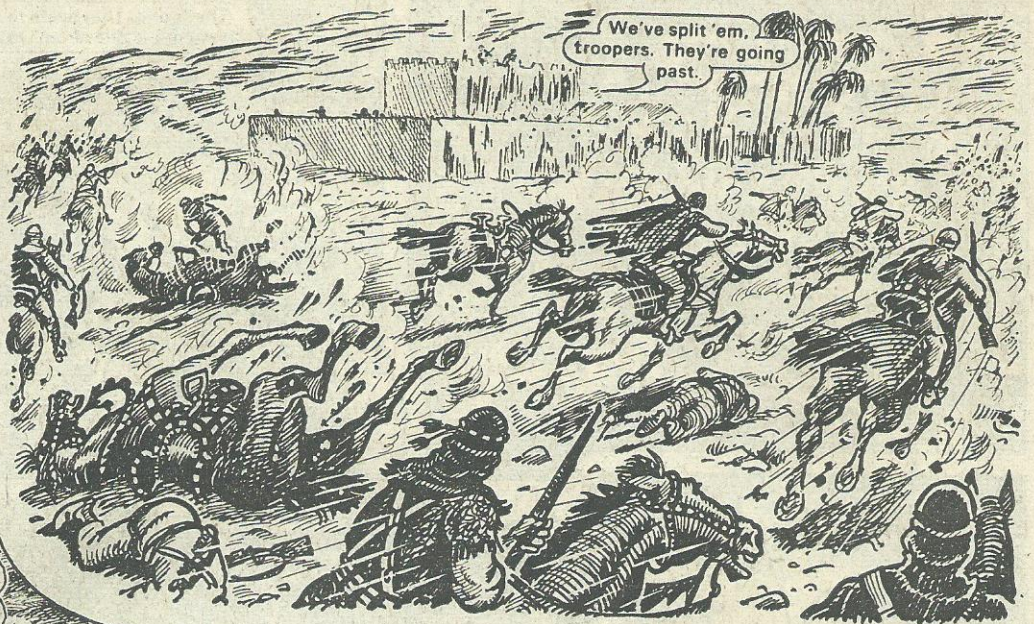




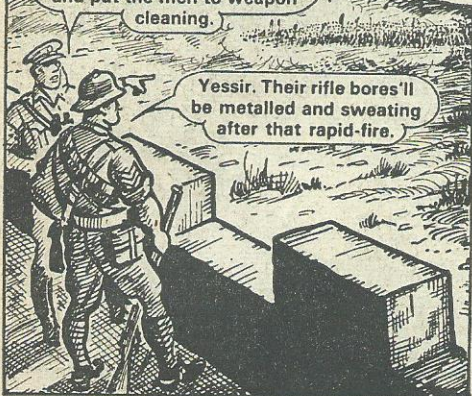
Rapid fire, Bhutan Troop!
Rapid fire!



We've split 'em,
troopers. They're going
past.

The Senussi kept going—

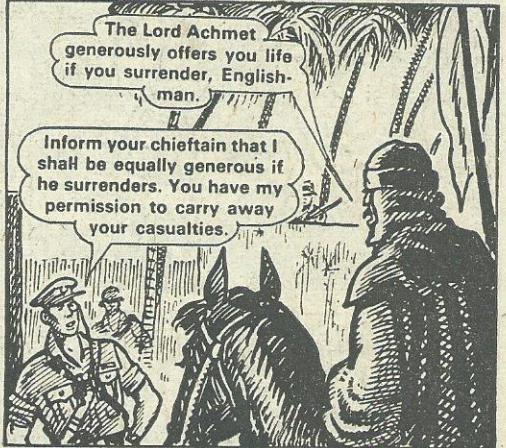
They must intend to
regroup beyond that ridge.
We can expect them back.
Sarn't. Have tea brewed-up
and put the men to weapon
cleaning.



Yessir. Their rifle bores'll
be metallised and sweating
after that rapid-fire.



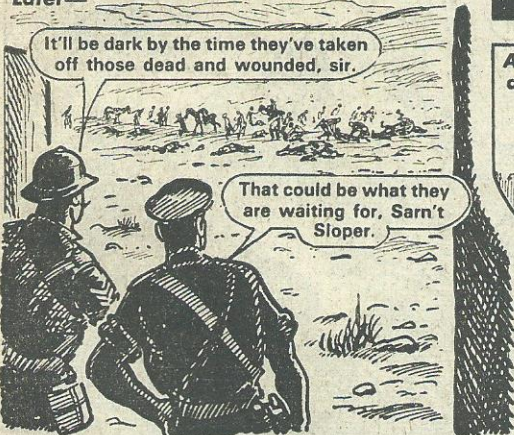
Mr Stubbins—look! One
of 'em's coming under a
flag of truce for a
palaver.



The Lord Achmet
generously offers you life
if you surrender, English-
man.

Inform your chieftain that I
shall be equally generous if
he surrenders. You have my
permission to carry away
your casualties.

Later—

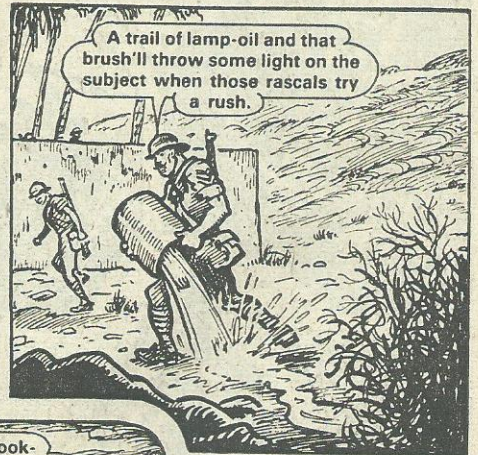
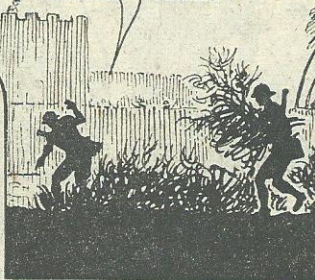


It'll be dark by the time they've taken
off those dead and wounded, sir.

That could be what they
are waiting for, Sarn't
Sloper.

At dusk Jim Logan went out with
a brush-cutting detail.

Add the cut branches to
this end here, Logan.

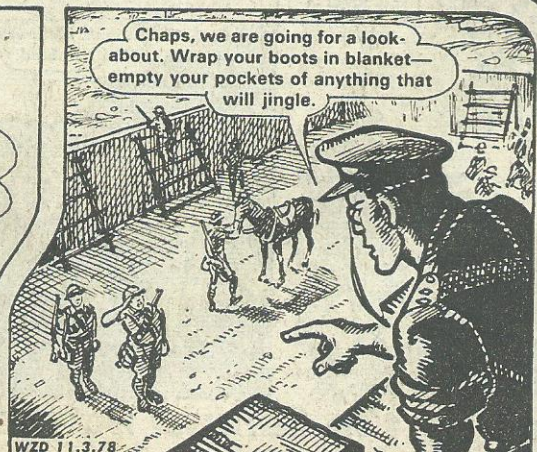


A trail of lamp-oil and that
brush'll throw some light on the
subject when those rascals try
a rush.

The waiting hours dragged past—

Camp-fires—drumming and
yowling. Sounds like a big
party going on beyond the
ridge, sir.

It could be a diversion, I
suppose. Hmm! Sarn't,
have Smith and Logan
report to me.



Chaps, we are going for a look-
about. Wrap your boots in blanket—
empty your pockets of anything that
will jingle.

The three scouts
stole out—

Strike away from the
road. The top of that ridge
should provide a good
view.

