

A jammed rifle means trouble for Jim!

Jim joined the other two.

This officer tells me he has important news to take back. He was observing enemy dispositions for a British corps which is taking up a defence line between Le Cateau and Cambrai.

Then you'd better get going with him, Jean. I'll hold up those Uhlans as long as I can.



Here they come. Half a troop. Let's try 'em with ten rounds rapid.



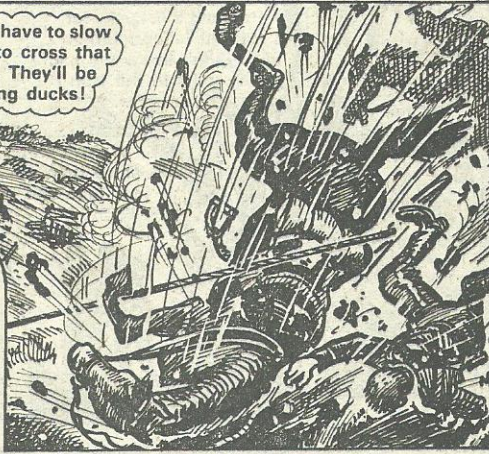
Then Jim's rifle jammed.

Split case in the chamber. I'm in trouble now.



Aaaagh!

They'll have to slow down to cross that ditch. They'll be sitting ducks!



Jim heard the pounding of hoofs behind him.

Oh, no you don't, mate!



More of 'em. They must have crossed the ditch lower down.



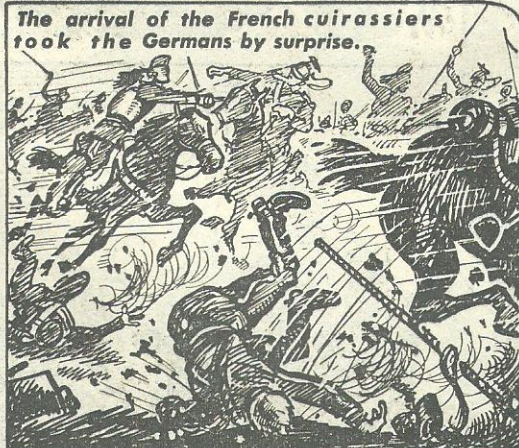
Jim spotted a familiar face.

'Allo, Tommee!

Strike a light! They ain't Huns.



The arrival of the French cuirassiers took the Germans by surprise.



Jean!

With friends, mon brave—a troop of my own 3rd Regiment, cut off when I was taken prisoner. The English pilot and I came upon them and now they will escort us back to our own lines.



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NEXT WEEK—A spot of bother from a Boche balloon!