

# Floyd Gibbons'

## ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



### "Two Wanted Men"

HELLO EVERYBODY:

You know, boys and girls, in some of these adventure yarns I've been telling you, everything seems to happen all in a split second. Just one—two—three and it's all over, with action every doggone minute.

Then there are other yarns in which there's darned little action, and the suspense of the story lies in the fact that some poor devil has to stand still while death comes creeping up on him. That sort of adventure drags out for a long time.

But the yarn I'm going to tell you today is like both of those above-mentioned types of adventures. It went on for a long time, and every doggone minute of that time was packed with danger and suspense. And at the same time, it was so full of action that you'd have a hard time packing another single movement into it.

It's one of the most thrilling tales I've come across in quite a while, and the honors today go to a Chicago policeman—Albert Rickert of Chicago.

It was a cool September afternoon in 1927. Al was off duty, and with time on his hands, he went over to the home of his pal, Emmett Hartnett, for a visit. After he'd been there awhile, they decided it would be a good idea to go for a ride. Emmett got a car and they drove around for about two hours.

They were on their way to a restaurant when things began to happen. As they drove along a small sedan passed them. There were two men in the car, and Al recognized them both as automobile thieves!

#### Thieves Recognize Al as Policeman.

Al told Emmett to turn around and follow that car. They were catching up to it when the thieves spotted the auto behind them and recognized Al as a policeman. They stepped on the gas—and the chase was on!

The car in front of them leaped ahead. Emmett stepped on it and followed. The faster they went, the faster the smaller car ahead traveled. Al pulled out his gun and fired one shot. But the car ahead didn't stop.

Both these gas buggies were tearing along down the street at close to top speed. The scenery was fairly whizzing past, and people along the way stopped to stare at a race they had never seen the like of outside of a race track.

Gun in hand, Al opened the door and climbed out on the



And then he was being dragged along behind the fleeing car.

running board to get a better shot at his quarry. As Emmett drove and the car careened along the wide street he fired again and again. Still the car ahead sped on!

Now, Al could see that they were gaining on the crooks. The small car didn't have speed enough to outdistance the big one in which they were riding. Al continued to fire until his revolver was empty.

#### Al's Car Nosed Alongside the Thieves.

The big car had almost caught up to the little one now. Bit by bit they gained until at last Al's car was nosing up beside the one in which the two thieves were riding. They were running almost hood to hood now, and Al could have reached out and touched the other auto, when suddenly the front car turned sharply.

Al saw the crooks' car swerving toward them, but before he had a chance to do anything about it, there was a crash. The crooks side-swiped them, knocking them over to the side of the street.

There was another crash as the car lurched into a telephone pole, but Al wasn't inside the car when it hit. As the two cars came together he was caught between them and knocked down on the running board.

Then, as the smaller car veered away again, his right leg was pinched between its rear fender and the bumper. He felt a tug at that leg—felt himself falling to the pavement—and then he was being dragged along behind the fleeing car.

The car was out of control now. The crook at the wheel was trying to keep it going straight, but it shot up over the curb on the other side of the street. It crossed the sidewalk and plunged on over a stretch of bare, water-soaked prairie.

Dragged along behind it, Al felt a terrific bump as his body was pulled over the curb. There was a terrible pain in his imprisoned leg where the tire was scraping the flesh away. His back and sides were being bruised and lacerated.

The car traveled a hundred feet through the prairie and by that time Al was numb from pain and shock. Then the car bogged down in the mud and came to a stop. Al's clothes had been literally torn from his body by then, but he still had his gun clutched tightly in his hand.

#### He Struggled to Get His Leg Out of the Trap.

"There was no chance to use it," he says, "but as soon as the car came to a halt, I began struggling to get my leg out of its trap. The driver jumped out and ran north across the prairie.

"At last I got my leg loose and crawled out from under the car. I raised my gun and pulled the trigger, but all I got was a click of the hammer. In the excitement I had forgotten that I emptied the gun during the chase."

As the gun clicked, the second man leaped from the car and started to run. And then Al made the pinch of his life. Helpless and unable to walk, much less run after the fleeing crook, he got up on his feet and threw the empty gun after him.

That gun went straight to the mark. It caught the crook on the back of the head and he fell forward on his face—out cold. At the same moment Emmett extricated himself from his wrecked car and came running across the street. He grabbed the crook.

Emmett took them both to a restaurant a block away and there he called the station-house. They took Al to the People's hospital, and he stayed there for three months, getting over the injury to his leg. The rear tire had ground a ridge right into the flesh as the car dragged him across the prairie.

The crook he caught drew a 14-year sentence. The other one was shot down by an Englewood policeman three days later—in another stolen car.

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### Bronze Shekels First Coined in Jerusalem

Biblical allusions to shekels and half-shekels are numerous, but much remains to be learned regarding these ancient examples of the die cutter's art. Bronze shekels were first coined at Jerusalem about 132 B. C., while later issues were of gold, silver, copper and potion, a

low grade copper washed with silver, notes a Detroit Coin club authority. The famous silver shekels of Israel showed a jeweled chalice, a flowering lily and Hebrew characters meaning "Jerusalem the Holy." Portraits of men or animals are never found on these coins.

## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

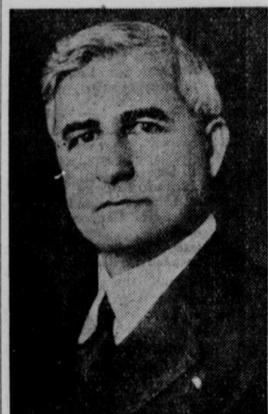
Reviewed by CARTER FIELD

**President looks upon Jesse H. Jones as potential enemy of New Deal . . . R. F. C. head declines Secretary of Navy Post . . . Watchful waiting is attitude of business, which looks to next year's election for decided change . . . Roosevelt-Wheeler feud may draw to close.**

WASHINGTON.—Jesse H. Jones, the Houston banker who has been the "greatest lender in the world" as head of the RFC since he was appointed to that body by President Hoover, was recently offered the post of secretary of the navy by President Roosevelt, but declined it with thanks.

Jesse's friends insist that it was nothing but a move to shelve him, as everybody knows that the post of secretary of the navy under this administration is merely a niche for a figurehead.

The suggestion was made by the President for two reasons. One was that he intended at the time to transfer RFC, under his powers granted by congress in the reorganization bill, to the department of



JESSE H. JONES

commerce, where it would be under Harry L. Hopkins.

By the way, this is still mystifying insiders, who know that Hopkins personally believes his health will force absolute retirement, within a year.

If Jones had accepted, it was made clear to him by the President, Emil Schram, now a member of the board of directors of RFC, would be put in Jones' place, but would of course have been under Hopkins.

#### Jones' Economic Views Held in Low Esteem

The other reason for the move the President thought about making was that while he has great respect for Jones' ability, he has none for his economic and social views, regards him as a potential enemy to the New Deal, and dislikes his political views.

In fact, the proffer of the navy portfolio was made only after several senators and members of the house, with whom the President had discussed changes he proposed making under the reorganization bill, told him he would run into a hornet's nest on Capitol Hill if he tried kicking Jesse Jones around.

The President was told that there was not only the certainty of trouble, but the real probability that congress might actually veto the whole set of changes—under its power to disapprove within 60 days—if the President should attempt to put Jones, in whom Congress has great confidence, under Hopkins, about whom congress is very skeptical.

So he tried to kick Jones upstairs, but Jones preferred the floor he has been working so long.

As a matter of fact, Jones, though a conservative at heart, is probably the most powerful figure in Washington outside the White House and its immediate environs.

#### Business Enters Period Of Watchful Waiting

"Watchful Waiting" is now the attitude of business, big and little, as contrasted with the earlier prodding and pleading for relief at the hands of congress from what it regards as the harsh and distorted economic philosophy of the New Deal.

Answer? Twofold. Business believes firmly that it will get relief from New Deal oppression—not only changes in the law, but in the administrative agencies—as a result of the election next year.

The second reason is the possibility of war. War in Europe without the United States participating would mean a spurt in business here. War with the United States participating—and most business men think we could not stay out—would mean activity to the utmost of everybody's power, just as in 1917 and 1918.

All of which makes most of the pending legislation, in which normally there would be tremendous interest, of much less importance to the people most affected. For in-

stance, neutrality. No one believes any neutrality law now enacted would stand 10 days if war broke out and it were manifest that the new law interfered with something this government wanted to do—help the democracies, for example, by shipments of war supplies which would be forbidden by the law.

As for taxes, everyone knows that if the United States got into the war there would have to be a new tax law, which must raise ever so much more money than at present. This would make whatever tax revision might be passed this session unimportant. Not that anyone thinks there would really be anything like the Bone measure, designed to "take the profits out of war."

#### Wagner Act Useless In Event of War

Then take Wagner act revision. Everyone knows congress would act very differently in a war emergency in dealing with amendments to this law, if indeed there were any necessity for touching it at all in a war emergency. Labor's attitude would be very different. There, would be little interest and no sympathy for any move to restrict hours, all the pressure in the world for getting more wages.

And consider the wage and hour act. There would be no inclination to remove any floor under wage levels. In wartime that would take care of itself. But there would be tremendous opposition to any attempt to restrict working hours.

So, all in all, with the prospect of a more friendly President who would sign legislation from a more friendly congress (everyone knows that it would be terribly difficult to muster a two-thirds vote to override a Roosevelt veto of any change in existing law that he did not approve), plus the possibility of a war emergency, why get all hot and bothered about changes which would run only (a) until the next President came in, or (b) until war broke?

#### Roosevelt Reverts to Quarterback Tactics

Two developments in connection with Franklin D. Roosevelt's recent actions hint a remarkable change in his role as political leader. They reveal a new Roosevelt, apparently a compromiser, but perhaps, to revert to his own description of himself long ago, a quarterback, circumventing his opponents by trick plays rather than ruthlessly crushing them by overwhelming force.

It may be, of course, that he learned something from the purges, but the nine he lost and the one he won. In the nine he lost he discovered that he could not defeat the senators on their home grounds. In the one he won, that fight against John J. O'Connor, he discovered that the price of victory was high and its fruit disappointing. He beat O'Connor. He obtained thereby the selection of ever-



BURTON K. WHEELER

faithful Adolph J. Sabath, of Illinois, as chairman of the powerful house rules committee, and he has seen the actual power in that committee, as a direct result of the defeat of O'Connor, pass into the hands of Eugene E. Cox, of Georgia, who averages ten instances of opposition to New Deal objectives to every one of O'Connor's insurgencies.

The two recent instances, which are taken by some to indicate a change in Roosevelt, relate to two men, both of whom are Democrats, one of whom is intensely conservative at heart, and the other formerly regarded as much more radical than Roosevelt himself. The conservative is Jesse H. Jones. The radical is Sen. Burton K. Wheeler.

#### Wheeler in Background During 1932 Campaign

With two other radicals, Wheeler was kept in the background during the 1932 campaign. It was thought that Roosevelt was sure of the liberal vote, as against Herbert Hoover, and hence speeches by Wheeler, Huey Long and Clarence C. Dill would do him little good. In fact they might do harm by alienating conservative support.

After the election Wheeler found he was sidetracked for a different reason. The President was very fond, personally, of Bruce Kramer, for years national committeeman from Montana, and Wheeler's bitterest political enemy in the state. As a result Kramer got all the gravy, and Wheeler was ignored.

Wheeler sizzled within, but kept peace on the surface, for five years. But if he was bidding his time for revenge, he could not have planned it better himself when the opportunity to oppose the President on the Supreme court issue presented itself.

Now the President is courting Wheeler. One might think Wheeler was the only man on Capitol Hill he trusted!

It isn't like Roosevelt! Assuming its genuineness, it is the first time of record he has ever forgiven anyone who dealt him such a blow—and a blow below the belt, as he regarded it—as Wheeler gave him on the court issue.

Nor is it like Roosevelt to abandon his scheme to get rid of Jesse Jones without a fight, merely because he was told Jones had too many friends on Capitol Hill to make possible his being shifted under Harry L. Hopkins! It's worth waiting for the last act!

(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)



## WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—Radio, automobiles, airplanes, moving pictures and virtually all the other technical ten-strikes of the modern world came in between the Dives in Cellar, first and second Brings Up Our first and second Television Set Chicago world's fairs. About all that is brand new at the New York World's fair is television, which took its bow with a telecast at the inaugural ceremonies.

Unlike Britain's garret inventor, John Logie Baird, Allen B. Du Mont, putting his by-line on the new television set, came along through the "channels" in which promising young technicians are grooved these days. Out of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in 1923, he was employed as a tube engineer with the Westinghouse company in Bloomfield, N. J., until 1937, when he became chief engineer of the De Forest Radio company. But, when he caught the television germ, he did just what Baird did, the only difference being that he holed up in a cellar instead of an attic.

It was in 1931 that he quit a good job to play a hunch. The hunch was that the cathode ray was the joker in the flickering television deck. So he dived into his basement, built his laboratory and stayed underground until he was ready to come up with a cathode-ray tube which is pretty nearly the works in television.

In 1937, Mr. Du Mont rounded up some capital and built a sizable two-story laboratory at Montclair, N. J., employing 42 men. By 1938, Paramount pictures had declared itself in a big way, and, at last accounts, Mr. Du Mont's enterprise was virtually a subsidiary of this corporation. That is interesting in view of the fact that, in England, they already are televising events for the moving picture screen. It is indicated that the Du Mont rig may be subject to the same development.

COL. EDWARD STARLING, who confers with Albert Canning, chief constable of Scotland Yard, about guarding the British king and queen on their visit here, is an American of the "Deadwood Dick" tradition which the British like to think is typical of this country—a long, lean, reserved, tight-lipped Kentuckian, with a sombrero, the guardian of five Presidents, camera-eyed and a crack pistol shot. He will be there when their majesties go to the White House, but he will not be conspicuous. He merges with the scenery like a chameleon.

He saved Clemenceau's life during the Paris peace conference. Guarding Woodrow Wilson, he rode in an automobile immediately behind the "Tiger's" car. He saw an assassin level a gun. Shooting from the hip in a lightning draw, he cracked the killer's wrist.

He is the one man the President has to obey, an advance man who interviews police, maitres d'hotel, transportation officials and chefs, even editing menus, and, on occasion, speeches, if they indicate too much of a tax on the President's receptive energies.

At 17, he was a deputy sheriff of Hopkinsville, Ky. As a special agent for the railroads, he touched off his first national headlines by trapping the "California Kid," a desperate marauder who had long eluded capture. President Theodore Roosevelt gave him special assignments which routed him into the White House secret service detail in 1913. In 1935, he became head of the detail, which congress had authorized after assassination of President McKinley.

He is six feet tall, gaunt and serious, graying now, the better to fade into the crowd.

JOHN R. STEELMAN, the government's special mediator in the Appalachian soft coal dispute, was once a "blanket stiff," riding the rods with the hoboes to get from Arkansas to the western wheat fields.

There, in the post-war boom days, he earned \$9 a day and invested his savings in a Henderson college A. B., a Vanderbilt M. A. and a University of North Carolina Ph. D. Heading the government conciliation service, he smoothed out 4,231 labor disputes, involving 1,618,409 workers, in the 1938 fiscal year. He was an Arkansas farm boy, working the southern logging camps. He is tall and dark, and friendly and easy-going in manner. Released by Consolidated News Features, WNU Service.

## World Speeds Its Messages By Telephone

### Ocean System 'Scrambles' Voices to Foil the Eavesdroppers

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

A NETWORK of through telephone circuits between cities and sections of the country makes it as easy now to telephone a relative across the continent as to telephone your local grocer to send up a peck of potatoes. Today 92 per cent of all long-distance calls are completed while the person calling remains at the telephone, and the average time taken for putting through such calls is one and one-half minutes.

In early telephone days, when service was informal and lines were few, it was not at all unusual for an operator to receive a call from a housewife and hear her say: "Mary, please see if you can find Charles and have him bring home some hamburger steak for dinner." In some small, isolated places that still happens.

Today you seldom know your operator by name, but she still will find people for you, across a state or across a continent.

A subscriber said: "I want to talk to a man down on Cape Cod. I don't know his name or town. But he raises Bedlington terriers and has chin whiskers like Horace Greeley's." The operator found him.

Telephonic Posse. A prominent business man was killed in an accident. His wife was in California, but no one knew just where. The chief long-distance telephone operator in New York set to work to locate her. Hotels in the southern part of the state were tried without success.

Finally she phoned the society editor of a Pasadena newspaper, and learned that the lady was visiting a Pasadena family. Calling that family, the lady was found, just 22 minutes after the hunt began.

Queer things go into making America's telephone service so efficient—



At London, Maj. George Clement Tryon, postmaster general, is seen inaugurating the world's first mobile telephone exchange. The new system will be used in places where additional telephonic communications are needed.

your speech strike against a thin, flat diaphragm which acts like a human eardrum—it vibrates. Behind the diaphragm, instead of bones and nerves, are tiny grains of roasted coal, smaller than a pinhead, in a little chamber. Through the grains an electric current is flowing.

When the diaphragm bends inward, the grains are pushed tighter together, and more current flows. When it bends outward, the pressure on the grains is released and less current flows. So the flow of current is varied as the diaphragm vibrates. The transmitter with its battery supply is an amplifier as well. It turns the energy of your voice into electrical energy a thousand times greater. Through the wires current flows to the receiver, on the other end of the line. The receiver is an electrical mouth which utters human sounds. In it is an electromagnet.

Another Diaphragm Moves. The incoming current flows through wire coiled around the core



A hopeless tangle to the layman, intricate networks of underground wires are the playthings of telephone workers like this man. Every wire goes somewhere—and he knows where!

from soapsuds to the lack of scratches on a steer's hide.

If you see a workman painting soapsuds on a section of telephone cable it means he is meticulous, not about cleanliness, but about leaks. Even the tiniest pinhole may admit moisture and cause trouble. So nitrogen gas under pressure is pumped into the cable, and if it leaks at any point, a bubble of soapsuds will tell the tale.

Safety First in Safety Belts. If ever you see a steer scratch himself on a barbed-wire fence, be assured that that portion of his hide never will go into the making of a telephone lineman's belt. Scratches weaken leather, and linemen climbing poles trust their lives to their belts.

The telephone works in very similar fashion to the human ear. In fact, the ear itself actually was the first "telephone," and an electrical one at that.

To make a man hear, you push and pull on his eardrum, causing it to vibrate thousands of times a second. You do the pushing and pulling, not by grasping his ear, but by using the energy of your voice.

When you speak, the tiny particles or molecules that make up the surrounding air are set in motion. They exert the push and pull on the man's eardrum. They press on it only as heavily as a snip of hair 1-1000th of an inch long—but that is enough.

Behind the eardrum are tiny bones and chambers of liquid which are set to vibrating as the eardrum vibrates. In the inner ear the vibrations are changed, scientists now believe, to electrical impulses that travel along nerves to the brain.

Has Electrical Ear. A telephone works the same way. It enables you to push and pull on a man's eardrum from a distance. The telephone transmitter is an electrical ear. It hears what you say and sends the words by electrical impulses over wires instead of over nerves. The air molecules set moving by

of the electromagnet and the strength of the magnet's pull varies with the strength of the current.

As the strength of the current in the wire coil varies, the diaphragm bends back and forth. This also happens from a hundred to several thousand times a second.

The current coming over the wires, flowing through the wire coil, thus exerts push and pull on the receiver diaphragm. As it vibrates, it imparts motion to the molecules of air in front of it. They in turn vibrate against the listener's eardrum. It vibrates, and he hears the sounds that are being spoken at the other end of the line.

Has Language of Own. The telephone is a universal linguist, though some people don't always realize it. Once an enterprising Arab merchant in the Near East had a telephone installed, and the first customer who called spoke Greek. The Arab could not understand Greek, and in high dudgeon went to the company and told them they had given him an instrument that spoke Greek whereas he wanted one that spoke Arabian!

The telephone not only speaks all languages, but it also has a language of its own, unlike any other tongue on earth. When your speech travels over a telephone wire, it is as private as if you were talking with someone in the middle of the Sahara. But when your speech goes out on the radio waves of the transatlantic telephone, anyone might listen in to one side of the conversation simply by tuning his receiving set to the proper wave length.

Therefore, when you telephone across the ocean, your voice goes through a device that translates all your words into sounds wholly unintelligible. Your voice really is turned upside down—the high tones are turned into low ones, and the low ones into high ones. Syllables are produced with vowels and consonants that are utterly strange to the human ear.