

# Floyd Gibbons'

## ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



### "Adventure in a Pickle Factory"

HELLO, EVERYBODY: Well, here's a yarn that's going to sound a sour note in our adventure saga. When I read it I thought of that old song, "Down by the Winegar Woods," and I'd be willing to bet that place was right next door to the one where John Mains, of Long Island, had his life's big adventure. You see, the concern John works for is one of those outfits that catch juvenile cucumbers before they get a chance to grow up, soak them in vinegar and send them out into the world to decorate ham and cheese sandwiches. John has a job in a pickle factory.

The factory is in East Northport—John's home town—and I'm willing to admit they've turned out some pretty good pickles there. But if they keep on making pickles until pickles stop having warts, they'll never turn out a tougher one than the pickle John got in, just from trying to keep the machinery going and the pickles moving out in a steady, uninterrupted acidulous stream.

John is a machinist at that East Northport pickle foundry, and it was on January 18, 1935, that he ran into Old Lady Adventure. The machinery in the factory is run by a big 50-foot shaft suspended just below the ceiling. Belts running from this shaft furnish the power to the various machines, and on this day one of the belts had broken.

John was ordered to replace that broken belt, and he went to work at it. The machinery, of course, was stopped while he was doing the job. When he had finished he turned the power on again to see how it worked. Well, it wasn't working so well, at that. The new belt was slipping. Now one way to stop a belt from slipping is to wax it. So John got a can of wax and started up the ladder toward the shaft. But this time he neglected to shut off the power.

Ladder Slides Out From Under Him When He Reaches Top. The machinery was still running, but John thought he could keep out of the way of those spinning wheels and pulleys. Besides, waxing a belt is a lot easier when the motor is turning it for you. John reached



He was dazed—bewildered—gasping—when suddenly his clothes started to rip.

the top of the ladder and went to work. But he had hardly started when he lost his balance. And the ladder went sliding out from under him!

Instinctively, John threw his body to one side—and he landed right up against the whirling shaft. The ladder went tumbling to the floor, but John didn't follow. In the few seconds while he was jammed up against that shaft it had caught his clothing—began twisting it around and around!

In two turns the shaft had taken up all the slack in those duds of John's. Then it began putting on the pressure. John felt his body being squeezed until he thought his ribs would break. His chest was flattened until he couldn't breathe. He was hammered and pounded against the ceiling until he was bruised and covered with blood. And still that shaft twisted, and still it tightened the clothing around his body. There was no one in the room at the time, and John couldn't get enough breath in his lungs to call for help. For a minute he thought he was going to die there, alone, 15 feet from the floor and dangling in mid air. He was dazed—bewildered—gasping—when suddenly his clothes started to rip.

Again the shaft began turning, taking up the slack. It tore every stitch of clothing from his back and arm, and didn't stop until it reached his wrist. There the machinery began twisting the end of his sleeve—twisting it so tightly that John thought sure it was going to take his hand off.

His chest was free now of that terrible tension. He could breathe—he could even have called for help. But by that time John was too far gone to cry out. He hung dangling from the shaft, the blood streaming down his body—conscious enough to know what was happening to him, but not conscious enough to do anything about it.

It was a thought that finally saved the day. All of a sudden John thought of his wife and child. What would they say when they learned what had happened to him. How would they get along when John couldn't bring home the weekly pay envelope any more? "That thought roused me," John says. "And then I must have let out a scream. I don't remember crying out, but my brother, who also worked at the factory, and who was in the next room, heard a yell and came running in to see what was the matter."

After Last Scream, John Loses Consciousness.

John's brother didn't come a minute too soon, either. For after that last thought and that last scream he had lost consciousness. His brother ran and shut off the power and then ran back and picked up the fallen ladder. He climbed to the top, cut John loose with a pocket knife, and carried him down that ladder on his back.

John's brother rounded up a couple of other fellows in the factory, and they took John to a doctor. John was there quite a while before he came to again. When the doctor heard what had happened he just simply couldn't see how John had managed to live through his experience.

And that's a thing John doesn't quite understand either. "I thought that I'd at least lose my arm," he says, "but the doctor fixed it up and now it's in good shape again. When it was all over I thought I was the luckiest man on earth. And I STILL think so." They're still making pickles out in that factory at East Northport. But it will be many a long day before they produce another one like that one John got into. At least, I hope it will.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

### British Guiana Mines Yield Gold and Diamonds

British Guiana has a total area larger than England, Scotland and Wales together. Yet the population is little more than 300,000, or about two people to a square mile, except in the cities. Georgetown, the capital, accounts for one-fifth of the entire colony's inhabitants. Sugar, raised in a narrow coastal strip diked against the sea by Seventeenth-century Dutch settlers, is the chief product of British Guiana. But the inland reach, penetrating 500 miles into the South American continent, has mineral and forest wealth practically untapped because of the difficulty of transportation.

More than 2,000,000 ounces of gold and 2,000,000 carats of diamonds

## FARM TOPICS

BIRDS BENEFICIAL TO FARM CROPS

### Value of Food Habits Are Often Misjudged.

Some of the birds that save millions in crops each year are still misjudged by the farmer. The beautiful Baltimore oriole has been accused of damaging grapes and garden peas. But studies show that the oriole's food habits are largely beneficial. Caterpillars are its favorite fare, but it also eats quantities of plant and bark lice, ants, wasps, grasshoppers, spiders and weevils.

Farmers who tear swallows' nests from barn eaves are turning out their best friends. Swallows consume vast numbers of harmful flying insects and young birds in the nest often eat more insects than their parents.

Woodpeckers are often suspected of damaging trees by their drillings. Each hole drilled means that the bird has located the larva of a destructive wood-boring insect. Woodpeckers are among the most valuable forest conservationists and with their heavy bills they get insects that other birds can not get.

Fruit raisers often look on robins as enemies because of the robin's appetite for cherries, yet robins consume insects harmful to fruit crops throughout the year, and only during June and July do they eat cultivated fruit to any extent. One good way to keep robins out of the orchards is to plant mulberry trees nearby. Mulberries ripen at the same time as cherries, and the birds prefer them to other fruits.

### Bull's Pedigree, Looks, Poor Guides for Buyer

Dairymen who pick a bull only by his pedigree and appearance pick a good bull only one time out of three, but those who use proved sire records as a basis for selecting herd sires choose a good bull three times out of four, says Dr. J. F. Kendrick of the United States bureau of dairy industry. These conclusions are based upon numerous records of breeding activities in dairy herd-improvement associations.

An example of a dairyman who depended only on pedigree and looks is cited by Dr. Kendrick. In 1925 the cows in his herd were averaging 320 pounds of butterfat a year. A new bull was purchased. Four years later the average herd production had been boosted to 354 pounds of fat for each cow. Another sire was added to the herd, chosen by the same method as the first. At the end of another four years the average herd production had dropped to 316 pounds. A third bull has not boosted the production average. Without proved sire records, as a guide this dairyman picked only one good bull out of three.

### Hog Mixture

A well-balanced grain ration and good legume pasture will bring the pigs through in fine condition after weaning. A grain mixture of 80 pounds corn, 80 pounds oats, 12 pounds tankage, 10 pounds soybean oil meal, 8 pounds cottonseed meal, 6 pounds alfalfa meal, and 4 pounds of minerals is recommended. The amount of oats in the mixture is gradually reduced as the pigs get older and replaced with corn until all butts have been removed. The alfalfa meal can be left out if the pigs have good legume pasture. Getting the pigs started right and keeping them growing is the formula for success in hog raising.

### Farm Purchases

Last year the federal land banks and the land bank commissioner made more than 6,000 loans to finance the purchase of farms. Loans averaged \$3,000 to \$4,000 each. They are limited to \$7,500 and can be as high as three-fourths of the value of the property. Borrowers are required to have experience, equipment and sufficient savings to finance at least one-fourth of the purchase.

### Isolate New Animals

New farm animals should not be allowed to mingle with the home stock, but should be isolated for several weeks, authorities of the American Foundation for Animal Health declare. This will allow time for dormant diseases to manifest themselves and will prevent the spread of such diseases to other stock on the farm.

### Manure Important

Baryard manure should be well cared for. Use plenty of straw to soak up the liquid part and protect the pile from the weather and heavy drainage. Of the 10 pounds of nitrogen contained in a ton of average farm manure, about one-half is in the liquid, and is in such chemical combination that it is as easily lost by exposure to the air, with freezing or drying, as free ammonia would be. Neglecting care of manure is a common farm error.

## DUDE RANCH

By VIC YARDMAN  
(Released by Associated Newspapers WNU Service.)

### W

HEN word was received that The Wolf had escaped from the state penitentiary and was headed toward the Cactus Thorn, Gail Winslow was quite overcome with delight. "Just think," she exclaimed to Jeff, her brother, "we may see him! A real live desperado! Why, it will be the first really exciting thing that's happened since we came West to operate our dude ranch. Jeff, I'm thrilled to death!"

"It won't be so thrilling," Jeff told her. "If The Wolf does choose this locality as a hideout. He'll have to eat, and our ranch is the only habitation within miles. He's a bad one, that bird. Besides," he added, "let's get to work. We've guests arriving on the 11 o'clock train!"

"Perfect!" said Gail. "What do you mean, 'perfect'?" Jeff asked.

"Why, Jeff, don't you see? That's why, up to now, we haven't made a go of this place. I mean, because we haven't been able to offer the dudes who come here anything in the way of real western atmosphere or excitement. And that's what they think they're paying for. And, Jeff, now we can give it to them. Something real! Something alive!"

Jeff looked disgusted. "I think," he said, "you must be cracked. That Wolf guy is a killer. If he turns up at the Cactus Thorn—and it's more than likely he will because the sheriff's got the rest of the county pretty well covered—he'll mean business. And unless we produce what he asks for—well, he's a killer."

Jeff picked up his hat and went out. Left alone, Gail went about the business of setting the house to rights in an abstracted manner.

She didn't believe that Jeff knew what he was talking about when he declared that The Wolf might show up at the Cactus Thorn. No man with a posse on his trail would be fool enough to try robbing a ranch—not at least, until the excitement of his escape had subsided somewhat. Thinking thus in terms of logic, Gail grew depressed.

If The Wolf remained in hiding there'd be no excitement for the guests who were arriving, and if there were no excitement—she sighed and went to the window to scrutinize the horseman whose approach could be heard behind the bunkhouse.

A moment later the rider came into view and Gail felt her pulse quicken.

It was Bill Sherwood, sheriff of Cactus county. Bill came in, slapping the dust from his jeans and grinning.

"Lo, Gail. Been cruising around in the hopes of picking up The Wolf's trail. Thought I'd drop by for a glass of milk and a cookie. Mind?"

"Not at all, Bill," Gail fetched a pitcher of milk and a plate of cookies, and while Bill was eating she sat down opposite him. "Bill," she said, "I've just had an idea. It came to me when I saw you riding up. It's about The Wolf!"

Bill looked up in surprise, but went on eating.

And Gail said: "Bill, we have a bunch of dudes coming on the 11 o'clock. And, like all easterners, they want atmosphere and excitement. So far we've lost a lot of business because we can't provide that atmosphere. And, Bill, if this bunch runs out on us we're licked. We'll have to quit."

"Well?" said Bill, biting into another cookie.

"Well," Gail went on, "if you'll help, Bill, we can provide that atmosphere in good style. Listen, Bill, you and I know that The Wolf won't come snooping around this ranch while his trail's so hot. But he's reported out this way, and if you make this your headquarters your chances of catching him and collecting the reward are as good as any. I'll tell our guests that there's danger and you're staying here to protect them. That'll be a thrill, and possibly we could stage a chase or something—"

It took a lot of argument, but eventually Gail won.

She always won where Bill was concerned, because she was young and pretty and Bill was young, too—and often dropped in at the Cactus Thorn for other reasons than to eat cookies.

When Jeff arrived with the guests, four women and three men, the stage was all set. Gail, an anxious look on her face and with a warning glance at Jeff, greeted them with:

"Oh, I'm so relieved it's you and the guests, Jeff. When Bill and I heard the horses, I was sure it must be The Wolf."

phatic about it that two of the other women, young girls, and one of the men, thought that perhaps they'd leave, too.

For a minute it began to look as though Gail had overdone the thing. Then one of the other men, a youth who said his name was Sam Smith, stepped forward and said that was silly. There wasn't any danger with Sheriff Bill on the job.

Whereupon Sheriff Bill came to the front and declared that it would be dangerous leaving the ranch without an escort; in fact, Deputy Marshal Curtis had ordered him not to permit strangers to ride out alone, if it could be helped.

Thus finding themselves between two fires, Mrs. Barclay and the others decided to stay, and the day was saved.

Jeff put up a big complaint when later he got Gail alone, but Gail was too excited with the success of her plan (and with the good looks of the young man named Sam Smith) even to listen. In fact, it was her interest in Mr. Smith that raised havoc with the whole scheme. Sheriff Bill Sherwood contracted a touch of jealousy.

Three days after the dudes' arrival—just when they were beginning to enjoy the thrill of it all—he kicked over the traces.

"I'm leaving," he growled. "It's a waste of time, me staying here. The Wolf's probably a million miles away. I'm through."

"But, Bill," Gail pleaded. "You can't leave! If you do, our guests will leave, too, and— and then where'll we be?"

"Smith won't leave," said Bill ugily.

"So that's it? You're jealous! Oh, Bill Sherwood, I think you're—you're terrible! I hate you!"

And that might have brought disaster to the whole plan, except for the timely arrival of Deputy Marshal Curtis. Curtis, brandishing a pair of six guns, burst in on them that night about supper time, with a posse of 30 men.

"All right," he said, jabbing one of the guns under Mr. Smith's nose. "Come along, Wolf! You've been posing as a dude long enough!"

And, of course, those few words changed disaster into success. Smith was taken away.

There was no longer any danger, because The Wolf had been captured and therefore the guests decided to stay on anyhow, and they were greatly thrilled at having been living under the same roof with a real desperado, hence happy and contented and satisfied with the atmosphere and excitement which the Cactus Thorn had afforded.

And Sheriff Bill, no longer with a rival in the field, did a neat job of apologizing to Gail and convincing her that she should marry him—which, incidentally, she had planned to do anyhow, but didn't think it advisable to apprise Bill of that fact.

Jeff was the only one left out in the cold. But, then, Jeff had taken a keen fancy to one of the younger female guests—so there you are!

### Old Gas Wells Used For Storage Tanks

A new use for old gas wells has been found. A steel company is using the practically exhausted McKeesport, Pa., natural gas field as a storage tank for the by-product gas produced at its coke works. The company had a problem on its hands to find adequate storage space for between fifty and sixty million cubic feet of gas which was produced during week-ends in excess of demands. A tank to hold 15,000,000 cubic feet would have cost \$1,000,000, would furnish only a quarter of the capacity needed. A company official hit upon the idea of using the underground space from which natural gas had been drawn for many years and which was now so far depleted that a vacuum pump was needed to get additional supplies. The rights to the field could be purchased for less than the cost of a single tank.

All wells which had been drawing gas from the field were securely closed and the gas from the coke ovens was pumped in under high pressure and drawn off as needed. In a short time the underground reservoir became filled and showed a pressure of nine pounds. Every additional 10,000,000 cubic feet raised the pressure one pound. Pressures up to 65 pounds have been produced when about 600,000,000 cubic feet were stored.

An interesting observation made by the engineers is that they can draw out of the underground reservoir 10 per cent more gas than they put in. This comes from the gas that is slowly released from the buried sands. The space in which the gas is stored is not an open cavern, but a bed of porous sand about two miles long and one mile wide. The original natural gas was stored in the spaces between the grains of sand and it is this same pore space that is now being used for storage purposes.

### Indians Smooth Checked

The beard of the American Indian, like that of the oriental, is naturally very sparse. Most male Indians would have a slight mustache and some beard on the chin if they permitted them to grow. Francis Parkman says when he was among the Sioux he "made careful use of the razor, an operation which no man will neglect who desires to gain the good opinion of Indians." When Father Garnier, the French missionary among the Hurons, showed the Indians a picture of the Savior the sight of the beard threw them into convulsions of laughter.

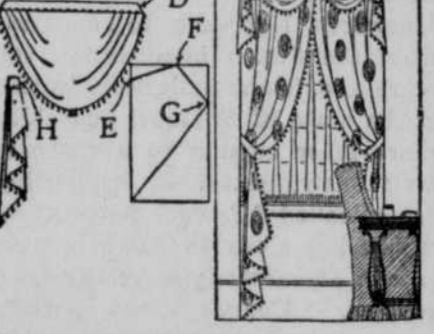
## Alex Finds It Smooth Going!



Barrel jumpers usually play safe with papier mache dummies. But Alex Hurd, Olympic record holder and jumping star of the Sun Valley Ice Show at the New York World's Fair, shows his self confidence by leaping over steel drums full of Quaker State motor oil.—Adv.

## HOW to SEW

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS



Place the edge marked C on a fold of the goods. The diagonal ends are pleated and stitched into a band as at D.

For the end pieces, cut paper 15 inches wide and 24 inches deep. E is 3 inches below the upper left corner. F is 9 inches in from the upper right corner. G is 6 inches down from the upper right corner. Finish the top as at H.

The offer of the two 25-cent sewing books containing 96 HOW TO SEW articles that have not appeared in the paper will be withdrawn soon. At present you can get both books for the price of one; but don't delay; send 25 cents with name and address to Mrs. Spears, 210 S. Desplains St., Chicago, Ill., and both books will be sent by return mail, postpaid.

AN IMPORTANT speaker was scheduled, and the club rooms were looking rather shabby. The decorating committee reported that formal draperies would lend an air of distinction. The funds wouldn't stretch and the committee wouldn't give up. Finally, every cent was put into material. Sewing machines hummed and here is a sketch of the miracle that was wrought. Here also are the dimensions that were used for making patterns for the graceful valance sections which were fastened over rods with snaps.

For the looped section, cut paper 18 inches deep and half as wide as the window measured over the frame. From the upper right corner to point A is half of the window width less two inches. Point B is 6 inches below the upper left corner. Draw a diagonal line from A to B, and a curve from B to the lower right corner.



## QUICK QUOTES

SENSE OF HUMOR  
"THERE is no danger of a dictatorship in this country so long as Americans retain their sense of humor. 'Humor is a symbol of liberty and freedom in a country where we can see the ridiculous side of politics. When there is a repression of laughter and witicism about political personages such as now exists in Europe, the loss of other liberties is on the way.'—Dr. George E. Vincent, former president, Rockefeller Foundation.

## NERVOUS?

Do you feel so nervous you want to scream? Are you cross and irritable? Do you scold those dearest to you? If your nerves are on edge and you feel you need a good general system tonic, try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made especially for women. For over 60 years this woman has told another how to go "smiling thru" with reliable Pinkham's Compound. It helps nature build up more physical resistance and thus helps calm quivering nerves and lessen discomforts from annoying symptoms which often accompany female functional disorders. Why not give it a chance to help YOU? Over one million women have written in reporting wonderful benefits from Pinkham's Compound.

## Need of Encouragement

It takes a good deal of encouragement to counteract the natural despondency of the artistic temperament.—Veronica.

## THE TRUTH SIMPLY TOLD

Today's popularity of Doan's Pills, after many years of world-wide use, surely must be accepted as evidence of satisfactory use. And favorable public opinion supports that of the able physicians who have testified to the value of Doan's under exacting laboratory conditions. These physicians, you read, the objective of which is only to recommend Doan's Pills as a good diuretic treatment for functional kidney disorder and for relief of the pain and worry it causes. If more people were aware of how the kidneys must constantly remove waste that cannot stay in the blood without injury to health, there would be better understanding of why the whole body suffers when kidneys lag, and diuretic medication would be more often employed. Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be warning of disturbed kidney function. You may suffer frequent backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out. Use Doan's Pills. It is better to rely on a medicine that has won world-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Ask your neighbor!

## DOAN'S PILLS

## MERCHANTS

Your Advertising Dollar buys something more than space and circulation in the columns of this newspaper. It buys space and circulation plus the favorable consideration of our readers for this newspaper and its advertising patrons. LET US TELL YOU MORE ABOUT IT