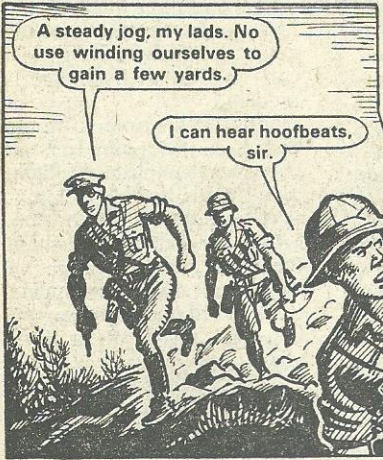


# LOGAN OF THE LANCERS

**T**HE Tenth Lancers' patrol of Lieutenant Stubbins, Corporal Smith and Trooper Jim Logan was discovered as it spotted the landing of arms from a submarine to a Senussi raiding party, during the Great War in 1915.

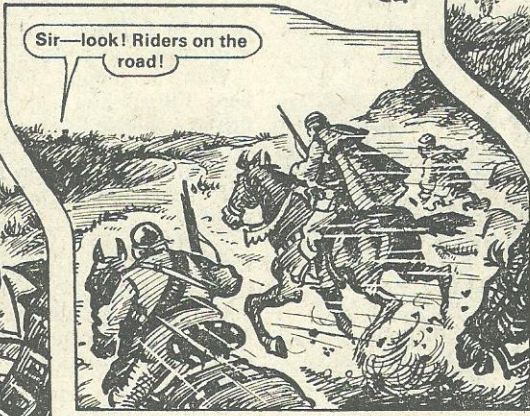


ULLAAA! Spies! After them—

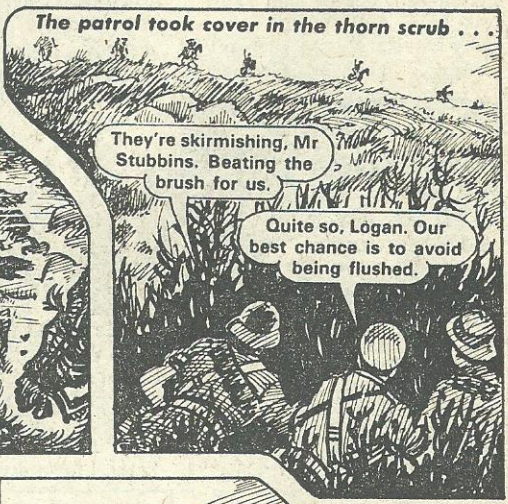


A steady jog, my lads. No use winding ourselves to gain a few yards.

I can hear hoofbeats, sir.



Sir—look! Riders on the road!



The patrol took cover in the thorn scrub . . .

They're skirmishing, Mr Stubbins. Beating the brush for us.

Quite so, Logan. Our best chance is to avoid being flushed.

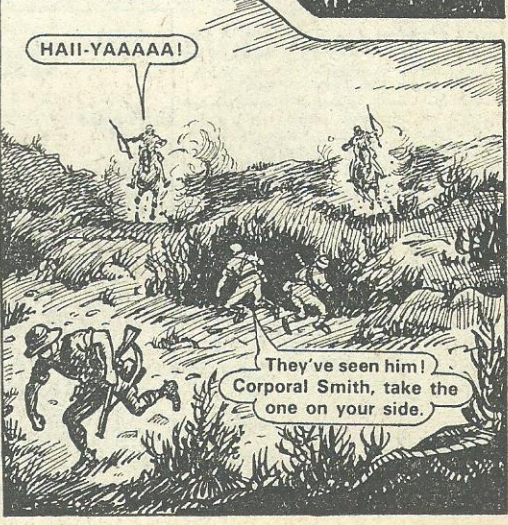


Those two are getting close, sir.



Logan, I want you to draw off those fellows. Do you think you could put on an act of a fox bolting from a thicket?

I'll try, sir.



HAI-YAAAAA!

They've seen him! Corporal Smith, take the one on your side.