



The story, thus, far: Aller graduating from West Point, Hobert Scott wins his wings at Kelly Field and takes up combat dying. When the war breaks out he is an instructor and is told he is too old be combat flying. He appeals to several Generals and is finally given an oppor-unity to get into the fight. He files a bember into India, where he is made a ferry pilot, but this does not satisfy him. Alter visiding General Chemanit he gets a Kityhawik, and soon becomes a "one man air force" over Burma. Later he is made commanding officer of the 23rd made commanding officer of the 23rd Fighter Group. Maj. Allson gets three bombers one day and lands in the river. His plane sinks, but the Chinese get it out by a 3,000-year-old method.

CHAPTER XX

When strange things would hap-pen, we talked about things of the sort which had once been told in story books. All of us agreed that when this war was over, there would be nothing that had ever happened in fiction that wouldn't have actually happened in this battle of the uni-For instance:

Liklang is a city in China far up on the big, northern loop of the Yangtse-Kiang. It is China, yes, but that part of China is as wild as Tibet and Arabia. The people are called "Lolos," and they must be descend-ants of Genghis Khan. I had flown over the place, for it was just North of the ferry route from Assam to Kunming, and I had seen the flat clearing South of the village that could have been an emergency land-ing field. I noted that it was close to nine thousand feet above sea lev-el, and therefore not a field to use unless one had to. Capt. Charlie Sawyer had crash-

landed just South of there, closer to Talifu, and had been unable to identify himself. While the wild-looking Lolo tribesmen were getting set to execute him with ancient-looking flint-lock muskets, Sawyer said the holes in the barrels looked twice as hig as fifty-calibre bores. Just at the crucial moment, however, when his fate looked darkest, some new arrival in the party saw the identi-fication card that Sawyer had been pointing to. It was inscribed in vari-ous languages, and with pictures. The new arrival didn't recognize the Chinese flag, or any of the lan-guages, or the Generalissimo's sig-"chop"-but he saw a star. As it happened, it was the star of India over the imprint in Hindustani. Then the tribesman pointed to the same star on the wing of Sawyer's ship-the insignia of the Army Air Force. Sawyer was saved, and later be was feasted on wild buffalo and

But why? Here in the wilds of the Lolo country, where very few white men had ever been, the tribesmen were more familiar with the white star of the Air Force than with any written language. We learned principal reason later.

A report had come in to General Chennault's headquarters that a na-tive village in the Lolo country, between Lake Tali and Likiang, was under siege by the Burmese northern tribesmen who had crossed the Salween, perhaps under the direction of the Japanese. Two of us, Holloway and I, were sent to look the place over in two P-40's. We were told by the General that we could determine whether the town was under siege by noting whether or not the usual pedestrian traffic was passing in and out of the city gate. All the cities are walled, and are obviously very far from roads or from civilization.

We made our observation and re-turned with the report. The village was besieged, and we had seen the horsemen encamped a half mile around the city wall. We loaded up and went back with six eighteen-kilogram frags on the wing racks and plenty of fifty-calibre ammuni-

engine, or carry in the mechanics and the tools with which to repair night the Fleet-landed and the night I had been kidding Henry Elias. the bad one.

Next morning we got into the air before daylight and went for Lake In every organization there is al-Puyang Hu, near Nanchang, where the Japs were moving the Chines where rice out by junks and barges-rob-bing the breadbasket of China in the yearly rape of the rice. Hill took eight of the P-40's and I took the other eight.

In every organization there is al-ways one person who holds up the morale, some one who makes the darker moments brighter and who can bring a little sunshine into the tense reality of war. Out in the China theatre, and especially in the 23rd Fighter Group, my most unfor-getable character was Lieut. Henry Elias. This pilot was a Southerner, like most of the others in the China Elias was on Tex Hill's wing. We split at Nanchang and my eight went to the South to catch some gunboats that had been reported in the Sintze-Hukow Strait, near Kukilike most of the others in the China skies. When I first reached Hengyang he was acting as assistant op-erations officer to Ajax Baumler. ang, coming from the Yangtse to the Lake. I heard Hill call that he He had a reply for every person, and a come-back to every joke. He was definitely a morale builder, and had caught the rice ships and was burning them. Later he told me that he found twenty-six of them, junks and steel barges; he sank you can ask anyone if they're not as valuable at the front as ammunisome and saw others with their sails Elias had been on several raids on fire, floating for shore where the hungry Chinese coolies would sal-vage the rice.

and had shot down two Japanese when I heard the first joke about him. 'He'd been on an attack to Nanchang, and as the ships turned Through the four passes at the Japs Elias was right on Tex's wing, but on the fourth pullout he dropped for home in the fading light of late afternoon, some one in the rear of the formation observed something behind the formation, perhaps to shoot at something Hill hadn't seen. peculiar. Up ahead there were five

Maybe he'd seen a Jap fighter and had gone for it; we knew there were eight Zeros supposed to be over Nan-chang. Elias didn't return with the flight, and for two days we carried him as "missing." Then the Chinese net reported that a group of Chinese soldiers had seen a lone American P-40 engaged by four Japanese Zeros. The Ameri-can had fought them but his ship

can had fought them but his ship had been shot down. The American had jumped out in his parachute and four Japanese had strafed him on the way down. The body had been found, with the

identification flag number listed. The pilot's name was Lieutenant Elias. All of us watched for Japs bailing out, so that we could shoot one or two down for Elias, but we didn't get the chance.

We sent Captain Wang down to Kian to get Elias's body. Wang had to travel a hundred and sixty miles buffalo cart, by alcohol bus, and on foot, but he finally got there. The trip took him twenty days. When the body of our lost pilot finally ar-rived at the field from which he had last taken off, it was in a Chinese coffin that Wang had gotten at Kian. We placed the flag over the grim reminder of war and sent it by

transport to Kunming, to lie beside his other brother pilots in that Bud-dhist graveyard in Yunnan. And so it went: tragedy-humo

-tragedy. For on the same raid I had led the other eight ships, with elements led by Holloway, Schiel, and O'Connell, and had caught the Jap gunboats, ten of them, at Sintzescholaness of the light, and of Elias especially, their ominous signif-icance became apparent. Elias jerked his head around and looked at his wing man. Even to an in-experienced eye, the silhouette was unmistakable. It was a Jap Model 197 on of the old fourth but Hukow Strait. They were coming to Puyang Hu to convoy those rice barges-but we were going to in-terfere with their rendezvous.

I-97, one of the old fixed landing-gear types. The entire formation Even as we circled them from six-teen thousand feet, I think they knew they were going to have lots of trou-ble. They had to stay almost in line, nose-to-stern, for they were go-ing through the narrow strait. We dently recognized the Jap, the enemy pilot evi-dently recognized the P-40's in the twilight before darkness—perhaps he saw the leering sharks' mouths. circled warily for a minute, looking the sky over for enemy fighters, then the sky over for enemy igners, then spiralled down. As soon as we got close enough to the Jap ships to see distinctly, we noticed that the sea-men were jumping over the side into the water. Only a few seemed to have remained to fire the anti-iterate sums and Schial and Hollo. For as Elias shoved the nose of his ship straight down and dove for him, the Jap pulled his ship straight up and climbed for the sky. Later, when our imaginations began to embroider the joke, Elias took the kid-ding in good part and always had a aircraft guns, and Schiel and Hollo-way silenced most of those with their initial pass. A small two-seater biplane, a

I think most of the ammunition had been fired at us while we cir-Fleet, came to Hengyang from Kweilin one day with a Chinese ofas it came into the field wide open at some seventy-five miles an hour.

cled at sixteen thousand feet, for we were the whole show now. We'd rake the steel decks from stem to stern and then swing out low to the water and come back with quarter-

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL CUNDAY JCHOOL Lesson

Truly Bright

By M. B. McKINLEY

McClure Newspaper Syndicate. WNU Features.

This fair woman, with the light-

in and given him sweetmeats. Per-haps this one would be like her, and give him food and a bed to sleep on. With this thought in mind he followed Lydia Denton as she walked listlessly to the Wong com-

Lydia had not wished to attend

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BY HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D. Of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicage Belanard by Western Meridian Chicage

Lesson for March 25 on subjects and Scripture taxts se-and copyrighted by International I of Religious Education: used by

> THE LAST WEEK .89-

LESSON TEXT-Matthew 21:6-18. GOLDEN TEXT-Biessed is he that con oth in the name of the Lordy Hossans the highest-Matthew 21:9.

brown hair and gray eyes, re-minded him of the one who used to live near his home. She had been kind to him and had often asked him The official presentation of Him-self to the Jewish people as their King, their rejection of Him and, was even more solemnly mean ingful, His rejection of the Hebrew nation because of their unbelled-such are the stirring events which face us as we go with our Lord into the last week of His earthly minis-

The first event in that sequence is the one we study in our lesson for today, namely, the coming of the King to Jerusalem. L. Preparation and Presentation (vv. 6, 7). this feast in honor of the arrival of a son and heir to Mr. and Mrs.

a son and heir to Mr, and Mrs. Wong, but Wong was a valued busi-ness acquaintance and her husband did not wish to offend him. The serving woman, her black' hair oiled and smoothed into a neat bun at the nape of her neck, glanced at her mistress. She had not been the same since the bombs of the "little black devils" had struck the hospital and she had lost her wee The King comes, but even in His The King comes, but even in His hour of royal triumph He gives to His followers the unexplainable but inestimable joy of meeting His need. 1. "The Disciples Did As Jesus Appointed" (v. 6). He had need of disciples who would do His bidding without question or hesitation. How precious is such obedience! Let us also go and do what He commands. He needed the colt and the ass hospital and she had lost her wee son. After that there had been no more happiness in the Denton home. The child peered into the basket the coolie carried. Red eggs-and fruit and sweet cakes! The eggs must be a present for the mother of

He needed the colt and the ass. How simple and lowly was that need, and yet how glorious that man was

ready to meet it! God's plans are worked out in the little things as well as the great. Prophecy was being fulfilled here (see v. 5) by a little thing. Is God waiting to carry out some great him waiting to carry out some great purpose through some little thing which you are withholding from Him? Why hinder Him any longer? 2. "And He Sat Thereon" (v. 7).

Though He did not come with the pomp and trappings of an earthly potentate, the King of Glory came to His people to offer them for the last time the opportunity to receive Him.

He asks you to yield your life to His kingship. What will your answer

II. Acceptance and Rejection (yv. 8-11, 15, 16). 1. "The Multitude . . . Cried . . . Hosanna" (vv. 8-11). The fact that

before the week was over some of the same voices cried, "Crucify him!" should not obscure the fact that there were childlike believers (v. 16) who really had faith in

Christ. There is something inspiring about that picture of enthusiasm and de-votion. Real faith in Christ ought to result in a fervor of spirit which will stir our hearts and our cities. Are we not altogether too dead and formal in much of our worship to-

day? Do we not need more holy enthusiasm for Christ and for His Church? 2. "The Chief Priests and Scribes

... Were Sore Displeased" (vv. 15, 16). Small wonder, for not only had the children put them to open shame by recognizing the Christ whom they had ignored, but He had also ruined their polite religious "racket" which produced for them

Mark this—when anyone is dis-pleased with Jesus or with His chil-dren or with His work on earth, you can be sure that there is a reason, and not a holy, upright or good rea-

"A long way off," the boy re-plied. "I lived in a house with a wall around it. I used to play in the garden until the day strange sol-diers broke in and I hid. When they were gone I came out and-and-" his voice faltered "--my son-either! III. Judgment and Compassion

(vv. 12-14). What a remarkable picture! In the midst of flaming judgment and destruction we find His loving com-





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sert breads. Ho

yours now!

al Anney, Box w York 17, N.Y.

brightening up your living om. You can make them yourself for your davenport with time





tion.

These pilots are tired out by al-most constant alert without relief for 21 days.

Elias, who's that flying in formati with you, with their wheels down?"

As the words sank into the con-

sciousness of the flight, and of Elias

tried at once to get it as they finally

realized what it was. But they had the laugh on Elias. Just as he rec-

P-40's with their sleek silhouettes showing wheels up and everything in proper order. But off to the flank, in almost the position of the number-three man in a Vee formation, was one ship with its wheels extended. Some one called on the radio, "Hey,

I also carried a Very pistol and all colors of shells.

As we circled the town, we could see the villagers watching us; then we dove on the besiegers and bombed them from a thousand feet. The lines of prehistoric cavalry broke and retreated towards the Salween and Burma. We machine-gunned them until they spread in panic. Then I used the Very pistol, shooting first green lights, then red. Holloway said it was the best display of fireworks he'd ever seen. We cked up for several days, but the raiders hadn't come back, and nor-mal pedestrian traffic was passing wall. Holloway and through the city I, with two of the General's P-40's, ad stopped a war.

The white star of the Air Force had been seen by those villagers, and they had told the surrounding country that we were friends. Perhaps the constant sight of transports from India to China and return had made the big white star a familiar symbol. At any rate, the Lolos who vere about to execute Sawyer recognized it, and to them it meant more than written languages and sealed orders. Such is the strangeness of this global war.

More true fiction came out of the Lolo country during the autumn. A Ferry Command pilot, Lieutenant Aronson, "lost an engine"-which means that his engine failed-on his barely made the big meadow that was South of the town of Likiang, in the hairpin loop of the Vertian, for the strafing raid of Series the stra in the hairpin loop of the Yangtse. After several days we went in there to look the improvised landing-field over, in the acpe that we could fly another transport to him with a good

"We now have just the bait we need." I said. "Lieutenant Elias, I want you to borrow that Fleet from the Chinese. I know a trick to make the Japs lose lots of 'face' and airplanes.

ficer. We looked the little ship over

Elias had laid down his Operations reports and was listening at-tentively. "This ought to get you promoted," I went on. "Now you get that plane and service it tonight, then early in the morning you take off for Hankow. Alison, Baumler, and I will be along later and will arrive over the Jap city before you do." Elias was looking at me in wonder. "Then, when you get there, fy over the enemy airport at thirty-five hundred feet—that'll keep you just above their small-calibre fire and they can't shoot accurately that low with the big stuff. Over the field

you fly with one wing low, kind of skidding, cutting your switch on and off so the Japs will think you're either wounded or over there with a bad engine." Elias was trying to figure out

whether I was serious or not. Then I added: "We'll be up there in the sun, and as fast as the Zeros come up for you, we'll knock them down. After all, Elias, if they get you, a Fleet isn't worth much."

But by now Lieutenant Elias was walking out and calling over his shoulder: "No sir, Colonel, I just want to be a plain pilot—I don't want to be no ball of fire." Well, we saw the value of Elias battle around Hunan he tailed to re-turn from the strafing raid of Sep-tember 2, 1942. We had taken six-teen P-40's back to Hengyang when we had gotten them in shape to fight, had landed there just about dark to surprise the Japs. That's the

ing shots from the beam. We were so low that we were actually shoot-ing up at the decks of the boats. I saw many human heads above the water as the Japs tried to swim from the boats, and I fired at them. Those bullets ricocheted from the water into the steel side of the gunboat and went on through. As my range would reach the "sweet spot" of some 287 yards, where the six lines of tracers and armor-piercing Fifties converged, it would Fifties converged, it would appear as though an orange-colored hole the size of a flour barrel was being burned into the side of the Jap ves sel at the water-line.

We S-ed along the ten-ship line and shot at them all from both sides. On the second pass, two of the vessels were listing, and others were smoking. On the fourth attack, sev-en out of the ten were smoking and burning and some of these were on the bottom with their masts barely out of water. Photographs taken later from an observation plane showed that seven had sunk im nedi ately in the strait, and that the other three had sunk within a thousand yards of the battle area.

I was so happy, so excited and eager, that I tried to be glamorous that morning. After the fourth attack I had called to re-form and head for the rendezvous point to the Southwest. But as the ships left the target, I saw something I had to go target, I saw something I had to go back for. It was a Japanese flag, waving defiantly from the mast of one of the sunken gunboats. For-getting caution, and with the other seven planes speeding away to the rendezvous point, I dove to strate the flag in a gesture of hats. (TO BE CONTINUED)

passion upon the blind and the lame. Folk who think that Christ has no message but love need to look on Him as He cleanses the temple. On the other hand, those who think that He has no word but judgment need to behold Him as He stands in the midst of the overturned tables and debris and heals the needy.

1. "Jesus Cast Out . . . and Over-threw" (vv. 12, 13). He knew where to begin to cleanse the city. He started in the temple. Absolutely right is the man who suggested that the place to start to clean up a city is not in the slums but in the churches.

You will not be ready to clean out the tavern or that other low place where the gang hangs out in your town until you have cleaned out the church if sin is being harbored there.

The same is true of the individual. A regenerated heart will bring a reformed life, not vice versa. You can live only after you have been born.

"He Healed Them" (v. 14). The 2. very hands which had just over-thrown the tables and cast out the money-changers now gently touched the lame and the blind with healing. The eyes which had blazed with holy indignation now shone with love and compassion. The scene of judgment and chars became the house of prayer and of answered prayer. On the very spot where one man had received condemnation, another re-ceived healing.

Each one received that which He ought by his own attitude and action. How will you, my dear reader, meet Jesus-as your Judge or as your Sa-viour? You must make the choice. Choose Crist today.

hbors took me and we walked and walked. Then I lost them and went with a man on a boat. He brought me to this city."

father and mother were lying there

but they couldn't speak to me. Some

his voice faltered "-my

When they reached their com-pound the child went in with them.

"Where did you come from?" queried the amah.

The serving woman turned to her mistress. "He has no home," she said, "may I feed him?" "If you wish," Lydia replied in-differently. Her mind was fixed on a plan. She intended to leave this country and go to America.

One day she paused outside the room she had fitted as a nursery. She had an impulse to bid goodbye to the dear wee clothes and the dainty belongings. Slowly she turned the key and went inside, too ed in her memories to notice engross that Truly Bright was behind her. He stood still, his eyes roaming

from the lace-trimmed bassinet to the baby carriage.

He saw the mistress touch a small fannel garment and gently lift a silken coverlet. Suddenly a delight-ful thought came to him and he hur-ried away on slippered feet as noiseleasly as he had come. Presently he returned, his face aglow, a small bamboo basket in his hand. "For the new baby," he said happily. It was as if scales had fallen from

before Lydia's eyes, permitting her to see clearly for the first time in months. 'Her selfish absorption in her sorrow had poisoned the air around her and had caused her to forget her duty and her love for her husband. She took the basket and tears rolled down her cheeks as she looked at the contents. "Perhaps' she whispered brokenly "-perhaps

In the woven nest were three eggs crudely colored red. Red eggs for

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