

# Floyd Gibbons'

## ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



### "He Confessed a Murder"

By FLOYD GIBBONS  
Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO EVERYBODY:

Meet James B. Doyle, boys and girls, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who tells us a yarn today about a terrific adventure that happened to him while he was a member of a CCC camp in Long Island back in '34.

Jim was sleeping soundly, after a hard day's work, when he was awakened by the bright rays of a flashlight in his face. It was still pitch dark in the bunkhouse and, he knew, not time to get up.

"What's the matter?" he growled.

The light flashed off and Jim recognized the hushed voice of a buddy of his who occupied a bunk near him. The voice was shaking with suppressed emotion.

"Sh-h-h," it warned. "Don't make any noise. I want to tell you something—something important."

"Well, go ahead," Jim answered, "but I don't see why you wake a fellow up at this time of the night to tell stories."

"I can't tell it to you here. Someone might be listening. Slip into your clothes and come to the washroom."

### Told of Killing Infirmiry Attendant.

The washroom was a separate building. It was raining outside and Jim didn't feel like getting wet. It was nice and warm in bed, too. But something in the voice of his excited buddy made him obey. He was sure something terrible had happened and dressed quietly.

Silently both men made their way through the rain to the washroom. The flashlight showed them the way through the darkness.

"What's the big mystery?" he asked.

Jim's buddy looked about him carefully. He paced up and down the floor as though hesitating to tell what he had on his mind.

"I'm in trouble," he said finally, "a lot of trouble. I want your advice. But first I want your promise that you will never breathe a word of this to a living soul."

"I promise," Jim said wearily, "what's the trouble?"

"I've just murdered a man!"

Jim's eyes nearly popped out of his head. Murder! He hadn't



"I've Just Murdered a Man," He Said.

thought it would be as bad as that. He couldn't quite figure it out. He remembered seeing his buddy in bed earlier in the night and said so.

"I know it," the excited man went on, "but I got up in the night and went down to the infirmary. The attendant and I got into an argument and I shot him dead."

Jim understood now and recoiled in horror from the speaker. Face to face with a murderer he felt a feeling of revulsion. With a sickly smile he told the other he must be kidding.

"I wish I was kidding," was the answer; "if you don't believe me go down to the infirmary and see for yourself. He's lying on the floor in a pool of blood. I put two bullets in him."

### Jim's Turn Was to Come Next.

Jim, still unable to associate his friend with such a cold-blooded killing, studied his twitching face carefully. In the dim light of the lantern it gleamed pale and set. The self-confessed killer stood—hands in his raincoat pocket—trying to read Jim's thoughts. Jim thought he detected a threatening gleam in his eyes.

"What did you do with the gun?" Jim asked casually.

Before he answered the other man suddenly stepped quickly before the door and stood, back to the door, facing Jim. His hands were still in his pockets; his eyes narrowed to two thin lines. Something in his expression sent the cold chills down Jim's spine.

"The gun is right here in my pocket," he sneered, "and I was just thinking you know too much. You're the only man who knows I did it and I know what's on your mind. You're going to tell the state troopers. I was a sucker to tell you I killed a guy, but I'm going to kill you now and play safe. One more won't matter."

And with that the self-confessed murderer came after Jim. Jim backed away, stalling for time. He talked fast and told the determined man that he was his friend.

"Don't kill me," he pleaded. "I won't say a word. Run away now and they will never know who did it."

Jim promised anything to get away from that menacing bulk in the raincoat pocket. But his words fell like water on a duck's back. He was backed, hands in air, into a corner of the washroom. There was no pity in those eyes that stared—cold as ice—into his. In another second Jim expected to hear the explosion that would send him hurtling into eternity. At the thought of this courage seemed to come to him.

### All the Result of Shell Shock.

Wham! Jim braced himself and let fly a haymaker! It landed full on the other's jaw. Jim didn't stop to give him the count but tore out of the washroom into the night.

Well, sir, Jim wouldn't risk going back to the barracks. He hid all night, instead, in a pile of lumber. From his shelter he could see his erstwhile buddy slinking back and forth in the darkness, searching for his escaped victim. Not until daybreak did Jim make his way to the mess hall. The mess sergeant glanced at his haggard, pale face. Over a cup of hot coffee that shook in his hand Jim told the sergeant his story.

The sergeant listened intently but at the finish broke out into a roar of laughter. As he laughed he pointed outside.

And up the path—alive and smiling—came the murdered infirmiry attendant and his arm was around the man who had confessed to his murder!

Jim heard the whole story then. It wasn't a joke. His poor buddy, he learned, was suffering from shell shock, and, although he often had wild hallucinations he was, in reality, harmless as a baby!

And that, boys and girls, is what I call an adventure!

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### "None But Americans on Guard"

There is a tradition that during an especially critical period of the Revolution General Washington issued the order, "Put none but Americans on guard tonight." There is no record that such an order was ever issued, but that it might have been issued is suggested by a circular letter which Washington sent to his regimental commanders in 1777 regarding recruits for his body-guard: "You will therefore send me none but natives." A few months before Thomas Hickey, a pretended deserter from the British army, had tried to poison Washington and had been convicted and hanged. "Put none but Americans on guard" was one of the mottoes of the Know Nothing party which was organized about 1852.

### Legend of the King

Here is an old legend of the eagle: "Alfred, king of the West Saxons, went out one day a-hunting and, passing by a certain wood, heard, as he supposed, the cry of an infant from the top of a tree, and forthwith inquired of the doleful sound of the bird. He found a nest and there he found a little sweet-faced infant, wrapped in a purple mantle, and upon his arm a bracelet of gold, a clear sign that he was born of noble parents. Wherefore the king took charge of him, and caused him to be baptized, and because he was found in the nest he gave him the name of Nestling, and in after time advanced him to the dignity of an earl."—London Tit-Bits Magazine.

## Wool Robes and Hostess Gowns

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



CONSIDERING fashion from a fabric angle, the big news is the outstanding importance attached to the use of fine wool weaves not only for daytime clothes, as one would naturally expect, but that which is the thrill of thrills is the widespread use of rich wool materials for the evening apparel.

If you have the right slant on that which is truly high style you will wear over your prettiest formal gown to the opera, horse show, or to your favorite dine-and-dance rendezvous, a floor length cape (three-quarter length if you prefer) of broadcloth, duvetyn, or nubby tweed or even fine jersey, as some few Paris designers now sponsor.

For the more casual and workmanlike modes, smartly patterned flannels are shown in gay young stripes, checks and geometrical designs that yield to flattering tailored treatment emphasizing square-shouldered lines with mannish details to accent, by way of contrast, the femininity of the beautifully molded silhouette. To the left in the picture you will see just such a garment. It is of deep wine flannel with a smart white pin stripe, the same distinctively tailored in a wrap-around robe which is at once chic and practical. It has broad padded shoulders, slit pockets and tailored shawl collar

and is built on graceful fitted and flared lines. A self-fabric sash is tied casually at the waist.

In keeping with the mood for elegance that dominates current styles, there is a decided tendency to embellish these lovely at-home flannels with glistening trimmings and bright metallic touches, also lavish embroidery, beading and fringe that contrasts to perfection the smooth richness of the fabric. For closings all the fashion world loves the new decorative slide fasteners that run the full length of the garment. Set centered in the group the slender sculptured lines of a fitted woolen robe in rich blue flannel enlivened with contrasting tri-colored bands that make a perfect setting for the neck-to-hemline slide fastener that gleams so brightly against its gaily colorful background.

A diagonal zipper glittering with gold sequins is striking against the jet black of a gracefully draped robe in soft lightweight flannel, as shown to the right in the group. From a slender, high-built waist the wrap-around skirt falls in soft flowing lines and the well-cut sleeves are slightly puffed at the shoulders. Silk cord with gold pointed ends ties at the neck for flattering effect.

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### STREAMLINE GOWN

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Streamliners are what they call the stunning party dresses that made their bow with the opening of the New York automobile show. The handsomely gowned young woman here pictured was photographed as she stood admiring one of the new-model streamliner cars. She is wearing a dinner suit of uncut black silk velvet with emphasis on the word silk for there is an insistent and increasing demand for materials of sterling quality that bear an air of distinction. The smart fitted jacket has appliques of gold kid flowers. The applique idea is a fashion highlight this winter, carried out not only in gold on black which leads, but other very effective designing is being achieved with patent leather or suede applique motifs. The hat worn with this voguish costume is black Persian coronet.

### DESIGNER SETS OUT FASHION SIGNPOSTS

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

From no less an authority than the renowned Schiaparelli comes this foreword in regard to fashions on the way. Says this distinguished style creator: "Signposts signal a new class distinction for black tailored suits, giving them first place in fashion's relay."

They flash "go" to innumerable gadgets and accessories—colored jersey stockings to match sports blouses in same material; pailletted bowknots; all the tinsel decorations of a Christmas tree directed in fashion channels.

The signals tell us the road lies straight ahead to long legs, a higher waistline and a covered throat, to draped sleeves and draped blouses, to bust length jackets, to jewels you never saw before made to flash from jacket lapels and so the story of fashion unfolds.

### Coat Silhouettes Varied in Fashions for Winter

Coats for the coming winter have refused to conform to any one silhouette. Paris designers show sheath-like tubular coats that are sometimes edged with a band of fox at the bottom; straight, loose coats that are full-length and occasionally made with extra fullness in the back; or of classic lines, nipped in at the waist and flared to the hemline.

Generally speaking, broad shoulders have given way to a more natural line, waistlines frequently are accented, and plain, close-fitting necklines are new. Fur panels often give importance to straight-cut skirts, and lavish use of fur is seen at all of the leading fashion houses.

### Leopard and Green Used in Smart Paris Costume

Touches of the fur on wool dresses are important as trimming now. One smart form-fitting ensemble seen in a Paris collection is of soft deep green wool with long slide fastener closing at the front, slightly accentuated shoulders and bows of leopard at throat and belt fastening. It is worn with boxy leopard jacket and matching green turban, leopard trimmed. It is "sporty" enough to cheer your favorite football team on to victory and smart enough for any afternoon function.

## What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

Prehistoric Lore.

DEL RIO, TEXAS. — According to the scientists, who have a great way of naming earthly phenomena without inquiring into the wishes of the phenomena, we are now living in a terrestrial era known as the Holocene period.

This will be news to a lot of people who rather suspected we were living through a stage which might be called Chaos.

Still, it's no wonder that the word hasn't got around generally yet, because this present era is quite a young era as eras go. It's merely a few million years old, which, to our true geologist, is the same as yesterday.

Mention a few million years to him and he'll say "phew!" and just snap his fingers—like that.

I wonder if the authorities would pardon a suggestion from a poor ignoramus whose acquaintance with geology is largely limited to two of its surface phases, namely: Regard paved roads and those dented detours. When we consider most of the humorous illustrations and the bulk of the humorous text printed in the average smart magazine of today, and the even spicier lines heard in smart modern plays, wouldn't it be more fitting to call it, not the Holocene, but the Obscene period?

The Law's Long Arm.

THE long arm of the law—it's a grand phrase, isn't it? So mouth-filling, so satisfying to the honest citizen's soul!

It conjures up visions of unrelenting warfare against crime, inevitable punishment for the guilty. It's the bunk!

It's the bunk because of crooked lawyers; venal policemen; complacent prosecutors; soft-hearted or corrupted jurors; witnesses, bribed or intimidated; the law's delays; reversals of fair verdicts on foolish technicalities; a false sentimentalism which forgets the widow and orphan of the victim and thinks only of the family of the killer; most often of all, abuse of the powers to commute and to pardon and to parole.

These days, when I see a sentenced offender handcuffed to an officer, I find myself saying to myself, "Chances are that fellow, literally or figuratively, is wearing that decoration only temporarily."

The Passing Years.

EVERY newborn year is a rosy prospect just as nearly every dying year is a dun-colored disappointment. But without revived hope what could we look forward to except being measured for a shroud?

It seems only yesterday when 1937 was busting in, a radiant, bouncing baby-child, his arms burdened with promises, bless his little soul! After several false starts, happy days were here again. Nobody was aiming to remodel the Supreme court. Senator Ashurst told us so, and didn't he know? He didn't.

Secretary Wallace, slightly assisted by Divine Providence, would immediately have the crop situation well in hand. Grass would grow only in the street leading to the almshouse. The Wall Street boys were expecting two suckers in every pot. And the song of the Bulbul was heard in the land—ah, the bulbul!

Within the 12-month the Republican party again would be a going concern. Well, if it's a going concern, the question is, where?

And now, laden with future gifts, comes 1938. How time flies! Why, before you know it, Sistine will be old enough to take a job with the radio and Buzzie will be signing testimonials.

Gambling Houses.

ONCE famous card-sharp—not reformed, but retired—said to me:

"Show me a professional gambling house where the roulette wheel isn't crooked, where any other mechanical device is on the square, where the operatives from the bosses on down won't skin a customer—call him a sucker, if you want to; the terms are interchangeable—and I'll drop dead from shock, because no such outfit ever existed nor ever will, not so long as games can be tricked, as all of them can, and gamblers are out for the coin, as they naturally are, and the hand is quicker than the eye, which it is."

"But how about the mathematical percentage in favor of the bank—isn't that enough?" I asked.

"How about the mathematical percentage of crooked law-enforcement officers who have to be bribed?" he countered. "There's never enough coming in to satisfy those babies."

IRVIN S. COBB

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## Niftiness for New Year's



LIKE to give yourself a lift for the New Year, Milady? Then spruce up with Sew-Your-Own — the easy way to chic. Here, for instance, are three swell swing models that will make you modern as tomorrow and put you in the running for the title, "best dressed woman." Right now it's parties you're thinking of, so pick a pair of eligibles from this trio.

**Will You Dance?**  
The New Year's Party will be festive and so will you in the model at the left in black moire. This is a very young frock and not a little flattering to the debutante figure. It has a skirt that's built for dancing, and the oh, so slender waist is no drawback.

**Spic 'n' Classic.**  
There's always a "morning after," and that's when you'll be glad to have a spic and classic frock like the one above, center. It is suitable to take back to school to rouse the roommate's envy and, pleasantly enough, it's so easy to cut and stitch, a freshman can't go wrong. Make one version in flat crepe and a carbon copy in sheer wool—it is superb both ways.

**Ah, My Friends.**  
How about a two-piecer of lame and velvet for that rousing family reunion over the holidays? The model above, right, is two pieces, but it's one with chic and figure flattery. You'll have your aunts making ohs and ahs and the bright young cousins calling you "the duchess"! What's more you'll look the part.

Pattern 1330 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 40 bust). Size 14 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material plus 6 yards of gros-grain ribbon to trim as pictured.  
Pattern 1397 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 40 bust). Size 14 requires 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch material.  
Pattern 1396 is designed for sizes 32 to 44. Size 34 requires 1 1/2 yards of 39-inch material for the blouse; 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch material for the skirt.  
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**Will You Dance?**

**Spic 'n' Classic.**

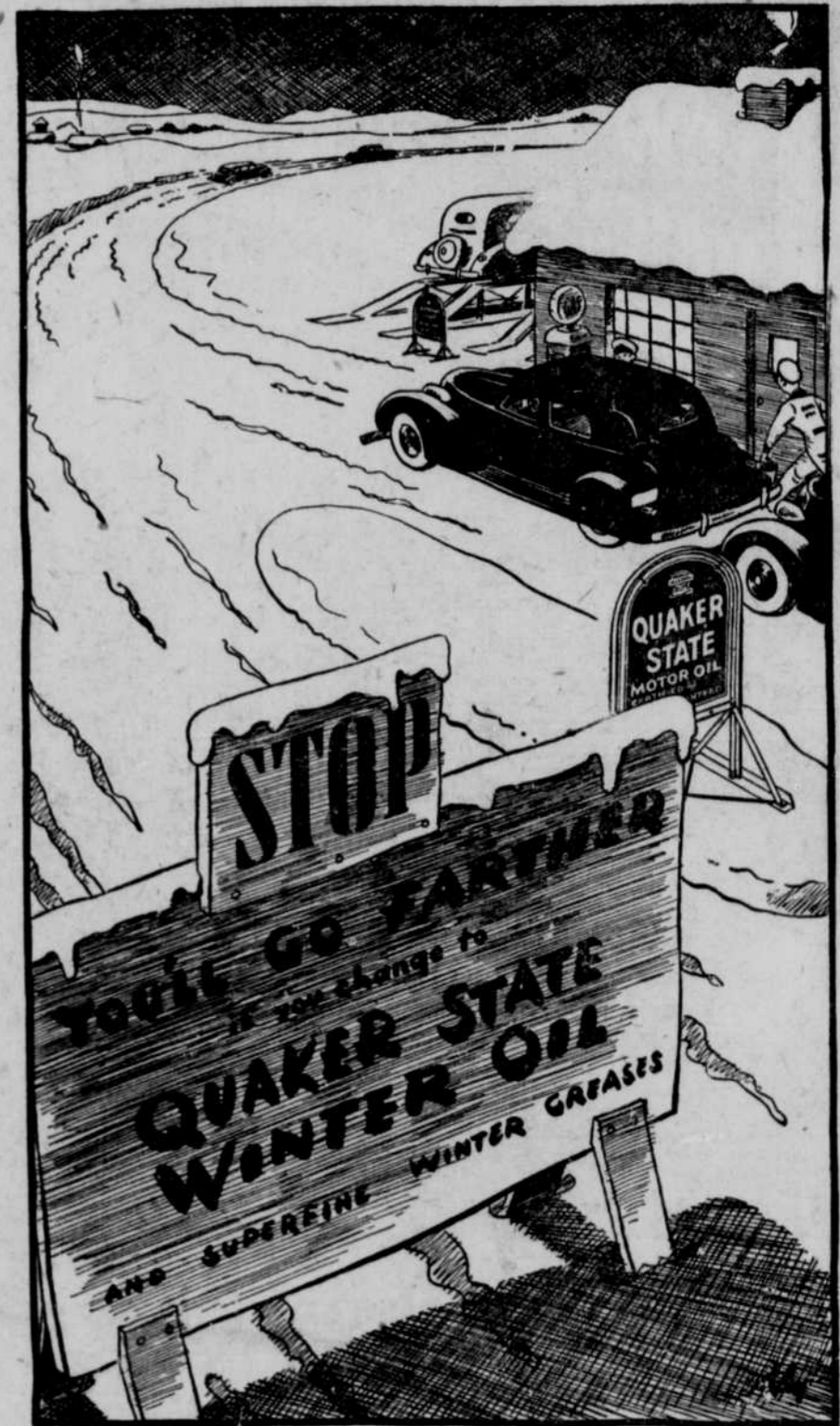
**Ah, My Friends.**

... soothe a raw throat instantly."

5¢ PLUG

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To Create The older the abuse the more you must be something.—Goethe.  
Sacred Abuse The older the abuse the more sacred it is.—Voltaire.



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