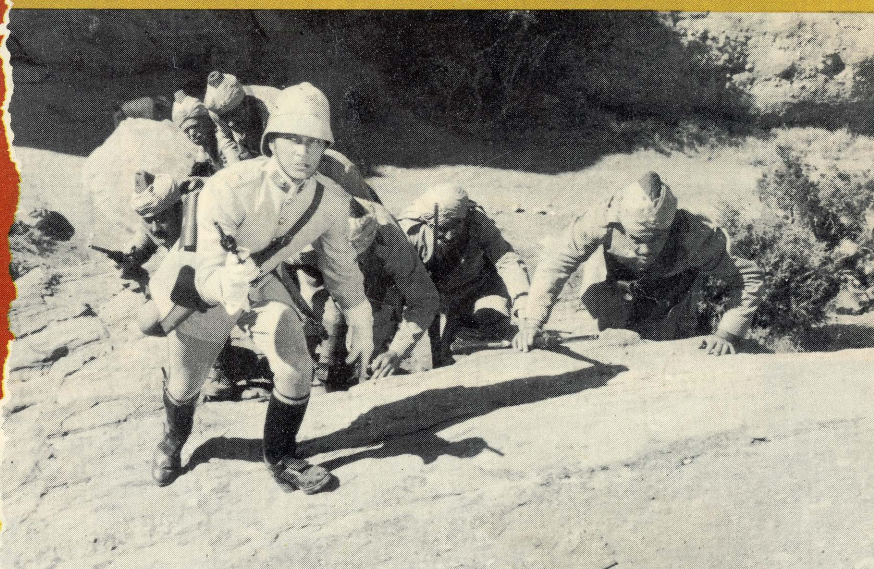


DELL

NO. 791

10¢

the 77th Bengal Lancers

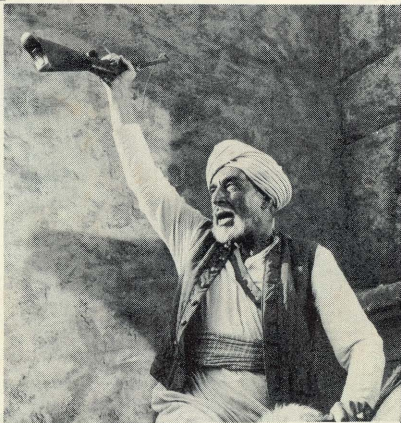


A threatening stillness grips the air. High in the desolate hills outside Landibari village, Lieutenants Rhodes and Storm of the 77th Bengal Lancers wait and plan . . .



With silent speed, their men move to action, seizing the lances that are the emblem of triumphant peace . . .

In the valley below, the great mountain chieftain, Yakoub Ali, raises his rifle in challenge and rallies his men for the thunderous attack...



Then, beneath the blazing yellow sky of India, the bugle blares for the charge of the Bengal Lancers !

The 77th BENGAL LANCERS THE TRAITOR

IN THE MOUNTAINOUS DESERT
COUNTRY OF NORTHWEST INDIA...



DAFFADAR
FAIZAL
RAHMAN!

YES, SAHIB!
COMING!



WE'RE GETTING INTO BANDIT COUNTRY HELD
BY YAKOOB ALI AND HIS MEN! SCOUT ON
AHEAD AND SEE IF THE PASS IS CLEAR!

YES, SAHIB!



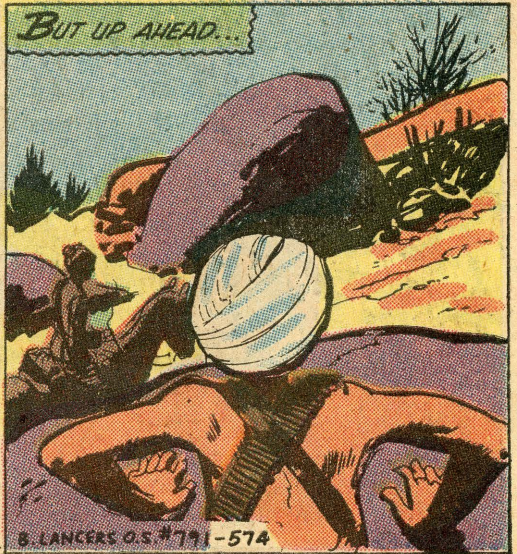
HE'S A GOOD MAN,
THAT RAHMAN!

GOOD? HE'S THE
BEST I'VE GOT!

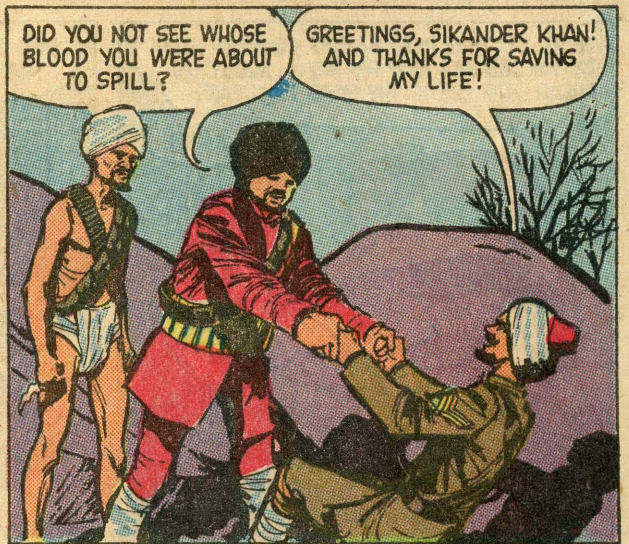
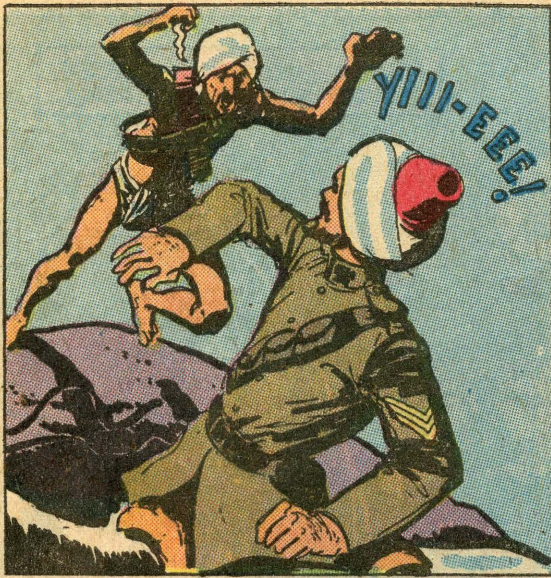


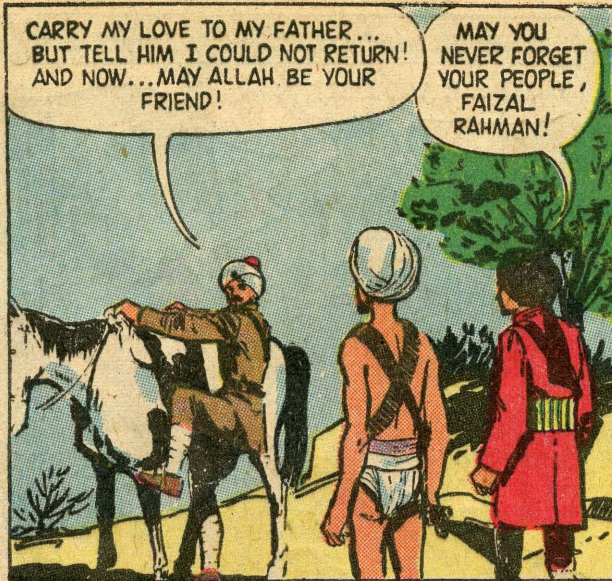
YOU WOULDN'T CONSIDER
TRADING HIM TO ME, WOULD
YOU? I COULD USE HIM
IN MY SQUADRON!

AND HAVE YOUR TEAM
BEAT US EVERY SATURDAY
AT HUNTING AND POLO
AND PEG STICKING?



BUT UP AHEAD...





CARRY MY LOVE TO MY FATHER... BUT TELL HIM I COULD NOT RETURN! AND NOW...MAY ALLAH BE YOUR FRIEND!

MAY YOU NEVER FORGET YOUR PEOPLE, FAIZAL RAHMAN!



HE IS HIS FATHER'S SON, AND YET HE RIDES WITH OUR ENEMIES! STILL...THE BLOOD OF YAKOOB ALI IS NOT LIKELY TO PRODUCE A **TRAITOR!**



Boov... WELL, RAHMAN! DID YOU SEE ANYTHING? IS IT SAFE?

NO, SAHIB... I SAW NOTHING! THE PASS IS CLEAR!



THEN, MOUNT UP! WE'RE MOVING ON TO LANDIBARI!



THERE'S A MILLION GOLD RUPEES WAITING THERE! A PRESENT TO QUEEN VICTORIA FROM THE AKHUND OF DIR!

AND WE'RE THE MESSENGER BOYS WHO HAVE THE RATHER UNPLEASANT JOB OF BRINGING IT OUT... THROUGH BANDIT TERRITORY!



BUT AS THE COLUMN ADVANCES THROUGH THE PASS, THEY ARE WATCHED BY YAKOOB ALI, THE BANDIT CHIEF...

SO! THEY RIDE TO THE VILLAGE OF LANDIBARI! LET THEM! THEY WILL NEVER RIDE **OUT** AGAIN!

WHEN THE LANCERS REACH LANDIBARI, THEY FIND THE VILLAGE COMPLETELY DEVASTATED

WHO DO YOU SUPPOSE COULD HAVE DONE IT?

YAKOUB ALI! WHO ELSE?



AND THE GIFT OF MONEY FOR THE QUEEN GONE!

ONE MILLION RUPEES! LOST!

THAT'LL BUY A LOT OF GUNS AND AMMUNITION! WE'RE REALLY IN FOR IT NOW!



RAHMAN! TAKE TWO MEN AND RIDE BACK TO FORT SHABKADAR! TELL LIEUTENANT CONNOR WHAT HAS HAPPENED! HAVE HIM BRING THE SQUADRON HERE... IMMEDIATELY!

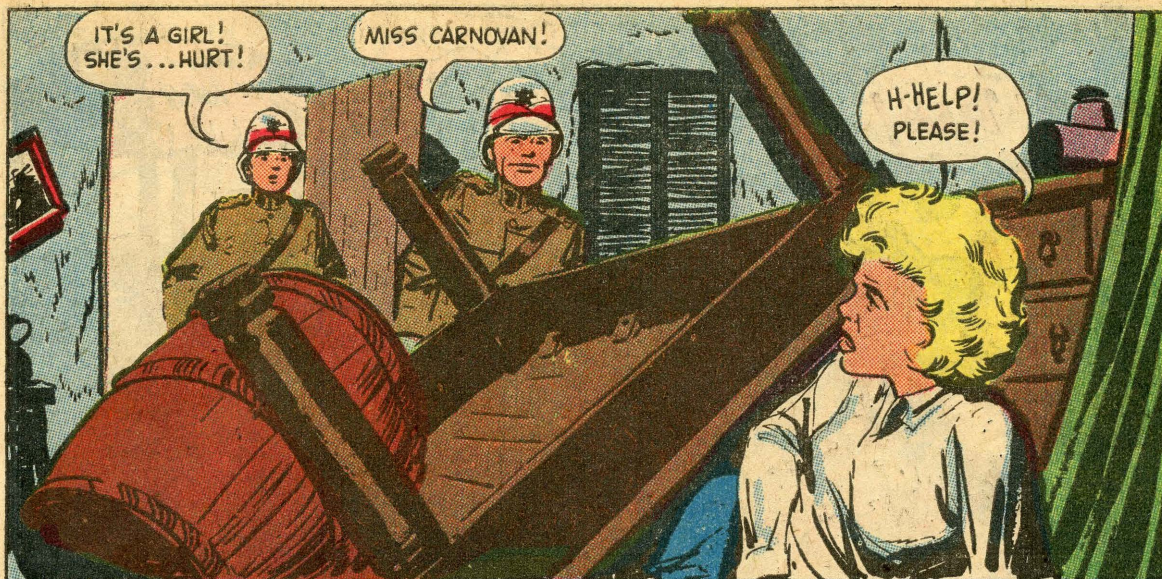


COME ON! LET'S TRY TO FIND CARNOVAN, THE DISTRICT COMMISSIONER, AND SEE IF HE'S ALL RIGHT!



RHODES! LOOK!

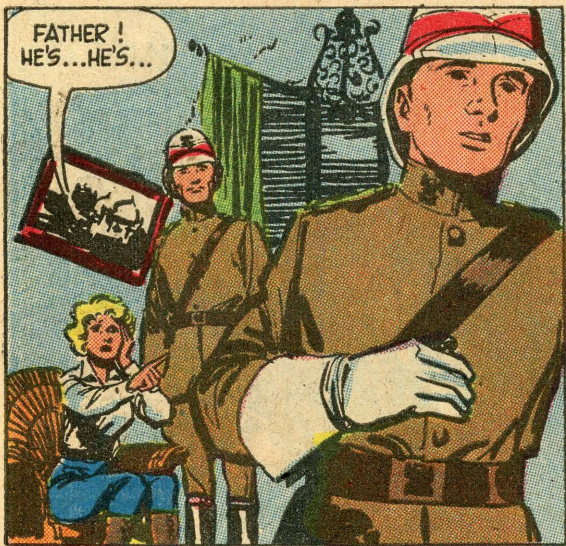




IT'S A GIRL!
SHE'S...HURT!

MISS CARNOVAN!

H-HELP!
PLEASE!



FATHER!
HE'S...HE'S...



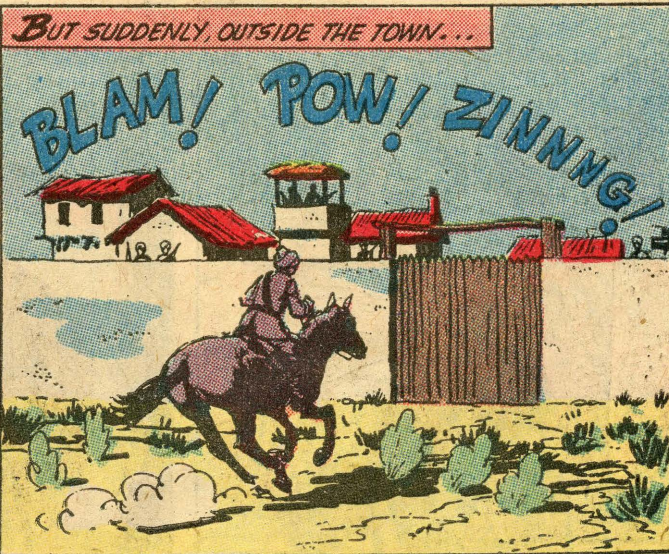
HE'S DEAD!

CAN YOU TELL US
WHAT HAPPENED?



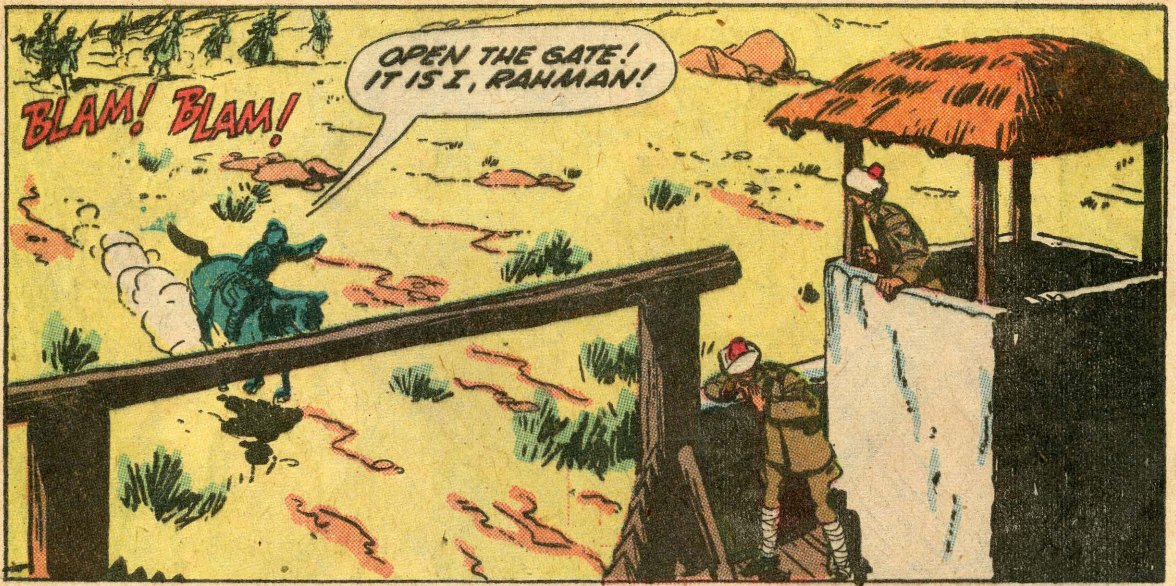
THE GIRL TRIES TO EXPLAIN...

WE WERE JUST SITTING
DOWN TO TEA, WHEN WE
HEAR A SHOT! THEN
MORE SHOTS...



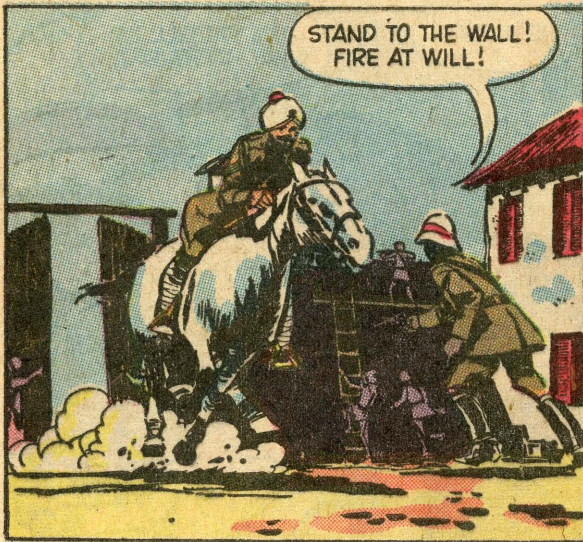
BUT SUDDENLY, OUTSIDE THE TOWN...

BLAM! POW! ZINNING!

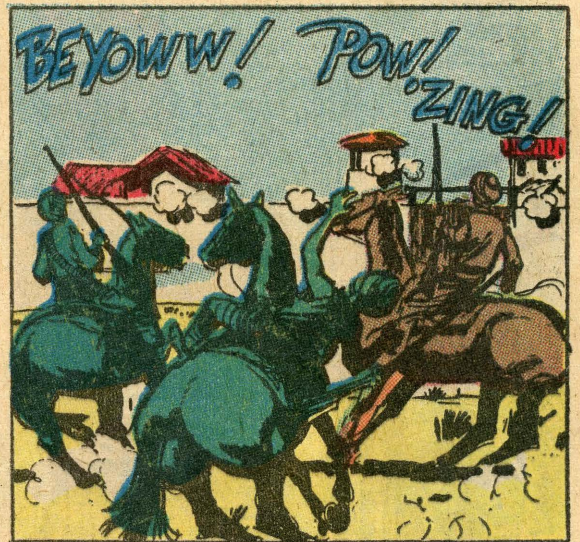


BLAM! BLAM!

OPEN THE GATE!
IT IS I, RAHMAN!



STAND TO THE WALL!
FIRE AT WILL!



**BEYOWW! POW!
ZING!**



THEY'RE RUNNING AWAY!
HOLD YOUR FIRE!



WHAT
HAPPENED?

I'M SORRY, SAHIB! WE WE'RE
ATTACKED FROM THE HILLS! THERE
ARE HUNDREDS OF THEM! BOTH
MY MEN WERE KILLED!



HUNDREDS OF THEM!
WE'LL NEVER GET THROUGH
TO CONNOR NOW!

I GUESS YOU'RE
RIGHT!



UNLESS, OF COURSE,
THERE'S ANOTHER WAY
OUT OF HERE!

SAHIB! THERE *IS* NO
OTHER WAY OUT!



WHAT'S THAT? HOW
CAN YOU BE CERTAIN?

I WAS RAISED IN THIS
COUNTRY! I AM A
MOHMAND! THEY ARE
MY PEOPLE AND I KNOW
THEM! THERE IS NO
OTHER WAY OUT!



MAYBE THAT EXPLAINS WHY
THEY LET *HIM* GET AWAY...
LET HIM COME BACK TO US!

THE OTHER TWO MEN
WERE KILLED! THE
MOHMANDS ARE
CRACK SHOTS!



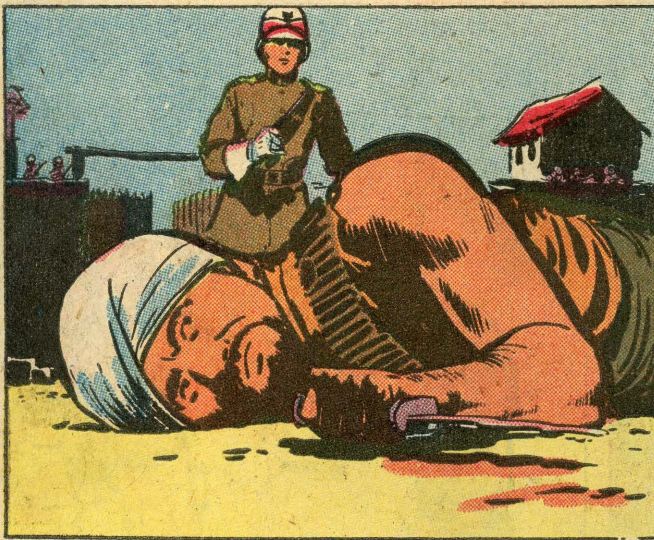
I'D GIVE A LOT TO KNOW IF RAHMAN WAS
TELLING THE TRUTH... IF YAKOOB ALI
REALLY HAS THAT MANY MEN OUT THERE
IN THOSE HILLS!

SAHIB! SAHIB!

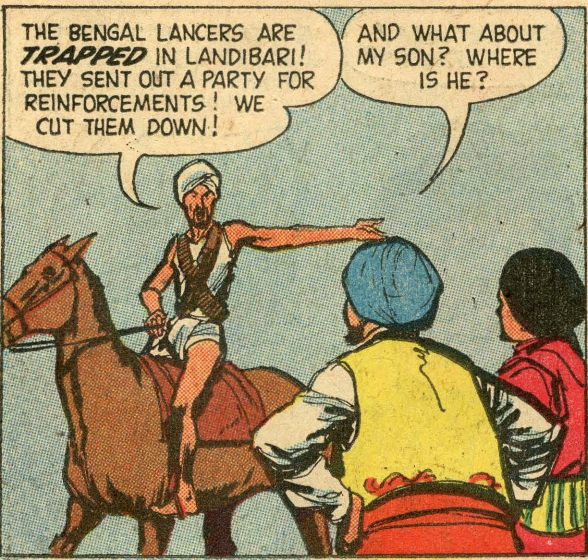
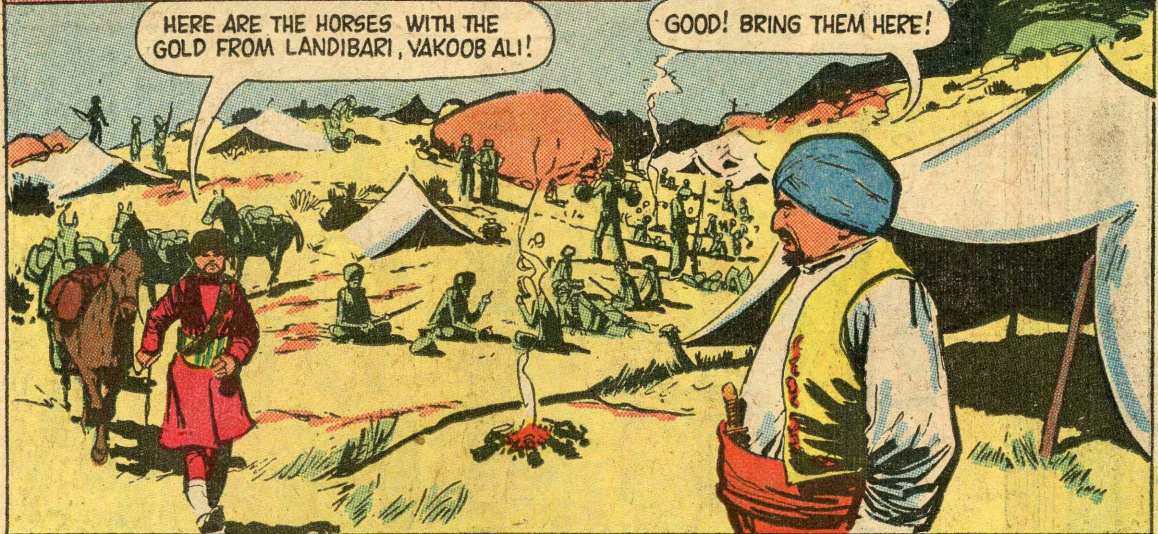


THE MOHMAND THAT WAS
SHOT! OUTSIDE THE WALL!
HE IS ALIVE!

COME ON! LET'S
BRING HIM IN FOR
QUESTIONING!



MEANWHILE, IN THE MOUNTAINS TO THE NORTH...





SOON...

YOU SENT FOR ME, SAHIB?

YES, RAHMAN! WE NEED YOUR HELP!



WE'VE TRIED TO QUESTION HIM... BUT WE CAN'T GET ANYTHING OUT OF HIM! SUPPOSE YOU TRY IN MOHMAND DIALECT!

YES, SAHIB! WHAT DO YOU WISH TO KNOW?



GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU PIG! DOG WHO BRINGS DISGRACE TO HIS TRIBE AND DISHONOR TO NAME OF HIS FATHER!

LISTEN! HE'S SPEAKING *ENGLISH!*



WHAT'S HE TALKING ABOUT, RAHMAN? WHAT DOES HE MEAN?

DO THESE STUPID FOOLS NOT KNOW THEIR GOLD HAS BROUGHT THEM THE *SOV...* OF YAKOOB ALI?



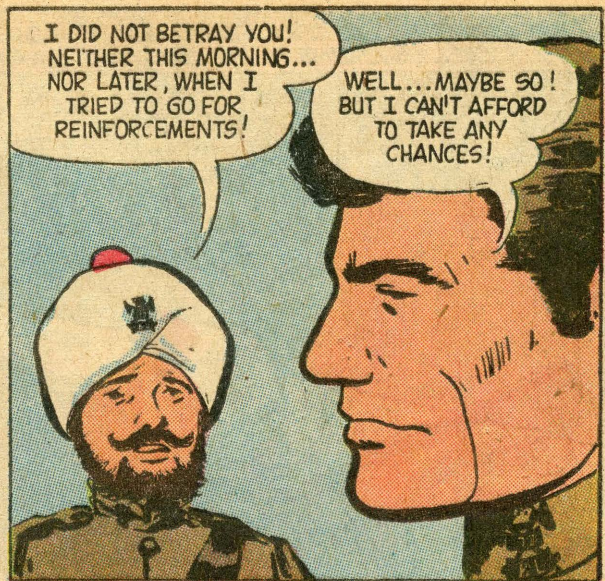
YAKOOB ALI! YOUR FATHER?

YES, SAHIB! IT IS TRUE! I JOINED THE LANCERS AGAINST MY FATHER'S WISHES!



THIS MORNING, WHEN I SENT YOU TO SCOUT THE PASS... DID YOU DELIBERATELY LEAD US INTO A TRAP?

NO, SAHIB! ON MY HONOR!



I DID NOT BETRAY YOU! NEITHER THIS MORNING... NOR LATER, WHEN I TRIED TO GO FOR REINFORCEMENTS!

WELL... MAYBE SO! BUT I CAN'T AFFORD TO TAKE ANY CHANCES!



FAIZAL RAHMAN IS UNDER ARREST! TAKE HIM OUT, AND KEEP HIM UNDER GUARD!

YES, SAHIB!



YOU KNOW, RHODES... HE COULD BE TELLING THE TRUTH! BUT IF HE IS LYING, IT COULD DO US SOME GOOD!

HOW DO YOU MEAN?



TURN *THIS* FELLOW LOOSE! SEND HIM BACK TO YAKOOB ALI WITH THE WORD THAT IF HE ATTACKS US, HIS SON WILL DIE!

FAIR ENOUGH! WE'LL DO IT! LET'S SET HIM FREE!



BUT WHEN THE TRIBESMAN IS RELEASED...

ON SECOND THOUGHT, STORM... MAYBE THAT WASN'T SUCH A GOOD IDEA! IF FAIZAL RAHMAN IS A TRAITOR TO US, WE'VE GOT NO PROBLEM! BUT IF HE'S A TRAITOR TO THE MOHMANDS, YAKOOB ALI WILL SWARM ALL OVER US... TO GET AT HIM!

THAT NIGHT, THE LANCERS STAND GUARD ALONG THE WALLS OF LANDIBARI... READY FOR AN ATTACK... LISTENING TO THE CONSTANT SNIPING OF THE MOHMANDS OUTSIDE...



OH, IT'S YOU, RHODES!

TAKE IT EASY, OLD MAN! DON'T LET THIS SNIPING GET YOU DOWN!



AS THEY SAY IN THE STORYBOOKS... "THE NATIVES ARE RESTLESS TONIGHT!"

I DON'T THINK THEY'LL TRY ANYTHING UNTIL DAWN!



MEANWHILE...

MY FRIEND, YOU HAVE HEARD MY STORY... YOU BELIEVE ME, DON'T YOU?

WE HAVE FOUGHT SIDE BY SIDE IN MANY BATTLES, RAHMAN! YES... I TRUST YOU!



THANK YOU... YOU ARE MY FRIEND! NOW... COULD I HAVE SOME WATER?

OF COURSE... HERE!

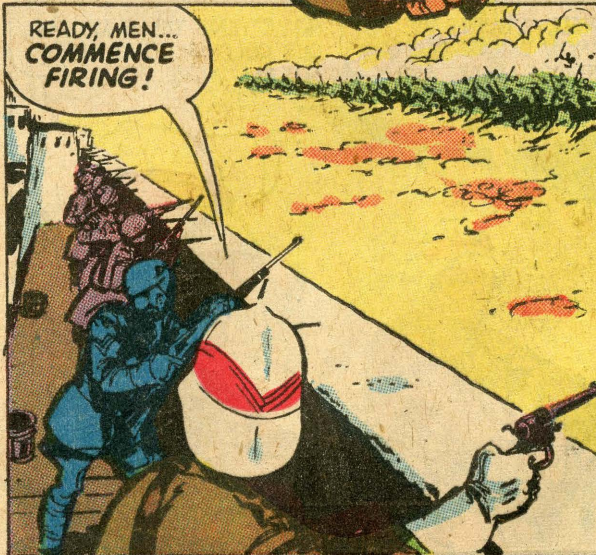
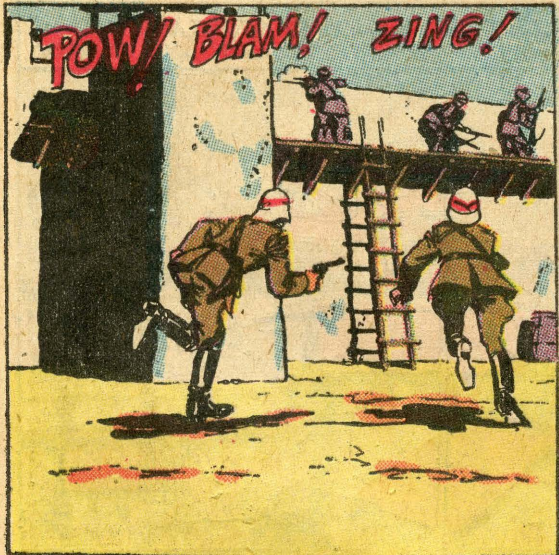
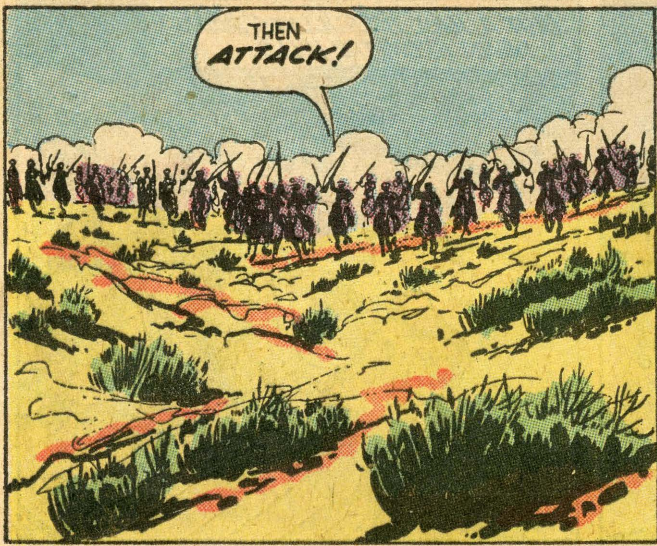


THANK YOU... AGAIN!

UGH!



IN THE HILLS ABOVE THE VILLAGE, YAKOOB ALI'S TRIBE FORMS...





AND IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE...

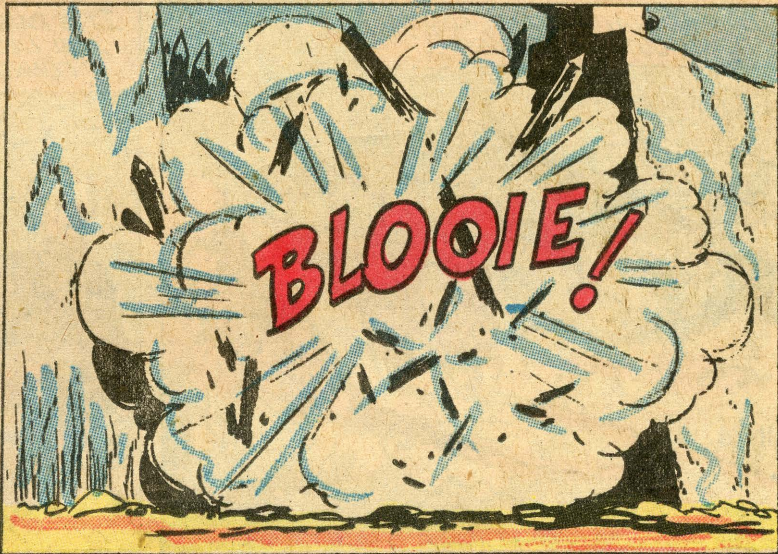
RHODES, OLD MAN, ABOUT THAT FIFTY RUPEES I OWE YOU! I HAVEN'T GOT THE CASH... BUT IF YOU HAVE A BLANK CHECK...

SORRY, OLD BEAN... BUT AT THE MOMENT...



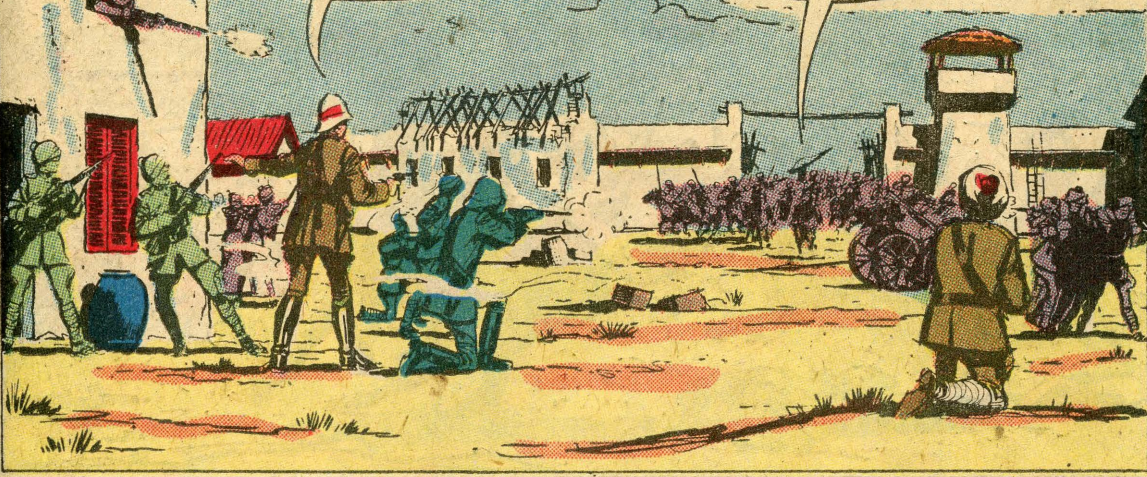
SUDDENLY...

DEATH TO THE BRITISH DOGS!



THEY'VE BLOWN THE GATE! TAKE COVER!
INTO THE HOUSES! BARRICADE
YOURSELVES!

VICTORY IS
OURS!

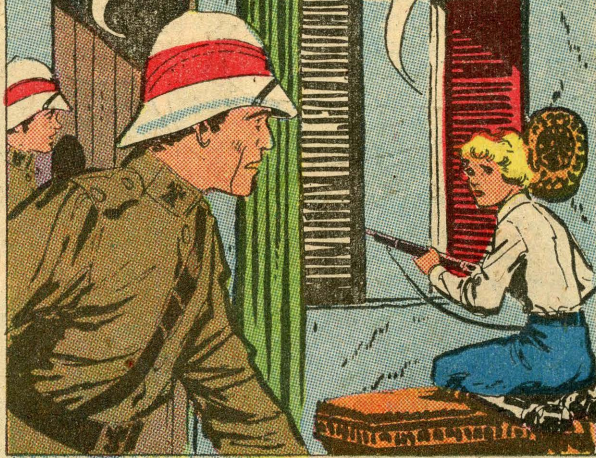


COME ON, RHODES!
...INSIDE!

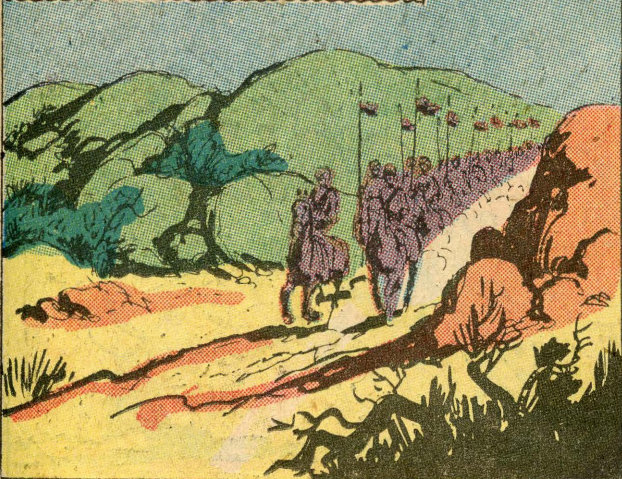


MISS CARNOVAN!

HERE...TAKE THIS!
I'LL HELP YOU RELOAD!

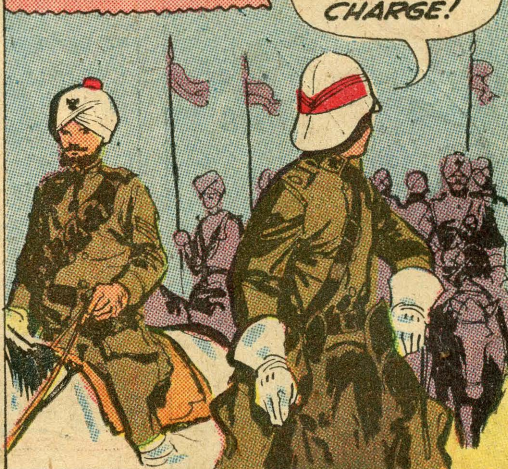


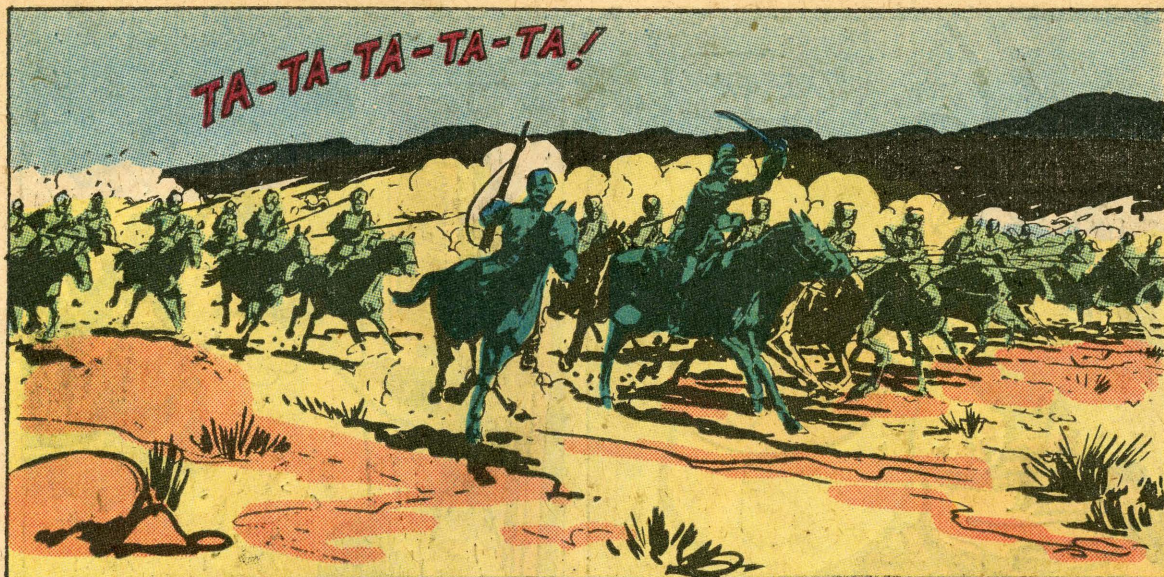
BUT AT THAT INSTANT, COMING
DOWN OUT OF THE PASS...

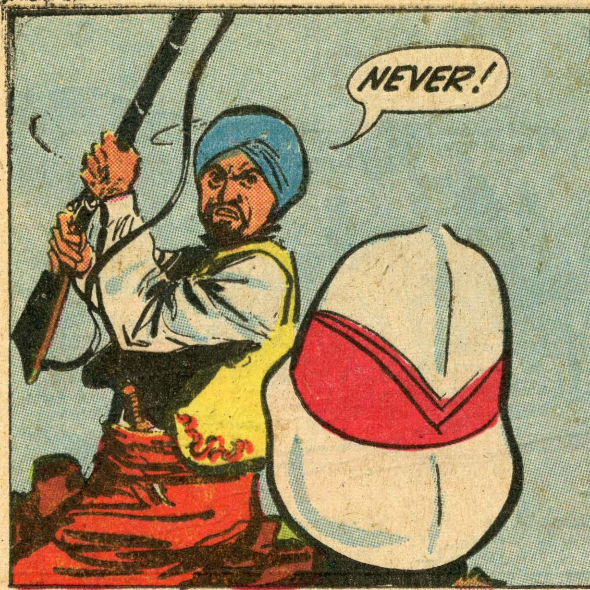


IT IS RAHMAN!...
AND LIEUTENANT
CONNOR...

FORM FOR
ATTACK! BUGLER!
SOUND THE
CHARGE!







NEVER!



BUT AS YAKOUB ALI SWINGS HIS RIFLE AROUND, A LANCER'S SHOT SINGS OUT...



LOOK...
YAKOUB ALI!

THEN WE CAN DO
NOTHING BUT
SURRENDER!



MINUTES LATER...

FATHER! AM
I TOO LATE?



RAHMAN! YOU CAME BACK!
YOU BROUGHT CONNOR...AND
YOU **CAME BACK!**



FATHER...YOUR
WOUND IS
DEEP!

NOT SO DEEP AS THE
ONE IN MY HEART,
MY SON!



FATHER... I AM TRULY SORRY!

THEN GO BACK AND TAKE YOUR RIGHTFUL PLACE AS MALIK OF YOUR TRIBE... THEY WILL NEED YOUR STRONG HAND NOW, TO LEAD THEM AGAINST OUR ENEMIES!



NO! WE WILL NEVER BE LED BY A TRAITOR!



YOU CALL ME A TRAITOR? TO WHAT? LOOK ABOUT YOU! THESE ARE THE FRUITS OF WAR! I HAVE TRIED TO SAVE OUR PEOPLE FROM **SURE DEATH AND DESTRUCTION!** IF THAT IS TRAITOROUS, THEN I **AM** GUILTY!



FATHER, I WILL LEAD OUR PEOPLE, BUT I WILL TEACH THEM THE WAYS OF **PEACE!**

HOW CAN **YOU** SPEAK OF PEACE, WHEN **YOU**, YOURSELF, HAVE CHOSEN THE PATH OF **WAR?**

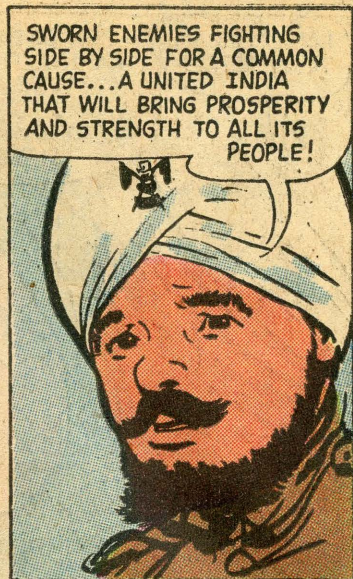


ARE THE LANCERS MEN OF PEACE?

YES! BUT YOUR BLIND HATRED FORCES THEM TO BRING IT TO YOU ON THE TIPS OF THEIR LANCES!



LOOK AT THIS REGIMENT, FATHER!
SIKH, PATHAN, HINDU, MOSLEM!



SWORN ENEMIES FIGHTING
SIDE BY SIDE FOR A COMMON
CAUSE... A UNITED INDIA
THAT WILL BRING PROSPERITY
AND STRENGTH TO ALL ITS
PEOPLE!



I HAVE JOINED THAT CAUSE, FATHER!
I WOULD FOLLOW YOU IN DEATH BEFORE
I WOULD FIGHT AGAINST IT!



THEN MAY ALLAH BLESS YOU,
MY SON! I DO NOT KNOW IF
YOUR WAY IS BETTER THAN
MINE... I DO KNOW IT
CANNOT BE *WORSE*...

FATHER!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

...WE LEAVE YOU HERE! WE'LL TELL THE
COLONEL OF YOUR RESIGNATION!

GOOD-BY,
RAHMAN!

WE'RE PROUD TO HAVE
SERVED WITH YOU, AND WE
HOPE YOU'LL FORGIVE US
FOR EVER HAVING
DOUBTED YOU!

IT HAS NEVER BEEN
OTHERWISE! AND THOUGH I
AM NOW A KING... A PART
OF ME WILL ALWAYS
BE A LANCER!

The 77th BENGAL LANCERS

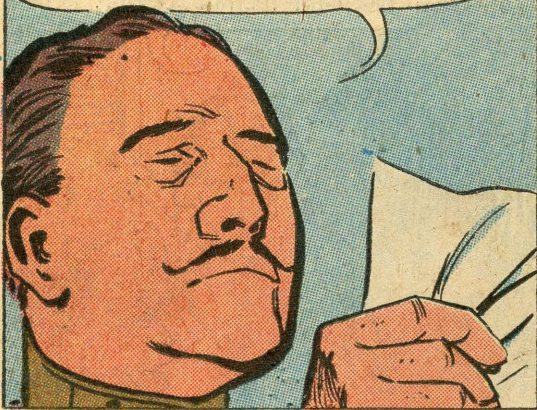
in THE PAWN

ONE NIGHT, COLONEL STANDISH BRIEFS LIEUTENANTS RHODES AND STORM ON A PARTICULARLY DIFFICULT ASSIGNMENT...

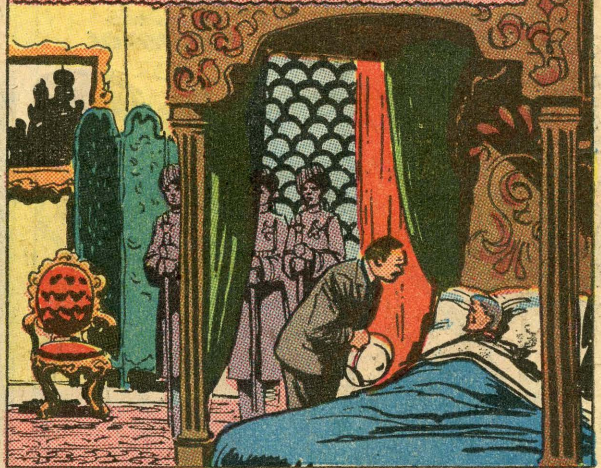


GENTLEMEN, I HOPE YOU UNDERSTAND THE DELICACY OF YOUR MISSION! UNLESS YOU HANDLE YOURSELVES AS CLEVERLY AS YOU WOULD IN A CHESS GAME, THE 77TH BENGAL LANCERS MIGHT BE HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR HAVING **STARTED A WAR!**

I'VE JUST RECEIVED A NOTE SMUGGLED OUT TO ME FROM MY OLD FRIEND, FITZGERALD... THE RESIDENT COMMISSIONER FOR THE CROWN IN THE INDEPENDENT STATE OF RANIGUNJ!



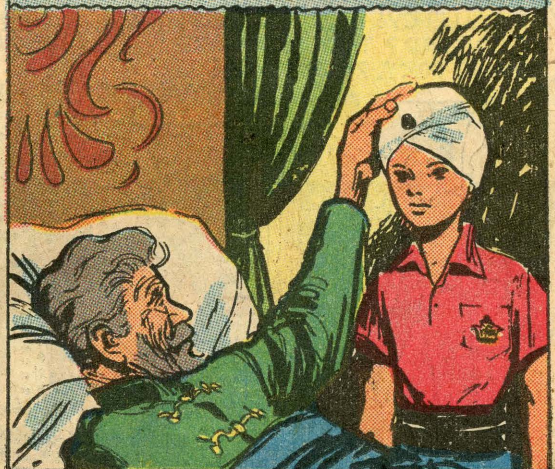
"FITZGERALD IS GRAVELY CONCERNED OVER THE HEALTH OF THE REIGNING MAHARAJAH..."



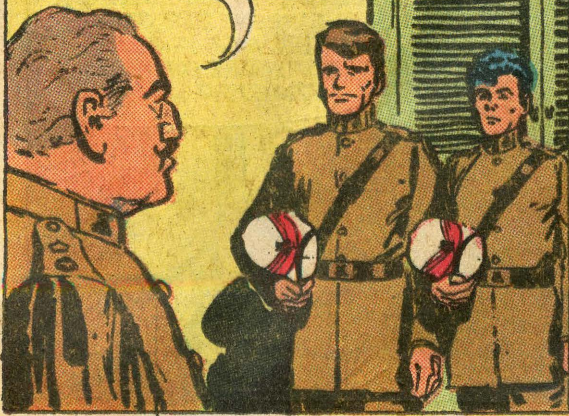
"IT SEEMS THE MAHARAJAH HAS TWO NEPHEWS WHO COULD SUCCEED HIM TO THE THRONE! THE OLDER ONE, CHETTRIGUNJ, IS A WORTHLESS SCOUNDREL WHO HAS WASTED MOST OF HIS FORTY-ODD YEARS IN IDLENESS..."



"THE OTHER, RAM LAL, IS STILL A CHILD! IT IS THIS BOY THE MAHARAJAH HAS CHOSEN TO RULE AFTER HIM..."



THERE IS A PROBLEM, THOUGH! FITZGERALD IS AFRAID THAT AFTER THE OLD MAN DIES, THE BOY'S LIFE WILL BE IN DANGER! CHETTRIGUNJ WILL DO *ANYTHING* TO INHERIT THE THRONE HIMSELF!

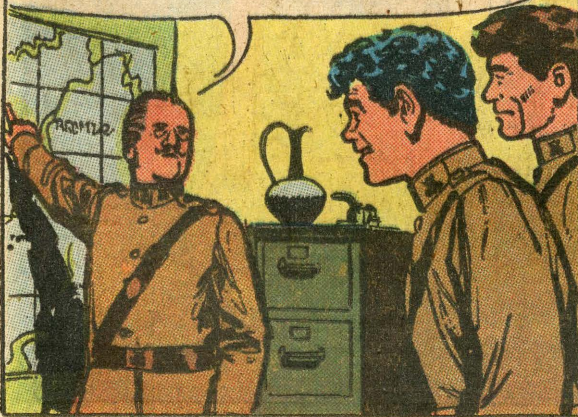


BUT WHAT DO YOU WANT US TO DO, SIR?

I WANT YOU TO GO TO RANIGUNJ... RESCUE THE BOY... BRING HIM BACK HERE TO BRITISH INDIA WHERE HE WILL BE SAFE!



SINCE AN ARMED FORCE CANNOT ENTER AN INDIAN STATE WITHOUT AN INVITATION, WE ARE GOING TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF CHETTRIGUNJ'S LONG-STANDING OFFER TO BEAT US AT *POLO*!



BUT REMEMBER, ONCE YOU ARE THERE, YOU WILL USE ANY EXPEDIENT METHOD TO RESCUE THE CHILD... SHORT OF VIOLENCE! THERE MUST BE *NO* INCIDENT WHICH CHETTRIGUNJ CAN USE TO DISCREDIT THE MAHAJARAH!



THE NEWS OF THE LANCERS' COMING PRECEDES THEM TO THE MAHAJARAH'S SPLENDID CASTLE AT RANIGUNJ...

EXCELLENCY! YOUR HIGHNESS! HAVE YOU HEARD? THE BRITISH ARE COMING FOR A POLO MATCH! THE *BENGAL LANCERS*!

BE QUIET, MAN! I KNOW! I'VE BEEN EXPECTING THEM!



THE WHITE KNIGHT ADVANCES UPON THE CASTLE IN A RATHER CRUDE ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE THE KING'S PAWN! HOW STUPIDLY OBVIOUS THESE BENGAL LANCERS ARE!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, THE LANCERS ARRIVE AT RANIGUNJ...



AHHH...GENTLEMEN! WELCOME TO RANIGUNJ! PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF...I AM CHETTRIGUNJ, NEPHEW OF THE MAHARAJAH! AND THIS IS MR. FITZGERALD, THE BRITISH RESIDENT COMMISSIONER HERE!

YOUR HIGHNESS! MR. FITZGERALD!

HOW DO YOU DO!



IT SEEMS TO ME, LIEUTENANT, THAT YOUR MEN CAME RATHER HEAVILY ARMED... THAT IS, FOR A VISITING POLO TEAM!

THE 77TH IS A REGIMENT OF GREAT TRADITION, YOUR HIGHNESS! WE ALWAYS TRAVEL THAT WAY!



BY THE WAY, YOUR HIGHNESS, WE HAD HOPED THAT BOTH YOUR UNCLE, THE MAHARAJAH, AND YOUR YOUNG COUSIN, THE PRINCE, WOULD BE ON HAND TO GREET US! OUR COLONEL HAS ASKED THAT WE PAY HIS RESPECTS!



AHHH... THAT IS TOO BAD! I'M AFRAID SUCH A THING IS IMPOSSIBLE! THEY ARE BOTH CONFINED TO THEIR QUARTERS!

CONFINED?



MY UNCLE IS SUFFERING FROM OLD AGE! NO ONE IS ALLOWED TO SEE HIM! AS FOR THE BOY... HE HAS BEEN NAUGHTY AND MUST REMAIN IN HIS ROOM UNTIL THE TIGER HUNT I HAVE PLANNED FOR YOU THIS AFTERNOON!

LATER THAT DAY...

WELL, GENTLEMEN, I TRUST YOU ARE REFRESHED AND RESTED! NOW... SHALL WE BEGIN OUR HUNT?

WE'RE READY, YOUR HIGHNESS!



RAM LAL, THE YOUNG PRINCE, INSISTS ON RIDING HIS OWN ELEPHANT! ALONE! WE WILL HUMOR HIM IN THAT REQUEST!



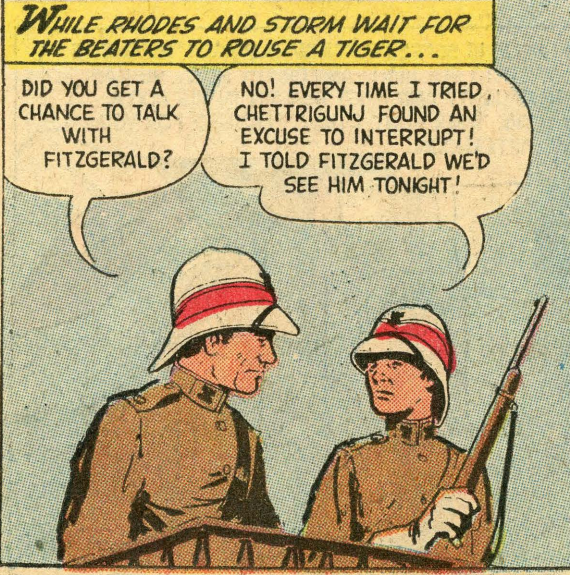
NOW! SEND OUT THE BEATERS! FIND US A TIGER!



WHILE RHODES AND STORM WAIT FOR THE BEATERS TO ROUSE A TIGER...

DID YOU GET A CHANCE TO TALK WITH FITZGERALD?

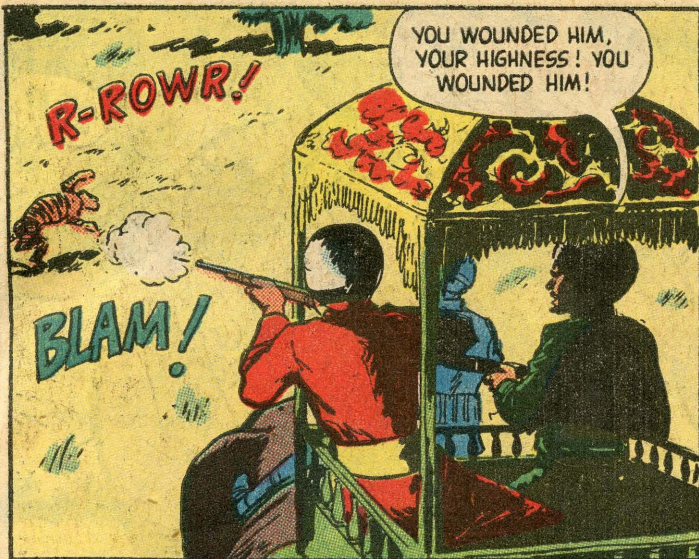
NO! EVERY TIME I TRIED CHETTRIGUNJ FOUND AN EXCUSE TO INTERRUPT! I TOLD FITZGERALD WE'D SEE HIM TONIGHT!



SUDDENLY, CHETTRIGUNJ SPOTS A TIGER...

THERE'S ONE! I SEE HIM! OVER THERE IN THE GRASS!





YOU WOUNDED HIM,
YOUR HIGHNESS! YOU
WOUNDED HIM!



HE'S GONE INTO THE BRUSH!
EVERYONE SPREAD OUT! WE
MUST HUNT HIM DOWN
NOW!



*AS THE ELEPHANTS SPREAD OUT
TO HUNT THE WOUNDED TIGER...*

I CAN'T SAY YOU'RE VERY
MUCH FUN ON A HUNT,
RHODES! YOU DON'T
KEEP YOUR MIND
ON THINGS!

QUIT CLOWNING! I DON'T
FEEL RIGHT ABOUT LEAVING
THAT BOY ALONE!



LET'S GO BACK TO HIM!—
MAHOUT! TURN
THIS ELEPHANT
AROUND!

GO BACK,
SAHIB?...
AS YOU
WISH!



*BUT THE TIGER HAS ALSO CIRCLED, AND NOW APPROACHES
THE ELEPHANT BEARING THE YOUNG PRINCE...*

YOUR HIGHNESS...THE
WOUNDED TIGER! IT'S
CHARGING US!

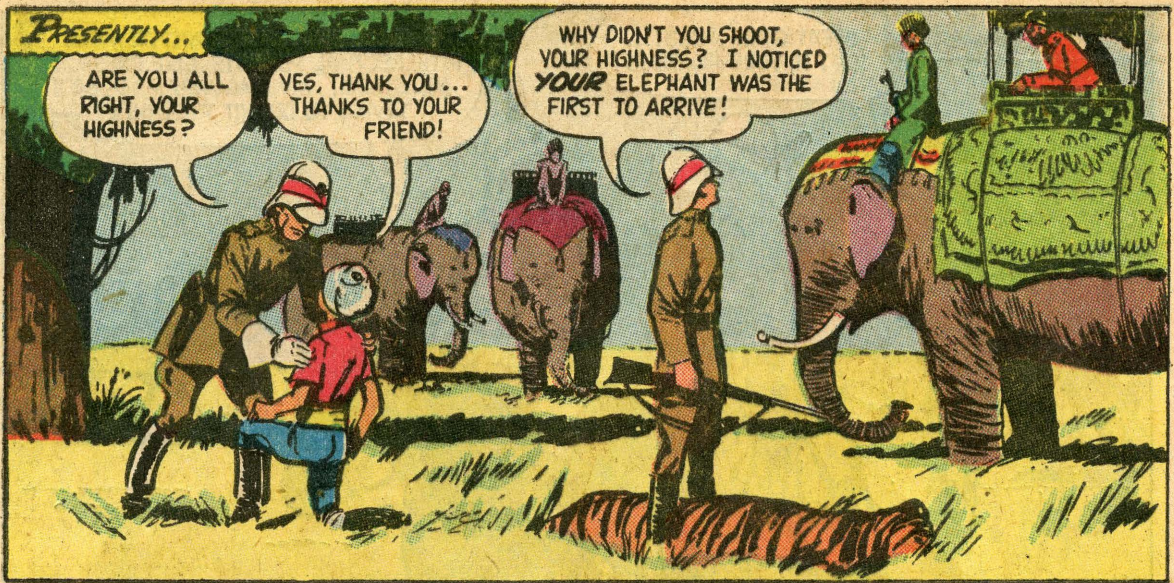


PRESENTLY...

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, YOUR HIGHNESS?

YES, THANK YOU... THANKS TO YOUR FRIEND!

WHY DIDN'T YOU SHOOT, YOUR HIGHNESS? I NOTICED YOUR ELEPHANT WAS THE FIRST TO ARRIVE!



WELL, WHAT ABOUT IT?... DID YOUR GUN JAM?

I SUPPOSE IT MUST HAVE! A MOST UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT! PERHAPS I'LL BE LUCKIER AT POLO TOMORROW!



LATER...

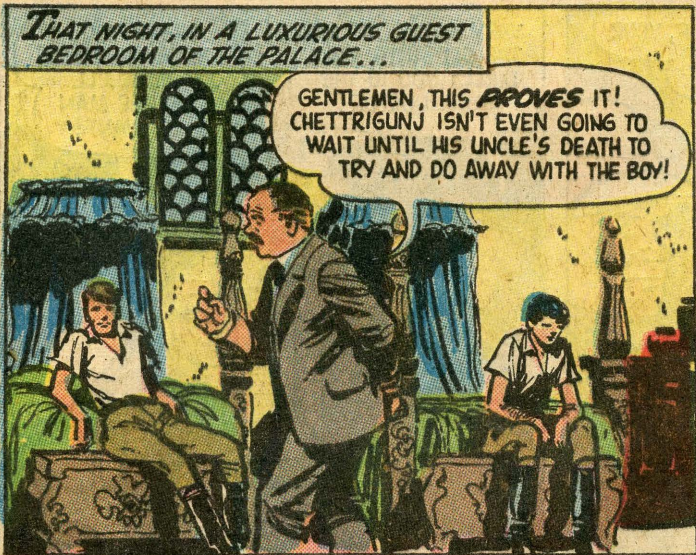
RHODES, I DON'T LIKE IT... HE DELIBERATELY STOPPED HIS MAN FROM SHOOTING!

I KNOW... I SAW IT, TOO!



THAT NIGHT, IN A LUXURIOUS GUEST BEDROOM OF THE PALACE...

GENTLEMEN, THIS *PROVES* IT! CHETTRIGUNJ ISN'T EVEN GOING TO WAIT UNTIL HIS UNCLE'S DEATH TO TRY AND DO AWAY WITH THE BOY!



WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! THERE MUST BE A WAY TO GET THAT BOY OUT OF HERE... BEFORE HE IS *KILLED!*



NEXT MORNING...

GREAT GAME, POLO!...
ISN'T IT, YOUR HIGHNESS?

IT'S ALL RIGHT... BUT I PREFER MORE
INTELLECTUAL PURSUITS, LIKE CHESS,
MR. STORM! MIND AGAINST MIND, EACH
TRYING TO OUTWIT THE OTHER!



*SUDDENLY, ON THE FAR SIDE
OF THE POLO FIELD...*

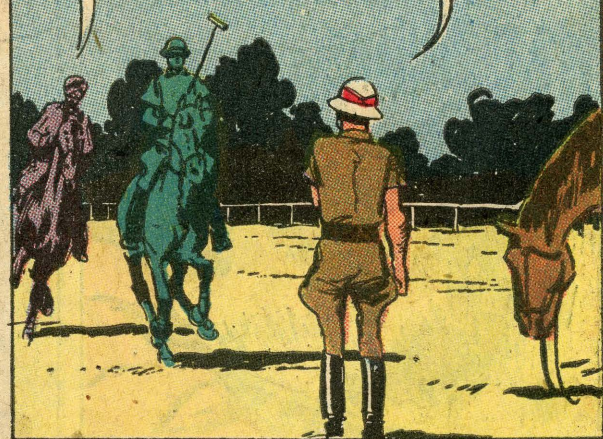
WHACK!

OOWW!



WHAT IS IT,
MR. RHODES?

MY ARM... IS THERE
A DOCTOR HERE?



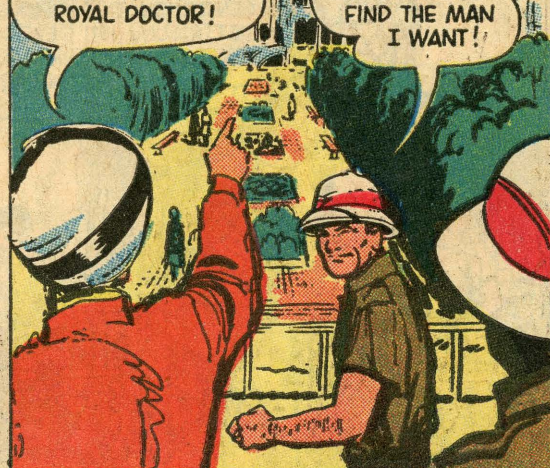
YES... IN THE
PALACE! I'LL
TAKE YOU
TO HIM!

LET HIM GO BY HIMSELF, YOUR
HIGHNESS! WE CAN'T
INTERRUPT THE GAME!



VERY WELL... GO AHEAD!
THE SERVANTS WILL
DIRECT YOU TO THE
ROYAL DOCTOR!

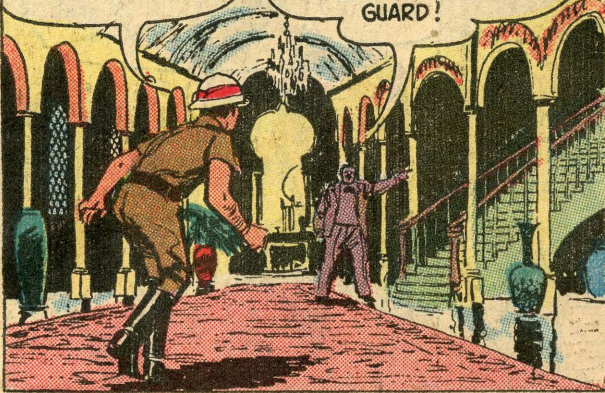
THANK YOU,
YOUR HIGHNESS!
I'M SURE I'LL
FIND THE MAN
I WANT!



ONCE INSIDE THE PALACE, RHODES DISCARDS THE PRETENSE OF HIS FAKED INJURY . . .

QUICK, FITZGERALD! WHERE ARE THE MAHARAJAH AND THE LITTLE PRINCE?

THEY'RE BOTH CONFINED IN THE MAHARAJAH'S ROOM UNTIL AFTER YOU LEAVE! THEY'RE UNDER HEAVY GUARD!



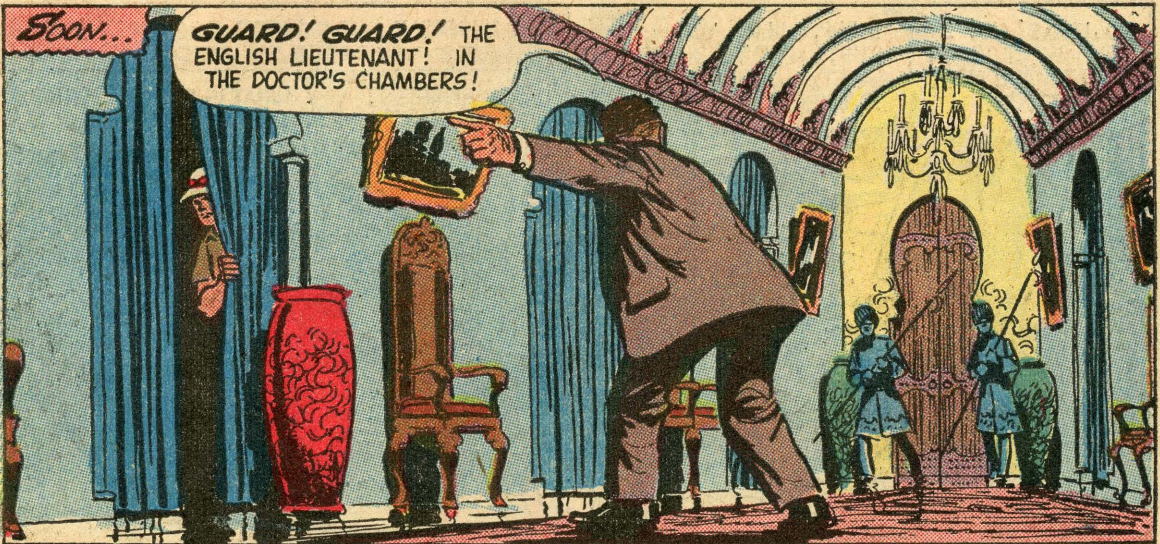
WE'VE GOT TO GET IN THERE TO SEE THEM! I THOUGHT OF A PLAN LAST NIGHT!

COME ON, THEN! THIS WAY!



SOON...

GUARD! GUARD! THE ENGLISH LIEUTENANT! IN THE DOCTOR'S CHAMBERS!

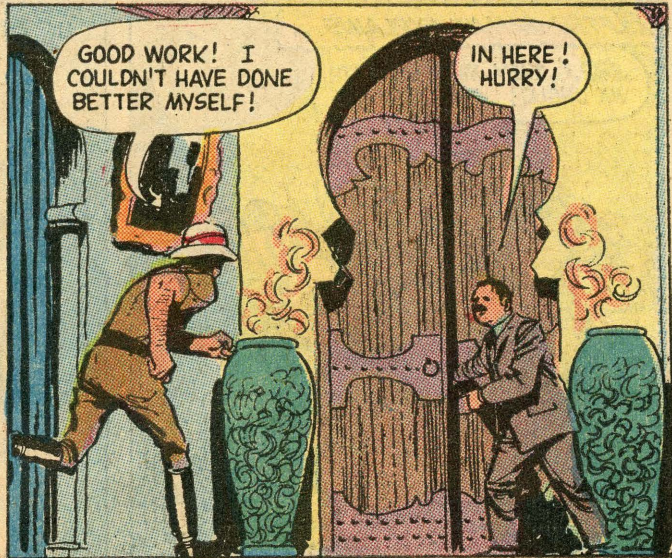


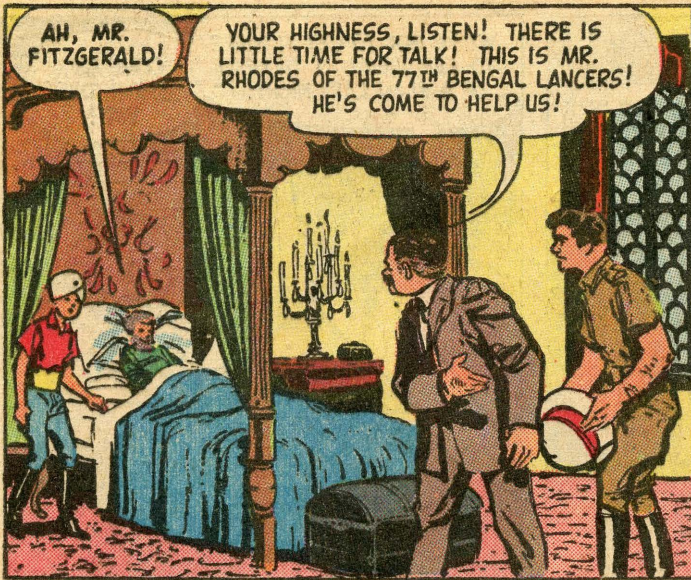
AS THE ALERTED GUARDS RUSH BY, RHODES DUCKS BEHIND THE CURTAINS...



GOOD WORK! I COULDN'T HAVE DONE BETTER MYSELF!

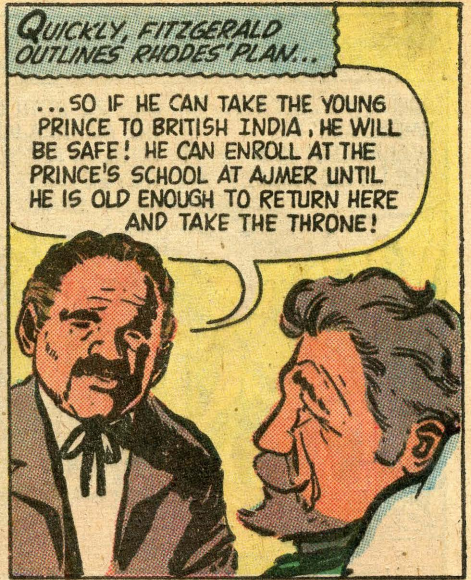
IN HERE! HURRY!





AH, MR. FITZGERALD!

YOUR HIGHNESS, LISTEN! THERE IS LITTLE TIME FOR TALK! THIS IS MR. RHODES OF THE 77TH BENGAL LANCERS! HE'S COME TO HELP US!



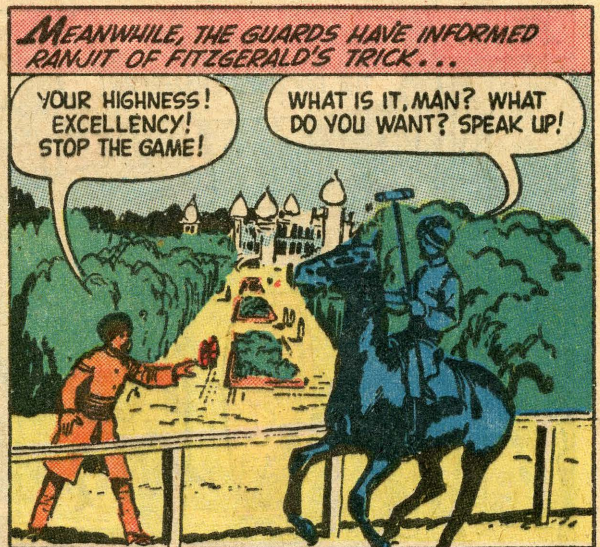
QUICKLY, FITZGERALD OUTLINES RHODES' PLAN...

... SO IF HE CAN TAKE THE YOUNG PRINCE TO BRITISH INDIA, HE WILL BE SAFE! HE CAN ENROLL AT THE PRINCE'S SCHOOL AT AJMER UNTIL HE IS OLD ENOUGH TO RETURN HERE AND TAKE THE THRONE!



NO, UNCLE! NO! I DON'T WANT TO GO! DON'T MAKE ME LEAVE YOU!

SHHH, CHILD! YOU MUST! FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY... AS WELL AS FOR THE GOOD OF OUR PEOPLE!



MEANWHILE, THE GUARDS HAVE INFORMED RANJIT OF FITZGERALD'S TRICK...

YOUR HIGHNESS! EXCELLENCY! STOP THE GAME!

WHAT IS IT, MAN? WHAT DO YOU WANT? SPEAK UP!

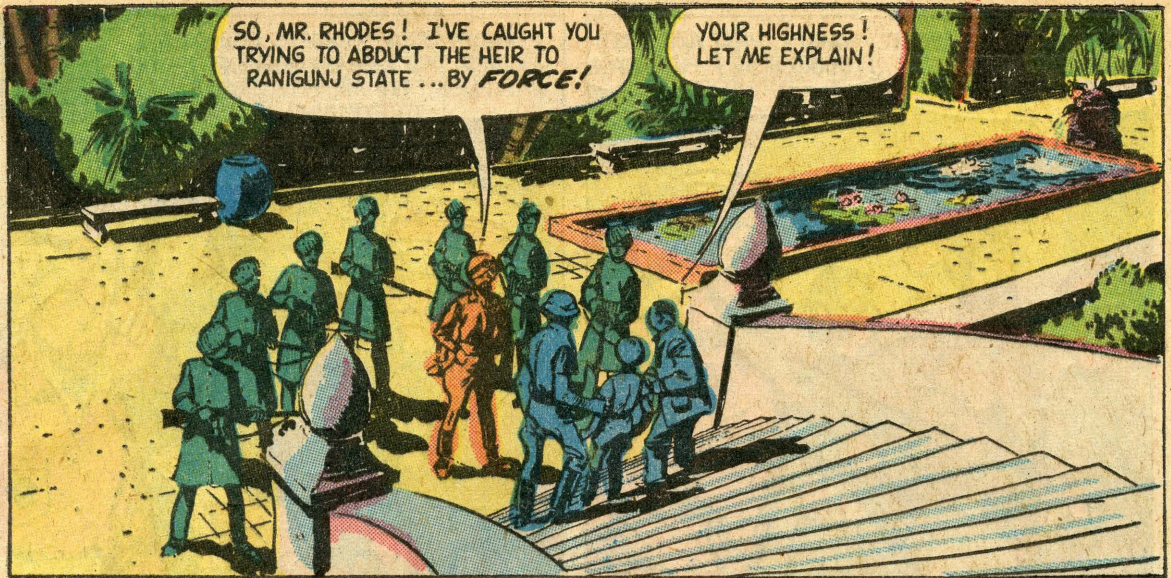


AFTER RANJIT EXPLAINS...

SO! THEY MUST BE WITH MY UNCLE! CALL OUT THE GUARD!



THERE THEY ARE! HALT!



SO, MR. RHODES! I'VE CAUGHT YOU TRYING TO ABDUCT THE HEIR TO RANIGUNJ STATE ...BY **FORCE!**

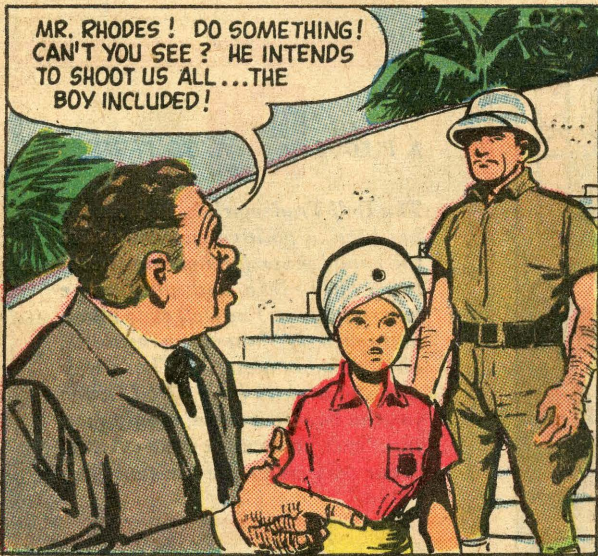
YOUR HIGHNESS! LET ME EXPLAIN!



BE QUIET, MR. FITZGERALD! **YOU**, OF ALL PEOPLE, SHOULD KNOW THE CONSEQUENCES OF YOUR ACTION ... THAT I AM ENTITLED TO ANSWER FORCE ...WITH FORCE!



AM I NOT WITHIN MY RIGHTS IN HAVING THIS BRITISH LIEUTENANT SHOT DOWN?



MR. RHODES! DO SOMETHING! CAN'T YOU SEE? HE INTENDS TO SHOOT US ALL ...THE BOY INCLUDED!



NOT **YOU**, MR. FITZGERALD! I NEED YOU AS A WITNESS TO MY ACTION IN PREVENTING THIS ABDUCTION! OF COURSE, IF ONE OF MY MEN SHOULD HIT THE BOY...

NO!



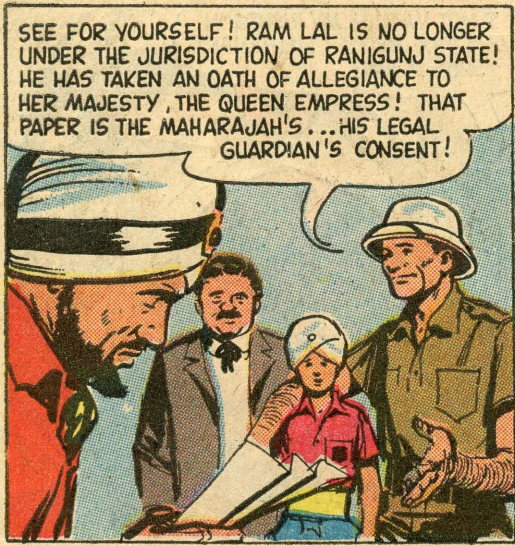
I'D THINK TWICE ABOUT THAT IF I WERE YOU, YOUR EXCELLENCY!

WHAT? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? PUT DOWN THAT GUN!



PERHAPS YOUR HIGHNESS COULD HAVE AVOIDED THIS EMBARRASSMENT IF YOU HAD PERMITTED MR. FITZGERALD TO EXPLAIN!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

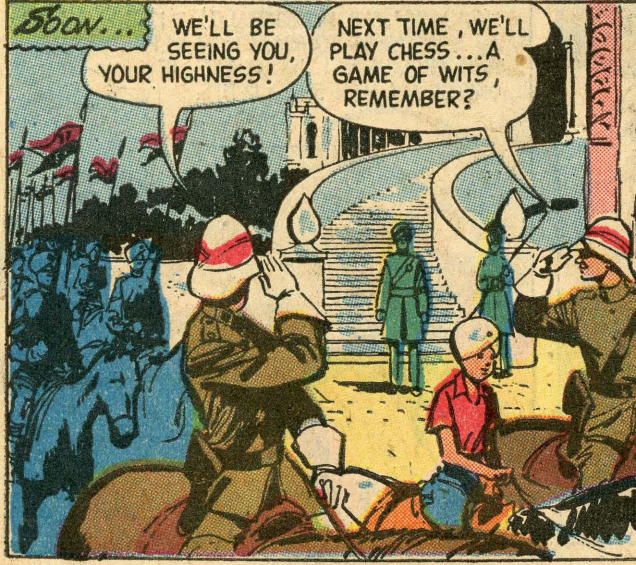


SEE FOR YOURSELF! RAM LAL IS NO LONGER UNDER THE JURISDICTION OF RANIGUNJ STATE! HE HAS TAKEN AN OATH OF ALLEGIANCE TO HER MAJESTY, THE QUEEN EMPRESS! THAT PAPER IS THE MAHARAJAH'S... HIS LEGAL GUARDIAN'S CONSENT!



RAM LAL IS NOW ENLISTED AS A DRUMMER BOY IN THE 77TH BENGAL LANCERS! YOU CAN'T TOUCH HIM! ISN'T THAT RIGHT?

YES, SIR!



Sbov...

WE'LL BE SEEING YOU, YOUR HIGHNESS!

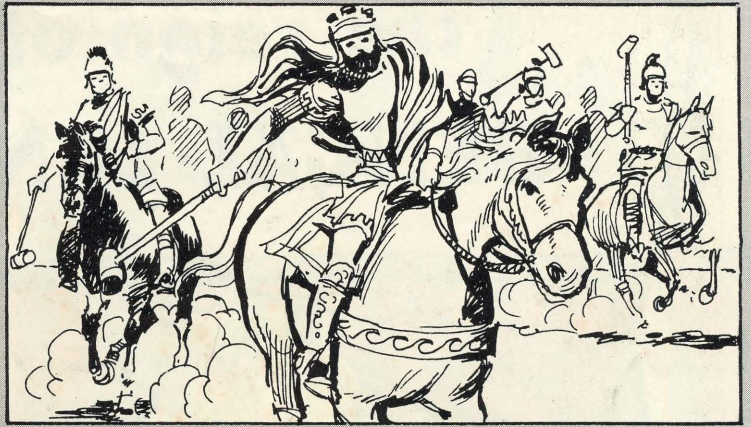
NEXT TIME, WE'LL PLAY CHESS... A GAME OF WITS, REMEMBER?

DELL
COMIC

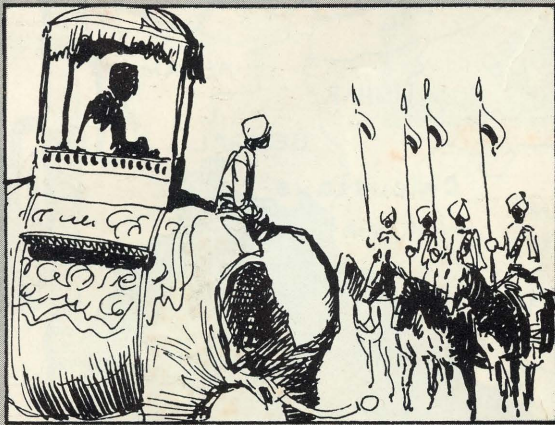
A PLEDGE TO PARENTS

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" is our only credo and constant goal.

HOCKEY ON HORSEBACK



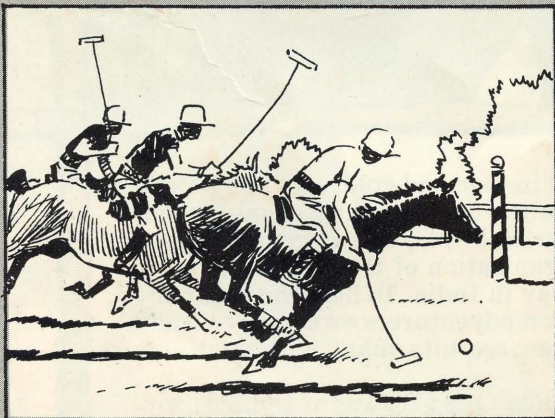
Polo is nothing new in the history of man. As far back as twenty-three centuries ago, the soldiers of Alexander the Great played polo on the fields of Macedonia. From there it spread to China, Japan, and Persia, and then — to India!



There it was the game of princes and Bengal Lancers. The fine horsemanship of the Lancers was almost legendary, well suited to polo's fast riding and brilliant strategy.



Polo is played on horseback, four men to a side. A game lasts six "chukkers," or periods, of 7½ minutes each. It is played with a willow ball and a long, balanced mallet.

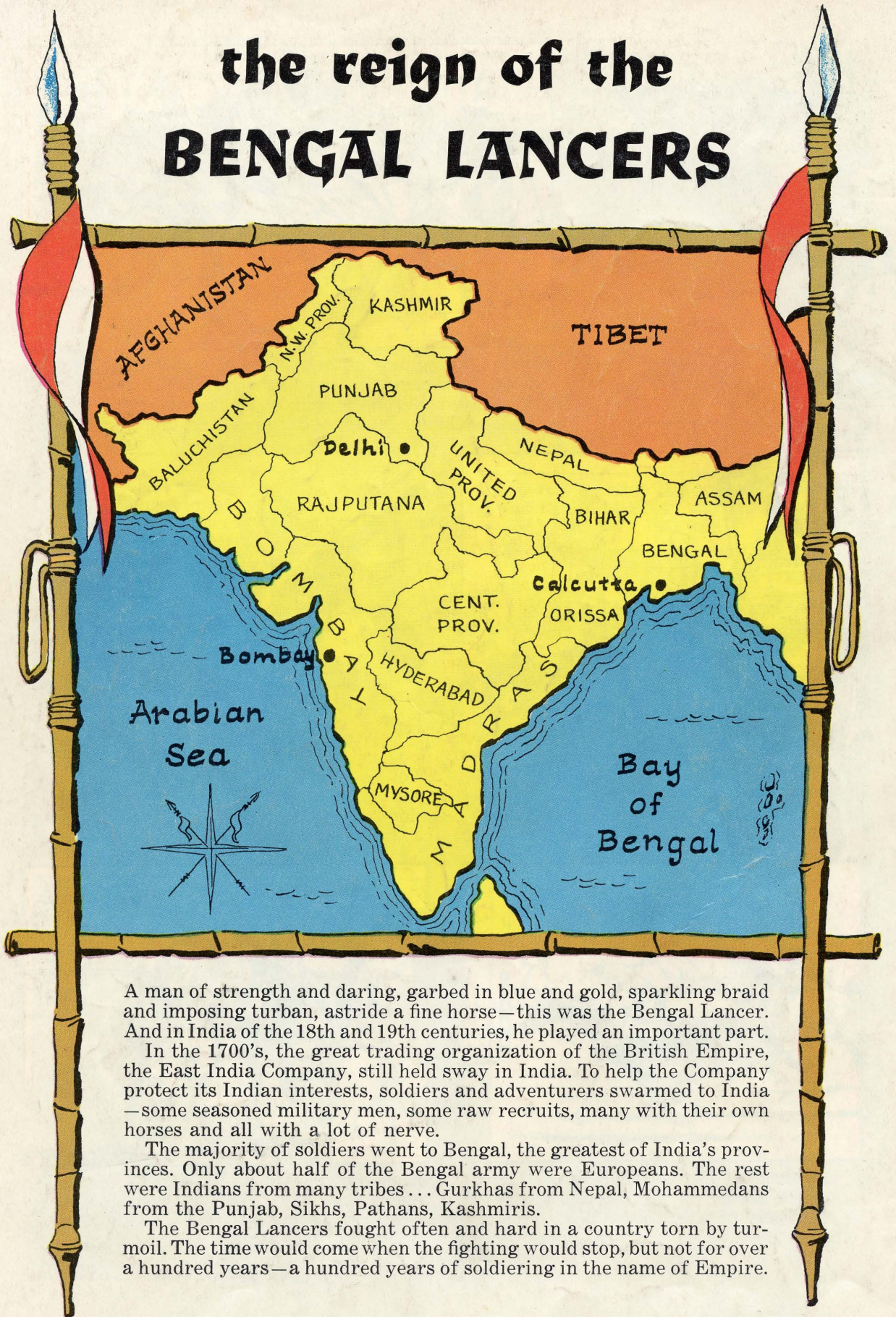


The object of polo is like hockey or football... to knock the ball through goalposts at each end of a 300-yard field. This requires speed, skill, and just plain nerve.



A polo-player rules his horse with knees, reins, and whip. He must consider many things — the ball's bounce, the swerve of his horse, and above all, his opponent!

the reign of the BENGAL LANCERS



A man of strength and daring, garbed in blue and gold, sparkling braid and imposing turban, astride a fine horse—this was the Bengal Lancer. And in India of the 18th and 19th centuries, he played an important part.

In the 1700's, the great trading organization of the British Empire, the East India Company, still held sway in India. To help the Company protect its Indian interests, soldiers and adventurers swarmed to India—some seasoned military men, some raw recruits, many with their own horses and all with a lot of nerve.

The majority of soldiers went to Bengal, the greatest of India's provinces. Only about half of the Bengal army were Europeans. The rest were Indians from many tribes... Gurkhas from Nepal, Mohammedans from the Punjab, Sikhs, Pathans, Kashmiris.

The Bengal Lancers fought often and hard in a country torn by turmoil. The time would come when the fighting would stop, but not for over a hundred years—a hundred years of soldiering in the name of Empire.