

# ROANOKE RAPIDS HERALD

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1936

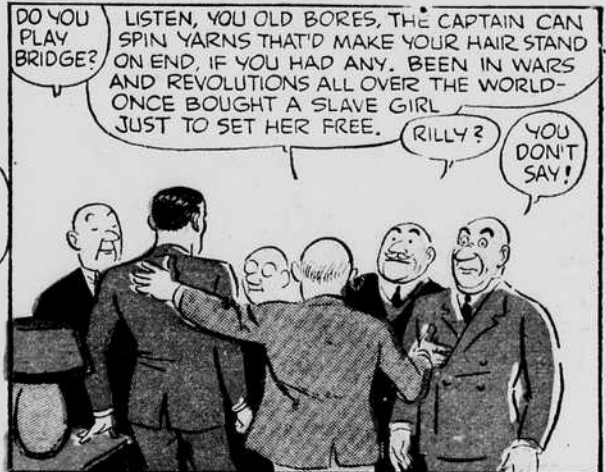
THE LOUNGE AT MR. BELFRY'S ULTRA-EXCLUSIVE CLUB.



BAH! THE DEADDEST SPOT IN TOWN. NOTHING EVER HAPPENS HERE MORE EXCITING THAN A YAWN. THEY NEED TO MEET A YOUNG MAN LIKE YOU, EASY.



BOYS, MEET MY FRIEND, CAPTAIN EASY, THE NOTED SOLDIER OF FORTUNE. EH, WHAT'S THAT? ER-CARE TO LOOK OVER THE PAPER, CAPTAIN?



DO YOU PLAY BRIDGE? LISTEN, YOU OLD BORES, THE CAPTAIN CAN SPIN YARNS THAT'D MAKE YOUR HAIR STAND ON END, IF YOU HAD ANY. BEEN IN WARS AND REVOLUTIONS ALL OVER THE WORLD—ONCE BOUGHT A SLAVE GIRL JUST TO SET HER FREE. RILLY? YOU DON'T SAY!



SIT DOWN, CAPTAIN. MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME. I SAY, WAS THE SLAVE GIRL BEAUTIFUL? HOW MUCH DID SHE COST? HO HO! DIDN'T I SAY WE'D WAKE 'EM UP, EASY? WELL, WELL! AND YOU'RE A REAL SOLDIER OF FORTUNE. A SOLDIER, SUH, BUT THERE'S BLOOMING LITTLE FORTUNE IN IT. NOTHING MUCH EVER HAPPENS TO US



ONCE WILBUR FELL DOWN THE STAIRS AT THE OPERA. NOW MORT, THAT WAS 42 YEARS AGO. PLEASE, CAPTAIN, I HAVE A CONFESSION.



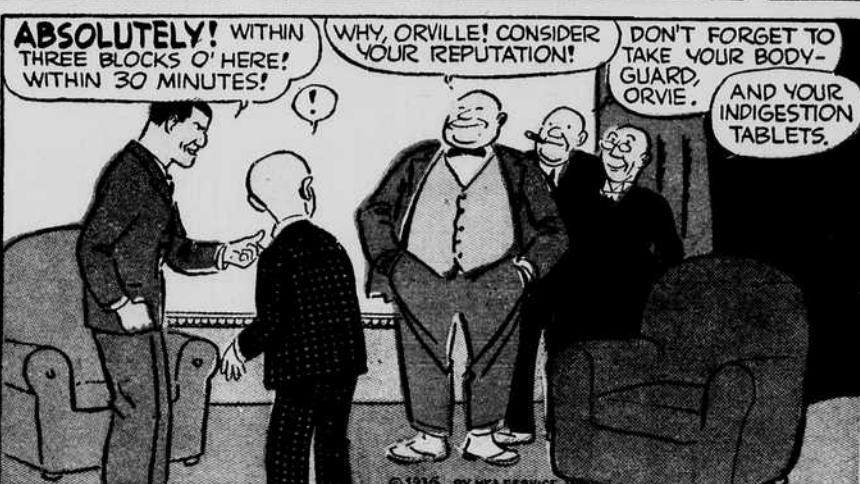
I'VE ALWAYS LONGED TO HAVE AN ADVENTURE—YOU KNOW, SOMETHING ROMANTIC, SOMETHING THAT WOULD HOLD THE BOYS SPELL BOUND WHEN I'D TELL ABOUT IT. BUT I'VE SAILED TO EUROPE 22 TIMES, AND, ALAS, NOTHING EXCITING EVER HAS HAPPENED. HUM! YOU MUST STAY AT THE BEST HOTELS.



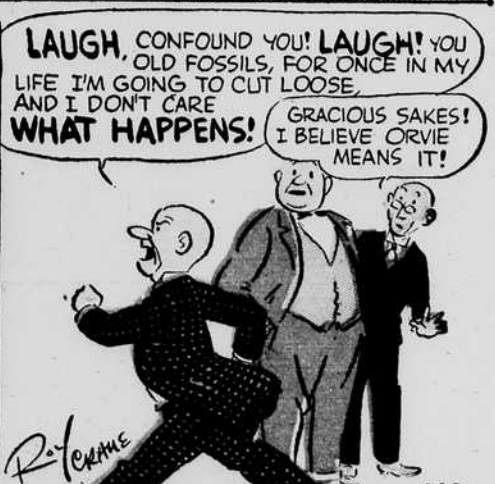
OH, YES, INDEED! AND I TRAVEL ON MY OWN YACHT. THAT'S THE TROUBLE, SUH. YOU DISCOURAGE EXCITEMENT.



WHY, ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE CAN BE FOUND EVERYWHERE—LITERALLY EVERYWHERE. ALL YOU DO IS SORT O' KICK 'EM TO LIFE. OH, COME, COME! DO YOU MEAN YOU CAN TELL ME HOW TO ENCOUNTER A REAL ADVENTURE RIGHT HERE IN NEW YORK, TODAY?



ABSOLUTELY! WITHIN THREE BLOCKS O' HERE! WITHIN 30 MINUTES! WHY, ORVILLE! CONSIDER YOUR REPUTATION! DON'T FORGET TO TAKE YOUR BODY-GUARD, ORVIE. AND YOUR INDIGESTION TABLETS.



LAUGH, CONFOUND YOU! LAUGH! YOU OLD FOSSILS, FOR ONCE IN MY LIFE I'M GOING TO CUT LOOSE AND I DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS! GRACIOUS SAKES! I BELIEVE ORVIE MEANS IT!

**A**DVENTURE STAMPS by I.S. Kleir  
DISCOVERING the LAND OF MILK and BUTTER  
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**F**EARLESS Norsemen had gone before him, and had returned with tales of a mountainous land of snow where no humans lived and where the Viking pirates could find refuge after their marauding expeditions. But the venerable Viking chieftain, Floki, descendant of Goa, sister of Nor, who was founder of Norway, set out to make this new land a peaceful habitation for his followers. His huge black-sailed ship stood high out of the water, the head and tail of a dragon adorning its prow and stern. Westward the wind blew Floki and his men, until they arrived at the Faroe Islands. Here, according to legend, the Viking released three ravens. First one bird flew a short distance and returned. The second also came back.



The third raven, however, shot ahead and led Floki in a straight course to the new land. There, amidst the ice-locked fjords, Floki named the country Iceland. When spring came, a warmer climate delighted the discoverers and they returned to Norway with stories of "milk that dropped from the plants and butter from every twig." That was eleven centuries ago. Today, this independent kingdom, headed by the King of Denmark, is peopled with descendants of refugees from Scotland, Ireland and Scandinavia. Iceland remembers its discoverers on stamps it issued in 1930. One is shown here

