

Floyd Gibbons'

ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"The Rolling Stones"
By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO EVERYBODY:

Here's another yarn from a CCC camp. By golly, it looks to me like those camps are swell places to go adventuring. We've had a flock of yarns in this column from members of the CCC army—and all of them good ones, too.

This one comes from John Martocci of Brooklyn, N. Y. John went out to Camp S-204, near Brigham, Utah, and it was there that he ran into the big adventure of his life—the adventure of the rolling stones.

It was one cold morning in November, 1934, that John got up out of the hay to find a notice on the bulletin board. The notice called for volunteers to carry water pipes to a stub camp about 16 miles away, and John and his buddy, Bob Greene, signed up to do the work.

Long, Hard Trip Around the Mountain.

The foreman told them he'd give them two days off for doing the job, but before they got through with it, they wished they'd held out for a week's leave and a couple of bottles of horse liniment in the bargain. They were given two 10-foot lengths of water pipe to carry, one on each shoulder, and brother, those pipes were tough to handle. The boys were all in before they'd gone 8 of the 16 miles along the trail that wound around the side of the mountain. It took them seven hours to make the entire trip—and then they were confronted with the long hike back again.

It was late afternoon when they started back, and they had gone only five miles when the dusk began to shut down on them. They were afraid they'd lose the trail if they didn't get home before nightfall, so Bob suggested that, instead of going all the way around the mountain, they climb over it. It might have been a good idea in the theory, but those two lads just didn't have any conception of how big a mountain can be. Especially one of those Rocky mountains like they have out in Utah.

Caught in a Landslide.

It only looked like a mile or two across the mountain, so the two lads started to climb. They had only gone a quarter of a mile up the mountain when it started to rain. The skies began to get blacker, and



Boulders bounced off the rock above them.

it became harder and harder to see where they were going. But by that time it was too late to turn back, for they would never have found the trail again. So they kept right on going.

They climbed for two straight hours, while the gray dusk deepened into night. The mountain got so steep that they couldn't stop to rest—just had to keep on climbing or roll down to the bottom again. Then, in a flash of lightning, they saw a pile of boulders up ahead of them.

"Those rocks," says John, "were as big as cows. One of them was sort of square, with a flat top, and stuck out over the side of the slope. I thought that if we could get on top of it we could get some rest. I grabbed for the top of the rock, but my hands slipped off it. I yelled to Bob to give me a boost, and he did. It was then that the fireworks started."

And boy, those fireworks sure did start. "As best I can recall," says John, "I felt something tugging at my feet and heard a noise that sounded like the beating of a drum. I yelled to my pal, 'Bob! Bob! where are you?' And then I heard him answer:

"I'm right here at your feet. For God's sake let go of that rock and lie down under it. It's a landslide. I let go, wondering if I was going to roll all the way down the mountain, but Bob made a grab and held me. We were no sooner under cover than the big boulders up above us began to move."

Seemed Like the End of the World.

John says he can't describe what took place after that, but he thought the world was coming to an end. "A couple of boulders," he says, "that must have weighed a ton apiece bounced right off the one we were under. I could hear the crackling and falling of trees down below when those big rocks hit them, and every time one of those big babies bounced off the rock above us, we wondered if our rock was going to hold, or if it was going to crash down on top of us. Boy, was I scared."

For hours those two lads hung there—or at least it seemed hours to them—and then things began to quiet down again. The slides ceased—the rain stopped. They clambered over the top of their rock and headed up the mountain again, but they didn't get very far. For dead ahead, and about 300 feet above, the mountain shot straight up in a tall, smooth-sided cliff.

"It was as high as an ocean liner," says John, "and we couldn't have climbed up it any more than we could fly. We didn't dare go back down the mountain, either, for fear we'd get lost, or caught in another one of those landslides. So we went back to our flat-topped rock and waited for morning."

When morning came, they heard shots. They yelled, and a gang of their own CCC pals came to their rescue. The lads had been missed, and the whole camp was out looking for them. They were taken back to camp, exhausted, and sick as dogs, as John puts it. "And instead of getting two days leave in town," he says, "we spent a week in bed at camp, nursing colds and getting over our exhaustion."
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A Year on Planet Uranus

On the planet Uranus a year contains 68,000 days. The rate of rotation of Uranus is so fast, and the rate of revolution about the sun is so slow, that the planet actually turns on its axis 68,000 times while making one trip around the sun.

An Early Typewriter

A French patent was granted to Xavier Projean of Marseilles in 1883 for a device consisting of an assembly of bars with type, each type striking downward upon a common center. This was the prototype of the modern typewriter.

The Mellon Institute

The Mellon institute in Pittsburgh is modeled after a Greek temple with 62 Ionic monolithic granite columns. The building is trapezoidal in form and is nine stories high on the inner court and six on the street.

Temples of Confucius

Almost every city in China has a "Temple of Confucius," each filled from the gateway almost to the very steps of the altar with buyers and sellers of about every article imaginable.

"The Liberty Song"

"The Liberty Song" is a patriotic poem written by John Dickinson, the signer of the Declaration of Independence, for whom Dickinson college, Carlisle, Pa., is named. It contains the line, "By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall."

"Celestial Love"

The Hindu teaching is that there is no death, and that man passes from earth life to life in the astral heavens, and thence back to this earth or to other planets for further experience until perfection is obtained.

Writing of Prophet Jeremiah

Eighteen inscriptions found at Lachish, Palestine, contain correspondence of an official during a wartime attack, and show the kind of writing used by the prophet Jeremiah of the Bible.

Bird Can Outrun Horse

The American roadrunner or chaparral-cock (southwest United States) although only about the size of a magpie is the swiftest runner of all birds. It can outrun a horse or dog for hundreds of yards.

Quality Silk Weaves Lead Styles

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



FINE silks make fine ladies, or rather we should say fine ladies are wearing fine silks—finer and more of the quality type than for many seasons past. The enthusiasm expressed for handsome silks is no doubt due to the fact that current fashion declares in favor of greater elegance in the mode, and when the "dress-up" mood is on, as it so unquestionably is this season, the logical answer that has stood the test of centuries is—silk!

The significant thing about the present silkworm movement is that the fine silks fine ladies are wearing are fine indeed. They are pure silk and no camouflage about it. Then, too, the quest for the better silks has revealed so many new and novel types brought out this season that the silk vogue now on is contributing a most exciting and fascinating chapter in the 1938 story of fabrics.

A note of elegance runs through the patrician silk costumes pictured. These modes convey an idea of how the "dress-up" spirit is interpreted by women of discriminating taste.

Speaking of silk weaves that are new this season, the dress to the right is made of a rustic-weave Indian silk that is a joy to wear, since it is quite crush resistant and goodlooking and its slightly rough surface adds charm to the texture. It is smartly styled in peasant type with long sleeves and striped silk girdle in vivid gypsy colors that contrast the neutral tone of the silk most dramatically. It is topped by a full length sleeveless coat of matching silk. The sombrero of natural straw adds a picturesque touch.

Dusty rose pink silk crepe fashions the coat-dress to the left. It is a charming costume for the young matron, its slim draped lines and slightly bloused back being par-

ticularly flattering to the slender figure. Shirring at the neckline, shoulders and down the center front places emphasis on the style message that declares shirred effects to be a leading trimming feature this season. The hat faced with black organdie and trimmed with dusty rose grosgrain ribbon is extremely effective with this charming costume.

A smart ensemble for mother or daughter centers the group. The straight, printed crinkled silk crepe coat with quilting spaced between the large white flowers is new on several counts. Note that the silk print is crinkled, and crinkled fabrics are the rage this season. In cottons crinkled seersuckers and crinkled flowered organdies lead in chic, while in the silk realm the accent is on richly colorful crinkled prints, preferably crepes, together with a versatile showing of crinkled silk sheers. The idea of the long silk coat is going big this season, prints, if prints be your choice, or dressmaker separate coats made of choice navy or black failles, crepes, bengalines and other silks of similar type.

The dress worn under this crinkled and quilted flower-print coat is of black silk Canton crepe with sleeves continuing the quilted theme. The scalloped Milan hat is something to talk about in that it confirms the report from Paris that designers are "scallop everything" this season.

Among the newer silks that are making a definite impression the sheer crepe that is ribbed in raised relief should be mentioned. There are also many interesting novelty crepes, outstanding among which are those having honeycomb patterns, while still others are of etamine construction. In the sports class the new Chinese silk damask crepes in clear pastel shades are greatly admired. As a parting word—don't forget the importance of taffeta.

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BABY TRIMS GIVE THAT CHARM TOUCH

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

This season's frocks and lingerie blouses are taking on the charm of childhood days when leisure moments were taken up with running ribbons through beading, or hand-running numberless pintucks or with "whipping on" dainty lace edgings, plus countless other enhancements that contribute that something called "charm."

The trend toward ultra femininity in dress that marks current styles accounts for the revival of the dainty "baby trims" that are so much in evidence in summer fashions. As a consequence, in selecting your wardrobe you can indulge to your heart's content in the fancies and foibles that give the "pretty" look to summery clothes. So look up the dress and the blouse collections in your favorite shops and departments and be gladdened at the refreshing sight of fascinating touches that designers are lavishing on even the most inexpensive washable as well as upon the delectable "dressup" fashions for more formal wear.

Simplicity for Day

New day and afternoon dresses are straight and simple, with plaits for morning wear but draped for afternoon. Hips tightly modeled, rather far down, are plain in contrast to tucked and shirred waists.

Versatile Silk Jersey

Silk jersey is being used with equal success in the sports, afternoon or evening wardrobe. It may be combined with other materials, and is particularly effective when it forms the blouse to a wool suit.

HOT-WEATHER WEAR

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



The lovely cool fabric which fashions this frock is ideal for hot-weather wear. It is a new shadow-and-substance weave of rayon that is lacy, lightweight, washable, highly crease-resistant and comes in the most delectable colors fancy can picture. You'll love it in dusty rose and other choice pastels as well as white. Be sure to take note of the touch of peasant Swedish embroidery that embellishes this charming frock. Watch the embroidery vogue!



WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK—As a token of good will, President Kemal Ataturk of Turkey sends his bomb-tossing adopted daughter on a flight over Greece and the Balkans. She holds a diamond medal for bombing Kurds, having out-scored veteran male fliers in a recent work-out.

When the timid and demure Turkish women started coming out from the harem, they kept right on going. They seem to be out-distancing our girls who are merely coming out of the kitchen.

Turkey's "Flying Amazon" is Sabiha Gueckchen, twenty-four-year-old daughter of a Turkish army captain who was killed fighting Greeks in 1921. She is a pretty little thing.

An admiring woman correspondent described her as "shy and demure," with quick recourse to her "modish little vanity case," as she climbed from her plane after a hard day's bombing. That was in the Dersim area, in eastern Anatolia, in which she had been blasting the Kurds out of their caves.

She is a first lieutenant in the Turkish army, the only woman air force officer in the world.

Her French flying instructor says she is the most gifted woman aviator pilot in the world. She was trained in flying and gliding in Russia and later was a cadet in the Turkish army air force school. She rides a single-seated military plane, handles all types of planes and is especially accurate and skillful in bombing.

It is said no aviator in Turkey can match her in diving and stunting, but she shrinks modestly from all such, possibly unfeminine, exhibitionism, and sticks to her humdrum bombing tasks.

HERE is another diverting little news note, in sharp contrast, however, on the emergence of the modern woman. At her home in New York, Mrs. Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler presents prizes of \$750 to the winners of the annual "Intellectual Olympics," conducted by her new history society.

Happily the flying bomb put is not included in her decathlon. She has been for many years a diligent and earnest advocate of peace and brotherhood, working through the international Bahai movement, of which she has long been a leader. She derives from the Blue book and has turned from society to religious and humanitarian concerns.

Her husband, now retired, is a great-grandson of John Jacob Astor, and a former lieutenant governor of New York. He is a big, gray, silent man, walking a small white poodle dog, rarely seen at his wife's salon, but a loyal partner in her endeavors. He is the brother of the late Bob and John Chanler.

The flaming-haired Valeska Suratt was an instrument of fate in the life of Mrs. Chanler. They were jointly engaged in a Hollywood script enterprise when Miss Suratt introduced her to Mirza Ahmed Sahrab, descendant of Mohammed and a disciple of the Abdul Baha. He was her tutor in the esoteric faith whose followers, like those of the Oxford movement, fervently believe the world can be saved only by a religious and cultural internationalism.

DOWN in Peru, this writer knew some dilatory natives who frequently used a word which meant, "not tomorrow, but day after tomorrow and maybe not then."

Dick Gets Degree 20 Years Late

From ancient parchments, Trinity college dons lift the reverse expression—"nunc pro tunc," which means "now instead of then." With this high academic sanction, they are enabled to deal a bachelor's degree to Richard Barthelmess, who failed to touch second when he was there 20 years ago.

Baseball moguls could now say "nunc pro tunc" and hand Fred Merkle that run he didn't get in 1908. If the custom gets going, it might open the way for some European debt payments.

Mr. Barthelmess is one of the thinning line of the stars of the old silent screen who remain in the public consciousness. His mother was Caroline Harris, an actress of the Biograph days. She gave Nazimova English lessons and in return Nazimova gave her boy his professional start in "War Brides," "Broken Blossoms," with Dorothy Gish, was his last big success.

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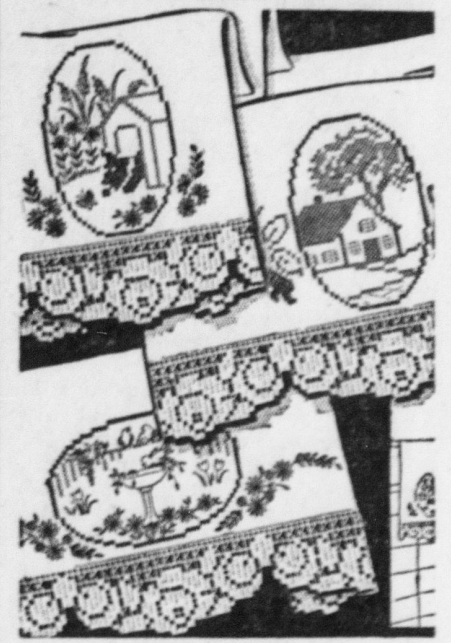
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