

FROM THE CREATOR OF DOC SAVAGE

LESTER DENT'S ZEPPELIN TALES

FIVE STORIES OF
AIRSHIPS!
CANNIBALS!
PIRATES!
GOLD!



THE ZEPPELIN AGE TM

CONTENT
WARNING

DLV

DRUGS
LANGUAGE
VIOLENCE

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WARNING**

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**DRUGS
LANGUAGE
VIOLENCE**

This book contains:

**offensive language concerning race, religion, and national origin;
graphic descriptions of violence against humans;
depictions and descriptions of legal and illegal drug use.**

LESTER DENT'S ZEPPELIN TALES

**FIVE AIRSHIP ADVENTURES BY THE CREATOR OF DOC SAVAGE
FULLY RESTORED FROM THE AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS**

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<i>Around the hut where that Yank was imprisoned boiled the mob from his own squadron, with Lewis guns ready to train on him at the slightest move. And the only thing that could save Jed Day from death was his own gun—which he could not use—and a story which he dared not tell!</i> Originally published in <i>Sky Birds</i> , October 1932.	
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<i>A Fast and Furious Story of a Stolen Zeppelin, the Biggest Bullion Robbery Ever Heard of, and a Horrible Debacle in the South Seas.</i> Originally "The Thirteen Million Dollar Robbery" in <i>The Popular Magazine</i> , May 1930.	
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<i>A smashing full length novel of the world's largest city torn and devastated by a master mind of gangdom recklessness!</i> Originally "One Billion—Gold!" in <i>Scotland Yard</i> , June 1931.	
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ZEPPELIN BAIT

Just as the great Z-ship exploded, two Albatrosses came down.

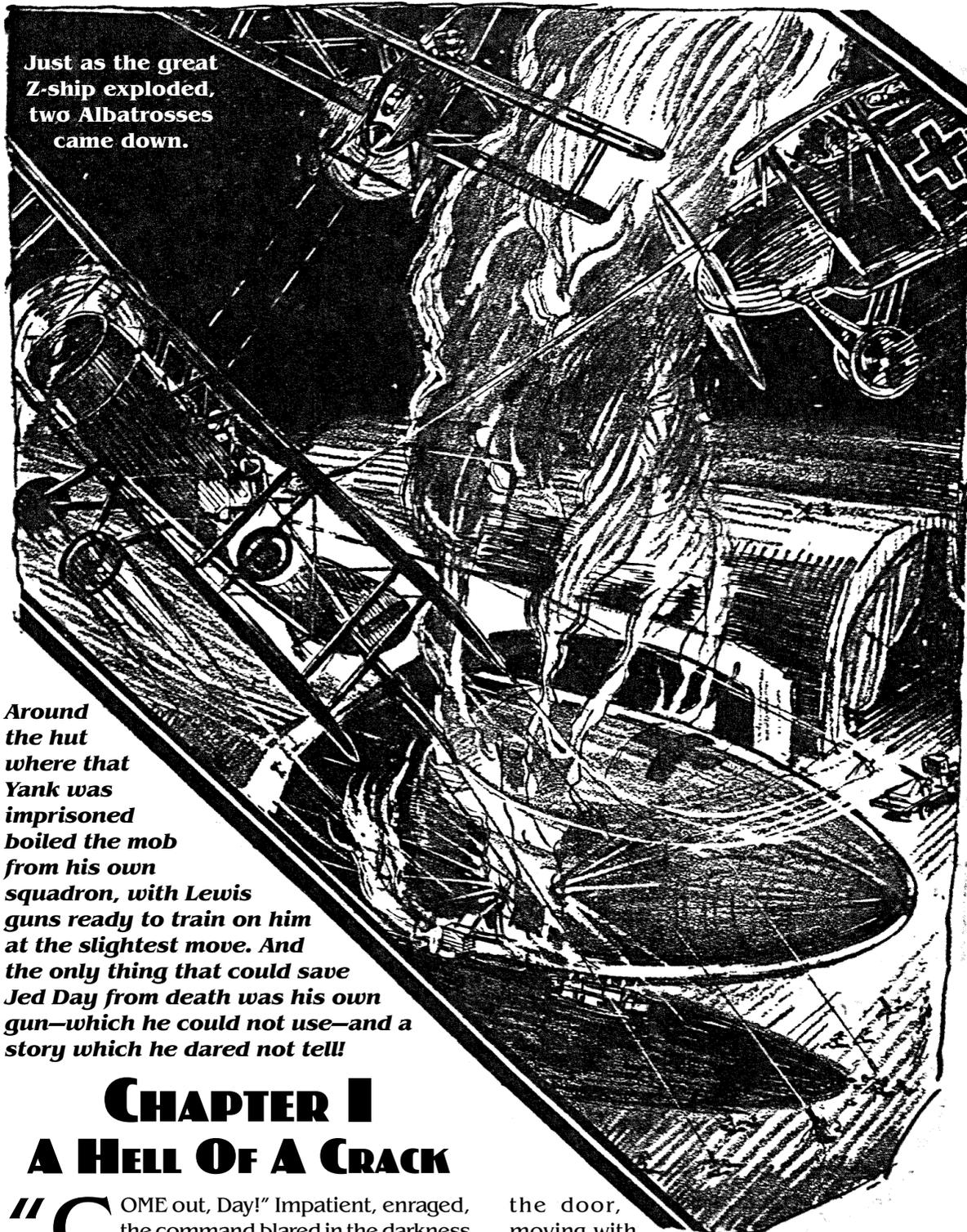
Around the hut where that Yank was imprisoned boiled the mob from his own squadron, with Lewis guns ready to train on him at the slightest move. And the only thing that could save Jed Day from death was his own gun—which he could not use—and a story which he dared not tell!

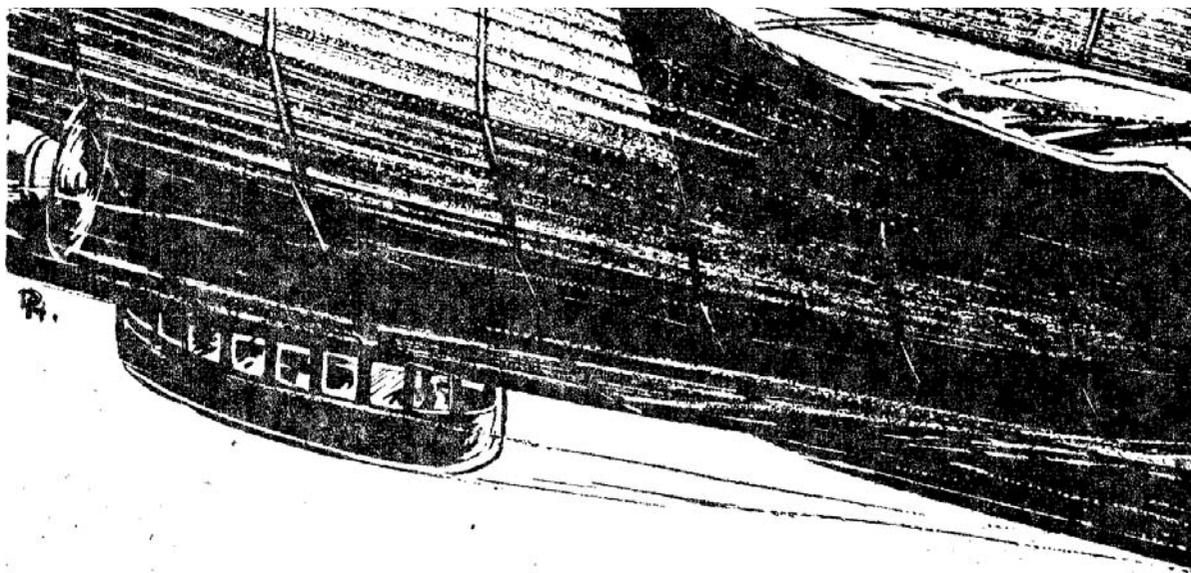
CHAPTER I A HELL OF A CRACK

"COME out, Day!" Impatient, enraged, the command blared in the darkness outside the Adrian hut. "The place is surrounded!"

Jed Day, "the Little Alp," leaped away from

the door, moving with the springy alertness of an angry cat. Tightened muscle ridged his mulelike face. Cold sweat stood on his forehead like dew. He gave his





A BILLION GOLD!

A smashing full length novel of the world's largest city torn and devastated by a master mind of gangland recklessness!

CHAPTER I: HELL TIED UP IN A NAPKIN



LOT of men have had trouble handed to them—and Curt Flagg was no exception. It was handed to him also, nicely tied up in a linen napkin and snapped around with a rubber band.

Curt had a forkful of shoestring potatoes halfway inside his mouth when the napkin-packet thumped on the table at his elbow. He twisted hastily and peered around the edge of the booth, the potatoes hanging out of his mouth like dry grass.

The thing could have reached his table in only one way—it had been dropped there by the young woman walking down the row of booths that lined the wall of the Forty Second Street speakeasy. She had passed a split second before the packet fell.

The view of her back did not reveal much. She had the height, the slenderness, and the graceful walk of a chorus cutie. The evening gown she wore was very long and fashioned of some gauzy green fabric. Her slim body was swathed above the hips in a jacket of black seal. A snug-fitting green turban completed the picture.

She might be a peach—or gloriously ugly.

Men in several table parties kept their eyes on her after she passed.

Curt gulped at his potatoes and pinched the napkin-packet between an incredibly big thumb and forefinger. There was something solid inside. It seemed to be cylindrical in shape, about an inch in diameter and two inches long.

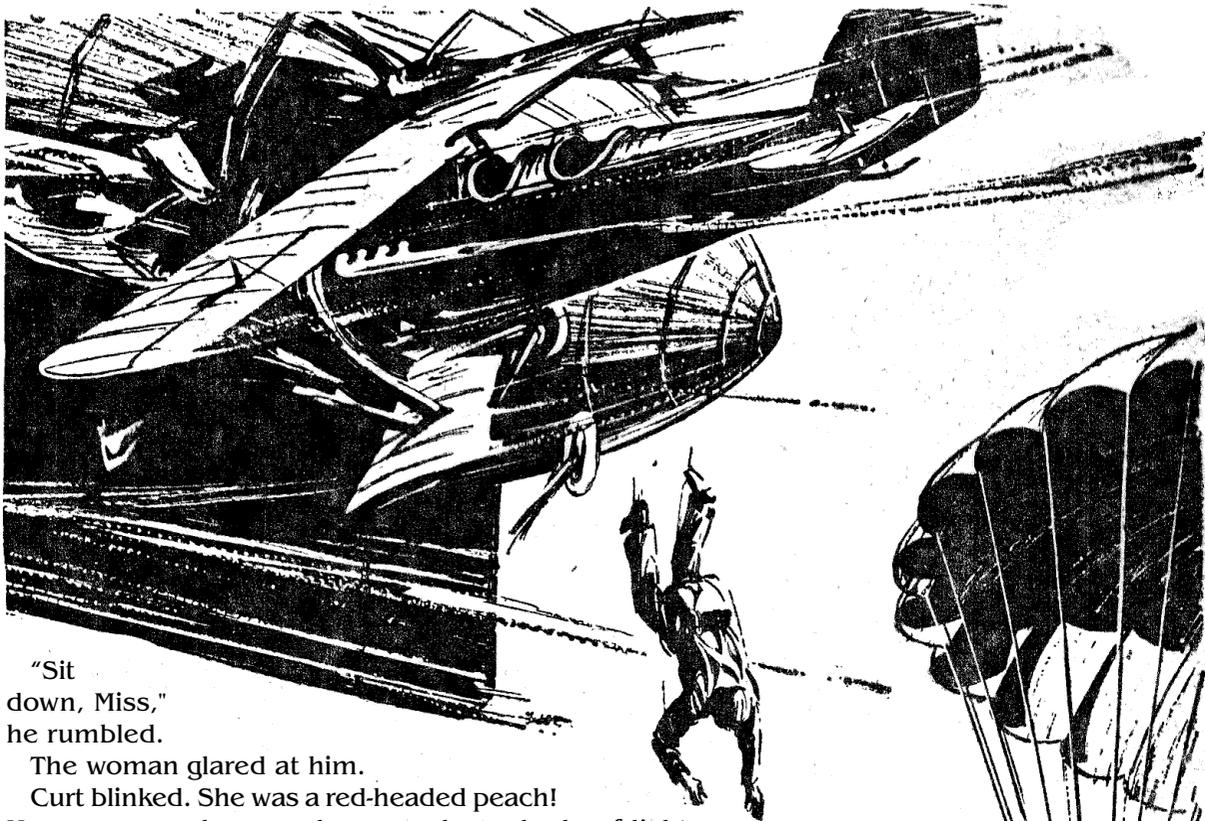
He stuck his head out of the booth again. The young woman had angled across the floor and seated herself alone at a table, her back toward him.

Curt looked at his plate. About one good mouthful of shoestring potatoes remained. The waiter had already totaled his check. He scooped the potatoes between his jaws and picked up the check, leaving a half-dollar tip in its place. Then he dropped the napkin-packet into his coat pocket and reached for his hat and topcoat.

Munching the shoestrings, he walked directly to the young woman's table.

She glanced up, saw his bulk beside her, and started to get to her feet hurriedly.

Curt dropped a hand on her shoulder. The hand was huge. The weight of it, coupled with a certain amount of angry surprise, made her slender body thump back in the chair.



"Sit
down, Miss,"
he rumbled.

The woman glared at him.

Curt blinked. She was a red-headed peach!
Her eyes were large and a marvelous shade of light
brown, her nose was straight and delicately chiseled, and her
mouth an inviting Cupid's bow. There was a bonanza of the auburn hair
visible around her chic green turban. It was unbobbed and must be very
long.

She didn't need it, but there was also artificial eye-shadow on her lids,
lipstick on her lips, and rouge on her cheeks. She held an unlighted,
cork-tipped cigarette in her fingers.

"Sit down!" Curt repeated absentmindedly. He had one eye cocked
sidewise, watching a waiter bear down upon him.

The waiter possessed a thick neck, one cauliflower ear, and a
determined look. He had seen the girl pushed unceremoniously
back in her seat.

But as he approached, he began to look less determined.

Seen at a distance and alone, Curt Flagg looked lank and
even half-starved in spite of the fact that he was six feet four
and weighed two hundred and forty pounds. The tremendous
spread of his shoulders, the bull thickness of his neck, and
the size of his huge hands and wrists made him look boyish
and gawky—until the observer came closer.

The waiter halted a good two yards away. He stared at Curt
Flagg's hands and batted his eyes. The hands were a mass
of ugly scars and had tendons like ropes.

"You looking for something?" Curt demanded.

The waiter jumped and promptly said: "Your order. Yeah—I
came over to get your order."

"Gin rickey," Curt grunted, and glanced inquiringly at the
red-head.

"A Bacardi cocktail, please," she said. Her voice was low and had

