

ALLEY OOP

BY HARMAN

RED RYDER

By Hamlin

CURIOUS WORLD



The FIRST Story Out of "de Gaulle Africa" . . . An EXCLUSIVE Dispatch to NEA from Famed Novelist Ben Lucien Burman

FREE FRENCH RALLY IN AFRICA, DEFY VICHY

Young Patriots, Sworn to Regain Homeland, Sworn to de Gaulle's Jungle Capital

The first direct news out of "de Gaulle Land" is contained in the following dispatch—a journalistic beat of first importance—radioed to the United States by Ben Lucien Burman, famous American novelist. Burman now is in France Equatorial Africa on assignment from NEA Service and these papers.

BY BEN LUCIEN BURMAN (Copy right, 1941, NEA Service, Inc.)

BRAZZAVILLE, French Equatorial Africa. (By Radio.)—There have been many mysteries in this war—many riddles to which even the most astute diplomat does not possess the solution. But perhaps the one question which, more than any other, has occupied the minds of Americans is this:

Is defeated France dead beyond hope of resurrection?

To find the answer to that question I have traveled deep into the tangled jungles which Stanley and Livingstone opened to the white man in the last century. And I think I can give the answer.

Truly, the heart of France is no longer in Paris along the gentle Seine. It is here in de Gaulle Africa, along the banks of the fever-ridden Congo.

A few kilometers from where I am writing this—de Gaulle dispatch, the towering equatorial forests begin—with their elephants and gorillas and great, green pythons.

The dread tsetse fly is everywhere beyond the clearings, for this is the heart of the sleeping sickness area. Of this small settlement's population, 220 contracted this awful malady last year.

The great armies of African ants—black, and red, and a ghostly gray—are constantly toiling night and day.

But there is another army ceaselessly toiling. It is an army sworn to drive the Germans from France.

Every day new recruits to this army are arriving—sometimes by boat, sometimes by canoe, sometimes by tramping for weeks and months through the swamps and forests.

From France, from Tibet, from Indo-China, from Dakar, they make their way to this sweltering outpost . . . scientists and students, generals and priests, peasants and simple soldiers . . . Catholics, Protestants, Jews.

GUIDED ONLY BY AN IDEAL

They are guided only by an ideal and devotion to the cause of their leader, General Charles de Gaulle.

Vichy sent three American bombers to annihilate them. They brought down the planes and by sheer ingenuity made two fly again. Yesterday I flew in one of them for hours over the great forests.

A short distance beyond my window, in the newly-erected Camp d'Ornano, helmeted young Frenchmen from all over the world are drilling in the fiery sun to give defiance to Marshal Petain, who said that it was the youth of France who have failed their country.



The spirit of Republican France still flames in the shaded area indicated on the map of Africa above.



Free Frenchmen—citizens of French Equatorial Africa—welcome their leader, Gen. Charles de Gaulle (extreme left), on a recent visit to Brazzaville.

It was not the youth of France, they tell me. "It was the youth of the man's graveyard. But it was lucky fate, for the area which they control is immense—reaching from the Atlantic almost 2000 miles across the heart of Africa to the Anglo-Egyptian frontier. It possesses strategic value which cannot be overestimated. Chad is the key link which joins the British colonies of the east

tary camps are in every quarter: a camp where young Frenchmen study to be infantry officers; another, where they train for the artillery; camps where the Negro soldiers—volunteers all—live with their wives and children in rows of the curious cone-shaped dwellings that are characteristic of the region. They resemble cities of gigantic ant hills.

At Yaounde in the Cameroons there is a depot of the Foreign Legion where untutored recruits under many flags are mustered into service with the veterans of Narvik and Dunkirk. Other camps and posts are dotted here and there in clearings of the dark forests or on the green savannas.

The fleet, too, is active. A number of warships, manned by French officers and sailors who refused to accept the armistice, are constantly at sea on duty with the home fleet out of England. Only yesterday news arrived here that the submarine Minerva of the de Gaulle navy had sunk a German transport off the Norwegian coast.

Every phase of military activity is progressing here with a rapidity which keeps the black inhabitants gazing in wonder. Where previously there was only a feeble radio station, equipped merely for sending telegraph signals in Morse code, there is now the powerful Radio Brazzaville. It broadcasts can be heard in America. There is also a smaller radio club which reaches all of Africa.

Night and day, governors and administrators, airmen and artillerymen, generals and privates plead eloquently with their countrymen to throw off the yoke of the men of Vichy, who have dishonored France. And each day as the radio sends out its plea, new men set forth to heed it.

A GRIM DRAMA IN THE SAHARA

As I write, word has just come of a grim drama that is being acted at this moment far to the north in the wastes of the Sahara. Four French officers, fleeing from a city in North Africa which I cannot mention, have set out across the trackless desert to reach this land of the jungle where Frenchmen are still free.

The Vichy government has learned of their flight and the radio is now buzzing with its orders to halt the flight at any cost. Whether the fugitives will reach their goal only the white Sahara can decide. But if they die, other heroic soldiers will set out to take



In dark Africa there sounds a call to free Frenchmen throughout the world.

THEY ARE THE CREAM OF FRANCE

I have known many fine Frenchmen but never Frenchmen like these. They are the cream of France—unselfish, devoted. Their only goal is the saving of their country and the preservation of their cherished "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity." They are rebels, every one of them, against the government in Vichy. Many are under sentence of death. But they are rebels to whom I can only compare the rebels who established the United States at Valley Forge and Ticonderoga.

\$72,000 For Control Of Rats Too Much A Solon Argues

Every day troops are leaving here bound for the front. But there are many others waiting for arms. They ask me a little wistfully—these men who want to make France live again—if America will send them a few arms to equip these troops, who are so eager to fight.

representatives had passed, but speech on the subject evoked several chuckles.

"Here you brag about putting \$6,000,000 into the General's Fund from that omnibus bill, and you already have \$4 for nearly \$20,000,000 more appropriations," Hanna shouted. "You voted to spend \$72,000 for rat eradication, and I understand that it included \$5,500 buy rat traps and cheese. "Those fellows never do any rats!" "A few years ago we gave it \$40,000 and when we asked what they did with the money they told us that they had it written down in a report—that the rats had eaten up the port."

