

# Africa Waits

by Achmed Abdullah  
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THE STORY: Lincoln Elliot, American, decides to have one final fling at adventure before settling down to his important duties as the newly-appointed military governor of a French colony in Central Africa. Disguising himself as the Arab, Terek el-Hodjeh, he seeks out the derisive lodge of El Hassanyeh, of which he had once been a member. Sitt Fousha, an old sweetheart, conceals his real identity, thus enabling him to learn of a plot against the government. When she realizes what she has done she kills herself.

## THE LINE OF DUTY

### CHAPTER VIII

HE was appalled. He felt his hair raise, as if drawn by a shivery wind. There was pity in his heart; grief, remorse. But, a second later, another notion projected itself across the morose confusion in his brain: the idea, so simple and trite, of duty. Duty, too, was part of life. It was—and he wondered if, perhaps, it was his father's New England inheritance calling the tune—the finest part of it, being the most unselfish. And his duty was clear. He must act, sharply and at once, against the conspirators and, chiefly against the hykmoot ameez, the Man of Mystery, sitting there in his lair south of Lake Tchad like a gigantic spider weaving a poisonous web, waiting for the dervishes who were hurrying to him to receive their orders and obey him blindly.

He must go back to his house, rouse Captain Pelletier, send for the prominent men of his staff, talk over the situation, cable to London, arrest whatever local members of the Lodge he could find, dispatch a large detachment of airborne troops toward Lake Tchad. . . .

"No!" he said to himself, suddenly. He would do nothing of the kind.

SECRETLY would be out of the question. The signal drums would drone the news in all directions within the hour. The hykmoot ameez and the emissaries hurrying to him would fit away into the wilderness, like shadows, and simply bide their time.

There was one other way. Just one.

He remembered that, in the lands of Islam, it is never a people in ferment and travail, but always One Man who pulls the strings, for good or for evil. One Man who is the heart, the brain, the nerve center. One Man: dreamer or doer—idealist or criminal—saint or devil.

And, as often as not, the former more dangerous, because of his very sincerity, than the latter. It was so in this instance. There was the One Man: the hykmoot ameez.

Saint or devil, he would have to be found, dealt with. He was the heart, the brain, the nerve center. Would have to be destroyed.

"You're damned right," Lincoln Elliot said to himself. "It's up to you!"

A HARD undertaking. But not impossible. He knew where the man lived. Nor coming as a messenger of the El Hassanyeh, would he be suspected.

Fousha, the only human being aware of his identity, was no more. He would start tonight, at once, into the interior.

He turned to go; looked down at the dead woman.

She lay there, like a tiny, brittle, broken toy. A smile curled her lips. It was a calm and queerly happy smile.

Bury her? How and where, without attracting attention?

Then he remembered that from tonight on, by order of All el-Andalos, no dervish would enter here. Nor, given the superstitious awe in which the brotherhood was held, would a passing native stranger.

Very well. Let the Lodge itself be her tomb. It was fitting.

Perhaps, month or two from now, some mooning policeman would wonder about the ramshackle, deserted building. Would search it, discover a little heap of bones, mark it down as another unsolved African mystery.

He covered Fousha's face with a fold of her robe.

"May the earth be light to you!" He spoke the Moslem prayer for the departed. "May the Prophet Mohammed the Adored—on whom the Peace—open wide to you the

gates of Paradise!" And he left the house.

HE did not dare risk a return to his own bedroom at the palace for money or weapon. But he had no need of either. For he was traveling as a dervish; and, throughout Islam, the dervish, the man of God, is the free, chartered vagabond whom no Moslem would injure and to whom all lend a helping hand.

One thing, though, he had to do: send some sort of message to his second-in-command and a good friend, Captain Pelletier. So, at a coffee shop that was still open, he

## EMBROIDERY MOTIFS FOR MANY LINENS



7577

by Alice Brooks

Wondering what to give for a shower or birthday? Just get started on this really exciting collection of easy-to-do embroidery motifs. Put them on all types of linens—friends will treasure them for years. Pattern 7577 contains a transfer pattern of 16 motifs ranging from 2 by 10 to 1 1/2 by 7 inches; stitches; materials needed.

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.

Because of the slowness of the mails, delivery of Herald and News Household Arts patterns may take two weeks to reach you after your order is mailed in. We're sorry.

## HOLD EVERYTHING!



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## FUNNY BUSINESS



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asked for paper and pencil and wrote a short note: "Going away on official business. Do the best you can while I am gone, and explain my absence by the most plausible lie you can think of. If I have not returned or if you have no word from me by the end of the next seven weeks, report me to the authorities as dead in the line of duty." Right—he thought—in the line of duty.

He went to his house. He knew where Pelletier's bedroom was located. He wrapped the note about a small stone and, with straight, true aim, tossed it through the open window.

A second later, he heard a crash as of a smashed waterglass, a startled exclamation—and was off. (To Be Continued)



Wouldn't you love to do this . . . YOU CAN!

Step right up, folks, try your hand at punching Hirohito. You can sock him in the teeth and kick him in the seat.

All you need is extra cash—To get it, clean your store-room. Sell the things you never use. Buy bonds to seal the Japs' doom.

Herald & News  
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## THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

ONE LARGE RAGWEED MAY PRODUCE 8 BILLION POLLEN GRAINS IN ONLY FIVE HOURS! THIS PLANT, THE CHIEF CAUSE OF HAY FEVER, DEPENDS ON THE WIND TO CARRY ITS POLLEN—BEEES WON'T TOUCH IT.

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ANSWER: The Sahara desert, in Africa.

NEXT: Which is the "weaker sex"?

## NOTED AUTHOR

HORIZONTAL  
1,7 Picture author  
12 Provided with panes  
13 Music note  
14 Additional items  
16 Hops' kilns  
17 Age  
19 Skill  
20 Combining form denoting connection with acetyl  
21 Of Vesta  
23 Island (Fr.)  
24 Of the matter  
25 Nobleman  
27 Adit  
30 Flowers  
33 Sun god  
34 Symbol for selenium  
35 Negative  
36 Anesthetic  
39 Galls  
42 Uneven  
43 Like  
44 Eccentric wheel  
48 Zealous  
50 Former Russian ruler

Answer to Previous Puzzle  
18 Near  
22 Diminutive of Albert  
26 International language  
27 Before  
28 Burmese wood spirit  
29 Part of a sailing vessel (pl.)  
31 Termination  
32 Call for help at sea  
34 Let it stand  
37 Fealty  
38 Editor (abbr.)  
40 Diners  
41 Aver  
44 Sedan  
45 Instigate  
47 District of Columbia (abbr.)  
48 Always  
49 Egyptian  
51 Genus of bees  
52 Railways  
55 Affliction  
57 Indian Army (abbr.)  
58 Early English (abbr.)



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## Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



THE SOFT SPOT

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Forty-two states and the District of Columbia are using last year's auto license plates by changing the year date to 1943.

With body, wings and tail constructed of wood, the new Ryan PT-25, a primary training plane, eliminates most of the strategic materials in military aircraft.

Even when a quarrel is ripe, don't pick it—let it drop.

## Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople



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## Red Ryder

By Fred Harman



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## Freckles and His Friends

By Blossie



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## Wash Tubbs

By Cron



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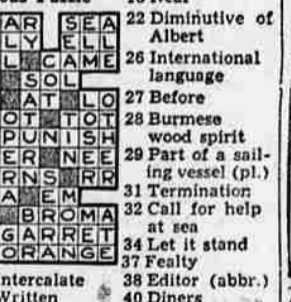


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## Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin



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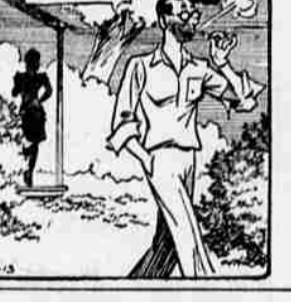


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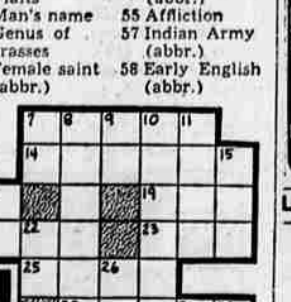


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## Allep Oop

By Mertis



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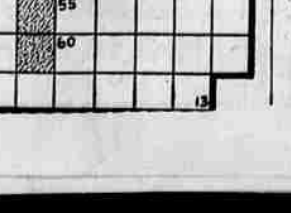


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## Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray



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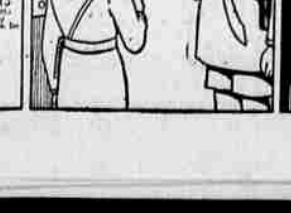


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