

Africa Waits

by Achmed Abdullah
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NANCY BROWN OF BROOKLYN

CHAPTER XV

ZAMAN KHAN had seen the girl, too.

"Were it not for your presence, mem-sahab," he said to her in English, with a courtly bow, "I would now attend to this uncouth person and force him to eat stick. A great deal of painful stick."

"Oh—" exclaimed the Algerian truculently—"you would, would you?"

"I would—and I shall, some other time. Not now. The little mem-sahab does not like quarrels. Therefore—here!" He drew a well-filled purse from his waistshaw and gave the other a handful of money. "To pay for my debts—and for a meal of the best. Let there be tender artichokes cooked in the finest olive oil, a roast of lamb lovingly garnished with chestnuts and white grapes, a salad of hearts of palm, a platter of fresh figs and the best wine in your cellar."

Then, when Moise Toorjeman had gone to talk to the cook, he bowed again to the girl.

"Would the mem-sahab," he asked, "honor us with her presence at dinner?"

She smiled.

"You certainly know how to order a meal!" she replied, "and you must have quite some pull in the kitchen. All I've been getting to eat here, these last few days, has been tough and ancient goat. I'll be glad to come—and glad to talk English once more. My French isn't so hot, and my Arabic isn't even lukewarm."

She looked at Lincoln.

"Tell me," she asked the Afghan, "does your friend know English, too?"

"He does," replied Zaman Khan before the American could speak. "Permit me to introduce him. Ah—'inventing slibly'—this is Shareef Si Yakoub el-Yezdi."

She shook hands with both men.

"I'm Nancy Brown, from America, Brooklyn, to be exact. But don't tell on me!"

It seemed that she was a feature writer for a famous Chicago newspaper syndicate which, after the outbreak of the world conflict, had sent her to North Africa to cover what the editor-in-chief, with no irony intended, had called the "feminine aspects of the war."

She smiled.

"Feminine!" she went on. "Can you beat it? Still, I did my best. I cabled all the regulation, sloppy, sob-sister stuff my boss expected and paid me for. But, after a while, I became bored with it, sick with the dishonesty—if you get me. I was about to throw up my job, go to Lisbon and catch a clipper for home and Brooklyn. Only, I had reckoned without the little yellow men. For there was the attack against Pearl Harbor. Benny and Adolf joined in, declaring war against Uncle—and me in Italian Tripoli at the time."

She lit a cigaret.

"I decided," she added, "to get out quickly—but quickly! How, though? Algeria was out of the question. So was Egypt and the Italian mainland. But I had become pals with an Armenian merchant. A crook. Yet a nice old guy. He, too, having done an Italian general in the eye over a Persian rug made in New Jersey, had decided to get out in a hurry. Going south he was, to this place. He told me about it. Mentioned that no European had visited it in many years. Okay—I said to myself—it was high time somebody did. And—here I am!"

Not for a moment did Zaman Khan believe her. Several times, as she spoke, he winked broadly at the American while his lips, noiselessly, formed the Arabic word: "Deedoon—spy."

Lincoln, on the other hand, did not doubt her.

And he began to worry.

For, though he was convinced that, once he had found the *hik-moot amez* and killed him, the result would be a speedy collapse of the conspiracy, he also knew of a one immediate reaction would be a savage anti-European outbreak on the part of the dervishes and the members of the various secret societies. Chiefly in a place like Yebba, far away from police and garrisons.

So when, dinner over, the Afghan had gone to look after the horses, he decided to warn her.

He reflected that she must have heard about the recent assassination of Admiral Jean Darlan.

"Yes," she replied to his question, "the news got here. By signal drums."

"And the drums keep on talking about it day and night. Africa is deeply stirred by the murder—and . . ."

"Did your friend say you were brought up in England?" she interrupted.

"Yes."

"I would have said New England."

"A good many New England-

ers," he invented rapidly, "were in my class at Oxford. But never mind that. I want to warn you."

"Oh . . . ?"

"Africa, I repeat, is deeply stirred by the Darlan murder. It is in unrest. There may be other killings, chiefly in such far-away places as this. It may even lead to revolution."

"Why," she exclaimed, "how thrilling!"

"Thrilling! Only to read about. You must leave here today. This is no place for a woman. Zaman Khan is going north. You must go with him."

She laughed then.

"Please," he continued almost

pleadingly, "do what I tell you. I'm serious."

"A revolution—and me on the spot. What a scoop! I wouldn't miss it for the world!"

(To Be Continued)

According to estimates, 3000 tons of tin will be saved in 1943 and 5000 tons in 1944 by reducing the tin content and adding silver to the lead solder of new cans being manufactured.

Piece by piece we'll bite off Hitler's Europe—and then peace!

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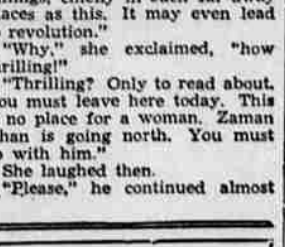
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Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



COME ON OUTSIDE THAT SECOND RELIEF! IT'S A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT!

I'LL NEVER KNOW WHY THEY CALL SUCH MISERY A RELIEF! BY THE TIME YOU WAKE UP ON A POST, HERE COMES THE 'RELIEF'!

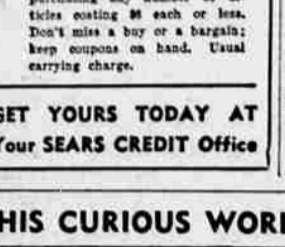
THAT'S WHY IT'S CALLED A POST! A GENTRY IS JUST ABOUT AS GOOD AS A POST! THE RELIEF IS JUST A TURN-OVER!

BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

By J. R. Williams

Our Boarding House

By J. R. Williams



LOOK HOW THE FERTILIZER HOOPLE GAVE ME SHRIVELED MY TURNIPS! HE OUGHT TO SELL THAT STUFF TO THE GOVERNMENT—IT'D EAT A HOLE RIGHT THROUGH TO CHINA AND WE COULD SEND SUPPLIES ON A FREIGHT ELEVATOR!

GORRY, NEIGHBOR! THE MAJOR HAS BEEN APPOINTED ON A MISSION TO SHANGHAI—LA! I'M JUST A FLY-PAPER SALESMAN WAITING FOR A BUS—COME BACK NEXT APRIL!

HEAVENS! I MUST PERFECT A DISGUISE!

THAT'S THE FOURTH VISITOR TODAY!

By J. R. Williams

Red Ryder

By Fred Harmon



THE NAVAJO RUGS YOU ARE BUYING ARE WOVEN FROM WOOL ON LOOMS LIKE THIS, MISS DELLA!

THEY ARE SIMPLY BEAUTIFUL, RED! MY COMPANY'S CUSTOMERS WILL GO WILD OVER THEM!

BUT THIS ONE I'M KEEPING! IT'S EXQUISITE—I FEEL JUST LIKE AN INDIAN PRINCESS!

YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE ONE, TOO SKINNY!

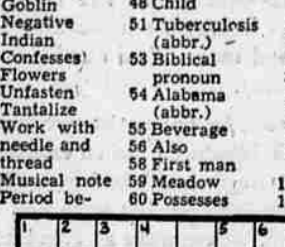
SHAME ON YOU, LITTLE BEAVER! APOLOGIZE!

ME DO, BUT I'M STILL HUNGRY!

By Fred Harmon

Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser



LET'S GATHER DRIFTWOOD AND SPELL OUT THE WORD "HELP" IN CASE THAT PLANE COMES BACK!

NOW YOU'RE COOKING WITH GAS!

WE'LL LAY THE WOOD ON THE SAND AND THE WORD WILL SHOW UP BETTER!

THAT ISN'T SUCH A HOT IDEA! WHEN THE TIDE COMES IN, IT'LL WASH THIS WOOD CLEAR OVER TO THE MAINLAND!

GOOD—THEN MORE PEOPLE WILL SEE THE MESSAGE!

By Blosser

Wash Tubbs

By Craig



YOUR IDENTITY CARDS, PLEASE

A. E. F. BARN DANCE ADMIT ONE

Whoop!

By Craig

Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin

FORGIVE ME FOR LAUGHING AT MR. ROXBORO—BUT, WHEE-EEE!

OH, IT MIGHT AS WELL ADMIT IT—MY PEN NAME IS LAVENDER DOLACE—BUT EVERY NOW AND THEN I GET FED UP ON SUCH TRASH AND HEAD FOR THE TALL TIMBER!

AND I LOVE IT! I DON'T SHAPE—I DON'T BATH—I DON'T TALK TO PEOPLE—I DON'T LIKE—I ACT LIKE A HEEL—I HAVE A SWELL TIME!

BUT I ALWAYS WRITE MY COLUMN IN THE OFFICE ALWAYS—A COP AFTER ME—AND I ALWAYS GO BACK TO WORK!

By V. T. Hamlin

Allep Oop

By Martin

HEV, LOOKOUT DOWN THERE!! CUT OUT TH ROUGH STUFF!

WHAT'S TH MATTER WITH YOU DOPE?? HAVE YOU GONE BLIND OR SLEEPIN'?

CAN'TCHA TELL WHEN A GUY IS FRIENDLY BY LOOKIN' AT IM?

By Martin

Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray

YOU MEAN TO SAY HE MAKES THEM DISAPPEAR? BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE—

HM-M-M—ONLY SIX LEFT—AND THE REST AREN'T HERE!

BUT NO ONE CAN BE MADE TO VANISH INTO THIN AIR, YOU KNOW—IT CAN'T BE DONE—

PERHAPS IF YOU SAW PUNJAB DO HIS MAGIC, YOU WOULD NOT BE SO SURE OF THAT—

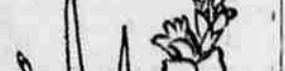
IF HE CAN MAKE THOSE SIX VANISH RIGHT HERE, I'LL BELIEVE ANYTHING—BUT HE CAN'T DO IT—

SHOW HIM, PUNJAB!

STAND TOGETHER, SO YOU WILL NOTE, SAHIB COMMANDER, THERE ARE NO WIRES, MIRRORS OR TRAP DOORS—ONLY THIS MAGIC CAPE—A BLANKET!

By Harold Gray

UNIQUE EFFECT IN EASY NEEDLEWORK



Make everyone notice your talents. Fill crocheted baskets with colorful flowers to decorate them the four seasons through. Even a beginner can do the crocheted basket and the flowers—they're just fun. Pattern 7392 contains a transfer pattern of 10 motifs ranging from 5 by 12 to 3 by 34 inches; directions for crochet; materials needed.

To obtain this pattern send 11 cents in coin to The Herald and News, Household Arts Dept., Klamath Falls. Do not send this picture, but keep it and the number for reference. Be sure to wrap coin securely, as a loose coin often slips out of the envelope. Requests for patterns should read, "Send pattern No.," to followed by your name and address.

Because of the slowness of the mails, delivery of Herald and News Household Arts patterns may take two weeks to reach you after your order is mailed in. We're sorry.

7392

By Alice Brooks

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

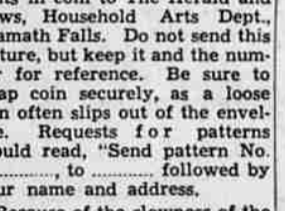


THE RING-NECKED PHEASANT, AN IMMIGRANT FROM CHINA, HAS BEEN MADE THE OFFICIAL STATE BIRD OF SOUTH DAKOTA!

7-21

QUINCY OOPS

By J. D. Croan



IN THE OLD FASHIONED HOME, CHILDREN ONLY WERE CONTROLLED BY SWITCHES, BUT IN THE MODERN HOME, EVERYTHING IS CONTROLLED BY SWITCHES EXCEPT THE CHILDREN.

Send J. D. CROAN, El Monte, California.

MOST BASEBALL BATS COME FROM NEW YORK AND PENNSYLVANIA, FROM ASH TREES CUT WHEN THE TRUNKS ARE 18 INCHES THICK.

7-21

FAMOUS COMPOSER

Answer to Previous Puzzle

HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured writer of musical comedy scores, —

12 Scope

13 Ever (poetic)

14 Prince

15 Measure of cloth

16 Arrive (abbr.)

17 Vat

18 Toward

20 French article

21 Doctors of Medicine (abbr.)

22 Taste solo (abbr.)

23 Area measure

25 Goblin

27 Negative

29 Indian

30 Confesses

32 Flowers

34 Unfasten

39 Tantalize

43 Work with threads

44 Musical note

45 Period be-

46 And (Latin)

47 Place (abbr.)

48 Child

51 Tuberculosis

53 Biblical pronoun

54 Alabama (abbr.)

55 Beverage

56 Also

58 First man

59 Meadow

60 Possesses

18 Afternoon party

19 Ancient

23 Dined

24 Legal point

26 Frequency

28 Bone

29 You and I

31 Tavern

33 Mineral rock

34 Employ

35 Seine

36 Compass point

37 Burning

38 Father

39 Fernman

40 Paid notice

41 State

42 Sight organ

1 (abbr.)

2 (abbr.)

3 (abbr.)

4 (abbr.)

5 (abbr.)

6 (abbr.)

7 (abbr.)

8 (abbr.)

9 (abbr.)

10 (abbr.)

11 (abbr.)

12 (abbr.)

13 (abbr.)

14 (abbr.)

15 (abbr.)

16 (abbr.)

17 (abbr.)

18 (abbr.)

FUNNY BUSINESS



"He used to be a locomotive engineer!"

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12										
13										