

The hot shot that k.o.d a machine-gun post!



RIGHT, BILL, YOUR BALL.

PRESS ON, MEN! THE GOAL'S AHEAD!

HECK, THIS ISN'T A FOOTBALL MATCH! IT'S AN ATTACK ON THE GERMAN TRENCHES!



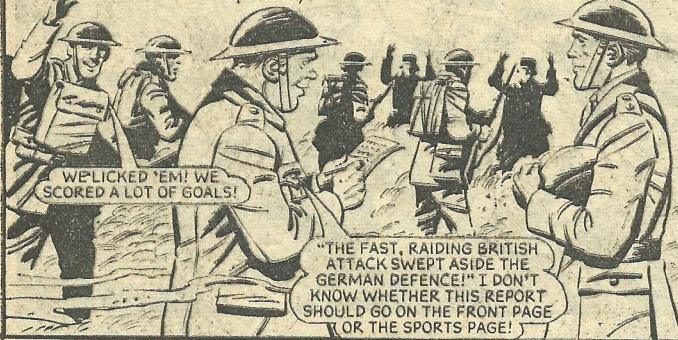
LOOK, FRITZ! THE BRITISHERS ARE MAD! THEY ATTACK US KICKING FOOTBALLS!



HOW'S THAT FOR A PENALTY KICK, HERMAN?

"MELLISH SCORED WITH A RIGHT-FOOT DRIVE!" HECK, I NEVER THOUGHT I'D REPORT A FOOTBALL MATCH LIKE THIS ONE!

The charge of the football-kicking Tommies was irresistible. The German line was smashed and taken. The C.O.'s unusual idea for taking the Northshires' minds off the terrible danger had worked perfectly.



WE LICKED 'EM! WE SCORED A LOT OF GOALS!

"THE FAST, RAIDING BRITISH ATTACK SWEEPED ASIDE THE GERMAN DEFENCE!" I DON'T KNOW WHETHER THIS REPORT SHOULD GO ON THE FRONT PAGE OR THE SPORTS PAGE!



HOW DID WE GET ON, MATE? DID OUR TEAM SCORE?

SURE IT DID—AND WON HANDS DOWN! CHEER UP! YOU'LL SOON BE FIT AGAIN AND GET YOUR PLACE BACK IN THE TEAM!

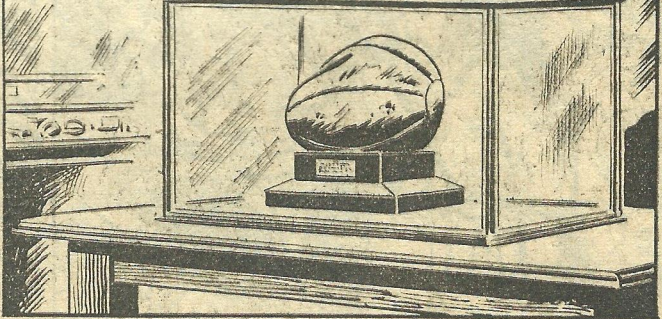
Back at base, Ben met Major Blackett.



DID YOU GET ANY GOOD MATCH REPORTS, BENSON?

I CERTAINLY DID, MAJOR! I GOT A REPORT ON A KIND OF MATCH THAT'S NEVER BEEN PLAYED BEFORE AND NEVER WILL BE PLAYED AGAIN!

Ben was right. There never was another match like the one he reported, but in the Northshires' Regimental Museum, one of the world's most unusual war trophies still occupies the place of honour.



NEXT WEEK—Ben teams up with the Ghurkas, the men with the famous kukri knives!