ADVENTUROUS AMERICANS

By

Elmo Scott Watson

'Old Put'

MOST Americans think of Israel Putnam as the New England hero of two thrilling escapes. One was during the French and Indian war when a providential rainstorm put out the fire which the savages had kindled to torture him. The other was during the Revolution when he avoided capture by the British by riding his horse at breakneck speed down a long flight of stone steps. But these were only a few of "Old Put's" adventures.

During his busy life he saw action on many fronts—from Montreal in the north to Havana in the south and from Boston in the east to Detroit in the west. They began in 1755 when he served under Sir William Johnson against the French; they continued when he enrolled in Rogers' Rangers in 1758, was captured by the Indians, sent to Canada as a prisoner and freed by exchange the next year.

Then he accompanied a British naval expedition against France's allies, the Spanish, in Cuba, where he was in the thick of the fight when the English stormed Morro Castle.

He had hardly returned home when Pontiac's war broke out in 1763 and he accompanied Colonel Bradstreet on the expedition to raise the Indian siege of Detroit. In 1772 he was a member of the Company of Military Adventurers who visited the Lower Mississippi and West Florida to look over lands promised the Colonials who had served in the French and Indian war. Nothing came of this so Putnam returned home in time to become one of the heroes of the Battle of Bunker Hill.

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Navajo Bill

THE Navajoes were holding a fire dance. White men were not welcome at this important ceremonial so there were hostile mutterings among the young braves when they saw a "pale-face" looking on. Suddenly a young buck, his face distorted with a frenzy of hate, dashed out of the circle of dancers and, brandishing a long knife, bounded toward the white man.

But before he had time to strike, a lariat shot out from a group of Indians near by, settled over the young brave's shoulders and jerked him to the ground where he was soon trussed up so tight that he could not move. The lariat had been thrown by the great chief, Manuelito, and he had thus saved the life of his good friend, Dr. W. N. Wallace, otherwise known as "Navajo Bill."

Wallace served in an Indiana regiment in the Civil war, then went west. He landed in Portland, Ore., where he became a doctor and practiced his profession until tuberculosis forced him to go to Arizona. There he became acquainted with the Navajoes.

One day a little Indian girl fell into a campfire and was badly burned. The skill of the "white medicine man" saved her from becoming a cripple and from that time on his position among the Navajoes was secure. They adopted him into the tribe, gave him a Navajo name and he became a close friend of the great Manuelito. It was that friendship which saved his life at the fire dance.

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The Mad Poet

TWO months before McDonald Clarke died he wrote this autobiography: "Begotten among the orange groves, on the wild mountains of Jamaica, West Indies. Born in Bath on the Kennebec River, State of Maine, 18th. June, 1798. 1st. Love, Mary H. of New London; last Love, Mary G. of New York; intermediate sweethearts without number. No great compliment to the greatest Poet in America—should like the change tho'; had to pawn my Diamond Ring (the gift of a lady) and go tick at Delmonico's for Dinner. So much for the greatest Poet of America."

If that sounds a bit "goofy" to you, it's no more so than much of the poetry he wrote. That's why he was called "The Mad Poet." At the beginning of the Nineteenth century he was "constantly seen on Broadway, his blue coat and military bearing, enhanced by his marked profile, making him a conspicuous and striking figure. It was his hobby to fall in line with all the belles of the city and to commemorate their beauties and worth in verse. However well-meant these effusions on the part of the poet they were annoying. His poems helped to support him, but the number of editions and present scarcity show that he must have eked out the revenue necessary to supply his humble wants, by subscriptions or the charity of publishers and friends."

From 1820 to 1841 he issued eight books of poems. Then the "Mad Poet's" adventure in living came to a tragic close on March 5, 1842. A policeman found him on the street in a destitute and apparently demented condition and took him to jail for safekeeping. The next morning he was found drowned by water from an open faucet!

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Durazzo

Durazzo is a port of the kingdom of Albania. It was founded as Epiamnus at the close of the Seventh century B. C. Quarrels over its ownership led to the Peloponnesian war of 431 B. C. It changed hands many times before Albania was created in 1913.

Language of Lithuanians

The language of the Lithuanians is believed to approach more closely to ancient Sanskrit than any other living tongue.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

BIG TOP Speed tells the boss plenty about the elephant's mistreatment. By ED WHEELAN

LALA PALOOZA —A Pair of Shiners for Professor Zeero By RUBE GOLDBERG

S'MATTER POP— Genuine Eskimo Test By C. M. PAYNE

MESCAL IKE By S. L. HUNTLEY — **A New Jail Scandal**

POP— Better Than Medicine By J. MILLAR WATT

'KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES' —More Disturbing News By POP MOMAND

Curse of Progress

CURE

Voice over phone—I can't sleep, Doctor. Can you do anything for me?

Doctor—Hold the phone and I'll sing you a lullaby.

They Do at Home

Teacher—Some fish swim long, long distances. Can you name one?

Pupil—There's the goldfish that swims all the way around the globe.

A New Model

Visitor—What make is your grandson's new car?

Old Lady—I think I heard him say it was a Wow.

Unexpected Turn

"How is your wife coming with her driving?"

"Not so good. She took a turn for the worse last week."

Still at It

An historian says that women used cosmetics in the middle ages.

They still use cosmetics in the middle ages.

FOLKS NEXT DOOR By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

A Little Bit Humorous

YUM! YUM!

Fulton Oursler passes along the tale of a tough customer who stormed into a barroom, ordered a Manhattan cocktail, tossed it off and chewed up the glass. He ordered three more cocktails, downed them in turn and chewed up each glass. Then he wheeled on a meek citizen standing beside him peacefully sipping a glass of beer:

"What are you looking at! What's it to you?"

"Nothing," the humble citizen replied, "I just wondered why you leave the stems. That's the best part."

Reckless Spending

A husband and wife were having a bitter discussion about who was the more extravagant.

"You accuse me of reckless extravagance," said he scornfully. "When did I ever make a useless purchase?"

"Well," said she, "there's the fire extinguisher you bought last year. We never used it once, not once."

SUBSTITUTE

"Did you get an imported hat this year?"

"No, I only got a foreign label for the lining."

At the Sales Conference

Sales Manager—Now, gentlemen, in closing, let me repeat the words of Webster.

Salesman—Come on, fellows, let's go. He's starting in on the dictionary.

Water Sprite

Girl—You can swim, can't you?

Smart Boy—Only at times.

Girl—What times?

Smart Boy—When I'm in the water.

Flavoring

"Sugar?"

"No, thank you."

"Then what do you like with your tea?"

"Gossip."

If You Want to Know

Mr. White—When I was your age, I thought nothing of chopping wood all day.

Oliver—I don't think so much of the idea myself.

Considerate

Student—I don't think I deserve a zero.

Professor—Neither do I, but it's the lowest mark I'm allowed to give. —Hartford Courant.

Skip It!

"Quick, Ruggles, bring me some brandy, her ladyship's fainted."

"Yes, your lordship, but what shall I bring her ladyship?"—Tit-Bits magazine.

Thoughtful Betty

Teacher—Betty, spell bird cage.

Betty—B-I-R-D hyphen C-A-G-E.

Teacher—Why the hyphen?

Betty—For the bird to sit on.

Very Neat

Customer—I thought I saw some soup on the bill of fare.

Waiter—There was some, but I wiped it off.

ANIMATED GHOSTS

"Smith has moved away from that house he was living in. He says it was haunted."

"And so it was. His creditors were hanging around there day and night."

It Comes With Time

Elderly Sister—So Mr. Goldkatch said I had teeth like pearls? And what did you say?

Young Brother—O nothing; except that you were gradually getting used to them.

All in a Nutshell

"Do you understand this building-loan scheme?"

"Sure! They build you a house and you pay so much a month. By the time you are thoroughly dissatisfied with the place, it's yours."

Intuition

"Do you depend on woman's intuition?"

"No," said Miss Cayenne. "When I have important responsibilities I look for someone who knows more than I do and take the benefit of as much tuition as possible."

Persistent

Visitor—I suppose they ask a lot for the rent of this sumptuous apartment.

Hostess—Yes, they asked Harold seven times last month.