

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"What's in a Name?"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

YOU know, boys and girls, when old Bill Shakespeare asked, "What's in a name?" he didn't seem to think that names made very much difference. But I guess Bill could find plenty of people to give him an argument on that subject. One of them is John T. Smith of Ozone Park, N. Y. John Smith isn't such an unusual name, when you come to think of it. Nor was John such an unusual sort of fellow. At the time this story opens—around April 1, 1935—he was working as a plumber's helper for a large concern.

One day, while threading a piece of pipe, John cut his finger. That isn't an unusual occurrence, either. But add those things all up together, and they'll give you the strangest doggone predicament that ever a man got into.

John paid no attention to his cut finger, but two or three days later it had begun to swell up a bit. His foreman took a look at it and told him he'd better report it to the company doctor.

The doctor was pretty busy. He looked at John's finger, asked him his name, and told him to get the necessary papers from his boss and report at the hospital. "I'll notify the hospital you're coming," he told John. "Be there at eleven o'clock."

Sent to Hospital for Small Operation.

John got the necessary papers from his boss and showed up at the hospital on the dot of eleven. He had had an infected finger before, and knew pretty well what was done about it. They froze the finger, slit it open with a lance, banded it and sent you home. But it seemed to John that this hospital took a lot more trouble over a sore finger.

A nurse took John's name and said, "Oh yes, we're expecting you." She told him to take a seat in the waiting room, and there John waited for an hour. Then the nurse came back and took him upstairs, opened a door and led him into a room. A few minutes later another nurse



"All I've got is an infected finger."

came in with a bed jacket. "Take your clothes off and get into bed," she told him.

"Well sir, it began to look to John as if someone had made a mistake. "Do you know what's the matter with me?" he asked the nurse. "Of course we do," the nurse replied. "Well then what's all this fuss about?" John wanted to know. "Oh, we do things right in this hospital," she said. And with that she left the room.

John was ready to agree with the nurse. Here was a big, luxurious, private room, a swell looking nurse, and all kinds of service, over nothing but a sore finger. Do things right in that hospital? You're doggone tootin' they do. John undressed and got into bed. By that time it was three o'clock, and the boss would be wondering where he was. When the nurse came in again he asked her how long he'd be kept there. "Why," said the nurse, "YOU'RE GOING TO STAY HERE OVER NIGHT."

They Wouldn't Listen to John.

"I thought she was kidding me," says John, "but I found out different. In a few minutes in came a doctor with a third nurse. The nurse jabbed a needle into one of John's fingers, but it wasn't the sore finger. John tried to tell her she had the wrong one, but she snapped, "I know what I'm doing," and John shut up. After a while he said, "Say, do you know what's the matter with me?" The doctor said yes. The nurse paid no attention at all. She thrust another needle into his arm and shot in some sort of drug. The drug made John feel tired. He wanted to go to sleep, but by that time he was pretty sure something was wrong. He was beginning to get scared.

The drug dulled John's brain, but he fought off the drowsiness that was coming over him. Two more nurses came in with an orderly who was pushing a table on wheels. They put John on the table and wheeled him off to an operating room. John roused himself from the slumber the drug had put him and once more he asked, "Are you sure you know what's the matter with me?"

"But my voice was weak," John says, "and they paid no attention to me. I began to feel sick as well as weak. I could see all sorts of instruments laid out on the tables around me. The orderly wheeled my table under a big flood light. The nurses began getting ready a lot of bandages. Then I knew something was wrong. They were going to perform some sort of a BIG OPERATION."

And Did the Doctor Laugh Then!

"I looked for the doctors. There were three of them, talking together in a corner. That was where I made my last desperate effort. I was almost passing out from the effect of the drugs I had been given, but I managed to raise one arm and motion one of the doctors over.

"That doctor was the only one who would listen to me, and thank God he did, for another nurse was coming over with the ether and in another minute I would have been unconscious. I said, "Doctor, are you sure you know what's the matter with me? Are you sure you've got the right man? What's all this fuss about Anyway? All I've got is an infected finger."

Well sir, the doctor lifted the sheet that they'd thrown over John and took a good look at him. Then he started to laugh. But it wasn't any laughing matter to John. He had almost gone through an operation he didn't need!

John never did find out what they were going to do to him. Maybe they were only going to take an arm or a leg off. Then, on the other hand, they might have been going to do something really serious. But what he does know is that his name got him into that jam. There are just too doggone many John Smiths in the world, and our John Smith had almost got himself cut open on account of another John Smith's ailment.

When the doctors got through laughing they told one of the nurses to dress John's finger. Then they put him back to bed. They told him he'd have to stay there all night because of the drug they'd shot into his arm. But as soon as the nurse was out of the room, John put on his clothes and beat it out of the hospital.

There were too many John Smiths in the world to take any chances. Any minute they might bring another one in, and then they were liable to beat John down in the operating room again, sharpening up the knives and breaking out the ether.

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Eagle Favored Salt Beef

While washing her clothes at the side of a river in Amassia, South Antolia, a woman was horrified to see her month-old baby snatched from the river bank by an eagle, which carried the child to a neighboring hill. Hearing the mother's screams villagers climbed the hill and found the tot unharmed. Apparently the huge bird had spared the child's life because it preferred a favorite Turkish delicacy, salt beef with a generous dash of garlic, which the mother had wrapped in the little one's clothing.

Danish Lottery

The Danish Legation says that Det Kløngelige Klasselotteri (the Royal Class Lottery) was founded in 1753. It is a Government institution and the profit of it enters the exchequer like the other government revenues. Controlled by the state are Landbrugslotteriet, founded by royal concession in 1907, and Almindeligt Dansk Vare-og Industrilotteri, founded by royal concession in 1886. The profit of the latter is distributed among certain institutions and associations with its humanitarian and cultural objects.

Scenes and Persons in the Current News



1—Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia of New York shaking hands with Thomas E. Dewey, the young racket-smashing special prosecutor who is running-mate as candidate for district attorney on the Republican ticket with the mayor. 2—Panoramic view of Shanghai's famous Bund which was rocked by explosions of bombs during the attack on the city by Japanese troops. 3—James Mattern (left), famed aviator who flew from California to Alaska to join in the search for lost Russian polar flyers, shown conferring with his navigator.

Robert Ballard Is Soapbox Derby Champ



Robert Ballard, twelve, of White Plains, N. Y., smiles as he receives the International Soapbox Derby championship trophy from Felix Duran, an official of the race. The contest, held at Akron, Ohio, was attended by a record crowd of more than 100,000. A handsome cash prize and a scholarship to college when he is old enough were the rewards for Robert's skill in piloting his soapbox vehicle.

POWER PLUS



Although her skill and technique deserve full credit for Jadwiga Jodziejewska's recent victory over Alice Marble, American tennis champion, in the tennis finale at Rye, N. Y., the power and determination of the Polish star, demonstrated graphically in this picture, were the major weapons in her armament. Here, too, is evidence of the great stamina that enables Jadwiga to maintain a killing pace in the postures.

ENVOY TO ERIN



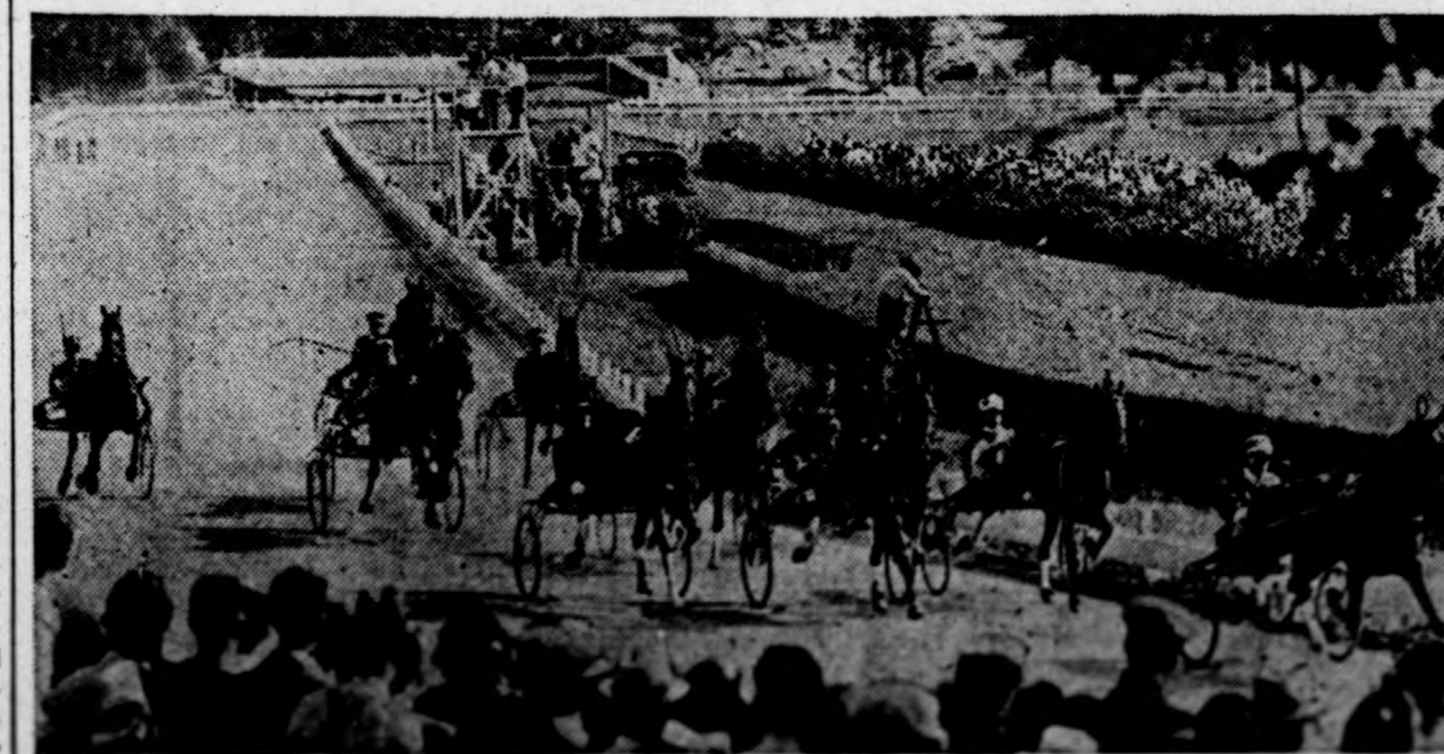
John Cudahy, newly appointed minister to the Irish Free State, is shown as he sailed aboard the liner Manhattan to take up his ministerial duties. Until recently he was the minister to Poland.

Here's a Brand New English Custom



A sign of the times in Old England is this photograph, made during Chatham Navy week, which gives you an idea of the extent to which Europe is suffering from war jitters. The oilskinned gents at left are members of a "decontamination squad," who are rehearsing the duty they hope they'll never have to do—mopping up after a gas attack.

\$40,000 Hambletonian Stakes to 'Shirley Hanover'



First heat of the \$40,000 Hambletonian stakes run recently at Goshen, N. Y., is pictured above with Ted Light Song leading the field around one of the turns. An outsider, Shirley Hanover, owned by Lawrence Sheppard, upset the dope and won both heats to capture the coveted prize.



Petra Is Off the Beaten Path.

Old Petra Now Accessible to Travelers After Many Centuries of Oblivion

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

PETRA, silent city of the forgotten past, halfway between the Dead Sea and the Gulf of Aqaba, exerts a magic spell upon the minds of those fortunate enough to know it. Its single and weird approach, through a deep rock cleft more than a mile long; its temples, numbering nearly a thousand, cut into the living rock of stupendous cliffs and showing Babylonian, Egyptian, Greek and Roman influence; its high places, courts, libation basins and altars where the ancients worshipped; its amazing color, the work of Nature lavish with ocher and all shades of red—all these are mysterious, enthralling.

"The rose-red city, half as old as time," has a history that began long before histories were written. Near it have been found worked flints of the Late Chellean period, millenniums before recorded dates.

Its first written history is found in the Bible; for the land about it was Mount Seir of old (now Jab Shera'), home of the Horites, cave dwellers whose progenitor was Hor, the grandson of Seth. These Horites are first mentioned at the time of Abraham in connection with the subjugation of the land by Chedor-Isomer.

For centuries Petra was a rich caravan city, a veritable crossroads of the ancient world. The Arabian peninsula was a network of caravan routes, over which passed the products of Africa, Arabia, and India in the valley of the Nile, Palestine, Phoenicia, and the Euphrates-Tigris valley.

Deserted When Rome Fell. Goods were brought to Petra for storage and for trans-shipment in every direction. So important was the city that the Romans built two roads to tap its wealth. When Rome fell, however, its doom was sealed. Abandoned save for a few desert tribesmen, who lived miserably in its caves, as some of them still live, Petra passed from the notice of the outside world, remaining in oblivion for more than a thousand years.

In 1812 the Swiss traveler, John Lewis Burckhardt, disguised as a Bedouin sheik, reached it and returned to tell of its mysteries. It had then become sacred ground to the Arabs, and danger menaced any infidel who approached it.

In the century after Burckhardt few explorers attempted to visit it. Not, indeed, until after the World War was it accessible to any save the most intrepid; and even now visitors cannot enter it save under protection of armed guards. With a comfortable camp for accommodation of guests during the summer months, Petra at last is open to serious travelers.

The trip from Jerusalem to Petra and back once required about a month of arduous caravan travel through country infested with lawless Bedouins. Construction of the Mecca railway from Damascus to the sacred city of Medina was a first step toward opening the country, and later a highway from Jerusalem to Ma'an and a smooth dirt road from Ma'an to Elji brought motor vehicles within two miles of the ancient city. Airplanes, too, now carry passengers to Ma'an, bound for Petra.

When the British cleared the way for automobiles between Ma'an and Elji, the Bedouins rose in open revolt, complaining that the road would deprive them of their income from renting saddle animals to Petra visitors.

Warfare ensued, several persons of both sides losing their lives. After the government had crushed the rebellion by armed force, the Bedouins received assurance that the road would not be extended beyond Elji, and that their horses and mules would be hired under govern-

ment supervision for the last part of the journey.

How to Reach the Ruins. Thus the Bedouins have kept modern transportation from actually infringing on the silence of long ago and preserved for Petra a measure of its isolation.

However you travel to Petra, whether by railroad from Damascus, a method almost disused; or by car from Jerusalem, the most practical way; or by air, the latest innovation, all routes converge on Ma'an, a thriving abode village girdled with walled gardens of palms, figs, and vegetables, and surrounded by flat, chalky white desert. There is an English school here, and visitors are often amazed to find that many of the Arab youths understand and speak English.

From Ma'an you drive northwest by car, passing the spring of Ain Musa, to Elji. Here a happy crowd of Bedouins, with emancipated riding horses and pack mules, await your arrival.

Descending first by slippery trails over limestone rock, you follow the bed of Wadi Musa to a mighty barrier, the eastern range of the red sandstone mountains that enclose Petra. Wadi Musa deepens. It seems that you are entering a cul-de-sac, but here Nature has rent the range asunder, cutting a narrow opening. For this long slit the Arabs have coined the name El Siq (a cleft).

Through it the fountain and flood waters flow in winter, and after traversing the precincts of Petra city, find their way into Wadi el Araba by another greater gorge, the Wadi el Siyah.

Through Bab el Siq.

Approaching the gateway, Bab el Siq, you pass through a small suburb of Petra, without the precincts of the fortified city. This was a city of the dead, as was most of what is left of Petra. Objects of interest are tombs of the pylon type, cut from the solid rock, but, unlike the facade monuments of Petra proper, blocked out to stand apart as buildings.

Here, too, are scattered white sandstone hummocks, rock domes into which large numbers of small chambers have been cut without faces.

Many of like character are found on the less accessible mountain tops. They are believed to be the troglodyte homes of ancient people, who lived on Mount Seir before the descendants of Esau made Edom of it.

The Siq is 6,000 feet long as the crow flies and considerably longer as it winds. Once it was all paved, and channels were cut into its precipitous sides to lead the spring water into the city. It is 25 feet wide in its narrowest parts and expands to not more than two or three times this dimension. Its sides are stupendous, making men mere ants by comparison.

In no place may you see far ahead, crooks and corners preventing. A streak of blue sky like a twisted ribbon is all that is visible of the heavens.

Your horses slip over the great boulders that choke this ancient avenue, your Bedouins chanting their weary and melancholy notes.

After 20 minutes of this bewitching seclusion, you strain your eyes for a first glimpse of the vision you know awaits you. Even though you watch, it bursts upon you as a surprise.

The Siq ends abruptly in a cross-gorge. From the face of the cliff opposite the Siq mouth El Khazna has been cameoed out, a temple to an unknown deity. It peeps at you at first, you see a little more, and then it bursts upon you in all its beauty.

This cross-canyon has been called the "Outer Siq." The name "Inner Siq" may fit it better. Its walls are equally precipitous. To the south its valley floor rises strongly to the mountain top on which the Great High Place of Baalshamin is located. Steps have been cut at an angle of 45 degrees to the wall, and the expenditure of energy in making easy the ascent of the wall is so great that the Outer Siq is regarded as opening into the Petra basin.