

Africa Waits

by Achmed Abdullah
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THE STORY: Lincoln Elliot, American, decides to have one final fling before settling down to his important duties as the newly-appointed military governor of a French colony in Central Africa. For the last time he takes himself as the Arab, Terek el-Medjahit, and goes off in search of adventure. Curiously takes him to the long-disbanded dervish lodge of Bi Hassanyeh, of which he has once been a member. An impulse prompts him to give the signal knock. There is a knocking in reply.

SITT FOSHA

CHAPTER IV

HE stood quite still. Had it been his imagination...? No, no!

For he saw the door opening warily for the width of half an inch, and, without seeing the speaker, he heard the ancient ritual words of the Lodge:

"Who is the one that cometh knocking?"

Instinctively, he gave the right reply:

"A pilgrim!"

"Where do you travel, O pilgrim?"

"Toward Allah the One, the All-Merciful, the Lord of Day-break!"

"With whom do you travel, O pilgrim?"

"With Mohammed, the Prophet, the Adored—on whom the Peace!"

"Where is your strength, O pilgrim?"

"In the iron about my wrist!"

"Where is the iron, O pilgrim?"

"Here!"—as Lincoln put his wrist through the slit of the door. There was then silence. Silence, queerly waiting; and the purple rush of the night.

Then words came:

"Enter with God, O pilgrim!"

The door opened wide. It closed behind him a few seconds later with a dry, dramatic little click of finality.

IT was a woman who had asked him the password and let him in. She stood there, sharply outlined in the lemon rays of the candle which she was holding. She was very small, very wizen and bent, her dead-white face a mass of finely etched wrinkles, yet with finely rouged cheeks and her lips painted a bright crimson.

"Horrible old hag!" he thought.

Who might she be?

One of the Bi Hassanyeh, surely. But who?

He had no idea.

Yet she knew him. For she called him by name—his Moslem name.

"Terek!" she said, in a tremulous voice. "Terek el-Medjahit!"

Her eyes—the only thing about her of any beauty, immense, deep-brown, gold-flecked—gazed at him with a sort of pleading expectancy. He did not speak, still wondering who she was; and she continued:

"Don't you remember me? Oh—don't you, don't you, don't you?"

He did not. He told her so.

"You see," he suggested apologetically, "there were so many of us in the days gone by."

"But, to quote your own words," she rejoined slowly, "there was only one like me! Aye—only one like me in all the world!"

"Who—" he demanded—"who are you? Won't you tell me?"

She came a step nearer.

"I," she said, "am Sitt Fosha."

He regarded her incredulously.

"You—" he stammered—"you are...?"

Her laughter rose shrilly, tragically.

"Yes!" she cried. "Sitt Fosha! Do you remember now? Do you remember how you swore upon the Koran that you would never forget me—never, never?"

He swallowed hard. He was conscious of remorse and, too, of pity.

"We," he whispered, "were young then. So was our love young."

"During youth," she countered, "love is a flower. And when we grow old, it withers into hay—and then the oxen eat it."

Again he swallowed hard.

Sitt Fosha—he said to himself—this wizen, painted old hag...

SHE had been a member of the Bi Hassanyeh; and he had met her at a time when he had received six weeks' furlough for "distinguished service," and had spent it all with his native friends—and most of it with her.

His first love it had been—and how profound it had seemed, leaping all barriers of ethical and religious inheritance. A deep, true passion that—he had been sure—could never end.

Well—it had ended.

His furlough had been over. He had been promoted to second lieutenant; had been sent to Dakar. He gave a little shiver, almost of repulsion, as he recalled how once she had been dearer to him than the dwelling of kings, how she had lain in his arms, how on her lips he had tasted life's most amazing beauty and glory and

HOME SWEET HOME IN FILET CROCHET

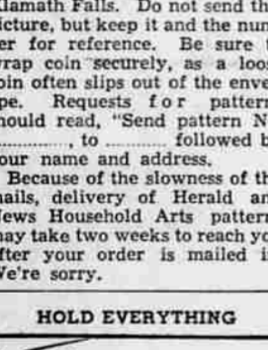


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HOLD EVERYTHING



"Button up your shirt, soldier!"

sweetness; and, a second later, obeying an impulse, perhaps to make up for the ugly reaction, he bowed and kissed her hand.

She jerked it away.

"Is it my hand this day?" she exclaimed. "Ah—by the Prophet Mohammed the Adored!—and years ago it was my mouth."

She was silent.

"I hate you, Terek!" she went on, with a hysterical catch in her voice.

"You—oh...?"

"Yes. And do you know why? Not because you have forgotten me? For lives there a man in Allah's seven creations who does not forget? I hate you because age has come to me, dimming my eyes, shriveling my breasts, wrinkling my skin. And you—you are still young..."

(To Be Continued)

Japan has virtually everything she needs, raw materials, manpower, peoples that can be forced to labor. All she needs is time. We must not give it to her—Joseph C. Grew, former ambassador to Japan.

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THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



SCIENTIFIC INVENTORS HAVE WORKED OUT AN "ELECTRIC PLUNKER," TO TEST THE DEGREE OF RIPENESS IN "WATERMELONS."

KWIK-KOZLER

WHAT RIVER SEPARATES KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, AND KANSAS, KANSAS?

ANSWER: The Kansas, or Kaw. They're on the same bank of the Missouri.

NEXT: Times and air pilots have changed.

SCOTTISH SINGER

HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured Scottish comedian, Sir

10 Area measure

11 Little perforated ball

12 Compass point

13 Contorted

15 Diminutive of Timothy

16 Point

17 He wears

19 Quaid

21 Sancta Virgo (abbr.)

22 Whirlwind

24 High hill

26 Expunges

29 He is a

33 Royal Italian family name

34 Small bubble in glass

35 Speaks

37 Cubic meters

39 Royal Navy (abbr.)

40 Symbol for erbium

41 First woman

Answer to Previous Puzzle

DOUGLAS SPANISH OR EARS GIVE TI NA MIT I VET OD ELF RIP FOR APE US SABOTAIN SONNETS DOUGLAS TAP GARDON DOUGLAS TAP BROODER C-39 ACT INP JULEPER ORE FREN ALE TIP VATTIC AVE DE AN ONTO ANEW EE LARGEST RENEWAL

VERTICAL

1 Birds

2 Reach a destination

3 Symbol for rubidium

4 Still

5 Layman

6 Permits te enter

7 Restrains

8 Wife of Geraint in Arthurian legend

9 Corded fabric

14 Chemical suffix

18 Device for toasting

20 Toward

23 Compound ether

25 Scott

27 Expose to moisture

28 Ever (contr.)

30 Devotee

31 Microbes

32 Dutch city

35 Neglected

36 Composed

37 Sitting

38 Warp thread

39 Turbine wheel

42 Votre Em-nence (abbr.)

45 Poker stakes

47 Hawaiian bird

48 The same

49 Rail bird

51 Father

53 Limb

55 Deep hole

58 Folio (abbr.)

60 Three-toed sloth

Out Our Way



If every citizen would regard his newspaper as a medium for the expression of his opinion, civilian public opinion could be mobilized and it could be focused on those officials who do not seem to comprehend that in war as in peace the people are supreme.—Dean Carl W. Ackerman of Columbia U.

Of all the money women spend for clothes, think how little some have to show for it.

By J. R. Williams



Our Boarding House

With Major Hoopie



Red Ryder

By Fred Harmon



By Blosser



Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser



By Cr...



Wash Tubbs

By Cr...



By V. T. Hamlin



Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin



By Martin



Allep Oop

By Martin

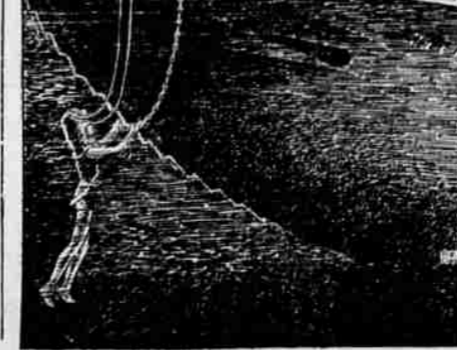


By Harold Gra...



Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gra...



FUNNY BUSINESS



10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62