

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Odessa



SMATTER POP—Pop Has All the Answers

By C. M. PAYNE



MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY

Otherwise He'd Move Out



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin

No Use Talking



"REG'LAR FELLERS"

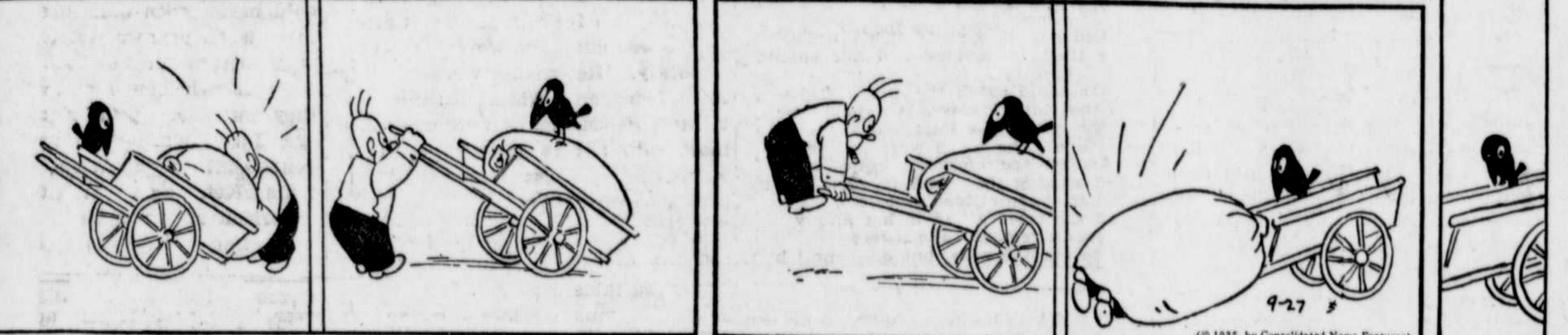
Perfect Team Work



ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES

An Overload

By O. JACOBSSON



BRONC PEELER Introducing B. Oliver Withers

By FRED HARMAN



WRIGLEY'S



IODINE



THE BIB

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



FLOYD GIBBONS
 Adventurers' Club
Hello, Everybody!

"The Ghost of the Piano"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
 Famous Headline Hunter.

YOU know, boys and girls, every time I make up my mind that there are no such things as ghosts, somebody comes along with a story that makes me just a bit doubtful.

Now it's Richard Bouker who throws the monkey wrench into my supernatural musings. Let's go along with Dick and see what happened to him that wet December night in 1932.

Dick was a member of the CCC—Civilian Conservation corps, camp 287, located at Speedwell, Tenn., when he had the greatest thrill of his life. He had been in town, 15 miles from camp, and had missed the camp truck and was faced with the necessity of walking the long, weary miles back to camp.

Now Dick says that taking a long hike with the stiff shoes the government issues to the workers is not so hot. But he had limped along about five miles of his way before things began to get serious. It was long after sundown and he was hungry, tired and sleepy and the dreary prospect of ten long, weary miles over the sloping hills of northeastern Tennessee was pretty discouraging.

Then it began to rain. Big drops fell at first, but before Dick had gone another half mile it came down in sheets. He looked around him for shelter. No friendly lights glimmered through the rain in this desolate stretch of country, but a little off the road Dick stumbled onto a deserted cabin and, pushing upon the sagging door, he went inside.

The Storm Almost Came In With Dick.

Dick says he just made the cabin in time because as he stepped inside, the storm broke in all its fury. A crash of thunder startled him with its ear-splitting suddenness and the flash of lightning that followed seemed to come right into the dust-ridden cabin after him.

But, at least, he had shelter and he started to look around him as well as he could. The cabin, though obviously deserted for years, still held some signs of human habitation. As he groped through the darkness, he bumped into a large piece of furniture that seemed to take up most of the room. He explored it with his hands and to his surprise found it to be—of all things—a grand piano!

In the flashes of lightning, Dick could see that the instrument was in a sorry condition. The ivory tops of the keys had long since disappeared, but otherwise it stood there like a silent sentinel guarding the spirit of that departed artistic soul who had brought such a fine instrument into this desolate country.

A New Kind of Canopy for the Weary Traveler.

But Dick was not in a mood to conjecture about what happened to the owner of the piano. His ideas were more practical. The roof was leaking



Strange, Eerie Music Came From the Old Piano.

steadily and the wide spread of the grand piano made an excellent cover for his tired body. He climbed under it and, exhausted as he was, was soon fast asleep.

Sleep! What a panacea for all our ills! Outside the storm howled, the rain beat a ceaseless tattoo against the grimy window panes, the wind shrieked through the trees and the thunder and lightning roared and flashed, as though furious at the loss of their human victim.

How long Dick slept he does not know, but he does know that the thing that awakened him was not a part of the storm. He opened his eyes slowly to the sound of strange, eerie music coming from the old piano!

Maybe It Was Pretty—but He Wasn't in the Mood.

Well, there's nothing that should frighten anyone in the sound of a piano and yet, as he lay there trying to pierce the darkness with his eyes, Dick says he could feel the hair on the back of his neck actually rise in horror. At first he thought he was dreaming, but the music—if you could call it that—was real.

For the life of him, Dick can't explain why he knew no living person was before that keyboard. But he says he did know it. He wanted to reach out and feel the feet that should be near the pedals. But he was afraid of what he might not find!

He lay there breathlessly instead—waiting for a lightning flash to prove what he already knew. The lightning flash came and Dick's worst fears were realized.

Curiosity Conquers Over Ghostly Fear.

And yet the music went on. It sounded, Dick says, as though a little child were practicing. Curiosity overcame his fear. He drew a lone match out of his pocket and struck it. As the tiny flame lit up the dim shadows the music suddenly ceased. The match flickered so in his shaking hands that it was hard to see but, even in that poor light, he saw something that made him drop the match in sudden terror.

A pair of eyes—a few feet from his face—stared fixedly at him!

Wham! Dick went out that rickety door like a bat out of Hades! He forgot all about his sore feet and the rain and the storm and everything. All he wanted was camp and the company of something human. Came the morning and a group of CCC workers to investigate the Ghost of the Piano. They were hard boiled in the bright sunshine and, by golly, they brought the ghost right back with them!

Yes, sir, that ghost me-owed when they found her so they brought her back to camp and made her the mascot and you just ought to see that ghost punish a dish of cream.

And that, boys and girls, is the story of how the "Ghost of the Piano" became another version of the "Klitten on the Keys."

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Soothing Pipe's History
 Dates to Indian in 1526

It is often assumed that briar pipes are made from the wood or root of the briar rose. This is not so; they are made from the root of the Mediterranean heath bruyere, where St. Raphael is the center. The word "briar" is really a corruption of "bruyere," according to a writer in London Tit-Bits.

Pipes have a long history. The first mention of inhaling smoke by the Indian was in 1526; the method was a forked cane, the double end being inserted in the nostrils while the other end was held over the burning herb.

From that they changed to the clay pipe, not unlike the ones used in modern times, only very much smaller, and the smoke was expelled through the nostrils to obtain the full narcotic benefit of the expensive herb. Other pipes that were used were the "Pipes of Peace." These were passed round the warriors in order of their rank and age. Also the Indian "War Pipe," which had the bowl protruding from one end of the ax. These were the

earliest types smoked by the North American Indians.

Here are some examples of pipes enjoyed by other nations. The Laplanders used thin iron and walrus teeth. The West coast tribes of Africa used soapstone, which is a soft substance, easily carved and molded, and unaffected by heat. In India and Persia, hookahs, which look somewhat like a coffee percolator at first sight, are popular. Turkey uses much the same thing, but they have another type with a very long stem, the bottom of which is shaped like a foot to allow it to rest on the ground while smoking.

Peanut, Burrowing Bean

The peanut is often called the burrowing bean, because after the flower fades the plant stems bend over from a height of about 18 inches and, like an ostrich hiding his head, bury the pods in the ground to mature. In the late summer and autumn the nuts are thrown out of the ground with a digger, and then dried in piles of stacks for four to six weeks. Thrashing machines remove the pods from the vines,