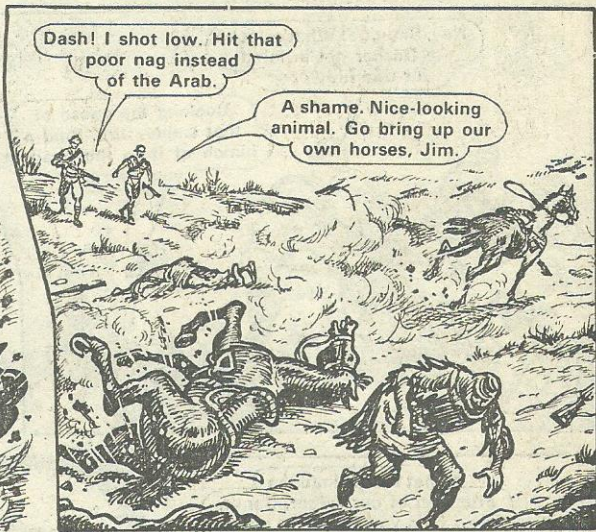


# The riddle of the missing flag.

The two Short Lee-Enfields opened up—



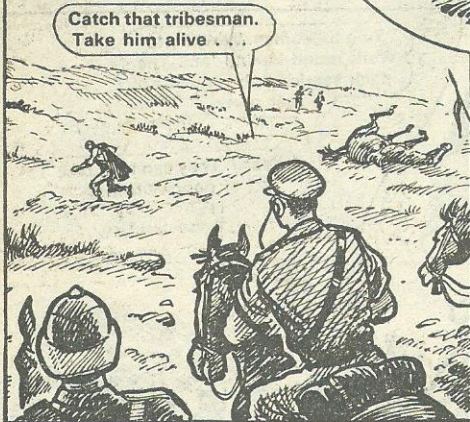
Aaargh!



Dash! I shot low. Hit that poor nag instead of the Arab.

A shame. Nice-looking animal. Go bring up our own horses, Jim.

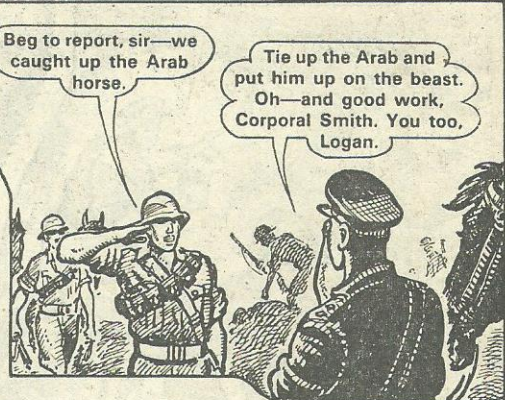
The troop came up—



Catch that tribesman. Take him alive . . .



That's far enough, mate. Clasp them paws on top of your head!



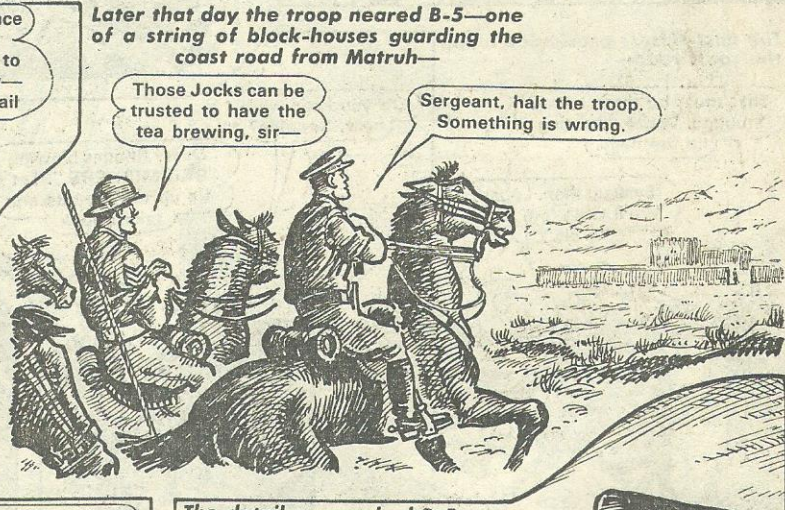
Beg to report, sir—we caught up the Arab horse.

Tie up the Arab and put him up on the beast. Oh—and good work, Corporal Smith. You too, Logan.



These ain't muzzle-loaders, sir. They're brand-new box-magazine Mausers.

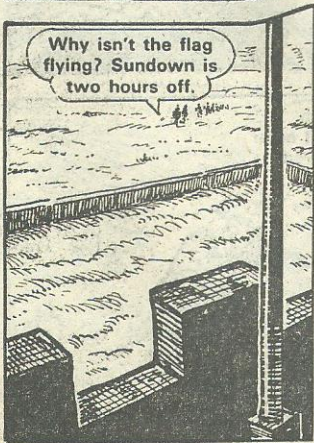
That'll interest Intelligence at Sollum. Have the trumpeter sound recall to bring up the pack party—and lay on a burial detail for Wilson.



Later that day the troop neared B-5—one of a string of block-houses guarding the coast road from Matruh—

Those Jocks can be trusted to have the tea brewing, sir—

Sergeant, halt the troop. Something is wrong.

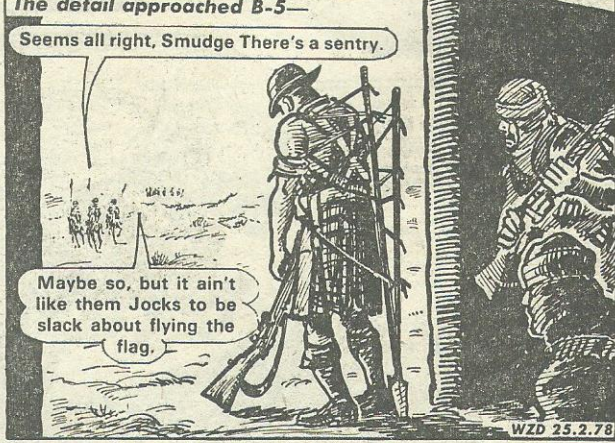


Why isn't the flag flying? Sundown is two hours off.



Corporal Smith! Lead a file forward and check all is well at the block-house.

Yessir. Logan. Thomas. Follow me—



The detail approached B-5—

Seems all right, Smudge There's a sentry.

Maybe so, but it ain't like them Jocks to be slack about flying the flag.

## Jim Logan springs the Arab ambush, NEXT WEEK.