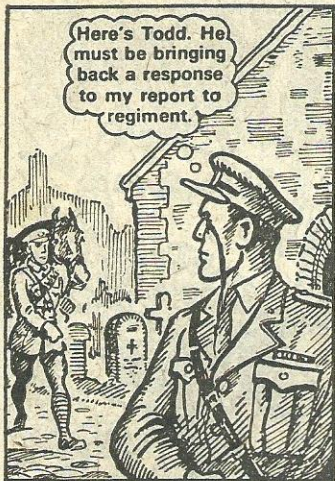


A helping hand!

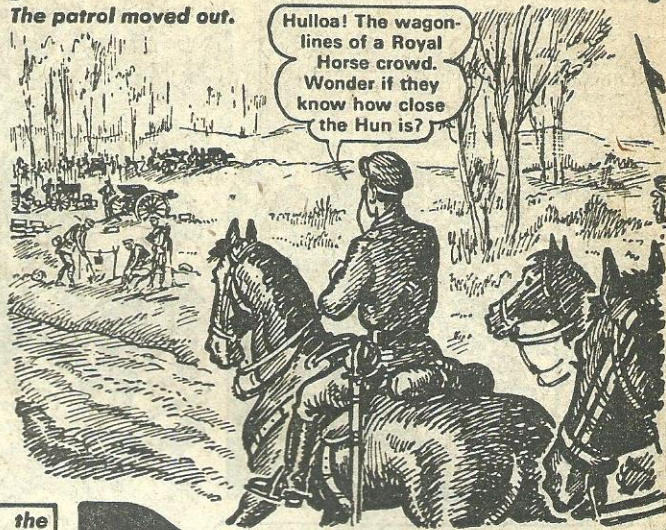


Here's Todd. He must be bringing back a response to my report to regiment.

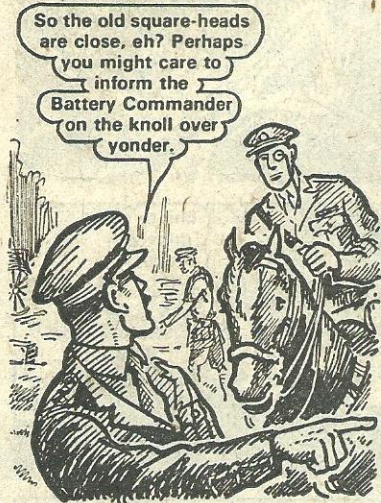


It seems Brigade is falling back behind the canal, my lads. We are to catch up after rejoining Bhutan Troop at the old regimental area.

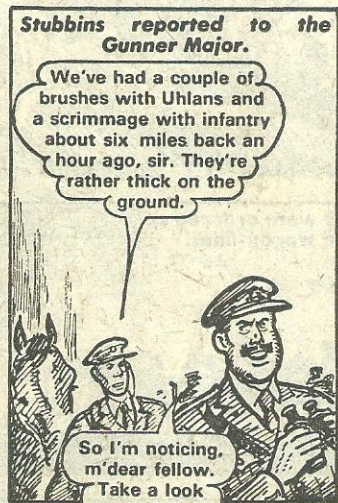
The patrol moved out.



Hulloa! The wagon-lines of a Royal Horse crowd. Wonder if they know how close the Hun is?



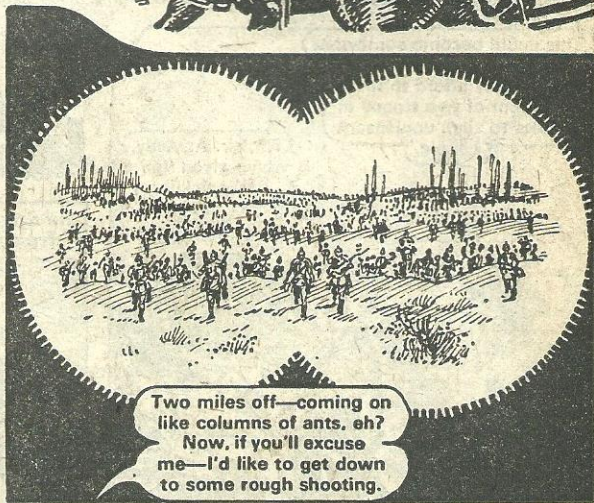
So the old square-heads are close, eh? Perhaps you might care to inform the Battery Commander on the knoll over yonder.



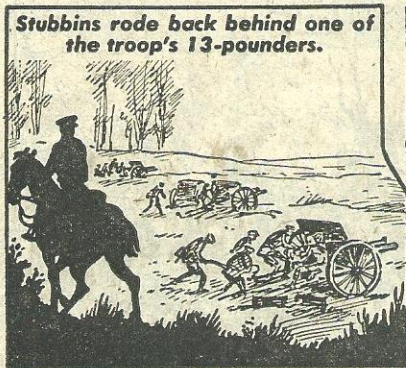
Stubbins reported to the Gunner Major.

We've had a couple of brushes with Uhlans and a scrimmage with infantry about six miles back an hour ago, sir. They're rather thick on the ground.

So I'm noticing, m'dear fellow. Take a look over there.



Two miles off—coming on like columns of ants, eh? Now, if you'll excuse me—I'd like to get down to some rough shooting.

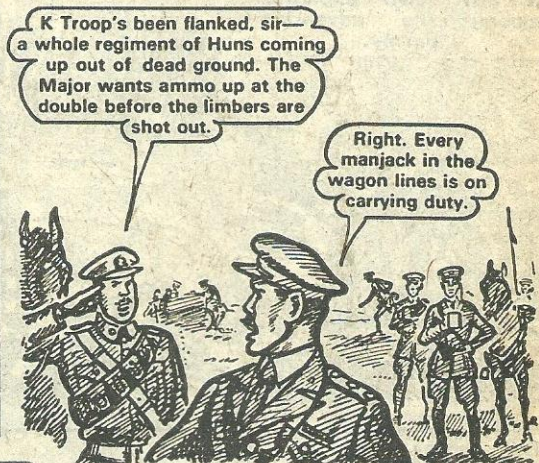


Stubbins rode back behind one of the troop's 13-pounders.



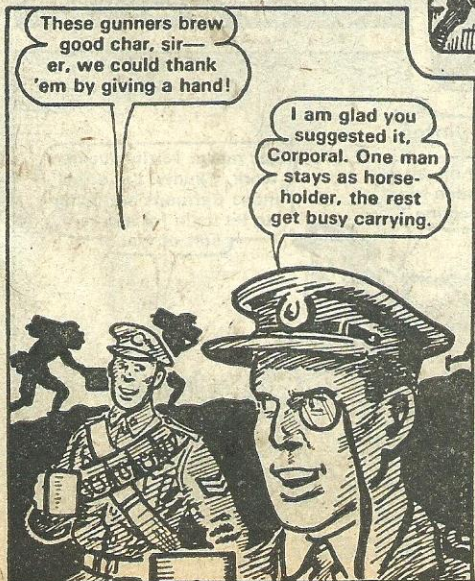
Mug of char, sir?

Thanks.. Hullo! Somebody is in a hurry.



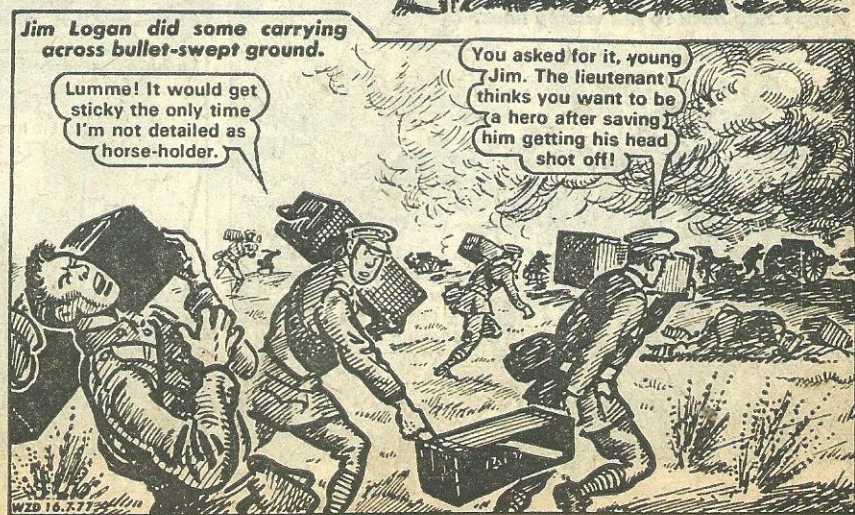
K Troop's been flanked, sir—a whole regiment of Huns coming up out of dead ground. The Major wants ammo up at the double before the limbers are shot out.

Right. Every manjack in the wagon lines is on carrying duty.



These gunners brew good char, sir—er, we could thank 'em by giving a hand!

I am glad you suggested it, Corporal. One man stays as horse-holder, the rest get busy carrying.



Jim Logan did some carrying across bullet-swept ground.

Lumme! It would get sticky the only time I'm not detailed as horse-holder.

You asked for it, young Jim. The lieutenant thinks you want to be a hero after saving him getting his head shot off!