Floyd Gibbons'

ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

"Playing With Dynamite"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO EVERYBODY:

The old phrase, "Playing with dynamite" has come to mean about the same thing as doing something foolhardy. That's the figurative meaning of the expression. But literally speaking, the man who monkeys around with high explosives is usually one of the unsung heroes of our age.

Over in France, twenty years ago, millions of men were playing with dynamite, and T. N. T. and just about every other explosive known. We didn't call those fellows foolhardy. In those days, it was generally considered that they were doing a brave and noble thing. This is a story of another such lad who toyed with danger in a good cause.

Herman Beaver of Chicago wasn't juggling explosives in and out of some sort of firearms over in France. He was taking an even longer chance with the dangerous stuff. On a hot day in July, 1917, he was working in a munitions plant on the northern outskirts of Milwaukee, Wis., on the banks of the upper Milwaukee river.

Grinding Salvaged Powder.

Over in France, millions of men were crouching in trenches, avoiding the explosives that the enemy was hurling at them, but Herman Beaver had no way to avoid the explosive that he was dealing with. His job was to handle the stuff—and to handle it roughly, too. He was grinding salvaged powder that came in to him in chunks and long tubes that looked like spaghetti—grinding it in a machine that looked a lot like an old-fashioned, hand-operated coffee grinder. That powder, when it had been reduced to bits, would be used to load rifle grenades.

In only one way did that machine differ from a coffee grinder.

Between the handle that he turned continuously and the hopper into which he fed the unground powder, was a steel plate fixed so as to shield his body in case anything happened while he was grinding. On this day, while Herman ground away, his eyes wandered out the window and down the row of a dozen or more wooden buildings where the work of loading the grenades was going on.

They were little better than shacks, about twenty-five by fifty feet, built about fifty feet apart, in among trees, so as to obscure the plant's

A terrible concussion threw him backward.

position from the air. Even in those days they were concerned about airplanes. Those shacks were filled with men and women, and even boys and girls—all taking long chances, to supply our soldiers with ammunition.

Blast and Deadly Flames.

But Herman wasn't thinking about the chances. The view from the window was pleasant. The trees outside swayed in a gentle breeze. "I was at peace with the world," says Herman. And then—

Without warning, there was a deafening blast. Acrid choking smoke filled the air and fire bit into Herman's flesh. He felt the earth rock beneath his feet—felt a terrible concussion that threw him backward. It happened so fast that only when he was on the floor did he realize what had happened. The powder that he was grinding had exploded.

Behind him were benches covered with pans of powder. In rapid succession they were catching fire. Then Herman saw that his own clothing, heavily saturated with powder dust, was afire too. If they had been soaked with gasoline they couldn't have burned any more furiously. "The flames shot many feet above my head," he says. "I was a living torch."

He was stunned for a moment, but he managed to stagger to his feet. His whole body one mass of flame, he ran to the door—and out of it.

By that time people were pouring out of all the buildings in the group. Herman dashed out of the door and kept right on running. He had lost all power of reasoning. All that moved him now was a blind, gripping panic. He wanted to run, and keep right on running until he dropped. And in his terror he was headed for another building—a building that was filled with powder.

"Lie Down and Roll."

If he had run into that building, this story might never have been written.

But suddenly, through his panic, he heard a voice. Out of all the shouts and yells of that mob of screaming humanity that was watching his plight, that one voice, and that alone, penetrated his consciousness. "Roll," it was shrieking. "Lie down and roll!"

Suddenly, Herman remembered. That was what he should be doing. That was the only way to save himself. He dropped to the ground and began rolling. The pain was unbearable, as burned, smarting flesh came in contact with the hard earth. He rolled over once—twice—and then he stopped. It was all he could stand. A workman ran over and tried to beat out the flames.

His apron caught fire and he stopped to tear it off. Then the superintendent ran up. He ordered the crowd back, and he himself began rolling Herman over and over. He burned his hands severely, but he stuck at the job until the fire stopped blazing.

When the flames were out, Herman's clothing—what was left of it—glowed and smouldered like one large, live coal. They rushed him into one of the shacks, sat him down on a box, and began tearing the charred cloth off his body.

"That shack was filled with powder," Herman says, "but in their excitement they never thought of that.

"There was powder in the very box I was sitting on. The Lord only knows why the whole place didn't blow up. I know I don't. And I have two large scars, one on my right hip and one on the front of my left leg, that remind me every once in a while of what a close call I had."

Nobody will ever know how that explosion started, but Herman thinks a percussion cap might have found its way into the powder he was grinding. "I was working with the lid of the grinder open," he says. "If it had been fastened down when the explosion occurred, the whole machine would have shattered to bits—and I don't believe I'd be here to tell the story."

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Silkworms Like White Mulberry

Silkworms will eat any mulberry leaf, but the white mulberry results in the finest silk. The white mulberry, a native of China, is found in many other countries. The red mulberry is a native of America.

'Ma' Has Six Meanings

In the Annamite language of southern Asia, the term "ma" has six different meanings, depending on the inflection used—young rice, but, horse, ghost, tomb and mama.

Brought End of Civil War

It was at the home of Wilmer McLean at Appomattox that General Lee and Lieutenant-General Grant signed the terms of surrender that brought the Civil war to a close.

Bird Has No Wings, Tail

The kiwi, a peculiar New Zealand bird related to the ostrich, has no visible wings or tail. Kiwis are nocturnal in habit and nest in holes. Their nostrils are at the end of a long, slender beak.

Bill Curves to the Side

The wry-billed plover of New Zealand (a stouter, more compact sandpiper), is unique in having a bill that curves to the side, a result, it is said, of searching for food around stones.

Best Man at Wedding

The custom of having a best man at a wedding originated in primitive days of marriage by capture, when the husband called his friends to assist in carrying off the bride.

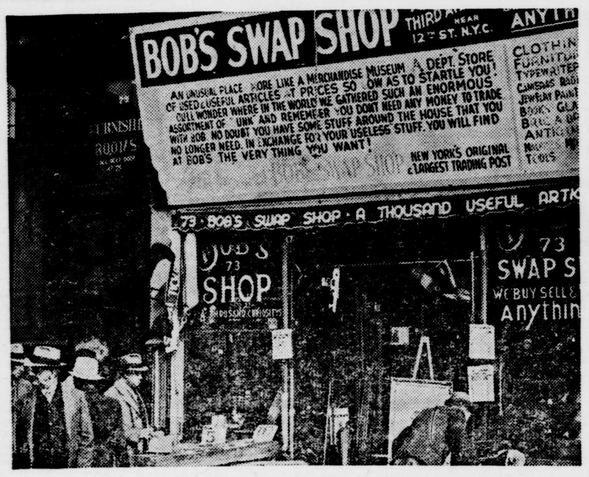
Uncle Eben on the Good Book

"What we reads in de Good Book," said Uncle Eben," we may not understand, but we know it's like de strength in yuh muscles. You's bound to be helped if you keeps on trying."

Chinese Are Real Devout

The Chinese have no idea of vicarious sacrifice; the offerings to their supreme deity are like the precious objects, raiment and foods, which are set forth in ancestral worship.

A Modern Trading Post



Bob's swap shop will trade you a set of chipped dishes for an alarm clock that ticks when lying face down (only), for 15 cents in cash or almost anything else. Here, where the economic system is reduced to ultimate simplicity, reigns Bob, New York's most enthusiastic tradesman.

Everybody is "My good man" to Bob. Here a youngster would like to swap a baseball bat and glove (the season having ended) for a movie projector.

Bob and his wife live to a great extent on due bills, having eaten for a month in a restaurant in exchange for 50 chairs.

The gentleman would like a coat and a pair of pants for a radio. Bob is obliging. "Eventually," he says, "there's a customer for everything, clothing, ice boxes, sheet music, canoes, skis, white mice, pulp magazines and musical instruments."

DENMARK UNCOVERS HISTORIC SHIP

Denmark has discovered its first Viking ship grave.

The place where the ship lies, in a cornfield near the sea, has been roofed over and made an exhibit.

The unknown Viking, thus brought into the spotlight, was perhaps one of the Danes who harried Britain and other European lands, in wild voyages of adventure. He lived about 950 A. D. in the time of that quaintly named king, Harold Bluetooth.

When this unknown Viking died, his ship was dragged up from the sea to a high place. His favorite horses and dogs were brought on board and slain. Attendants came laden with the Viking's weapons and articles he might need on the mysterious voyages of the future world.

Dancing in Divine Worship

Dancing has had a part in divine worship in every religion in history, and sacred dances, says Collier's Weekly, have an important place in the religious ceremonies of the Hindus, Moslems and many pagan tribes.

Really Was a Flood

Prehistoric research shows there really was a flood, but the Scriptures give the only account of Noah's ark.

Service for Broken Dolls

Every year priests of the Tohoku temple in Sugamo, Tokyo, hold services for the broken dolls of the children of Japan. The ceremonies are solemnly attended by the "parents" of the shattered toys. Another unique service is that held for broken needles.

Free Speech

If you want to hear free speech, go among the humble who nobody punishes for what they say.

AT EVENING TIME

By Madeline A. Chaffee

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The "Briny Toyshop" was closed for the day. Its tiny show window still displayed an enticing array of delightful playthings, but the latch was hard down on the door, and its little lady proprietress had retired to her favorite low rocker by a rear window facing the sea.

The most persistent youth in the small sea-faring village rattled the door, but in vain. Miss Matilda Bell did not even hear.

There seemed more than ordinary magic in the glowing spell cast by the sun at this close of day. The old-fashioned garden sloping to the rocky shore seemed a fairy place. The sea was many-hued, dusky, wondrous, and its melody came pleasantly to Miss Matilda. There were dreams in Miss Matilda's eyes as she watched; not the happy, hopeful dreams of youth, but the deeper, sadder dreams of one who has lived long.

Miss Matilda was so much a part of her surroundings that she had ceased to notice them in detail. Her mind had flown back nearly 50 years, to the time when she had not the faintest thought of ever being a little, elderly, sweet-faced lady sitting by herself in the twilight.

To the time when she was a young, adventurous girl pledging her troth to a dashing young naval officer. Even now her eyes grew dim as the memories came drifting in on the breeze. Dream pictures blotted out the garden, the rocks, the sea itself, and Miss Matilda felt herself in the arms of her young lover, so tender, so dear—

And he had sailed away, full of hope and happy anticipations of the day when he should return to make her his wife. Miss Matilda's eyes blurred. That day had never come. There had been a fire aboard the ship—and the young officer, who belonged heart and soul to Matilda Bell, had given his life for another.

Years had taken away that first tragic grief, but Miss Matilda had loved too deeply to forget. How she wished she had been with him! Sometimes he seemed to speak to her in the voice of the sea, and she would say that she was coming—some day soon, very soon—coming to be with him. Dreams like theirs could not die. Surely, somewhere, somehow, they would come true.

On the rocks below Miss Matilda's cottage two figures were silhouetted against the dull red sky.

"But, dear girl"—the man's voice was tender, serious—"you don't know what the life is. I do—and I wouldn't condemn any woman to it, least of all—you. It will be a torture without you—but it wouldn't be fair to take you."

The girl's straight, sweet gaze held his steadily.

"But, Tom, don't you see I want to go? It may be years before you come back. Our marriage-that-is-to-be is going to be true partnership, Tommy boy, and it must begin by my going to South America with you now. I can face anything—with you!"

The two silhouettes suddenly converged into one as Tom said huskily:

"Bless you, sweetheart, you're coming with me. We'll play the game of life squarely—together."

And up in the little dusky window above the garden, with the sea still crooning a low love song, Miss Matilda had come into her own.

Statistical Father Kept Count—Vowed 'Enough'

Mother wanted to spend Saturday afternoon shopping, and father—a statistician—reluctantly agreed to abandon his golf and spend the afternoon with the three small and energetic children.

When mother returned father handed her this:

Dried tears—9 times.

Tied shoes—13 times.

Toy balloons purchased—3 per child.

Average life of balloon—12 seconds.

Cautioned children not to cross street—21 times.

Children insisted on crossing street—21 times.

Number of Saturdays father will do this again—0.

Wise and Otherwise

—v—

"A child must have a chance to express its ideas," says a psychologist. Yes, but not on plain wallpaper!

"Girls were quicker in their movements eighty years ago," says a writer. They got a bustle on then.

"And they call America the land of free speech," said the disgusted Scot when the telephone operator told him to put a nickel in the box.

The best husbands are those who marry young. If a man waits till he has money it hurts more to pay it out.

Animal Needs Wheels

In Asia, Barbary and South Africa there is found a sheep which grows an amazing fat tail. The enormous tails are due to an accumulation of fat carried there. They may be as long as the animal itself, and often weigh up to 80 pounds.

The natives greatly esteem the tail as a delicacy, and to protect it from injury by dragging along the ground, as well as to relieve the poor sheep of its weight, the tail is fastened to a small trolley, and as the animal grazes it trundles its tail along behind. In times of drouth when food is scarce, the fat from the tail is slowly absorbed into the body, and in this way acts as a store of food.

CONTINUED BY POPULAR REQUEST

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The Firestone VOICE OF THE FARM Radio Program

REQUESTS for reprints of the interviews between Everett Mitchell and Champion Farmers evidenced so great an interest that these entertaining and instructive programs will be resumed beginning the week of August 14.

In addition to the interviews conducted by Everett Mitchell the Firestone Orchestra and quartette complete a pleasant and instructive fifteen minute program.

The list of stations with days and times over which the broadcasts can be heard appear below.

TWICE WEEKLY AT THE NOON HOUR

City	Station	Kilocycles	Days	Time
Abilene	KFBI	1050	Wed. & Fri.	11:30 A.M. CST
Amarillo	KGNC	1410	Tue. & Thur.	11:30 A.M. CST
Atlanta	WSB	740	Tue. & Thur.	12:45 P.M. CDST
Bakersfield	KPMC	1550	Tue. & Thur.	12:15 P.M. PST
Baltimore	WBAL	1060	Tue. & Thur.	12:30 P.M. EDST
Billings	KGHL	780	Tue. & Thur.	12:30 P.M. MST
Birmingham	WBRC	930	Wed. & Fri.	12:15 P.M. CST
Bismarck	KFYR	550	Wed. & Fri.	12:30 P.M. CST
Boise	KIDO	1350	Wed. & Fri.	12:30 P.M. CST
Boston	WBZ	990	Wed. & Fri.	12:15 P.M. EDST
Buffalo	WBEN	900	Tue. & Thur.	12:15 P.M. EDST
Burlington	WCAX	1200	Tue. & Thur.	12:45 P.M. EDST
Charlotte	WBT	1080	Tue. & Thur.	12:00 N. EST
Chicago	WLS	870	Tue. & Thur.	12:15 P.M. CDST
			{Saturday}	12:30 P.M. CDST
Cincinnati	WLW	700	{Sunday}	2:00 P.M. CDST
Clay Center	KMMJ	740	Tue. & Thur	11:45 A.M. CST
Cleveland	WTAM	1070	Tue. & Thur.	11:00 A.M. EST
Corpus Christi	KRIS	1330	Tue. & Thur.	12:00 N. CST
Dallas	WFAA	800	Tue. & Thur.	12:15 P.M. CST
Des Moines	WHO	1000	Tue. & Thur.	12:15 P.M. CST
Detroit	WJR	750	Wed. & Fri.	1:00 P.M. EST
Dodge City	KGNO	1340	Mon. & Wed.	12:15 P.M. CST
El Centro	KXO	1500	Tue. & Thur.	12:30 P.M. PST
El Paso	KTSM	1310	Tue. & Thur.	12:45 P.M. CST
Eugene	KORE	1420	Tue. & Thur.	1:00 P.M. PST
Fargo	WDAY	940	Wed. & Fri.	12:15 P.M. CST
Fresno	KMJ	580	Wed. & Fri.	12:30 P.M. PST
Ft. Wayne	WOWO	1160	Wed. & Fri.	12:45 P.M. CDST
Gainesville	WRUF	830	Wed. & Fri.	11:30 A.M. EST
Great Falls	KFBB	1280	Tue. & Thur.	1:00 P.M. MST
Greeley	KFKA	880	Wed. & Fri.	12:15 P.M. MST
Hartford	WTIC	1040	Tue. & Thur.	1:15 P.M. EDST
Hot Springs	KTHS	1060	Wed. & Fri.	12:15 P.M. CST
Houston	KPRC	920	Tue. & Thur.	12:15 P.M. CST
Indianapolis	WIRE	1400	Wed. & Fri.	11:30 A.M. CST
Kansas City	KMBC	950	Tue. & Thur.	12:15 P.M. CST
Klamath Falls	KFJI	1210	Mon. & Wed.	12:00 N. PST
LaCrosse	WKBH	1380	Wed. & Fri.	11:45 A.M. CST
Little Rock	KLRA	1390	Wed. & Fri.	12:15 P.M. CST
Lubbock	KFYO	1410	Wed. & Fri.	11:45 A.M. CST
Medford	KMED	1410	Wed. & Fri.	12:35 P.M. PST
Memphis	WREC	600	Wed. & Fri.	12:15 P.M. CST
Miami	WQAM	560	Wed. & Fri.	12:45 P.M. EST
Milwaukee	WTMJ	620	Tue. & Thur.	12:30 P.M. CST
Minneapolis	WCCO	810	Wed. & Fri.	12:45 P.M. CST
Nashville	WSM	650	Tue. & Thur.	12:30 P.M. CST
Newark	WOR	710	Mon. & Fri.	12:15 P.M. EDST
New Orleans	WWL	850	Wed. & Fri.	12:30 P.M. CST
Oklahoma City	WKY	900	Tue. & Thur.	12:00 N. CST
Omaha	WOW	590	Wed. & Fri.	12:00 N. CST
Phoenix	KTAR	620	Tue. & Thur.	10:30 A.M. MST
Pittsburgh	KDKA	980	Wed. & Fri.	12:30 P.M. EDST
Plattsburg	WMFF	1310	Mon. & Thur.	12:15 P.M. EDST
Pocatello	KSEI	900	Wed. & Fri.	12:45 P.M. MST
Presque Isle	WAGM	1420	Tue. & Thur.	11:45 A.M. EDST
Pueblo	KGHF	1320	Tue. & Thur.	12:15 P.M. MST
Richmond	WRVA	1110	Tue. & Thur.	12:30 P.M. EST
Rochester, Minn.	KROC	1310	Tue. & Thur.	12:30 P.M. CST
Rapid City	KOBH	1370	Wed. & Fri.	12:00 N. MST
Salem	KSLM	1370	Wed. & Fri.	12:35 P.M. PST
San Antonio	WOAI	1190	Tue. & Thur.	12:00 N. CST
San Bernardino	KFXM	1210	Tue. & Thur.	12:45 P.M. PST
San Francisco	KPO	680	Mon. & Thur.	1:00 P.M. PST
Santa Ana	KVOE	1500	Wed. & Fri.	11:45 A.M. PST
Schenectady	WGY	790	Sat. & Sun.	12:15 P.M. EDST
Scottsbluff	KGKY	1500	Tue. & Thur.	7:15 P.M. MST
Shreveport	KWKH	1100	Wed. & Fri.	12:30 P.M. CST
Sioux Falls	KSOO	1110	Wed. & Fri.	12:30 P.M. CST
Spokane	KHQ	590	Tue. & Thur.	7:15 A.M. PST
Springfield, Ill.	WCBS	1420	Mon. & Wed.	12:45 P.M. CST
Springfield, Mo.	KGBX	1230	Wed. & Fri.	12:00 N. CST
Springfield, Mass.	WBZA	990	Wed. & Fri.	12:15 P.M. EDST
St. Joseph	KFEQ	680	Wed. & Fri.	12:20 P.M. CST
St. Louis	KMOX	1090	Wed. & Fri.	1:00 P.M. CST
St. Petersburg	WSUN	620	Tue. & Thur.	12:45 P.M. EST
Syracuse	WSYR	570	Tue. & Thur.	12:30 P.M. EST
Tulsa	KVOO	1140	Wed. & Fri.	11:45 A.M. CST
Twin Falls	KTFI	1240	Tue. & Thur.	1:15 P.M. MST
Weslaco	KRGV	1260	Tue. & Thur.	12:00 N. CST
Wichita	KFH	1300	Mon. & Wed.	12:30 P.M. CST
Wilmington	WDEL	1120	Wed. & Fri.	12:30 P.M. EDST
Yankton	WNAX	570	Wed. & Fri.	11:45 A.M. CST
York	WORK	1320	Wed. & Fri.	12:30 P.M. CDST

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