

Floyd Gibbons Adventurers' Club Hello Everybody!



"The Burning Crypt"
By FLOYD GIBBONS,
Famous Headline Hunter

IT'S always the little things that cause the most trouble. Jimmy Pezalano of Maspeth, L. I., can tell you that. It was a pencil that brought him the big adventure of his life. And while plenty of people have got into trouble for being too handy with their pens, I don't think they went through half as much grief as that little stick of wood and graphite brought to Jimmy.

It all happened on December 17, 1931, when Jimmy was working for a drug manufacturing concern in Long Island City. Jimmy was a stock clerk, and one of his duties was to check over the shipments of whiskey and alcohol as they came in, and store the stuff in a big, 200-foot square, steel-lined, burglar proof vault.

That vault was the danger spot of the whole plant. In it were stored all the explosive and inflammable chemicals in the place. There were tons of such stuff as chlorate of potash, and gallons of collodion, naphtha, ether and the like, in addition to hundreds of steel drums full of alcohol. "And I was responsible for this stock," says Jimmy. "Besides myself, only the boss had the combination that would open the massive door."

Just a Pencil Started the Trouble

On that fateful December 17 that we're going to hear about, Jimmy was finding that responsibility pretty heavy. A shipment of foreign whisky had arrived just an hour before quitting time, and Jimmy couldn't go home until it was all stowed away. He and his helper hurriedly wheeled the cases into the rear of the vault and started to open them and unwrap the bottles from the straw in which they were packed. They worked rapidly for half an hour, but—

"Doesn't something always happen when you're in a hurry?" Jimmy wants to know. And I've got to agree with Jimmy. Something always does. This time it was a pencil—the only one they had. It dropped to the floor and rolled into a dark corner between two stacks of cases. They didn't want to go back to the office to get another one, so they did something that was strictly against the rules. Jimmy's helper lit a match to look for it.

That match was hardly lit when footsteps sounded outside the door. Could it be the boss? If he ever saw that lighted match in that vault full of explosives—well—somebody would get fired. Quickly, Jimmy's helper threw the lighted match into what looked like a puddle of water. Then, in an instant, that "water" had burst into flame. The "water" was a puddle of highly inflammable collodion that had leaked out of a faulty drum.

Flames Crept Toward the Explosives

"Instantly," says Jimmy, "the flames caught in some of the loose straw we had taken from the whisky cases. Tongues of fire began to lick out toward the leaky drum the collodion had come from. For a second I was scared stiff. There was enough explosives in the vault to blow the place to bits, and on the upper floors there were more than 300 people getting ready to go home.

"I leaped for a rack of sand pails, grabbed two of them and yelled to my helper to get the others. The flame was creeping up the side of the drum less than an inch from the plug hole when I threw the sand over it. Grabbing the other two pails from my helper I yelled to him to run outside, ring the alarm and hurry back with an extinguisher. Then I threw the rest of the sand. It barely sufficed to put out the collodion still burning at the base of the drum, but now the straw was burning furiously, setting fire to the wooden whisky cases."

It looked bad for Jimmy, but in another moment it was worse.

He heard a loud slam—glanced at the door—and his heart almost stopped. In running out, his helper had kicked away the stick used to keep the heavy door open. It had banged shut. Jimmy was TRAPPED IN A BURNING VAULT full of explosives and the only other person who had the combination was the boss, WHO USUALLY LEFT THE FACTORY EARLY!

Jimmy Made a Gallant Fight

"I was stunned," says Jimmy. "For a moment I stared blankly at that locked door, but the acrid smoke brought my attention back to the rapidly spreading fire. There was a bare chance and I jumped for it. Like a maniac, I rolled the steel drums away from the flames. With blistered hands I pushed and jerked away heavy cases of potash until I managed to clear a small space around the flames. Every few seconds I had to stop to stamp out flying sparks that threatened to set off some stored explosive, but in the end I had cleared the space and pushed all the burning straw and wood to the center of the fire. Then, with fear inspired strength, I dragged up heavy steel plates, used as a runway for hand trucks, and set them like partitions around the blaze.

"None too soon. In another minute hell popped. Cases of whisky in the center of the blaze began falling apart. Bottles went off in a series of shattering explosions. Thanks to the steel plates, none of the scattering glass and flame struck me, but I had a busy time stamping out the flying sparks and burning splinters of wood."

For a full 25 minutes, Jimmy fought that blaze. Then, overcome by heat and smoke, he was beating a reluctant retreat when the door opened and men came running in with sand and fire extinguishers.

"With my hair singed, hands scorched and my face as black as coal," says Jimmy, "I must have made a sorry figure. But boy, did that air feel good? And was I glad that my helper had enough presence of mind to run and catch the boss JUST AS HE WAS LEAVING THE BUILDING?"

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Lightning Takes Course

Like River Shown on Map

The ancient Greeks believed that lightning consisted of heavy spear-like projectiles which had been heated white-hot and cast at offending mortals and objects, with none too accurate aim, by their head god Zeus.

The primitive Germans attributed lightning to bolts thrown by a malicious god named Loki while the dull-witted war god, Thor, pounded on the sky with a hammer to make thunder. In fact, writes Dr. Thomas M. Beck in the Chicago Tribune, almost all primitive peoples believed lightning was a sort of material missile hurled by a vindictive god. This theory died out in Europe with the rise of Christianity, since it was difficult to reconcile the idea of lightning as a manifestation of divine wrath with the observation that it seemed to strike church steeples more often than anything else.

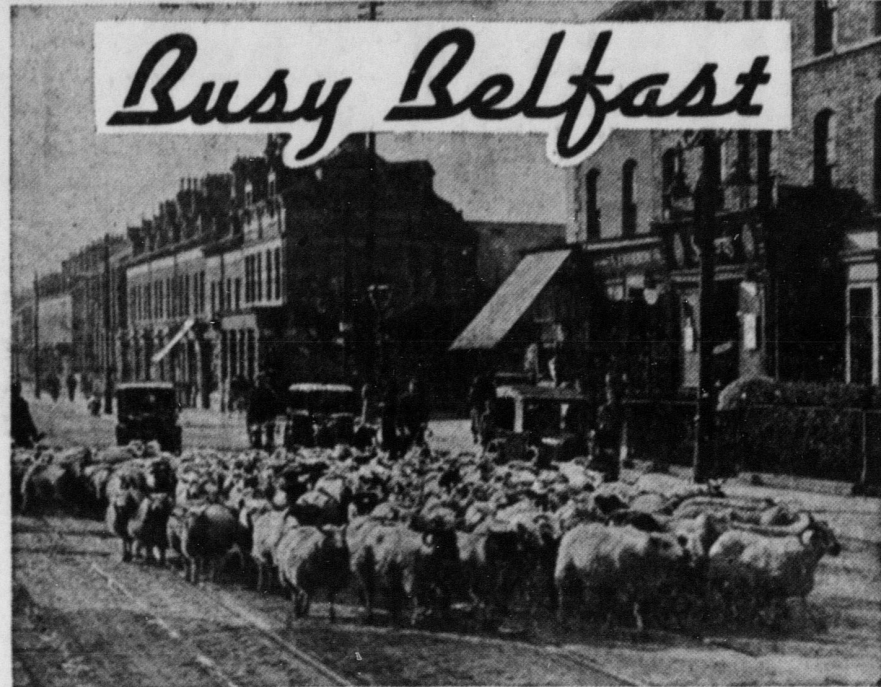
Still we should not smile too much at the mistaken beliefs of these long-dead Greeks and Germans. We are not very well informed on it ourselves. The average man knows that it consists of electricity, that it zigzags in Z-shaped straight lines, and that it never strikes twice in the same place. Armed with this knowledge, he is two-thirds wrong. Lightning is certainly a discharge of static electricity, as Benjamin Franklin showed many years ago. But there is nothing at all straight

about a bolt of lightning, although apparently this fact was not known until lightning was actually photographed. Actually it follows a meandering course like that of a river as shown on a map.

This figure is correct in other respects than appearance, for lightning is actually a river of electricity. Just as water follows the course of least resistance in flowing from a high altitude to a low, so does electricity move from a high to a low voltage.

In a Velvet Gown

It is a far cry from the Arabs at El Fustade near Cairo to the looms of velvet on this continent, says the Montreal Herald. More than 2,000 years have elapsed since our earliest records of velvets among the Persians and East Indians. From the Arabs the art of velvet weaving went to the Spaniards, then to Sicily, and, in the Sixteenth century, into France where it developed under the skill of the most creative and intelligent hand-loom to power-loom, to meet the volume of demand, the process of weaving has gone on. Velvet is woven in two pieces at a time—face to face and cut with a knife afterward, leaving a straight erect pile—the test of all pile velvets. First, heavy thick velvets were made, later finer types of velvets known as Lyons, then chiffon velvets and after that the slenderizing, draping material known as transparent velvet.



Busy Belfast

Sheep Get Right of Way in Belfast.

Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

THE industrial and cultural center of Northern Ireland is indisputably Belfast, so appropriately nicknamed "Lincolncity." "A very young city," you are told by those English residents who reckon a settlement's age in centuries instead of years. They remind visitors that during the Middle Ages Belfast was a minor castle on the outskirts of important Carrickfergus.

Situated near the head of a lough, or inlet, a dozen miles from the sea, where a little tributary joined the River Lagan at a ford, Belfast derived its name from its position. Bel or beal meant an entrance, a mouth, while fersad was a sandbank.

In those early days Belfast sometimes was referred to by another name, and a whopper it was, too—Ballycoonegalgie!

So shallow and twisty was the mouth of the River Lagan that even the smallest craft could not reach the town except at high water. Nevertheless, it once was an important military position for maneuvering armies of the continually warring factions.

Seeing Belfast now, it is difficult to realize it was given as a present to Sir Arthur Chichester when he was made governor of Carrickfergus by Essex in 1604. Rightly enough, he is considered the founder of the city and today motor cars speed over the creosote-black surface of an important street bearing his name. Then the town could boast but five muddy lanes and about 500 inhabitants.

A quarter of a century later, Lord Deputy Wentworth gave the trade of the "port" its first major stimulus when he purchased from the corporation of Carrickfergus the "right of importing certain commodities at one-third of the duties payable at other places." During the linen industry boom of the 1780s, work was started on dredging a winding, shallow channel through three miles of mudbanks to the lough proper. The result was magical.

Growth of Textile Industry.

In less than a generation the linen export figures increased 300 per cent! Also the manufacture of cotton goods developed, and in 1800 it was estimated 27,000 people were employed in that industry within a ten-mile radius of Belfast.

Although shipbuilding had been carried on in a small way since early times, the completion of the waterway project by the middle of the century naturally stimulated this industry, too. Belfast reached its majority when it was created a city in 1888 and today it boasts a population comparable to that of Kansas City, Missouri.

Stormont, where the resplendent new Parliament building stands, is about four miles from Belfast. On your way there you cross one of the four bridges which span the Lagan and enter the section which is in County Down; the main part of the city is in County Antrim.

Rows and rows of workers' houses line the side streets. Made of brick and all of one type, they are only about twelve feet wide. The door opens onto a narrow staircase, to the left of which is the living room with a fireplace.

To see the different styles you look down each cross street. Some rows are perfectly plain, of yellow brick; many are of red; some have little porches, others simply a protruding entranceway. But all are in groups, like quintuplets or octuplets; never one with a design all its own.

These are for the greater part the abodes of shipbuilders and ropemakers, for this is a city of industrial workers. Their homes spread fanlike in all directions, encroaching upon and, in many instances, even completely engulfing the pretentious mansions of captains of industry. From Cave Hill on the northwestern outskirts of the city, the panorama of roofs and chimneys, punctuated only by the narrowing arms of Belfast lough with its shippards, unfold like the fan of some giantess.

No Tenements or Slums.

In Belfast you see no tenements or large buildings housing several families. Each family has its individual home. You see no "slum" sections, in the strict sense of the word. In this respect the city is exceptional, considering its size and preponderance of wageworkers. Farther from the river, as you near the outskirts, the houses are larger and more detached. Many

have little gardens and hedges. Before reaching Stormont, you notice several conspicuously beautiful places with spacious lawns surrounding them.

On a sloping hillside in the center of a large park stands the imposing white limestone Parliament building, a present to Northern Ireland from the British government. For those who object to the four-mile trip to and from the city, attractive new homes have been erected nearby.

Back in Belfast, one finds the city's magnetic appeal lies in its industries. Linen and shipbuilding are undeniably paramount, but rope-making, cigarette and flour manufacture, and distilling also are important.

The ropeworks has its lure, and you are conducted over the most interesting portions of the many acres of plant.

Your eyes travel over bale upon bale of a dirty brown fiber imported from India, Russia, Italy, and Belgium. They stand ready to be transformed into cordage, ranging from the heaviest anchor rope to binder twine and ordinary string.

You pass on into other acre-acre departments where men sort, clean, spin, braid, and twist hemp, flax, and cotton. Long lines of noisy machines suggest vast armies drilling—drilling to double-quick time.

Making Trawl Nets.

You are glad to reach that quiet section devoted to the making of trawl nets used by "drifters" of the world over, especially in the North Atlantic food fish regions. Each individual fisherman has his particular idea as to sizes and shapes, and these vary widely in different localities. This variety, and the gradual change, from top to bottom, in the size of the mesh, make it necessary to manufacture these nets entirely by hand.

It is surprising how quickly girls are able to turn out one of these unwieldy fish catchers which may measure 100 feet from its "wings" to its tip. The nets are finally thoroughly immersed in a tar bath for protection from the action of salt water.

The ropewalks where three strands are twisted into rope are most interesting, though nowadays they are being replaced by improved patented machinery which takes up less room and requires fewer operators.

When sailing ships ruled the waves, almost every seacoast town had its own ropewalk, some a quarter of a mile long. In Belfast there were about a dozen, but by 1890 most of this business was handled by a single company closely affiliated with the shipbuilding industry. Most of the smaller works disappeared and gradually the rope demand lessened as steamships supplanted the sailing vessels.

The advent of the reaping machine literally saved the day for rope-makers and now their largest volume of business is with Canada, the United States and South America, to whom they supply twine for binding grain sheaves.

Shipbuilding now is a very vital factor in the city's life. Such liners as the Titanic, the Olympic, and the Britannic were constructed in Belfast, and during the World War the plants proved of inestimable value to the Allies. The two giant shipbuilding concerns have prospered under the very unusual circumstance of having to import not only their raw materials but their coal.

The people of North Ireland seem to consume more tea than the Chinese! Tea upon first awakening, tea for breakfast, tea at eleven (although, of late, coffee drinking has become popular at that hour), tea at luncheon, tea at five, tea at ten, and it is often served at midnight! There is "high tea" and "low tea" and simply "tea"—depending upon the amount of food served with it. If you are invited to stop in "for a drop o' tea," you are safe in calling any hour of the day or night.

Often, in midsummer, one returns from a dinner party or even from the theater by daylight, as the sun does not set until very late because of the city's northern location. Belfast is about on a line with the northern Aleutian islands and is nearer the North Pole than the northernmost tip of Newfoundland.

The "lighting-up time" for automobile lamps in July is about 11 p. m. After 6 o'clock, which is the closing hour for the majority of the factories, many streets during the summer months seethe with humanity till past midnight, making the operation of a motor vehicle literally impossible.

Simple, Practical Frocks



WHERE, oh where is the feminine wardrobe that wouldn't take on momentum through the addition of just these three simple, wearable frocks? Surely like the Model T, it would be hard to find. And the thrilling thing—the important feature—is that these frocks are planned and patterned exclusively for the modern woman who sews—for you, a member of The Sewing Circle.

Pattern 1914 is a house dress with a future. It is young and practical. The new notched collar, ending as it does in twin scallops below the yoke line, gives the waist front balance and brightness. The bodice is slightly fluted to make this a comfortable style to work in as well as one that is attractive to look at. The skirt is slim lined and simple—as you would have it. Use dimity, dotted swiss or gingham for this number. Designed for sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 35 inch material.

Pattern 1989 is the polite young model caught with its back this way, perhaps the better to show off the beautiful shoulders and chicest-of-chic descending lines. You'll run-up this frock in short order but you'll wear it endlessly and with that happy confidence which only a style with distinction can give. Make it of raspberry wool crepe and trim the collar, cuffs and hem with royal blue. Pattern 1989 comes in sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 3 yards of 54 inch material with 5 yards of braid for trimming.

Pattern 1206 is a most attractive newcomer to the blouse 'n' skirt category. An alliance of this sort brings glamour and romance to the gay wearer. Gold or silver metallic cloth, or, perhaps shimmering satin for the blouse with a skirt of velvet will make a million dollar outfit. Make it yours in a couple of hours. It is available in sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 2 1/2 yards of 39 inch material for the blouse and 2 1/2 yards for the skirt. The blouse with long sleeves requires 2 1/2 yards 39 inches wide.

A detailed sewing chart accompanies each pattern to guide you every step of the way. Send for the Barbara Bell Fall and Winter Pattern Book containing

Household Questions

To clean windows and mirrors rub them with cold starch, let it dry and then wipe off with a soft cloth. This will clean as well as give a brilliant polish.

Have you ever thought of using oiled silk for bathroom curtains. It comes in a wide range of suitable colors as well as a lovely silvery tone.

Chamois leather gloves should be mended with fine wool instead of cotton. This does not tear the leather so easily.

Should soup, vegetables or gravy have been made too salt, simply add a small quantity of coarse, brown sugar to them, stir well, and the dish will become palatable again.

ing 100 well-planned, easy-to-make patterns. Exclusive fashions for children, young women, and matrons. Send fifteen cents in coins for your copy.

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

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No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with anything less than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble to aid nature to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes as the germ-laden phlegm is loosened and expelled.

Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, your druggist is authorized to guarantee Creomulsion and to refund your money if you are not satisfied with results from the very first bottle. Get Creomulsion right now. (Adv.)

Our Efforts

Men on all occasions throw themselves upon foreign assistances to spare their own, which are the only certain and sufficient ones with which they can arm themselves.—Montaigne.

When HEADACHE

Is Due To Constipation

Often one of the first-felt effects of constipation is a headache. Take a dose or two of purely vegetable Black-Draught!

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DOAN'S PILLS

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