



By JOSEPH W. LABINE

**SWARMING** over the nation's highways, clogging railroad stations and airports with a tangle of skis and tennis rackets, America's sports-mad public is changing "The Christmas Rush" from a department store headache to a winter travel slogan.

This year as never before, the holiday season will see sports addicts scattering to all points of the compass. Between 15,000,000 and 20,000,000 persons will desert the Christmas tree and join the winter vacation stampede.

From thousands of villages and towns will pour a steady stream of cars to New York, Chicago, San Francisco and other large cities. Holiday shows, special Christmas services in famous churches and ca-

heaviest winter flying schedules in the history of aviation, anticipating swarms of holiday vacationists.

The airlines, in fact, are planning to inaugurate "snow planes" to take the more rabid ski converts to any glistening hillside in the country. Leaving from either coast on a Friday evening, "snow planes" will deliver skiers to their favorite resorts for two days of skimming the snow banks, and still have them back to their homes for work Monday morning, even if the ski trails they choose are 3,000 miles away.

**Railroads Benefit.**

In railroad offices, dispatchers are pouring over elaborate train schedules designed to keep the green signals flashing for the holiday express. They are doubling the capacity of the "snow trains," as they have been doing almost every year since the first special ski-carrier snorted out of Boston just seven years ago, headed for the White mountains.

Altogether it is estimated that 1,000,000 sports fans this winter will follow in the ski trails cut by Torgas and Mikkel Hemmestvedt—two Norwegian boys who lived in Red Wing, Minn., and who introduced the hair-raising sport to this country. Furthermore, the ski army will put approximately \$20,000,000 into circulation in exchange for equipment, transportation and incidentals.

Instead of spending for Christmas presents of the conventional type, the hickory-shod fraternity will put \$4,500,000 on the counters for cigarettes, liquor, and other incidentals. A tidy fortune of \$3,000,000 will be spent for transportation, although thousands this winter will be able

available lodges. Ski instructors will get half a million dollars for pointing out the way to avoid cracked heads and bruised shins.

This \$20,000,000, however, is only a fraction of the amount spent by the millions who prefer palm trees to fir trees, and who would rather lie on a beach than in a snowbank.

At the same time snow plows are being put in working order, maintenance crews are re-fitting special "cruise cars" which will be attached to Florida-bound trains in preparation for the rush of weary workers who will take advantage of the growing popularity of winter vacations.

Lured by the prospect of spending Christmas out-of-doors, millions will pack their bags with the summer clothes that are required on the warm side of the Mason and Dixon line.

Deep sea fishing in the Gulf stream and the Gulf of Mexico will be the goal of thousands of ardent sportsmen. Others will jam the rails of the race tracks in Southern California and the Greater Miami area, where the blue-bloods of the turf continue the racing schedule during the winter months.

**Christmas in the South.**

Many holiday vacationists will clamber aboard the Florida specials, bound for Palm Beach, Daytona Beach and other resorts—eager to enjoy the thrill of sunning themselves on the beach in December. The prospect of meeting such fairway stars as Ralph Guldahl and Denny Shute in the flesh will send many an ardent golfer to Miami to take part in the Florida Year-Round club's sports program, for these two stars—the open and national professional champions, respectively—are home-club pros at the Miami Biltmore country club, the mid-winter rendezvous for divot addicts.

Others will plan their vacation calendars to include the winter tennis and golf tournaments of North Carolina and the intersectional football clashes—the Orange Bowl classic at Miami, the Rose Bowl game at Pasadena and the Sugar Bowl tilt at New Orleans—which wind up



Skating is for youngsters as well as grownups. This young lady appeared last season at Adelboden in the Bernese Oberland, Switzerland.

thedrals and the countless attractions of a metropolis will lure many a family.

**Outdoor Enthusiasts Increase.**

An even greater number will be deserting their homes in the cities for an out-of-doors holiday. While most of them will turn their backs on the chilling winds of a northern winter, each year brings hundreds of thousands of converts to the snow sports. Ice-skating, bob-sledding and tobogganing have outgrown the status of amusements for youngsters and dare-devils and are now taken up by the whole family. Definite increases in winter tournaments and snow carnivals indicate the popularity of "white holidays."

It is difficult to believe that three years ago a skiing "census" showed only 150,000 rabid fans. Since then the number has at least doubled each winter.

Beckoning to winter vacationists who take their exercise in the snow, are such familiar resorts as Lake Placid, Deerfield, Hanover, Tuckerman's Ravine and Rutland, in New England. But this year there are scores of new ski centers which promise to spread the thrilling sport across the entire northern half of the country.

**New Ski Capital.**

At Aspen, Colorado, a short distance from Denver, skiers in the western tier of states will have a new ski capital. In the Middle West a modern skiers' paradise is set into the rolling snow-covered hills near Warsaw, Wis., while the glistening slopes around Ishpeming, Mich., will be dotted with hundreds of ski-shod athletes. In the Far West skiing enthusiasts will have a choice between such resorts as Sun Valley, Yosemite park, Lake Tahoe and Arrowhead lake in California.

With new skiing centers springing up in such widely-scattered sections of the country, followers of the sport are not only planning to pack the usual "snow trains," but take to the air as well. Huge transport planes are being groomed for the



Skating fans, one million strong, are preparing to rush clothing and sporting goods stores to spend \$20,000,000 on equipment necessary to enjoy this newest winter craze. Scenes like these will soon be common all across the northern half of the United States.

to use their own cars for transportation to their favorite skiing trails, for according to engineers of the B. F. Goodrich company, rubber fittings for a new ski rack will make it possible to put skis on the tops of closed cars without damage to the roofs.

**Still More Money!**

At least \$9,000,000 will be spent for skis and clothing, and hotel keepers will tuck away \$3,000,000 in their safes as the hilarious skiers jam all

the gridiron season in the popular "sunspots" while the nation's fans are getting over New Year's eve parties elsewhere around the country.

Both the sun-seekers and the snow fiends, however, serve to emphasize the growth of the "away-from-home-for-Christmas" idea which is making skis and surf-boards as appropriate for Christmas presents as fur coats and sleds.

# LET'S SKI!

Thousands of Americans Will Desert Old-Fashioned Holiday And Follow Ski Trails Across Snow-Laden Slopes—Winter Vacation Idea Is Spreading Like Wildfire!

# Floyd Gibbons'

## ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



**"He Confessed a Murder"**

By FLOYD GIBBONS  
Famous Headline Hunter

**HELLO, EVERYBODY:**

Meet James B. Doyle, boys and girls, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who tells us a yarn today about a terrific adventure that happened to him while he was a member of a CCC camp in Long Island back in '34.

Jim was sleeping soundly, after a hard day's work, when he was awakened by the bright rays of a flashlight in his face. It was still pitch dark in the bunkhouse and, he knew, not time to get up.

"What's the matter?" he growled. The light flashed off and Jim recognized the hushed voice of a buddy of his who occupied a bunk near him. The voice was shaking with suppressed emotion.

"Sh-h-h," it warned. "Don't make any noise. I want to tell you something—something important."

"Well, go ahead," Jim answered, "but I don't see why you wake a fellow up at this time of the night to tell stories."

"I can't tell it to you here. Someone might be listening. Slip into your clothes and come to the washroom."

**Told of Killing Infirmary Attendant.**

The washroom was a separate building. It was raining outside and Jim didn't like getting wet. It was nice and warm in bed, too. But something in the voice of his excited buddy made him obey. He was sure something terrible had happened and dressed quietly.

Silently both men made their way through the rain to the washroom. The flashlight showed them the way through the darkness.

"What's the big mystery?" he asked. Jim's buddy looked about him carefully. He paced up and down the floor as though hesitating to tell what he had on his mind.

"I'm in trouble," he said finally, "a lot of trouble. I want your advice. But first I want your promise that you will never breathe a word of this to a living soul."

"I promise," Jim said wearily, "what's the trouble?"

"I've just murdered a man!"

Jim's eyes nearly popped out of his head. Murder! He hadn't



"I've Just Murdered a Man," He Said.

thought it would be as bad as that. He couldn't quite figure it out. He remembered seeing his buddy in bed earlier in the night and said so.

"I know it," the excited man went on, "but I got up in the night and went down to the infirmary. The attendant and I got into an argument and I shot him dead."

Jim understood now and recoiled in horror from the speaker. Face to face with a murderer he felt a feeling of revulsion. With a sickly smile he told the other he must be kidding.

"I wish I was kidding," was the answer; "if you don't believe me go down to the infirmary and see for yourself. He's lying on the floor in a pool of blood. I put two bullets in him."

**Jim's Turn Was to Come Next.**

Jim, still unable to associate his friend with such a cold-blooded killing, studied his twitching face carefully. In the dim light of the lantern it gleamed pale and set. The self-confessed killer stood—hands in his raincoat pockets—trying to read Jim's thoughts. Jim thought he detected a threatening gleam in his eyes.

"What did you do with the gun?" Jim asked casually.

Before he answered the other man suddenly stepped quickly before the door and stood, back to the door, facing Jim. His hands were still in his pockets; his eyes narrowed to two thin lines. Something in his expression sent the cold chills down Jim's spine.

"The gun is right here in my pocket," he sneered, "and I was just thinking you know too much. You're the only man who knows I did it and I know what's on your mind. You're going to tell the state troopers. I was a sucker to tell you I killed a guy, but I'm going to kill you now and play safe. One more won't matter."

And with that the self-confessed murderer came after Jim. Jim backed away, stalling for time. He talked fast and told the determined man that he was his friend.

"Don't kill me," he pleaded. "I won't say a word. Run away now and they will never know who did it."

Jim promised anything to get away from that menacing bulk in the raincoat pocket. But his words fell like water on a duck's back. He was backed, hands in air, into a corner of the washroom. There was no pity in those eyes that stared—cold as ice—into his. In another second Jim expected to hear the explosion that would send him hurtling into eternity. At the thought of this courage seemed to come to him.

**All the Result of Shell Shock.**

Wham! Jim braced himself and let fly a haymaker! It landed full on the other's jaw. Jim didn't stop to give him the count but tore out of the washroom into the night.

Well, sir, Jim wouldn't risk going back to the barracks. He hid all night, instead, in a pile of lumber. From his shelter he could see his erstwhile buddy slinking back and forth in the darkness, searching for his escaped victim. Not until daybreak did Jim make his way to the mess hall. The mess sergeant glanced at his haggard, pale face. Over a cup of hot coffee that shook in his hand Jim told the sergeant his story. The sergeant listened intently but at the finish broke out into a roar of laughter. As he laughed he pointed outside.

And up the path—alive and smiling—came the murdered infirmary attendant and his arm was around the man who had confessed to his murder!

Jim heard the whole story then. It wasn't a joke. His poor buddy, he learned, was suffering from shell shock, and, although he often had wild hallucinations he was, in reality, harmless as a baby!

And that, boys and girls, is what I call an adventure!

**The Bronx**

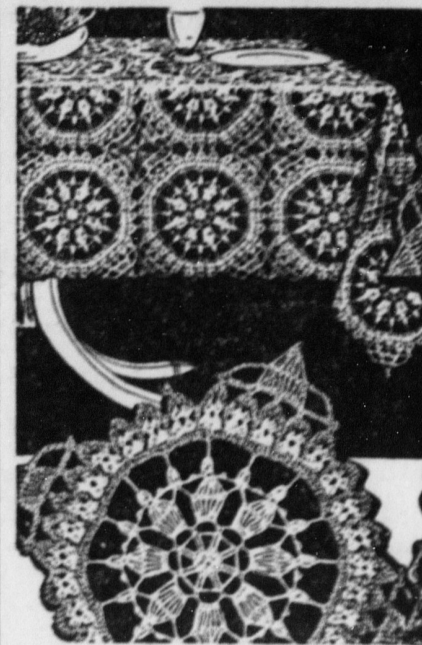
Formerly the Bronx was a district comprising several towns in Westchester county, New York. It received its name from an early Dutch settler named Jacob (or Jonas) Bronck. The old Dutch pronunciation of the name survives in some quarters and one often hears it pronounced as if it were spelled "Bronk." In 1898 the district known as the Bronx became one of the five boroughs of New York city. In 1914 a county named Bronx was formed and since that date the borough of Bronx and the county of Bronx have been coextensive. The New York zoological park is in the Bronx and for that reason it is popularly referred to as the Bronx zoo.

**Errors in Bible Printing**

The Unrighteous Bible was an edition printed at Cambridge in 1653, containing the printers' error. "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall inherit (for 'shall not inherit') the Kingdom of God?" The same edition, says Pearson's London Weekly, gave: "Neither yield ye your members as instruments of righteousness unto sin," in place of "unrighteousness." This is also sometimes known as the Wicked Bible, a title which is obvious in its allusion. Other curiously-named Bibles are the Treacle Bible, the Standing Fishes Bible, the Place-Makers' Bible, the Idle Bible, the Ears to Ear Bible, all named because of errors of printing.

Lacy Cartwheels  
Make This Cloth

There's magic in this two colored crocheted square—when it's joined into a cloth or spread, it looks like two medallions! Begin right away on the first 8 inch square. Its "repeats" will follow in quick succession for it is sim-



ple to do in economical string and makes delightful pick-up work. You may use the same color throughout, if you prefer. Pattern 1570 contains chart and directions for making the square; material requirements; illustrations of the square and of all stitches used; a photograph of the square; color suggestions.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle, Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York.

**Lasting Portrait**

A man would rather leave behind him a portrait of his spirit than a portrait of his face.—R. L. Stevenson.

Smokers know that  
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"... soothe a raw throat instantly."

**Sentinels of Health**  
Don't Neglect Them!  
Nature designed the kidneys to do a marvelous job. Their task is to keep the flowing blood stream free of an excess of toxic impurities. The act of living—life itself—is constantly producing waste matter the kidneys must remove from the blood if good health is to endure. When the kidneys fail to function as Nature intended, there is retention of waste that may cause body-wide distress. One may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feet tired, nervous, all worn out.  
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The recognized and proper treatment is a diuretic medicine to help the kidneys get rid of excess poisonous body waste. Use Doan's Pills. They have had more than forty years of public approval. Are endorsed the country over. Insist on Doan's. Sold at all drug stores.  
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New Remedy Uses Magnesia to Clear Skin. Firms and Smooths Complexion—Makes Skin Look Years Younger.

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