

Floyd Gibbons

Adventurers' Club

Hello Everybody!



"Murder on Soochow Creek"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

HERE'S a tale from China, where life is cheap. They'll kill you for your shoes in that desperate, over-crowded, half-starved country. Or they'll kill you for nothing at all. I've seen Chinese killed by the dozen over there for no reason, as far as I could see, but just for the sake of killing. In no country in the world, except possibly revolutionary Spain, is death spread with such a careless hand.

Yes, life is cheap over there in China. Many a man has been killed for something that wasn't worth a Chinese dollar. But our Distinguished Adventurer of the day—Milton Weaver of New York City—saw the time once when his life wasn't worth two cents.

That was in February, 1922. Milt Weaver was in the United States Marine corps then, and the Marines were stationed in Shanghai protecting our nationals and the International Settlement during the fighting that went on between the Chinese and the Japanese.

Along the Shores of Soochow Creek.

Says Milt: "You probably remember the little dug-out we Marines built and all the warlike atmosphere that surrounded us along Soochow creek?" And Milt is right about that. I sure do. I spent a lot of time down there when the fighting was going on over in the Native City, and if I saw Milt I'd probably remember him, too, for I talked with a lot of those boys who garrisoned that dug-out and stood guard along the creek. Milt's adventure, though, is one thing I missed, and I'm glad Milt has given me a second chance at it—a second chance to put in on the wire and tell it to the world.

It was a cold morning—that one in February—and Milt was patrolling his post along Soochow creek. Outside the walls of the International Settlement a furious battle was going on between Japanese troops and Chinese soldiers. Refugees were seeking safety in the Settlement by the thousand, but they weren't allowed to enter at night. The patrols along the boundaries had strict orders not to let anyone enter before six a. m., but all night long terror-stricken Chinese refugees—many of whom couldn't pass the inspection at the bridges—kept trying to force their way through the patrols and get in behind Settlement walls.

At the Mercy of the Chinese.

It was about five in the morning when Milt saw a sampan, loaded with Chinese, making its way across the creek. Immediately Milt shouted to them to go back, but on they came until the nose of the boat touched the shore. Then Milt saw he was in for an argument—maybe even a little trouble. But if he'd known how much trouble it was going to be, he'd have sounded the alarm and called out the guard before he tried to do anything else about it.

As the boat touched shore Milt stepped aboard and began telling the coolie who ran it to turn around and go back. "I had to do this in sign language," Milt says, "because the coolie, apparently, didn't understand English. The coolie appeared to be doing what I told him. He was trying to swing the boat around when a small tugboat came along and rammed into his sampan. At the same time it pushed the sampan out into the middle of the stream, making it impossible for me to jump ashore again."

And then, all of a sudden, the demeanor of the Chinese in the boat changed. A few seconds before Milt had represented authority, with a guard of soldiers at his call. Now, out there in the middle of the stream he was alone—helpless—and darned well those Chinese knew it. They began swarming toward him, babbling, gesticulating, threatening.

Milt saw what was coming—saw that he had one chance to get away, and that was to jump aboard the tugboat. He turned toward it, and then a thing happened that put him completely at the mercy of the occupants of the sampan.

As he turned toward the tug, a puff of smoke, full of fine bits of coal flew straight in his eyes. He was blinded!

It was only for a few moments, but during those few moments of blindness Milt experienced the worst fear of his whole life. The natives, seeing him helpless, rushed him—and a man that gets mobbed by a crowd of Chinese natives has darned little chance of getting out alive.

Desperate Fight on the Sampan.

"They came at me with bamboo sticks," says Milt, "trying to push me overboard into the filthy waters of the creek. I knew I was doomed if I let them get me into the water, for once I was in it they would push me under and hold me there until I drowned. I blew my whistle for help. I had a pistol in a holster at my hip, but I couldn't see to shoot it. But I also carried a baton—like a policeman's nightstick—and I began swinging it around my head as best I could."

Milt says he doesn't know how he managed to stay on his feet all through the hullabaloo. He could feel bamboo poles poking at him, and he could feel that his own stick was doing some damage, too, for every once in a while it came in contact with something that felt like a coolie's head. But little by little he was being forced back toward the edge of the sampan.

Milt was getting desperate. Another step or two and he'd be overboard. He was thinking of drawing his pistol and firing blindly into the mob, when suddenly he heard English voices on the bank, mixed in with the native shouting and cursing.

That stopped the coolies. A minute before, Milt had been a lone, hated foreign devil. Now he was backed by authority again. They put the boat back to shore, and Milt was helped ashore by English policemen and a few of his own pals, the American Marines. They gave Milt first aid treatment for his eyes, and for the cuts and bruises he had received, and Milt says he was mighty doggone glad to get his feet back on the ground of the International Settlement where good old American, British and French law and order were in force and life was worth more than a couple of plucked Chinese pennies.

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King George VI Reviews His Guard of Honor



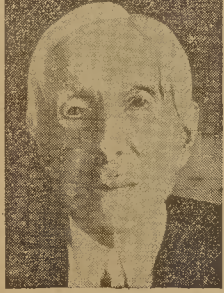
King George VI is shown inspecting the troops forming his guard of honor during ceremonies at the Royal Military college at Sandhurst, England, when the memorial chapel was dedicated recently. Queen Elizabeth accompanied the king on his visit to Sandhurst.

Plan 18,000-Mile Yacht Voyage



Capt. Bailey Sawyer and Mrs. Sawyer shown fitting out their 89-foot two-masted schooner, Henrietta, for an 18,000-mile voyage to Melbourne, Australia. Mrs. Sawyer, who learned navigation on a previous trip, will serve as navigation officer.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER



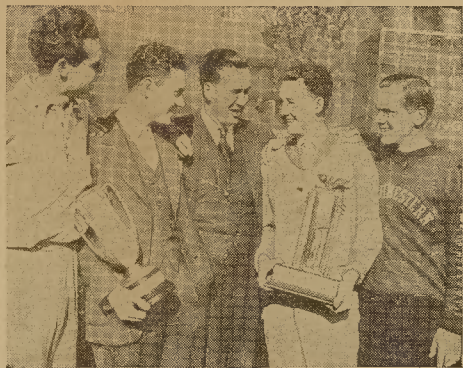
John D. Rockefeller, who died at his winter home at Ormond Beach, Fla., at the age of ninety-seven, after making more than a billion dollars and giving away three-fourths of it for philanthropic, educational and medical research activities. The patriarch was buried at Cleveland, Ohio, where 80 years ago he began work as a penniless youth. Mr. Rockefeller, whose ambition was to live to one hundred, left 38 descendants. Had he lived another month he would have been ninety-eight.

YOUNG COLLEGE HEAD



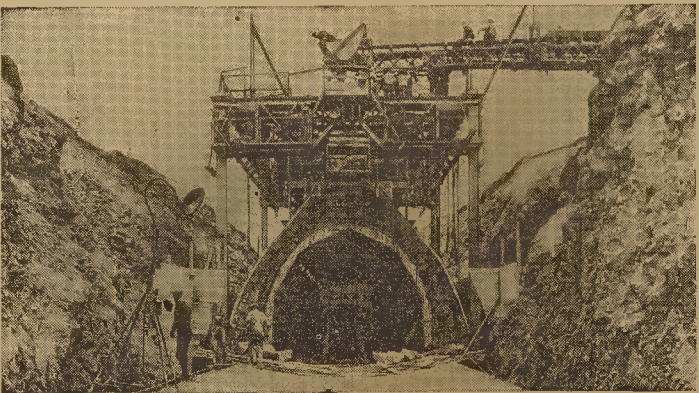
Dr. Paul Swain Havens, Princeton graduate, Rhodes scholar, professor and author who was inaugurated as president of Wilson college at Chambersburg, Pa., recently. He is only thirty-three.

Golf Champions of the Big Ten



Here are Northwestern university's champion golfers, who won the Big Ten conference title played at the Kildeer course near Chicago. Left to right: James Marek, Bill Kostecky, Coach Ted Payseur, Sid Richardson, individual champ, and Frank Perpitch.

Gigantic Aqueduct Approaches Completion



The 392-mile aqueduct which will bring water to Los Angeles and surrounding communities from Parker dam on the Colorado river was recently reported 62 per cent complete. This view shows a construction scene on one of the concrete covered tunnels. These sections are built in deep trenches carved out of the mountain sides or desert floor they traverse.

Old English Cathedrals

Magnificent Structures

The medieval cathedrals of England are among the most magnificent in Europe, and among the best preserved and most important architecturally. Many of them, says a writer in the New York Herald Tribune, while adhering to general Gothic principles, are distinctive in style and preserve some of the best examples of early English architecture.

One need not be a student of architecture or a devout churchman to appreciate the beauty of these ancient monuments to man's faith and art and skill. In their majesty they dominate many of the cities of England.

One of the cathedrals is Canterbury, the Metropolitan Church of England. Canterbury itself is an interesting old city in the County of Kent.

The cathedral is on the site of the church built there by St. Augustine in 603. The present building was in process of construction from the Eleventh to the Fifteenth century. The northwest transept was the

scene of the murder of Thomas a Becket in 1170.

Second only to Canterbury in ecclesiastical importance is York Minster in the City of York, in northern England, the see of the Archbishop of York. The great York Minster is the largest medieval cathedral in England and one of the oldest. The imposing edifice was built in the Twelfth, Thirteenth and Fourteenth centuries.

Durham Cathedral is one of the most ancient and most important in the country, and also one of the most perfectly situated, on an eminence above the old city Winchester cathedral, in the south of England, also is one of the earliest. It is the longest Gothic church in Europe.

Many authorities consider Salisbury Cathedral the most perfect of England. Canterbury itself is an interesting old city in the County of Kent. The cathedral is on the site of the church built there by St. Augustine in 603. The present building was in process of construction from the Eleventh to the Fifteenth century. The northwest transept was the

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK...

By Lemuel F. Parton

Prophet Who Predicted U. S. Trailer Craze.

NEW YORK.—The reporters gave due attention to Aldous Huxley when he came in from England recently, but they overlooked his interesting companion, Gerald Heard, British author, critic and broadcaster.

Mr. Heard is a prophet and philosopher, which isn't hot news perhaps, but the ship news men probably would have run him down had they recalled that, in 1923, he quite definitely predicted the trailer craze.

He has an uncanny way of putting two and two together—not necessarily a house and an automobile—which has made him a star of both the British broadcasting and forecasting companies, so to speak. His fortnightly radio program, "This Surprising World," has long been an important feature.

The Huxley-Heard team, in step here on an important enterprise, is not impelled by the European propaganda surge. They expect to go about quietly, and the fact is it would take a man like the late William James to report their mission properly. After a trip west, they will check at Duke university on those startling experiments and findings in telepathy which have been the sensation of the year among psychologists.

This writer has read the Duke data and conclusions. They clinch up the fact of telepathy to a degree which makes a correspondent hope he will soon be able just to think his stuff, with nobody paying wire tolls, and no wear and tear on the typewriter.

Mr. Heard is not identified with fuzzy pseudo-science, and it is as an intellectual and not as a mystic that he does his prophesying. He is rated in England as one of the most important liaisons between science and psychology, and it is with the reserve of the scientist that he has examined psychic phenomena.

In his numerous books, he has traced a continuing pattern of psychological, not physiological, evolution. There was the pre-individual, the individual, intellectually effective but "morally monstrous," and now there is emerging a super-consciousness, within some life-or-dained rubric of growth, which gives hope for the attainment of a real civilization. That seems to be Mr. Heard's main idea, advanced through his "Narcissus," "The Ascent of Humanity," "The Social Substance of Religion," "Science in the Making" and other books.

He is forty-eight years old, Cambridge bred, a small, alert man with eager blue eyes and blonde hair. At the risk of being too blunt, it may be observed that he is one of the main intellectual spark plugs of England today. He and Mr. Huxley were the guests of Mrs. Leonard Elmhirst, 1172 Park avenue. They will start collaboration on a book on their western trip.

Scientific War Curve.

BUT, when it comes to prophesying, here's Professor Pitirim A. Sorokin of Harvard, also in the news, who has maintained that neither a man nor a nation can lift the veil beyond today or tomorrow. As the head of the Harvard department of sociology, he says a great deal of sociology is "hokum or just a 'clerical exercise'."

Currently, he catches national attention with his report on wars. The first quarter of this century, he finds, was the "bloodiest period in all history." Supplementing researches which he conducted in 1933 with General N. N. Golovin, he offers the first scientific war curve, covering 892 wars from the year 500 B. C. The World war was eight times bigger than all the rest rolled into one.

Professor Sorokin is no merely bookish student of wars. In the kick-back of war, he was jailed, sentenced, and awaiting the firing squad. That was in Russia, where he had opposed the Bolsheviks. Previously he had been arrested once for being too conservative and once for being too radical. Lenin saved his life on condition that he leave the country. He came here in 1923, joined the Harvard faculty, and in 1930 became an American citizen.

Looking over the Martian box score, he says to believe in peace is to believe in miracles. While he is much gloomier about the future than Mr. Heard, he has written one sentence which seems to put them, for the moment at least, on common ground. He demands, "a liberation of imagination, intuition and speculation from the prison chains of the fact finders."

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Ninety-Nine Steps Club
The Ninety-nine Steps club is a club affiliated with the Union Methodist church, New York City, which is exactly 99 steps from Broadway. This church is known as the Actors' church.

Frocks Made Gay

With Stitch Flowers

Fashion decrees that flowers bloom on our dresses in embroidery this Spring and Summer. Give this smart touch to that new frock—surprise yourself and all your friends too by what it will



do to renew that plain dress from last year. So easily done in single and running stitch, you'll find it fun to embroider these large and small nosegays. Choose all the gay colors you wish, in wool, silk, floss or chenille and know you're, in style. In pattern 6801 you will find a transfer pattern of one and, one reverse motif 7 3/4 by 8 1/4 inches; and one reverse motif 5 1/2 by 6 inches and six motifs 3 1/4 by 3 1/4 inches; color suggestions; illustrations of all stitches used.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) To The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth Street, New York, N. Y.

Write pattern number, your name and address plainly.

"Quotations"

The supreme fall of all falls is this: the first doubt of one's self.—*Countess de Gasparin.*

Only by sacrifices can man advance—sacrifice of leisure, of health, of life itself, to attain nature's ever-receding ideal.—*Sir Arthur Keith.* There is no such thing as a great man or a great woman. People believe in them as they used to believe in dragons and unicorns.—*George Bernard Shaw.*

The worst of it is, disarmament has been left to the pacifists and peace has been left to the militarists.—*David Lloyd George.*

The ultimate value of our scientific achievements rests upon our ability to use them to broaden and to enrich our lives.—*David Sarnoff.*

"Black Leaf 40"

KILLS INSECTS ON FLOWERS • FRUITS VEGETABLES & SHRUBS Demand original sealed bottles, from your dealer

Do not do what is already done.—*Terence.*

GOOD RELIEF of constipation by a GOOD LAXATIVE

Many folks get such refreshing relief by taking Black-Draught for constipation that they prefer it to other laxatives and urge their friends to try it. Black-Draught is made of the leaves and roots of plants. It does not disturb digestion but stimulates the lower bowel so that constipation is relieved.

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SMALL SIZE 60c LARGE SIZE \$1.20



A recognized Remedy for Rheumatic and Neuritic sufferers. A perfect Blood Purifier. Makes the Blood Rich and Healthy. Builds Strength and Vigor. Always Effective... Why suffer? AT ALL GOOD DRUG STORES

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CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

SOUVENIRS

Own Valuable Beautiful pocket piece President FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT patriotic victory souvenir copper coin. Each 50c delivered. Large silver dollar, Berkowitz Properties - Charleston, S.C.

CIGARS

Miss Florida Tampa Cigars, box of one hundred postpaid three dollars, satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Dillon, 319 S. Balboa St., Syracuse, N. Y.

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