

# Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



## "Horror of the Gray Spots"

HELLO, EVERYBODY:

Adventure just happens to most people, but Jim Burnett of East Rutherford, N. J., goes out and hunts for his thrills. You know, I've always felt that you'll have just as many adventures if you stay right at home and let them hunt you up. But Jim seems to have had pretty good success with his system, too. In the last 20 years or so, Jim had adventured in 54 countries. But the biggest scare he ever got in his life was that time, way back in the interior of Brazil, when he ran into the Adventure of the Gray Spots.

In December, 1922, Jim and his pal Jay McKay, were on their way up the Amazon, turned south to ascend the River Purus and, after a week's paddling, picked up the murderer's trail from an Indian who said that a half-breed was hiding with a certain Goral tribe on a stream that branched off the Purus a few miles farther on.

### Voyagers Reach End of Their Trail.

They had paddled all that night, and dawn found them at the mouth of the unnamed tributary of the Purus that the Indian had described. Up that little stream they went. In a couple more hours they were at the spot to which the Indian had directed them—the end of their trail.

They ran their boat ashore on a narrow, sandy beach, and started ashore. Back in the jungle they could see an Indian village, and a group of half a dozen natives coming forward to meet them. "The Goral Indians were once considered the most savage on the South American continent," says Jim, "but we advanced boldly toward the handful before us."

It was a tense situation, and Jim and Jay knew it. The Indians might be peaceably disposed—and then again they might not. And even though they might be inclined to be peaceable, they certainly wouldn't



Then both of them turned and started to run back to their canoe.

feel any too friendly to the two white men when they learned their errand was to take away the fugitive they had been sheltering. Yes—it was a tense situation all right—but nothing Jim or Jay had yet imagined was as bad as what actually happened.

The Indians were about twenty paces away when Jim saw them—the gray spots. The skins of every one of those Indians were gray and blotchy and spotted—spotted with the most dreadful disease known to the world. Leprosy!

Jim yelled: "Stop, McKay—stop." McKay uttered just one word. "Lepers!" Then both of them turned and started to run back to their canoe.

They reached the river bank together, leaped over it and landed on the beach—right on top of a couple of Indian boys who had circled around them to see what they could steal from the boat. "They turned on us and fought us fiercely," says Jim, "no doubt resenting our catching them at it. They scratched and bit and kicked us before, finally we heaved them bodily out onto the sand and pushed our mollock into the river amid a bedlam of shouts from the advancing Indians.

### Fear of Leprosy Haunts the Two Men.

"For the moment we had just one single thought in our minds—to get away from the immediate neighborhood. It wasn't until after a quarter of an hour of hard paddling, when we were a mile away down stream, that we realized, with a strange, sinking sensation in the pits of our stomachs that we had handled the leprous wretches—that they had bitten and scratched us."

Jim says that worrying about their exposure to leprosy was bad enough, but the real horror of the business didn't hit them until a week later. Then, tiny, round gray spots began to appear on his and Jay McKay's wrists and arms. "The shock," says Jim, "was terrific. In fact, McKay's hair turned snow white—at the age of thirty. I wished that I were dead then and there, and I guess McKay did, too. Have you ever seen the Louisiana leper colony, or been in the Ladrone's? I had always pitied those poor gray-skinned victims of a living death—and now I was becoming one myself."

They pushed on down the river. In another two weeks the spots had spread over their entire bodies. Life, then, was like a nightmare. For there they were, thousands of miles away from civilization, coming down with the world's most dreaded disease. And even getting back to civilization would be scant comfort. Not even modern medicine can cure that hateful, wasting malady of which those spots were the first awful symptom.

### Horror Grows Worse as Time Passes.

"The ghastly horror," says Jim, "grew on us day by day. We paddled along mechanically, like a couple of automatons, wishing to heaven we'd die—trying to get up the courage to end our mental agony. As we paddled, we prayed. We knew that no prayer could cure us, but I believe today that they saved us from a worse death—madness!"

And then, one day as they were rounding a turn near the mouth of the Maderia river, they came upon another white man—a doctor from the English hospital at Porto Velho, and Jim says that if there ever was a messenger from heaven come in answer to a prayer, Doctor King was that messenger. There in the jungle he gave them a brief examination, and then he told them the news.

"Boys," he said, "I know you've been suffering the tortures of the damned, but you can stop worrying. Your cases are a rare form of false leprosy—a disease that looks a lot like the real thing, but which a good rest and a little medical attention will take care of. It won't be long before you're as fit as ever."

That ended those two lads' mission of vengeance. They never did catch the killer. But Jim hopes that if Jay McKay is in this country he reads this yarn. After all these years, he'd like to see him again.

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### Word 'Excelsior' Adopted From Latin 'Excelsus'

How the term "excelsior" came to be applied to long, fine wood shavings used as a packing material for eggs and other breakable objects is not known for certain. It is a purely American term and apparently originated as a trade name. Undoubtedly it is the same word as the comparative degree of the Latin "excelsus," which means elevated. Thus "Excelsior," the title of a well known poem by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, means still

higher, more lofty or ever upward. New York state adopted the word as its motto. Aspen, cottonwood, basswood, willow, red gum, spruce and certain pines are the favorite woods used in the manufacture of excelsior, or wood wool as it is also called. The logs are first cut into blocks about 18 inches in length and the fibers are separated from the blocks by knife points. A cord of wood produces about 2,000 pounds of excelsior.

# PATTERN DEPARTMENT



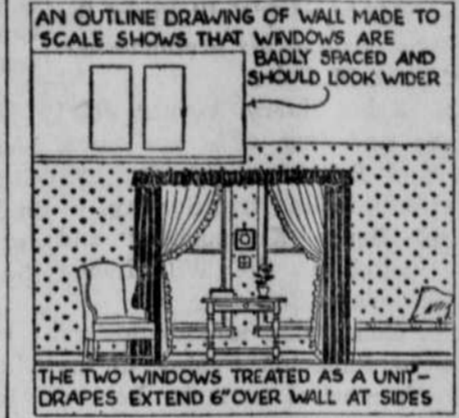
shoulders, flares at the skirt hem, and hugs in to a small, pointed waist. Sash bows, tied in the back, draw it in snugly, and look gay and pretty besides. For school, choose gingham, calico or percale. For parties, taffeta or silk crepe.

**The Patterns.**  
No. 1672 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch material, plus 5 yards of braid.

No. 1722 is designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 3/4 yards of 39-inch material, plus 1 3/4 yards of trimming.  
**New Spring-Summer Pattern Book**  
Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1324, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

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## HOW to SEW By RUTH WYETH SPEARS



AN OUTLINE DRAWING OF WALL MADE TO SCALE SHOWS THAT WINDOWS ARE BADLY SPACED AND SHOULD LOOK WIDER

THE TWO WINDOWS TREATED AS A UNIT—DRAPES EXTEND 6" OVER WALL AT SIDES

A READER living on a rural route in South Dakota writes me: "My parlor is 16 by 14 feet and has an 8 foot ceiling. Right in the center of the 16 foot wall are two windows, each 6 feet high and 3 feet wide. They are only 1 foot apart and 1 foot from the ceiling. How should I curtain these windows? Should the drapes cover the 1 foot space between them? How long should they be? Would you extend the drapes nearer the ceiling? I have been advised to do this.—S. A."

These questions are nice and definite and all dimensions are given. A scale drawing was made a little larger than the one shown here; 1/4 inch to a foot. This showed immediately that the windows needed to look wider rather

## ASK ME ANOTHER?

A Quiz With Answers Offering Information on Various Subjects

### The Questions

1. When does a breeze become a wind?
2. How many miles does the earth travel daily?
3. Does Yukon Territory belong to Alaska?
4. How far can the human eye see?
5. Can anything be greater in width than in length?
6. In what year were the first U. S. coins made?

### The Answers

1. When it blows from 7 to 38 miles per hour.
2. On its annual trip around the sun the earth travels about 1,601,644 miles daily.
3. No; it is part of the Dominion of Canada.

## Favorite Recipe of the Week

### Grape-Nuts Flakes Rolls

- 2 cups milk, scalded
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
- 2 cakes compressed yeast
- 4 cups sifted flour
- 4 tablespoons melted shortening
- 3 cups Grape-Nuts Flakes

Cool milk to lukewarm. Add salt, sugar, and egg yolks; crumble in yeast. Mix thoroughly. Add 1/2 of flour and beat well. Add shortening. Then add Grape-Nuts Flakes and remaining flour. Mix well. Turn out on floured board. Knead lightly until smooth (2 to 3 minutes). Place in greased bowl. Brush surface with melted shortening. Set in bowl of warm water having water level with dough. Cover and let rise until double in bulk. Fold dough under and let rise again until double in bulk. Then fold dough under and let rise a third time. Form into rolls and place on greased baking sheet. Brush tops with melted butter. Cover and let rise in warm place until double in bulk. Bake in hot oven (400 degrees F.) 20 minutes, or until done. Makes about 3 dozen rolls.—Adv.

### Our Little Willie

WILLIE sat down at his desk and regarded the examination paper with some anxiety, then his face lit up and he wrote the following answers:

Prose are men who play games for money, and are quite different from poets.

Letters in sloping print are called hysterics.

Little rivers that run into big ones are called tribulations.

A beacon is a mass of inflammable material in a high place to give light.

A cuckoo lays other birds' eggs in its own nest, and viva voce.

**Black Leaf 40**  
KILLS MANY INSECTS ON FLOWERS & FRUITS VEGETABLES & SHRUBS  
Demand original sealed bottles, from your dealer

# BATTER UP! NO, WAIT—THE BOYS WANT TO SPIN UP A FEW "MAKIN'S" SMOKES FIRST —WITH PRINCE ALBERT!



**PRINCE ALBERT**  
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

## CAN YOU BLAME THEM

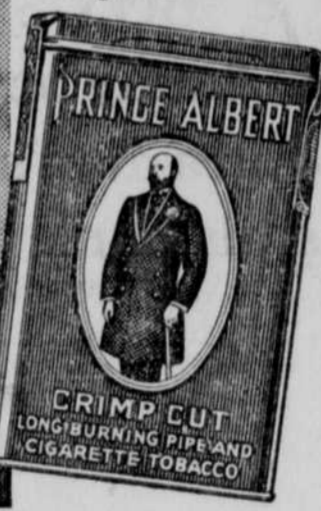
for calling "time out" for this cool, smooth smoking? As the Garner boys put it, "Prince Albert is as mild as can be." Bill (right) speaks up: "And rich-tasting, too—so every P. A. smoke is a joy smoke."

## "RIGHT!"

ADDS MARK GARNER (left). "And you can roll your 'makin's' in the dark, the way that special P. A. cut clings together." You'll agree Prince Albert is one grand "makin's" tobacco. But you can't begin to enjoy its cooler, mellower smoking in your "makin's" cigarettes until you try it. Hence the reminder coupon below with the no-risk offer on it. Yes, go to your nearest dealer's and speak up for the big red Prince Albert tin today.

And P.A.'s got what it takes for joy in pipes too!

SO MILD  
SO TASTY  
SO FRAGRANT



THIS handy coupon your reminder that **NO-RISK OFFER STILL STANDS OPEN**

Roll yourself 30 swell cigarettes from Prince Albert. If you don't find them the finest, tastiest roll-your-own cigarettes you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

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**70** fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every pocket tin of Prince Albert

### Jerry On the Job!



### "Showing Off for the Head Man"



### SH-H—THE PRES SEZ 'NOT TO DISTURB'—HE'S EATIN' HIS FAVORITE BREAKFAST—DOUBLE-FLAVOR GRAPE-NUTS' FLAKES



### WE AND GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES WELCOME YOU.



A Post-Cereal—Made by General Foods

by HOBAN