

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

"Wild Night Afloat"

HELLO EVERYBODY:

You know, sometimes Old Lady Adventure puts you through the paces in a second or two, and then lets up on you.

I've told you boys and girls a couple of yarns, at least, that didn't last more than five or six seconds at the most. But there are also times when the old girl with the thrill bag seems to take delight in teasing her victims, as a cat would tease a mouse—tossing one bit of hard luck after another at them, until she has them worn down and ready to quit.

Floyd Smith of Chicago could tell you a yarn like that. A tale of terror for hours on end. And as a matter of fact, Floyd will tell you that story. For we've got him here with us at the Adventurers' campfire tonight and he's all ready to go.

It's a story of the World war—and, incidentally, Floyd wants me to announce that if any of the three fellows who went through it with him should read this story—well—he sure hopes they'll drop him a line.

The scene of this yarn is Brest, France, where Floyd was attached to the U. S. naval air station. He was one of a crew of four on a speed boat—the type of craft that is known as a gig in the navy—and it was one day in August, 1918, that the gig and its crew was sent out for an all-night battle with Old Lady Adventure.

Men Ordered Taken Off Pensacola.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening when the officer of the day brought their orders. The U. S. S. Pensacola had weighed anchor a short time before and was putting out to sea. Aboard her was a 15-man detail from the air station, which had been helping to unload the ship. They were to have been taken off before the Pensacola sailed, but the orders had been mixed up, and there they were, getting a ride they were never intended to have. The gig's orders were to catch the Pensacola and take the men off.

Says Floyd: "We took out after the ship, which was already in the narrow channel that leads from the bay to the open sea. In about 10 minutes we were a hundred yards astern of the Pensacola, when suddenly our motor quit. Well—it goes without saying that we did not catch the Pensacola. As luck would have it the tide was going out, and it swept us out to sea."

The water out there was too deep for the anchor line, so they kept right on drifting. It was growing dark by that time, so no one ashore saw their predicament. With no means to stop the boat from drifting,



"We were a hundred yards astern of the Pensacola, when suddenly our motor quit."

those four lads worked frantically, trying to get the motor started again, but they only made matters worse. They ran the batter down and then they were left without lights.

The Gig Drifts Slowly Out to Sea.

"By this time," says Floyd, "it was pitch dark and it had started to rain. There was nothing to do but drift, so we drifted."

And under that casual statement, there lies a world of terror. Those four lads—every one of them—knew what it meant to drift out to sea. If they were lucky they might be picked up by a passing steamer. But on the other hand, it was all too easy to drift unsighted for days on end, and finally perish of thirst and exposure.

"We drifted until about 2 a. m.," says Floyd, "and then the sea began to get rough and we really had something to worry about, for there were mine fields all about the entrance of the harbor and we figured we had drifted into them. The mines were moored 12 feet below the surface, but with the high swells bobbing us up and down, we stood a good chance of hitting one of them. We began holding our breaths."

About an hour later, they sighted a blinker light—and that was the signal for more panic.

"It was too high to be on a ship," says Floyd, "so it must have been on a cliff. Were we going to be washed against this cliff? We all prepared for the worst. We put on life preservers and let out the anchor. But the anchor didn't hold. The boat still drifted. After a while we had drifted to a place where we could see lights in the distance. Could it be true that we were in the channel, heading back toward Brest?"

Boat Drifts Back to Starting Point.

And that's just where they were. The boat had drifted right back to where it had started.

Luck? Sure, it was. But those lads still had the worst of their adventure to go through. Back on shore, someone had spotted them. The blinker on the cliff was signaling, but in a code they couldn't understand.

"Would they open fire on us?" says Floyd. "That's what we were afraid of. They kept searchlights on us until we were half way through the channel, and then we saw a swift-moving vessel coming in our direction. When it got with a hundred yards of us I could see that it was a torpedo boat. Its searchlight beamed on us, and it came straight for us."

Straight at them it came—full speed ahead, and with no intention of stopping. It just grazed the stern of the boat—but with a force that spun it around and almost knocked its four occupants overboard.

"By the time we had come to our senses," says Floyd, "it had turned and was coming back to take another ram at us. All four of us began yelling at the top of our lungs, 'Americans—Americans!'"

The boat came on. It came within a few feet of the gig, and then, suddenly, it turned sharply aside. The boys kept right on yelling, "Americans," then from the French torpedo boat came the answer, "Oui, oui."

"We told them our engine had broken down," says Floyd, "and they said they thought we were a German submarine. They towed us back to our station, and when we were ashore again we all agreed it was one night we would long remember."

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Best Pleasures Simplest, Require the Least Effort

The best pleasures are first, the simplest—pleasures which require least machinery, least effort on the part of others; second, the least expensive; third, the most accessible; fourth, those that can be most widely shared; fifth, those that can be most often repeated without doing harm to body, mind, or soul; sixth, those that call into action the highest qualities of life. The best pleasures are what we might call floor pleasures; that is, the pleasures of mind and spirit. If we test our pleasures by such laws as these, they will take us outdoors instead of indoors; to nature, and not to artificial things; to wholesome exercise, and not just to idle entertainment; to music, friendship, and books rather than to excitement and things that are artificial.



WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—Perhaps it is the heat, general, it seems, throughout the civilized world these days, or more likely it is one of those waves of human

Born in Wealth, aspiration that Ellsworth Picks some time **Hazardous Life** sweep the world. At any rate in announcing intention to return to Antarctica to seek to learn some of the primal secrets hidden in the interior of the continent at the bottom of the world, Lincoln Ellsworth shares ambition with Admiral Byrd, as with British, Norwegian, French and Argentinian flyer-explorers. Difference is that, whereas Mr. Ellsworth's motives are purely scientific, in other cases international politics in their relation to geographical claims are the incentives.

Love of adventures manifested when yet in his 'teens sent Ellsworth forth to explore unknown regions in different parts of the world. Scion of wealthy parents, born in Chicago in 1880, he could have ordered his career, had he wished, along many lines less strenuous and of fewer hazards than the one he chose and in which he has become so distinguished. He came east to a crack seat of secondary learning, the Hill school, Pottstown, Pa., and upon graduation entered Columbia where he won scholastic honors in the department of civil engineering. But, becoming restive under the sedentary routine of student life, he did not wait to be graduated.

Faring forth into the wild, he became an axman on the first Grand Trunk Pacific railway survey of the transcontinental route across Canada. For five years he saw the virgin land of the Northwest, fived among Indians, shared the hardships of pioneers. In 1907 he became resident engineer of the Grand Trunk at Prince Rupert, B. C.

But his work, filled though it was with hardship and adventure, was not enough. Restlessness was in his soul and the unknown beckoned. So 1909 found him in the Peace river district in northern Canada, prospecting for gold. Then the World war came and, seeking action, he went to France where he became an aviator long before the United States entered the strife.

The real turning point in his career came with his meeting with Raoul Amundsen in Paris in 1924. With the great Norwegian explorer he participated in various expeditions culminating in 1926 with the famous flight in a dirigible over the North pole. Since then subsequent trips of exploration won him enhanced fame and added thrilling chapters to a gallant life of action.

PROFESSOR J. B. S. HALDANE, the famous British biochemist, who just now offers to sit inside an air-raid shelter while it is bombed from the outside, is the only living test-tube—yet unscarred.

Scientist Balks At Nothing; as Yet Unscarred

Last month he sealed himself in an air-tight chamber for 14 hours to learn how the victims of the Thetis submarine disaster felt in their last hours. He once ate an ounce of ammonium chloride a day, survived it and learned a lot about tetanus and saving children's lives. Studying fatigue, he shut himself for long periods in a tight chamber, the air charged with carbon dioxide. Tracing effects of acid on the body, he ate daily three ounces of bicarbonate of soda, following it with a chaser of hydrochloric acid, diluted with water. Twice gassed in the World war, he seemed to enjoy himself a lot, writing down his sensations with Gusto and later qualifying as an expert on mustard and other gases.

With all that, he hasn't a scratch on him and doesn't suffer even from indigestion. Husky and vigorous, he doubles as guinea pig and a writer, the latter pursuit greatly enhancing his fame, notably with his book Daedalus, which was quite a sensation in this country in 1924. He experiments on his mind just as he does on his body. He is moved mainly by the idea that we know precious little about life and death and the human body and mind, and that in the short time allotted to us we ought to try anything once, which he consistently does. He is a spirited writer, giver to epigrams, and is known as the G. B. Shaw of Science.

The son of a distinguished Scottish scientist, he was educated at Oxford and gained increasing reputation before he was 30. He is 47.

(Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

EGGS FOR TWO

By STANLEY JONES
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

THE June sun was just beginning to warm the red tiles of the terrace when a tall young man swung quietly up the steps. He wore a leather flying coat and there was a smudge of grease down the side of his lean face.

Stretching behind him was a long slope of emerald turf that dipped into the dancing waters of Long Island sound.

Picking up a pebble, he chucked it against one of the screened windows in the great, silent house.

"Hey, Lazy," he called good-naturedly. "Stick out your head."

There came, presently, the muffled click of mules, then startled blue eyes in a face lovely despite a certain imperious tension.

"Why, Tom Proctor! I thought you were in town. What on earth—" "Listen, Kay. Slide into something and come out for a whirl in the new amphibian—she runs like a charm."

"Gee, I'd love to," sighed the girl. "But I've got more things to do, Tom. A meeting at 10, Mrs. Shuttlesworth at 11, school board for luncheon. And right after, the Garden club and—"

"Aw, let 'em wait," coaxed Tom, entreating in his face.

"You can see that bunch of freaks any day."

"Well, 15 minutes, then," smiled Kay. "And they're no more freaks than you are, if anyone should ask me. Wait 'till I tell Miss McKay where I am, in case anyone calls."

Twice the graceful silver plane circled the fields and wooded clumps of the far-flung estate.

Kathryn peered out through the cabin window; for a time her eyes lost that intense, preoccupied look which Tom had come to note with increasing dismay.

"Why, it's lovely!" she cried, squeezing his hand impulsively.

"Course it is," said Tom. "Things are always lovely when we get together, Hon! Why, no two people ever had more fun than we used to have. Until you gave me the air to run the whole doggone community out here."

"Don't be injured," said the girl, patting his hand with mock pity. "You are still the nicest man I know, Mr. Proctor."

Then, almost subconsciously, her eyes were drawn to the little silver clock in the cowl.

"Goodness, I must hurry. Home, James, if you please."

The man regarded her curiously for a long moment, shook his head.

"Not today," he said quietly. Kathryn flushed, stared.

Then her jaw settled in a way reminiscent of her father, old "T. D.", the act of squashing a dissenting director. Her voice took on a quickened, exciting edge.

"What on earth ails you, Tom? I tell you I've no time for—"

"You're going to take a little time, Kay," he interrupted coolly. "Time for a little trip—where you can't be a big, important committeewoman to anybody but me for a change."

Now, if there was one quality upon which Kathryn prided herself above all others, it was self-possession. At the moment, with an overpowering impulse to wrest the controls from his hands, she bit her lip and shrugged.

"Very well, Tom. But I can promise you one thing; I shan't forget this in a hurry."

"That," he replied, with a certain grim sincerity, "is precisely what I am hoping. It's long overdue."

They had no more talk until the red afternoon sun began cooling itself to lavender in the blue mist obscuring the horizon.

Then, abruptly, Tom frowned at his map.

A glance at the instrument board, and the little plane curled straight out to sea. It was then that Kathryn's nerve broke.

"You take me back!" she cried fiercely. "I've had enough of this!" She snatched at the stick—the ship dipped crazily.

She beat at his head, her arm, her breath hot and incoherent with sobs.

At length Tom released one hand to grip her shoulder.

"You sit still," he commanded in a voice she had never heard. "Sit still and shut up—for once. I'm running this, understand?"

Kathryn cried a little then, and sulked in the deep white folds of her polo coat.

An hour droned by. Suddenly she gasped and clutched the seat. The plane was nosing down. Blue water swung up at them; a deeper, clearer blue than the sound. Down, down, until the hull skimmed it lightly as a swallow's wing, rose, and settled again with a smooth, sighing "S-s-wish."

Tom taxied in slowly until they grounded on the white sand of a large wooded island.

"Well, that does it," he exclaimed with satisfaction. "Come on, hon—help unload." Kathryn glared at his eager face.

"What do you think you're going to do? Spend the night on this God-forsaken island—alone with me?"

He looked back at her, pausing on the little ladder. "Night, my eye," he said cheerfully. "Two months—unless you refuse to cook and I have to kill you."

He glanced at the white beach, the green tufts of palms nodding welcome in the soft breeze.

"Gee, isn't this swell? It's Ed Graham's island—he's got a knock-out of a cottage up on that knoll. Straw roof, running water from a well, supplies—everything, hon! And I've got your bags here."

"I could kill you," declared Kathryn. "My committees will be—"

"The deuce with 'em," said Tom, filling his pipe.

"Come on, lend a hand. 'Why,' he leaned on his elbows, smiling reminiscently. 'Why, do you realize how long it's been since you and I made a fire outdoors together?'"

"I won't lift a finger," said Kathryn fiercely. "I'll starve first."

Tom looked at her, shrugged. "Up to you, of course. But it's no fun."

She heard his feet plump on the sand, his whistle trail off into silence up the path.

It became dreadfully still, all at once.

Kathryn peered out into the strange twilight.

She realized that she was famished, faint with hunger.

She indulged herself in morbid satisfaction at the trouble and remorse which would seize Tom Proctor when he found her starved to death on his hands.

"Kay! Oh Kay-ay!" She turned a deaf ear to the hail. It was repeated once. Eagerly. Boyishly.

"Oh, Lord, but I'm hungry," whispered Kathryn. "But I won't give in—I'll die first."

She had no idea how long she slept, leaning back in the cramped cockpit. Dreaming tortured dreams of eggs, burbling happily in bacon fat.

The illusion became agonizingly real. It seemed to fill the cabin, depriving her of all strength, all will-power.

Weakly, she struggled to stifle her senses, wondering if she were not losing her mind.

"Hey," said Tom's voice, pleasantly inquiring. "How do you poach an egg, gal? Bust it and mix it, or sprawl it out like a bath-mat?" In the first pink flush of early morning, Kathryn rubbed her eyes and tried to remain aloof from the tantalizing skillet which he juggled.

After a final awful struggle she gave in.

"Not that way, you poor clown," she said scornfully. "Here, help me out before they're totally ruined."

"But," she paused, halfway down the ladder, "don't think that this is going to save you when I get home. When my father hears about—"

"Just suppose," said Tom impudently, "just suppose that I had already talked the thing over with T. D. Like to know what he said?"

"No," said Kathryn defiantly. "Yes. But you'd lie, anyway."

"Not me," said Tom, hooking her arm complacently. "Don't have to watch those eggs, there! Well, T. D. laughed so hard he nearly fell out of his chair. Then he slapped me on the back and said, 'Boy, that's the best idea you've had since you married her, 10 years ago!'"

Apache Foray Averted
With \$65 Buffalo Hunt

The gods of peace must have smiled when it was revealed recently how an obscure Indian agent 64 years ago averted a war by spending \$65 and organizing a buffalo hunt.

According to the report, written in 1874 by Alex G. Irvine to the Hon. Edward P. Smith, U. S. commissioner of Indian affairs, the Apaches went marauding one night and stole half a dozen horses from the Utes.

The Utes countered by preliminary thumps on their war drums. Irvine, a one-man league of nations in what was then a Southwestern wilderness, sensed the impending trouble and called the two tribes into council at Cimarron, N. M.

Representatives glowered across the room at each other in the agency building during which Irvine wrote that he did much perspiring to keep the pow-wow from becoming the beginning of a scalping spree.

Eventually Irvine got the Apaches grudgingly to agree to return the stolen horses. However, this arrangement failed to make peace between the tribes. The Utes demanded the lives of the thieves. The Apaches, of course, objected.

So the meeting broke up with each tribe waiting for the other to make a misstep to put on the war paint.

It was then that Irvine conceived the idea of the buffalo hunt. He reasoned that if the warriors of one of the tribes were busy in another part of the country there would be no occasion for friction between the two groups. The Apaches, for an unnamed reason, were chosen to go on the hunt.

Irvine's report revealed the following bill of sale:

1,000 lbs. of gun caps.....	\$ 2.50
1 doz. butcher knives	6.00
20 lbs. lead	5.00
10 lbs. gunpowder.....	10.00
1,200 lbs. shot	42.00
Total	\$65.50

Flags Tell
In Helsinki (Helsingfors), Finland, hotels display the national flag of every guest registered, so that a foreign visitor can tell in a glance whether a compatriot is in town, says Agnes Rothery in her new book on Finland. These flags are taken in at night, with the exception of Midsummer night, when, since the sun does not set on them, they remain unfurled 36 hours.

HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears



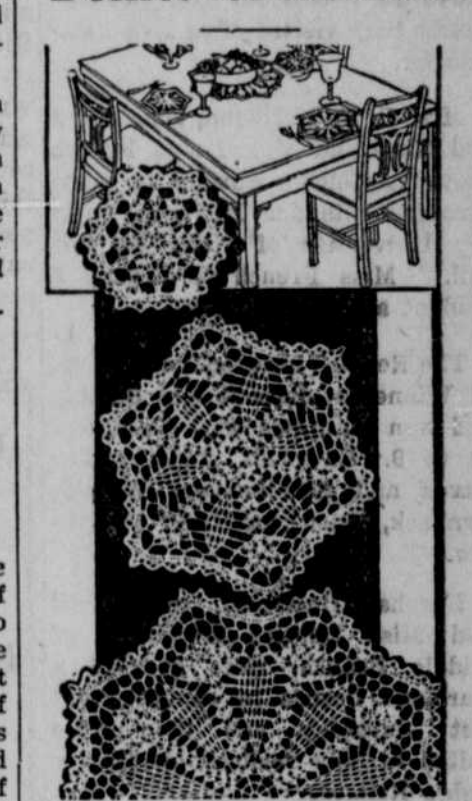
THERE is logic in the idea that glasses, china and pots and pans should have their own towels. Here is a simple way to make that logic work. Write across the corner of each towel with a soft pencil the purpose for which it is to be used. Use a soft pencil and your best script with the tall letters at least two inches high.

Work over the hand writing with heavy, bright colored embroidery thread. Chain stitch, as shown here at the upper right, gives a good strong outline and may be done quickly. Use a different color for each kind of towel. Colored

facings of prepared bias binding used flat as shown at the lower left make a practical edge finish. If you use flour and sugar sacks for dish towels, these suggestions for adding color will be especially useful.

GOOD NEWS is here for every homemaker. SEWING BOOK No. 3 is now ready for mailing. It contains 32 useful homemaking ideas, with all directions clearly illustrated. You will be delighted with it. The price of this new book is only 10 cents postpaid. Enclose coin with name and address to Mrs. Spears, 210 S. Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill.

Beautiful Crocheted Doilies for the Table



Pattern 1935

Add that touch of luxury that marks a well-kept home. Crochet a large lace doily for a centerpiece—a large and two medium-sized ones for buffet set—three sizes repeated for a luncheon set! The large doily measures 18 inches, the medium one 12 inches and the small 6 inches. Pattern 1935 contains directions for making doilies; illustrations of them and of stitches; materials required; photograph of doily.

Send 15 cents in coins for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York.

A Loving Thought
Instead of a gem or even a flower, cast the gift of a loving thought into the heart of a friend.—George McDonald.

Black Leaf 40 KILLS LICE
Cap-Brush Applicator makes "BLACK LEAF 40" GO MUCH FARTHER
JUST A DASH IN FEATHERS... OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS

Oil Purity MEANS MORE MILES!



Use Acid-Free Quaker State Motor Oil regularly. Your car will run farther before you need to add a quart . . . you save on repair bills. These results are assured because every drop of Quaker State is acid-free. You get only pure, rich, heat-resistant lubricant specifically refined to give you care-free driving. Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.



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