Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

"Wild Night Afloat"

HELLO EVERYBODY:

You know, sometimes Old Lady Adventure puts you through the paces in a second or two, and then lets up on you.

I've told you boys and girls a couple of yarns, at least, that didn't last more than five or six seconds at the most. But there are also times when the old girl with the thrill bag seems to take delight in teasing her victims, as a cat would tease a mouse—tossing one bit of hard luck after another at them, until she has them worn down and ready to quit.

Floyd Smith of Chicago could tell you a yarn like that. A tale of terror for hours on end. And as a matter of fact, Floyd will tell you that story. For we've got him here with us at the Adventurers' campfire tonight and he's all ready to go.

It's a story of the World war—and, incidentally, Floyd wants me to announce that if any of the three fellows who went through it with him should read this story—well—he sure hopes they'll drop him a line.

The scene of this yarn is Brest, France, where Floyd was attached to the U. S. naval air station. He was one of a crew of four on a speed boat—the type of craft that is known as a gig in the navy—and it was one day in August, 1918, that the gig and its crew was sent out for an all-night battle with Old Lady Adventure.

Men Ordered Taken Off Pensacola.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening when the officer of the day brought their orders. The U. S. S. Pensacola had weighed anchor a short time before and was putting out to sea. Aboard her was a 15-man detail from the air station, which had been helping to unload the ship. They were to have been taken off before the Pensacola sailed, but the orders had been mixed up, and there they were, getting a ride they were never intended to have. The gig's orders were to catch the Pensacola and take the men off.

Says Floyd: "We took out after the ship, which was already in the narrow channel that leads from the bay to the open sea. In about 10 minutes we were a hundred yards astern of the Pensacola, when suddenly our motor quit. Well—it goes without saying that we did not catch the Pensacola. As luck would have it the tide was going out, and it swept us out to sea."

The water out there was too deep for the anchor line, so they kept right on drifting. It was growing dark by that time, so no one ashore saw their predicament. With no means to stop the boat from drifting,

"We were a hundred yards astern of the Pensacola, when suddenly our motor quit."

those four lads worked frantically, trying to get the motor started again, but they only made matters worse. They ran the batter down and then they were left without lights.

The Gig Drifts Slowly Out to Sea.

"Ey this time," says Floyd, "it was pitch dark and it had started to rain. There was nothing to do but drift, so we drifted."

And under that casual statement, there lies a world of terror. Those four lads—every one of them—knew what it meant to drift out to sea. If they were lucky they might be picked up by a passing steamer. But on the other hand, it was all too easy to drift unsighted for days on end, and finally perish of thirst and exposure.

"We drifted until about 2 a. m.," Floyd says, "and then the sea began to get rough and we really had something to worry about, for there were mine fields all about the entrance of the harbor and we figured we had drifted into them. The mines were moored 12 feet below the surface, but with the high swells bobbing us up and down, we stood a good chance of hitting one of them. We began holding our breaths."

About an hour later, they sighted a blinker light—and that was the signal for more panic.

"It was too high to be on a ship," says Floyd, "so it must have been on a cliff. Were we going to be washed against this cliff? We all prepared for the worst. We put on life preservers and let out the anchor. But the anchor didn't hold. The boat still drifted. After a while we had drifted to a place where we could see lights in the distance. Could it be true that we were in the channel, heading back toward Brest?"

Boat Drifts Back to Starting Point.

And that's just where they were. The boat had drifted right back to where it had started.

Luck? Sure, it was. But those lads still had the worst of their adventure to go through. Back on shore, someone had spotted them. The blinker on the cliff was signaling, but in a code they couldn't understand.

"Would they open fire on us?" says Floyd. "That's what we were afraid of. They kept searchlights on us until we were half way through the channel, and then we saw a swift-moving vessel coming in our direction. When it got with a hundred yards of us I could see that it was a torpedo boat. Its searchlight beamed on us, and it came straight for us."

Straight at them it came—full speed ahead, and with no intention of stopping. It just grazed the stern of the boat—but with a force that spun it around and almost knocked its four occupants overboard.

"By the time we had come to our senses," says Floyd, "it had turned and was coming back to take another ram at us. All four of us began yelling at the top of our lungs, 'Americans—Americans!'"

The boat came on. It came within a few feet of the gig, and then, suddenly, it turned sharply aside. The boys kept right on yelling, "Americans," then from the French torpedo boat came the answer, "Oui, oui."

"We told them our engine had broken down," says Floyd, "and they said they thought we were a German submarine. They towed us back to our station, and when we were ashore again we all agreed it was one night we would long remember."

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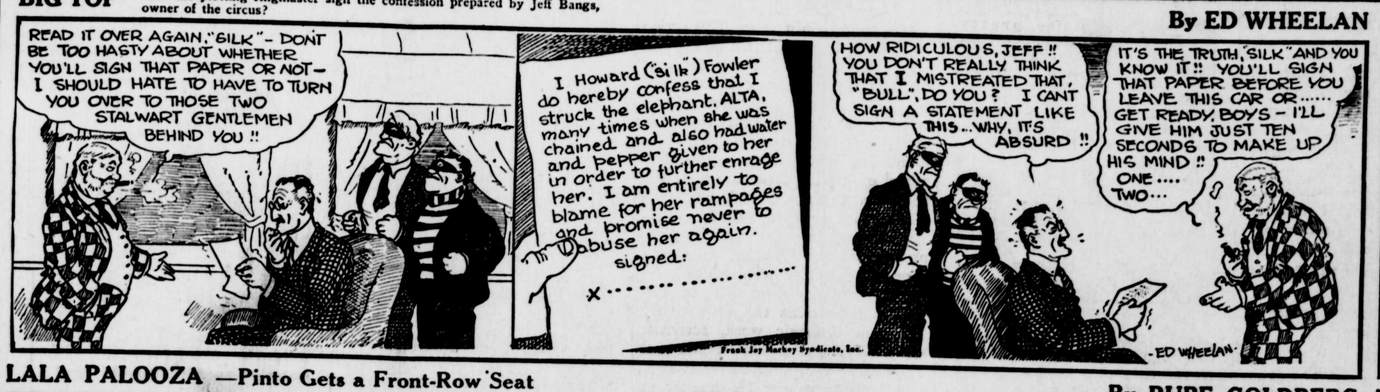
THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

BIG TOP Will the plotting ringmaster sign the confession prepared by Jeff Bangs, owner of the circus?

By ED WHEELAN



LALA PALOOZA —Pinto Gets a Front-Row Seat

By RUBE GOLDBERG

S'MATTER POP— Offer Accepted

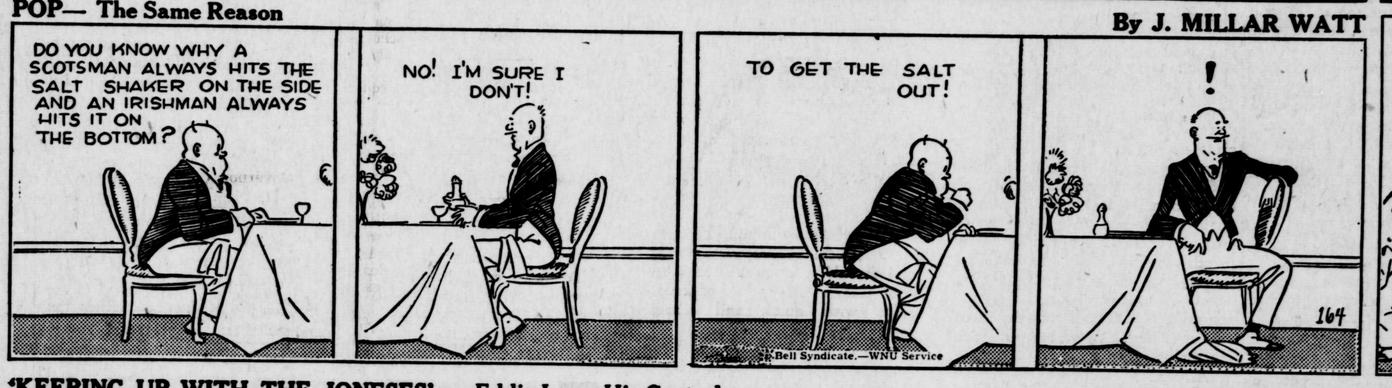
By C. M. PAYNE

MESCAL IKE By S. L. HUNTLEY

As If We Wouldn't Know

POP— The Same Reason

By J. MILLAR WATT



'KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES'— Eddie Loses His Control

By POP MOMAND

Hay-Pauncefort Treaty Protects the Panama Canal

The Panama canal was built by the U. S. and is owned and controlled by this country. Both American and foreign vessels using it pay tolls for the privilege. The United States by treaty with the republic of Panama has a perpetual lease of the Canal Zone and has exclusive control of it. According to the terms of the Hay-Pauncefort treaty of 1901, which prepared the way for its construction, the canal "shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations observing these rules, on terms of entire equality." The treaty stipulates that a belligerent's war vessels may have transit through the canal with the least possible delay and without taking on stores or troops. Panama has no right to take possession of the canal and is not likely to undertake to gain it by force.

Confederate Generals

The eight "full generals" in the Confederate army were Robert E. Lee, Albert Sidney Johnston, Joseph E. Johnston, Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard, Braxton Bragg, Edmund Kirby Smith, John B. Hood and Samuel Cooper.

Signers Die

Two signers of the Declaration of Independence died on an anniversary of the historic date of signing, July 4.

Little Belgium

Belgium is smaller than our state of Maryland, and two Belgiums could be accommodated in Illinois; hence it is an ideal vacation land for those Americans who want to see much of a European country with very little travel.

Lowest Point

The lowest point in Switzerland is the shore of Lake Maggiore, which is about 650 feet above sea level, while the bottom of the lake itself is 575 feet below sea level.

Cheerful News

EMOTIONAL LUGGAGE

"I had to pay cash before they'd give me the hotel room—said my baggage was too emotional."

"It was what?"

"Emotional, see? Easily moved."

Not a Record

"Darling, how nice of you to buy me a gramophone record."

"That's not a record. I'm afraid I burnt your birthday cake a little."

Got Her Man

Bride—Did I look fidgety during the ceremony?

Bridesmaid—No, darling, not after Jack said "I do."

Ask for Appointment

Servant—The doctor is here to see you, sir.

Absent-Minded Professor (in bed)—Tell him I can't see him. I'm ill.

Snapper (1915)

"I can always tell the age of a fowl by the teeth."

"Gwan—fowls ain't got no teeth."

"No, but I have."

FOLKS NEXT DOOR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS