

# The Road to Bagdad

By GEORGE GIBBS

**SYNOPSIS**— Beautiful Camilla Dean is touring Egypt and Palestine with a party of Americans. On the voyage she has many admirers, among them a wealthy Syrian known as Joseph Asad, in reality Hassan Isar, leader of fanatical Arabs in Palestine. She meets also the English-bred American, Ronald Barker, known as El Kerak, mysterious leader of the tribes opposed to Hassan. Camilla accepts the attention of Hassan to gain information helpful to Barker, who has warned her that she may be in danger if she continues her tour. She accepts Hassan's invitation to go to Damascus, accompanied by some of her American friends. She visits the home of Hassan's father, the sheik Arif-el-Arif, where she is joined by Hassan who renews his proposal of marriage, but she refuses him.

## CHAPTER XI

Mr. Willing, having tourist business in Damascus, turned the party over to Michael, who drove, seated beside his Syrian chauffeur and guide. The Syrian's name was Zaagi and he spoke English and French, telling tales of the country they were passing through and of the tribes that inhabited them. From time to time they passed caravans of mottled camels and dromedaries on the road to Palmyra. But more interesting were the tribesmen, in kaffiyeh and kumbar, riding spirited horses which pranced and pirouetted as the great bus thundered past and the riders shot their rifles into the air, the bullets whizzing close to the bus while they shouted and laughed in amusement at the tourists.

"I'd hate to meet that crowd on a dark night without a machine gun, a few bombs and some tear gas," Slim said.

But the chauffeur only smiled the superior smile of the Syrian, which is more superior than any smile in the world. "Machine guns! Bah, monsieur, would you shoot with machine guns at a lot of children? It is their way. They are just having a good time."

"Sure! But the next bunch may not think they're having a good enough time. I'd feel more comfortable if we had some rifles and ammunition in case they gang up on us."

Zaagi laughed again. He seemed to find a great deal of pleasure in Slim's remarks.

Michael drove carefully and when a herd of camels blocked the way, waited patiently until they had passed. A sharp-featured fellow stuck his nose in at Kitty Trimble's window and made an ugly face at her so that she screamed in terror. If Hassan had been in the party he would have prevented any such unpleasantness. She wanted Michael to turn the car and go back to Damascus, but Janet and Josie laughed at her.

Camilla confessed to herself a slight uneasiness over the indifferent air of the guide, Zaagi. But he had come well recommended from the most respectable garage in Beirut, and bore credentials from the French government.

"Besides," Michael added in explanation, "he brought me an excellent letter from Hassan Isar."

"Hassan!" Slim's mouth sagged open. "I guess that makes it unanimous. Say, Camilla," he muttered, "I don't like that Zaagi guy a little bit. If he runs us into any trouble, he'll be the first one to go—"

Slim was rather proud of his big automatic which he carried in a shoulder holster and exhibited childishly. Michael had a gun, too, and Janet Priestly carried a little .22 Smith and Wesson in her handbag.

Zaagi was driving now and Michael joined them in one of the rear seats. Michael was more interested in the performance of his great engine of transportation than in any social or diplomatic question. The road they took was unlike the hard-surfaced and graded highways from Jerusalem to Beirut. Caravan travel had ironed out some of the rough spots but it was still merely a trail over the desert, and it took careful driving to avoid the rocks that were hidden under the dust in unexpected places.

"I made this wheel base as short as I could," Michael explained, "but it's hard to keep the body off the ground. We've got to choose our terrain carefully, leaving the road when necessary, to make the riding easy."

It seemed to Camilla that they had been off the road ever since Zaagi had been driving, but she cheerfully accepted Michael's explanation.

"Are you sure this guy knows where he's going?" Slim asked, eyeing the country dubiously.

They seemed now to be in the very heart of the desert, for the herds of camels and asses that they had noticed nearer Damascus were no longer to be seen! nor were there

any signs of caravans or groups of horsemen as before. Just the undulating of the horizon, with here and there the serrated edges of rock piercing the distant sky.

When the speed of the bus was reduced, as now seemed necessary most of the time, the heat was intense and the tourists were all perspiring freely.

"You ain't seen nothing yet," Slim said as Josie complained.

"How hot is Bagdad?" "A hundred and fifteen when it's cool—and a hundred and forty when it decides to get warm—"

They were all game except Kitty, who had subsided in her seat, her face mottled and her eyes bulging, gasping feebly from time to time that she wanted to return to Damascus. Michael, exhibiting a map, said he hoped to reach Palmyra in the afternoon, but if they didn't make better time it might be later. He explained that it didn't matter where they stopped for the night as they were taking their hotel with them, and there was plenty of water and provisions for everybody.

"It's quite exciting," Josie said. "The grandest picnic I ever went on," sighed Janet happily.

It was increasingly exciting as the great bus seemed to be having difficulties of its own, lurching and tilting unpleasantly like a ship in an angry sea. There was, so far as they could see, no sign now of road or trail, and they were passing over virgin soil that had not even been trodden by the hoofs of camels.

"Say," said Slim, who had followed Michael forward to the chauffeur's bench, "this gink doesn't know where he's going. Look what we're coming to—"

They had reached the top of a precipitous slope covered with angry-looking basalt rocks which seemed to end in a chaos of minor precipices. "Put your brakes on, man!" Slim roared.

Zaagi obliged grudgingly, giving Slim a sickly smile that was still superior. "I come a shorter way, monsieur," Zaagi explained.

"Get back to the road," Michael commanded, with a sudden realization that the bus had somehow got into a difficult position. "I'm not going to smash this bus on her trial trip."

Zaagi moved one shoulder slightly, and putting on power, seemed to be finding a way between the jutting stones that would bring them back to safety, when miraculously there appeared out of no-

where among the rocks in front, beside and behind them, groups of mounted Bedouins galloping to the car, gesticulating with their rifles and shouting incomprehensibly.

"What does all this mean, Zaagi?" Michael demanded.

"I don't know, monsieur. It is a branch of the Anazeh and they come to welcome us to their country."

Zaagi opened the door and there was a short colloquy. When the conversation was ended Zaagi turned with simulated despair. "They ask tribute for passing through their lands," he said. "It is the custom of the country, they say."

A man in a red pelisse who seemed to be the leader of the group now raised a hand commanding attention. He was taller than the others, wore a small brown beard and, judged by the standards of his people, was handsome of face and well formed in figure.

"He says," Zaagi translated, "that he wishes to examine your luggage and requests that you all step down while he does so."

"I'm darned if we do," Michael replied.

There was a moment of silence while the sheik sat gravely with an air of great dignity and patience, smiling at last as if in commiseration of their unreasonable attitude. When he spoke it was with a sterner expression. "He says," Zaagi interrupted, "that it will be much better if you do what he asks. He will perhaps detain you a few minutes."

The situation crystallized almost immediately as Michael took Zaagi by the collar of his tunic and threw him from behind the wheel, falling into his seat and turning on the power. Zaagi put a hand into his shirt and drew out a knife which he swung with a dangerous motion toward Michael. But Slim fired quickly and Zaagi dropped, rolling at the feet of an Arab who had come up the steps. That was the beginning of the trouble. Michael was trying to get the car in gear when somebody shot at him. Slim's automatic came into line again and fired several times. The sounds of firing now came from all directions. Michael had been hit in the shoulder and crumpled over the wheel, but he fired a final shot at the man clambering up the steps toward him while glass clattered and Janet Priestly's tiny revolver sounded like the yapping of a fox terrier above the roar of the heavy rifles. Camilla, still bewildered by the sudden conflict, rushed forward to pick up Slim's gun from the floor of the bus, when she was seized violently

and carried bodily outside.

It was lively while it lasted, and fatal at least to poor Slim who had fallen prone, bleeding badly from a wound in his chest. Michael Gay still sagged over the wheel, a bullet in his shoulder, and Janet looked disgustedly at her little empty pistol and let them hustle her out to the ground. Doc Williamson, who was unarmed, obediently followed the directions of the bandits. Torelli was giving aromatic sprays of ammonia to Kitty Trimble, who had fainted.

Camilla was aware of the man in the red pelisse urging her again toward the horse, and as she did not try to help him two men lifted her bodily and put her in the saddle. She was sure that it was useless for her to struggle, so she submitted, permitting them to lead the horse away from the group and over the hill to a flat plain which seemed limitless in every direction, except toward the mountains which they were leaving behind them.

There was no chance of escape. Two men rode with her, one on each side. She spoke to one of them in English, then in French, asking where they were going but she got no reply—unless his forbidding silence could be considered one. She tried the man on the other side with the same result.

(Continued Next Week)

## LEGAL NOTICES

### NOTICE OF SALE

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain deed of trust made by Ethel Boogher, Eliza Boogher, Lyles Harris and wife, Jane Walker Harris, to the undersigned trustee, dated November 19th, 1937, and duly registered in the office of the Register of Deeds for Watauga County, N. C., in Book of Mortgages and Deeds of Trust No. 24, at page 575, to which reference is hereby made, and default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness secured by said deed of trust, whereby the power of sale therein contained has become operative, and said undersigned trustee will on Thursday, October 23, 1941, at 12:00 o'clock noon, sell at public auction, for cash, at the courthouse door in Boone, County of Watauga, and State of North Carolina, the following lands and premises: A certain tract of land lying and being in Watauga County aforesaid, and more particularly described as follows:

The same being situate, lying and being in the town of Blowing Rock, State of North Carolina, bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at a stake on the east side of a street in Blowing Rock and running south 89 degrees east 100 degrees east passing Robbins' N.E. corner; then with this line north 35 degrees east passing Robbins' N.E. corner, running in all 163 feet to a stone; then north 14 west 143 11-50 feet to a stone on the south side of a street; then with the street south 81 west 242 feet to a stake at the junction of the two streets; then with the street 4 1/2 degrees east 105 feet to the beginning, being the land described in a deed from Eliza S. Boogher to Ethel Boogher and Elise Boogher, dated August 31st, 1933, and recorded in the Registry for Watauga County, N. C., in Book 41, page 624.

This sale is made pursuant to raised bid for the above property filed with the Clerk of the Superior Court of Watauga County, following sale on Aug. 12, 1941, and order of re-sale entered by said clerk. This October 1, 1941.

GUY M. SALES, Trustee.

### NOTICE

North Carolina, Watauga County.

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain deed of trust, dated May 19, 1927, executed by A. C. Reece and wife, Lola Reece, to W. E. McNeill, trustee, and recorded in the office of the register of deeds for Watauga county, in Book 9 at page 351, securing certain notes payable to the Bank of Glade Springs, and default having been made in the payment as provided therein, will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder for cash at the courthouse door in Boone, Watauga county, North Carolina, on the 26th day of October, 1941, at 12 o'clock noon, the following described real estate, to wit:

First Tract: Beginning on a sugar tree, George Hayes' old corner, west 77 1/2 east 75 poles to a poplar; north 70 east 54 poles to a stake; north 4 east 42 poles to a stake; west 80 poles to a stake; then north 34 west 42 poles to a cucumber; then north 3 west 30 poles to a stake; south 85 1/2 west 11 1/2 poles to a stake; then south 59 west 9 poles to a stake; south 72 west 9 poles to a stake; west 6 1/2 poles to a stake; south 87 1/2 west 12 poles to a stake; north 87 west 4 poles to a stake; north 83 1/2 west 6 1/2 poles to a stake, Wilson heirs' corner; then south 5 1/2 west 38 poles to a stake; east 3 poles to a stake; south 5 1/2 west 16 poles to a stake; south 86 1/2 east 38 poles to a sugar tree; thence east 14 poles to a stake; then south 47 poles to the beginning, containing 70 acres, more or less.

Second Tract: Beginning on a rock and runs north 33 west 16 poles to a birch; then north 32 east 68 poles to a dogwood at two rocks on a ridge; thence south 40 east 8 poles to a chestnut on top of the ridge; thence south 30 east 10 poles to a small chestnut; thence south 42 east 26 poles to a chestnut; thence south 66 east 6 poles to a stake on top of the ridge; then south 42 east 30 poles to a chestnut on top of said ridge; then south 10 west 46 1/2 poles to a white oak, Solomon Isaacs' corner; west 10 poles to a stake, the Rick's corner; north 45 west 59 poles to a white oak on a flat ridge; south 60 west 32 poles to the beginning, containing 32 acres, more or less.

This 26th day of September, 1941.

W. E. McNEILL, Trustee.

10-2-4c

## LEGAL NOTICES

### NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE

North Carolina, Watauga County.

Pursuant to the power and authority contained in that certain deed of trust dated July 9, 1940, executed by Lucille K. Boyden to Julian Price, trustee, which deed of trust is duly recorded in the office of the register of deeds for Watauga county, North Carolina, in Book of Mortgages No. 36, at Page No. 64, and which secured a certain note payable to the Jefferson Standard Life Insurance Company, and default having been made in the payment of said note, as provided in said deed of trust, and demand of foreclosure having been made by said Jefferson Standard Life Insurance Company, the undersigned trustee, having been substituted as trustee for Julian Price, said substitution being duly recorded in the office of the register of deeds for Watauga county, North Carolina, in Book 53, page 521, will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder for cash at the courthouse door in Watauga county, Boone, North Carolina, at 12:00 noon, on the 20th day of October, 1941, the following described real estate, to wit:

First Tract: Beginning on an iron pipe at the intersection of Highway No. 321, and Rock Street, and runs with Rock Street south 8 degrees east 131.5 feet to an iron pipe, corner of the McGuire property; thence south 78 degrees 33 minutes west with McGuire's line 131 feet to an iron pipe; thence north 61 degrees west 114 feet with the Chas. W. Clarke line to an iron pipe; thence north 35 degrees east with the Chas. W. Clarke line 190 feet to a rock corner on the south side of Highway No. 321; thence south 62 degrees east with the said highway 105 feet to the beginning corner, and being known as the Blowing Rock Hotel stable lot.

Second Tract: Beginning on an iron pipe at the intersection of Spring Street and Highway No. 321, and runs north 2 degrees 15 minutes west with Spring Street 127 feet to an iron pipe at the intersection of Spring Street and Chestnut Street; thence north 57 degrees 20 minutes west with Spring Street 84.1 feet to an iron pipe, corner of the Nebel property; thence south 31 degrees 50 minutes west with the Nebel line 118.3 feet to an iron pipe at the end of a rock wall and in the edge of the sidewalk; thence with the sidewalk two calls south 51 degrees 22 minutes west 87 feet to an iron pipe, and south 68 degrees 57 minutes east 75.1 feet to the beginning corner, and being known as the Tennis court lot, and being a part of Lot No. 2 of the S. M. Clarke plat made in 1887.

Third Tract: Beginning on an iron pipe on the south side of Highway No. 321, and at the end of a rock column, the Ransom corner, and running thence 82 degrees 15 minutes west with Highway No. 321, 255.7 feet to an iron pipe in the intersection of Rock Street with said highway; thence south 8 degrees east with Rock Street 222.7 feet to an iron pipe on the east side of said Rock Street; thence north 76 degrees 35 minutes east with the Cordon property line 253.8 feet to an iron pipe in a proposed street; thence north 11 degrees 10 minutes west with the Ransom line 130.5 feet to the beginning, and being known as lots numbers 64 and 65 on the plat of the S. M. Clarke land made in 1887.

From this said third tract is excepted 20 feet on the west side which has heretofore been conditionally conveyed to Norman C. Cordon, Jr., as a roadway.

The highest bidder at said sale will be required to make a cash deposit of five per cent of the purchase price to show good faith for the performance of said bid.

This 18th day of September, 1941. J. E. HOLSHOUSER, Substituted Trustee.

10-25-4c

## LEGAL NOTICES

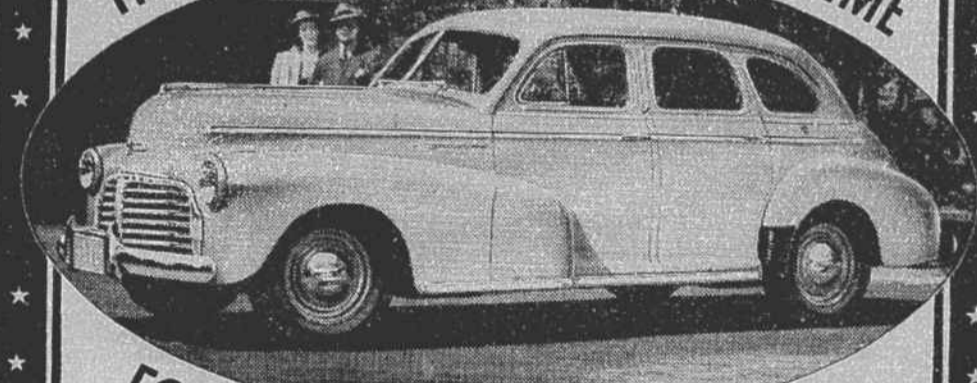
### SALE OF LAND FOR CITY TAXES

By virtue of the power of sale vested in me by law as tax collector for the town of Boone, N. C., I will on Monday, November 3, 1941, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 12 m., at the city hall in said town, sell to the highest bidder for cash to satisfy taxes for the amounts indicated for the year 1940, the lands of the following delinquent taxpayers of the town of Boone, N. C.

This September 30, 1941.  
MRS. RUTH McCONNELL,  
Tax Collector, Town of Boone.

Mrs. Fred Aldridge	\$13.10
I. S. Ayers	56.38
T. & L. Cafe	18.62
Carrie H. Bingham	25.62
D. L. Blount	9.83
Mrs. J. W. Brawley	13.10
J. R. Brinkley	11.23
E. O. Britain	1.87
M. F. Byers	2.34
R. G. Carroll	2.81
Miss Jennie Coffey	18.38
Ralph Coffey	10.30
Earl D. Cook	41.08
Mrs. Cora Council	28.64
J. Ed Cullers	6.71
Carolina Pharmacy	84.24
Mrs. J. N. Davidson	1.87
Tom Davis	70.30
Laura A. Deal	9.83
Mrs. Edna Dellinger	7.37
Bernard Dougherty	14.14
J. Paul Fox	7.49
Ethel Garrison	2.70
Mrs. W. R. Gragg	38.48
Roy Hagaman	43.52
Rex Hagaman	24.63
Grady Hartley	14.61
Highland Furniture Co.	18.72
Mrs. Edna Hodges	23.61
Stuart Hodges	14.40
Hollar's Grocery Store	52.51
Lethia Hoyle	1.40
A. L. Hunt	2.90
Mrs. Gene Holt	6.55
J. L. Huss	1.87
Mrs. W. R. Johnson	21.69
Carl Kuykendall	3.84
C. W. Kirkpatrick	4.92
Cassey Keever	7.37
A. W. Lippard	3.68
W. R. Lovill and Mrs. J. W. Brawley	35.57
Mrs. J. S. Lyons	23.14
J. A. & Lucille Luther	23.40
Ralph Mast	30.15
Mrs. Frank McGhee	29.48
Earl C. Norris	23.17
E. L. Payne	45.68
S. E. Phillips	9.36
E. S. Qualls	3.23
J. R. Reese	12.55
Mrs. C. A. Little-Reese	40.94
W. E. Rush	11.79
W. E. Setzer	7.68
Mrs. Elizabeth Sproles	7.71
Mrs. Helen Stallings	11.23
Ralph and Edna Stansberry	16.38
C. S. Stevenson	2.43
H. S. Storie	25.59
Will C. Walker	33.70
Ralph Winkler	239.96
Mrs. J. L. Winkler	81.90

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