

Floyd Gibbons'

ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"Worse Than Drowning"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO, EVERYBODY:

Charles Quinones of Bronx, N. Y., sends in a yarn that sets a new high for horror. Charley Quinones had a mighty queer adventure. It was one that gave him a choice between two deaths. One of them was drowning—and that's no fun. But horrible as drowning was, it wasn't half as bad as that other horror—the one that was waiting for him up above.

Charley is a Porto Rican who has come to the States to finish his education. It's a tale about his native land that he's going to tell us today. A good many years ago—on April 9, 1927, to be exact—Charley and a bunch of other lads about his own age, started out to do some dynamite fishing.

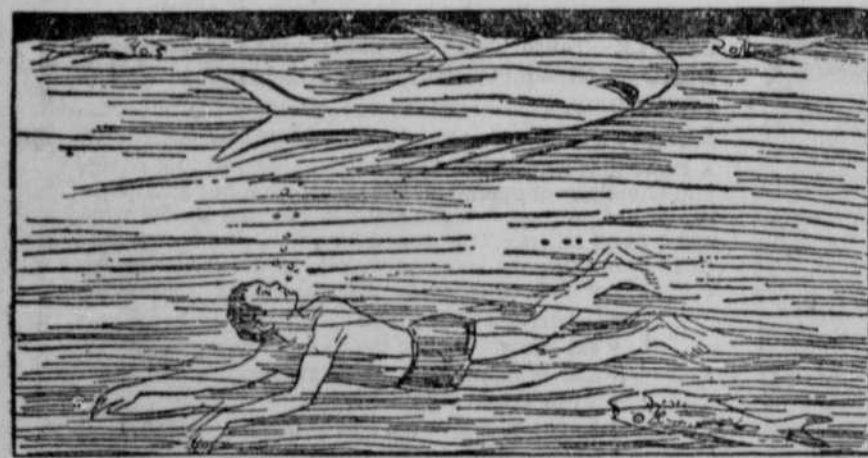
They all lived in the town of Jajardo, on the northeast tip of Porto Rico, and the sea was not far away. They chose a spot called El Faro because of a lighthouse that stood on the hill above it. El Faro was on the shores of a tidewater lagoon where the fish, at high tide, were large and numerous. Charley and his friends took along food, a pan to fry fish in—and several sticks of dynamite to catch the fish.

Fishing With Dynamite.

The tide came through the lagoon at El Faro at a pretty rapid clip. It was at the time when that tide was just turning that dynamite fishing was best, for if they waited while the tide ebbed, the fish would go out with it. They attached fuses to their dynamite and one of the boys threw it into the water. There was a momentary hush, followed by an explosion. The water heaved and trembled. A great wave shot up from below the surface, and with it came fish—hundreds of them—of all sizes, species and colors.

They had to act quickly after that. If they didn't get those fish immediately the swift-moving tide would carry them away. Half a dozen of them dived into the water and began gathering up the ones on the surface.

Charley Quinones followed them—but instead of going after the fish on the surface he took a long, deep dive toward the bottom of the lagoon.



Between the Devil and the Deep.

The little fish came to the top after an explosion, but the bigger ones sank to the bottom—and it was the big ones that Charley was after.

Charley had made a good dive, but there was no time to lose. The current was even swifter down near the bottom than it had been on the surface. He saw a big fish—and another—and half a dozen more. "I tried to take two," he says, "but they were too slippery. I took the largest one within reach and turned my head toward the surface. But at that moment I saw something that made me change my mind."

It was a ghastly sight that Charley saw up there above him. Up near the surface, directly over his head, he saw something white swimming back and forth. A second look told him what it was—and his whole body began fairly crawling with horror. That white thing up there was a SHARK!

Huge Shark Was Terrifying.

Says Charley: "The sight of it almost made me faint, and there aren't enough words in any language to describe how terrified I felt. The monster was swimming close to the surface and he seemed to be eating the dead fish that our explosion had brought up to the top of the lagoon. He was huge—one of the biggest sharks I had ever seen, and from where I was I could see his great mouth with its rows of horrible sharp teeth."

Charley saw and thought all those things in a fraction of a second. He knew he couldn't swim upward. That shark would have eaten him alive in less than a minute. But he couldn't stay down there under the water long, either. He had to have air. Already his lungs were beginning to ache from the strain of holding his breath—already his head was spinning around giddily for want of oxygen in his lungs.

Never in his life had Charley been in a worse spot. "What I suffered in those moments of cruel apprehension," he says, "seems incredible now. I never thought the human body and the human mind were capable of standing so much torture. My ears were ringing madly. My lungs felt as though they were about to burst. My heart was beating violently. I wanted to cry, but I couldn't."

"The water down there at the bottom was dark and gloomy. Up on the surface, a dim figure, now, in my blurring eyes, the monster still hovered. It seemed that he was waiting patiently for me to come up. Many times I had heard the expression, 'Between the Devil and the Deep,' and there I was in literally that same predicament."

Desperate Push to the Surface.

"And what made matters worse was the fact that no one could help me out of it. I was alone—more alone than anyone has ever been before, I believe. I couldn't hold my breath any longer, and I took a last desperate chance. Pushing madly with my feet, swimming with all the strength that was left in me, I shot toward the surface. It was hardly possible that I could get out of the water before the shark got me. But I had no other choice."

"Up I went. Then, suddenly I heard a splash—felt a violent blow from a huge body—and lost consciousness."

When Charley came to he was lying on the beach, his friends all grouped around him. They had seen the shark swimming around on the surface, and they knew Charley was at the bottom. They thought sure Charley was a goner, but they did what they could. One of the boys got a huge piece of driftwood from the beach, floated it out on the water and struck at the shark—just as Charley was coming to the surface. The shark turned to swim away, and in doing so had run smack into Charley—and nobody has figured out yet who was the most frightened by that collision—the shark or Charley.

The other young fellows had dragged Charley, half drowned, to the beach, and Charley says that's the last time he's been swimming in anything bigger than a bathtub.

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Suede Matches Smartly With Knit

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



IMPORTANT news—knit and suede have formed a partnership! If it's fashion thrills you are seeking just make a visit to the nearest display of late fall and winter knitwear fashions and see how smartly knit and suede are carrying on in their new alliance.

If you are interested in knitted apparel, and of course you are, for every woman is sensing more and more that knitted clothes not only serve most faithfully, but when it comes to "style" it's all there and—well, as we were saying, if you are interested in knitted apparel just wait before buying until you see the magic worked in the new outfits via the added touch of suede either in an accessory way per gloves, belts, handbags, hats and shoes or by working the suede in as an integral part of the costume.

See the stunning two-piece to the left in the picture. It demonstrates perfectly how skillfully designers are using suede with knit. The knitted fabric for this model is appropriately called "hustress tweed." The modern Diana will certainly "dress to the part" in this striking two-piece. Describing the knitted material that fashions it, there are solid colored cotton nubs splattered throughout a vertical rib stitch. The jacket front is of soft suede in a contrasting color and a zipper closure. The silk scarf matches the tailored suede belt in color, and the little skull cap worn snugly at the back of the head is of the same knitted material as the skirt.

As to the costume centered in the group, all the way from Tibet comes the fine soft cashmere wool so emphatically in vogue in knitted sportswear this season. Being well styled, this cashmere knitted dress will prove chic and comfortable at out-

door sports at the same time that it underwrites a promise of being well-dressed at afternoon functions. There are suede accents with gold eyelets and a suede belt with a gold buckle. The skirt is four-gored and flares gracefully.

Cashmere does service to smartness, comfort and sports style in the two-piece knitted dress shown to the right. There is a shirred yoke effect in the front part of the blouse, mounted by a neckline drawn up and bowed with a grosgrain ribbon in peasant fashion. The belt is suede. The wide hip-band emphasizes the youthful silhouette and is surmounted by novelty pockets posed on the diagonal.

Which reminds us, the pocket theme is an important one. Watch the newest little jackets and see how decoratively and amusingly they are being pocketed this season. Furthermore advance news is to the effect that designers are going to continue to "say it" for the new spring fashions in terms of novel and numerous pockets.

If you are assembling a suede accessory ensemble, look up the smart new belts made of cutout leaves in multi colors riveted together with metal eyelets. They tone up the simplest knit dress to perfection.

Another way to carry out a successful partnership of suede with knit is to top the knitted dress with a knee-length somewhat flaring coat of bright suede. This type costume is proving a campus favorite. Also to wear about town there's nothing swankier.

As to sweaters and twin sets (some of the latter top the knit pull-on blouse with a cunning knit bolero instead of the usual sweater jacket) they yield to the new embellishment of suede most gaily.

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IN BLACK AND GOLD

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Black and gold, black and gold! Style creators and designers are singing the refrain in clarion tones while the vast throng of fashion followers join in a mighty chorus that resounds throughout the fall and winter mode. With the season's highlight of black and gold in mind, Madame Jolles of Vienna, noted for handbags, especially exquisite petit point as well as other media, designs the elegant bag which you see in the picture of black antelope with an imported dome-shaped gold frame and a circular center loop topped with a ruby red stone.

Corsage for Youth

Floral gifts are appreciated in different ways. A young person will usually like best an arrangement or corsage, while an older person is likely to prefer a plant.

FASHION RUNS WILD IN USE OF FLOWERS

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

It all started back in the days of the Restoration, when ladies tied beguiling bonnets underneath their chins, with flowers tucked at the brim to complete the picture of feminine charm.

Now the designers are giving us bonnets, flowers and femininity, based on Restoration styles. And we're using flowers where we never thought of using them before: nose-gays pinned to chiffon handkerchiefs, violets on a black suede glove, velvet neck-bands finished with forget-me-nots, flower jewelry, and flower polishes for fingertips.

It's all part of the back-to-femininity movement, which started the cropping up of flowers and the softened, subtle nail polish shades that make the hands look really feminine. It's especially smart to match up your polish to the flower you wear—clover polish with a silver-violet flower in your hair, tulip with a brilliant tulip pinned to your black gown, thistle with a bunch of faun-colored thistles on the lapel of your brown fur coat.

Wear All the Jewels You Wish and Be in Fashion

From Paris comes report of an unrestricted use of jeweled gold and silver belts, huge clips, jeweled buttons and brilliant sequins and other amazing jewels, in way of necklaces, bracelets, rings and innumerable individual brooches, flower sprays, bow knots and such, bringing back 1900, 1860 and the Eighteenth century luxury display that characterized the modes of those periods.

Luxury Motif

Lame combined with furs and rich fabrics makes handsome evening costumes at the Paris fashion houses.

Gas Range and Ice Box

By RAY SAPERSTEIN
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WNU Service.

"I CAME to see Mrs. Edgar Torrance," said the district nurse, pleasantly, as a large lady, with an aggrieved countenance, opened the door for her.

"Oh, Mrs. Torrance!" said the large lady, coldly. "Three flights up. And if it wasn't that I had a better heart than most, she wouldn't be there. The idea of having a baby and keeping respectable people up all hours of the night listening to its cries!"

It was clear that she felt deeply on the subject.

"But," remarked Miss Kent, after a moment's thoughtful silence, "it's not—exactly—comfortable for her, either, is it?"

"Well, my house ain't no nursery. There's Mr. Torrance now."

A young man, wearing a shabby hat, a shabby coat, and a very harassed expression, came down the stairs.

"This lady wants to see your wife," the landlady informed him.

"I'm the district nurse, come to show her how to bathe the baby and prepare its bottles," explained Miss Kent.

Upstairs, a pale young woman greeted her timidly. "You're—you're the nurse, aren't you? I—I didn't want to trouble the settlement, but the baby is so—so small. I—I was afraid."

"Let's have a look at that baby," said Miss Kent, trying not to see the tears in the dark eyes.

The infant, small even to Miss Kent's experienced gaze, opened a tiny mouth, from which issued incredibly shrill and lusty cries.

"No wonder you were afraid of her," smiled the nurse, and added, regarding the two-burner gas stove

SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

balanced precariously on a spindly table, "is this all you have to work with? Have you an ice box to keep the bottles in after they're prepared?"

"No. We use the landlady's," the little mother explained. Her voice broke, and she threw herself on the bed, sobbing bitterly.

Miss Kent knelt, and took the young woman's hand in hers. "Tell me about it," she said, softly. "It will make you feel better."

"If we had the tiniest flat!" said young Mrs. Torrance, wistfully, "with a gas range—and an ice box! But of course we can't afford it."

Miss Kent pondered the matter deeply as she bathed the diminutive baby. And the result of her cogitations convinced her that this was a case for Mrs. Glenn, a rich widow of her acquaintance, who had a method all her own of dealing with such matters.

"Proud—a furnished room—and a new baby!" exclaimed Mrs. Glenn. "What kind of a man is the husband?"

"Clean-cut—good-looking—cultured. A salary sufficient to pay for the tiniest flat and the barest necessities would put them in the seventh heaven."

"I'll tell old Ezra Thompson his secretary needs an assistant," decided Mrs. Glenn. "And there'll be a flat—at a price they can afford—in one of my houses. I'll instruct my agents to write them."

Over the telephone the next day Miss Kent received the information that a most wonderful thing had happened to the Torrances. Edgar had procured a very good position, and they had, unaccountably, been offered a flat that came within their means, and might have been made to order for them. Would Miss Kent come to lunch and behold the miracle that had been wrought?

Miss Kent came. Amy Torrance, pink-cheeked and starchy-eyed, showed her the cheerful living room, with its Dutch shelves, the large, airy bedroom, the entrancing bathroom, all porcelain and polished nickel, and a kitchenette with rows and rows of shelves, on which stood Amy's dishes. Also—

"Amy paused, breathless. "See, Miss Kent! A gas range, with a real oven, and a shelf, and a broiler, and four burners!"

When Miss Kent had admired this enough there were other marvels. "See, Miss Kent! An ice box—all to myself! Oh, my dear, I never expected to be so fortunate again! I'm so happy I don't care if I never own another thing!"

"Nonsense!" laughed Miss Kent. "Wouldn't you like a string of pearls for that pretty neck, or a maid to serve you, or—"

Amy's eyes filled. "I'll be glad of anything my dear Edgar can give me, but I've had my lesson. If my husband works, and we all stay well, I'll be more than satisfied with what I've got."

"If anyone insists," Miss Kent told herself as she trudged home a couple of hours later, "that there isn't such a thing as perfect contentment in the world, I'll know what to answer. But what a pity that it takes so much sorrow and misery to make us acquire a proper sense of values!"

Waiting to Be Sewn



NOW, we ask you, isn't this the layout supreme for Young America, Miss Modern and Mother Meticulous? Childish glee, sophisticated gusto and maternal satisfaction will be the order of the day when you have run-up these swank wardrobe assets. Remember, it's the natural thing to Sew-Your-Own!

For Master or Miss.

It's grand to be young in the wintertime; there's so much fun to be had. Mother, to be sure your edition of Young America has his share of outdoor fun this winter make this smart and complete ski ensemble. (For either boy or girl.) It is styled after a real ski champion's outfit and makes an instant hit with every young husky. (Incidentally, this ensemble rates mighty high as a remembrance from Santa Claus.)

Sophomore Sensation.

Here's a dress after your own heart, Milady—I betcha. Sew-Your-Own calls it its Sophomore Sensation. From gay Paris comes its concave silhouette; from S-Y-O its concise, easy to follow sewing instructions. Make your version in thin wool or velvet for Ace occasions this winter.

Carefully Planned.

Mothers are sweet in almost any kind of dress, but in the trim new model, above right, they're superbly sweet. A glance at the diagram will convince the woman who sews of its simplicity. Two versions will be better than one of this charming fashion. Anything from percale to sheer wool will do nicely as the material.

The Patterns.

Pattern 1965 is designed for sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Size 6 requires 2 3/4 yards of 54-inch material for the ensemble plus 1/2 yard knitted fabric for hat, sleeve and trouser bands and 3/4 yard zipper fastener for blouse front.

Pattern 1359 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 40 bust). Size 14 requires 4 1/4 yards of 39-inch material. With three-quarter sleeves 4 1/4 yards are required. The bows and belt require 2 1/2 yards ribbon.

Pattern 1402 is designed for sizes 34 to 46. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35-inch material. The

collar in contrast requires 3/4 yard.

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

New Pattern Book.

Send 15 cents for the Barbara Bell Fall and Winter Pattern Book. Make yourself attractive, practical and becoming clothes, selecting designs from the Barbara Bell well-planned, easy-to-make patterns.

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CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO 5¢ PLUG

Aisle of Woman's Dreams

Suppose you knew that one aisle of one floor in one store had everything you needed to purchase!

Suppose that on that aisle you could buy household necessities, smart clothing, thrilling gifts for bride, graduate, voyager! How much walking that would save! How much time, trouble and fretful shopping you would be spared!

That, in effect, is what advertisements in this paper can do for you. They bring all the needs of your daily life into review... in one convenient place. Shop from your easy-chair, with the advertisements. Keep abreast of bargains, instead of chasing them. Spend time in your newspaper to save time—and money—in the stores.