

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"Monster From the Swamps"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO EVERYBODY:

Well, sir, if I seem to be continually harping on the fact that adventures are things you meet up with most frequently at home, you can put it down to the fact that I am continually being reminded of it. Just the other day, while looking through a sheaf of letters I came to a story by a woman who had an adventure on a farm. Well—of course, there's nothing unusual in that. The funny part of it was that the farm was in this country, and the adventure was of a sort you'd only expect to run into in the jungles of Africa or South America, or to read about in some account of the grim battles between men and animals that the ancient Romans used to stage in their gladiatorial arenas.

The woman is Lottie Hawco—Mrs. John Hawco, of New York city. And the animal she fought with was a wild boar. I'll bet a lot of people—including me—didn't know there were wild boars in this country. But there are, as any South Carolina farmer can tell you. How they got here is an interesting story.

You see, the ordinary barnyard breed of pig is nothing in the world but a descendant of the wild boars you read about in tales of old-time Merrie England. Those boars were tamed and fattened and domesticated until, over the space of six or eight hundred years they became the fat, lazy, gluttonous animals you see in hog pens the country over.

How Pigs Got Wild and Dangerous.

But a pig will stay fat, and tame, and lazy only so long as he's kept in captivity and stuffed with chop suey from that well known galvanized iron can on the back porch. Once he gets loose and goes back to the woods again and has to rustle for his own food—well—then he gets thin and tough and rangy. His tusks grow out, and in a generation or two he becomes a boar again—just as wild and as dangerous an animal as ever he was when he roamed the marshes and forests of old England in the days of Robin Hood.

There are plenty of those backsliding wild hogs in the back country of South Carolina, and the farmers hunt them down and round them up because they destroy the nests of the wild turkeys in the neighborhood.



The Boar Viciously Attacked Lottie's Mother.

And that brings us to Lottie Howco who, on February 16, 1931, was visiting with her mother and her sister, Inez, on a farm near Osborn, S. C., where a wild boar hunt was in progress.

A bunch of men from the neighborhood had been out all day, combing the marshes with packs of dogs, roping boars and herding them alive—into a big high-sided farm wagon. They had just returned home with six or seven boars—big, vicious fellows, waisthigh to a man and weighing three or four hundred pounds—animals that could break a man's leg with their huge, crunching jaws and which frequently did disembowel the fierce dogs that hunted them with one sweeping blow of their long, protruding tusks.

The men backed the wagon up to a strong enclosure and were untying the boars one by one and cautiously prodding them into the pen. Lottie, her mother and sister were standing near by, watching the proceedings—and then—suddenly—a terrible thing happened.

Attack by a Savage Boar.

The men had unloosed the largest boar and were prodding it toward the pen when it turned, squeezed between the wagon and the enclosure, and rushed into the open, gnashing its great teeth and foaming at the mouth. It headed straight for Lottie's mother, who was standing nearest the pen, and before she could turn to run, it was on her, throwing her in a heap to the ground, biting at her savagely.

It was the most terrible sight Lottie ever beheld in her life. Charlie, the foreman, stood with his mouth agape, too surprised for a moment to even move. Sister Inez, paralyzed with fright, clapped her hands over her ears and began to scream. Lottie herself was numb with terror, and for precious seconds—seconds that seemed like a lifetime—she stood rooted to the spot. All the rest of the men were on the other side of the pen, or on the wagon, too far away to reach the spot in time to do any good.

Then, all of a sudden, Lottie came to life. She can't explain what happened, but it seemed as if a spring inside her had suddenly been released. She sprang forward, threw herself on the snarling, screaming, rolling jumble of woman and beast, singled out the boar and began beating and mauling and scratching it with insane frenzy.

Surprised Him, So He Fleed.

The boar could have killed Lottie with one thrust of its sharp, pointed tusk. Lottie's mother had been saved from death thus far only by her long skirts and thick clothing. But taken by surprise, the boar couldn't quite figure out this wild new menace that came beating and kicking at his flanks—tearing and scratching at his eyes. It was a thing of fury. It didn't seem one whit afraid of the boar. And an animal will often reason that if you are not afraid of him, then he must have good cause to be afraid of you.

This one did just that. Snarling and grunting, he turned to flee from this inexplicable new attack. He got about three steps, and then he found himself tangled up in the ropes of the men who, by this time, had come around from the other side of the pen to deal with him.

The next thing Lottie knew, she was back on the porch of the farm house with her mother, looking over herself for injuries. She doesn't even remember helping her mother to the porch, and to this day she can't figure out how she came out of that fight without a scratch on her body.

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Barratry in Shipping

Barratry in shipping and navigation includes every wrongful act committed by the master or crew to the prejudice of the shipowner. The master must have deliberately violated his duty to his employer and acted against his better judgment, says Tit-Bits Magazine. Deviating from the ship's course to engage in smuggling is barratry. No act of negligence, inadvertence, or mistake amounts to barratry.

Cheerfulness Has Dual Value

Cheerfulness has a dual value in life. First, it helps you—then it helps you to help others—and it keeps on spreading out into the great throng of humanity, stirring the hearts of men as the gentle breeze stirs the leaves of the forest—returning to you in its endless course and all the while making the heavy load lighter and the dark road brighter for all.

Oldest Lighthouse in America

The oldest lighthouse in America is Boston light station. Built in 1716, it was knocked down during the Revolution, rebuilt in 1783. It was then 69 feet high, lit by four whale oil lamps. The tower, 90 feet high, contains the original stones, in use more than 222 years, plus additions.

Name Percival Is Greek

The name Percival is of Greek origin and means "courteous." Sir Percival was a knight of King Arthur's round table. Percival Lowell (1855-1916) Boston astronomer, wrote books and made important discoveries in astronomy, also established the Lowell observatory.

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—Mrs. Joseph P. Kennedy has been an effective social and political ally of both her father, former mayor of Boston, and her husband, ambassador to the Court of St. James. But the news that, in accordance with her husband's decision, she presented only seven American women at court is one of her rare appearances in the headlines.

The 11 engaging Kennedys have been viewed more or less en bloc in the news and Mrs. Kennedy has never been in a very sharp lens focus.

She was one of the prettiest of Boston debutantes, 30 years ago, a rollicking girl with black hair and eyes of Irish blue. Back home from her convent training, she taught her father "Sweet Adeline."

He was John F. (Honey Fitz) Fitzgerald, and in his campaigns he sang his way to memorable political fame—riding like a surfboard the long, lingering "swipes" of the song taught him by his daughter—"the flower of his heart."

Joseph P. Kennedy, her childhood playmate, was twenty-five years old when they were married in 1914. He borrowed \$2,000 for a down payment on a \$6,500 house. Their fortunes grew as their family, with Mr. Kennedy president of a bank, in a year or two after their marriage.

Mrs. Kennedy once told a Boston drygoods clerk that she bought 200 suits and dresses a year. It takes a heap of shopping to make a home, like the Kennedys', and she became known among her friends as a paragon of household efficiency comparable to the one in Solomon's off-hand apostrophe to such skills and virtues.

Now she is mistress of the "castle" which was once J. Pierpont Morgan's home; also of a beautiful mansion in Bronxville, N. Y., a huge summer estate at Hyannisport, Cape Cod, and a villa at Palm Beach, built by one of the Wanamakers.

She is slender and girlish, comely and vivacious, weighs 115 pounds and takes size 14 in dresses. Vionnet makes her gowns and she is envied by other women for her magnificent jewels— notable among them being a ruby and diamond bracelet which, it is said, is matched only by the one the Aga Khan gave his princess.

But she never lets the children run to unseemly display, holding them to restraint in regime and dress. Even without all these adventitious fixings, say her friends, she would be an admirable ambassador's wife, with her own quite adequate equipment of tact, charm and intelligence.

MAN and boy, this journeyman has helped process a lot of explorers' and adventurers' copy through the news mill. If it was ghost-written, it had only slick and synthetic excitement, like Ersatz pastry, and if it wasn't it was usually dull. Happily in contrast are the doubtlessly authentic and personally written yarns of W. H. Tilman, leader of the British Mount Everest expedition, now getting under way.

These stories from the Tibetan base camp have a professional ease and fluency, along with a ring of integrity which gives assurance that Mr. Tilman is really writing them. There is no ghost on the job here.

Mr. Tilman is thirty-nine years old, a keen-faced, hard-muscled Britisher of medium stature, who has been exploring ever since he left college.

He has climbed mountains in the Alps and in Africa, including Mount Kenya, Kilimanjaro and Ruwenzori. This is his fifth expedition to the Himalayas. The entrants in this high hurdle event are not youngsters. N. E. Odell is forty-seven, F. S. Smythre is thirty-seven and the others are all over thirty.

Consolidated News Features. WNU Service.

Rats Drink Ink at Night
Rats have been drinking black ink at night in the Swellendam, South Africa, city hall. Possibly they were blondes who wish to become brunettes, is one suggestion. P. Heyns, the municipal foreman, says he frequently has found his ink well, which he kept in a locked room, empty. Before leaving the office one afternoon he poured the ink into a saucer. Next morning it was empty.

Wash Weaves Gain in Style Favor

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



There is greater high style appeal in wash materials this season than ever. The acceptance of glamorous, gorgeous linens (plain or printed) and spun rayons (new star shining bright in the fabric firmament) as "dress-up" materials is one of the outstanding milestones that marks the progress of fashion.

If you would see piques and cotton voiles and rippled or varied-type cloque cottons, organdies, seersuckers (sheer or sturdy) and gay stripes or plaid gingham or the new corded cottons, likewise cotton nets and laces "show off" in all their glory, tuning to every phase of fashion from simplest house dresses, housecoat or swim suit, to most exquisite wedding ensembles, evening formals or party frocks, get yourself invited to the spectacular event presented each year in various style centers—the Cotton ball that pays homage to "King Cotton." However, sans the Cotton ball, you will not lose out in seeing this season such pageantry of cotton materials and other smart washables as you've never seen before, for all the stores are these days making a countrywide display of the loveliest wash weaves fancy might picture.

It is really a very intriguing thought to know you can go to the most "highbrow" affair and be classed among the best dressed, gowned in a simple wash voile or a pin-tucked batiste laden with val lace edgings, or a tailored gingham that is fashioned decollete, with a full skirt and bolero.

Not that we are losing sight of the style element and the practicality that wash materials ever maintain for sportswear and general utility wear. That side of the question is a subject so exhaustless we will not attempt to touch upon it in these few paragraphs.

There is, however, this conclusive argument in favor of modern

wash fabrics whether they be formal or utilitarian to the effect that if you are careful to buy the right sort of washables they carry with them the guarantee of being both non-shrinkable and non-crushable. It is indeed a comfort to the woman who is her own seamstress to know that from now on with these latest improvements in tub fabrics she can buy her patterns exactly the right size without having to allow for possible shrinkage.

In the picture we are showing three "reasons why" dresses of handsome wash materials are outstanding in the spring and summer style scene—charming enough to wear most anywhere in the day's social swirl, you'll agree. Fine hand-blocked linen glowing with colorful naturalistic rose and bud motif (a glorious fabric for the more dressy type of "onlooker" dress) fashions the center model. Miracle of miracles, such a "dressy" sport frock is exactly as practical as its more mundane sisters, for being pre-shrunk, its "lines" and its colors are permanent, regardless of numerous tubbings. And the same may be said for the gowns that complete the group.

For the dress to the right soft tailoring brings out the beauty of a most likable spun rayon fabric that you can rely upon to go through tubbings victoriously and that will capture your heart with its colorings and striking patternings. A Mexican motif on the print patterning, gay buttons, a bright raffia belt, carry out the blithe mood of the gay caballero linen print that tailors to perfection in the youthful dress to the left. Any young woman would do well to tuck such a frock away in her vacation trunk. It will insure conquests for her.

Western Newspaper Union.

CHOOSE POLKA DOT

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Dots, dots, dots are repeating and repeating in the newer silks. Here pictured is a very up-to-the-moment young fashionable wearing a direttore double breasted daytime dress styled of smart polka dotted silk. You have the Paris angle of a leading summer style trend when you choose dotted patternings. Note the oval-shape bib of gathered white net and a tie of white pique. The white pique direttore bonnet she wears is the "last word" in millinery showings.

SOME HIGH POINTS IN LATE FASHIONS

Dresses and coats alike have a tendency to pull fullness to the rear or the side with draping, plaits and panels. Long sleeves are by no means out, but many designers, like Lucile Paray, show elbow sleeves for everything, including coats.

Equally as popular as the skirt-and-jacket ensemble for sport and daytime wear is the dress with its own jacket or full-length coat. Jackets are moulded to the waist and unbelted; generally single-breasted, simple in line, but feminine in appearance. Down to the hips is the usual length, but Mainbocher shows them tunic length, and Chanel likes waist-length jackets and boleros, many with little bustle-like peplums.

Smartest Spring Dresses

Are Seen Featuring Lace
Some of the smartest street and tailored dresses seen this spring are of lace. And not only the solid, fabric-like laces which have been and still are so popular, but the sheerer types which have heretofore been associated only with evening wear. These are seen in the simple one and two-piece versions of the classic day dresses. Sometimes they are all lace, and as often you see them in combinations of lace and fabric.

Popular Trimming

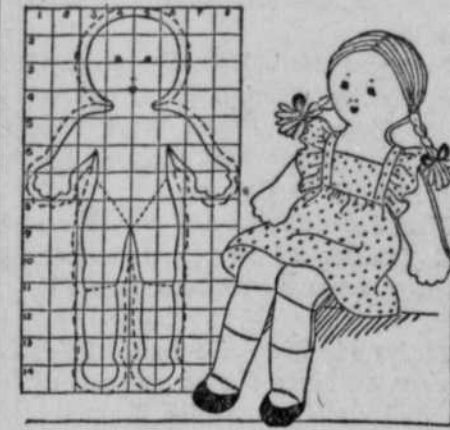
Pique for sports and informal wear; lace for dress-up occasions; organdie good the clock around—that's the way the fashion world divides the honors in trimming this season.

Evening Mode

Both the wide skirt and the straight line are popular for evening gowns.

HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears



THE charm of a rag baby depends upon her figure. She may be molded with your fingers if the cotton stuffing is pushed into place very tightly a little at a time with the blunt end of a pencil. An extra bit of cotton may even stretch the fabric considerably to give chin and chest a shapely contour. Leave the opening for stuffing under one arm. Stuff the legs up to the knees, then sew across. Stuff up to the hips and

then sew through the body again, as shown, before the upper part is stuffed. This makes the doll jointed at knees and hips.

To make a pattern for the doll, rule an eight by fourteen inch piece of paper into one-inch squares. Number the squares, as shown, then outline the doll so that the lines cross the squares exactly as they do here in the diagram. Back and front are cut alike. The dotted line around the doll in the diagram indicates the seam allowance. Eyes, nose and mouth are embroidered, yarn is used for the hair, and the dress is made of straight pieces.

NOTE: Mrs. Spears' latest sewing book contains three pages of doll clothes; 90 embroidery stitches; fabric repairing; table settings; gifts; many useful articles to make for the house, yourself and the children. Price 25 cents postpaid, coins preferred. Just ask for Book No. 2, and address Mrs. Spears, 210 S. Desplaines, St., Chicago, Ill.

For Early Summer Days

MAKE yourself something very pretty and smart to wear as soon as the bland summer days are here. These are so easy—each is a diagram frock, which means the pattern is amazingly easy to work with.

Slenderizing Lines.

Everything about this dress is flattering to large women—the neckline, the short, rippling



sleeves, the smooth shoulders, front fullness, and waistline, snugged in by darts. You'll want to wear it all the time, when you see how becoming it is. In georgette, chiffon, voile, or thin silk print.

Frock With Slim, Crisp Lines.

Cleverly fitted in to minimize the waistline, puffed high and wide as to sleeves, full at the skirt and with a demure round neckline, this is one of the most charming new dresses you could choose. A bit of ricrac braid and two little bows are all the trim-

ming it needs, the lines are so perfect. Make it up in silk print, dimity, dotted Swiss.

The Patterns.

1504 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 38 requires 5 1/4 yards of 39-inch material; collar in contrast (if desired) takes 3/4 yard.

1502 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material. 1 3/4 yards of ricrac to trim.

Spring-Summer Pattern Book.

Send 15 cents for the Barbara Bell Spring and Summer Pattern Book which is now ready. It contains 109 attractive, practical and becoming designs. The Barbara Bell patterns are well planned, accurately cut and easy to follow. Each pattern includes a sew-chart which enables even a beginner to cut and make her own clothes.

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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