

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"Downhill Toward Death"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO, EVERYBODY:

Here's a yarn, fellow adventurers, that socks me right smack in the weakest spot I've got. You know, I am not afraid of mice, and I don't go around nights looking under beds for burglars. Some day I might even get used to being shot at or torpedoed, or chewed up by man-eating kangaroos. But height—altitude—elevation—anything more than two inches off good, flat, solid ground—just about scares me to death.

Today, reading a yarn from Adventurer Eric K. Frank of Palisades Park, N. J., I got a dose of altitude fever I couldn't very well avoid.

It was quite a few miles away from here, boys and girls, and quite a few years back. The episode that is scaring the pants off me happened on Wiesel-Burg mountain in south Germany in the year 1927. Then, Eric Frank was one of a party of hardy souls who had gone out with a guide for a skiing jaunt on the treacherous slopes of the Wiesel-Burg. They had been climbing up steep paths, edging their precarious way along narrow, ice-covered ledges, skirting treacherous cliffs and dodging dangerous pitfalls. Finally they came out on a broad slope covered with hard-packed January snow, whose vast, glistening expanse reared itself high up the mountain side, and here the leader called a halt.

One of the Party Was Missing.

Four hours is a long time to be climbing. That bunch of ski-pushers hunkered right down in the snow for a rest—started opening up knapsacks—got out their lunches. They were all set for a nice quiet little meal in the peace and stillness of the great outdoors, but they forgot that old Mother Nature, for all that she is a quiet old dame, can be cruel and murderous when she has a mind to.

The knapsacks were open—the lunches out—some of the crowd had started eating when the guide remembered a precaution highly necessary in those regions where people get lost from their parties, fall down cliffs and get stuck in crevasses. He started to check over the people in his charge to make sure none of them were missing. He counted the gang twice, frowned, counted them again. Then, his face pale and his voice shaky, he announced that the party was short one man.

Eric Frank had a queer feeling in the pit of his stomach when he heard that announcement. "I was filled with fear," he says, "and I know everyone else was too. I pity anyone who gets lost in those moun-



Eric Yelled to Him to Stop.

tains. Either he starves to death, freezes to death, or ends up at the bottom of a gorge with his bones broken." He put away his lunch uneaten—strapped on his knapsack, and started out with the rest of the party to search for the lost man.

Riding Fast to Sure Death.

For two hours they hunted, doubling back on their own tracks, trying to find the place where he had left the party. Finally, they spotted him—a rapidly moving speck, far off to the left—a man on skis, hurtling at express-train speed down the side of the mountain. It was a sight that should have brought joy to that anxious little party of searchers, but it only filled them with a new and awful fear. Unfamiliar with the country, the man on skis was riding STRAIGHT TO HIS DESTRUCTION. The slope he was careening down so merrily ended in a steep towering cliff. If he wasn't stopped before he got to the bottom, he would be dashed to pieces on the ice-covered rocks below.

Eric thrust his feet into the toe-straps of his skis—told his comrades he was going to try to head that poor devil off. "You can't do it," his friends told him. "He's too far gone. Nothing on earth could reach him in time. You'll only go over the cliff yourself." Eric didn't even hear the last of it. He was on his way, shooting down the mountainside in the direction of the doomed man—and the threatening, ever-nearing cliff.

The man ahead had almost a two-mile lead when Eric started.

He'd need all the speed he could muster to close that gap in time to save the poor fellow from the cliff. He raced along down the mountain, knees bent, head and chest thrust forward to lower the wind resistance—using every bit of strength and skill that was in him.

Saved by Eric's Desperate Measure.

He was careening along now at forty miles an hour, the rush of cold air in his face making his eyes water so that he could hardly see. He crouched lower and stepped up his pace. Now he was making forty-five—forty-eight—fifty, and slowly gaining on the man ahead. About half a mile from the cliff's edge, he caught up with his man—motioned to him to halt. Then his heart sunk as the fellow waved back at him and kept right on going.

Eric yelled to him to stop. The wind ripped the words from his mouth and carried them away up the mountainside. He tried making motions again, but you can't make many motions balanced on a pair of skis going fifty miles an hour. The edge of the cliff was only two hundred yards away now. There was one chance left and Eric took it. He whipped up his speed, passed his man, and flung himself headlong in his path.

There was no mistaking that gesture. The friend braked his skis, slowed down, fell in a heap over Eric's bruised and lacerated body. When he got up again—saw the edge of the cliff only fifty feet away—his face turned white as the snow that had nearly carried him to his death.

And after that, boys and girls, came one of the briefest conversations on record. The lad Eric had saved stood up, looked down at that gaping declivity before him, and in a weak voice said: "OH." Eric didn't say anything. After all, what was there to say?

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Last King of England

The last king of England and date of his reign prior to the union of Scotland and England was Edward VI, who reigned from 1547 to 1553, but the last ruler of England during the period prior to the union of Scotland and England was Queen Elizabeth, who reigned from 1558 to 1603, notes a writer in the Philadelphia Inquirer. Upon her death she was succeeded by James VI of Scotland, who became the first "British" king, and was thereafter known as James I, founder of the house of Stuart. He was the son of Mary, Queen of Scots, granddaughter of James IV and Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. He reigned as James I from 1603 to 1625. (His Scottish reign began in 1567).

Being Left-Handed

If you are left-handed, don't worry. There was a time when people regarded the use of the left hand as something not quite nice, observes a writer in London Answers Magazine. They would use every form of persuasion to make a child use the right hand, however unnatural it might be for him. Some scientists say that it is wrong to make a child turn from his instinct—whichever hand he habitually uses is the right hand for him. In fact, to compel him to change may have a serious effect on him mentally and physically. One expert goes further and says that it is the duty of everyone to learn to use both hands with equal facility. It is essential for us to be ambidextrous.

Luxuriously Furred Costumes

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



THE big news about fall and winter fashions is that they bespeak a new high in elegance.

When fashion goes opulent, goes sumptuous, goes luxurious, then what inevitably happens? Well for one thing it follows as the night the day that designers turn to handsome furs and fur trimmings as one way of conveying the message of elegance in the mode.

Which accounts for the fact that the new coats, suits and ensembles show an enrichment of fur that emphatically declares an era of luxurious dress. In consequence, women who are fashion-alert have taken their cue and are making it their chief concern to acquire a complete ensemble costume styled of high-grade material ranging from rugged colorful tweeds to refined duvetyns, broadcloths or velvets that are graced with precious fur—the sort that bespeaks a "lady of quality."

The models pictured have been carefully selected from among a collection shown at a preview given by the Style Creators of Chicago in the wholesale district. These furred costumes were designed by members of their group to meet the demands of women that class as among the best dressed.

Perfect for crisp autumn days is the outfit to the left in the picture. The dress is of sheer black alpaca weave. Its novel metal chain and clasp closing showing between the fur on the coat gives it a military bearing. The free-swinging coronation red wool coat is a fascinating garment, and its tuxedo bands of marten fur make it more so.

Which reminds us the revival of

marten fur this season is a most significant event. It has been a long time since we have been seeing much marten in the style picture. Its return will be welcomed for it is not only as handsome as can be, but for dependable wear it has no superior.

When the smartly dressed woman steps out in a gorgeously furred costume as centered in the picture, she will be the cynosure of admiring eyes. This sheer wool model combines a tuxedo-front coat trimmed in a huge cross fox with a one-piece dress that is simply charming. Note the decorative quilted flowers outlined in gold thread at the neckline. The gold kid belt adds the finishing touch.

There is really no limit to the ingenuity displayed in the placement of fur. It is used for separate sleeves in cloth coats so much so that the fashion has become quite outstanding this season. The coat with a bolero top is ever so smart, too. The newest wrinkle is the bolero type that has the lower cloth part zipped on so that it can be removed at will thus providing a jaunty little fur jacket or full length coat. Among countless other fur arrangements novelties are to be seen such as a panel of fur extending down the back of the coat from neck to hemline as if it were a wattle pleat. Frequently double borderings of fur occur about hemlines.

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SUEDE FOURSOME

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Suede from neck to foot is the next move, says fashion. Here is shown a suede foursome that answers to the call. The hat is a harvest rust off-the-face suede model with a right up-flung brim. It fits low in the back. The shoes are multi-toned open throat suede oxfords with bindings of coffee brown and Araby green on harvest rust. The bag is a large suede design in harvest rust; the trimming is of gold metal.

JEWELRY DESIGNERS GO ROMANTIC ALSO

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

With romanticism gaining such a headway in fashions for fall, small wonder that jewelry manufacturers have recognized it and are all set for a hey-day. Jewelry, my good woman, is not only getting bigger and better, but practically all of it has been inspired. Some of the inspirations are modern, but most of them have been drawn from an era when romance was at its height and glamour stalked the world in high places.

Such romantic figures as Empress Carlotta, glamorous wife of the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian who reigned for such a short time, (1864-1867) over Mexico; Joan of Arc; grand duchesses whose jewels were of such splendor as to have been remembered; these, and lovely ladies of the gay nineties and the naughty naughts, are being immortalized, more or less, in smart pieces of costume jewelry designed by Alberta, one of America's leading costume jewelry designers.

The "Empress Carlotta" jewelry has been copied from some of her pieces of jewels found in a museum in Mexico. For evening it is the most elegant, for it is made of Kimberley gems which are cut and set like fine diamonds in 24 karat gold washed metal.

"Joan of Arc" jewelry is part of an all-metal group which Alberta believes will be a big success for fall. This line is made of a silvery metal studded like the doors of a medieval castle.

Costume Jewelry

The dog collar and the feather tiara are two revivals of the Gay Nineties period which are important this season.

Hats, Handbag Match

Knitted hats and handbags are designed to match hand-knit frocks and suits in dark, rich colors for winter wear.

What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

Relief for Aliens.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF. —If an American were dependent on public charity in any continental country, he'd be out of luck and out of that country, too, as quickly as they could throw him out.

If, in addition, he openly attacked the government of that country, he'd still be out of luck because he'd be in jail.

Hundreds of thousands of aliens are on relief here. Many of them slipped across the borders through leaks in our immigration laws—and brought their folks with them, also to be cared for at the taxpayers' expense. Some are avowed enemies of our form of government.

Steps to oust such parasites are balked on the ground that to do so would work hardships on their families. You could say the same thing for bedbugs.

We're starting to register these non-residents. But it's to be a "voluntary" registration, not compulsory. Any person in the audience, besides Madame Perkins, who believes the undesirables will come a-running to list themselves, and risk deportation thereby, kindly raise the right hand.

Champion Crooks.

TRUST California to turn up with a world's champion of something. They arrested a man on suspicion of burglary and forgery and organizing a training school for juvenile criminals and first one little thing and then another.

Surely that would seem to be caudal enough, but this party had additional claims to recognition. He admitted he had been sentenced to forty-nine terms in various jails and penitentiaries, which in itself would seem to constitute an international record, and said that in forty-three of these cases he had been paroled. He didn't explain how the big hearted parole boards failed to turn him loose before he finished those remaining six sentences.

It must be profound regret to the boys in Alcatraz and other bide-awee homes conducted by the federal government that, owing to the cruel refusal of Uncle Sam to go into the paroling business on a wholesale basis, none of them, however ambitious, has a chance to equal this splendid showing.

The honor remains where properly it belongs, constituting a magnificent tribute to the beautiful mush-headed theory that a state's prison should be a clearing house and not a strong-box with a time-lock on it.

Nazi Influence.

I'VE been talking with a friend just back from Germany. In old days, I liked Germany as a land flowing with gemuetlich and good beer and a superior line of liverwurst. I wonder whether I'd like it so well now.

Because this fellow says every minute everybody must give the Nazi salute and say, "Heil, Hitler!" If a citizen wants his eggs fried, he says first to the wuiter, "Heil, Hitler!" If he wants 'em turned over, he says it twice—once for each egg.

There's a swastika flag flying over practically every house. Absence of a swastika flag signifies that the folks who used to live there are now in the hoosegow for failing to fly same.

My friend may have exaggerated somewhat, but, I think, not much, because while talking we came abreast of a Leuderkrantz cheese in a delicatessen store window and involuntarily he said, "Heil, Hitler!"

Nominating Barkley.

CANVASSES show Senate Leader Alben Barkley gaining as a possible Democratic nominee in 1940.

It's high time we had somebody from Paducah for President. For a hundred and fifty-odd years this republic has fooled along without one of our local boys sitting up there in the White House, writing messages to congress condemning the use of sugar in cornbread and proclaiming that, if any traitor dares to pull down fried catfish, shoot him on the spot.

With Alben on the job, we'll not only have homegrown statesmanship in job lots, but silver-throated oratory, which, by comparison, would make Patrick Henry seem like a tongue-tied man suffering from chapped lips. For Al can talk an hour and never use the same word twice or the letter "r" once.

Nominate Barkley and that night there won't be a dry throat in McCracken county. Elect Barkley and—well, I always did think I'd make a middling fair Secretary of the Interior; certainly nobody could both up the Indian bureau worse than it is.

IRVIN S. COBB.
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A Trio of Triumphs



THE way to day-in, day-out chic for the woman who sews is shown in today's attractive new three-way plan. It goes deeper than the surface, you see, in the presentation of a sleek new slip. Ah, and it gives great thought to the surface, too, as you can't help but note in the two wing-side models. This is one triangle every woman who sews should want to know all about.

Spicy New Model.

As shipshape as a Parisian streamline fashion and, in its own role, as important—that's the little number at the left above. It does wonders to give one that up and doing feeling that's handy to have around the house in the morning. You can repeat it time and again without fear of being repetitious; without losing your fondness for it. Anything in gay cotton: shantung, print, gingham, crash, will do nicely for this one.

A Congenial Slip.

Beneath a well-groomed surface hangs a perfect fitting slip! That's an old and honest notion and one Sew-Your-Own abides by religiously. Today's five piece version is as easy to put together as it is congenial to your comfort and outward superbness. Make two while you're about it: one with a plain top for everyday, the other with a bit of frou-frou for dress-up occasions.

Deft Design.

The "girl in the little green hat" wears a dress with many tucks in this her latest picture. It is the dress for you, Milady, to star in at familiar Fall festivities. Deftly but definitely it gives you emphasis where you want it; soft pedals worry-areas. No more willing and able frock than this was ever designed and it can be yours so easily. Thin wool is a smart

material and it fits this frock's personality to a T. Let's sew and be seen places this Fall. Okay?

The Patterns.

Pattern 1389 is designed for sizes 36 to 52. Size 38 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35-inch material, or 4 1/2 yards, with long sleeves.

Pattern 1988 is designed in sizes 34 to 46. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch material, plus 1 yard of ribbon for shoulder straps, and 1 1/2 yards of edging for finishing upper edge.

Pattern 1392 is designed for sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 2 3/4 yards of 54-inch fabric.

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.

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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LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By Fred Neher



"Does yours say 'Mama' too?"