

Africa Waits

by Achmed Abdullah
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SPEED AND SOUND
CHAPTER XXII

THE Negroes and half-breeds, the heavers of wood and drawers of water, listened to the gossip telling the tale of an Arab who had come from their town . . . describing him . . . mentioning where he was . . . a man who was very ill and kept on babbling two names: Nancy and Zaman Khan. The blacks spread the tale by word of mouth.

Moise Torjeman heard it from the lips of his Sudanese cook. He spoke of it to Zaman Khan who was pleasantly occupied, before going to bed, with a brandy bottle and a gurgling water-pipe.

The Afghan rose.

A few seconds later, he knocked at Nancy Brown's door.

"Mem-sahab!" he called. "Mem-sahab!"

These last days, while Lincoln had crossed the wilderness, Zaman Khan had obeyed his instructions to the letter, keeping close track of Nancy Brown.

She had grown irritated.

"What's the idea?" she had demanded.

"What idea, mem-sahab?"

"Snooping after me all the time!"

"Hookum hal—it is an order," had been his answer.

"Whose order?" she had asked, and the Afghan had kept silent.

Often, during those days, her impatient, angry question; and, as often, Zaman Khan's mocking silence. Yet, deep in her heart, she had known without being told. Again she would ask the Afghan:

"Was it your friend who told you to play nursemaid to me? What did he say?"

Zaman Khan would smile madly, without replying; would ask himself:

"Is she really a spy? If she were, would she inquire, so freely, so foolishly, about the saheb? And, if she is not a spy, why does she ask so often about him? Ah! I think I know."

Now, tonight, he was knocking at her door.

"Mem-sahab!" he called. "Mem-sahab!"

A SECOND or two later, she appeared on the threshold, sleepy-eyed, wrapped in a kimono.

"What's the matter?" She was nervous, a little frightened.

Zaman Khan told her in a few words. She stood quite still; did not even tremble.

"I must go to him," she said steadily.

"And I?"

"Yes. You and I."

"We start at once."

He turned. She said:

"Wait!"

"Oh—?"

"I'll give you money—to buy things—for the journey and—"

"Money?" he echoed, and she reddened under his stony stare.

"By the honor of my mother—have I not money of my own, would I not sell my very soul when a friend is in need? Do I love the saheb less than you do?"

Swiftly, Nancy's keen mind pounced on the word "saheb." So the man was not an Arab, was one of her own race . . . it made things—

—Oh—more easy . . .

She interrupted her thoughts.

"Will we get to him in time?" she demanded.

"There is always a way if you know how to twist the mule's tail. I, being an Afghan, know every trick of twisting. Two things are needed. Speed and sound. I shall see to both."

THERE had come to town, only a week earlier, an elderly Arab, Asad Suleyman, a retired grain merchant who, chased out of Tripoli by the threat and clamor of Yebba. Haughtily he had come, war, had returned to his native riding in a rickety, rattling old Ford—it was the only automobile within many square miles—on which, occasionally, he would drive about the countryside, frightening the dogs, the camels, the children.

He and the Afghan had become good friends immediately. So now, although roused in the middle of the night, he showed no anger.

His friend would like to borrow the car, at once?

What for?

Zaman Khan did not wish to say? Perhaps an amorous adventure?

"Help yourself. There is plenty

of oil and petrol. Only—can you drive?"

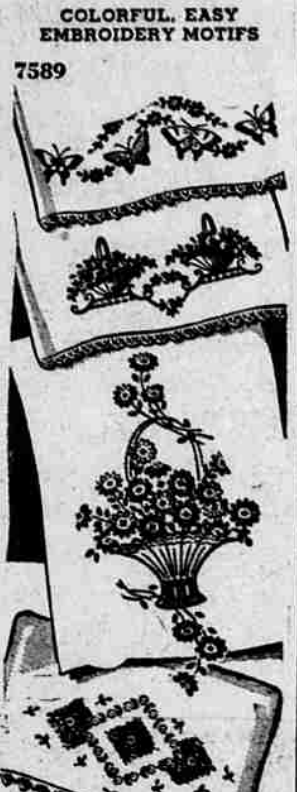
"No. But the woman can." Suleyman winked broadly. He poked Zaman Khan in the ribs.

"Wah!" he exclaimed admiringly—"I wish I were your age and—oh—less married! Good luck to you!"

Hurriedly Zaman Khan went to the outskirts of town, to Murad el-Touati's coffee-house, a respectable dive where nightly met the underworld of Yebba. Arabs and blacks and half-breeds. Men and women.

They greeted him noisily.

"Here!" A hand thrust a bottle



by Alice Brooks

Here's fun and frolic for the most inexperienced needle! Garlands, butterflies, and baskets of posies will grow upon pillow cases, towels, scarfs or tea cloths. . . in simple stitches. Excellent for showers and bazaars. Pattern 7589 contains a transfer pattern of 14 motifs ranging from 3 1/2 by 9 to 3 by 6 1/2 inches; stitches; list of materials.

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"Not a bad idea!"

at him. "Wet your gullet, O son of the world!"

"Thank you, thank you!" said the Afghan. "But not tonight. Tonight I need the hand of a friend."

At once a dozen men rose. A dozen weapons flickered. He laughed.

"Not a hand to draw steel," he added, "but a hand to beat the signal drum. Who of you heroes knows how to make them talk?"

There stepped forward a large Aquamoo Negro with kinky, snow-white hair, a vivid scar running from his left eye to the right corner of his mouth.

"I do, Khan effendi."

"Excellent, Ayawal!" The Afghan drew him into a corner.

"Listen . . ."

(To Be Continued)

Our war of resistance and the world situation have reached the highest peak in our uphill struggle. One step beyond will be smooth sailing.—Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.

Remains of the ancient glacier age can still be found in Glacier National park, Montana.

Unfortunately, the strength of democracy in peace is its weakness in war.—Roger D. Lapham, former WPB member.

United States war dead since Pearl Harbor, 15,132; traffic deaths in the same period, 40,000.—National Safety Council.

There is an adequate supply of textiles to meet all military and essential civilian needs. The major program is to see that the proper use is made.—WPB Chairman Donald Nelson.

IN DUSSELDORF THE GERMANS BUILT A HUGE IRON SERPENT MONUMENT TO CELEBRATE THE TANKING OF THE RHINE RIVER WHOSE WINDING FLOODS RAVAGED THE CITY IN TIMES PAST.

NOW... FLOODS RAVAGE THE CITY AGAIN... FLOODS OF ALLIED BOMBERS.

A HEAVY BOMBER, CRUISING AT 250 MILES PER HOUR, CONSUMES MORE THAN THREE GALLONS OF GASOLINE EVERY MINUTE.

WHO WAS THE FIRST ENGLISHMAN TO SAIL AROUND THE WORLD?

ANSWER: Sir Francis Drake.

NEXT: Coal facts in a cold country.

HEROIC AWARD

HORIZONTAL

1,7 Depicted in the U. S. Navy Distinguished

11 Coin

12 Tear

13 Fifth month

15 Girl's name

16 Lubricates

18 The gods

19 Like

20 Statue

21 Grew pallid

23 This award is in precedence in the U. S. Navy

25 Shoshone Indian

26 Execute the commands of

27 Dance step

29 Symbol for rubidium

30 Drunkard

33 Either

34 Negative

35 By

38 Editor (abbr.)

40 Chicken

41 Consume

43 Remove

45 Factions

47 Mortar tray

49 Anxiety

52 Horse's pace

53 Toward

54 Of the thing

56 Pedal digits

57 Blackbird

58 Knock

59 Cereal grain

61 Dutch city

62 Kind of race

63 Ironer

VERTICAL

1 Cease

2 Silkworm

3 Genus of rails

4 Symbol for

46 Sea eagle

47 Short jump

48 Let fall

50 Interpret

51 French river

53 Symbol for

54 Entices

55 Auricle

58 Railway (abbr.)

60 Symbol for

64 Land parcel

65 The medal contains a



THE EASY RIDER

Red Ryder

LOOK-UM OUT, RED RYDER!

Freckles and His Friends

THE WHOLE TOWN OF SHADYSIDE IS TURNED UPSIDE DOWN! EVERYBODY'S BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU KIDS!

Wash Tubbs

SO YOU'RE GOING TO NORWEGIAN HEADQUARTERS IN LONDON, ELSA?

Boots and Her Buddies

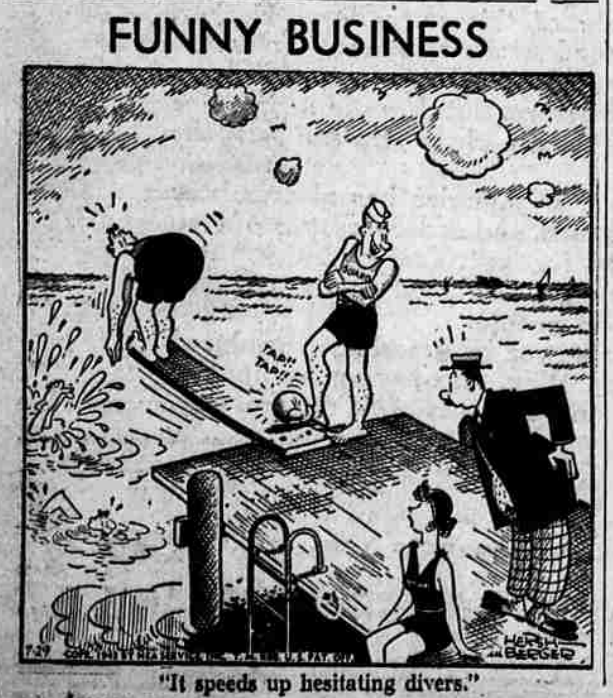
BUT THAT LITTLE DRIP SQUIRTED MILK IN MY FACE

Allep Oop

MY GOSH, OOP THIS IS RIDICULOUS! YOU CAN'T LIFT A BIG SHIP LIKE THAT OUT OF THE WATER!

Little Orphan Annie

DIDN'T YOU TELL ME ONCE THAT THIS CASTLE HAD NO GHOSTS?



"It speeds up hesitating divers."

FUNNY BUSINESS

Illustration of a man and a woman in a pet shop, part of the 'Funny Business' section.



PUTTING THE CHICKEN BEFORE THE COW

With Major Hoople

YOU REMEMBER MAJOR HOOPLE, DON'T YOU, UNCLE ROGER?

Red Ryder

LOOK-UM OUT, RED RYDER!

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