

# Floyd Gibbons'

## ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



### "Death Traps the Eeler"

By FLOYD GIBBONS  
Famous Headline Hunter

A FISHERMAN takes his living out of the water, and at times the water is pretty generous. But it's a treacherous element when it wants to be, and there are times when it takes back more than it has given. Sometimes it drives a mighty hard bargain.

Judd O'Rourke made his living for eight of nine months by wheeling it from the Saco river in Maine. Judd didn't take any too much from the river. Darned little more than he needed to live on. But when the river came around to collect, it wanted Judd's life in payment for those few months of subsistence.

It was in the spring of 1929 when Judd started to wrest a living from the river. He was digging clams and fishing for eels, down at the mouth of the stream. Eel fishing took quite a bit of equipment. One set line alone cost about eight dollars for material and a day's work putting it together.

A set line is a long rope, with weights on it every twenty feet to keep it down at the bottom of the river, and three or four hundred shorter lines attached to it at intervals. The shorter lines are baited to catch the eels which swim along near the bottom of the stream on their way out to sea with the ebbing tide.

### Old Man River Presents His Bill.

Judd's set line stretched clear across the river. It was anchored by concrete blocks a few feet out from either shore, and at one end there was a float that told Judd where he could find it when he wanted it. You never take a set line entirely out of the water. When you want to gather your catch, you haul the line up at the buoy and work your way along it in a rowboat, pulling the line up in front of you and letting it fall back in the water behind.

All through April and May, Judd made his living digging clams and tending his set lines. And then, on the morning of June seventh, Old Man River presented him with a bill for what he had taken. The bill was for one human life, and Old Man River didn't pull his punches when he started collecting it.

That morning, Judd and his friend George Croft were rowing out to some mud flats for bait. On their way, they passed one of Judd's set lines and stopped to see if there was a stray eel or two on it. Judd caught the line at the buoy, pulled it up, and started working along it toward the other side of the river. He worked along until he was about half way across, and then the line stuck.

### When It Looks Safe, It Sometimes Isn't.

Judd figured it was caught on a snag on the river bottom. Try as he would, he couldn't pull it up, so the two men gave up and rowed on to get



George was hauling him down—down to his death!

their bait. But on the way back, Judd began thinking that he didn't want to lose a new eight dollar set line and decided to have a try at diving for it.

The river was only about fourteen feet deep at low tide, and all the clothes Judd had on were his boots and a pair of old pants with legs cut off at the knees. He took off his boots and then tied the boat's anchor rope to his waist and gave the other end to George Croft to hold. That rope was for safety's sake. The waters on the Maine coast are ice cold, even in June, and if Judd got a cramp he wanted George to be able to haul him up. But sometimes the contraptions we rig up for our safety are the things that do us the most harm.

Judd dived. He found his line and began working his way toward where it was snagged. He found the place. An old water-logged tree stump, rolled downstream by the current had lodged on top of it. Judd couldn't budge the stump. His lungs were bursting, so he rose to the surface. The only thing he could do now was to cut the line on each side of the stump and save as much of it as possible. Taking his fishing knife he dived again.

### Trapped Beneath Surface of Icy Waters.

He reached the bottom, but the line on one side, and then, after rising to the surface for another breath of air, he went down again. But this time, he miscalculated his distance. He reached bottom on the wrong side of the stump and had to work his way around it. "That took a few precious seconds," says Judd, "because now the current was becoming stronger and it was getting increasingly hard to hold my feet on the bottom. But at last I found the line. I cut it quickly, doubled my knees under me and shot toward the surface."

But Judd didn't reach the surface. He shot up about five feet, and then stopped with a jerk that took the air out of his lungs. That jerk scared Judd. "The first thing I thought," he says "was that a large squid had me. To this day I don't know why I should have thought that, for the largest squid I have ever seen weighed only a pound and a half. Then I looked down and saw that it was the anchor rope, tied to my waist, that was holding me. I knew it must be caught on the bottom, so I grasped it and hauled myself downward, hand over hand."

Judd's lungs were aching now. The air was gone out of them, and he knew it would be a long time before he could untangle that rope and get to the surface. Would he make it? Well—he was doing his best. That ten feet of rope seemed like five hundred. His heart was beating and his head was spinning. At last he reached the point where the rope was snagged, and then—calamity!

As he reached the snag, the rope suddenly tightened, drawing him up close against the stump. Up in the boat, George Croft had picked that moment to become alarmed and try to haul Judd out of the water. And with the rope caught in the snag, George was hauling him down instead of up—down to his death!

Judd began to struggle. But the rope only pulled him closer to the stump. It was so tight that Judd couldn't possibly free it from the snag, and there weren't many more seconds left in which he'd be able to free it. His lungs were bursting and his stomach felt as if it were turning inside out. He began swallowing water—and at that moment he thought of the knife he had brought down to cut the set line. It was his belt. He got it out, cut the rope—and that was the last Judd remembered.

When Judd woke up, he was lying in the bottom of the boat and George was giving him artificial respiration. George had had the scare of his life when the rope suddenly went slack and Judd's body had come to the surface and then started to go down again. He had fished Judd out with a gaff and then worked over him until he brought him around again.

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### First English Tragedy

The first real tragedy in the English language was not written until ten years after the first English comedy, "Ralph Rostler Doister," says the Montreal Herald. The authors were Thomas Norton and Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset. It was called "Gorbodue" and was acted by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple "before the Queen's most excellent Majesty, in her highness' Court of Whitehall, the 18th day of January, 1561."

### London's Foreign Trees

Although nearly 60 per cent of London's trees are planes, it is not an English tree. Like most of its fellows, it comes from abroad. Oddly enough, British trees do not thrive in London. The British oak never rises to its full stature in the city, whereas the Turkish oak seems little troubled by town life. It is the same with the North American oak. Where our trees languish and die, foreign trees quicken and thrive.

## Printed Organdie for Summer

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



THERE'S an exquisite femininity and a new elegance in this season's mode to be seen in the beguiling and flattering ruffled lingerie touches given to costumes, the whisper of taffeta underslips and the seductive charm of sheerest of sheer fabrics for daytime, afternoon and evening wear.

Of all the very lovely sheers on the summer fabric program there's none more lovely than the entrancing printed organdies. These dainty crisp cool-looking and cool-feeling gaily flowered Swiss organdies are the very embodiment of the new elegance and femininity that so distinguishes current fashion.

The fact that they are so enchanting, so lovely tells their story of allure only in part, for after all is said and done it is their utter practicality that offers the big appeal. With the permanent finish and fast color given to the new Swiss organdies you can depend upon them surviving endless tubbings, retaining their crisp vitality and handsome color tones the entire life of your frock.

The exciting variety of new finishings and new patternings given to organdies this season has greatly enhanced them in the eyes of designers who are launching a new vogue for tailored effects as well as the dressier-type costumes. The new matelasse organdie is especially attracting attention. These smart matelasse weaves come in most any coloring and patterning from multi-color florals to smaller geometric figures and fascinating dotted prints that tailor to perfection in attractive one and two-piece frocks such as are ideal for warm weather wear. With dark backgrounds they especially tune to street wear and to costumes for active moments the whole day through as their crinkled finish requires little or no pressing.

The distinctive daytime frock centering the fashions pictured, demonstrates the adaptability of organdie in the new cloque or matelasse finish for practical wear. The novelty patterning of this organdie is done in red, blue, green and white dots against a black background. Self-fabric applique in unique design on plain white organdie ornaments the short puffed sleeves and shoulder yoke, also banding the edge of a separate full-cut overskirt that may be also worn as a cape if you feel an urge to wear it that way.

For comfort and joy supreme there's nothing more to be coveted than a beflowered print organdie done in exotic colorings. The summer fabric showings are playing up some of the most fascinating flower-printed organdies eyes e'er beheld. That pretty-pretty frock to the right in the illustration is made of crisp and dainty floral printed permanent finish Swiss organdie. Given a simple tailored styling it makes a very practical daytime dress as well as a very attractive one. The self-fabric saw-tooth edging at neckline and sleeves adds a voguish finish.

Glamorous is the word for the new organdie evening gowns. In youthful party frocks or in romantic trailing sophisticated styles, they run the gamut of color and fabric finish from dainty allover embroidered cutout patterns to pastels in brilliant floral patterns and striking flocked embroidery designs. For the beguiling evening frock shown to the left the designer uses crystal-clear organdie in white with a flocked floral motif in vivid red. It has a high pointed collar at the front and a sweeping double ruffle cascading so as to swirl about gracefully at the back in dancing.

© Western Newspaper Union.

### DOTTED LAWN

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Fashion seems never to get tired of dots. This season more than ever dotted effects are playing a most important role in the fabric realm. Daytime costumes tailored of sheer dotted materials are featured in dark tones that are practical. Navy, black, burgundy, brown, copen, green, with tiny white dots are proving big sellers. Clean cut, cool as a breeze, is the suit of dotted lawn as here shown. Its linen collar and pocket flaps are scalloped. Being sanforized shrunk it can be successfully tubbed time and time again.

### Full Skirts

Skirts that are kilted, pleated and shirred, with the fullness held in just below the hipbone, are indicated for the youthful, slim figure and are very new.

### LACE AND VEILINGS FOR EVENING HATS

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

A new collection of Suzanne Talbot millinery, just emerged from their Paris boxes and wrappings, presents the last word in delight to the eyes. To say the Talbot hats are feminine does not describe them quite adequately, for they are sheer bits of inspiration. She has taken finest hair and fashioned hair cloth of it that in some cases looks like patterned lace, and in others like sheerest straw. With this, in white, in black, in midnight navy, she has used sheer Chantilly lace for veillings and trimmings instead of the accustomed mesh veillings.

One of the hats is a flat sailor made of the hair cloth in black, and vertically across the crown is placed an inch band of white insertion lace of fine linen thread. Then the same insertion falls from the edge of the brim, ever so delicately, to the eyes. Another model, a true basket type, is made of fine black hair woven in a lace pattern, with a full lace veil and a narrow velvet ribbon band coming under the chin and tied in a bow and streamers at one side. To complete the pretty picture, a pale blue ostrich feather curls up under the veil.

### Higher Waists Being Shown for Day and Evening Wear

Vera Borea's summer collection shows higher waists for day and evening wear with "hort bodices that usually are draped. Shoulder width is maintained throughout but the sleeves are plain and straight in line.

There are many cotton prints and linens shown for wear at all times of the day with bright yellow as the outstanding color.

Bright colors are used for short little jackets over dark skirts—for example, pastel blue is now shown with dark red, and rose is shown with dark gray.

Cut-out applied designs are used for trimming for daytime and evening clothes.

### Luggage Styles

New luggage styles prove that the old "suit case" is getting lighter every year.

## what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

The New NRA Bill.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—They do say the new NRA bill, as drawn by the Gallagher and Shean of the administration, Messrs. Corcoran and Cohen, is more sweeping than was the original NRA.

Even Gen. Hugh Johnson, once as conversational as Mrs. Astor's parrot but lately exiled amid the uncongenial silences, crawls out from under a log in the woods with lichens in his hair, but the lower jaw still working smoothly in the socket, to tell how drastic a thing it is.



Irvin S. Cobb

Critics assert this legislation will cover business like a wet blanket over a sick pup, and point out that the number of sick pups benefited by being tucked under wet blankets is quite small. However, these fussy persons belong to the opposition and don't count. Anyhow, they didn't count much at the last election except in Maine, Vermont and one backward precinct in the Ozark mountains.

### Friendly French Visitors.

IT SEEMS we were cruelly wrong in ascribing mercenary motives to those French financiers who've been dropping in on us lately. They came only to establish more cordial relations. Of course, there's a new French bond issue to be floated, but these visits were purely friendly and altruistic.

Still and all, I can't help thinking of Mr. Pincus, who invaded the east side to invite his old neighbor, Mr. Ginsburg, whom he hadn't seen in years, to be a guest at Mrs. Pincus' birthday party.

He gave full directions for traveling uptown, then added:

"Were we I'll now it's von of dose swell walk-up flats. So mit your right elbow you gif a little poosh on the thoid button in the doormag downstairs and the lock goes glick-glick and in you come. You go up two floors and den, mit your other elbow, you gif one more little poosh on the foist door to the left und walk in—und vill mommer be surprised!"

"Vait," exclaimed Mr. Ginsburg. "I could get to that Bronx. I got brains, ain't it? But also I got fingers and thumbs. Vot is de poosh-mit-elbows stuff?"

Murmured Mr. Pincus gently: "Surely you wouldn't come empty-handed!"

### Visiting Ancient Ranchos.

UNDER the guidance of Leo Carillo, that most native of all native sons, I've been visiting such of the ancient ranchos as remain practically what they were before the Gringos came to southern California. You almost expect to find Ramona weaving in a crumbly patio.

What's more, every one of these lovely places is lived on by one of Leo's cousins. He has more kind-folks than a microbe. They say the early Carillos were pure Spanish, but I insist there must have been a strong strain of Belgian hare in the stock. When it came to progeny, the strain was to the Pacific coast what the Potomac shad has been to the eastern seaboard. It's more than a family—it's a species.

And a mighty noble breed it is—producing even yet the fragrant essence of a time that elsewhere has vanished and a day when hospitality still ruled and a naturally kindly people had time to be mannerly and the instinct to be both simple and grandly courteous at once.

### Privileges of Nazidom.

THE German commoner may be shy on the food rations and have some awkward moments unless he conforms to the new Nazi religion. But he enjoys complete freedom of the press—or rather, complete freedom from the press. And lately another precious privilege has been accorded him.

He may fight duels. Heretofore, this inestimable boon was exclusively reserved for the highborn. But now he may go forth—and carve and be carved until the field of honor looks like somebody had been cleaning fish.

This increase in his blessings makes me recall a tale that Charley Russell, the cowboy artist, used to tell:

"The boys were fixing to hang a horse thief," Charley said. "He only weighed about ninety pounds, but for his left he was the champion horse thief of Montana. The rope was swung from the roof of a barn. Then they balanced a long board out of the loft window, and the condemned was out at the far end of it, ready for the drop, when a stranger busted in.

"Everybody thought he craved to pray, but that unknown humanitarian had a better notion than that. In less'n a minute he came inching out on that plank and there wasn't a dry eye in the crowd as he edged up behind the poor trembling wretch and slipped an anvil in the seat of his pants."

IRVIN S. COBB.  
©—WNU Service.

## Cool, Smart, Comfortable



COOL is the word for Carrie when she wears one of these smart new frocks by Sew-Your-Own.

No matter whether she's three or thirty, a June bride or a proud mama, Carrie will find what she needs for summer comfort here.

### Left to Right.

The young frock with the interesting middle and sporty inverted pleat is one that's going in for extra credit at summer school. It has that advanced chic which readily distinguishes co-ed's clothes. If you're campus bound (or just bound for an ordinary vacation) be sure to have a couple of versions of this fashion first with you. Then you'll be set for that heavy summer schedule.

### Lines for a Princess.

Second to none in the summer is this princess dress. As fit for golf as it is for dancing, you can see at a glance that this is the one dress you can't be even half-way happy without. Fresh in spirit, dainty in detail and becoming to all figures this simple-to-sew frock will introduce countless women to new chic this season. Come on, Milady, shake hands with Chic.

### Tot's Tidbit.

Only when we're very young are we privileged to wear dresses as cute as this one. The most unaccustomed seamstress can

make it with its half dozen pieces; the merest remnant will suffice for material. There is more than ordinary intrigue packed in the diminutive skirt that shows a couple of darling dimpled knees so lusciously sun tanned. Use it as a cool, cool top with panties as the ideal hot weather attire, or slip it on as an apron—either way it will be a fine little companion for mother's pet this summer.

### The Patterns.

Pattern 1258 is designed in sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 3½ yards of 39 inch material plus 4½ yards for braid trimming as pictured.

Pattern 1323 is designed in sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 46 bust). Size 16 requires 5½ yards of 39 inch material for the short length. Beach length requires 7¼ yards of 39 inch material.

Pattern 1944 is designed for sizes 6 months, 1, 2, and 3 years. Size 1 year requires 1½ yards of 36 inch material. The pockets, cuffs and facings for collar in contrasting material require ¼ yard of 27 inch material.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

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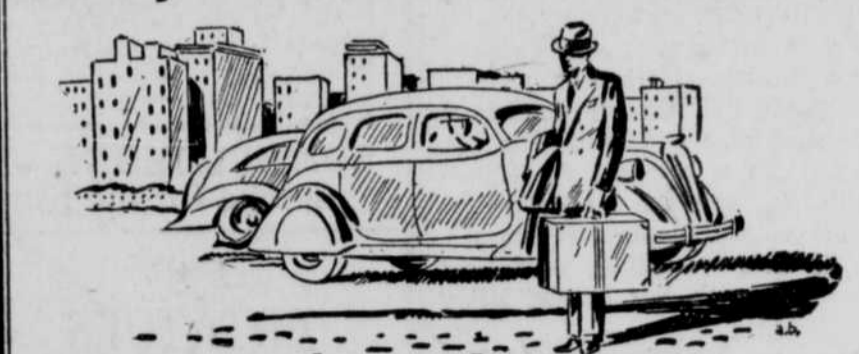
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