

Floyd Gibbons'

ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"Soft and Deadly"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

THE trouble with Leo Caron was that he had it too soft, in fact, so soft it doggone near killed him. That's a new sort of a complaint for an adventurer to be making. But it's a fact, just the same.

Leo lives in New York City, but in 1916, when he was a kid, his home was in New Bedford, Mass. He was twelve years old then, and just a few blocks away from the house he lived in were the Gosnold Cotton Mills—a collection of great, rambling buildings full of all sorts of things that a kid would be interested in.

All the kids in Leo's neighborhood played around those mills—that is they did when the mill people didn't catch up with them. Some of the workers didn't mind. But if the bosses saw them they were chased out. Leo says he didn't blame those bosses much. "We weren't any Little Lord Fauntleroy around our neighborhood," he says, "and some of our pranks must have cost the mill owners a lot of money."

Boys Liked to Dive Into the Cotton.

There was one place in that mill that the kids liked better than all the rest. That was a big room that was used to store the cotton in after it was unbled. The bales were pulled apart and the cotton blown through tubes into a huge pile in the middle of the storeroom floor. It came out of the blower all fuzzy and soft—the softest stuff Leo had ever seen. That was the trouble with it—as Leo was to find out later. It was so doggone soft that it almost killed Leo.

There was little work to do in that big room. Its only occupant was a big fellow who weighed in the neighborhood of three hundred pounds and his sole duty was to push the cotton down through a great tube when it was needed in the room below. But he only had to do that at certain intervals. A good part of the time he wasn't there at all. And in those intervals, kids used to run all over the place.

The kids had one favorite stunt that they did in that room. They would sneak through the mill yard, run for the big room full of cotton, climb up on a partition that divided the room into stalls, and jump down onto the edge of the big soft pile of fluffy stuff.

They always jumped feet first, and like as not they'd sink in up to their knees before their feet came to rest on the solid floor. That was near the edge where the cotton wasn't very deep. They never got near the middle of the pile. They had no time for that. That big fellow might come back any minute and catch them. They always jumped, and then ran as fast as they could for the door.

One day, when none of the other kids were around, Leo Caron sneaked into the mill alone. It was just about half an hour before closing time as he went up the stairs, ducked into the store-room and climbed onto the partition. As he was ready to take the jump a thought occurred to him. Here was his chance to try out a new trick and show it to the other kids the next time they all came up together.

Leo Couldn't Get Out Again.

Leo poised himself on the top of the partition. But instead of jumping, he raised his arms and dived head first right into the middle of the pile of cotton.

That pile was ten or twelve feet high in the middle. "I had dived," Leo says, "with my arms together, palms touching over my head. That wedge-like formation of my arms carried me deep into the cotton. From where I lay I couldn't see anything, but it seemed to me that I had penetrated that mass of fluff until I was buried completely."

It was hard to breathe, under all that cotton, and the topsy-turvy position I was in was most uncomfortable. I knew I would suffocate if I stayed there long, and I decided that it wouldn't be a bad idea to get out of that pile as soon as possible.

But getting out of that pile wasn't going to be so easy as getting in! Leo tried to get out—and found that he could hardly move a muscle. The cotton had packed down tight against him, and all his wriggling only served to put him deeper into the pile. That soft stuff was like quicksand—and slowly but surely it was smothering him.

Says he: "No one had seen me come in—and it was almost time for the mill to shut down for the night. I realized that my chances of rescue were small and I became panic-stricken. In my frantic efforts to free myself I became exhausted and gasped freely for air which, all the time, was becoming more and more scarce. In my childish horror of death, all sorts of ghastly visions arose in my imagination. Memories of my youthful past flashed before my mind, and I even pictured my four best friends as my pallbearers."

How He Was Saved by a Rat.

And now, into our story comes—a rat! Doggone few people ever have a good word to say for rats, but Leo will give them a boost any old time. For it was a rat—a great big factory rat that saved his life that day.

The one man working in the store-room—the big three-hundred-pounder—was making his last round of the day, closing windows and locking the place up for the night. As he approached the pile of cotton, he espied a rat and began looking around for something to throw at it.

There was only one solid object in the place—a black thing that seemed to be lying on the side of the pile of cotton. He reached over and grabbed it. It was a shoe and it seemed to be attached to something. The big fellow gave a hearty tug, and out of the pile came a twelve-year-old boy, limp, exhausted—unconscious.

The big fellow called for help. They gave Leo artificial respiration, and it took a full half hour to revive him. It was several days before he was completely recovered—but he never would have breathed again if it hadn't been for—a rat.

©—WNU Service.

Alaska's Reindeer Herds

Are Growing Rapidly

The reindeer herds of Alaska now contain more than 600,000 animals, owned by about 3,500 persons, according to a recent estimate of the Department of the Interior. The federal government, through its reindeer service staffed by seven employees, supervises these herds over a vast area, from Bristol Bay to Point Barrow, on the mainland, and also on several islands.

In addition to exercising general supervision over the reindeer herds, the Interior department service assists in keeping ownership records, teaches care and management, and where possible helps to establish new herds. The supervisory personnel consists of one general supervisor and five unit managers, with a clerk stenographer at headquarters. The work is such as to require much traveling, over long distances, by airplane, dog sled, boat and afoot.

Reindeer herds are a valuable native industry. They provide food and some cash for many native Alaskans. On account of transportation and other difficulties, and the competition of meat products in the United States, reindeer meat has not yet won more than a minor place in the American market. Territorial officials are hopeful, however, that with the development of the herds, and better transportation,

the opportunities in the American market will be considerably enlarged. A heavier demand for reindeer is reported from other parts of Alaska than those in which reindeer herds are now maintained. The Aleutian Islanders, too, want reindeer to supplement their meager resources. Few natives can pay the costs of transportation of reindeer herds; so the territorial government, when it has the money available, seeks a wider distribution of the reindeer herds.

Judge Advocate General, Adviser
The judge advocate general is the official legal adviser of the secretary of war, the chief of staff, the War department and its bureaus, and the entire military establishment. He advises concerning the legal correctness of military administration, including disciplinary action, matters affecting the rights and mutual relationship of the personnel of the army, and the financial, contractual, and other business affairs of the War department and the army. The functions of the judge advocate general's department include not only those of the office judge advocate general and of his office in Washington, but also those of judge advocates serving as staff officers at the headquarters of army, corps area, department, corps, division, and separate brigade commanders, and at the headquarters of other officers exercising general court-martial jurisdiction.

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK...

By Lemuel F. Parton

NEW YORK.—Big, bulbous Gen. Feng Yu-Hsiang craves action. Among all China's rampant war lords, the old Christian general is the least inclined to turn the other cheek, and the one most conspicuously free from charges of dealing under the table with Japan. It was he, say the news reports, who eased Chinese troops into the Japanese Tientsin concession, in civilian clothes, threw Japanese strategy into confusion and pretty nearly wrecked it. The peasants love him. If ever a human tidal wave engulfs the invading Japanese, he will be riding it.

He has been fighting, off and on, for about 40 years, sometimes as a regular and sometimes in more or less private wars. The politicians dislike him and every once in a while have him sent off to the fog belt. The last time was in 1929, when he stirred up a revolt in an effort to start an "up-and-at-em" movement against Japan. But they always have to call him out of retirement, as when Chiang Kai-shek was kidnaped last December.

Feng always has enough loyal soldiers in reserve to count him in in any large-scale ruction—he has commanded as many as half a million men. When Chiang was rescued, he made peace with Feng and the latter assumed full responsibility for the national military council, of which Chiang is chairman. He was born of coolie parents in Chaohsien, Anhwei. In June, 1900, he was a big hulking lad, standing guard in a Peking compound, where some American missionaries had been trapped by the Boxers. He became friends with Mary Morrill, a missionary girl from Maine. One night he had a terrible dream about a snake under his bed. He asked Miss Morrill to interpret it.

What Miss Morrill made of the dream is not recorded. A day or two later, Feng saw a woman beheaded. He was troubled, without knowing just why, and again saw Miss Morrill. She converted him to Christianity. In the following years, the fighting trade was brisk in China, and Feng began to get a reputation, now as a free lance and now with the imperial armies. He preached to his troops every day. If his men didn't want to listen, he used to pay them.

Each soldier wore a brassard, pinned on with a safety pin, and written on it the Ten Commandments. But Feng had done a rewrite job on the original. His ten commandments gave specific directions for overcoming an enemy in different situations. Every so often, Feng would announce that, no matter what the exigencies of battle might be, it was important for a man to discover his own soul.

On these occasions, he would go to the country, wearing an old padded coolie coat, with a vacuum bottle full of paint brushes hung from a cord around his waist. He would paint plum blossoms for a while and then squat on his heels and read Confucius or Lao Tze. After a few months of this he would get back to his fighting.

When Chiang Kai-shek counted him out in 1929, he went to a hovel hung high on a rocky shoulder of Tai Shan, China's "sacred mountain," a place set aside for citizens who wanted to take spiritual inventory. Nearby was the ancient "Hall of the Five Sages."

Feng used the hall as a sort of private university. He hired a faculty of seven venerable teachers, he being the only pupil. The curriculum listed first a course on "the spring and autumn period of the Chou dynasty."

Feng is an ascetic, abstemious in his diet, wearing cotton coolie clothes, subjecting himself to rigid discipline. In his retreat on the sacred mountain, he rose every morning at four o'clock.

His task was to draw on each of four sheets of parchment the four most beautiful characters he could possibly devise. His furniture consisted of a mat, a table and two straight-backed chairs and a tiny oil lamp. He always went to bed at 8:30 o'clock, to save oil, he said, and to be rested for his early rising.

When Miss Morrill converted him, she made him a member of the "Way-Way-Whay," which means "beautiful, beautiful society." It is, in essence, the Chinese name for the Methodist church, but to Feng, the frustrated artist, it was an organization for the propagation of beauty.

So when he isn't fighting, he fulfills his Christian duty, as he sees it, by searching out beauty. He is a pacifist and dislikes violence in all forms, but before he gets back to his plum blossoms and his Lao Tze, he would like to get just one good big wallowing clout at Japan.

© Consolidated News Features.
WNU Service.

STAR DUST

By VIRGINIA VALE

Movie • Radio

IT IS children's day in Hollywood, with contracts being signed in carload lots to exploit youngsters in films. The five tough young lads whom Sam Goldwyn imported to play in "Dead End" made such a hit at the preview that he promptly put all them under contract to make more pictures.

Their next for him will be "Street Corners" after which Mervyn Le Roy would like to borrow them for a series. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's favorite is fourteen-year-old Judy Garland. They have lined up three stories for her. Universal intends to keep Deanna Durbin very busy for the next year, and Paramount plan to star the youngest of all, four-year-old Kitty Clancy, in "Call Back Love."

Rubinfoff does not like to expose his priceless Stradivarius violin to brilliant studio lights any longer than is necessary, so during rehearsals and whenever he was not playing for the sound track of "You Can't Have Everything," he used a double. The husky virtuoso carries a big insurance policy on the violin and would feel lost if anything happened to it. He had it with him when he played at an open air concert on Chicago's lake front recently when more than 100,000 people listened to him.

When Frances Farmer arrived in New York, instead of pausing politely to let all the news photographers take pictures of her, she rushed off to Mount Kisco upstate to go in rehearsal for her first stage engagement. Four nights later I saw her performance and suddenly found myself wanting to burst into cheers. Playing a role quite unlike any she has done on the screen, a role simply made to order for Lupe Velez, she displayed a cat-like grace of movement, a voice musically rich, and great variety of moods.

Ozzie Nelson and his popular radio orchestra are currently appearing at the Astor roof in New York, but soon he will move his activities to Hollywood so as to be near his wife, Harriet Hilliard, who is under long-term contract at the RKO studios. Ozzie is the hero of all boy scouts who want to make a name for themselves. At fourteen he was honored at a jamboree in London as the youngest Eagle scout.

Youngsters who were the original fans of "The Lone Ranger" are getting pretty grown up now, but they confess that they still follow the adventures with bated breath. The popular three-times-a-week serial recently celebrated its seven hundred and twenty-fifth broadcast. Fran Striker, who has written this series ever since it started in January, 1933, estimates that more than 3,500 characters have appeared in the adventures.

All the summer radio surveys reported that Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy were miles ahead of every other performer in popularity. Their salary is said to have sky-rocketed from \$300 to \$3,500 per week.

"High, Wide, and Handsome," a story of the early oil rush in Pennsylvania, is attracting attention. It more than lives up to the promise of its title, for it is spectacular, melodious and frenzied. Irene Dunne and Dorothy Lamour provide the beauty and melody; Randolph Scott, pitched against as tough a lot of villains as you ever hissed—including that incomparable Akim Tamiroff—provides the rough and ready drama.

ODDS AND ENDS—Randolph Scott attended his first film premiere in July, 1928, standing on an orange crate watching the crowds arrive to see Colleen Moore and Gary Cooper in "Lilac Time." His most recent premiere found him in a choice aisle seat watching himself as star of "High, Wide and Handsome" . . . Jack Haley has bowed out of the "Show Boat" program but he will have one of his own very soon . . . Dorothy Gish, whom film fans have never forgotten, will play the lead in a Mutual broadcasting system serial called "The Couple Next Door" . . . When John Barrymore returns to radio, it won't be in Shakespeare, but in "The Animal Kingdom" and "Accent on Youth," some time in September. Meanwhile he is making a picture at RKO with Irene Dunne.

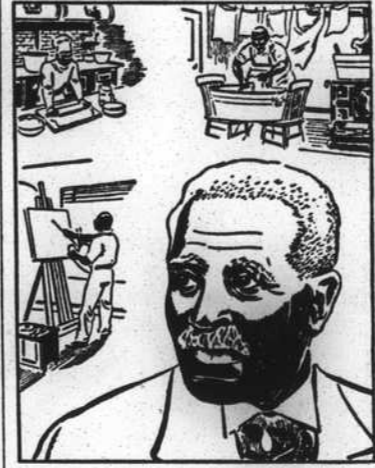
© Western Newspaper Union.

'Way Back When

By JEANNE

SCIENTIST WAS BORN IN SLAVERY

HIS master traded a broken-down race horse, worth about \$300, for George Washington Carver when he was a little pickaninny just before the Civil war. Today, he is the pride of the negro race. A worn-out speller was the only education available to him until he was ten years old, when he attended a small school in Neosho, Mo. He slept in a barn there and did odd jobs to earn a living while learning. The young negro boy's thirst for knowledge grew, and he went on to finish his elementary school education in Fort Scott, Kan., where he worked as a hotel cook, a dishwasher, and a housekeeper. Later he bent over wash tubs night after night doing laundry for people, to



pay his way through high school. He worked as a hotel clerk for awhile and then entered Simpson college at Indianola, Iowa, where he earned his tuition by doing odd jobs.

Three years later, George Washington Carver went on to Iowa State university, graduating with a degree in agriculture. In two more years he won his Master of Science degree, and was made a member of the faculty, so impressive were his accomplishments in agricultural chemistry. In 1897, he took charge of the agricultural department at Tuskegee institute, in Alabama, leading negro university.

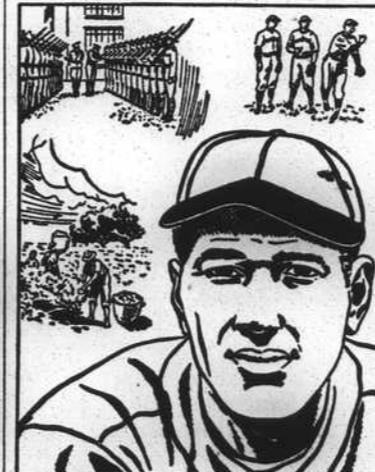
The contributions George Washington Carver has made to agriculture of the South are outstanding. He was among the first to advocate crop rotation for wornout soil and he has developed hundreds of commercially useful articles from the principal agricultural products of Southern states. From the peanut alone Carver made 285 products and from the sweet potato 118. Thomas A. Edison once invited him to work with him, but he preferred to concentrate on problems of southern agriculture.

In addition to his prominence in science, George Washington Carver is an accomplished musician.

STAR FITCHER WAS A COTTON PICKER

JEROME HERMAN (DIZZY) DEAN was born in Lucas, Ark., in 1911. Son of a poor cotton picker, he was forced to quit school when he reached the fourth grade, because the family was so poor that the 50 cents a day he could earn in the cotton fields was a necessity.

Under-nourished, poorly clothed and uneducated, as he was, Dizzy Dean always had confidence in himself. Perhaps that explains why he was able to develop what small advantages circumstances in life allowed him, and develop them to championship quality. Confidence and a strong right arm hardened in



the cotton fields were Dizzy's equipment for facing life.

He learned to throw a baseball with amazing speed and control. In 1929, he was signed up by Don Curtis, scout for the Cardinals' Texas league. The salary was comparatively small, but it looked like a fortune to the former cotton picker. After training in Houston, he was shipped to St. Joseph, Mo., where his confidence and fast pitching won 17 games. Transferred to Houston, he developed rapidly and soon became star pitcher for the St. Louis Cardinals. Meantime, his brother Paul, or "Daffy," also won a pitching berth on the Cardinals. Dizzy was always the more spectacular, the higher paid, and the more widely publicized. He has endorsed many advertised products, made a motion picture, appeared in vaudeville, and spoken over the radio. His recent earnings have been \$40,000 or more per year.

©—WNU Service.

Fine Feathers for Three



mommy chooses to interpret the fetching model at the right. A scallop-edged waist front accentuated by frou-frou trim is right down her avenue, and a good skirt, that's second to none for class, fits into her scheme of things to a T. Mother, why not make one dressy version, as pictured, another finished differently for school? (Perhaps with a simple braid trim) Rayon prints, gingham, or sheer wool, will do nicely as the material.

The Patterns.

Pattern 1249 is designed for sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39 inch material.

Pattern 1207 is designed for sizes 34 to 50. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35 inch material. With long sleeves 4 1/2 yards of 39 inch material.

Pattern 1366 is designed for sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch material plus 1 1/2 yards of machine pleating.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty-third Street, New York, N. Y. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

666 MALARIA

in three days COLD first day SALVE, NOSE DROPS, Headache, 30 minutes

Try "Rub-My-Time"—World's Best Remedy

In HOTEL YORK

7th Ave. at 30th St.

From \$1.50 Per Day \$2.50 Per Day SINGLE 2-3 rooms Large, Airy Rooms FIREPROOF—HEAVY CUSHIONS Opposite Macy's Near Pennsylvania Station

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

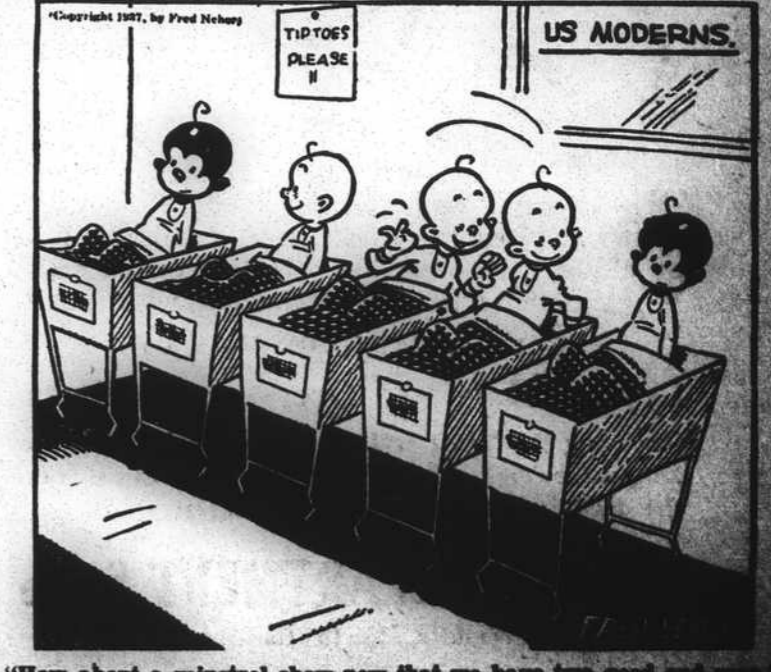
AGENTS

Wanted—Reliable Men—Sell select Trees, Fruits, Shrubs. Cash paid weekly. Virginia Nurseries, Dept. L, Richmond, Va.

LADIES. Sell quality Maisonette French shirts and ties. \$3 to \$5 daily. Business Fall Line now ready. WARD STREUM CO., 435 Murray Bldg., Baltimore, Md.

CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO

LIFE'S LIKE THAT By Fred Neher



How about a minstrel show now that we have two good ones? ©—WNU Service.