



FLOYD GIBBONS Adventurers' Club Hello, Everybody!

"Under Fire of 12-Inch Guns"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter.

"JOIN the Navy and See the World!" Yes, sir, and run into a lot of high adventure, too! You don't need a war to get adventure in Uncle Sam's High Seas Flotilla. No sir-ree. There's just about as much action in peace times there as there is when the big shells are flying.

Ex-Gob Charlie Sramek will bear me out in that. Won't you, Charlie? Charlie, once many years ago, swung his hammock between decks of the old U. S. battleship Rhode Island when that, now obsolete, mass of steel, was a first class fightin' ship. And Charlie's biggest thrill came in peace time, too.

It happened when the whole Atlantic battleship fleet was off Chesapeake bay for the purpose of testing out new equipment. All the big shots, Charlie says, were aboard ship to see the tests. Among the new ideas they were testing out were the skeleton masts—afterwards adopted and now discarded—new shrapnel shells and a new type of armor-plated turret.

The old discarded battleship Texas was fitted up with these masts and gun turrets with the idea of using the old ship as a test case. In the turrets of the Texas were placed live animals, to take the place of sailors during the tests, to see how they survived direct hits in the new shelter. The whole fleet would then tear loose with their twelve-inch guns and see what happened. The battleships lay about eight miles away from the target ship Texas, while large sea-going naval tugs carried officials and judges from Washington to inspect the results of the fire.

Going Out to See What Happened to Target.

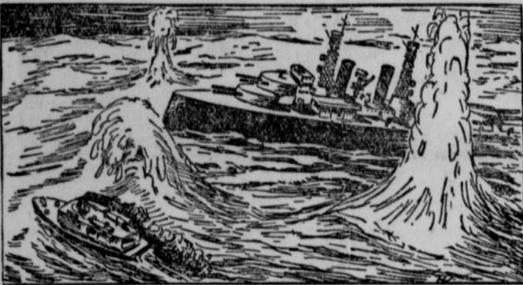
After the first salvo of heavy guns Charlie was instructed to man a 40-foot steam launch, of which he was coxswain, and take a group of officers to the target. The sea was high but the waves were running toward the Texas and the launch had no trouble to make the ship. The naval tugs were already there when it scraped against the lee side of the Texas and the officers went aboard.

Well, sir, the tugs left and were well away before the launch started. By now the sea was plenty high and Charlie's boat had a tough time getting away from the target ship. The waves and wind kept blowing the light launch back to the Texas as fast as her engine pulled her away.

"I didn't worry much at that," Charlie writes, "until we heard a screeching sound that made our little crew go green. The screech was caused by a shell and was followed by an explosion that lifted our craft right out of the water and sent a geyser that seemed miles high straight up in the air not fifty feet from us!"

Death Drops Like Rain From Heaven.

"It was a 12-inch shell! The battleships had opened fire! They were so far away that they couldn't see us and they all started throwing 12-inch shells, like buck shot, all around us! The detonations were terrific as we bounced about in the rough water, made rougher still by the tons of explosives dropping on all sides!"



"An Inferno of Shells Fell All Around Us."

Talk about a war! Why no fleet in the world ever threw so many shells at so small a target. Charlie says it seemed as though they were shooting at him instead of the Texas. The launch rolled and bucked in the churning water like a bucking broncho. The engineer and fireman gave the engine all she had and sweated blood under their pale skins, but still they couldn't get out of that range!

Each shell Charlie knew weighed more than his entire boat and crew and they could all imagine what would happen if one shell landed just a little nearer!

The Shells Get Closer and Closer.

Wham! A geyser shot into the air as high as Old Faithful and when it came down it landed right on the boat! The men were drenched and the boat nearly swamped. The engine stopped with a hiss as a ton of water poured down the smoke stack and drowned the fires. The engineer, Charlie says, just averted the explosion of the boiler in time by opening the safety valve!

And then, as though their troubles had not been enough, they drifted helplessly back to the side of the Texas! It seemed funny to be in a small boat that might sink any minute, bobbing dangerously against a big battleship and still not able to climb aboard. They could have, of course, but all knew sudden death was a stowaway on that ship. The shells were bound to hit her soon. Charlie had a better chance—slim as it was—on his own boat. He stripped to shorts and waited for the shot that would throw him in the water. Charlie writes:

"And all the time an inferno of shells fell all around us. It was the most helpless feeling in the world. The sort of feeling you get when an enemy air fleet is dropping bombs on you or when an earthquake hits you.

Heading for Mid-Ocean and Nothing to Save Them.

"After what seemed hours under fire, but what was no doubt only half an hour or so, our boat slipped around the Texas and the heavy wind and waves drove us out of range. Boy! What an escape! But it wasn't an escape after all. There we were in a half swamped boat heading for the middle of the Atlantic ocean!

"And we couldn't do a thing about it. We figured the ships had given us up for lost by this time and believe me we were a sad lot on that drifting launch. All we did was bail and hope and hope and bail!"

Soon the bulk of the old Texas was swallowed up in the mist and that's when Charlie did think it was Davy Jones' Locker for all of them. He started figuring how big the ocean was and how small he was and Lloyd's would have given a hundred to one on the ocean. The shooting finally stopped in the distance and except for the swishing of the waves against the boat and around the feet of the occupants all was silent—the silence of the grave!

Well, sir, Charlie goes on to tell how, just as they had about given up hope of ever being found, a sharp powered destroyer suddenly knifed the waves within a few feet of their launch. A yell went up from every voice on that launch. They were sighted, a rope thrown to them and soon the destroyer landed them safe and sound on the old Rhode Island!

And if that, boys and girls, is the sort of thing that can happen in peace times let's hope we won't be dragged into the next war.

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BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

Long Live the King!
Edward Makes Promises
Real Spending Ahead
Tribute to T. R.

King Edward the Eighth, now solemnly proclaimed king, will be remembered as the first king of England that ever flew through the air toward the throne.

He took a separate oath "to respect the Church of Scotland." There is hard fighting back of that.

Edward the Eighth will mount the throne for the first time at a joint session of the lords and commons, and solemnly promise to "maintain the true intent of your enactments to the best of my powers."

After his coronation the king must formally declare his adherence to the Protestant church, and his obligation "never to marry a Roman Catholic." That dates back to the Stuarts.

King Edward, who is not supposed to contemplate marriage, is the official head of the churches of England and Scotland, and "defender of the faith."

From all the world, "subjects" of the new king and emperor send greetings. Representatives of divine power, churches of every religion, Mohammedan, Hindu, Buddhist, Chinese, Christian and Jewish, speed the dead king on his journey and welcome the new ruler.

If the soldiers get their bonus money there will be some quick spending, enough to quicken the pulse of business while it lasts.

Merchants will get more than \$600,000,000 owing on past accounts, and the observer will notice many new overcoats, dresses and automobiles.

At the opening of New York's \$3,500,000 memorial erected to honor the late Theodore Roosevelt, one speaker praised President Theodore Roosevelt as one who "saw the necessity for keeping both the legislatures and the courts in their proper places."

That perception showed a high spirit, but if some future Theodore Roosevelt should go too far in that direction it might become necessary for the legislatures and the courts to keep that President in his proper place.

Gen. Robert Lee Bullard says this country expects to escape the next war, but Europe plans to drag us in. Besides air bombing and poison gas, General Bullard expects in the next war attacks with disease germs to spread deadly epidemics in the enemy's country. Bubonic plague, scattered from airplanes, infected rats scattered plentifully, might be helpful.

Sometimes literature pays. Kipling left several millions. In America alone his official publishers have sold 3,500,000 copies of his books. At the time of his death "The Jungle Books" alone paid him ten thousand pounds a year.

When you hear foolish talk about "revolution" and getting rid of the Constitution, a remark made by Washington, as he signed the Constitution, may be recalled:

"Should the states reject this excellent Constitution, the probability is that an opportunity will never again offer to cancel another in peace—the next will be drawn in blood."

Mrs. Alinda French of St. Louis, one hundred and four years old, attributes her long life to "hard work in her youth and a dutiful son in her old age." She gets along without spectacles, is "not interested" in politics. "People get over that," says she, "after they reach one hundred."

The human race gets used to everything. Once our ancestors shivered, fell flat on their faces, when lightning flashed and thunder growled. They thought some demon was after them. Now men put up lightning rods, properly grounded.

Once the comet was considered an avenging messenger aimed straight at sinful man. Today its coming and going are understood and predicted, its path marked out.

Something unpleasant is bound to start somewhere on the earth, with all the new theories, new hatreds, new armaments, new deadly weapons. It might start on the border between Russia and Japan's Manchukuo. When you read, "Russia uses force to halt Japanese," you know the explosion might come at any time.

All would regret bloodshed, but it would be historically interesting to see the ancient autocracy of the Mikado at war with the modern autocracy of Stalin. It would be a long fight, probably.

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Fabric "Firsts" Arrive for Spring

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



FABRIC "firsts" for mid-season and spring are even at this early date staging a great show in big stores as well as stores not so big.

If nerves are tired and winter gloom begins to pall why not slip away for a few hours from dull care and go meandering down aisle after aisle of the new materials? It will act like a tonic. Try it.

There are quite a few things to learn about the new fabrics. Generally speaking both the linens and the cottons are taking on a soft crepe finish which is "different." Then, too, there is a tendency toward rough spongy finishes and novel nubbed weaves. Patterning shows decided originality and in instances are almost amusing. The modernized prints depict bars and music notes, or perhaps shell or fish motifs and the newest thing is vegetable designs, and they are wonderfully good looking. Very new, too, is the Tyrolean button motif which takes its cue from the bright painted wooden buttons that adorn peasant frocks and smocks and jackets.

It is well to keep in mind that cottons are scheduled to play a tremendously important role in the scheme of things. You will thrill at the sight of them. The newer types are positively baffling in that they so often give the impression of being handsome wool suitings or spongy soft uncrushable linens. They are that good looking they may be smartly worn about town, the new nubbed cotton tweeds making up most satisfactorily into tailored jacket suits.

For the do-your-own-sewing group the new materials are nothing less than inspirational. One of the newcomers in the realm of smart cottons of which you will be wanting to order a dress length at first glimpse is twin-twine print, which looks more like a soft spongy loose woven linen canvas than anything else. You'll love this rough-surfaced cotton. It is cool and casual, doesn't crush, has practically no wear-out to it and is every inch smart and attractive in appearance. It has a hand-loomed effect with brilliant print on either white or natural grounds. The patterning is interesting, including square dot motifs in bright peasant blues and reds on natural, also florals in orange, green and brown. An allover scroll patterning in deep red on natural is, perhaps, handsomest of all.

The smart tailored coat frock pictured to the right is fashioned of dark-red-on-natural scroll-patterned twin-twine. Black grosgrain binds the collar and front closing. Black bar buttons and patent leather belt are used as trim accent.

The other gown pictured is a spectator sports mode done in a soft jersey type fabric of bemberg with narrow white stripes on deep toned grounds. The convertible neckline, ascot scarf and graceful cape sleeves are each fashion-right. This handsome fabric wears beautifully, resists wrinkling and is cool, sleek and slim under your topcoat.

It is shown also in white grounds with bright colored stripes for wear when the warmer days come. It tubs or dries cleanly and easily presses slick and suave as new. Jersey type fabrics are fashion news this year and are sponsored by leading designers of Paris, London and American style centers.

© Western Newspaper Union.



With smart Parisiennes black with beige or tan or mustard or related tones is providing a very important color theme for midseason popularity for spring. For style-alert American women the new and exceedingly attractive accessory pigskin sets, as illustrated, offer an excellent opportunity to carry out the voguish black and beige alliance. For sophisticated town wear one could scarcely conceive of anything smarter in the way of style accent than the tailored natural color pigskin trio of bag, belt and hat as complement to a chic black coat after the manner pictured.

Isinglass for Visors
Isinglass visors are a new trick in sunshades for Palm Beach wear. They are attached to caps and are tinted soft blue, rose or yellow to match some detail of a white beach costume.

Oriental Design
Black crepe embroidered with tiny multicolored fishes makes a charming new evening gown. Jade and metal dragons are used as fastenings on black day dresses.

Government Beef

By GLENN R. VERNAM

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PETE TURLOCK never did like Indians. "A lazy, thieving lot!" he always called them. He had had trouble with them even before Uncle Sam set them back on a smaller reservation in the dry hills and opened the Cherokee Strip for white settlement. Then after he and his three boys homesteaded a section of the choice end of Bull Creek Bottom and started up the P. T. ranch his complaints increased. Bull Creek had been the pet stamping ground of old Chief Red Robe's outfit for years, and every chance they got the reds would slip off the reservation for a few days' hunting and fishing around the old home.

This always got under Pete's hide. He said his government had given him that land to have and to hold and he didn't want any sneaking heathens prowling around over it. He claimed that congress had donated them more land of their own than they deserved after the way they had acted toward the settlers and if they would stay home and farm it they would have enough to eat without catching his fish and stealing his beef. Undoubtedly they did butcher a steer now and then.

With the buffalo and antelope practically cleaned out they had a pretty hard time filling the stew pot. And their sporadic attempts at farming didn't help much. It is hard to make successful soil tillers out of hunters right off the bat, especially on that kind of land.

Altogether it was kind of a tough set-up. When the reds got about so homesick they would drift over around Bull Creek and start trespassing on Pete's domain. Pete would run them off to preserve the sanctity of his home and they would slip a knife under a few steer hides to preserve their taste for red meat.

So it was quite a relief to everybody concerned when the government began issuing beef rations to the Indians. Pete did plenty of complaining about the use of good government funds to feed the lazy rascals; but the reds found it easier to ride in to the agency and get their rations than to pull off night raids on the P. T. herds, so he didn't say too much. Most of his talk was stirring comment on what he called "the worthless, no-good beggars. Rather lay around the agency and live on government beef than work for a living!"

Red Robe's bunch naturally caught plenty of these remarks, but they never took any visible notice. Just went on drawing their rations and going home to smoke in the shade and watch their ponies graze on the sun-cured grass.

Then almost over night everything changed. A couple of wildcat oil men were the main cause. They drifted up to Red Robe's corner of the reservation and started backing a bunch with a hole in the ground. The result surprised them about as much as it did everybody else. By the time they finally got the gusher capped and some of the grease wiped out of their eyes they saw oil men coming over the horizon like a grasshopper plague.

The Indian land had grown thin grass and thinner corn, but it knew how to produce a real crop of oil. Within five years the oil rigs had the whole reservation looking like a harrow turned wrong side up. The reds had discarded their buckboards for twelve-cylinder cars and were living fourteen-cylinder lives with the cut-outs open.

It was kind of a joke on old Pete and his boys, though they couldn't seem to see the funny side of it. In fact, they were so busy trying to raise fifty dollar steers on fifteen dollar hay, besides keeping up their taxes and mortgage interest at the same time, that they had about quit laughing. They had sunk most of what they had and could borrow in trying to get in on the easy money, with only the satisfaction of owning two dry holes and a salt-water well. The wet gold didn't seem to extend over onto the more fertile land which Uncle Sam had deemed a fitting reward for that branch of his family noted for their thrift and industry.

Pete finally surrendered to old age and adversity and moved to town. In the meantime, old Red Robe had taken out citizenship papers and bought up the mortgage on the old P. T. so he could spend his declining years among youthful memories. The forty-room wickip he built down among the cottonwoods on Bull Creek was big enough to accommodate all his kids and in-laws. Most of them moved in with him to help him raise cows and breed polo ponies.

It was one morning last summer right after the big drought had made its sweeping clean-up that Red Robe rode into town in his latest snub-nosed, stream-lined rolling castle. As he came up Third street on his way uptown he suddenly eased up on the throttle and slanted a glance across the street. Smith's old hardware building sported a brand new sign. "Federal Relief Headquarters," he thoughtfully spelled out. There was quite a crowd gathered around the front of the building watching a man unload a truckful of boxes which were labeled "Packed for Government Use. Not to Be Sold!"

As his glance finished its swift scrutiny, Red Robe's old eyes picked out Pete Turlock and his three boys among the crowd. He grunted disdainfully.

"Lazy damn' tribe! All time lay 'round town like big bums. No save, no work, no cry. Just smoke in shade 'an' beg for gov'ment beef. Huh!"

The Mind Meter

By LOWELL HENDERSON

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The True-False Test

In the following test, ten statements are made, some of which are false. It is not necessary to correct the statements. Simply write the letter T after the true statements, and the letter F after the false ones.

1. The Seventy-third congress is now in session.
2. Chicago is the capital of Illinois.
3. The Missouri river is the longest river in the United States.
4. The Philadelphia Athletics are in the National league.
5. Enervate means to pep up, strengthen.
6. Rhode Island was one of the Original Thirteen states.
7. "Ivanhoe" was written by Sir Walter Scott.
8. Kentucky is farther south than Tennessee.
9. The Battle of Ticonderoga was fought in the Revolutionary war.
10. Giuseppe Verdi composed the opera "Il Trovatore."

Answers—

- | | |
|-----------|-----------|
| 1. False. | 6. True. |
| 2. False. | 7. True. |
| 3. True. | 8. False. |
| 4. False. | 9. True. |
| 5. False. | 10. True. |

Seeing Is Believing, and Prof Apparently Was Absent

We hope this is the end of that series of absent-minded professor jokes which we and others have inflicted upon the public: The tale tells of the professor who went to a barber shop and got a shave. After the operation he continued to occupy the chair; the barber thought he must have fallen asleep, and respectfully asked if this were so.

"No, my good man," he said. "I am not asleep. The fact is I am frightfully near-sighted. When I took off my glasses, I was unable to see myself in the mirror opposite. Naturally, I supposed I had already gone home."

I FEEL FINE

Mothers read this:



A CONSTIPATED child is so easily straightened out, it's a pity more mothers don't know the remedy.

A liquid laxative is the answer, mothers. The answer to all your worries over constipation. A liquid can be measured. The dose can be exactly suited to any age or need. Just reduce the dose each time, until the bowels are moving of their own accord and need no help.

This treatment will succeed with any child and with any adult. Doctors use liquid laxatives. Hospitals use the liquid form. If it is best for their use, it is best for home use. And today, there are fully a million families that will have no other kind in the house. The liquid laxative generally used is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It is a doctor's prescription, now so widely known that you can get it all ready for use at any drugstore.

Not for Aged
Dancing is a pastime to be learned early in life or not at all.

NASAL IRRITATION
due to colds

Relieve the dryness and irritation by applying Mentholum night and morning.

MENTHOLATUM
Gives COMFORT Daily

If you prefer nose drops, or throat spray, call for the NEW MENTHOLATUM LIQUID in handy bottle with dropper

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Babies Need a Pure NURSERY SOAP

Soothe and comfort baby's skin with delicately medicated Cuticura Soap—famous the world over for purity and mildness. After bathing, dust on Cuticura Talcum. For chafing, rashes and other externally caused skin irritations, use Cuticura Ointment. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. Talcum 25c.