

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"Mountain Doom"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO EVERYBODY:

Samuel Johnson of Brooklyn, N. Y., has two hobbies, and one of them was bound to get him into trouble sooner or later.

Sam's hobbies are skiing and mountain climbing and two more dangerous sports I don't know of. You know what sort of a game skiing is. Anyone who has ever seen a news-reel of a bunch of ski jumpers doesn't have to be told it's a good idea to pay up your insurance before you try it. Mountain climbing is a little more than twice as dangerous as skiing.

It's a yarn of mountain climbing with which Sam busts into the club as a Distinguished Adventurer. For a good many years, Sam has lived abroad, chiefly in Italy.

And one day in July, 1931, way up in the Italian Alps, he had a little adventure that almost culminated in his living nowhere—neither in Italy nor anywhere else.

Climbing the Doufour Peak.

On that July day, four Italians—a doctor, a lawyer and two engineers—along with Sam, himself, set out to climb the Doufour—the highest and most difficult peak in the Monte Rosa chain of Alps. They started out without professional guides, for all of them thought they were sufficiently expert at climbing to get along without them. That, says Sam, was the first mistake.

Sam takes time out here to explain that it was absolutely necessary to reach that peak before eleven a. m. For from that hour to one in the afternoon the sun is at its height, melting the snow and letting loose great avalanches that come crashing down the mountain-side carrying thousands of tons of rock, dirt and ice along with them.

The five men climbed until daybreak. "And all at once," Sam says, "the strenuous work we had done climbing to this point, was well rewarded by the magnificent spectacle that unfolded before our eyes. The early sun was shining on Monte Rosa and because of some phenomenon the whole mountain chain became a deep rose color—the hue that gives those peaks their name. We kept on going. By seven o'clock, after trying to make headway in snow two or three feet deep in places, we seemed still to be a great distance from the peak. That didn't worry us. From the position we were in it was next to impossible to judge distance—or even our direction. But by nine o'clock—"

Lost and Cut Off by Avalanche.

By nine o'clock that peak didn't seem any nearer than it had at seven. They knew they were lost then—and they were thoroughly frightened. They were at an altitude of about twelve thousand feet, and a night spent in the intense cold at that level was pretty sure to be fatal.



A terrific avalanche roared past them.

"To build a fire," says Sam, "is impossible. There is nothing to burn. Nor is there any other protection from the sub-zero temperature, or from the icy blasts of wind that sweep the mountain all through the night."

They climbed for two more hours—and by that time they were all but exhausted. They stopped to rest on a ledge of rock, and suddenly a terrific avalanche roared past them not a hundred yards away. It was eleven o'clock—the deadline for mountain climbers—the time when they ran for cover if there was any cover to run to.

"The slide," says Sam, "crossed the path of the trail we had made coming up. If we had been delayed just a few minutes I rather believe our bodies would now be reposing on some glacier under that thousand tons of rock and ice. We didn't dare travel after that. From then until three o'clock we sat huddled on the ledge expecting every moment to be carried away by another avalanche. At three we started out again, trying to find the lost trail. We didn't find it—and to make matters worse, the sun was sinking rapidly and it was getting colder by the second."

Took Refuge in a Cave.

The situation was serious. Sam and his companions decided something certainly should be done about it. But what? None of them knew. They held a consultation and agreed to hole in for the night—take a chance on being alive in the morning. Three men rose to find a suitable place to dig in, but two of them lay still on the ice—too exhausted to move on.

With difficulty the others got them to their feet. Practically carrying them, they moved on across a glacier, looking for a cave. Although they didn't know it then, it was that move that saved all their lives.

They found a cave and huddled into it. They didn't dare go to sleep. They'd freeze to death. Their food supply had run out by that time, and the gnawing pains of hunger added to their intense misery. The suffering of that night, Sam says, no one could ever describe. But at six in the morning they saw five black figures moving across the ice toward them.

The black figures were five professional guides. Down in Macugnaga someone with a pair of powerful binoculars had seen them as they pushed across that last stretch of glacier. The guides—men of remarkable endurance—had climbed all night long to reach them before it was too late. They literally carried the five men down the mountain and rushed them to a hospital, where one member of the party had a leg amputated, another a hand, and a third, all the toes off both feet. But luckily for Sam Johnson, the sawbones didn't have to do any work on him.

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The Eternal

Over the triple doors of the Milan cathedral there are three inscriptions spanning the splendid arches. Over one is carved a wreath of roses: "All that which pleases is but for a moment." Over the other there is a sculptured cross, and underneath are the words: "All that which troubles is but for a moment." While underneath the great central entrance to the main aisle is the inscription: "That only is important which is eternal."

Guarding the Inca Capital

Guarding Cuzco, the Inca empire's capital, is the cleverly planned and skillfully constructed gigantic fortress of Sacahuaman, with immense stones fitted together like pillows, without the use of mortar or cement. Cuzco is a medieval Spanish city built on the ruins of the buildings of the ancient capital. Inca stonework is topped with balconies and grilled windows.

Surf Riding and Aquaplaning

An aquaplane is a plank drawn along the surface of the water by a line from a power boat. Attached to it are ropes or a rope with which the rider can lift the front end of the aquaplane from the water, and to some extent control its movements. The surf rider merely takes his plank to sea and upon it rides the waves that bring him back to shore. Surf riding is an old Hawaiian sport, while aquaplaning is of comparatively recent origin.

Derivation of Color Names

Some color names have curious derivations. Magenta, for instance, was named after the color of shirts worn by soldiers at the battle of Magenta. Carnation, the color, means flesh color, and was used in England as far back as 1535. Green, says Pearson's London Weekly, is one of nature's most amazing colors. There are about 3,000 different shades of green.

SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

WASHINGTON.—It is not only the secret hope that even the remaining two Tennessee Valley authority directors may get so thoroughly smeared with mud that they may have to resign which encourages Democratic members of the congressional investigating committee to be indifferent about defending or protecting David E. Lilienthal and Harcourt A. Morgan. This hope is very pronounced. The Democratic congressmen would like to have plenty of jobs available next January for their lame-duck friends who will go down to defeat either in primaries or elections this year. And incidentally the pickings down through the Tennessee Valley authority look very sweet to the investigators.

But there is a more partisan phase. It explains why they let Arthur E. Morgan run on and on without checking, with only the comparatively ineffectual efforts of the committee's attorney, Francis Biddle, to check his attacks. Biddle, curiously enough, is far more anxious to protect Lilienthal and H. A. Morgan than any Democratic member of the committee. He works at it earnestly.

In the case of A. E. Morgan's testimony, however, most of Biddle's attempts to controvert Morgan's statements merely resulted in their more forceful restatement, for the benefit of the press and the small audience. But the amazing part of the picture was that no Democrat on the committee went to his aid in defending the TVA directors.

The answer to this, in so far as it relates to a willingness on the part of the Democrats on the committee to open up new jobs for their colleagues who may not come back to the next congress, is simple. But there is also the point that the Democratic members of the committee believe firmly that much of the publicity resulting from these attacks is good for the project, as a whole, and for the Democratic party, for having started it.

Three Top Jobs

"Sure, we will let Arthur Morgan talk all he wants," a Democratic member of the committee said to the writer. "What do we care if he blackens Lilienthal's reputation? What do we care if he makes Harcourt Morgan out a boob? What do we care if he convinces the whole country he is right? What do we even care if he convinces the President he is right?"

"What would be the answer? The President would throw Lilienthal and H. A. Morgan out. But he would never reinstate A. E. Morgan. Morgan made the President too sore for that. So there would be the three top jobs and a few others for our fellows."

"But meantime, Arthur Morgan, with a tremendous reputation for honesty, and with an audience of believers that no New Dealer could possibly get—the folks who became Morgan fans the moment it appeared that he was defying the President and differing with the New Deal—is preaching our gospel."

"He is never on the stand ten minutes but he gets in something about how fine the TVA is, and how magnificent its concept was. Every now and then, because it helps his cause against Lilienthal and Harcourt Morgan as well as because he believes it is true, he gets in something about what the President wanted."

"It's the best Democratic propaganda, or perhaps I should say New Deal propaganda, in the world, and it is going straight to people who would never read it or listen to it from any other source. Meanwhile none of us have heard yet of any witnesses we may have to put on the stand whose testimony might actually undermine public confidence in the project itself. If that happens you will see a different attitude."

All a Mystery

Just what the congressional committee which is investigating the Tennessee Valley authority expects to prove is as much a mystery to its five senators and five representatives, not to mention its staff of experts, as it must be to the general public.

Arthur E. Morgan knows what he wants to prove: that he was very badly treated by the two other commissioners; that the majority, largely as a result of ignoring his advice, has wasted considerable money (though only a small fraction of the half a billion spent or about to be spent); that the majority has laid down various policies, particularly with reference to the sale of electric power, which are unsound and are apt to plague the whole cause of government ownership; and that the majority is temperamentally unfitted to rule the vast empire the government has set up in the Tennessee valley.

David E. Lilienthal and Harcourt A. Morgan know what they want to prove; that Arthur E. Morgan is a fanatical zealot; that he is im-

possible to get along with; that he runs after wild ideas and is impractical; particularly that he is a pest. Proving that, they will justify their own treatment of him, and, more important so far as the public and their own standing at the White House is concerned, that President Roosevelt was justified in throwing him overboard.

Most of the Democratic members of the committee are actually very little interested in the whole TVA, and accepted appointment on the committee only as a duty. They admired the magnificence of the project on their recent five-day tour. They admired the construction of the dams and wondered if they were worth the money they cost, admitting the first and being very discreet about the second. They are bored to tears with the testimony and wish to heaven it was all over and that the writing of the report could be delegated.

Morgan Splits Hairs

On the second day of the hearing at Knoxville, after the inspection, only five members of the committee were present. For hours during the afternoon only the four Republican members were listening to the testimony. Although Sen. Vic Donahey, chairman of the committee, did appear later.

Not that this was of political significance. The two Republican house members seemed willing enough to ask Morgan questions which would help his side of the case, as was also Sen. James J. (Puddler Jim) Davis of Pennsylvania, but Morgan made it embarrassing for them every time they asked a question. He seemed afraid that somehow or other he might be drawn into some statement which reflected unfavorably on public ownership, or which went just a little further than he wanted to go. Committee members, Democrats and Republicans alike, all agree that he splits the thinnest hairs of any witness they ever saw in action.

Sitting Senators Win

Sitting senators have been fairly successful in winning renomination against "upstarts" so far, which is a great comfort to those senators on President Roosevelt's "purge" list who are still facing primary or convention battles.

As a matter of fact the score stands 7 to 1 in favor of sitting senators at this stage of the campaign. Senators winning renomination were James J. Davis, Republican, of Pennsylvania; Guy M. Gillette of Iowa; Gerald P. Nye of North Dakota, Republican; Claude Pepper of Florida; Robert R. Reynolds of North Carolina; Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma, and Frederick Van Nuys of Indiana.

Of these Davis and Nye, both Republicans, opposed the President on the Supreme court issue. Gillette and Van Nuys were definitely on the "purge" list. Gillette won a straight out primary contest despite endorsement of his New Deal opponent by Jimmy Roosevelt and Harry L. Hopkins. Van Nuys was renominated by a convention because the McNutt machine in Indiana was afraid that otherwise a Republican senator would be elected.

Pepper, Thomas and Reynolds are pro-New Deal Democrats and the first two won against candidates critical of the New Deal.

The one sitting senator so far who was not renominated, and who did not even get a chance to run for the simple reason that the two opposing organization groups would have none of him, is Sen. William H. Dieterich of Illinois. This was an administration setback, because Dieterich has a 100 per cent record for voting for every New Deal proposal, whereas Rep. Scott W. Lucas, nominated in his place, had opposed the President on the court and several other issues.

Townsend Plan Scores

It is also worth noting that the Townsend plan has scored three spectacular victories so far. The first of these was that of Pepper in Florida, who made advocacy of old age pensions his paramount issue in his fight against Rep. J. Mark Wilcox.

The second was a runoff primary for Wilcox's seat in the house. No other issue was important in this runoff, both candidates being New Dealers. The winner, Pat Cannon, advocated the Townsend plan. His opponent did not.

In Oklahoma Senator Thomas was endorsed world without end by Dr. Townsend himself. The head of the old age pensions crusade made a stump tour of the state, approving Thomas in every speech, and denouncing both Rep. Gomer Smith, a former Townsend plan official who criticized the doctor, and Gov. E. W. Marland.

Townsendites naturally claim that this was what renominated Thomas. New Dealers assert just as positively that it was the President's endorsement that did the trick. Some cold observers point to the fact that Thomas was the sitting senator, and therefore had a tremendous advantage.

Friends of Sen. Alben W. Barkley of Kentucky, while being very discreet in commenting on other primaries, take great satisfaction from the high percentage of victories by sitting senators. They are especially pleased with the result in Oklahoma, in that the governor of the state made such a poor showing against the senator. Senator Barkley's opponent, of course, is "Happy" Chandler, the present governor of Kentucky.

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WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—The playing fields of Eton have been given due credit for Britain's power and durability. We seem to have overlooked the playing fields of West Point. A sweeping technical reorganization of the army is news this week. It might not have come off had it not been for a certain incident on the West Point football field. Gen. Malin Craig, chief of staff, is the reorganizer. He is preparing the army for the open game—swiftness, mobility, adaptiveness, as in modern football.

It was an instant of inspired open football, back in the juggernaut days of the guards back and the side-line buck, that saved young Malin Craig for the army and the current reordering of tactics and equipment.

Just before the game with Trinity college in 1897, the West Point scholastic command had decided to retire Cadet Craig. Of an ancient army line, with many relatives in the service, he had been visiting around army posts. His marks had suffered. The ax was to fall just after the game.

Craig was a brilliant backfield player, but somewhat given to unplanned maneuvers. Carrying the ball at a critical turn of the game, he lost his interference in a broken field. He shook off several tacklers, but, somewhere around the 35-yard line, a stone wall of Trinity players loomed head.

Ducking a hurtling body, scarcely checking his stride, he booted a perfect field goal—winning the game, with appropriate Frank Merriwell trim mings. Of course, the faculty couldn't fire a hero. The ax was put away, a tutor was found, and Cadet Craig finished creditably—to establish the open game in the American army.

He was a baseball star, also, and old Pop Anson tried to sign him for the Chicago National team. Born in St. Joseph, Mo., he was the grandson of a Civil war general. His father was a major and he has a son recently out of West Point.

In the Spanish-American war, the Philippines, France and in minor mixups, he was a quick thinker and a self-starter, heavily garlanded from the first and known as a "progressive" tactician.

A FEW years ago, Richard Strauss was in trouble with the Nazis. The libretto of his opera, "The Silent Woman," had been written by Stefan Zweig, a "non-Aryan." The opera was a flop and Herr Strauss was ousted as president of the Reich Culture chamber and chairman of the Federation of German Composers. He is now restored to official favor.

His librettist for his new opera, "Der Fridenstag," is a certified Aryan, Joseph Gregor, a Viennese poet, and its world premier at Munich is a brilliant success, with new garlands for the seventy-five-year-old composer.

So apparently all is forgiven, and the traditional rebel of the musical world is rebelling no longer. He had decided to save the world at any cost, but turning sixty, he concluded he was doing well enough by merely keeping out of jail.

When "Salome" was presented in 1905, puritanical New York was shocked, and the mere idea of its being given here caused a row. Its presentation in New York in 1921 was taken calmly.

Strauss' "Murky Psychographies," as the critics called them, didn't bring any riot calls. These muddly phantasmagorias of his earlier years got him into many battles, but he settled down to writing and—being a good business man—to money making. Once, when he was quarreling with Berlin, he was asked if he would play there. "I would play on a manure pile if they pay me for it," he said.

He is no kin of the famous waltz family of Vienna. In mel-low and beery old Bavaria, his father was a horn-blower and his mother a brewer's daughter. He has prospered through his later years, the owner of a castle in Vienna and an estate in Bavaria.

In 1930, German cities were fighting for him as their leading citizen, with chambers of commerce competing and making offers. Then came the brief eclipse over the "non-Aryan" associations, and now the full fulfillment of his restored career.

Consolidated News Features
WNU Service.

Here's a Play Outfit And a Basic Dress

DO YOU need something new to dawdle in or to dress up in? Here are two new designs, one for play and one for afternoon, that are so smart you really should have both. It costs so little, in time and trouble, to make them for yourself, with these simple designs that even beginners can follow with no difficulty. And of



course you can splurge on some really luxury fabrics, when you sew your own.

Play Suit and Sports Frock. This new design gives you both! The play suit has beautifully cut shorts and a nice bodice top with the sunniest kind of sunback. The frock is created merely by fastening that straight skirt around you, and the bolero goes with both! Notice how cleverly the ricrac braid is used to simulate a square yoke in the front. The smartest thing for this design is linen in a dusty pastel shade; calico, percale and pique are good, too. Be sure to trim it with ricrac.

Dress With Bodice Detailing. Here's a design that brings a breath of fall smartness in the bosom detailing that you'll see in expensive models this coming season. Also in the Victorian sleeves, high at the shoulders and fitted to the arm below. The straight panel in the back, the gathers at the waistline in front, give you a lovely figure-line. Although it's so distinguished looking and subtly detailed, this dress is easy to make. Just six steps in the detailed sew chart. Make it now of silk crepe, linen or georgette. Later in sheer wool, satin or velvet.

The Patterns. 1557 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14 requires 5 1/2 yards of 35-inch material. 10 yards of ricrac braid to trim. 1482 is designed for sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 34 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material with long sleeves; 4 1/4 yards of 39-inch material for short sleeves.

Success in Sewing. Success in sewing, like in any other field, depends upon how you approach the task in hand. To help you turn out clothes professional looking in every detail, we have a book which plainly sets

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Uncle Phil Says:

We Don't Wish to Be Judged
No man's life is an open book, and it shouldn't be. We have all made wretched mistakes.

Never judge a man's action, until you know his motive.
Aladdin may have had a hunch of what the push-button would do some day, when he was rubbing his lamp.

They Want It Protected
Conservatism generally wins in America because more people have a stake in its wealth.

We like some hateful people.
They say the things we don't dare to.

Hope is an obliging grace.
She always comes when invited.

"Black Leaf 40" KILLS LICE
Cap-Brush Applicator makes "BLACK LEAF 40" GO MUCH FARTHER
JUST A DASH IN FEATHERS... OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS

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