

Africa Waits

by Achmed Abdullah
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THE MAP

CHAPTER XVIII
LINCOLN realized that these people, town-bred, would know as little about the wilderness trails as a colored boy, brought up on the Harlem pavement, would know about how to catch a possum in the Georgia swamps. And then, gathered around a large billy-pot, dipping their hands wrist-deep into the stew of meat and vegetables, greedily, noisily eating and belching, he saw a group of plum-colored, splay-lipped Yorubas—men of the farther jungle.

He stopped, with a courteous: "Salaam aleykoom!" They rose. They smiled with a flash of white, filed teeth, bowed, and spoke, in polite reply, the ritual, tribal response:

"Imbore!"
"Umbols!"
"K'vay'yo!"
"Ingaf!"

the different words, meaning goat, dog, leopard and lion, representing the sacred totem of each individual. Pagan totems that would shock a good—therefore intolerant and narrow-minded—Moslem to the core.

So Lincoln frowned his disapproval. But he was amused. Islam here—he reflected—was the thinnest veneer. Indeed so thin that, a few moments later, suddenly, it cracked... cracked at his mere mention of the clearing called the Meeting of the Elephants.

"I would like," he said, "to hire a guide to take me there..."
"No, no, no!" cried one of the Yorubas. "We—oh—we cannot!"
"I shall pay you well..."
"No, no, no!" the Negro cried again, almost hysterically.

The others chimed in with a tremulous chorus:
"We have never heard of it!"
"No, no, no, no..."

They stood there trembling. Their eyeballs rolled in an agony of dismay and panic. They glanced over their shoulders as if afraid of some especially terrible and vindictive, heathenish juju. They spat left and right and snapped their fingers rapidly to guard against evil spirits, and Lincoln wondered what it was all about.

"Of course you know," he exclaimed, "where the clearing is. It's near Lake Tchad."

And then one of the men said, amazingly:
"We have never heard of Lake Tchad."

LINCOLN did not believe his ears.

It was like an Alabama field-hand declaring he had never heard of the Mississippi.

What—he asked himself—lay in back of this statement, so childish and so dreadfully sincere?

He knew quite a little about totems and fetiches and tribal tabus; was aware that these tabus affected only things which were above their primitive intelligence—unknown things, in other words.

And Lake Tchad—why—it was close to their home kraals and cattlefolds. Its waters gave fertility to their fields and manioc plantings...

So why this shuddering secretiveness?

He puzzled; then, all at once, understood. He understood, by the same token, the aura of fear and superstition with which the *kykmoote ameez*, the Man of Mystery, had succeeded in surrounding himself.

The latter—thought Lincoln, and, later on, he found out that he had guessed right—was familiar with the ever-present danger of gossip Africa and its gossip drums. Therefore, by the power of most terrible threats, physical as well as spiritual, he had given an order that no word of him or his whereabouts must be whispered. Anything and everything which touched his existence which touched his existence was to be denied.

With a curt word, he walked away from the Yorubas who stared after him, chattering, shivering. He realized that it would be useless to question any of the other blacks.

HE returned to the caravansari. Perhaps Zaman Khan could give him advice.

He met him at the corner of the street. The man was just coming—or, rather, staggering—home, with an amorous arm about the ample waist of a tall, handsome Algerian Jewess.

"Not yet on your way?" he shouted. "Good! Time for a bottle or two—or three, there being the three of us! Permit me to introduce you to Rebecca, the Star in Israel, the Rose of Sharon! Niece," with a reverberating hiccup, "to Moise Torjeman, the inn-keeper! Wah—tonight I shall quench my rich passion to the disgrace of Moise's unclean beard!"

It took Lincoln some time before he was able to draw Zaman Khan to one side and explain his dilemma. Not that the other saw it as such.

"The fist," he coined a coarse

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by Alice Brooks

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HOLD EVERYTHING!



"I only have four days' leave—thank goodness!"

FUNNY BUSINESS



"The weatherman's been drafted, so they're using Lem Hawkins's corns for the time being!"

metaphor, "Is a better salve than sweet words."

"You mean..."
"The fist which yields the kurbash, the rhinoceros-hide whip. It has always been my experience that the near hill seems higher and steeper than the far mountain, and that the wound which threatens you today is more to be feared than the death which tomorrow holds in store."

He went to his room and came back with the wicked kurbash swinging from his wrist. He told the American that, knowing well his taste in women, slim and fair-haired and blue-eyed, he felt no misgivings in leaving Rebecca Torjeman with him.

Then he swaggered off—to return, after a while, with a crudely drawn map.

(To Be Continued)

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Most Americans don't know it, but they are involved in a brutal conflict to take away from a brilliant people in eastern Asia those same privileges that Americans hold so dear.—Saburu Kurusu, former special Japanese envoy to U. S.

Quinine production in the East Indies was built up by the Dutch, who took the seeds from Peru.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

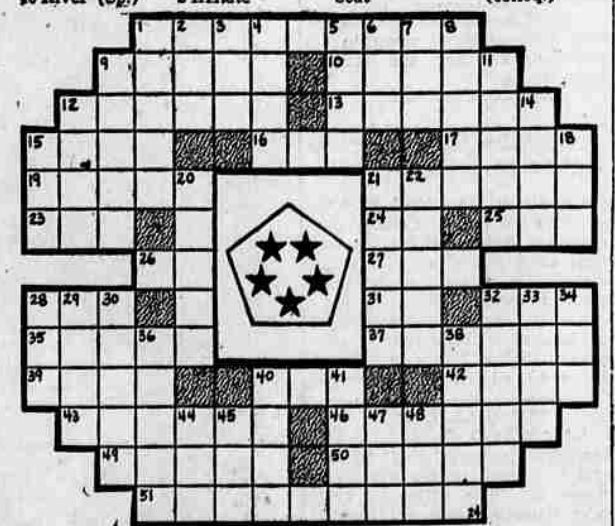


ANSWER: Young eel.

NEXT: Do you have five acres of forest?

U. S. ARMY INSIGNE

- | | | |
|---|----------------------------------|--------------------------|
| HORIZONTAL | Answer to Previous Puzzle | 11 Forefathers |
| 1 Depicted in the U. S. insigne of the U. S. Cape Verde Negro | AL JOLSON ACTOR | 12 Strong jerk (colloq.) |
| 10 Challenges | ART ARE VA COBRA | 14 Italian coins |
| 12 U. S. resident | DO AS AVERT AN | 15 Cover |
| 13 Molest | MERITS LYRE ANT | 18 Private (abbr.) |
| 15 Pertaining to the Italy | ACE R RI | 20 Stair part |
| 16 Male cat | TIME AL MODEL | 21 Mirror |
| 17 Journey | RT U PO LO | 22 Cognomens |
| 19 Orifice | YEARS JOLSON A LOFT | 28 Dolt |
| 21 Inset | LA FIG | 29 Streamlets (var.) |
| 23 Docks (abbr.) | PIE LANE PATRON | 30 Plait |
| 24 Parent | RN RACED ECERE | 32 Prophets |
| 25 Observe | ACCAD TIEER EX | 33 Lampreys |
| 26 Him | MAMMY STARTS ST | 34 Ampere (abbr.) |
| 27 Amount (abbr.) | | 36 Put forth effort |
| 28 Eye | | 38 At that place |
| 31 Symbol for germanium | 42 They fight the axis | 40 Sipping way |
| 32 Ocean | 43 Serrated ridge of mountains | 41 Tent maker |
| 35 Ventilated | 46 Transporters | 44 Scottish sheepfold |
| 37 High regard | 49 Sleeping vision | 45 Male sheep |
| 39 Linen plant | 50 Asseverates | 47 Eggs |
| 40 River (Sp.) | 61 Moderate | 48 Veteran (colloq.) |
| | VERTICAL | |
| | 1 Hedge in | |
| | 2 Irrigate | |



Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople



Red Ryder

By Fred Hatmon



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

