

Africa Waits

by Achmed Abdullah
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MAHMOUD KASSEM CHAPTER XI

THEY rode all day. Evening brought a gloomy iridescence, a twilight of pastel colors, a distant mountain range where blues of every shade gleamed on the slopes. Then the sudden tropical night closed like a shutter.

They made camp in a small oasis filled with the ghosts of forgotten caravans; ate their frugal meal of unleavened bread and dry figs; stretched themselves out to sleep. And there echoed then the night noises of the desert like the slow, insistent pounding of a far surf, and slushing through, recently, melodramatically, from all directions, the muffled pulse of the signal drums carrying the gossip of Africa east, north, south, west.

Rub-rub-rubbeddy-rub-rub—the sound waves spanned streams and forests and jungle.

Rub-rub-rubbeddy-rub—with staccato pauses, like exclamation marks.

One of the Bedawins coughed—and Rashid stopped him with a whispered:

"Be quiet! I want to listen."
"You know the drum talk?" asked Lincoln.

"Yes, yes. Hush!"
Rashid pressed his ear against the ground, every nerve of his body quivering with excitement, once in a while giving a low exclamation.

For long minutes the drums talked; then stopped—and Rashid rose and turned to Lincoln.

"Is your name Terek el-Med-Jahiri?" he demanded.

The American was surprised.

"Yes," he replied. "How do you know?"

"From something the drums said." He paused. "Listen—" he went on nervously—"you are a dervish, a man of God, and we honor you. But we are men of peace. We cannot travel with you."

"But . . ."

"Go away, quickly, quickly! We shall give you a bag of provisions, water, tobacco, money, one of our rifles. You can keep the camel. Only—go! And may the All-Merciful protect you!"

"What has happened?"

"Murder."
"Who has been . . .?"

"Sidi Elliot, the governor."
"Oh . . ."

"And it is you whom the ferretgers are accusing of the deed." Lincoln did not believe his ears.

"I," he demanded, "accused of . . .?"

"Indeed," said the Bedawin, and he explained what the drums had told him.

YESTERDAY, in a Mounetville coffee-shop, a man, drunk with hashish, had been arrested for disorderly conduct. He had threatened the police with bloody revenge, boasting that he, Mahmoud Kassem—and Lincoln recalled who the latter was, the middle-aged Rifman who had seen Ali el-Andalosi home that night—was a dangerous citizen, not to be trifled with, since he belonged to the disbanded Lodge of the Bi Hassan-yieh—"wah!" Mahmoud had cried, exultingly, "disbanded no longer, but soon, soon, to draw its dagger against all foreigners!"

Plied by the detectives with more hashish, to loosen his tongue, he had bragged that he knew why the governor had disappeared.

Had disappeared—by the Prophet!—into the cold cloths of the grave. A woman had been responsible. A woman—the Rifman had added, with the drug in him weaving a twisted loom of truth and falsehood, of fact and imagining—who had once been the governor's mistress and had sent one of the Bi Hassan-yieh dervishes to make her honor white.

Under skilled questioning, Mahmoud had described the assassin. He had even given the man's name: Terek el-Medjahiri.

How had the latter succeeded in luring the governor away from the palace? Where had he killed him and where hidden the body?

In answer, the Rifman had declared that he neither knew nor cared.

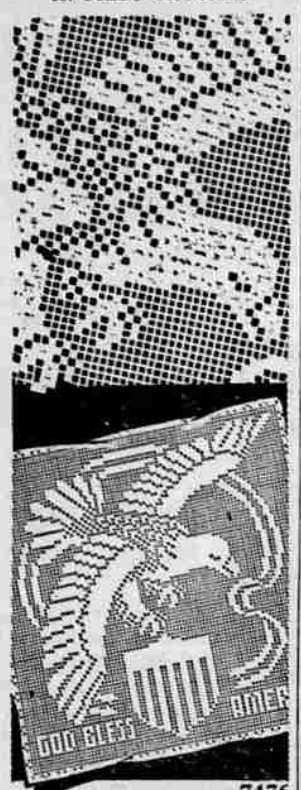
The sidi was dead—glory be to Allah!—and what else mattered? Thus—more glory to Allah!—many other foreigners were destined to die . . .

QUITE suddenly—the drums had related—Mahmoud had dropped off into heavy, drugged sleep. When he had regained consciousness and, by the same token, his senses, he had refused to speak another word, although threatened with death; had tried to take back his confession, blaming it on his doped brain.

Yet the fact remained that the governor had vanished. Therefore the police were searching the town and its vicinity.

"Hush!" Rashid said again. Once more he pressed his ear against the ground as the drums

GOD BLESS AMERICA IN FILET CROCHET



7476

by Alice Brooks

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HOLD EVERYTHING!



7-16
"Is that dishwasher job taker yet?"

resumed their talk, now broadcasting friendly warning: "Beware, O Terek el-Medjahiri! Beware! Keep away from oases and villages and caravan trails!"

The hollow sounds waivered abruptly into silence. And the American was ironically amused at the notion that here he had to cut and run, lest he be implicated in his own assassination; amused, no less, as he thought of Captain Pelletier's predicament.

For the latter would wonder if he should carry out the instructions contained in the note, or produce it, thereby clearing up the mystery. But the man was a stolid Norman. In the end—Lin-

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Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



Red Ryder

Motorists who have donated their metal auto bumpers to the scrap pile can now obtain substitute wooden bumpers which are reported to serve satisfactorily.

About 1,300,000 engineering man-hours go into the making of bumpers.

(To Be Continued)

coln felt certain—discipline would win the day; Pelletier would not give him away.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

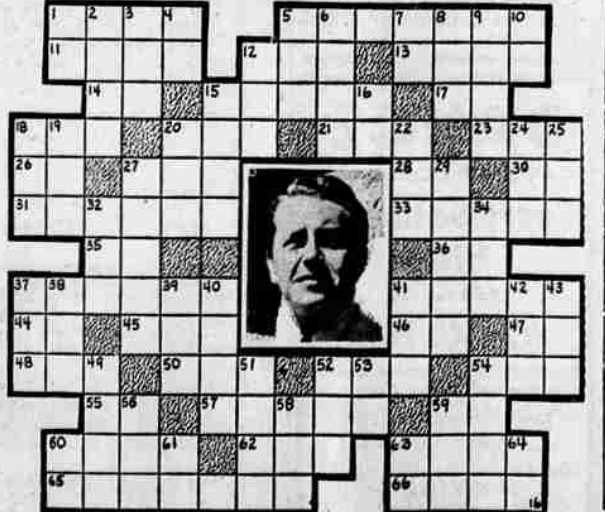
By William Ferguson



ANSWER: A fish.
NEXT: What U. S. president tried out in the major leagues?

AUSTRIAN ACTOR

1,5 Pictured movie star	11 Within	12 Fox	13 Tropical plant	14 Id est (abbr.)	15 Rear	17 Toward	18 Nothing	20 Grass cured for fodder	21 Seize	23 Louse egg	26 Either	27 Tap lightly	28 That one	30 Negative	31 Riches	32 Male duck	35 Exist	36 Any	37 Abbott's office	41 He is a movie	44 Proceed	45 Female deer	46 Music note	47 Us	48 Female sheep	50 Sailor	52 Rested	54 Fondle	55 Cast steel	57 Reproves	59 Hawaiian bird	60 Swift canoe	62 Insect	63 Unoccupied	65 He is from	66 Parts of legs	1,3,14,16	2 Indigo dye	3 Indian	4 Behold!	5 Garden tool	6 Paradise	7 Right (abbr.)	8 Dine	9 Metal	10 Perform	12 Attempt	15 City in Maine	16 District Attorney (abbr.)	18 At this time	19 Anger	20 Head cover	22 Ask	24 Writing fluid	25 Foot digit	27 Implore	29 Follow	32 Wool yarn	34 Emmet	37 Grow old	38 Wooden weapon	39 Folding bed	40 12 months	41 Talent	42 Be indebted	43 Steep flax	49 Unbleached	51 Spring harvest in India	52 Observe	53 Like	54 Native of Poland	56 Distress signal	58 Beverage	59 Poem	60 Father	61 Near	63 Whether	64 And (Latin)
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FUNNY BUSINESS



Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople



By Fred Harmon



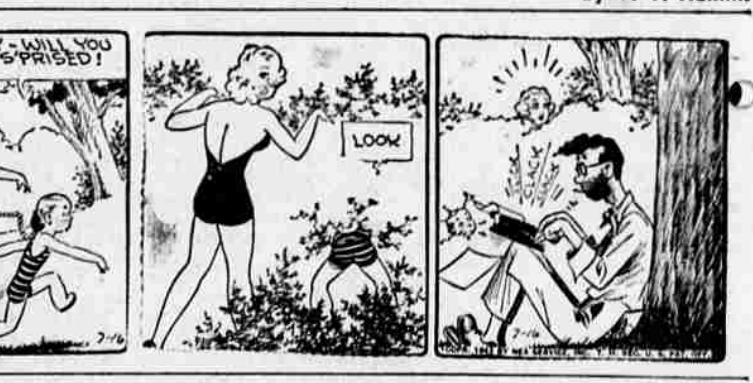
Freckles and His Friends



Wash Tubbs



Boots and Her Buddies



Allep Oop



Little Orphan Annie

