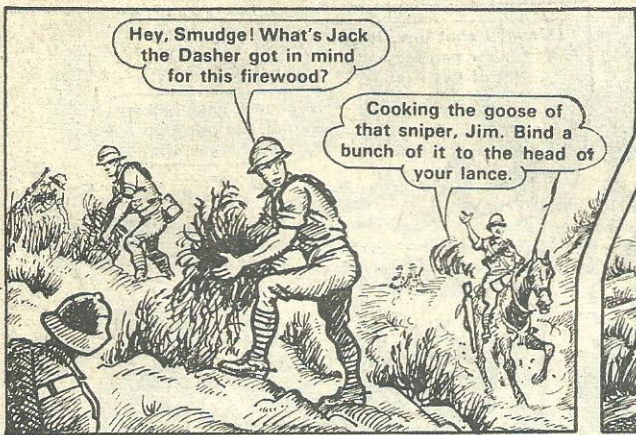
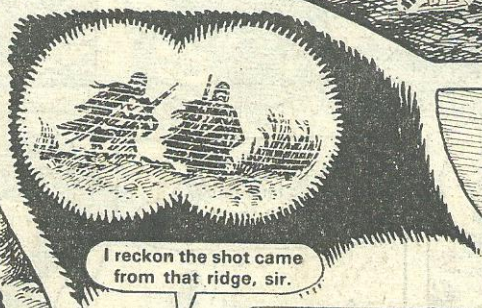
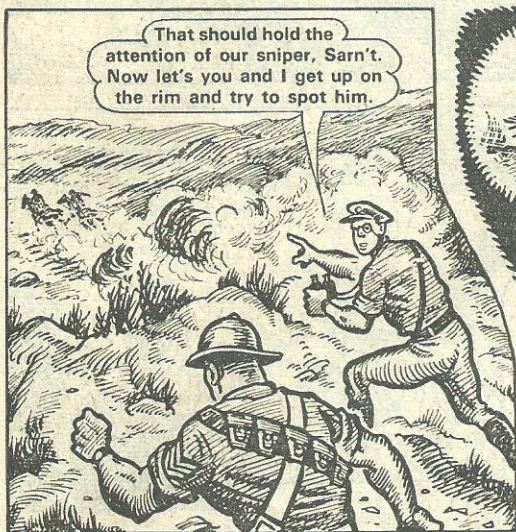
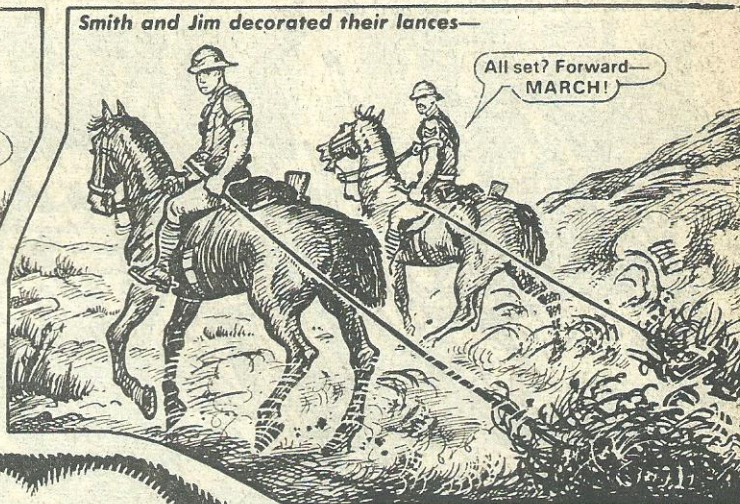


Dust storm to flush out a sniper!

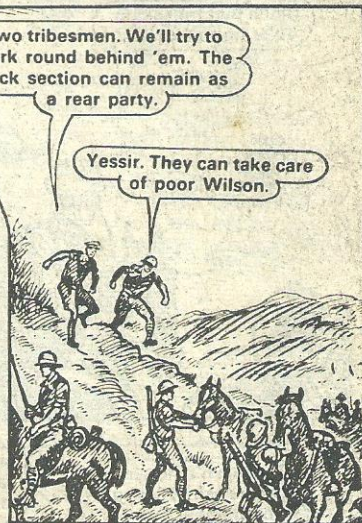


Smith and Jim decorated their lances—



Two tribesmen. We'll try to work round behind 'em. The pack section can remain as a rear party.

Yessir. They can take care of poor Wilson.



The dust-raisers proceeded along the coast road—

That must be three miles, Smudge. We're sweating up the nags.

Ease up then, Logan. We'll walk 'em for a bit.



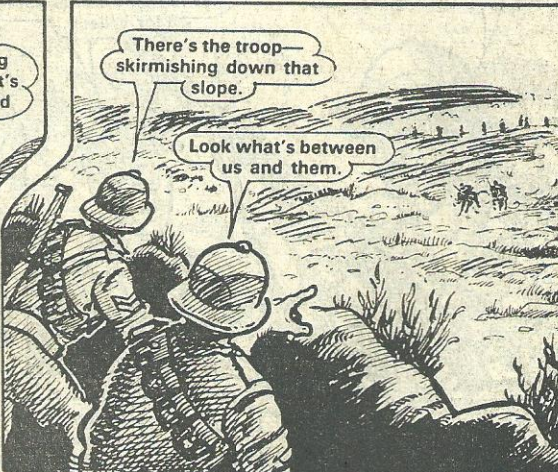
Do you hear what I hear, Smudge?

Dusty Rhodes blowing "SKIRMISHERS". Let's tie up the mounts and take a look.

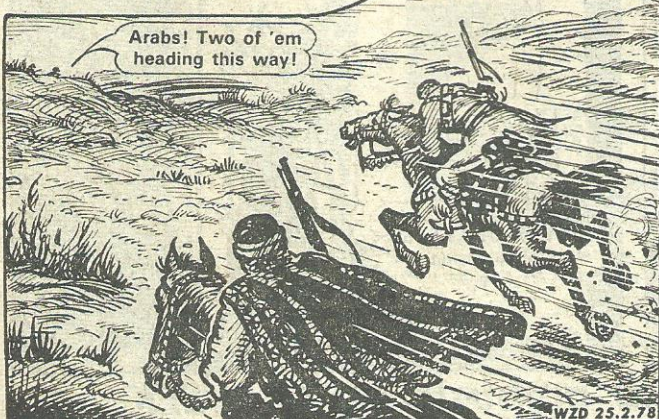


There's the troop—skirmishing down that slope.

Look what's between us and them.



Arabs! Two of 'em heading this way!



One apiece, Jim. Shoot steady. We'll open up at two hundred yards.

