

# Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



## "John Dunker's Jump"

By FLOYD GIBBONS  
Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO, EVERYBODY:

Well, by golly, today we have with us a guy who has chased old lady Adventure in some of the farthest corners of the globe. His chase ended after he had followed her all over South Africa, and finally ran her to earth in Gwelo, in Matabeleland, way up in the middle of southern Rhodesia. This guy's name is John Dunker, and today he lives in Brooklyn, N. Y. But along about the turn of the century, he was fighting with the South African Colonial cavalry in the Boer war.

John didn't class the Boer war as an adventure, though. The yarn he craves into the Adventurers' club with happened after that mixup was all over. After John's regiment was paid off and disbanded, he went up to Bulawayo—went broke there and, hearing of a job up in Gwelo, a hundred and fifteen miles to the north, trekked up there on foot.

The old timers in that district thought he was crazy to attempt such a thing. They figured it must be at least a ten-million dollar diamond mine that induced him to take such risks. But all John was after was a job—and all he got out of his trip was a good sock from that old adventure lady he'd been chasing.

John says that that adventure was the biggest single thrill of his life, and I believe him. He says: "I had nice curly hair back in 1902, and every kink of it stood at attention when the thing happened—or rather, after it happened. For actually I did not know I was having an adventure until some two and a half seconds after it was all over."

John landed his job in Gwelo, and went right to work. It was a job that called for a lot of horseback riding—but that didn't bother a guy who had walked more than a hundred miles just to get the doggone job. Also, it was a job that called for crossing the Gwelo river at frequent intervals. And it was the river that put John in the way of adventure.

### He Would Jump Across the River.

The Gwelo river was one of those streams you just couldn't figure out. In the rainy season it could be a rushing, raging torrent. But at other times of the year, it was nothing but a dry bed, cut through by a



The "Tree Trunk" Had Its Jaws Wide Open.

little trickle of water that a man could jump over. It ran down to the Zambesi, one of the biggest rivers in Africa, and it was usually full of crocodiles, and queer fish, and other strange and awesome denizens of the African waters.

The place where John worked was on one side of the Gwelo and the corral where the horses were kept was on the other. In the rainy season, when the river was high, you had to go the long way, over the bridge, to get to the horses, but in the dry season, John used to save time by going straight across. That was easy, because the river was narrow enough so that you could make it with a good leap. And John always made his crossing at a certain spot where the bank was steep and there was a dead tree trunk lying on the other side.

He would get up speed by running down the high-sided bank, take a broad jump across the water, and land on the tree trunk on the opposite side. He did it again and again, and never thought that there might be any danger in such a simple stunt. But that's the thing about danger. You never know where it's liable to be lurking.

Well, sir, one day John had a job to do that took him to a mine over at Selukwe, and he had to have his horse to make the trip. He started out for the river, turning over in his mind the things he had to do that day, and was deep in thought when he reached the top of the bank.

### It Felt Wrong, and It Was.

He raced down the bank, made his running jump, and landed on the dead tree as usual, but there was something about that tree trunk that wasn't as it should be. It felt peculiar when John landed on it. And it seemed to him that the doggone thing moved a bit when he lit. It was only for a fraction of a second that the feeling went through him—a lot shorter time than it takes to tell it—but it was enough to make him move faster than usual, getting off that log.

The bank in front of him was as high and as steep as the one he had run down on the other side. Usually, he took his time about climbing to the top. But this time, impelled by his hunch that something was wrong, he gave a leap that sent him half-way to the top, and had scrambled the rest of the way before he stopped to look back.

What John saw from the top of the bank sort of amazed him, at first. But his amazement soon gave way to another sort of feeling altogether. The first thing he noticed was that he hadn't crossed the river in his usual place at all. The tree trunk he usually stepped on was lying near the bank ten or fifteen yards downstream. In his preoccupation, he had crossed the river in the wrong place.

And what was that thing John had mistaken for the tree trunk? Well, that's what gave him the shock of his life. When he turned to look from the top of the bank, the first thing he noticed was that that tree trunk had started out of the water after him. It had its jaws wide open, that tree trunk did, and it had a couple of beady little eyes that seemed to be registering disappointment over the fact that it had just missed as juicy a morsel as had ever jumped right smack at it.

Ye—-you're right. That tree trunk was a full-grown, MAN-EATING CROCODILE!

"How did I feel then?" says John. "Well, at that moment, every experience I'd ever had in my life faded right into insignificance."  
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### The Deer's Leap

The National Bureau of Standards says that if the deer started his leap with sufficient force to complete it, he would complete the leap, alive or dead; that is, unless some force, such as a bullet striking him, decreased his speed, or he changed his position in such a way as to strike the far side in landing.

### Polar Eskimos Friendly

Polar Eskimos are a friendly, happy people who live farther north than any other human beings. They rove the Arctic from Greenland to Alaska. Skin tents are their habitation during the brief summer; snow igloos their winter homes. Their food, save for a few birds' eggs and berries, is exclusively fish—the seal, bear, fox, whale, walrus and reindeer being the provider. They are prodigious eaters, hence their plumpness and perhaps their good nature.

### Ship Route Is "Inside Passage"

For about a thousand miles along the coast of British Columbia and Alaska there is a remarkable steamer route known as the "Inside Passage" or "safe way." A great system of islands, the exposed summits of the insular mountain range paralleling the coast, gives shelter from the main ocean.

### Needle-Shedding Conifers

The larch is the only tree in the North, and the cypress the only tree in the South among our native conifers which drop all of their needles each year. Most conifers lose only a fractional part of their needles during the fall season. Brown coloration and falling off of the white pine needles on last year's twigs is a well known example of this partial defoliation by natural habit. The larches produce an entirely new supply of bright green needles each spring.

## Boy Sees With Gift Eye



Frank Chabina pictured in Charity hospital at New Orleans, La., after the bandages had been removed from his eye on which a new cornea had been placed through the sacrifice of John Amos, sixty-year-old heart patient from St. Joseph, La., who surrendered his own eye to save the lad's failing sight. Frank is able to see the surgeon's hand held before his eyes. The boy's eyes had been hurt by a lime dust infection.

## HEADS ENGINEERS



Col. John J. Kingman, who was named by President Roosevelt as assistant chief of army engineers for a four year term. Colonel Kingman, currently on duty in San Francisco as engineer in charge of river and harbor improvements, is the son of the late Brig. Gen. D. C. Kingman.

# STAR DUST

Movie • Radio

By VIRGINIA VALE

EACH year the Paramount company can be counted on to present a thrilling panorama of American history in the making, and this year they offer "Wells Fargo," which in many ways tops all previous efforts, even last year's "Plainsman," for sheer excitement.

The adventure, heroism and romance of developing coast to coast transportation has the breathless sweep of fiction, doubly stirring because we know it is based on fact. Joel McCrae and Frances Dee are the principals in the interwoven romance, and Bob Burns steps out of character to play a stalwart of the early West. Better send the children early to see this one; they will want to stay all day. And they'll learn a lot of American history in a painless and entertaining fashion.



Joel McCrae

Greta Garbo stole quietly away from Hollywood without even saying good-by to her closest friends and sailed away to Sweden to stay indefinitely. Her contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer calls for only one more picture, and it is likely that she will make that one in England.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer want Truman Bradley, narrator on the CBS Sunday Evening hour from Chicago to go into motion pictures, but Mr. Bradley is reluctant to take a chance so they have arranged what is probably the most comprehensive series of tests ever given a performer. For one whole month Bradley will make daily film tests in New York, flying back to Chicago weekly for his Sunday evening stint.

A new combination of talent is putting over the "On Broadway" program heard over NBC. Don Johnson, known to radio listeners as the comic Professor Figgisbottle, is writing the program and the leading player is Alice Frost of the "Big Sister" cast.

Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldridge, are running into so much excitement on their stage tour, they are half tempted to write a scenario around their adventures. Recently, the company became frantic when one of the leading actors became ill just before a performance. That persuasive Freddie March, who really should have been a salesman, talked Kay Johnson the film player into tackling the role after a brief rehearsal. Miss Johnson was traveling with the company to be near her husband, John Cromwell, who directed the play as a sort of vacation from directing spectacular pictures like "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Anyone in Hollywood will tell you that a motion-picture star is lucky if he can hold on to his popularity for five years. One of the lucky exceptions is Richard Dix who has just signed one of the biggest contracts of his life, after fifteen years of uninterrupted popularity. R. K. O. plan to make a big Western spectacle, something on the order of "Cimarron," his biggest success. Like Jack Holt, another veteran, he gets better with age.

Ethel Merman could have signed a motion-picture contract any time during the past four years, but the popular blues singer preferred to make just one picture every year or so and then rush off to New York and forget about it. In "Happy Landing" however, she is so well photographed and her voice so beautifully recorded that she has succumbed to Twentieth Century-Fox blandishments and will make pictures regularly for them from now on. Ethel, whose perfect phrasing has made her many a composer's favorite singer, thus adds one more chapter to an inspiring career. She was a stenographer, and a speedy one, who used to get occasional engagements to sing at parties. Taking a chance, she went into a small night club at very low salary and within a few weeks had a contract to make Warner shorts.

ODDS AND ENDS—Sonja Henie has organized an ice carnival company that will tour several cities while she waits for the scenario of her next picture to be written. . . . Jessica Dragonette is being tempted by motion picture offers again. . . . Nobody can read Fred Allen's scripts but the comic himself. His writing is microscopic. . . . Maureen O'Sullivan hurried back from England to play with Norma Shearer in "Marie Antoinette."  
© Western Newspaper Union.

## A Sea of Backs Bows at Moslem Festival



Farther than the eye can see stretches this vast expanse of backs at Calcutta, India, during the Moslem feast of Id-el-Fitr. Massed multitudes of the faithful join in this public declaration of their faith, in an impressive part of an age-old religious ceremony.

## Her Axe Is Death to Slot Machines

Mrs. Dan Kite, of Alton, Ill., who is reported to have smashed 13 slot machines in ten taverns with an axe and her strong right arm. Be-



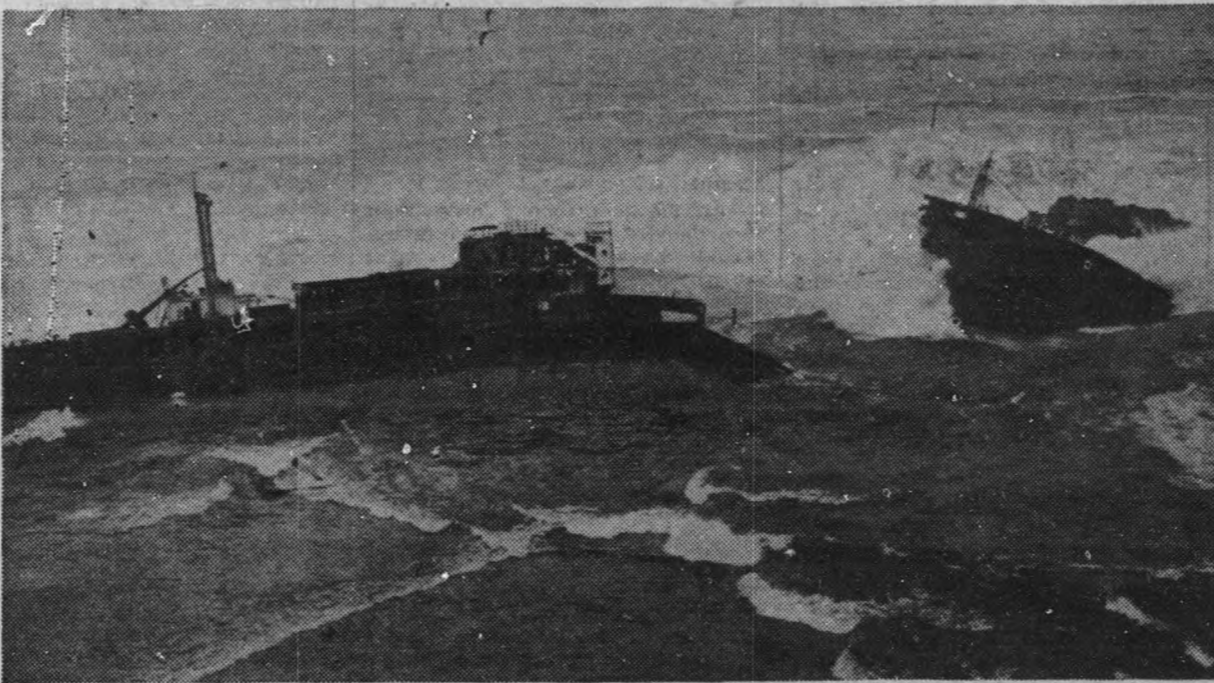
cause of the Illinois attorney general's ruling that there are no property rights in gambling devices, no charges were placed against her.

## Victims of Jap Bombings



This photograph, one of the first of the Nanking bombings, shows a peasant carrying his dying child, an innocent victim of Japanese bombing. Dazed and in terrible anguish, he is allowed by doctors to place his child in an ambulance.

## Ship Reaches Its Last Port of Call



The freighter Ohioan, which went aground many months ago off Lands End near San Francisco, Calif., is shown above after it was broken in two during one of the worst storms off the California coast in many years. Because of the precarious position in which the ship was left, it was impossible for salvaging vessels to approach close enough or for tugs to help float the vessel.

## All-Purpose Gloves Crocheted Lengthwise

Nimble fingers are busily crocheting these lovely woolly gloves that so closely follows the vogue. They're quick to do—two flat identical pieces whipped together—with a gusset for that wrist flare. Use either yarn or string for end-



less durability. Just wait till you see how easy they are to do! In pattern 6676 you will find directions for making these gloves; an illustration of them and of all stitches used; material requirements.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 259 W. 14th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

## Whitman's Poor Start

Walt Whitman, in 1855, at the age of thirty-six, set up the type for, and printed, the first edition of "Leaves of Grass." Whittier threw his copy into the fire. The bulk of the edition, put on sale at a phrenologist's studio, flew scarcely a purchase war, Whitman—to be near his brother—went to Washington and obtained a clerkship in the Indian bureau of the department of the interior. But in 1863, Secretary Harla, coming upon a copy of "Leaves of Grass," read it with horror and came to the prompt conclusion that its author was not a fit and proper person to work under him, and out went the "Good Gray Poet."

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