

**THE FEATHERHEADS**

By Osborne



**Fixed for Life**

By Quak

**Floyd Gibbons**  
**ADVENTURERS' CLUB**  
*Hello, Everybody!*

**"On Jacob's Ladder"**  
 By FLOYD GIBBONS  
 Famous Headline Hunter.

WELL, sir, here's one of those automobile stories I've been looking for. By golly, I knew they were there waiting for me. Why, doggone it, there must be a million good auto adventures in hiding. The field isn't even scratched yet.

Half our adventuring today is done in automobiles, and I'll bet most every one of you has a good gas-buggy yarn in mind that you just haven't gotten around to sending me yet.

This automobile yarn is a lulu, too. It comes from George H. Smith, and the trouble George got into, well, gosh hang it, it's almost enough to make a man sell his car and put the dough into life insurance.

Of course, George Smith can't very well sell that bus of his. In the first place he doesn't own it, and in the second he makes his living driving the doggone thing. George has been a truck driver since 1921 and he must be a pretty good one, too, for he drove that old petrol wagon for 12 years without getting into any really serious trouble.

**Here Begins the Story of George's Woes.**

One day, back in 1933 though, George did get into trouble. But I'm not the man to tell you about that. Let George do it!

"I was driving a big freight van," says George, "from Boston to Albany. I was getting along fine until just before I got to Pittsfield. Then, coming down a steep hill called Jacob's Ladder, the car seemed to get away from me.

"I had to grab the hand brake to prevent a smash, and what a racket that brake made. I got her to the bottom of the hill all right, though, and there I found I'd broken the brake shoe on the drive shaft.

"That left me nothing but the foot brakes. Maybe I should have stopped right there and had it fixed. If I'd had any idea of what was going to happen, I darned sure would have. But lots of drivers got along with a hand brake so I stepped on the gas and took a chance."

**Only One More Big Hump to Get Over.**

George's truck rolled on through Pittsfield and took the steep grade down Lebanon mountain without any trouble. He had left all the steep spots in his



SMASH! The Side of the Van Hit a Tree.

route behind him now—all except one, and he was coming to that—a small mountain that drops down into the town of Nassau, New York.

George rolled over the top of that mountain and had just started down the other side when suddenly his foot brake slipped and the van leaped forward.

George grabbed for the shift lever—tried to throw her back into first. It was no use. He tried the brake again, but this time the foot brake didn't work at all. And all the time the truck was gathering speed as it raced down the steep incline toward the bottom.

**It's Not the Hill—It's What's Below!**

It was only four miles to the bottom of that hill, but, as George says, a lot can happen on a four-mile hill, especially when there's a town at the bottom. The truck, by this time, was going faster than any truck was ever built to go—swaying from side to side and all but leaping from the road.

George made a right turn and negotiated a left—prayed that he wouldn't meet any traffic. Now houses began to flash by, warning him that the town at the bottom of the hill was not far away.

"All I had," says George, "was a horn and a prayer. I dropped down a grade steeper than the rest, with a sharp curve at the bottom. And at the speed I was making I knew I'd never make that turn."

**Crash of Truck Saves Driver's Life.**

Well, he didn't—exactly. The van hit the curve and started to dip. George clutched the wheel and held his breath as both his left wheels raised off the ground. He braced himself for a fall and then—SMASH—the side of the van hit a tree, tearing half the body from the wheels.

But that crash had saved George's life. The force of the impact knocked the big truck back on all four wheels again and it caromed off down the last steep grade toward the town.

**Ahead of him red traffic lights turned green as he roared through the village of Nassau, his horn screeching a frantic warning.**

George steered the big van to the side of the road—rubbed his tires against the curb in a vain effort to slow it down. Then he hit a short up-grade and came to a stop on the outskirts of the village.

"My knees," George says, "were like rags and I had to sit down a while. I looked back down the street and there was freight scattered along the curb as far as I could see. I looked under the truck and found that the plunger gear was gone out of the rear end.

"A town officer drove up and I was arrested. Reckless driving was the charge, but when the kindly old judge heard my story he let me off with a \$10 fine."

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**St. Bernard Dogs Swiss**

**Heroes as Life-Savers**

So universal is the fame of the St. Bernard dogs that it goes without saying that they rank first among the aristocracy of Switzerland's canine world. Their home, as their name suggests, is the Great St. Bernard Hospice, founded over 1,000 years ago by Bernard de Menthon, a saintly priest, and inhabited up to this day by brethren of the Order of St. Augustine, states a writer in the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Winter lasts from eight to nine months in that isolated mountain region and the snow is sometimes piled up as high as 12 to 15 feet. Blizzards are sudden and descend with such fury that many travelers would surely perish were it not for the vigilance and devotion of the monks and their marvelously trained dogs.

Historic records show that the Hospice was without any dogs up to 1070 A. D. From then on the brethren kept a few watch dogs, but it is not clearly established of what breed they were. These animals soon took delight in accompanying their masters on their many errands of mercy and were quick-

**General Morgan's View**

A Union soldier who had been captured by Gen. John Morgan during the latter's raid through southern Ohio in the Civil war raised his arms to break his musket across a rock. To prevent this, one of Morgan's men instantly drew a revolver to shoot the prisoner, but Morgan forbade this with the statement: "Never harm a man who has surrendered. In breaking his musket, he is doing just as I would were I in his place."

**SMATTER POP—Pop Has All the Answers**

By C. M. PAYNE



**MESCAL IKE**

By S. L. HUNTLEY

**Otherwise He'd Move Out**



**FINNEY OF THE FORCE**

By Ted O'Loughlin

**No Use Talking**



**"REG'LAR FELLERS"**

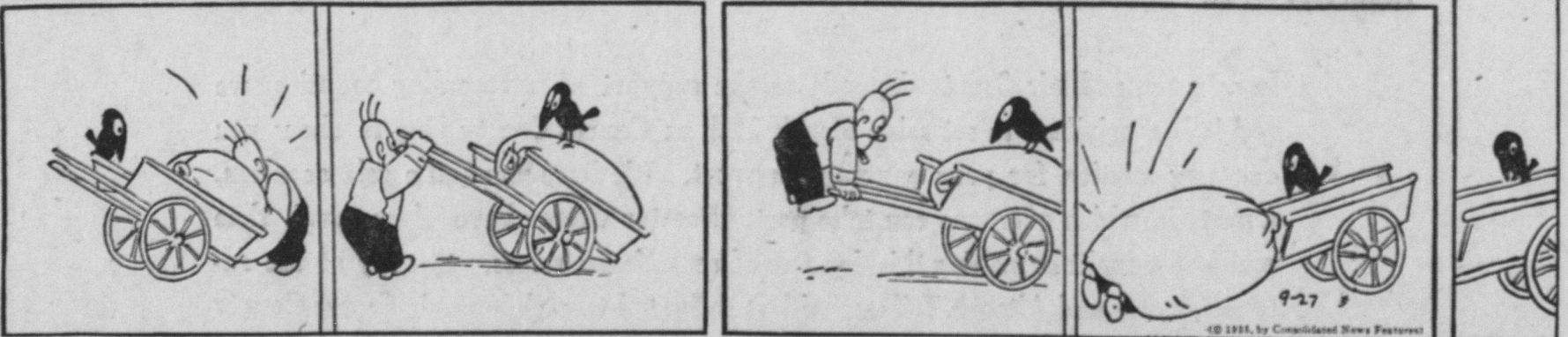
**Perfect Team Work**



**ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES**

**An Overload**

By O. JACOBSSON



**BRONC PEELER**

**Introducing B. Oliver WITHERS**

By FRED HARMAN



**WRIGLEY'S**  
 IS ALWAYS REFRESHING!  
 BEFORE AFTER  
 First Egg—Why do you call me a coward?  
 Second Egg—Ha, ha, because you have a streak of yellow in you.  
**WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT**  
 THE PERFECT GUM  
 A BIT EXAGGERATED, BUT YOU GET THE IDEA  
**THE STANDARD OF QUALITY**

**IODINE**  
  
 First Egg—Why do you call me a coward?  
 Second Egg—Ha, ha, because you have a streak of yellow in you.

**THE BIB**  
 By GLUYAS WILLIAMS  
  
 GUYAS WILLIAMS  
 (Copyright by The Bib Specialty, Inc.)  
 RECAPTURES BIB SPRINGS AND BEINGS OVER AGAIN  
 SHE'S WIFE WILL BE TRYING THE BABY'S BIB ON WHILE SHE IS GETTING HIS SUPPER  
 SHE'S TALKING IT, BABY TALKING HIS OUT OF HANDS, SO AS TO LOOK AT THE PICTURE EMBROIDERED ON IT  
 BABY TALKING SO AS TO WHICH PRIMER WHO CIRCLES CHAIR TRYING TO GET WHERE HE CAN BE STRUNG, BABY TURNING WITH HIM  
 BABY TALKING OF MERRY-GO-ROUND AND SINGS, SUDDENLY TRYING TO SLIDE UNDER THE TRAY OF HIGH CHAIR  
 FATHER FINALLY CRIES HIM IN A QUIET MOMENT AND TIES BIB — IN A BIRD NEST WHICH WILL TAKE 20 MINUTES TO UNDO