

# LAND OF LONG JUJU

A Doc Savage Adventure By Kenneth Robeson

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# LAND OF LONG JUJU

*and of the terrible power of The Shimba—with Doc Savage smashing the jungle terror's menace to solve its secret!*



Complete Book-length Novel

By **KENNETH ROBESON**

## Chapter 1 RUNNERS TO DEATH

Two weird figures came running in the white fog. Their queer garments flapped like the sheets of ghosts. Runners of the jungle should not have been so dressed. The togalike attire was pulled above bony knees, but the garments were hampering. Any white man who had been in Abyssinia would have identified

these sheets as the *chamma*. This was distinctive of royal or official rank.

These grotesquely clad runners were far south of Abyssinia. They were now below the great Taveta forest of Central East Africa, in the foothills of the Parri Mountains. It was a green, fog-soaked wilderness of silence just now.

Doubtless the place was too silent in the judgment of the taller of the two runners. The pair was approaching a water hole.





















































































might even have observed the *Wing* through his own high-powered binoculars.

The sun was on the horizon. Though the *Wing* was miles high, the sun sank as abruptly as if it had been pulled away by a giant hand.

"Oh!" exclaimed Pat Savage. "I've never seen anything more beautiful!"

"Or more likely to be deadly," observed Ham. "If some of those air scouts down there take a notion to go sky hunting, we may have our hands full."

"It is hardly likely they would find us," said Count Cardoti.

The *Wing* was merged with the milky brightness of the tropical, star-studded sky. Its greatest advantage was its lack of vibration or motor impact. At cruising speed, the compound mixture was only a hissing through the tubes, which could not have been picked up by airplane detectors.

"King Udu has two obsolete planes, a couple of rickety Spads of the World War period," Count Cardoti informed Doc Savage. "If they ever get off the ground, they'll be more dangerous for their own fliers than for the enemy."

"I wish we could get in touch with Renny," complained Ham for the twentieth time. "I'm afraid something has happened to him."

"If he really encountered The Shimba, as you believe, then he is in the gravest danger," declared Count Cardoti. "The Shimba, as I have been told, never lets up on any one who has beaten him once."

"Dag-gonit!" boasted Monk. "The Shimba may be something, but if he ever gets in front of Renny's fists, he'll need something more than bum magic!"

SURROUNDED by tropical darkness, Doc Savage determined to become better informed of the number of the foreign white men and of their possible movements. Suddenly the *Wing* was dropping with a speed that caused Count Cardoti and Señorita Moncarid to draw in deep breaths.

It seemed as if the *Wing* had suddenly lost all of its sustaining gas.

"If you will put on the infra-red goggles, you may be able to observe what our friends below are doing," advised Doc Savage.

Señorita Moncarid gasped with wonder. It was her first experience with the

high lights of the infra-red rays. Through the huge goggles, she was looking down on a strange spectacle.

The squadron of planes was clearly revealed, as if in a motion picture still. So were the grim army tanks. Among them several hundred men were moving about. It was clear they were preparing for some action.

"This gives us a clear conception of their position and the route they must follow to enter the pass," stated Doc Savage.

Abruptly, the vibration detector on the instrument board of the *Wing* itself began oscillating. From the machine came a low humming.

"They've got a plane up!" exclaimed Ham. "We'd better have a look around!"

"None of the legion planes have left the ground," advised Doc. "There are eleven pursuit planes and eighteen bombers."

Count Cardoti took in the bronze man with a look of wonderment. He would have been more amazed if he had known that Doc Savage could have told him accurately, at this moment, the exact number of men in the camps, and the extent of their equipment and ammunition. He also had ascertained some of the invaders were Asiatics.

Doc Savage had dropped the *Wing* to a low level. At this spot they were hedged in by high ridges. Clearly now, came the drumming of a plane somewhere overhead.

Doc tuned in the observation lens. Into it rocketed a single plane of an obsolete pattern. In the television arrangement, the plane's wings trembled as if they were about to drop off.

"It's one of King Udu's shaky Spads!" exclaimed Count Cardoti.

FROM the ground below shot a plane detector beam. It enveloped the *Wing* and the Spad in spreading illumination. Immediately men poured from the tents like black ants from hills. Brass guns gleamed suddenly.

Fire spouted. Incendiary tracer bullets painted a line toward the *Wing* and the shaky, old Spad. Doc Savage could have shot the *Wing* to a safe height within a few seconds. Instead, the man of bronze flattened the *Wing*.

"They've got our range!" shouted Ham. "I can feel them smacking the undercarriage!"

Slugs of the anti-aircraft stream were hammering at the lower part of the *Wing*. Some of the tracer bullets found the Spad. The





## Chapter XII

### THE KING IS DYING

"SUMMING it all up," stated Ham, "it would seem our King Udu is having his share of trouble. What do you suppose has become of Renny, Doc?"

"Perhaps Renny is remaining in a safe position, where he can observe affairs until our arrival," stated Doc. "We shall move at once to the king's village."

In spite of its tremendous power, contrary winds around the Kilimanjaro Range hampered the flight of the *Wing*. Following the crash of the Spad, the European Legion had got half a dozen pursuit ships into the air.

Count Cardoti polished his finger nails nervously. A dozen beams of light flashed around the *Wing*. Doc Savage apparently made no effort to avoid the pursuers.

"It would be as well perhaps that they now learn to be cautious," stated Doc.

Señorita Moncarid's eyes sparkled.

"I have never seen any one so wonderful as your great cousin," she said to Pat Savage. "He is what you call—invisible."

Pat merely nodded and smiled. At this moment machine gun bullets had begun hammering the *Wing*, like rain on a tin roof. They had about as much effect upon its bulletproof composition. The crystal alloy glass of its observation windows did not show so much as the trace of a spider crack.

This new composition had been perfected by Monk, directed by Doc. The old bulletproof glass with its spreading spider tracks had been annoying.

Doc flew the *Wing* steadily southward. He had discovered a nook in the mountain range, where no plane of regular construction could have possibly landed. Even a close approach would have been prevented by the furious updraft of the mountain wind. It was in this place the casket containing the body of Prince Zaban had been concealed.

THE pursuit planes darted around like angry hornets. One bomber made an attempt to attack the mysterious craft. The man of bronze avoided it easily. Each time the bomber moved into position for a possible dropping of explosive, the *Wing* sideslipped.

Suddenly there was a yell from Monk.

"Doc! That crazy guy's tryin' to commit suicide!"

The apelike chemist had been closely observing the pursuit planes. One flier had separated from the others. He had zoomed suddenly for height. Now he was coming down in a full power, screaming dive. The shrieking of his propeller could be heard above the low hissing of the *Wing*.

Suicide was the exact word. The flier might have been obeying a death order.

Doc Savage manipulated the controls. The *Wing* banked, started to roll. But the pursuit ship was like a darting arrow. Its silvery nose crashed in almost the exact middle of the stiff metal of the *Wing*.

"We're going down!" shouted Count Cardoti. "I knew they would get us, if we kept on fooling around!"

Escaping gas let out a loud hissing. Fortunately, the *Wing* was constructed for just such an emergency. Its sustaining gas was contained in separate compartments.

In the roof of the *Wing* a dead, mangled flier lay in his smashed plane. Flame shot up from his cockpit. The aviator had been even greater than a mere suicide. He had used his brain as well as his life in an effort to wipe the *Wing* out of the sky.

The man's body was rapidly charring to cinders in his blazing plane. The pursuit ship was locked tightly in the metal of the *Wing*. Fortunately, it was not in contact with any part which might have been set afire.

Only, the weight and position of the wreckage hampered operation of the controls.

The *Wing* was sinking toward the jagged teeth of the range which extended east and west from Mount Kibo.

"Perhaps all had better put on the parachutes," advised Doc Savage. "The mountain has many perils."

THOUGH it was crippled, the *Wing* was kept circling by the marvelous skill of Doc Savage. His bronze hands played on the controls. He jockeyed for a safer position in the sky, near the ragged range of the mountain. Other pursuit ships were withdrawing.

They must have believed they had witnessed the finish of their terrible, mysterious visitor. For the flames from the burning plane, locked in the metal top, made it appear that all of the *Wing* was blazing.

Mount Kibo with its hungry blasts was too perilous a spot into which to venture needlessly. The great *Wing* flashed out of sight









The royal chiefs of the tribesmen fell upon their faces.



The jabbering of the chiefs drowned Doc's voice. Tribesmen armed with long spears surged into the room.

### Chapter XIII FEAR OF THE PEOPLE

KING UDU'S weight was well above three hundred pounds. Amazed counselors, chanters and warrior chiefs saw *Ras Udu* lifted as easily as though he were only a small monkey.

King Udu had stood on his own feet only long enough to make an announcement.

"My chiefs, servants of all the gods!" his voice rolled. "We will not bow before the invading devils! Aid has come to us! We will go before our enemies with our spears sharpened and our heads erect!"

Guttural voices of approval were sounding. King Udu swayed. His strength was leaving his bones.

Doc Savage lifted the weighty king. Lifted him and carried him with ease through the low doorway into the inner room, where Prince Zaban had been placed.

Before this casket, knelt half a dozen weird figures. They were priests with tribal

offerings to the dead. At the command of Doc Savage, they arose and departed.

The man of bronze placed King Udu quickly upon another royal couch of skins. Monk and Ham had followed to the doorway.

"Let none enter," commanded Doc. "See that we are undisturbed. Speak to those outside and say King Udu will prepare his plan of defense against his enemies."

Ham and Monk blocked the doorway. Count Cardoti stood in the middle of the throne room. His bright, black eyes gleamed with apparent appreciation.

"Your Doc Savage has by simple magic made it almost possible to set himself up as a successor to *Ras Udu*," he stated.

"Thunderation!" squealed Monk. "Doc wouldn't want any part of this funny place! What could we do here?"

"I don't know what I would do, but any animal with a shape like yours ought to fit in," remarked Ham. "The way things are lining up, we might have to stay longer than we imagine."







their cheeks. They slapped each other's bared shoulders.

"Ho-ho-ho! Ho-ho! Ho-ho!"

Amazed chiefs arose. They brandished their spears and shouted.

This was a proclamation of war they could understand. They saw Selan and King Udu's advisors well pleased. From the appearance of the man of bronze and the silver casket bearing the body of Prince Zaban had come a strange inspiration.

The chiefs understood Selan, the great medicine man, to be well pleased. All of his glum expression was gone. Before the tribesmen, the seven representatives of King Udu continued to howl with laughter.

The chiefs rushed into the streets. The beat of the drums took on a fury of action. Each tribal chief called to his warriors. Hundreds of gleaming, oiled bodies started writhing in the weird dances that would arouse to killing fury.

DOC SAVAGE did not delay. King Udu still was resting. The will to fight was not enough. The primitive warriors must have more expert direction.

The man of bronze hastened to present the names of Monk and Ham as officers who could help organize and lead the army of Kokoland.

Selan and the six advisors were still laughing. But they were becoming more subdued. Something strange had happened to them.

"These strange ones of Doc Savage then will be named to lead," agreed Selan, the medicine man. "The one called Monk, he is the greatest, so he shall be a chief. The other one, Ham, is smaller and of not so much presence. He will be made the leader of the carriers."

The six advisors agreed to these strange commissions for Monk and Ham. None quite knew to what Kokoland had been committed. The advisors who would have sacrificed the kingdom, through fear or their belief in the power of the Long Juju, would have slight headaches after it was all over.

The whipped cream Doc Savage had served on the white ant pie was a common mixture. The goat's cream had been shaken up with nitrous oxide under pressure. Its most common name is laughing gas. Once it was used by dentists.

Selan, the great medicine man, had laughed the loyal, primitive people of King Udu into a war of defense against all enemies.

## Chapter XIV RAID OF THE SHIMBA

UNDER strong stimulants, King Udu appeared before his palace. His vast, *chamma*-clad figure brought howls of approval. In the streets, the tribal chiefs were organizing their straggling, primitive warriors in their own manner.

Doc Savage realized even the inspiration of King Udu's appearance could not create an army to resist the modern weapons of the Asiatic and European adventurers beyond Mount Kibo. King Udu was using the last of his waning strength to come before his palace.

Thousands of barefooted followers jammed this royal avenue. It was a street thick with dust. This drifted like mist over the long, thatched hut, in which dwelt the Kokonese women.

"Either we get out of here and get some air, or we'll choke to death," declared Pat Savage to Señorita Moncarid.

"They do not permit the women to walk abroad when the war drums are being beaten," said Señorita Moncarid.

"Huh!" snapped Pat Savage. "Any time I need a permit to get my breath, I'll let your king know about it! Come on! The wind is blowing across the river! I'm half strangled!"

Señorita Moncarid reluctantly followed the impetuous Pat Savage. It was cooler and there was less dust by the river. Count Cardoti was walking toward the long hut of the women.

Perhaps he had arranged for Pat Savage and Señorita Moncarid to have better quarters.

Count Cardoti saw the figures of the two women vanish in the green bushes close to the slowly flowing stream, below the place of one of the war dances. The warriors from this dance now were thronging toward the king's palace.

Count Cardoti cried out, "Look out, Miss Savage! Señorita!"

As he called, Count Cardoti ran toward the river. Four long canoes glided into the quiet pool below the village.

Erect in the middle of one of these canoes, stood what at first appeared to be a











they believed Monk to be a god of the baboons. Many of the tribes worshiped the humanlike monkeys.

"I'll show them what a real general is like," boasted Monk. "I'll become one of them."

This was not difficult. Monk had shucked his clothes. His grotesque, hairy body, with the long trailing arms and the short legs, hardly needed the buffalo hide he had chosen to wrap around him.

This was a barefooted army. So Monk displayed his own huge feet. Though Ham was only a carrier sergeant, he would have disobeyed the order to lay aside his somewhat tattered raiment, which had been elegant enough when he had arrived.

Monk had taken care of that angle. Ham's clothes had been stolen. The lawyer could wear monkey fur and ostrich feathers or nothing.

"The tribal chiefs will obey your orders as long as you keep them believing you have superior knowledge," the astute Logo advised Monk.

So, at the first waterhole, the gorilla-like Brigadier General Monk suddenly appeared among the waterboys. The carriers were already kneeling to fill the waterbags of goat skin.

"Hold everything!" squeaked Monk. "None must drink of the water that burns!"

MONK truly was an appalling figure. He swung to the branch of a tree over the waterhole. Logo looked on with a wide grin. Monk wrapped one arm around the branch and looked into the pool.

"You never looked more natural!" rasped the disgusted and half naked Ham. "I hope you see your own face in that hole and it scares you to death!"

Monk's fingers appeared to touch the surface of the small waterhole. Instantly the black boys cried out and shrank away. Across the pool swept a blue flame. It spread until all of the water in the pool seemed to be blazing.

"See," announced Logo, "the fire of water does not burn one who is a god."

Monk apparently was bathing his naked feet in the blue fire. The carriers fled back into the jungle.

"If you think monkeyshines like that will lick an army, you're crazier than I always thought you were!" rapped Ham sarcastically.

Monk climbed from the tree. It would be many months before water would be taken from this pool by the natives. Monk stuck the vial of simple chemical he had employed back into his furs.

"That makes Monk a greater general than the licking of a dozen armies," advised Logo. "His orders will be obeyed."

It was a strange army moving up the mountain. Only King Udu's Kokonese had a semblance of order. Hundreds of wilder tribesmen filtered through the jungle armed only with their spears, blowpipes and oxhide shields.

Monk pranced about, as if he were not in the least aware he was leading this primitive horde to meet a modern army at the mountain pass, a few miles above. The natives were no more than an unorganized mob. They were on the way to battle the most modern war tanks, machine guns, high explosives and poison gas.

"With you reverting to what you've always been destined to be, this is nothing less than plain suicide," predicted Ham darkly.

"Anyway, we're safer here than back in the village if they happen to pull a sudden air raid," said Monk seriously. "I'm glad we got the army started before they found out King Udu seems to be dying."

MONK and Ham did not know then what had happened to the aerial squadron of the invaders. They were obeying certain instructions issued by their bronze chief.

While only some of the tribesmen were armed with their long spears, the primitive army carried all of the hundreds of blowpipes which could be gathered. It looked as if Doc Savage had decided to lay aside, for the time, his reluctance to be responsible for killing.

At this time, the old Spad was sputtering back over King Udu's village. The few old men and boys, and the women in the town must have been amazed to see the rickety bus return.

Selan, the medicine man, and the six advisors to the king, looked at Doc Savage with glittering eyes.

"King Udu believes we should send the women and the children into the hills to save them from the death from the air, which soon will come," announced the wrinkled Selan. "The king thinks his own hours are





Selan's keen, black eyes glowed in his wrinkled face. The ancient medicine man was not to be greatly fooled.

Doc realized Selan and the other advisors would quickly turn to a rule of the Long Juju, where their supposed witchcraft would give them power. The man of bronze was worried over the captivity of Renny and Pat Savage, of Count Cardoti and Señorita Moncarid.

Upon the wrong move now would hang their lives.

The weird, fantastic army led by Monk and Ham and Logo, must remain at the mountain pass. Moreover, its primitive weapons must be made to prevail against the most efficient death-dealing machinery.

"The time has come to have the advice of great wisdom," said Doc solemnly. "Selan, it is with your eyes we must see the army which lies beyond the mountain. Their birds of death have been destroyed. You will come with me in the *Wing* that flies."

Selan, the man of great medicine, was susceptible to flattery. No doubt he realized the greatness of Doc Savage. Yet in his conceit, he forgot that his own belief in himself might be used against him.

"I will gladly accompany the great one, Doc Savage," bowed Selan, as if conferring a real favor. "I would have the experience of flying in the *Wing*."

Doc was using a radio transmitter. He contacted the short wave in the *Wing*. Johnny replied.

"Bring the *Wing* at once to the village of King Udu," directed Doc. "The wise one, Selan, who has great medicine, will observe with us the army of the invading devils."

Doc Savage knew this ruse must succeed. For on his royal couch of skins, King Udu was more than sleeping.

The king of Kokoland was dead. The army, his people must not know.

## Chapter XVI THE BURNING "WING"

MONK was informed of Doc Savage's summoning of the *Wing* to King Udu's village. Tropical darkness had struck across Mount Kibo. Scouts of the invading adventurers no doubt had reported the motley, barefooted army—a veritable primitive horde.

Commanding officers of the foot soldiers, the tanks and the light artillery, were preparing to move. Dazed, recovering airmen of the sky division were disbelieved.

It was difficult for officers of this great legion to accept such a story. That a disreputable old Spad of the World War period, flown by a lone lunatic, had wiped out a pursuit and bombing squadron.

Officers and fliers of the squadron found themselves disgraced. Orders were rapped out. Communication had been established with allied cohorts in the jungles. The Masai and Swahili, commanded by The Shimba, were ready to join in a quick invasion.

It was fantastic that the aerial squadron could not be sent ahead to bomb King Udu's kingdom and pave the way for the army.

But the army must move.

At this time, it might have been expected that King Udu's skin-clad, barefooted army would be mustering the few modern guns it had. Yet, except for the odd-looking superfiring pistols possessed by Monk and Ham, and one in the hands of Logo, no modern weapons were being prepared.

Any smart war correspondent would have been convinced Doc's companions were crazy. Judged by appearances, Monk and Ham would have been candidates for an asylum.

Monk's furry, red-haired body was crudely daubed with red and white ochre. Red-dyed ostrich plumes waving over his low forehead, gave him the appearance of some gorilla looking through a bush.

"If I can only live to remember what you looked like when they made you a general," grinned Ham. "We don't need any guns, ape. All you've gotta do is show yourself to the attacking army."

Monk, for once, was amiable. Ham himself was also striped with red and white ochre. One long ostrich feather drooped over his thin nose.

"If I can take your picture back to Park Avenue, that's all I ask," said Monk. "Especially when you were kickin' them boys around at the last waterhole."

"Confound your baboon brain, you didn't take any pictures, did you?" rapped Ham.

"It'll be a sensation, all right," grunted Monk.













Monk emerged on the rocks outside the cavern.  
An arrow stuck bloodily in his shoulder.

"That may be true," stated Ham, "but with Doc gone, it looks bad for all of us. If this army drives through, whoever The Shimba might be, Pat and Renny are done for."

In the pass below came the rustling of many bare feet. From the upper end of the pass a few guns crackled sharply. Apparently, the army leaders believed a few tribal guards had been placed at the pass.

The clanking of the war tanks and the movement of light artillery told plainly the invaders were moving in massed force. A few howls of death agony floated up to the cavern.

The retreat of the tribesmen had begun. It had become a rout.

"Howlin' calamities!" snapped out Monk. "This may be the finish, but I'm goin' to fight!"

Blood dripped from his shoulder where Johnny had extracted the arrow. The apelike chemist started to spring again into the open.

*"Kafee! Kafee!"* This meant, "Kill! Kill!"

This wild cry broke from the back of the cavern. Led by two hideously painted tribal chiefs, a dozen warriors burst into the rock









The threat brought a few seconds of silence. Then all of the medicine men tried to talk at once. Neither Monk nor Johnny could make head or tail of their jabbering.

"I have it!" shouted Logo. "The white invaders have been left helpless! While the blood of the warriors is hot, we will strike again! They have told me the place of the Long Juju!"

SMOKY fires blazed on a flat, stone shrine or altar. This was a broad platform. On its top was a smaller table of stone. Around this flat stone walked two hideous figures. On the rough table a body lay under a white sheet. The two figures chanted.

One was a man. The other was a woman. The man was fantastically garbed in blood-red garments. His face was ochred to resemble a skull. The skull grinned at the woman.

The woman wore only a flowing robe of green. It was woven with many serpents. They had wings. They were the "Flying Green Serpents" of voodooism. The woman's face was fat and oily.

The man was the *Papa Loi*. The woman was the *Maman Loi*.

They were the priest and priestess of the Long Juju.

Old women stirred a filthy mixture of blood and goat's meat in a great pot. They stirred this boiling mess with their bared hands. The skin and flesh was all burned away.

Hideous warriors pranced slowly around a fire on the ground. In the horrible loops of their ears were many bright objects. Their long spears were brandished close to the faces of the prisoners chained to stakes driven into the ground.

"Holy cow!" groaned the deep voice of a heavily bearded man. "An' Doc got himself blown to pieces in the *Wing*? There ain't much hope for any of us then! If there was only some way to get Pat and the señorita outta this mess!"

Big Renny was so loaded with chains he looked like a statue of rusty iron. The chains were looped over a heavy stake.

Beside him another figure, more waspish, also was chained to a stake. This man spoke out of the corner of his mouth.

"Don't get too downhearted, Renny. We're not dead yet. You may get a big surprise."

Despite his position, the queerly clad Ham was grinning as if he knew something he could not divulge.

The enormously fat old King Udu was among the prisoners. His corpulent arms and legs had been loaded with chains. Only the stake behind him prevented the aged king from sagging to the ground.

Many jewels had been stripped from King Udu's body. There had been howls of rage when the Masai had discovered the Blood Idol to be missing. The raiding warriors, directed by the mysterious Shimba, had seen the king's display of the great, red gem.

But when King Udu and Ham were seized, the Blood Idol had vanished. After he had craftily placed the jewel fetish in the ear of the elephant, King Udu had appeared to lapse into a coma.

Perhaps the old king's apparent revival from death was only a flash. The tired heart must have been nearly exhausted under all of that mountain of flesh. And King Udu had not the satisfaction of knowing that his appearance had caused the defeat of the invading army.

King Udu's eyes were closed. His head with its straggling white locks was drooping. The arched nose was buried in his multiple chins.

Perhaps the old king realized he had saved his kingdom for the time. Perhaps he was only exhausted. He did not seem to know that the fierce Masai and Swahili warriors were being worked into frenzy for a new descent upon his village.

*Papa Loi* chanted. He walked up and down, keeping time with his hands to the slow beating of the skin drums. The eyes of all the Masai warriors were upon him.

The hideous face of the *Maman Loi* leered at the dancers. The old women mumbled and stirred the pot

"WARRIORS of the Masai!" spoke a commanding voice. "The Long Juju demands the sacrifice of the white goat! With this Juju none of our enemies can survive!"

The speaker wore a strange combination of monkey fur and lion's pelt. His upper body was wholly concealed by the flowing mane of the lion and the enormous head. His voice came through the gleaming teeth of the man-eating beast.

He was The Shimba. Near him, another white man hovered in the background.







steel fortress and Renny had the motor turning.

AT this time, in the burning village, The Shimba's Masai warriors were emitting exultant yells. Others of their tribe were pursuing the retreating Kokonese.

One end of the king's palace was still untouched. The Shimba commanded some of the tribesmen to enter. They started carrying out some of the royal treasures. Stalwart Masai emerged, bringing with them the casket of Prince Zaban.

"Return it to the fire!" ordered The Shimba. "Let the body be destroyed!"

The order never was carried out. From one end of the village, roared two clanking juggernauts of war. Before the startled Masai could decide upon their next movement, the tanks were upon them.

Some of the boldest stood their ground. The tanks' machine guns beat upon the air. The first bursts of bullets were directed over the heads of the tribesmen.

"Get into the bush!" yelled The Shimba. "We can wait!"

But his Masai were caught by the fever of fear. Those who were not already fleeing, were falling on their faces in abject terror. Among them were falling almost invisible glass objects. Terror was being replaced by sleep.

None, for the moment, heeded The Shimba. The smart leader apparently saw the uselessness of making a stand. He once more vanished from the scene of battle.

Doc Savage and Monk emerged from one of the war tanks. Johnny and two Kokonese tribesmen came from the other. Sleeping men lay around them. The old and wrinkled king's counselors were asleep with the others in the village street.

"I fear we are too late to save much of the palace," stated Doc. "But only a portion of the village will burn. Wait here. I will return to Pat and the others. They may still be trapped."

Monk let out a yelp.

"Look, Doc! There's another tank! Maybe them heathen grabbed it!"

MONK would have turned a machine gun upon the slowly moving tank as it approached, but Doc Savage interfered. The iron door of the tank slowly opened. First to emerge was Pat Savage. She gave one hasty

glance at the burning palace and the sleeping Masai in the street.

"Some homecoming for the queen!" she exclaimed. "Monca, you haven't any throne left!"

"Queen Monca will have a much more modern throne," stated Logo, climbing from the tank with Renny and Ham. "A palace fit for a civilized queen."

Princess Monca stood there smiling.

"And fit also for the king," she said. "I would not care to rule Kokoland alone."

Logo, who had been William Smith of Long Island, rubbed his hands nervously.

"The words spoken in New York must of course be forgotten," he muttered.

"Well, I like that!" snapped Princess Monca. "Your proposal made in New York before you knew my identity is accepted! You can't jilt me now! If you do, I'll hide the Blood Idol and I'll—"

Doc Savage had glided close.

"Too many lives have paid for the Blood Idol to permit its purpose to be unfulfilled," stated the man of bronze. "King Udu sent it to Logo in New York, for safekeeping. Prince Zaban was murdered, though Logo's Kokonese tried to guard him. Some of the Masai were tricked to their death seeking the Blood Idol. I think Logo has earned his right to be called a king."

This was a long speech for Doc Savage. He might have explained more, but Pat Savage cried out.

"Count Cardoti! We thought the Masai had killed him! But he is alive!"

DOC SAVAGE and his companions whipped around. With his clothing in rags, Count Cardoti came running from the jungle. His face was streaked with dried blood. He had every appearance of a man who had just escaped from the Masai.

"Doc Savage!" cried Count Cardoti. "You have beaten them off! I was staked in the bush! They intended to kill—"

The count quit speaking. A look of dazed surprise came over his face. Both hands clutched at something which suddenly protruded from his breast.

Count Cardoti fell forward, hands still clawing at the point of a spear. The weapon had come whistling from the jungle behind him. It had struck him squarely between the shoulders and pierced his heart.



