

Floyd Gibbons

Adventurers' Club

Hello Everybody!



"A Bum Steer"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

YOU know, there was a time when wild animals roamed the spot where New York city stands now. Authorities differ on exactly when that was, though. The historians say it was a couple hundred years ago, while Anthony E. Di Lorenzo of The Bronx, N. Y., says it was in 1923.

And of the two, I'd take Tony Di Lorenzo's word before I would the historians'. Those doggone historians are only talking from hearsay, but Tony was on the spot, and saw the things he's going to tell us about.

Now Tony will be the first to admit that there were very few wild animals roaming New York in the year 1923. Game was very scarce in Forty-Second street, and even as far uptown as Morningside Heights, there was little wild life except an occasional mosquito.

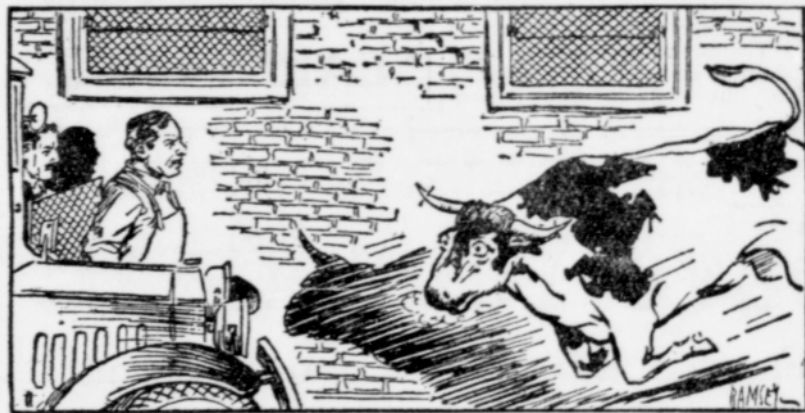
As a matter of fact, Tony doesn't claim to have seen more than one wild beast roaming the streets of New York in all his life. And it was just his luck that that one had to single him out.

Steer Stampedes in the Heart of The Bronx.

In the fall of 1923, Tony was working for an automobile concern at One-hundred-and-fiftieth street and Gerard avenue, The Bronx. At this place it was customary to do small repair jobs on new cars while they were parked on the sidewalk. That's just what Tony and his helper were doing. They were installing a pair of heavy wire gratings on the sides of a newly purchased truck.

They had just put in one grating and, while his helper held the other, Tony went inside the building to get more bolts. He was on his way back to the street when he heard a clatter of hoofs outside. They seemed to be about a block away, and Tony wondered vaguely what they were. If he had known then what he found out ten seconds later, he'd have turned around and gone right back into the building.

Tony came to the doorway and looked out. As he did so, he saw a man, working on another car down the street, jump to his feet and climb onto the roof of the car. At the same time he started waving excitedly to Tony and pointing to something up the street. Tony couldn't



Tony Could Hear the Animal's Heavy Breathing.

see what he was pointing at then, but a second later he did. Around the corner came a steer—a wild one, with fire in his eye, his head down, and his long horns set for action.

Tough Bovine Begins to Pick on Tony.

Tony remembered then something that had been in the back of his mind ever since he first heard the clatter of hoof-beats. Not far away, at the Yankee Stadium, they were having a rodeo. The whole of the wild and woolly West had been combed for the meanest and most vicious steers in creation, and the lot of them had been shipped to New York for the rodeo riders to work out on. Without a bit of doubt, here was one of those steers, escaped from the corral and coming full tilt at Tony.

The steer was almost on top of him before Tony saw it. He had no time to climb on the top of his truck as the other fellow did. The big, lumbering animal charged him as he emerged from the doorway, and Tony gave a jump to one side. The steer shot past him a few feet, then turned and made for him again.

Tony turned to run for cover, and as he did so, the steer was so close behind him that he could hear the animal's heavy, labored breathing. The only safe place in sight was the truck, but he didn't have time to open the cab door and get in.

Maddened Animal Has Tony Cornered.

There was one other place, though, that offered a certain degree of safety. The truck was parked a scant two feet from the wall—the space between looked too narrow for the steer to squeeze through. Tony's helper had already taken refuge in the narrow alley thus created, and Tony followed him.

"I ran around to the front of the truck," he says, "with the steer right after me. But when I started to squeeze into the narrow opening, my heart almost stopped beating. My helper had the way blocked with the wire grating he was holding—using it as a fence between him and the bull—and he was too frightened to move it and make room for me."

It was the tightest jam Tony had ever been in. In another second the steer would be on him, pinning him against the wall with his long, sharp horns. There was no time now to get out of the corner. He just had to stay and take it. He squeezed himself as far back as he could between the radiator and front fender of the truck—and waited.

Whitey, Bad Steer of Rodeo, Meets Bad End.

"Well," says Tony, "he came—eyes all red and steam coming out of his nostrils. He hit sideways, luckily for me, with his head hard up against the fender. One horn was above the fender and the other below it. His horns had nails driven through them—for the cowboys' opes, I suppose—and one of those nails stuck to the bottom of the ender. The I saw my chance and reached for the other horn."

Tony grabbed that horn and held on. Then he reached around to the under side of the fender with his other hand and got hold of the second horn. The steer tried to push the truck over, but he wasn't strong enough for that. Then he changed his mind and tried to pull away.

"That was just what I wanted," says Tony, "so I helped him by letting go of his horns. Once free of the fender he ran at top speed down the street toward the stadium, but he never got there, for I read in the papers that, after damaging an automobile and turning over a stand full of tomatoes, he was shot by a policeman on University avenue. That was the end of Whitey, the bad steer of the rodeo."

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Envy

WHAT a wretched and apostate state is this! To be offended with excellence and to hate a man because we approve him! The condition of the envious man is the most emphatically miserable; he is not only incapable of rejoicing in another's merit or success, but lives in a world wherein all mankind are in a plot against his quiet, studying their own happiness and advantage.—Addison.

Misfortunes cannot be avoided but they may be sweetened.

Smiles

Reverse Charges

Mrs. Luna—I want to get a divorce.

Lawyer Habeas—What are your charges?

Mrs. Luna—Oh, I'm not going to charge anything. I'm willing to pay you to get it for me.

Why He Needed Job

"Am I bright? Why, I've won several newspaper competitions."

Prospective Employer—Yes, but I need a boy who is smart during business hours.

"Well, this was during business hours."

RATHER STUCK DOWN



First Fly—You say he was stuck up?
Second Fly—Sure, on flypaper.

Sure to Arrive

"Here, Tommy," said Mrs. Jones to her neighbor's little boy, "run along and put this parcel on the bus."

"Which bus?" asked the lad.
"Any bus," replied Mrs. Jones. "It's me husband's lunch, and he works in the lost property office."

Dummy Cops

Hungerford, England, has handed a jolt to the transport officers of large cities by the simplicity of the plan it has adopted to slow traffic at a dangerous curve.

Hungerford's chief traffic problem is a stretch of the main road from London which has a particularly bad bend, where traffic pours past in both directions.

So two dummy policemen, in regulation uniform, are to be placed, one on each side of the dangerous bend, where all motorists can see them. The wax officers are expected to persuade traffic to slow down in taking the bend.

Butterflies and Flowers



Pattern 1084

A crochet hook, some string and this simple pattern are all one needs to turn out this lovely patterning of butterflies and flowers—a charming contrast of solid crochet and airy stitch. Get busy on a set!

Pattern 1084 contains directions and charts for making the set

shown; illustrations of stitches needed; material requirements; suggestions for a variety of uses.

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.

Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

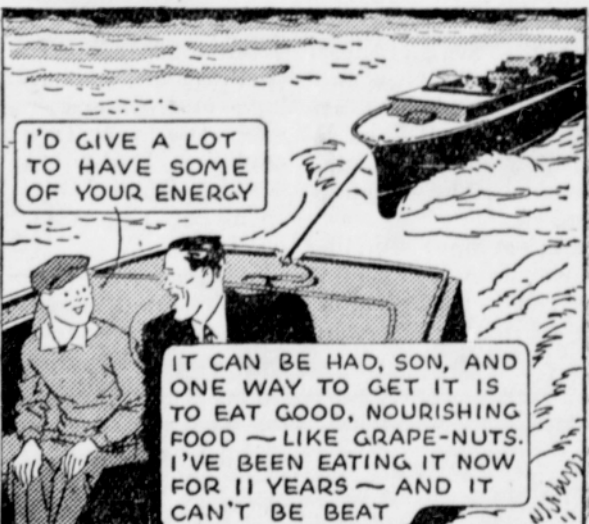
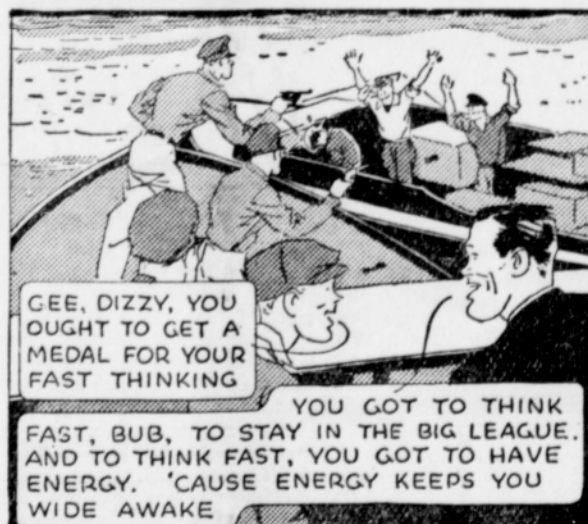
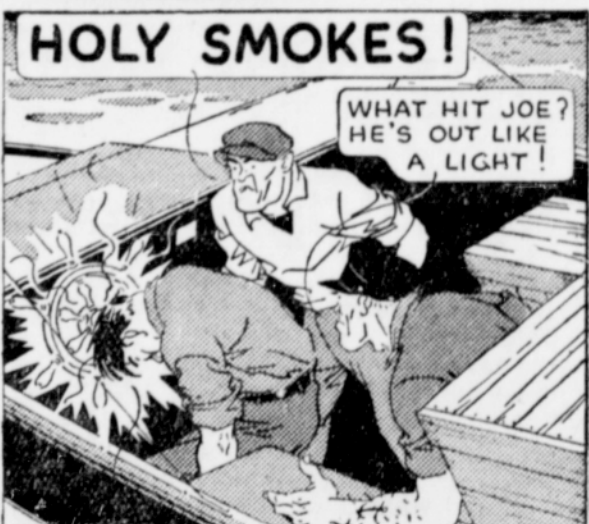
Fortify Against Poverty

Young men should be taught early in life that every honorable precaution should be taken to fortify themselves against poverty.

CLABBER GIRL
Baking Powder



DIZZY DEAN takes a boat ride!



BOYS! GIRLS! Join Dizzy Dean Winners! Get Valuable Prizes FREE!

Just send one top from a full-size yellow and blue Grape-Nuts package, with your name and address, to Grape-Nuts, Battle Creek, Mich., for new membership pin and certificate and illustrated catalog of 49 nifty free prizes. You'll like crisp, delicious Grape-Nuts—it has a winning flavor all its own. Economical to serve, too, for two tablespoonfuls, with whole milk or cream and fruit, provide more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal. (Offer expires Dec. 31, 1936. Good only in the U.S.A.)

A Post Cereal—Made by General Foods
The same fine cereal in a new package!

Dizzy Dean Winners Membership Pin. New 1936 design, two-toned solid bronze with red lettering. Free for 1 Grape-Nuts package top.

Dizzy Dean Winners Ring. You'll be proud of this heavy 24-carat gold-finish ring. Fits any finger. Free for 3 Grape-Nuts package tops.

DIZZY DEAN, c/o GRAPE-NUTS, Battle Creek, Mich.
I enclose Grape-Nuts package tops, for which send me the item(s) checked below. (Put correct postage on your letter.)
☐ Membership Pin (send 1 package top). W. N. U. 8-15-36
☐ Dizzy Dean Winners Ring (send 3 package tops).

Name
Street
City State