



JOURNEY ALONE

CHAPTER XII
LINCOLN rose, caught and saddled his camel, and given provisions, a well-filled leather water bottle, a sum of money and a small Arab compass.

His destination, of course, remained the same: the jungle beyond Lake Tchad. But how was he going to get there, doubtless, the road to Feh Zudjoim, where the trail split, was being watched?

He asked Rashid, who pointed to where the moon painted the distant range of hills with cream and silver.

"Skirt the mountains close," he said, "but not too close. Five days through the desert—and weary, weary the way. I know. For once," with a cough, "I had to take refuge there in the matter of a blood feud. No caravan trails there, nor a single oasis. So drink sparingly of your water, and ride east, straight east, nor deviate from your course."

On the sixth day, he would see the black felt tents of the Beni Sfa tribe of Bedawins. But he should stay away from them, hiding in the daytime and traveling only at night when he got there.

"For," said Rashid, "the Beni Sfa are hounds of the wilderness who vie with the Devil in treachery and who respect nobody, not even a dervish. So be wary. And—Allah willing!—you will reach the southern edge of the Lake Tchad jungle."

"And then?"
"The jungle trails? I do not know them. I am of the desert. But it is my only way."

With stilled Moslem courtesy he expressed his gratitude:

"May the Lord Allah the One send you great increase of cattle!"

And he mounted and was off

into the night, while, far off, the drums whispered again.

WHEN, later on, friends asked him for the details of his fantastic, lonely journey, he would shake his head rather helplessly; would explain that he hadn't gone out as an explorer, to gather a mass of material to work into a thrilling travel book. He'd explain that it was long since he discovered the land he loved and which he had once thought would be a liberally sprinkled with the crass, stinking realism of dirt and disease, of superstitions and cruelties unspeakable, of blackwater fever and festering wounds and fifty varieties of crawling and flying horrors; explain that it was long since the remembered lure of the sluggish desert with its stealthy, golden spell and the primeval jungle with its matted, poisonous corruption had been forced to give way when it was a matter of military routine of duties agreeable and disagreeable, responsibilities great and petty.

And now, with war moving the threat of its crunching chariot throughout the length and breadth of Africa, north, east, south, west, he had only gone out in the straight line of duty.

He had gone out in the straight line of duty—to find a man, one man, and kill him.

No romance to that, was there?

At the time, his sufferings were terrible. Then, early on the fifth day, he saw the black felt tents of the Beni Sfa etched on the horizon. He saw, presently, wheat fields thrown across the wasteland like a ragged, green scarf. He heard the bellowing of cattle, the dissonant creaking of the water wheels; and he knew, by all these signs, that here was crude irrigation and that a river, and the jungle whence it flowed, could not be far off.

He followed Rashid's advice; hid all that day, in spite of his exasperating thirst, in the shadow of a great piling of chalk rocks; went on his way when night had curved its slow, ebon dome.

Early in the forenoon, he came to a river. It was a mass of delicate, wavering color, like sunlight upon wind-fluttered silk. Beyond it, he noticed a narrow trail that vanished into low, gaunt bush, and, still farther beyond, the jungle standing motionless and monstrous.

He dismounted and swam across, pulling his frightened camel by the halter.

On the opposite bank, the river was bordered by a swamp. It was a steaming expanse spotted with hillocks of thick, chocolate-colored mud, floored and streaked with purple bands and rainbow-glowing blotches and with an occasional infusion of clear emerald where a naive young tree tried to battle against the miasmic corruption.

A quagmire, it seemed, where one had to proceed slowly, warily. And he had almost reached safety when the camel stepped into a deep hole that bubbled and sucked, floundered on its side with a despairing run, almost jerking the American after it.

FAVORITE MOTIFS FOR GIFT LINENS



by Alice Brooks

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HOLD EVERYTHING!



"This is the life—think of those poor guys standing in the subway!"

FUNNY BUSINESS



"Hot weather doesn't bother Genius Jones!"

Not a moment too soon he released the halter and jumped sideways. He leaped from mound to mound, expecting every leap to be his last; and then, without warning, there was the dry snick of a breechbolt, a yellow spurt of flame, and—by this time he had ducked, his body flattened out in the thick, oozy slime—the thud of a bullet splintering a tree a hair's breadth from his head.

His exclamation was instantaneous, automatic, profane and in English.

The very next second, he heard loud laughter; heard an answer drifting from the bank, also in English, although with a heavy, guttural accent:

"A saheb—by my own and my mother's honor! And I had thought it was some dirt-fed desert rat of a Bedawin!"

(To Be Continued)

Coast Guard aviators searched and patrolled 17,842,231 square miles during the first six months of war.

SELF-CLEANING HOUSE PAINT
by DU PONT
—KEEPS WHITE HOUSES WHITE

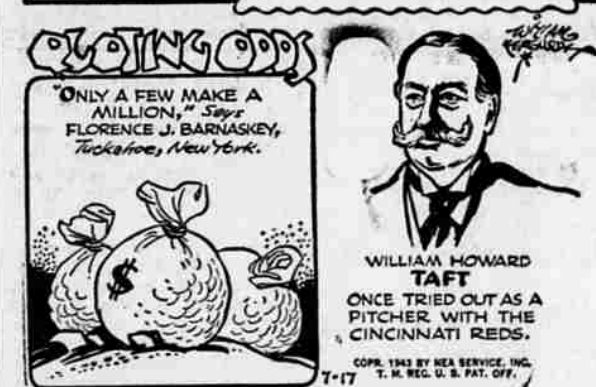
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THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



THE LINER TITANIC
WENT DOWN IN MID-OCEAN, BUT HUNDREDS OF THE VICTIMS WERE BURIED ON LAND.
ROWS OF TOMBSTONES IN A HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, CEMETERY MARK THE FINAL RESTING PLACE FOR SCORES PICKED UP IN LIFE BELTS AT SEA.

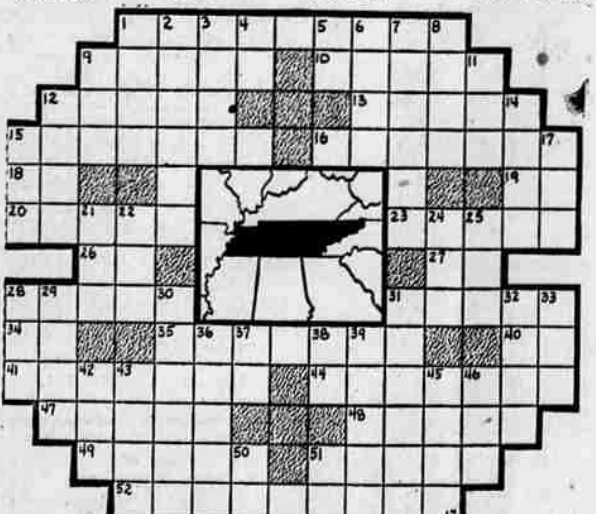


WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
ONCE TRIED OUT AS A PITCHER WITH THE CINCINNATI REDS.

NEXT: Taking the steam out of a volcano.

"VOLUNTEER STATE"

HORIZONTAL		Answer to Previous Puzzle		14 Cease	
1 Depicted state	PAUL	10 HENREID	15 Heart	17 Call for help	at sea
9 Singing voice	INTO	11 TOD TARD	21 Conclusion	22 Contend	
10 Presidential secretary	TE	12 BREED TO	23 Cereal grain	25 Over (poet.)	
12 Intimates	NIL	13 HAY NAB NIT	26 Gibbon	28 Fish sauce	
13 Flowers	OR PAT	14 IT NO	29 Mrs. (Sp.)	31 Mountain in Palestine	
15 Sweetmeats	WEALTH	15 PAUL DRAKE	32 Ages	33 Salt	
16 Two-pronged instruments	BE	16 JIAN	36 Steering apparatus (pl.)	37 Road (abbr.)	
18 Either	ABBACY	17 HENREID	38 Symbol for tantalum	39 Standard of perfection	
19 Hawaiian bird	GO DOE	18 RE WE	42 Pot	43 Press	
20 Female ruff	EWETAR	19 SAT PET	45 Ireland	46 No	
23 Lets fall	ICSRATES	20 OOL	50 Exclamation	51 Falkland Islands (abbr.)	
26 Symbol for nickel	PROA	21 BEE	11 Coin	12 Rabbit	
27 Biblical	AUSTRIA	22 FEET			
28 Takes on cargoes	41 Complained	2 Allure			
31 Goddess of growing vegetation	44 Supernal	3 Face part			
34 Diminutive of Albert	47 Christmas song	4 North River (abbr.)			
35 Genus of tropical shrubs	48 Medical suffix (pl.)	5 Symbol for selenium			
40 Sun god	49 Constellation	6 Hindu garment			
	51 World of fairies	7 Corroded			
	52 Its capital is	8 Otherwise			
		9 Metal			
		10 Coin			
		11 Rabbit			



Out Our Way

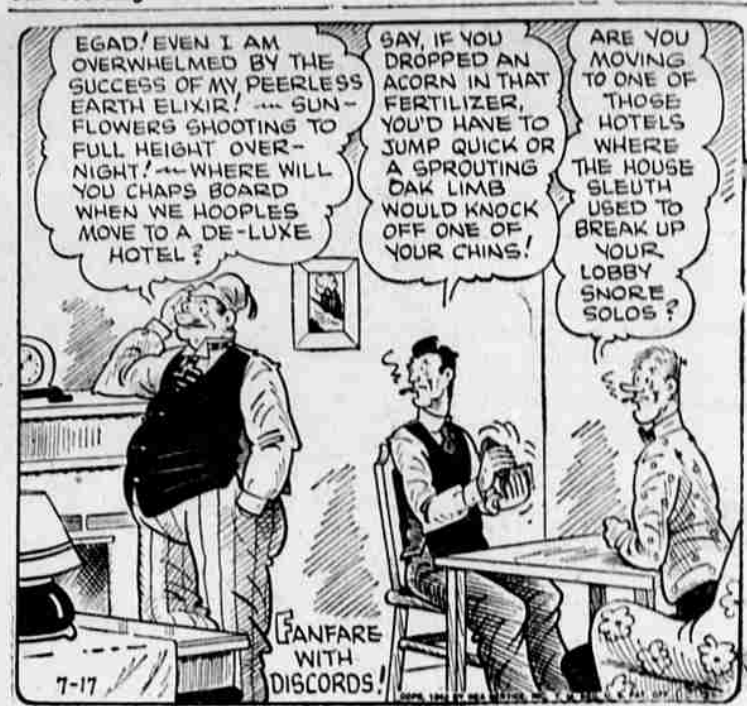
By J. R. Williams



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople



Red Ryder

By Fred Harmon



Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser



Wash Tubbs

By Crane



Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin



Allep Oop

By Martin



Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray

