

THE BANG BOYS

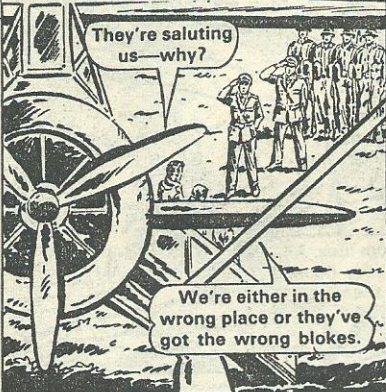


We're taking a pasting up there. Any sign of these special reinforcements?

They've just landed—I think. But radio's reception's so bad I can hardly make out a word, as usual.

THREE British privates, "Scruffy" Duffy, "Bruiser" Harris and "Professor" Jenkins, had found good use for their peacetime skills with explosives during the World War Two fighting on the Italian front. But suddenly orders came through for their posting to another area—at a time when a British unit was fighting for its life in the Burmese jungle.

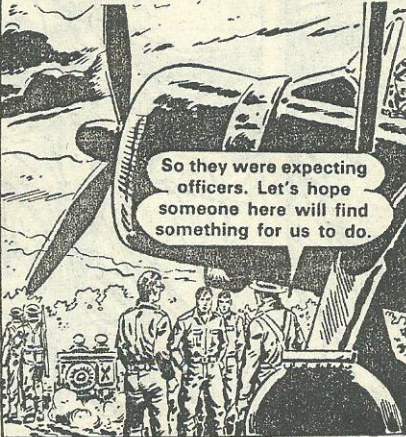
At the airstrip Duffy and his mates had arrived to an unexpected welcome.



They're saluting us—why?

We're either in the wrong place or they've got the wrong blokes.

The Professor's first guess was correct.

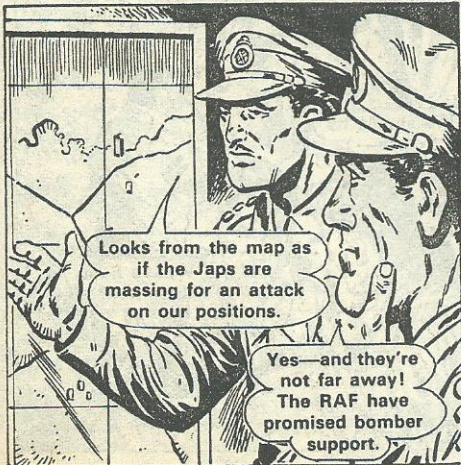


So they were expecting officers. Let's hope someone here will find something for us to do.



I asked for three company commanders with experience of jungle night tactics and they sent me three competent commandos with experience of gelignite tactics!

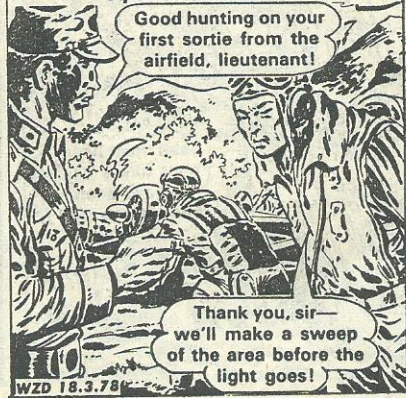
Radio interference is bad sir!



Looks from the map as if the Japs are massing for an attack on our positions.

Yes—and they're not far away! The RAF have promised bomber support.

But—a newly captured airfield had brought Metka within range of a squadron of Zeros.



Good hunting on your first sortie from the airfield, lieutenant!

Thank you, sir—we'll make a sweep of the area before the light goes!



An hour later—

There are our bombers—bang on time!

What a lovely sight!