

Africa Waits

by Achmed Abdullah
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THE STORY: Lincoln Elliot, American, decides to have a small flag 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, Terak el-Moslem, he seeks out the derelict lodge of El Hassan, of which he had once been a member. Here he learns of a private plot against the government. He determines to end its prime mover, the hykmoot amee, and kill him.

BEDAWINS

CHAPTER IX
It was long past midnight. He remembered, a few miles northeast of town, a small oasis, no more than half a dozen palm trees and a shallow pool of brackish water, where daily, in the early morning, passed camels bound from Mounetville for the interior. He would spend the night there and, in his privileged character as a dervish, join the first caravan.

So he walked straight on, through the sleeping town, presently stepping into the desert that reached out at him suddenly from the tangle of hectic, encroaching bazaars and alleys.

In the distance spoke the drums: "rub-rub-rumbeddy-rub..." On and on he walked, until he reached the little oasis, hours later. Nobody else was there. He stretched himself out to sleep, wrapped in his burnoose. The moon vanished behind the clouds. The drums thumped again, with vibrating, minor tone waves.

LINCOLN ELLIOT slept soundly and awakened to the thin tinkling of bells, the jingling of headstalls, the soft thud-thud-thud of camels' padded feet, the creaking and rasping of saddle leather.

He sat up and took a look. On the eastern horizon, where already morning was beginning to loom with a golden, wedge-like gesture, he saw a caravan ambling along.

It drew near: a small caravan, no more than half a dozen pack animals heavily laden and tied head to tail, and three Bedawins astride lean, racing dromedaries, short, stocky, swarthy men, long-barreled rifles slung across their shoulders, rhinoceros-hide whips swinging from their wrists, their jaws bound mummy-fashion against the drifting, driving sand-grains.

They dismounted; quenched their thirst at the brackish pool and watered their animals.

Ungraciously, after the manner of their coarse desert breed, they replied to the American's courteous: "Salaam aleykoom, yah Moslem!" with guttural, unfriendly grunts; told him, as ungraciously, in answer to his question—not that, by Allah and by Allah! it was any concern of his—that they were bound for the little hamlet which was called Fez Zudjoim.

Here—thought Lincoln—was a bit of luck. He knew that there the caravan trail split in two, one leading northwest towards Timbuktoo and the ancient, walled cities of the Sudan and the second dipping northeast to the jungly stretch of land on the other side of Lake Tchad.

So, when the Bedawins mounted and were about to whip on their animals with shrill yells of "Zid! Zid!—hurry! hurry!" he stopped them.

"Let me go with you," he begged.

"Why should we?" demanded their leader, whom the others addressed as Rashid Nasir. "Be on your way, O creature, and let us be on ours!"

"My way is the same as yours." "Then," laughing harshly, "let your own two feet carry you!"

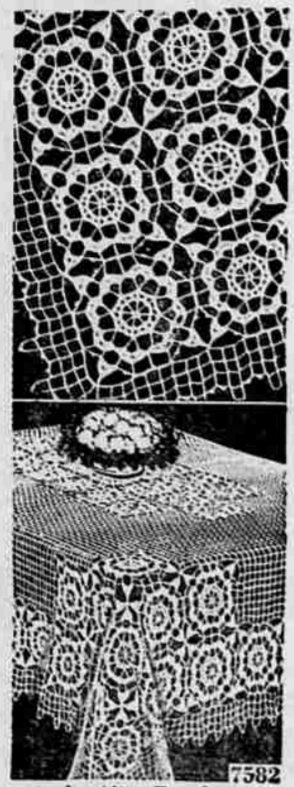
THE American was astonished. These men were Bedawins, thus coarse, unfriendly. Still—to refuse such a simple request to a brother Moslem? It was unlike the code of the desert, and he wondered what might be the reason.

He was familiar with their like; realized that a polite inquiry would bring no result. The attack, and insult, direct, was the only method.

So he cried angrily: "I verily believe that you are not of the True Believers, but Christians or Jews, eaters of impurities, accursed by the Lord

God, to refuse charity to a dervish!" "Dervish, are you?" jeered Rashid Nasir. "Pah—before this have I heard of a dervish robe hiding the glimmer of naked steel!" It was only after Lincoln had cursed them roundly and soundly in the picturesque dervish style—"cursed be your bones, your brains, your blood! By the face of Abraham! By the light of the Prophet Mohammed! By the secret of Khizr! By the horns of the Archangel Israfeel—cursed be your fathers and your mothers! By the flame, the mace and the sword! By the breath of the 47

JEFFY CROCHET FOR HANDSOME CLOTHS



7582

by Alice Brooks.

Have a crocheted cloth that's different and yet takes less time to make than many another. Done in a double strand of string, Jiffy Crochet forms panel corners and border of this jiffy mesh cloth. Use it for an in-between cloth or for entertaining when he's home on leave. Pattern 7582 contains directions, stitches.

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HOLD EVERYTHING!



"Hurry up! I gotta get back to 5th and Main with that sign!"

True Saints—cursed be you and yours to all eternity!" It was only then that the caravaners allowed that his was the sanity calling to which he laid claim.

For who, except a dervish, a man familiar with the many mysteries, would know such amazing curses? And—the which was even more to the point—who but a dervish would dare utter them? "Be graciously pleased to extend the cloak of your forgiveness," stammered Rashid Nasir. "But, you see, we were afraid." "Why should you be afraid? What black crime," sternly, "have you committed?" "We? None. We are honest,



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Out Our Way



BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

peaceful men, trading into the north." "Then...?" "Listen, O saintly one... (To Be Continued)

EASY DIVORCE

In Palestine, it is sufficient grounds for divorce if a wife, during eggplant season, tells her husband she doesn't know what to provide for dinner, because there are so many ways of preparing eggplant.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



WOMEN ARE CALLED THE "WEAKER SEX," BUT FOR EVERY MAN THAT REACHES 100 YEARS OF AGE, THERE ARE TWO WOMEN THAT DO LIKEWISE.

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EXPLODING ODDS
IN NORMAL TIMES THE UNITED STATES AVERAGED ELEVEN POUNDS OF COFFEE PER PERSON ANNUALLY! IN ENGLAND IT WAS LESS THAN ONE POUND.

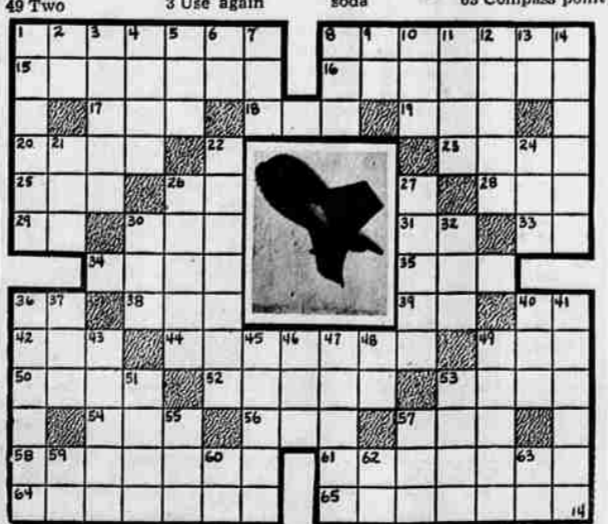


A BIRD MUST HAVE WINGS BEFORE IT CAN FLY, BUT A PILOT MUST FLY BEFORE HE GETS HIS WINGS! Says DONALD DEAL, Gloucester, New Jersey

NEXT: How soon will a century plant bloom?

SENTINEL OF THE SKY

1,8 Pictured sky guardian	WILLIAM	SEBE	21 Reverential, fear
15 Riots	PLANE LA	EXIT PART	22 Ridicule
16 Short aria	OASTS ERA	EXPART	24 Ozon
17 Shoshone	ACET VESTAL	ILE	26 Citrus fruit
18 Metal	RE	LORD	27 Tag
19 Tap	ENTRY WILLIAM	ROSES	30 Cap
20 Whip	RA A	SE NO	32 2000 pounds
23 Close to	ETHER DEED	EAS	36 They guard against attack by
25 Be indebted	ODD	EAS	37 Charged atom
26 Music note	CAM ARDENT	TSAK	40 Payable
28 River (Sp.)	ABA R CVI	WEEPY	41 — introduced them
29 U	REGIME EL	ORRIS	43 Guide
30 Edge of dress	TEASE	RETESTS	45 Months
31 Near	50 Indigo dye	4 Girl's name	47 Tavern
33 Royal Navy	52 Boman date	5 Dined	48 Like
(abbr.)	53 Demeanor	6 Symbol for germanium	49 Toe
34 Soldiers train with these at Tyson	54 Boy	7 Is (Latin)	51 Tardy
35 Bend	56 Unit	8 Prohibit	53 Mongrel dog
36 3,1416	57 Drag	9 Measure of area	55 Perish
38 Also	58 Feeling	10 Part of mouth	57 Hawaiian wretch
39 Half an em	61 Short duet	11 Incline	59 Mother
40 Deciliter (abbr.)	64 Glossy fabrics	12 Amphibious mammal	60 Upon
42 Trim	65 Affected deeply	13 On time (abbr.)	62 Unmarried (abbr.)
44 Pertaining to names	1 Roar	14 Carbonate of soda	63 Compass point
49 Two	2 Exist		
	3 Use again		



Our Boarding House



A BUNDLE OF BAD NEWS FOR SOMEBODY

By Fred Harmon



By Blosser



By Crer



By V. T. Hamlin



By Martin



By Harold Gray



FUNNY BUSINESS



"Who put that airplane mechanic to work on my car?"