

Africa Waits

by Achmed Abdullah
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EAMAN KHAN

CHAPTER XIII

A MOMENT later, a man stepped out from behind a tree. He was tall and of extraordinary width of shoulders, ruddy-skinned, full-bearded, with a great, predatory hook of a nose and twinkling, humorous, steel-gray eyes. A blue-and-red-checked turban, ornamented with a regimental insignia, was cocked at a devil-may-care angle on his bullet-shaped head, and he wore a tattered, stained British khaki uniform.

He pulled out a strong hand and reached Lincoln to safety. Again he laughed.

"I know a sheeb," he exclaimed, "not always when I see one—for, indeed, you look like a Bedawin—but when I hear one. Splendid words you used!"

He interrupted himself. "Words," he went on, frowning, "not altogether English, though."

"I'm American," explained Lincoln.

"A glorious race, I understand, if not quite as glorious as the Afghans."

"Guess you're one of them?" smiled the other.

"I am that same. Zaman Khan is my name, and I am a sergeant in the Sixteenth Pathan Rissala in the service of the British Raj."

"And what," demanded Lincoln, "are you doing in this neck of the African woods?"

"There was much grand fighting—the Afghans gesticulated vaguely towards the north—and I and many of my comrades were wounded and captured by the little black-haired men who smell of garlic and the big yellow-haired men who smell of pig. And I did not like it in prison, in the land called the Sudan. No—I did not like it at all! So," calmly, "one night, having, with Allah's aid, stolen a knife, I cut some throats and helped myself to a rifle and ammunition, and I went quickly away from there."

"I SHALL rejoin the Sixteenth Pathan Rissala," he continued. "I heard in prison camp that they are now battling in Libya."

"Aren't you going the wrong way?"

"Why?"

"Libya is north, not south."

"But north are the garlic-eaters and the pig-eaters. I must keep away from their smell—and their revenge. So I am traveling by roundabout roads."

"You know them?"

"A friendly black man told me. And I could have gone to Libya before this. But," with a little apologetic cough, "I have been busy—trading in horses."

"Whose horses?"

"Anybody's horses."

"When the owner wasn't looking?" demanded the American, slowly winking an eye.

"By Allah!" roared the Afghan. "But you are a man after my own heart, of quick wit and most nimble tongue! Ah—soul of my soul!"

He drew Lincoln to his massive breast and, in spite of struggles and protests, implanted a smacking kiss upon his lips. "I like you! I like you fine!" Another kiss. "And what are you doing here, O heart's delight?"

The "heart's delight" did not know what to say. He hesitated, and the other must have read his thoughts.

"WHAT does it matter?" interrupted Zaman Khan. "Belike you killed a man—for the sport of it; belike a woman—for the sake of the red passion. What difference? Allah will forgive you, and so," grandiosely, "shall I. I like you, I repeat—I, Zaman Khan. And your name?"

Once more Lincoln hesitated; and once more the other said: "What does it matter? Come with me!"

"Where are you going?"

"To the little town of Yebba. I have been there before—he grinned—"with horses. A profitable market there for horses, and no questions asked. And the wines there are honeyed. And the women . . . ahee!" He blew a kiss into the air.

"Sounds attractive," admitted the American, with a laugh. "You do not dare, because of the sheeb's foolish laws in the matter of your small killing?"

"That's it."

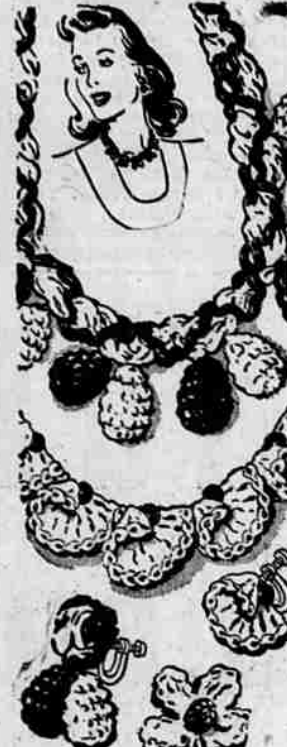
"Have no fear. Yebba is an Arab settlement in the heart of the country. No sheeb are ever

seen there. And if, by Shaitan's cursed device, they should learn of your being there and come after you—why—the town is not far from the jungles the other side of Lake Tchad."

Lincoln looked up. "Ever hear," he inquired, trying to sound casual, "of a place, somewhere in the jungle, called the Meeting of the Elephants?"

The Afghan roared with mirth. "Now I know," he cried, "that you are running away from the sheeb's laws. For the Meeting of the Elephants is deeply buried in the wilderness, and just the place where a man might hide for a

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by Alice Brooks

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"Have no fear. Yebba is an Arab settlement in the heart of the country. No sheeb are ever

day, a year, an eternity."

"No. But somebody will, in Yebba."

Yes—the American echoed in his mind—somebody would, in Yebba. He would be able to hire a guide there; was playing—he thought—in luck.

"I'll go with you," he said. "Good! My camp," pointing, "is over there. I promise you a splendid mutton stew, charmingly flavored with wild herbs, and a drink or two of fermented liquor—although forbidden the True Believer by the Prophet Mohammed—may he intercede in my behalf on the Day of Judgment! And, while we fill our bellies and pleasantly warm our gullets, we shall talk as it behooves men to talk. Of strife, a little. But, mostly, of woman!"

(To Be Continued)

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WELL, HOOPLE, YOU'VE BEEN RUNNING OUT OF THE MONEY FOR YEARS, BUT THIS SOUNDS LIKE THE MCGOY—I'LL TRY IT—BUT IT BETTER NOT BE A GAG—I DON'T WANT TO HOE THE DANDELIONS OUT OF ANYBODY'S WIG!

ACCEPTED WITH RESERVATIONS! BUY WAR BONDS 7-19

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



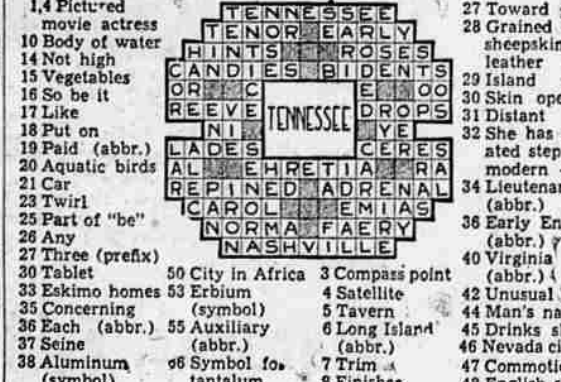
7-19

MOVIE ACTRESS

HORIZONTAL
14 Pictured movie actress
10 Body of water
14 Not high
15 Vegetables
16 So be it
17 Like
18 Put on
19 Paid (abbr.)
20 Aquatic birds
21 Car
23 Twirl
25 Part of "be"
26 Any
27 Three (prefix)
30 Tablet
33 Eskimo homes
35 Concerning (symbol)
36 Each (abbr.)
37 Seize
38 Aluminum (symbol)
39 Black bird
41 Transpose (abbr.)
42 Individual
43 Age
44 Doctor of medicine (abbr.)
45 Scorch
47 Lost color

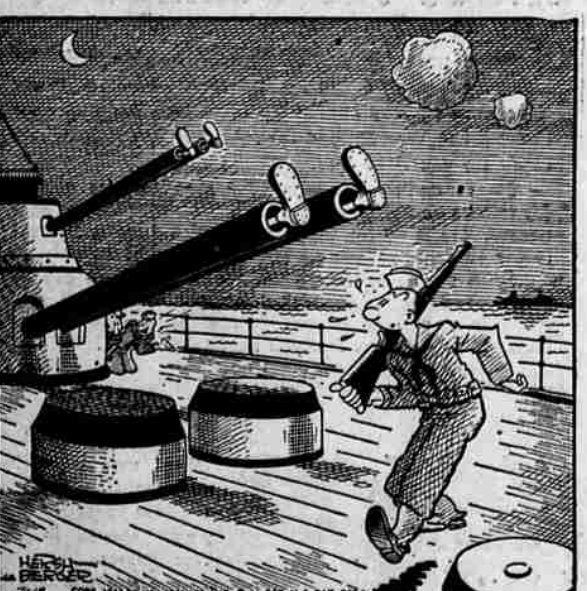
Answer to Previous Puzzle
TENNESSEE
TENOR EARLY
HINTS: ROSES
CANDIES: BIDENTS
OR: C
REVEE
NI
LADES
AL: EHRETIA
REPINED: ADRENAL
CAROL: EMILIAS
NORMA: FAERY
NASHVILLE

24 Illustrates
27 Toward
28 Gained
29 Sheepskin
30 Skin opening
31 Distant
32 She has created steps for modern
34 Lieutenant (abbr.)
36 Early English (abbr.)
40 Virginia (abbr.)
42 Unusual
44 Man's name
45 Drinks slowly
46 Nevada city
47 Commotion
48 English school
49 Short lance
50 Light brown
51 Indian
52 Negative word
54 Sped
55 Beverage
58 Spain (abbr.)
59 Rhode Island (abbr.)
60 Music note



7-19

FUNNY BUSINESS



He thinks he must have dozed off again while on watch—he always dreams of giants!

Red Ryder

By Fred Harmon



MISSY DILLA NEVER SEE NAVY'S BEFORE, MISS SHE BUY ANY RUGS?

OH, WHAT A DEAR PAPOOSE!

HER NAME BUCKSKIN!

I'VE GOT TWO TWO OUTLANDS TIED UP AND GUARDED IN A HOGAN, MISS!



OH, RED, IT'S SO COOL AND DOWN TO EARTH—BUT WHY WAS THAT SQUAW'S GIRL PAPOOSE NAMED BUCKSKIN?

I RECKON, MISS, 'CAUSE IT'S A DEAR DADDY.

RED!

7-19

Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser



FRECKLES AND JUNE HAVE FINALLY CONVINCED THE POLICE THAT THIS TIME LARD IS REALLY MISSING! WHAT HAPPENED TO LARD, LANA AND HER BROTHER, VICTOR, ONLY TIME WILL TELL—

KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED, SERGEANT, AND WE'LL FLY OVER ALL THOSE LITTLE ISLANDS DOWN THERE!

THERE'S ONE-MAN ISLAND! DROP DOWN AND SURE IF THERE'S ANYONE ON THE BEACH!

LOOK, CAPTAIN COOK, I THINK I SEE SOMEONE!

YOU'RE MISTAKEN, HILDA! IT'S JUST AN OLD LOG OR SOMETHING!

HEY! COME BACK! HELP! S.O.S.—S.O.S.—S.O.S.!

7-19

Wash Tubbs

By Crono



THEY'RE OUT OF AMMUNITION! BREAK THRU!

ALL CLEAR, SO FAR!

WE MUST GET OUT OF TOWN QUICKLY!

7-19

Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin



C'MON, OFFICER—GEE WIZZ, FOLLOW ME—I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE GUY YOU'RE LOOKING FOR

CAREFUL, NOW—HE MAY HAVE A GUN!

NO FOO! NO FOO! NO FOO!

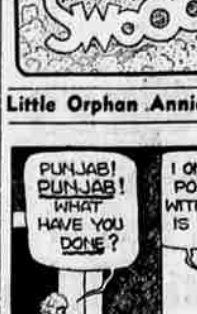
WELL? ARE YOU LAVENDER DULACE?

U.P.—ER—UH—OFFICER—MAY I SEE YOU ALONE FOR A MOMENT?

7-19

Allep Oop

By Martin



DETERMINED TO GET INTO THE ROMAN-BLOCKADED CITY OF SYRACUSE TO SEE THE GREAT ARCHIMEDES, OSCAR BOOM SEALED HIMSELF IN HIS ROCKET AND HAD OOP TOUCH IT OFF—WHICH HE DID, ALBERT A BIT CARELESSLY

SWOOSH!

7-19

Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray



PUNJABI! PUNJABI! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

I ONLY AMUSE THESE POOR PRISONERS WITH A LITTLE MAGIC—IS THAT WRONG?

DON'T KID ME, BIG BOY! I KNOW THAT TRICK! WHERE IS HERR SCHUFF?

ER—AH—WHO CAN SAY EXACTLY?

OH! HES WITH TH' MAGI, EH? I WAS AFRAID O' THAT I NOW YOU SURE HAVE DONE IT!

BUT, LITTLE ONE—HE WANTED TO LEAVE THIS PLACE—

7-19