

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

"Secret of the Tides"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO everybody! Here's a yarn that can be told now, for a long time it was a secret. Frederick V. Fell of Bronx, N. Y., is spinning the yarn for us and he's letting it out of the bag now because—well—I guess it's because Fred has grown too old to be spanked by this time, so it doesn't make much difference who knows it.

Fred says he can't trot out any adventure story laid in some glamorous place like India, or North Africa, but he sure had a honey of a thrill once out at Rockaway beach. And as a matter of fact, I'd just as soon have a yarn from Rockaway as I would from Rio or Rhodesia. For as Fred says, it isn't where it happens, but what happens, that counts. So here she comes—and hold onto your hats.

Fred was just fourteen years old when, in 1924, his folks rented a cottage at Rockaway for the summer. Fred and his brother Harvey had never been around the water much before that, but they made up for lost time. They spent every spare minute in the big drink, and in two weeks both of them had learned to swim.

It was about that time that a strong blow set in from seaward and the ocean began to kick up and get rough. Fred's parents, playing safe, took to bathing in Jamaica bay, about twenty blocks inland from the ocean, and Fred and his brother Harvey did the same. It was shortly after that that Fred's cousins from the city came down one Sunday morning, and they hadn't been there ten minutes before all four of those kids were in their bathing suits and on their way to the bay.

Caught in a Death-Dealing Riptide!

Near the point where Fred and Harvey always went in swimming was a long pier with a diving board on the end of it. They had never used that pier before, because mother and dad had forbidden them to swim around it. But this Sunday Fred wanted to show off his newly acquired proficiency at swimming before his city cousins, and with a yell of, "Last



The pier kept getting farther away every second.

man in is a monkey's uncle," he ran down the pier, onto the diving board and out into the water, with Harvey right behind him.

"We both came up nicely about a yard apart," Fred says, "and turned around to swim back to the pier. And then my heart stopped beating! That pier was about a hundred yards away and it kept getting farther away every second. In that same moment we both knew what had happened. We had jumped into a racing, surging rip-tide that was sweeping us out into the deepest part of the bay and toward Broad channel."

The tide was carrying them out at express-train speed and only a man who has been caught in one can realize how powerful a rip-tide can be. For a few seconds the kids drifted, and then they began trying to swim back. "But bucking that tide was like trying to dam a flood with a matchstick," Fred says. "Harvey and I tried to join hands and hold each other up, but in another minute we were torn apart and drifting away from each other. Harvey shouted to me to turn over on my back and float, but I didn't know how to float. Treading water madly, I started shouting for help."

Lucky Fred Encounters Real Hero.

Away off in the distance, Fred could see people dashing about excitedly. One man ran swiftly along the pier. Fred had just left, and jumped off the end. Swimming strongly and swept along by the tide he slowly caught up to Fred, and as he came up, Fred was almost in hysterics, crying, "Save me, mister—save me!"

That fellow was a good swimmer and a resourceful man. He told Fred to put his hands on his back and kick the water. "I did this," Fred says, "and he set off diagonally toward shore, fighting the tide with tremendous effort. Meanwhile, my cousins on shore had not been idle. Yelling like mad they ran down the beach until they came to a rowboat with two girls sitting in it. The girls launched the boat and, rowing with the tide, soon picked up my brother. My rescuer changed his course and made for the boat, and soon we too were pulled in. The three of us who had been in the water lay on the boat bottom, breathless and exhausted, but apparently safe. The girls started to row back."

But do you notice how Fred says APPARENTLY safe? The truth was that they weren't out of trouble yet, by a long shot. The girls started to row, but anybody who has rowed a boat against any kind of a tide at all knows it is no easy job. And here was one of those express-train tides carrying along a boat loaded down with five people. The girls made no headway at all. In fact, for every two feet they went forward they drifted back five. And ahead of them was the channel—and the ocean. "It began to look," says Fred, "as if that tide would be the winner after all—and this time with five victims instead of two."

Safe!—Six Miles From Starting Point.

But the man who had saved Fred wasn't the sort to give up easily. He was just about all in, but he pulled himself together. He grabbed one oar, while the two girls worked the other. Then all three of them started rowing frantically to beat that tide—to get the boat to shore before it could be swept out into the ocean and foundered by the roaring breakers.

Bit by bit they approached the shore, but at the same time they were approaching the channel too. They were practically in the shadow of the Broad Channel bridge, and not very far from the ocean when at last they got to shore. "And the spot where we landed," says Fred, "was a good six miles from Sixty-fourth street where Harvey and I had jumped into the bay."

And then came the solemn and secret oath. Fred says if his folks had ever found out what happened they'd have quit the seashore that same night. And I've got a sneaking hunch that maybe Fred and Harvey might have got a good licking for going off the end of that pier in defiance of parental orders. Anyway, everybody in the crowd, including the two city cousins, promised they'd never tell a word, and if Fred's ma and dad ever learn about it, it's because—well—because they read the Adventurers' club column, too.

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Body Must Have Salt

Perspiration is chiefly water, but it contains a fair amount of salt which is discharged from the body. The body is constantly absorbing salt and getting rid of it again, but the operation of absorption and discharge must be so balanced as to insure a regular quantity of salt in the body at all times. Salt is necessary for the body and lack of it may be serious. Human blood contains exactly the same amount of salt as sea water—unquestionable evidence that man originally came out of the sea, says a writer in Pearson's London Weekly.

About Noses

The nose that is squat or flat, or negro type, indicates an animal mind devoid of finer feelings. The nose that sags in the middle shows a similar nature, cruel and treacherous. Pointed noses are "sticky beaks," says a writer in Pearson's London Weekly. This applies to all sharp features. Like knives and spears, they penetrate. These subjects are objectionably inquisitive and are liable to read your letters if you leave them about. If the nose is long and thin as well it shows a narrow mind—sometimes found in the "religious hypocrite."

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK...

By Lemuel F. Parton

Loopholes for Statesmen.

NEW YORK.—Statesmen frequently may be found on this or that side of the loophole. In June, 1933, Guy T. Helvering, now unrolling the government's roster of alleged tax-dodgers, was the subject of a bitter senatorial debate. Certain senators fought his confirmation as commissioner of internal revenue.

They charged that, as an income tax lawyer, he had procured a reduction in the tax bill of the Slim Jim Oil & Gas company from \$1,211,000 to \$451,000. However, he was confirmed, and, discharging his official duties, puts the finger on the "wealthy evaders" for the congressional investigation committee.

Prof. Roswell Foster Magill, author of the tax-avoidance report, wrote books giving pointers on legal loopholes, before he went to Washington. No moral turpitude has been charged. It just means that Dixey Dean may be pitching for Washington next year instead of St. Louis.

Commissioner Helvering is a shrewd, portly, ruddy, white-haired Kansas politician who wears good clothes, carries a shiny malacca cane, smokes good cigars, knows his way around and says little. He was in congress from 1913 to 1919, a tax income lawyer thereafter, according to the somewhat heated and vehement charges of Senators Hastings, Couzens and others.

He has been a close friend of Postmaster General Farley for many years and it was understood that he was the President's personal choice for the internal revenue post.

He has been active in Kansas politics for many years, a former superintendent of public construction under Governor Woodring, and campaign manager and chairman of the Democratic state committee. He was born in Felicity, Ohio, in 1878. His family removed to Kansas when he was eight years old. He studied law at the University of Michigan, and was county attorney of Marshall county, Kan., before he went to congress. He is one of the hardest men in Washington to see and correspondents have mainly let it go at that.

Middle-of-the-Roader.

DR. JAMES ROWLAND ANGELL, retiring president of Yale, is an aggressive middle-of-the-roader, which seems not such a bad idea, considering the plight of extremists, right and left. He will receive a salary of \$25,000 a year as educational counselor of the National Broadcasting company.

L. R. Lohr, president of the NBC, says it will be full time work, adding that "broadcasting has a mandate to operate in the public interest, convenience and necessity." All this will presumably be in Dr. Angell's department.

It would be difficult to think of Dr. Angell as a mere emeritus. He said he was retiring at sixty-eight "because of obvious and offensive senility," at the same time demonstrating the contrary by some lusty swings at the New Deal. He will need no time out for road work before taking on the radio engagement. When he retired as dean of the University of Chicago in 1921, the Carnegie foundation snapped him up at a fat salary, but before he got his chair warm, Yale was after him. He is always in demand.

Baccalaureate orators used to see "the orb of Rome sinking in a sea of blood" and warn us that we were getting that way, too. Now we are heading "down the same abyss which has engulfed Europe," which was Dr. Angell's phrase in his farewell address at Yale. That is, unless we do something to check the slide.

He has struck out vigorously against the Supreme court reorganization, sit-down strikes and insidious collectivism as he sees it exemplified, in the present administration. He is a conservative, and "middle-of-the-roader" is an apt term only in denoting his adherence to traditional cultural and governmental patterns. He was a professor of psychology for 26 years before becoming president of Yale, his father having been president of the University of Michigan for 38 years—until 1909.

His notable achievements at Yale have been administrative. He effected sweeping reorganizations and during his incumbency endowments rose from \$30,000,000 to \$100,000,000. The value of university properties scored a parallel rise. He was the first president of Yale who was not a Yale graduate.

Mr. Lohr says, "In joining us he is only changing his base of educational endeavor from New Haven to New York, from a university to the air." Erasmus never got a break like that. Nor even Nicholas Murray Butler. It will be interesting to see how the radio fans take to the new curriculum.

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Ammonia for Bee Sting
Ammonia in mild solution is an accepted treatment for a bee or wasp sting.

STAR DUST

Movie • Radio

By VIRGINIA VALE

FANS had to wait two long years for the Marx Brothers' new picture, "A Day at the Races," but it was well worth waiting for. It is almost too funny, the laughs coming in such quick succession that you are still shouting over one comic scene when the next hits you.

This picture tops their previous masterpieces of hilarity by several lengths. Groucho is, as usual, the wise guy but when he goes to the race track he is a gullible customer for Chico's sales talk on tips on the races. Chico performs one of those piano solos that makes enough tough little boys want to become piano virtuosos so they can copy his tricks.

And Harpo is even greater than usual. He talks—in pantomime only—at great length, and it is a toss-up whether his pantomime or Chico's efforts to translate it into words is funnier.

Planned for fall is a household hints program starring Zasu Pitts, if she can ever stop making pictures long enough to appear on an air program regularly.

Putting this program together is a job for a magician, for while Zasu is always a comedienne to her public, at home she is just the world's greatest housekeeper and cook. Nobody could write funny lines about Zasu's cooking if they had ever sampled it, and her new kitchen which she designed herself is a model of ingenuity, beauty, and efficiency. As you may have read, Zasu has been working on a cook book for the last year or two.

Lilly Pons' last broadcast of the season before leaving for Hollywood to make "The Girl in the Cage" for RKO was a big night for her. She was elected the best-dressed star of the radio studios, an honor formerly divided between Helen Jepson and Gladys Swarthout. Most singers take such honors in their stride, but not the volcanic and appreciative Lilly.

Motion picture producers have just about given up hope of interesting their public in Shakespeare, but broadcasting companies have decided the bard's stirring lines are just what the public wants. John Barrymore's NBC program has proved a tremendous success since the first Monday night a few weeks ago when he presented a foreshortened version of "Hamlet." For its competing hour, Columbia has signed up an impressive array of talent.

Everybody would like to have an employer like Walter Wanger. He thinks that every workman ought to have three months a year in which to get away from his job. His hired help are supposed to relax and seek new impressions but Joan Bennett, Sylvia Sydney, and Henry Fonda are all going on the stage during their vacations, Madeleine Carroll is going yachting off the coast of Great Britain, Charles Boyer and Pat Patterson are going to France to make a picture.

Any time Henry Fonda and Gary Cooper want to stop acting and open a traveling art exhibit, they have plenty of lucrative offers. Both are candid camera fans, and when they have a few minutes leisure between scenes they stroll around whatever studio they are working in and snap pictures of players off guard. They have some fine snaps of stars snoozing in chairs, of directors watching scenes with obvious disgust, of romantic co-stars glaring at each other between scenes. But they won't sell them!

ODDS AND ENDS—Shirley Temple is learning to yodel for her next picture, "Heidi" . . . Dick Powell and Franchot Tone are just two of the many players who long to make Westerns . . . Carole Lombard has tampered with the color of her hair to the extent of making it a deep, golden blond. The new color shows up better in Technicolor . . . John Gambling, who for twelve years has roused the radio audience at six morning exercises, sits in an easy chair while he bellows at his audience and never takes any exercise . . . Connie Boswell has her first big screen role in Columbia's "It's All Yours." J. C. Nugent, stage veteran, is also in it, which leads to a lot of friendly arguments, since the picture is being directed by his son, Elliot, who learned his stagecraft acting in his father's companies . . . Deanna Durbin's director has rigged up an old-fashioned auto horn to call her from the schoolroom to the motion picture set when lights and cameras are all ready to go.

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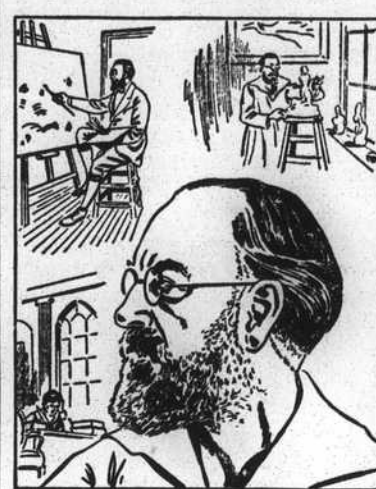
'Way Back When

By JEANNE

ARTIST WAS A LAWYER'S APPRENTICE

HENRI MATISSE, one of the greatest of modern French artists, whose works now sell for hundreds of thousands of francs, might have been a commonplace lawyer had not Fate stepped in when she did. He was born in a small town in Picardy in 1869, son of a wheat dealer. His childhood was uneventful and he became a lawyer's apprentice. Then, Fate came along with an attack of appendicitis which left him an invalid for many months. In order to keep occupied while convalescing, he took up painting; and it proved so fascinating that he never opened another law book.

Matisse's first paintings, in the early 1900s, brought but a few



francs. He and the group with which he associated himself, all famous now, were called "the wild beasts" because of their mad style. Their paintings outraged conservatives of the art world. Matisse was accused of willful eccentricity, senseless disregard of nature, and a deliberate intent to advertise himself. His paintings were refused exhibition space in many galleries, but slowly he built recognition for his work. In 1927, his "Fruits and Flowers" won first prize in the Carnegie International exhibition. In 1928, the Luxembourg galleries bid 300,000 francs for his picture, "Sideboard," but the man who once could hardly buy enough bread with the few francs his work brought could now afford to donate the picture to them, accepting only one franc in order to make the transaction legal.

SINGER WAS A BISCUIT PACKER

USUALLY we are inclined to give too much credit to chance or luck in analyzing the success of prominent people, forgetting that without the talent to take advantage of an unexpected opportunity they could not have risen. Helen Morgan's sudden rise to fame is an example. Born in Danville, Illinois, her father died when she was very young, leaving Helen Morgan and her mother practically penniless. When she was five years old, paint thrown by another child partially blinded her, and she had to spend a full year in a dark room. She sang to herself to pass the long dark hours and later she sang in a church choir in Chicago. There, she worked as a manicurist, a waitress, a comptometer operator, and a model. She was a ribbon clerk at Marshall Field's department store and a biscuit packer for the National Biscuit company. None of her jobs lasted long, for her eyes were always on the stage. She sang occasionally in cabarets and finally got a job through Ziegfeld in the chorus of "Sally." Dissatisfied, she quit, and Billy Rose hired her to sing in his Backstage club.

That was Helen Morgan's lucky chance. The Backstage club was so small that she was forced to sit on the piano! Most of us would consider it a disadvantage, and perhaps she did, too. But the public was interested; she became a sensation, and speedily rose to fame. Musical comedies and motion pictures starred her, and soon she was singing in a night club named for her, at a salary of \$1,500 per week. Today she is known the world over. Perhaps, if Helen Morgan had not had to sit on the piano in the Backstage club, she would never have risen to stardom. Perhaps, she would have sung comparatively unknown for a couple of years, and gone back to manicuring or biscuit packing. But, remember, she had something worth delivering when she sat on that piano.

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AROUND the HOUSE

Items of Interest to the Housewife

Browning Biscuits.—Biscuits can be given rich brown tops by brushing the tops with a pastry brush dipped in milk before placing them in the oven.

Disagreeable Odor.—The smell of new paint has a very bad effect on some people. To minimize it, fill a pail of water and sprinkle in it some hay and one or two onions, freshly sliced. Stand this in a room newly painted, and much of the smell will be neutralized.

Meat Pinwheels.—Biscuit dough, left-over meat chopped with onion, carrot and parsley. Spiced tomato gravy. Make your favorite biscuit dough and roll out fairly thick.

Turnips Au Gratin.—For this tasty dish half-cook turnips in boiling salted water, then cut into fairly thin slices and drain well. Arrange in layers in a buttered fireproof dish, and cover each layer of turnip with grated cheese, a seasoning of pepper, and some little dabs of butter. The last layers should consist of bread crumbs sprinkled with grated cheese and dotted with butter. Bake in a moderate oven until well browned.

To Clean the Piano.—Use the suction cleaner to remove dust from the inside of the piano, and clean the keys with a soft cloth moistened with methylated spirit. Polish with a chamois leather.

Heating the Oven.—Open the oven door for a minute soon after the gas has been lit and you will find that the oven will get hot much quicker. By doing so you let out the moisture that always collects when the oven is not in use.

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Peace Is More Glorious
It is not enough to preach peace by talking of the horrors of war; for men are so made that they prefer horrors to dullness. You must persuade them that peace means a fuller and more glorious life than war, if you would make them desire it passionately.—A. Clutton-Brock.

THIRSTY?
MAKES 10 DRINK GLASSES
5¢ AT GROCERIES

Bark Defined
A matrimonial bark is what a woman hears when dinner isn't ready on time.

Squeezed From Her
Many a girl on receiving a proposal is hard pressed for an answer.

CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO 5¢ FLOOR

LIFE'S LIKE THAT By Fred Neher

"I always look . . . there might . . ."