

Africa Waits

by Ahmed 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 first time he disguises himself as the Arab, Terek el-Medjahiri, and goes off in search of adventure. Curiosity takes him to the long-disbanded service lodge of Bi Hassan, of which he had once been a member. There he finds Sitt Fosiha, who had been his first love, she who had been his first love, she who had been his first love. He remains young while she has faded into a wrinkled old woman.

ALI EL-ANDALOSI

CHAPTER V
"TS that," the man asked, "sufficient reason to hate me?"
"Of course. And you would understand, were you a woman. For are there not still kisses waiting for you, and not for me?"
Once more Sitt Fosiha was silent. Then she added in a calm, flat voice:
"It is queer how, in this matter of growing old or not growing old, you are almost like a feringher, a foreigner, a Christian—Allah's curse on all unbelievers!—to whom Shaitan, the Fallen Angel, the Stoned, has granted the knowledge of eternal youth."

The American drew back in alarm. Had she guessed his identity?

It was an embarrassing situation, fraught with most dangerous possibilities. For, if she knew who he was, she might talk to the local Moslems; tell them that, once he, the military governor, the Christian, had passed for one of them and had even joined the Bi Hassan, an Islamic brotherhood, thereby mocking at their faith, besmirching it. And these Arabs were thin-skinned.

His thoughts were in a turmoil; were broken by the sound of faltering steps from the inside of the house and a voice that asked:
"Who is the pilgrim who knocked, Sitt Fosiha?"

A DOOR which—the American knew—led to the great hall where formerly the dervishes had celebrated their esoteric rites was pushed open. A man came in. He was a white-bearded old Arab, with a noble, powerful head, tapping his way with the help of a stick. He was evidently blind.

Lincoln recognized him immediately. He was Ali el-Andalosi, who, in years gone by, had been the Emir, or chief, of the Bi Hassan, and had spent a long time in prison for his anti-French intrigues.

The man repeated his question: "Who is the pilgrim?"
"The pilgrim," Fosiha replied, "is Terek el-Medjahiri"; and, drawing Lincoln aside, she said in a whisper: "It was I—remember!—who sent you the message. The rest, your shrewdness will tell you."

There was something in her soft eyes, as she stared at him, which convinced Lincoln that, regardless of whether she had guessed his identity and whatever the meaning of the warning, it was given in truth, in honesty, in friendship.

A moment later, he and el-Andalosi were embracing in the extravagant Arab hug, hugging each other like wrestlers, blowing kisses into the air with the tips of their fingers; and the blind man exclaimed:

"Allah be praised that you returned to us!"
"Praised be He indeed!" said the American.

"Your coming," the other went on, "is an answer to my prayer. I, apologetically, have lost my sight, and, last week, my only son died—may he enjoy the delights of Paradise! So I did not know whom I could... He interrupted himself. "How," he asked, "did you happen to come?"

"Sitt Fosiha sent me the message," replied Lincoln, as she had advised him.

"Oh, yes," el-Andalosi's smile was melancholy. "You were lovers once."

"And so," the woman chimed in, "would I lose track of him?"

"Where have you been all these years, Terek?" demanded the Arab.

"In prison," said Lincoln; and he felt that, somehow, in a way, he spoke the truth.

"IN prison!" echoed the blind man. "As I was in prison, and many others of the brotherhood! Because," with bitter irony, "we committed a black, black crime—"

believed in talaq, in freedom and independence—oh!" He paused. "Yet freedom it will be in the end. Freedom from the galling yoke of the foreigners, the Christians, the infidels, the oppressors of the True Believers! Ah—bless them not the Lord Allah the Just! May their daughters be barren! May their sons die by the sword when it is red!"
Again he paused.
"You spoke," Lincoln prompted, "of sending me some place. Where—and why?"
"To talk," was the slow reply, "to the hylmoot amez, the Man of Mystery, and receive his orders."

"But—who...?"
"I shall tell you inside. The night has ears," said el-Andalosi; and to Fosiha: "Wait here, and guard the gate."

He turned, tapping his way with the help of his stick, and the American followed.

They sat down. And then, from the other's lips, Lincoln heard an amazing story.

Not that el-Andalosi gave him the whole of it. He could not, because he did not know. Parts of it the American picked up afterwards, on his long, weary trek through Central Africa, fitting the pieces together like those of a puzzle picture; and the last piece he dovetailed into place at the very second when he came face to face with the hylmoot amez—and recoiled with the tragedy of it.

(To Be Continued)

THESE SLIPPERS ARE IN YOUR SCRAP BAG



7504

by Alice Brooks

A busy crochet hook plus easy stitches turns useless scraps into useful sandals or slippers in fascinating color combinations. They're ideal for bedroom, or to wear as play shoes. Sole and all are crocheted entirely of rags. Pattern 7504 contains instructions for slippers in small, medium and large sizes; stitches; list of materials needed.

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The theory of too many apartment houses is that children should be seen and not had.

Government and private enterprise should co-operate in social and economic reconstruction, and service must be the keynote of the post-war rehabilitation. But if government elects to become sole dictator of the people's welfare, the conditions that alone can make a world of service effective will have disappeared.—James F. Bell, chairman of General Mills board.

A three-inch hummingbird flaps its wings 200 times a second.

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THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



7-9

WHEN THE FIRST WORLD WAR BEGAN, AIRPLANES WERE USED FOR SCOUTING ONLY. THEY CARRIED NO ARMS, AND THE PILOTS OF OPPOSING PLANES WAVED A FRIENDLY GREETING WHEN PASSING IN THE AIR, SINCE MANY OF THEM HAD MET IN AVIATION CIRCLES BEFORE THE WAR.

U. S. GENERAL

HORIZONTAL

1. Answer to Previous Puzzle

1. PICTURED U. S. Army man, Maj.-Gen.

12. Operative solo

13. Before

14. Auricles

15. Immerses

17. Flesh food

19. Compensate

20. Rodent

23. Sorrowful

24. Dined

27. Paradise

29. Baby's bed

30. Toward

31. Paid notice

33. Title of respect

35. Niobium (symbol)

36. Myself

37. Music note

38. Egyptian sun god

40. Half an em

41. Work with needle and thread

42. Tantalum (symbol)

44. His troops fight the

46. Stalk

48. Males

49. Matched pieces

52. Wrong (prefix)

54. Strike sharply

55. Suffice

56. Metal

58. Epic tale

60. Sheltered side

62. Suffered

65. He commands an

in the South Pacific

VERTICAL

1. Mother

2. Iridium (symbol)

3. Cover

4. Den

5. Relax

6. Doctor (abbr.)

7. Edges of

8. Dresses

9. Tangle

10. Either

11. Nova Scotia (abbr.)

16. Father

18. Dines

19. Domesticated animal

20. Bustle

21. Biblical pronoun

24. Measure of area

25. Important metal

26. Recede

28. Cognomens

29. Ships' staffs

32. Lair

34. Anger

38. Male sheep

39. Cutting tool

41. Mix

42. Beverage

43. Ampere (abbr.)

45. Within

47. Transpose (abbr.)

49. Wound mark

50. Early English (abbr.)

51. Soft mineral

52. Behavior

53. Composition for single voice

55. Era

57. Neither

58. South American (abbr.)

59. Part of "be"

61. Babylonian deity

63. South Carolina (abbr.)

64. Symbol for tellurium

Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



7-9

IT'S TH' FIRST TIME IN THIRTY YEARS IN A SHOP HE'S BEEN ABLE TO ENJOY HIS FAVORITE BAD HABIT WITHOUT TH' CUSTOMARY SWARM OF BUNS--HE SEZ HE LIKES TH' LADIES IN TH' SHOP!

HE'D BETTER BE CAREFUL! THEY'VE GOT THE VOTE, TH' PANTS, THE JOBS--BUT I THINK THAT ONE WILL STUMP 'EM, THOUGH!

ALONE IN A CROWD

7-9

The conditions under which our children's children will live may depend upon what we do now.—Gen. George C. Marshall.

Hitler is sitting on the fence, wondering what to do and when, hoping somebody will give him a lead.—OWI Director Elmer Davis.

Purgatory, Alaska, and Hell, Norway, are in the same geographical latitude.

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Our Boarding House

By J. R. Williams



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With Major Hoople

By J. R. Williams



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Red Ryder

By Fred Harmon



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By Fred Harmon

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