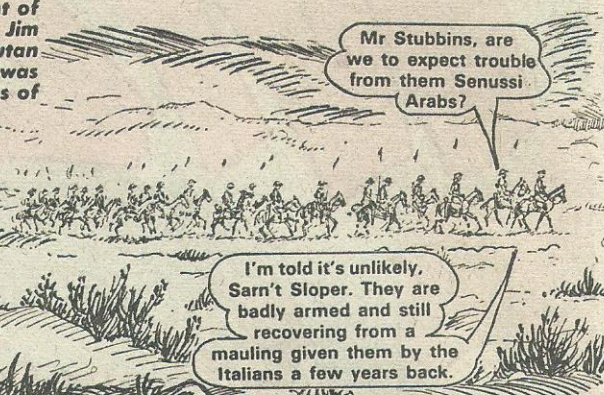
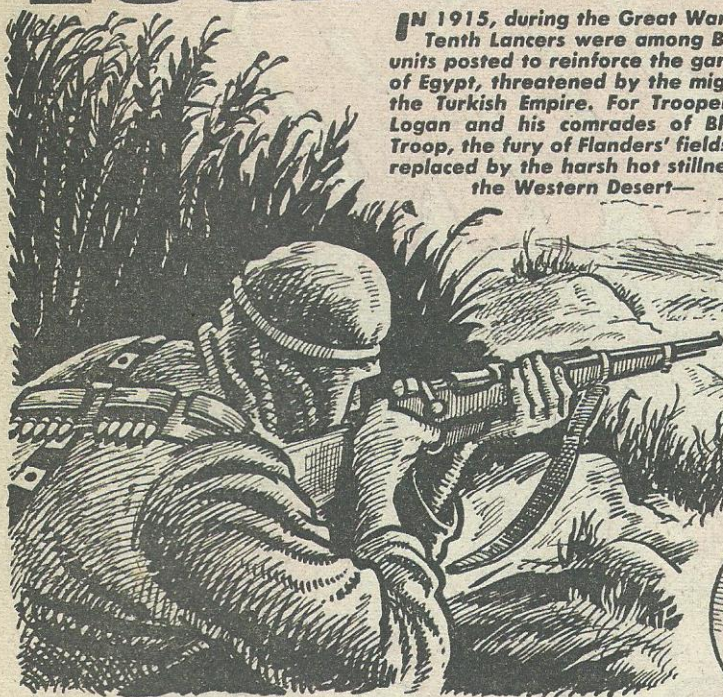


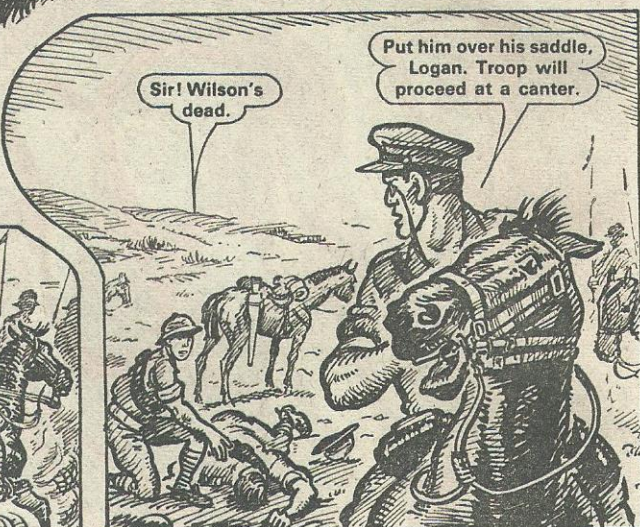
2 **STARTS TODAY! A GREAT NEW WAR STORY WITH—**
LOGAN OF THE LANCERS

IN 1915, during the Great War, the Tenth Lancers were among British units posted to reinforce the garrison of Egypt, threatened by the might of the Turkish Empire. For Trooper Jim Logan and his comrades of Bhutan Troop, the fury of Flanders' fields was replaced by the harsh hot stillness of the Western Desert—



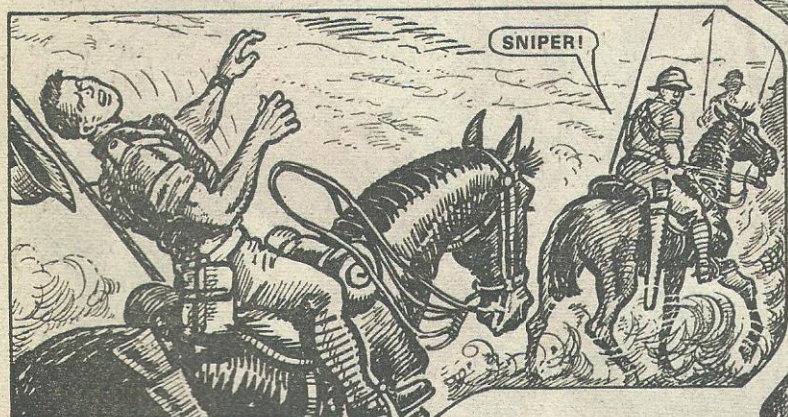
Mr Stubbins, are we to expect trouble from them Senussi Arabs?

I'm told it's unlikely, Sarn't Sloper. They are badly armed and still recovering from a mauling given them by the Italians a few years back.



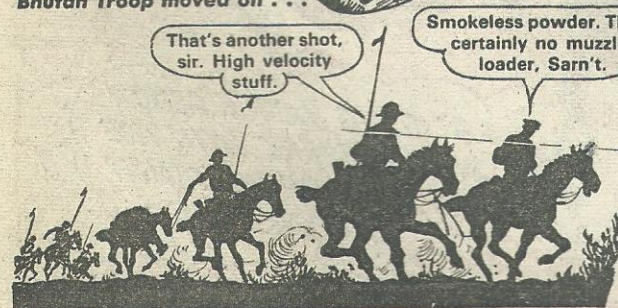
Sir! Wilson's dead.

Put him over his saddle, Logan. Troop will proceed at a canter.



SNIPER!

Bhutan Troop moved on . . .



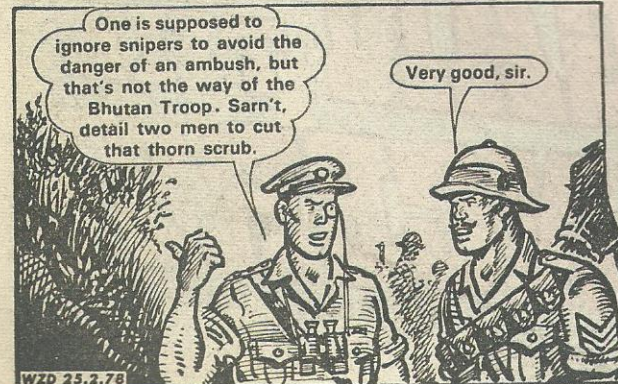
That's another shot, sir. High velocity stuff.

Smokeless powder. That's certainly no muzzle-loader, Sarn't.



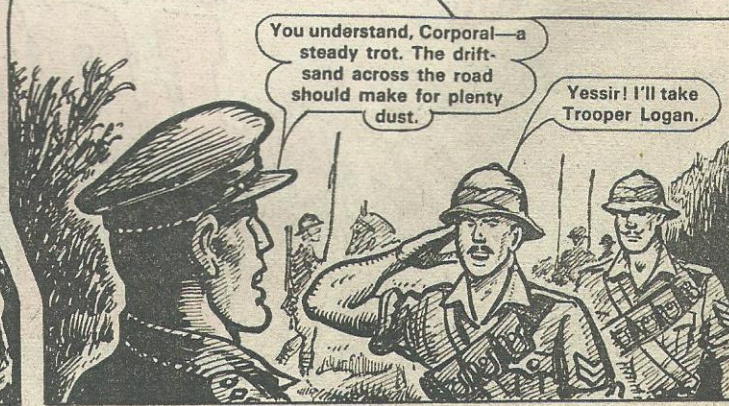
This cutting'll hide us from the blighter. Troop, halt!

Corporal Smith received his orders—



One is supposed to ignore snipers to avoid the danger of an ambush, but that's not the way of the Bhutan Troop. Sarn't, detail two men to cut that thorn scrub.

Very good, sir.



You understand, Corporal—a steady trot. The drift-sand across the road should make for plenty dust.

Yessir! I'll take Trooper Logan.