5 2
♥ 4 2
♦ 4
♣ Q J 6 5 3

(Dealer: North—North-South vulnerable)

North	East	South	West
1 ♠	Pass	1 ♠	2 ♥
3 ♠	3 ♥	Pass	Pass
3 ♠	Pass	4 ♠	Pass
Pass	Dbl		

West, a relatively recent recruit to the ranks of contract players, had heard about the use of a double as a lead director. He decided that East was asking for the lead which ordinarily is the worst suit of all to choose against the kind of bidding done by North and South—the suit bid by the dummy. So he led the diamond Q, and thereby "spilled the beans."

South took that trick with the dummy's A and led the spade 3. East came right in with the A so he could promptly return a diamond. He was sure that West would not have led that suit unless he had a singleton in it, and was shocked when South got a discard on the lead instead of West ruffing it. Winning that in the dummy, South then scored two more trumps, led to the club A and two diamonds to discard all of his own losers except one with ♣. Consequently he made an extra trick, losing only one trick in each black suit.

If West had made the natural lead—what he should have done under the circumstances, following the virtual command of the doubler to do what the doubler expected—he would have chosen a heart, either the A or the fourth-best 8. That would have given the side two tricks in hearts, plus one each in the black suits, making the very thin double pay a dividend, small one, but nevertheless a dividend.

Tomorrow's Problem

♠ K 9 5 3
♥ J 9 7 6 4
♦ Q
♣ 9 6 4

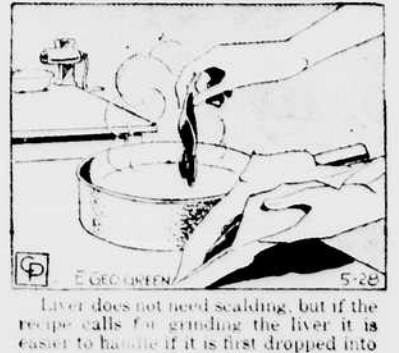
♠ J 10 7 3
♥ A Q 8 5
♦ 4 2
♣ Q 7 5

♠ A 4
♥ K Q 10
♦ 8 7 5 2
♣ K 8 7 4

(Dealer: South—East-West vulnerable)

In a match point duplicate what is North's best response here to South's bid of 4-Diamonds?

Wife Preservers



Wife Preservers



Level does not need scrubbing, but the recipe calls for grinding the liver if it is easier to handle if it is first dropped into hot water and simmered for a few moments.

Hold out women garments up to the light to see where and how much they are worn, if you are restyling them. In cutting out the garment, avoid the thin spots, if possible, or put them where they will get very little further wear or strain.