

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

"A Battle With Steel"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO EVERYBODY:

You know, boys and girls, I used to say we had all kinds of people sending in their adventures to this column. "The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker," is the way the old saying goes, and that's literally true. Here, for instance, is the baker—Joseph A. McMurtree of Newark, N. J.

Joe was a baker's apprentice when this thing happened to him. It was the summer of 1929, and Joe, trying to turn his school vacation into something useful, had signed up to learn the baker's trade in a pie and cake factory. It was the sort of job that caught Joe's interest and like most youngsters, he was anxious to find out just how things were done. He studied the routine of the plant closely, watched the bakers at their work, and monkeyed around with all the big machines in the plant.

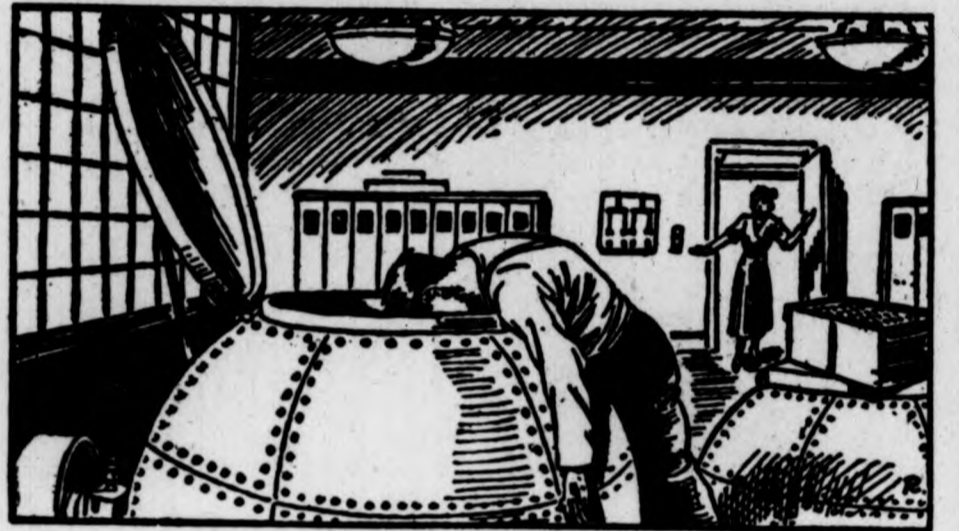
The machines, especially, interested Joe. He never missed an opportunity to get a look at the inside of one, to find out how it worked. He didn't get a chance to do that often, though. Some of those machines were dangerous. Most machines are, anyway—to anyone who doesn't know how to use them. And the bosses around the plant didn't encourage Joe to fool around with those big mixers.

One Saturday afternoon, though, Joe got the chance he had been waiting for. The boss came to him about 4 o'clock and told him that all the bakers were going home—that Joe, whom he was leaving alone in the store, would be in complete charge until closing time.

He Investigated a Big Mixer.

Joe didn't mind a bit. He sat out front in the store until everybody had gone, and then, along about 6 o'clock, when people were eating dinner and business in the store had dwindled off to nothing, he began to think about the machinery in the back room—particularly the big mixers which he had been told not to touch.

Joe went into the back room and straight to the biggest of those mixers. He opened the top—looked inside. There was a crate of eggs in it—



Joe Was Being Drawn Into the Machine.

lying right on top of the machinery. He took it out, wondering, at the same time, why anyone would put a crate of eggs—crate and all—into a dough mixer. He found out later that it had been put there for the particular purpose of keeping him out of that machine. But by the time he did find out the damage was done and it was too late.

Joe took the crate out of the mixer and looked inside. The machine hadn't been cleaned out. All the moving parts were covered with some sort of goo, and Joe couldn't see how they worked. Well—that problem was easily solved. He'd clean that mixer out himself. He got a big towel and scraper and went to work.

Couldn't Get His Hand Loose.

There was a big rotator inside and Joe started cleaning that. He cleared half of it and then found he couldn't reach the other side, so he started the motor to turn it over. The motor whirred. Joe released the brake. The rotator began to move, and then—it happened!

As Joe released the brake with his left hand, he placed his right—for some unknown reason—on top of the rotator. And in a split second he found himself being drawn into the machine. "Something," says Joe, "was clutching my hand. I tried to work it loose, but I couldn't. A cold, stinging pain was shooting up my arm. That steel had a chill in it."

Joe's left hand was still loose, and with it he jammed on the brake again. But the motor was still running, straining against the brake with a peculiar sort of whine—like the sound of an electric fan when you hold the blade.

"It was dark in that back room," says Joe, "and I noticed that my hand and arm were getting awfully cold. I locked the brake and put my left hand into the machine to try and work the right one loose. I felt something wet and pulled my left hand out again. It was covered with blood."

Thought He Was Bleeding to Death.

"Then I began to get hysterical. I tugged with all my might and started to yell for help. I was standing on my toes all this time. I couldn't set my feet flat on the ground, because the weight of my body would tear at my now terribly painful hand. I thought of being held in that position over the week-end—of slowly bleeding to death. I began to shout some more."

In the Y. W. C. A. building that stood back to back with the bakery a woman heard Joe's frantic yells. She called them to the attention of another woman, and they decided that it was just some children playing. And Joe, bleeding and hysterical, tugged at his swollen, lacerated arm. Slowly he was lapsing into unconsciousness when he heard a noise in the store outside. Joe tried to call. His voice wouldn't work. Then everything went black.

Joe came to in a hospital, and there they told him how he got there. The customer who had come into the store had looked through the door and seen Joe hanging to the side of the machine. She called an ambulance—and well—it had taken three hours to get Joe out. But his hand was fixed up all right at the hospital, and it's as good as new today. Copyright.—WNU Service.

Horseshoe and Good Luck

According to Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable the legend that a horseshoe brings good luck is supposed to have originated with St. Dunstan, who was noted for his skill in shoeing horses. One day Satan himself is said to have appeared and demanded that his "single hoof" should be shod. St. Dunstan, recognizing his customer tied him tightly to the wall and proceeded to do as he was bid, but purposely inflicted so much pain that his Satanic Majesty begged for mercy. Thereupon St. Dunstan released his captive after having extracted from him a promise that he would never enter a place where a horseshoe was displayed. Thus reads the legend. And so, for many centuries, observes a writer in the New York Herald Tribune, the horseshoe has been looked upon as a charm against evil and a bringer of good fortune. At one time it was affixed to the front door of the house as a protection against witches. Lord Nelson caused one to be nailed to the mast of his flagship the Victory and, today, we still find this emblem of good luck installed in many homes.

Romans in China

Blakeslee's "China and the Far East" mentions that from some cause which may be neither understood nor explained, commercial and friendly missions between the Emperor of China and the heads of various Asiatic and European states first were dispatched at about the beginning of the Christian era. In the year 61 A. D., the Chinese emperor sent an envoy to the west for teachers and books of the true religion, but this envoy, dreading the hardships and perils of the deserts, deflected his course to the south, to India, and returned with Buddhist writings and priests. In 126 A. D., a Chinese general reached the valley of the Caspian sea and carried the grapevine back to China. In 163 A. D., the Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus (An-Tun in Chinese annals) sent an embassy by sea to Kattigora in Cochinchina to procure the rich silks made by the people of the empire. The Roman merchants traveled inland to Lo Yang. A later Roman expedition to China in the reign of Theodosius, in the Eighth century, led to the culture of the silkworm in Europe.

December 25, 1862, Was a Day of Truce Along the Rappahannock

On That Christmas Day, 75 Years Ago, Blue-Clad "Yank" and Gray-Garbed "Johnny Reb," Forgetting the Recent Horror of Fredericksburg, Declared an Unofficial Armistice, and Met Between the Lines for a Friendly Exchange of Food and Other Gifts.

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CHRISTMAS DAY ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK (From a picture in "Drum-Beat of the Nation" by Charles Carleton Coffin, Courtesy, Harper and Brothers, publishers.)

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

ON EARTH, peace; good will toward men."

What an ironical sound that phrase must have to the man who, on December 25, finds himself wearing the uniform of the common soldier and engaged in war!

Perhaps, somewhere "on earth" there is "peace." But, he tells himself bitterly, it isn't here where he and his comrades in arms are demonstrating their "good will toward men" by trying to blast the spark of life from those men across the lines, who happen to be wearing a different uniform and holding allegiance to a different flag.

He realizes, of course, that he ought to hate those fellows over there and that he is doing nothing more than his "soldierly duty" in trying to kill them. And yet, somehow . . . on Christmas Day . . .

But let Private John R. Paxton, a "boy in blue" in the Army of the Potomac, speak for all such men.

The Army of the Potomac, disheartened by its many defeats and the incompetency of its commanders, is resting upon the Fal-mouth hills in Maryland. Across the Rappahannock is Gen. Robert E. Lee's Confederate army which, only two weeks earlier, had hurled General Burnside's blue-clad hosts back down the bloody slopes of Fredericksburg with such fearful losses. It is Christmas day, 1862.

Private Paxton is speaking now—(through the pages of Charles Carleton Coffin's book, "Drum-Beat of the Nation.") He says: "So this is war. And I am out here to shoot that man, looking and behaving like a looking butternut fellow over the river. So this is WAR; this is being a soldier. . . Hello, Johnny, what are you up to?"

The river was narrow but deep and swift. It was a wet cold, not a freezing cold. There was no ice, too swift for that.

"Hello, Johnny, what you coughing so for?" "Yank, with no overcoat, shoes full of holes, nothing to eat but parched corn and tobacco, and with this darned Yankee snow a foot deep, there is nothing left, NOTHING but to get up a cough by way of protestin' against infernal ill-treatment of the body. We uns, Yank, all have a cough over here, and there's no sayin' which will run us into the hole first, the cough or your bullets."

The snow still fell, keen winds, raw and fierce, cut to the bone. It was God's worst weather, in God's foulmooded, bleakest spot of ground, that Christmas of '62 on the Rappahannock, a half-mile below the town of Fredericksburg. But come, pick up your prostrate plack, you shivering private. Surely there is enough dampness around without adding to it with your tears.

"All right, you shall have some of our coffee and sugar and pork. Boys, find the boats." "Such boats! Some Yankee, desperately hungry for tobacco, invented them for trading with the Johnnies. They were hid away under the banks of the river for successive relays of pickets.

We got out the boats. An old handkerchief answered for a sail. We loaded them with coffee, sugar, pork, set the sail, and watched them slowly creep to the other shore.

And the Johnnies! To see them crowd the bank and push and scramble to be first to seize the boats, going into the water and stretching out their long arms. Then when they pulled the boats ashore, and stood in a group over the cargo, and to hear their exclamations, "Hurrah for hog!" "Say, that's not roasted eye, but genuine coffee." "Smell it, you uns. And sugar, too!"

Then they divided the consignment. They laughed and shouted. "Reckon you-uns been good to we-uns the gift you-uns gave us, Yankers." Then they put parched corn, tobacco, ripe persimmons, into the boats, and sent them back to us. And we chewed the parched corn, smoked real Virginia leaf, ate persimmons, which, if they weren't very filling, at least contracted our stomachs to the size of our Christmas dinner.

And so the day passed. We shouted, "Merry Christmas, Johnny." They shouted, "Same to you, Yank." And we forgot the biting wind, chilling cold; we forgot those men over there were our enemies, whom it might be our duty to shoot before evening.

We had bridged the river, spanned the bloody chasm. We were brothers, not foes, waving salutations of good will in the name of the Babe of Bethlehem, on Christmas day in '62. At the very front of the opposing armies the Christ Child struck a truce for us—broke down the wall of partition, became our peace. We exchanged gifts. We shouted greetings back and forth. We kept Christmas, and our hearts were lighter for it, our shivering bodies not so cold.

Nor were Private Paxton and his comrades the only soldiers along the Rappahannock who thus "kept Christmas" in 1862. In Frank Moore's collection of "Anecdotes, Poetry and Incidents of the War: North and South, 1860-1865" (published in 1866) you will find a story headed "A Singular Incident," which reads:

A soldier, writing from his camp near Fredericksburg, narrated the following, which occurred while he was on picket duty with his company: "It was Christmas day and after partaking of a Christmas dinner of salt junk and hard tack our attention was attracted by a rebel picket who hailed us from the opposite side of the river. 'I say, Yank, if a fellow goes over there, will you let him come back again?'"

Receiving an affirmative answer, he proceeded to test the truth of it by paddling himself across the river. He was decidedly the cleanest specimen of a man I ever saw. In answer to a question, he said he belonged to the

a quick trip across the Rappahannock. Night came on and those not on duty lay down on the frozen ground to dream of other Christmas nights when we knew not of war.

As the war dragged on its weary length, such armistices, inspired first by the spirit of Christmas in the winter of 1862, became increasingly common. This was especially true during the siege of Petersburg in the winter of 1864, as witness the following from H. Clay Trumbull's "War Memories of an Army Chaplain":

A man on one side or the other would hold up prominently a white handkerchief, or a sheet of white paper, as a sign of a desire for a tacit or informal truce. If it were responded to by a similar sign on the opposite side and was not at once forbidden by the officer in command it was accepted by all as binding.

Often at such times the men would jump over their rifle pits, or embankments, and meet each other peacefully between the lines, swapping coffee, of which the Union soldiers had an abundance, for tobacco, with which the Confederates were well supplied; exchanging newspapers, bartering "hard tack" for corn cake, conversing pleasantly, or bantering each other with good-natured references to their local peculiarities.

Sometimes two opponents would sit down for a friendly game of cards. A fine sense of honor prevailed in the general recognition of the sacredness of these informal and tacit truces. Men would not fire at each other, and in the close of one of these seasons, until both parties had had time to settle down to business again. If, on any occasion, an officer seemed to lack consideration

for those who were on such friendly terms, his men were quite likely to feel that their "friends, the enemy" ought to be notified of the facts under today. "Yanks, keep your heads under today. We've got an officer of the day on who wants us to be firing all the time, so look out."

One evening at the Petersburg front, several Confederate soldiers dragged a man of our brigade into their lines, the close of one of these seasons of truce; and they took him as a prisoner into the presence of their commander, Gen. Roger A. Pryor of Virginia. The Union soldier protested and told his story.

General Pryor turned to his men and asked if this was the truth. When they admitted it was, he said quietly to our man: "Go back, then, to your own lines," and he added to the captors: "Let him go back. I don't want anything of this sort in my command."

On one occasion, before Petersburg, a Union regiment from Maryland, serving with our brigade was over against a Confederate regiment from the same state. During one of these tacit truces, as the men of the two brigades were together between the lines of work, a father in the Maryland Union regiment met his son, a soldier in the Maryland Confederate regiment.

The meeting was a surprise to both, but it was an amicable one. Each soldier had been true to his own convictions. They greeted each other affectionately and talked together until the signal came for the ending of the truce, when they sprang apart, each to his own lines, and again they were over against each other in deadly conflict.

It is not difficult to understand why the Union and Confederate soldiers during the Civil war should have celebrated Christmas with an unofficial armistice. For they were men of the same blood, the same language, the same traditions and not infrequently, as in the case of the two Maryland soldiers, bound together by the ties of family relationship. So it was easy for the spirit of Christmas to effect its magic upon them.

Improved Uniform International SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By REV. HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. © Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for December 26 CHRISTIAN CONSECRATION

LESSON TEXT—Philippians 1:12-26. GOLDEN TEXT—For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.—Philippians 1:21. PRIMARY TOPIC—Our Best Friend. JUNIOR TOPIC—Answering Jesus. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Choosing a Life Purpose. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—What Christian Surrender Means.

Consecration is one of the words expressing Christian truth which has been so much used and so often misused that it has lost its savor. The writer remembers many a "consecration service" which meant nothing to those present except the fulfilling of a certain formula or program. The purpose of the meeting was excellent, but results were lacking because it had become a mere formality.

Paul the apostle knew nothing of any theory of consecration. He knew and lived and proclaimed such an abandonment of self to Christ and his cause as really required no statement in words—it was his life.

We close today a three-month series of studies in the Christian life. We began at the right point by considering "Christian Sonship," for no one can live until he is born and no one can live a Christian life until he is born again. We have considered together God's grace in keeping, renewing, guiding, blessing and commending with his own. All these precious truths call us to devote ourselves to Christ in glad and full consecration.

Men give themselves thus to the building of a fortune, to the propagation of a political or social theory, to the pursuit of an occupation or profession. The lights burn late in the research laboratory of the scientist, in the counting room of the business man, and at the political or social gathering. Why should not the Christian give himself in like measure for Christ and his holy cause?

Paul, in the verses of our lesson, shows that spirit and boldly declares that he follows Christ regardless of trying circumstance—he does so now, "in the body," not later in glory. And it matters not whether it be by life or death—"Christ shall be magnified."

I. "What Then?" (v. 18).

Paul was imprisoned for the gospel's sake. Did that stop him? No; he made the very guards who were assigned to watch him in his house into missionaries of the cross. He won each one as he took his designated period of service and sent him whole as a testimony to "the whole praetorian guard and to all the rest" (v. 13 R. V.). What a consistent and glowing Christian life he must have lived day by day.

Then, some of his Christian associates taking advantage of the fact that he was imprisoned, went out to preach just to show that they were as good as he. They made their very preaching an expression of their envy of his popularity and hoped to heap more sorrow upon him. Did he get angry and bitterly fight back? No; he thanked God that Christ was preached. We need more of that spirit in our day.

II. "In My Body."

One of the glaring fallacies of human thinking is the idea that at some favorable time in the future we shall be able to enjoy life, do mighty deeds or serve the Lord. For example parents fail to enjoy their children because they are always looking forward to the next stage of their development. The time to enjoy and help our children is now. The time to serve the Lord Jesus is now. The day will come when we shall be glorified with him, but it will then be too late to speak to our neighbors about Christ. It is in the body that we are to serve him and to glorify his name.

III. "To Live Is Christ and to Die Is Gain" (v. 21).

Humanly speaking when a matter is one of "life or death" it is a question whether death may not intervene. The hope is that this may not be the case and every effort is made to prevent it. How different with Paul. He rightly points out that to a Christian death means entering into perfect fellowship with Christ and unlimited service for him. Every human limitation will then be put aside—knowledge, service, communion, will all be perfect and complete.

He would not, however, turn away from his present privilege and duty. Since it is God's will that he should abide in the flesh he will do it in such a way as to make it literally true that to him "to live is Christ." Every life has a purpose and that ruling passion which controls and directs a life is what should be written into the sentence, "To me to live is . . ." What is it—money, position, pleasure, sin? Or is it Christ? If he is your life, then you enter into the New Year with the assurance that it will be full and satisfying, and gloriously useful.

False Accusation

A false accuser is a monster, a dangerous monster, ever and in every way malignant, and ready to seek causes of complaint.—Demosthenes.

CLASS DEPARTMENT

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Initials on Linens Stamp You as Chic

It's smart to "be personal" when marking linens, for towels, pillow slips, sheets and even personal "dainties" make known your ownership when embroidered with your very own initials. These are quickly worked in single stitch



and French knots, either in a combination of colors or the same color throughout. Pattern 1553 contains a transfer pattern of an alphabet 2 3/4 inches high, two 1 1/4 inches high and one 1/4 inch high; information for placing initials and monograms; illustrations of all stitches used.

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

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.



Backward A high school girl, seated next to a famous astronomer at a dinner party, struck up a conversation with him by asking, "What do you do in life." He replied, "I study astronomy."

"Dear me," said the girl, "I finished astronomy last year."

Eye slowness of blondes makes them less safe as drivers, is an optometrist's warning, but most men will just wink at it.

No Bearing Magistrate (a non-motorist)—The officer has stated that you used bad language when you were stopped. Motorist—Well, you see, I was in a tantrum at the time. Magistrate—The make of your car doesn't interest me in the least.

In Figures Mother-in-law—Why don't you and Nellie stop scragging? A man and his wife should be as one. Hankins—But we really are 10. Mother-in-law—How's that? Hankins—Well, in Nellie's mind she's the one and I'm the naught.

HELP KIDNEYS

To Get Rid of Acid and Poisonous Waste

Your kidneys help to keep you well by constantly filtering waste matter from the blood. If your kidneys are functionally disordered and fail to remove excess impurities, there may be poisoning of the whole system and body-wide distress.

Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of some kidney or bladder disturbance.

You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out.

In such cases it is better to rely on a medicine that has won country-wide acclaim than on something less substantially known. Use Doan's Pills. A small box of grateful people recommends Doan's. Ask your neighbor!

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COLDS and FEVER

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