

# Africa Waits

by Achmed Abdullah  
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**CHAPTER I**  
TWO hours earlier, with due pomp and circumstance that had blended chilly, buckram-stiff European politeness, colorful Moslem splendor and motley African savagery, they had done him great honor.

Ivory horns had brayed. Reed pipes had shrilled. Drums had thumped and thundered. Inconspicuously, almost sardonically, a band composed of recently recruited cannibals had blared out the *Marzelleuse*.

Flags—the flags of the United Nations, Free France, America, Great Britain, Norway, Holland, Brazil and all the decent rest—had fluttered everywhere, defiantly and hopefully. People of many races had lined the dusty streets, cheering themselves hoarse.

From a dozen ceremonial fires, scented smoke had mounted to the tight, lapis-blue sky in feathery streamers and hung there in a blood-red cloud, lighting up this little town of Mounetville—a neat French bourgeois name that, having supplanted the former Arabic appellation of *Souq el-Marghin*, sat idly upon its steaming, exotic miasma—and telling all Central Africa that a new lord had come to rule.

For today, by appointment of General de Gaulle, Lincoln C. Elliot, American, was military governor of this last and loneliest French equatorial colony which sweltered and sweated and stewed at the back of the beyond.

LINCOLN ELLIOT sat alone that night on the veranda of his squat little wattle-and-daub house which was so pompously called the "Governor's Palace."

He listened to the far, faint pulse-beat of the Arab tom-toms and the hollow, nasal, sardonic thud of the tall, wooden Negro drums.

He thought of his meeting, a few weeks earlier, in London, with General de Gaulle and Winston Churchill. Thought of the confidential communication locked in his desk: a flattering message from Washington telling him that while, doubtless, given his varied military experience in the war, office would be glad to give him a commission, the United States government considered him irreplaceable in his present position. He smiled as he recalled how, only a little over a decade earlier, he had come to this same colony as a raw recruit in the French army, after a memorable row with his father.

Amos W. Lincoln, manager of an American express company in Paris, had been a stern Englishman—the sort who had dieted his smoldering, natural passions into a bleak, thin-blooded, artificial Puritanism. He had married a Frenchwoman, a widow with a son, who died in giving birth to Lincoln.

Amos had adopted Raoul, who was six years older, had brought up his stepson as well as his son with an iron hand. He had thought himself a good Christian, yet had never learned the sweet virtue of forgiveness. So when Raoul, a rather wild, extravagant youngster who had chosen the army as a career, had gone heavily into debt, he had refused to assist him; had even refused to come to the rescue when the other, driven to despair by hounding creditors, had helped himself to regimental funds.

Raoul had been drummed out of the army with disgrace; and Lincoln—for he had loved his half-brother dearly—had had a terrible scene with his father. Accusations and counter-accusations. Words that should not have been spoken.

There had been, as a logical aftermath to the row, too much champagne mixed with too much brandy, and a persuasive recruiting sergeant, gorgeous in his well-fitting, blue uniform and medals clinking on his broad chest.

Since then Lincoln had served in the French Foreign Legion here and there all over Africa, from Algiers to the Tripolitanian border, from Dakar to the Cameroons. He learned to love the land with a love surpassing that of woman.

His steel-blue eyes had become puckered and weary; his curly, brown hair had grown thin in spots; his lips did not smile as readily as formerly; and he had lost flesh until, today, he was as lean as a whiplash. But his love for this land had persisted.

And now, the colony having de-

clared for Free France and the Cross of Lorraine, here he was back after 11 years, entrusted with a great mission: the mightiest where once he had been the least.

HE sat there, listening to the far, faint throbbing of the drums. Rub-rub-rub-rubbedy-rub—the Morse code of all Africa, the evening chant of all Africa, fraught with the news, the rumors and gossip and lies of all Africa.

Rub-rubbedy-rubbedy-rub—the sound waves traveling north with words of tribal feud, and west with words of rinderpest striking the long-horned cattle of the Massais, and south with words of a M'pongwe medicine-man brewing dread mysteries, and east with words of a plump bespectacled little German found with a forged Swiss passport in his pocket and two tons of dynamite in the packs of his safari.

Lincoln knew the drums of old. For so long, day and night, he had listened to their chatter. And he sighed as he thought of the dead years; as the dead years came back to him with the droning of the drums; came back to him with the scent, sweet and acrid, strong as the beat of a temple gong, that drifted in from the native quarter.

Ah—the sounds, the scents! The melancholy realization that—dear Lord God!—once he had not been a great sidi, a high-and-mighty governor to be salamed to; but had known the soul of these drums, the soul of Africa... had felt this soul as part and parcel of his own soul.

Rub-rub-rub-rubbedy-rub—swelling, dwindling, swelling; breaking off unexpectedly, on a high note, like a dirge skirled on the bagpipes; awakening old memories, old follies, old desires with a terrible vividness.

(To Be Continued)

**MAKE SLIP COVERS AT HOME AND SAVE**

The wise woman today "makes her own"—especially slip covers. So, make shabby pieces bright and new—protect good chairs and sofas. See how easy it is to make professional slip covers, with these simple directions. Instructions 7397 contain step-by-step directions for making slip covers for varied chairs and sofas; suggestions for materials. 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.

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7397  
by Alice Brooks

**FUNNY BUSINESS**

He refuses to pull the ripcord unless he gets time and a half for overtime!

**GA-GAI**  
KANSAS CITY, (AP)—Detective Earl Kritzer and Police Clerk Arthur G. Pope glanced back at the license tag on the rear of the passing car—then looked again, and swerved their machine in quick pursuit.

Nope—no numbers at all. Just "Goo-Goo," in big black letters.

Driver John B. Rullo blamed a neighbor's little Angeles, and said he'd get some paint remover.

The front license plate didn't say "Goo-Good." It said "Goo-Foo."



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**UNITED WE QUAKE**  
SAN FRANCISCO, (AP)—Elephants, like humans, prefer company if there's trouble brewing.

Babe and May were in adjoining rooms at the zoo when army and coast guard guns opened up with practice firing during the night.

Next morning Supt. C. N. Baldwin found the animals together. A one-ton steel door which had separated the cages was battered to the floor.



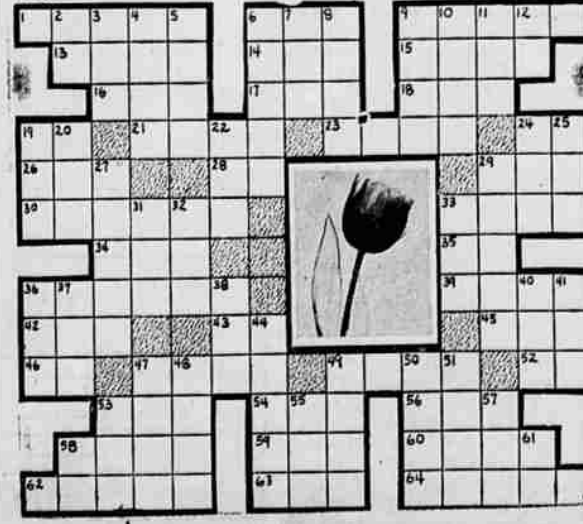
**VIOLETS**  
THAT HAVE BLOOMED CONTINUOUSLY SINCE FEBRUARY 12, 1942, ARE GROWN BY MRS. FRED OLSEN, ALTON, ILLINOIS. HER HUSBAND, AN EXPERT IN EXPLOSIVE CHEMICALS, USES HIS KNOWLEDGE TO GROW FLOWERS CHEMICALLY.

**QUINING OOPS**  
A SEAPLANE LANDS ON THE WATER," SAYS JIMMY STRADER, ANDERSON, INDIANA.

NEXT: What is the brilliant "star" in the west these evenings?

**FLOWER OF HOLLAND**

- HORIZONTAL**
- 1 Pictured national flower of Holland
  - 6 Lacquer
  - 9 They are grown from
  - 13 Faro term
  - 14 Dutch city
  - 15 Individuals
  - 16 Five and five
  - 17 Lair
  - 18 Dispose of
  - 19 Ambarly
  - 21 Astir
  - 23 Canvas shelter
  - 24 Toward
  - 26 Anger
  - 28 Music note
  - 29 Shooter
  - 30 Sewing implement
  - 33 Fish
  - 34 Stial
  - 35 Above
  - 36 Clergyman
  - 39 Deserve
  - 42 Pedal digit
  - 43 Hypothetical
- VERTICAL**
- 2 We
  - 3 Landed parcel
  - 4 Notion
  - 5 Throe
  - 6 Projecting
  - 7 American humorist
  - 8 Coin
  - 9 Nee
  - 10 Single thing
  - 11 Conducted
  - 12 Bachelor of Science (abbr.)
  - 19 Noise
  - 20 Exist
  - 22 Mineral rock
  - 24 Rap lightly
  - 25 Be indebted
  - 27 Weird
  - 29 Jewel
  - 31 Female deer
  - 32 Pounds (abbr.)
  - 33 Color
  - 36 Pints (abbr.)
  - 37 Decay
  - 38 Upper part
  - 40 Line
  - 41 Negative word
  - 44 Thick
  - 47 Part in a drama
  - 48 Nocturnal birds
  - 49 Ridge of sand in water
  - 50 They grow in
  - 51 Great Lake
  - 53 Paving substance
  - 55 Long fish
  - 57 First woman
  - 58 Tantalum (symbol)
  - 61 Print measure



**Out Our Way** By J. R. Williams



**Red Ryder**



**Freckles and His Friends**



**Wash Tubbs**



**Boots and Her Buddies**



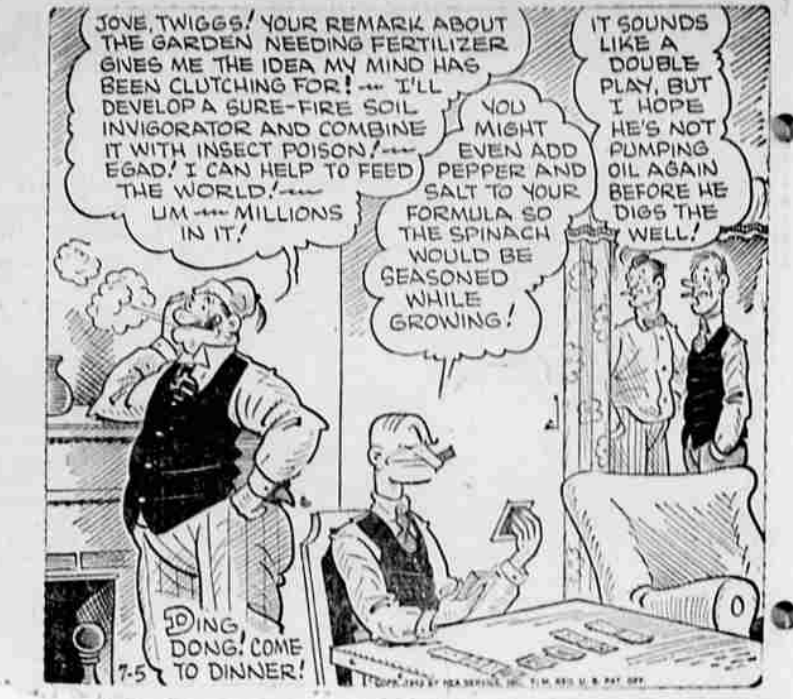
**Allep Oop**



**Little Orphan Annie**



**Our Boarding House** With Major Hoopla



**By Fred Harmon**



**By Blosser**



**By Cran**



**By V. T. Hamlin**



**By Martin**



**By Harold Gray**

