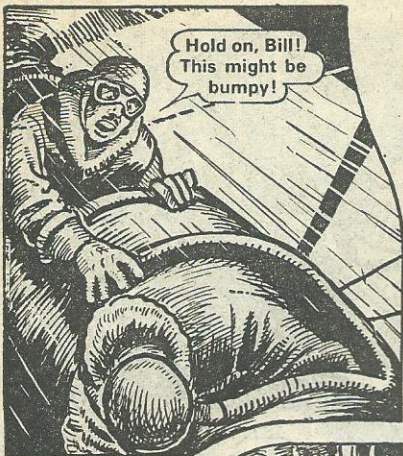
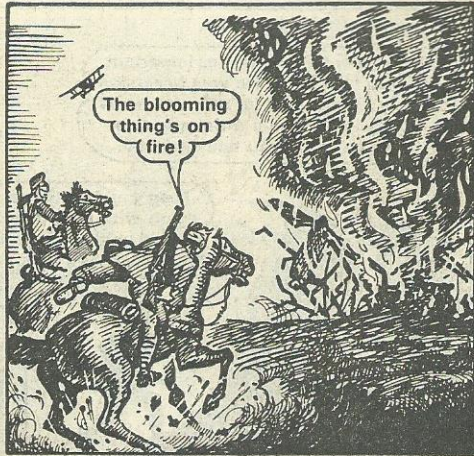
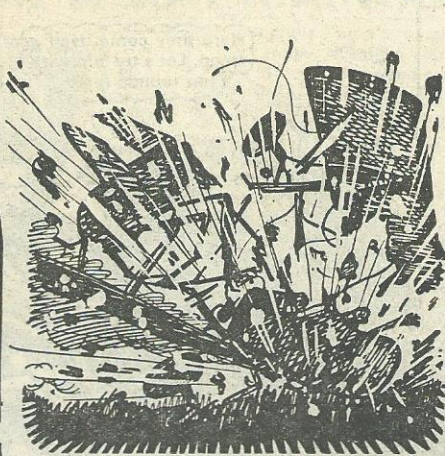


Crash landing!



Hold on, Bill!
This might be
bumpy!



The blooming
thing's on
fire!



Help my
observer. He's
hurt.

He's dead,
sir. Come
on.



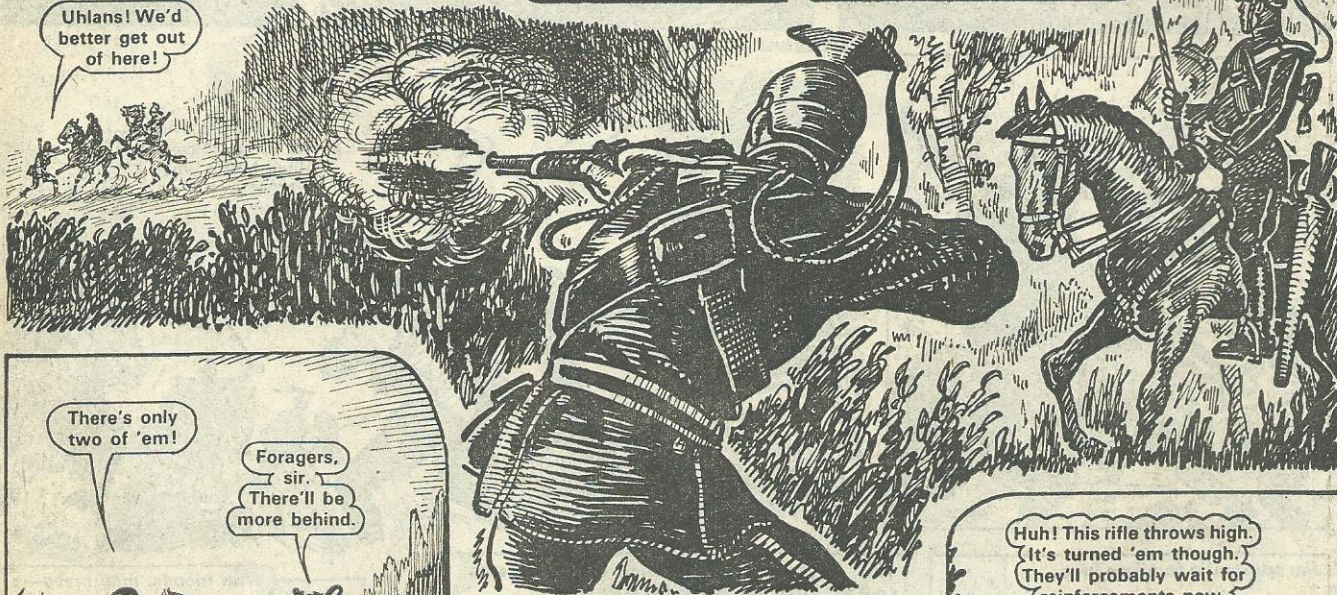
Poor old Bill. Lucky for
me you fellows turned
up. I didn't know we had
any units in the Hun
back areas.

We're a pretty
small unit, sir—
just Jean and me.



Above the roar of the flames, a rifle
cracked.

Zut! The
music of a
bullet!



Uhlans! We'd
better get out
of here!



There's only
two of 'em!

Foragers,
sir.
There'll be
more behind.



Keep going, Jean.
I'll slow up those
Boches!



Huh! This rifle throws high.
It's turned 'em though.
They'll probably wait for
reinforcements now.