"White Death in the Valley" By FLOYD GIBBONS

A LMA WEBB of Clarence, N. Y., crashes into the Adventurers' club today, and the yarn she brings us is so stallments. For Theodore Dreiser, packed full of thrills that you'll remember it for a long time. For Alma woke up in the middle of the night on March 13, 1928, to find herself right in the midst of one of the most thrilling, and at the same time one of the most terrifying, adventures that ever happened to anyone.

But the adventure wasn't happening to Alma alone. It was happening to thousands of other people, too.

It was happening to everybody in the town of Santa Paula, California, 65 miles north of Los Angeles—and it was happening to almost everybody in the whole of ill-fated Santa Clara valley.

Bells and Whistles Gave the Alarm.

Alma was living in Santa Paula with her husband and her sister, and it was about two-thirty in the morning when she woke up in the midst of her adventure. It was the noise that woke her. Outside there was a terrible din. Sirens were blowing like mad. Alma thought she was having a nightmare at first, but a few seconds of lying still and listening to that racket soon convinced her that it was real.

There were other disquieting sounds out there, too. The streets were normally still at that hour in Santa Paula, but now, mixed in with the din of the bells and sirens, she could hear voices and the patter of

Fire was Alma's first thought. Forest fires are frequent out there in the California canyons and sometimes those conflagrations sweep out of the woods and destroy whole towns. She leaped out of bed and ran to the window expecting to see the whole town ablaze. But there was no sign of fire and not even a red glow in the sky to indicate the approach

One thing Alma did notice, though. The street lamp on the corner was dark. While she was trying to figure out what that might mean her sister came running into the room.

"What has happened?" she cried. "What is the matter?" Alma told her she didn't know. She reached for the light switch and turned it, but no flood of light came in response to her touch. She ran to the telephone. It was dead. Then she heard some children crying outside—saw the lights of the neighbor's car as it pulled out of the garage about thirty feet away and roared off down the street.

The Dam Had Given Way.

By that time Alma was doggone sure something terrible had happened. The whole town was awake and going somewhere. She grabbed up a dressing gown and started out to find out what the trouble was. She had no sooner reached the front porch than a motorcycle patrolman came speeding around the corner. And as he went past the house and saw Alma he shouted the terrifying words that explained everything.

"Up to the mountain-top, quick!" he cried. "THE DAM HAS

Alma dashed back into the house. She knew only too well what that meant. Santa Paula lies in a notch between two mountains. The water from the broken dam would sweep down and tear it wide apart. It was a mile to the mountain top, but they had to get there somehow. If they didn't they'd all be drowned.

Alma tried to wake her husband. He was a heavy sleeper and it took precious minutes to get him up. They lit matches to find a few clothes and get them on. Shoes, stockings, coats and pocketbooks—that's stage in America and in Germany all Alma and her sister bothered to take. But Alma's husband was still half asleep and only half aware of the danger. He put on all his clothes while Alma begged him to hurry.

All Fleeing to the Higher Ground.

At last they were out of the house and running for the garage. They got into the car and were off for the side of the mountain. The streets were jammed with hundreds of other cars—with crowds of pedestrians all fleeing to the high ground. The car seemed to crawl. And off in the distance they could hear a thunderous rumble that grew ever louder as ater swept onward down the valley.

It was a picture—a sort of sound picture—that Alma will never forget. Before them and behind them, as far as they could see, a solid line of cars crept along toward the mountain. Families of Mexicans trooped along afoot carrying their children and bedding and leading cattle in an eerie procession to the sound of babbling, excited voices and the tooting of automobile horns and that steady, increasing, terrifying roar from up the valley.

It was pitch dark and drizzling. As they started up the side of the hill the long row of automobile headlights furnished the only illumina-"We had just reached the high ground," Alma says, "when we heard a terrific roar and something that sounded like a dozen cannons being fired at random. The wall of water, a hundred and seventy-five feet high when it left the dam, had swept down the valley and struck Santa Paula. The great bridge of iron and concrete spanning the river was the first thing to go, and now the swirling waters were taking everything in their path on their way to the ocean."

Alma, her husband and her sister had just made it to safety, but there were four hundred and fifty people who DIDN'T make it. Sevenhundred houses were swept away in that catastrophe, and, Alma says, the scene that met their eyes the next morning was indescribable. Houses were floating in the water with people clinging to the rooftops. Mothers, fathers and children were wandering around in a daze looking for their loved ones, and all of them were left homeless—stripped of their possessions by the flood. But it was the events of the night before that left the strongest impression on Alma's mind. She still remembers that terrific din of bells and whistles. "And even yet," she says, "I find myself getting weak and sick every time I hear the siren of a passing

_WNU Service.

Smoke Small Particles

Suspended in the Air

Smoke is nothing more than myriads of small solid particles suspended in the air, writes Dr. Thomas M. Beck in the Chicago Tribune. These particles are denser than air, yet they settle only with extreme slowness because of two facts. A falling body soon reaches a speed at which its weight is balanced by the air resistance opposing its motion. This resistance is roughly proportional to the amount of surface exposed, and the smaller the body. the greater the ratio of surface to ight and the slower its rate of fall through air. Smoke particles usually are so small that their rates of fall hardly are perceptible. In addition, the particles' motion through the air causes them to pick up electrical charges, and the mutual repulsion of these charges prevents the particles from coalescing into larger particles which would fall more quickly.

It is a surprising fact that these smoke particles are much harder to remove from air than are the far smaller molecules of a gaseous impurity. Air can be freed from foreign gases by bubbling it through the right kind of absorbing liquid packed mass of a porous solid absorbent. These methods frequently fail with smokes. The reason for this difference lies

in the fact that the small, light gas molecules are in a state of constant motion, and travel at incredible speeds which quickly bring them into contact with the absorbing material. On the other hand the far heavier smoke particles drift very slowly through the rest of the gas, and only a few of them have time to reach the absorbent.

Morris House in Philadelphia From December, 1790, until

March, 1797, Washington lived in what had been the residence of Sieur John Holker, consul general of France, 526-530 Marke: street, Philadelphia. It had been ruined by fire in January, 1780, and Robert Morris, financier of the Revolution, leased the ruins and began to rebuild the house. It was the restored building that was leased to Washington for \$3,000 a year rent as his executive mansion. John Adams also lived there as President, at which time it was owned by Andrew Kennedy, who bought it from Morris for \$37,000. Adams remained a resident until the spring of 1800, when the capital was moved to

Way Back When

By JEANNE

DREISER WAS A BILL COLLECTOR

F YOU lived in Chicago, Ill., years ago, you may have bought carpet tacks or a can of paint from a young hardware clerk who looked like nobody at all to you. A few years later you might have rented an apartment from the real estate office where he clerked; a little later you may have seen a young man persistently ringing the doorbell of that neighbor of yours who famous in American letters today, was in his youth hardware clerk. clerk in a real estate office, and bill collector for a furniture house.

He was born in Terre Haute, Ind., in 1871. A poor boy, he attended the public schools of Warsaw, Ind., quitting at the age of sixteen to go to work in Chicago at \$5 per week.



An ordinary young man, with an ordinary background, who could have foretold that some day he would produce a book ("American. Tragedy") which would arouse world-wide controversy, banned in some cities, required reading in ome school systems?

After the collector's job, persistent calling at the Chicago Daily Globe got him a job as a reporter. His rise was rapid as he developed a clear reportorial style, until 1898 he became editor-in-chief of the Butterick Publications which included Delineator Magazine. His first book, "Sister Carrie," was published in 1900 and immediately banned for its frankness. It was not until 1911 that his next, "Jennie Gerhardt," appeared; and it was followed at regular intervals by other books of the "call a spade a spade" type. 'American Tragedy" appeared in 1925, was translated into many languages and was adapted to the as late as 1936.

LOWELL THOMAS WAS A COOK

THE life of Lowell Thomas has been tremendously exciting, but it may be encouraging to those of you in everyday jobs, and pining for adventure, to know that he was not always free from humdrum ocupations.

The radio and news-reel reporter was born in Woodington, Ohio, in 1892. The family moved to Cripple Creek, Colo., where Lowell attended public schools set in the midst of a typical rough-and-ready mining town. His parents were not wealthy. and Lowell Thomas had to work for a higher education. While attending Valparaiso university in northern Indiana, he was a janitor, a salesman, and night cook in a shortorder restaurant. Thirsting for more knowledge after graduation, the boy went on to the University of Denver where he took several degrees, working at odd times for



a newspaper. During the summer months, he punched cows and pitched alfalfa. In Chicago Kent College of Law, he studied law, and then took post-graduate work in English literature at Princeton. After that he worked as a teacher and on a newspaper.

His beginning did not promise excitement and adventure. But then came the World war, and Lowell Thomas went to the front with a staff of cameramen making official pictures! It changed his whole life. He joined D. H. Lawrence and his bedouin army in Arabia, emerging from that "revolt on the desert" with the exclusive story and pictures. It was the beginning of his fame. Since then, he has met almost everyone of importance, seen everything of note, and reported his observations in newspapers, on the screen, and over the air in a graph-ic style that has gained him an audience of millions. He has traveled from Alaska to Burma, spoken in almost every town over 5,000 in population in the United States, and has written a score of books.

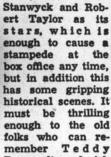
STAR DUST

Movie · Radio * *** By VIRGINIA VALE**

FIVE small boys have just about disrupted Hollywood. They are the youngsters who played on the stage in New York in "Dead End" and who now are in Hollywood playing the same roles in the picture.

They don't like Hollywood, they think acting in movies is pretty silly, and their complete lack of reverence for glamorous stars frequently makes the girls furious or tearful. One of them will go up to a famous star, and out of kindness let us call her "Miss X," and say politely, "Is it true that you get paid two thousand dollars a week?" At her nod of assent, the little tough will look her over critically from head to foot, and say "But why?"

"This Is My Affair." a Twentieth Century-Fox picture, has Barbara



Barbara Roosevelt and Ad-Stanwyck miral Dewey to see them represented on the screen, but for those to whom these two great historical figures are just a legend, it is downright throat-choking. Barbara, as usual, gives a beautifully sincere and moving performance. As for Taylor, he is his usual charm-

ing self.

If you like Navy pictures with lots of gold braid, humming engines, wonderful marine views, and terrific drama, there is "Wings Over Honolulu" for you. It is a Universal picture with Wendy Barrie, Ray Milland, and Bill Gargan and it is so exciting that I just had to stay and see it a second time and any day now I may go back again.

Incidentally, Bill Gargan is now making a picture on the Universal lot called "Reporter Missing" and he has been taking the thrills of the picture so seriously, that when a burglar-alarm salesman walked into his house he found Bill a willing customer. Bill had an electric eye also installed so that anyone entering the house in the dark late at night would pass it and set gongs and bells to ringing an alarm.

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Any week now Don Wilson may have to break down and sing a few songs on the Jack Benny radio pro gram. When Jack had to bow out of his usual Sunday night radio appearance because of flu, Wilson subbed for him and threatened to sing. Phil Harris, Kenny Baker and the rest implored him not toand a few days later protests by the bushel poured in from Detroit listeners. They didn't realize it was all kidding and they resented it. They remember, you see, that Don Wilson used to sing with a vocal trio at a Detroit station and they know that he has a glorious voice.

When Fred Astaire goes off the air for the summer, Trudy Wood, his singing partner, will stay on with the new program, which includes barytone Jimmy Blair and a sixteen-voice rhythm choir. Trudy is only twenty-one years old, so you can't blame her for being so happy she went home to sing and shout for hours the day the contract was signed.

Gracie Allen has a perfectly wonderful idea for raising a lot of money for charity. She

wants to send her husband, George Burns, and his bridge-playing cronies, Tony Mar-tin, Bert Wheeler, and Benny Rubin on a tour of the country to stage bridge games in public. She maintains that they play the worst, the loudest, and the

Gracie Allen funniest bridge and that everyone ought to have a chance to see and

hear them. ODDS AND ENDS . . . Folks who scribble on the tablecloths in the l'aramount studio restaurant are now ited thirty-five cents. Jack Benny's debt ran so high that Mary Livingstone gave him a few old tablecloths from home to use on his table at the studio . . . When on his table at the studio . . . When Dick Foran was given a new contract and told that he was going to graduate from Westerns into big, spectacular, expensive productions, he asked wistfully if he couldn't make a Western now and then. "Don't you want to be a big, important star of the best pictures?" he was asked. "No," he said, "I want to ride my horse" . . . Big Boy Williams shudders when he thinks of the jeering fan mail he is going to get soon. He had to eat 18 cream puffs for a scene in "Let's Talk of Love."

• Western Newspaper Union.

AROUND & Items of Interest to the Housewife

Chilling Canned Fruits.-Before | thoroughly. Then add two des placing canned fruits in the refrigerator to chill remove the paper label which acts as an insulator.

. . . Cleaning Silver.-Moist salt will remove egg tarnish from silver. . . .

Washing Woolens .- Rinse woolens in warm water to which a little olive oil has been added. This helps to keep them soft.

Clearing the Atmosphere.-Burn a few drops of vinegar on a hot shovel for a quick way of out of a room.

Rice, Scrambled Eggs, Cheese. -Have ready a border of rice (boiled) in a dish. Make some scrambled eggs to which cheese has been added. Place the mixture in the center of the dish and sprinkle a little chopped parsley over the top. Serve piping hot.

Quick Mayonnaise.-The yellow part of an egg is thoroughly beaten up with a teaspoon vinegar. Add some salt and pepper. Pour oil over it and whip the mixture

Ask Me Another A General Quiz

@ Bell Syndicate.-WNU Service.

1. How many active volcanoes

are there in the world? 2. How much gold has been taken out of Alaska?

3. What is the longest telephone call that can be made within the borders of the United States? 4. Is streamlining of railroad

trains a recent development? 5. What country is the largest user of radium?

6. What city was known as the city of wooden chimneys? 7. What became of the silver bullet used by British spies for carrying messages during the

Revolutionary war? 8. Is woman's blood ever used in blood transfusions?

Answers

1. There are between sixty and seventy in active operation.

2. Since the discovery of gold in Alaska, in 1880, the territory has produced more than \$434,765,000 in gold, with nearly two-thirds of this from placer mines.

3. The longest possible telephone call in the United States is from Eastport, Me., to Bay, Calif., a distance of 2,947 airline miles.

4. Streamlining of railway trains to increase speed is generally regarded as a recent development, but in 1900 a streamlined "Adams Windsplitter" train on the Baltimore and Ohio attained a speed of 85 miles an hour in tests.

5. The United States is the world's largest consumer of radium. During the last fifteen years, this country has imported \$10,000,000 worth of the mineral element.

6. In the middle of the Eighteenth century Suffolk, Va., had a building boom, and, due to the scarcity of brick, built many chimneys of wood, and became famous as the city of wooden chimneys. 7. It has recently been presented

to the Fort Ticonderoga museum. It was taken from a British spy, who had swallowed it when caught.

8. Women sometimes give blood for transfusion. Usually man donors are available who have better blood supply and stronger constitutions and are more able to furnish blood. There is no reason so far as the blood itself is concerned why the blood of women should not be used.

sertspoons of vinegar and one tablespoon boiling water.

Removing Spots From Tile .-Spots can be removed from the tile bathroom floor by rubbing with a cloth moistened with kerosene and then polishing with one moistened with paraffin.

Barbecued Ham .- Fry the required number of thin ham slices from a left-over boiled ham. Arrange them in a serving dish, and pour the following sauce over them; add to the ham fat in the clearing the smell of stale smoke frying pan a teaspoonful of made mustard, half a teaspoonful sugar, three tablespoonfuls vinegar and a tablespoonful of red currant jelly. Warm all the ingredients up together, sprinkle with paprika (optional) and pour over the ham.

> Frying Doughnuts. - To keep doughnuts from absorbing too much of the fat in which they are fried, put a drop or two of vinegar in the dough when mixing the ingredients.

WNU Service.

Foreign Words and Phrases

Cambio non e furto. (It.) change is no robbery. Cor unum, via una. (L.)

heart, one way. Finis coronat opus. (L.) The end crowns the work.

Le vrai n'est pas toujours vraisemblable. (F.) The truth is not always probable.

Res est sacra miser. (L.) A suffering person is a sacred thi

Des manieres qui reviennent a tout le monde. (F.) Manners that please everyone. Ab actu ad posse valet conse cutio. (L.) Inference (or de

tion) from what has been to what may be, has force. Ego spem pretio non emo. (L.) I do not purchase hope with

money. Ces vers enlevent le lecteur. (F.) These verses delight (charm) the reader.



Hot Weather is Here-Beware of Biliousness

Have you ever noticed that in very hot weather your organs of digestion and elimination seem to become torpid or lazy? Your food liver," so prevalent in hot climates sours, forms gas, causes belching, heartburn, and a feeling of restlessness and irritability. Perhaps you may have sick headache, nausea and dizziness or blind spells on suddenly rising. Your tongue may be coated, your complexion bilious and your bowel actions sluggish or insufficient.

liver," so prevalent in hot climates. Don't neglect them. Take Calotabs, the improved calomel compound tablets that give you the effects of calomel and salts, compound the prompt relief they afford. Trial package ten cents, family pkg. twenty-five cts. At drug stores.

These are some of the m

BARI-CIDE



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True Happiness

True happiness, if understood, consists alone in doing good.— Somerville.

Pleasure and Happin Pleasure can be supported by illusion. Happiness rests upon

CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO





for real home-like flavor"... And George Rector knows good food! He is the George

Rector, America's foremost cooking authority, creator of marvelous dishes which have won him world fame. Today George Rector is Master Chef for the Phillips Kitchens-bringing you genuine Southern soups : : as Delicions as their name!

