

The story thus far: After graduating from West Point as a second lientenant Robert Scott wins his wings at Kelly Field and takes up pursuit flying. When the war breaks out he is an instructor in California and told he is toe old for comhat flying. He appeals to several Generals for a chance to fly a comhat plane and finally the opportunity comes. He dies a bomber to India, where he hecemes a ferry pilot, but this does not appeal to him. He visits General Chennault and is promised a Kittyhawk, and when he gets if he becomes a "one man air force" ever Burma, doing much damage to the Japs on many a lone mission. One day he gets orders to report to Gen. Chennault in Kunming.

## CHAPTER XV

These were led by five of the best men of the AVG, and there was one great ace-in-the-hole that only the General and the AVG could have arranged: Two squadrons of these Flying Tigers had agreed to stay behind for a two weeks behind for a two weeks' period to help the newly formed 23rd Fighter Group. I think this gesture by those men such as Bob Neal, Charley Bond, George T. Burgard, Frank Lawlor, John E. Petack, Jim Howard, and others who were suffering from combat fatigue and ill health, was one of the brayest and most self-sacrificing incidents of this war. In the two weeks that they remained, two of them gave their lives, and their sacrifice was beyond the call of mere duty. These men, with those five who stayed with us to lead our squadrons — Hill, Rector, Schiel, Bright and Sawyer—and the AVG radio, engineering, armament, and ground personnel, were our backbone and our inspiration. We of the 23rd Fighter Group salute you. That Fourth of July, as the over-

confident enemy ships came in over Kweilin, they brought a new twinengine fighter that was supposed to murder us. They came in doing arrogant acrobatics, expecting to strafe the Chinese civilians in the chennault watched them with field glasses from outside the cave and glasses from outside the cave and called directions to Bob Neal, Ed. Rector, and Tex Hill, who were sitting with their ships "in the sun" high overhead, at twenty-one thousand. At his radio order of "Take "em," the newly formed 23rd with the AVE attached dropped down and massacred the Jans. There were massacred the Japs. There were soon thirteen wrecked Zeros and new twin-engined I-45's around the field for the Chinese to celebrate over.

Thus was the 23rd Fighter Group organized, initiated, and activated in combat. When I took over things at Kunming there were three fighter squadrons and one headquarters squadron. Major Tex Hill had one squadron at Hengyang, China, and with him were such deputy leaders as Maj. Gil Bright, Maj. Johnny Alison, and Capt. Ajax Baumler, Maj. Ed Rector had another squad-ton at Kweilin with Capt. Charlie Sawyer for his assistant in leadership. These outlying stations are about five hundred miles in the direction of Japan from our head-quarters on the plateau of Yunnan at Kunming. The third unit was the squadron under Maj. Frank Schiel, who was very busy training the most junior members of this new fighter group in the way of fighter aviation. I got the Group headquarters to running and stood by for orders to begin leading the fighter forces in action to the East. On July 10, Tex Hill led a small

flight, including Baumler, Alison, Lieut. Lee Minor, and Lieut. Elias, up on the Yangtse. Their prime job was to escort a few B-25 medium bombers against the docks of Hankow. This objective of mission with our China force was nevof our fighters, for if any other tar-get presented itself after the bombers were on the way home, we'd have some fun. Tex Hill led his flight along with the bombers, who were led by Col. C. V. Haynes. After the bombs had been released and the B-25's were heading back for base with their bomb-bay doors closed, Tex called for an attack by the fighters on the enemy shipping

in the river.

One of the bomber pilots said that Tex rolled his ship over from sixteen thousand feet and strenked down for the Jap gunboats below. The little gunboats were shooting everything they had at the American fighters-but that, I've learned since, was what Hill liked. Tex Hill's guns were firing even as he they swept the decks of the enemy The bomber pilot said that as the fighter ships would turn low to the water and come in each concentrating on one of the little Jap warships, he could see the six lines of fifty-calibre tracers cutting across the water. At long range they seemed to meet out in front of the fighter and then fan out and cover the deck of the target. Then, as the speed of the fighter narrowed the range, the point where the fire crossed—the zero or convergence point of the guns—was right at the waterline of the Jap boat, and it sust have knocked in a hole that rippled the boat right away. On the second attack one of these gun-coats was sinking and on fire. Hill's

tle metal gunboats. Next day, on another flight such

four fighters sank all four of the lit-

bombing Nanchang. While these four went down with their bombs, Hill was to stay aloft with the other four to act as top-cover—just in case some Zeros tried to surprise the dive-bombers. Ajax Baumler said that he saw the whole thing: Johnny Petack dove for his target, one of the gunboats on the lake, but as his bomb hit the beat the P.4 was easier. bomb hit the boat the P-40 was seen to explode, evidently hit by ground-fire. Ajax followed the burning ship almost to the ground and saw it strike in a rice paddy near a Bud-

So Petack, one of the AVG who had stayed for the extra two weeks, was killed in action. It's peculiar how a man could fight all through those last nine months and then go down from a lucky anti-aircraft shot. John Petack had remained for the purpose of training the new pilots and his job was that of airdrome defense. He was killed on this ofdefense. He was killed on this of-fensive mission. It was one that he could have refused with honor; in-stead, he had volunteered for this dive-bombing flight and had been killed in carrying it out. It was the most inspiring thing he could have

I kept sweating out the organization of the Group, and finally on July 17, I received orders from the General to proceed to Kweilin area and take charge of fighter operations. I know my heart nearly beat my ribs to pieces, for I was at last being ordered to go out and lead the fight-ing. Just as I landed on this airdrome in the Kwansi province I saw the remainder of the AVG get



Major Ed Rector, AVG ace and squadron commanding officer, who took heavy toll of the Japs.

into a transport to begin their long trip home to the U. S. A. They called to me as they got aboard and I saw Bob Neal, their greatest ace, wave from the door as he stepped in. We were on our own now, except for the five AVG veterans who had accepted induction in China, and the thirty-odd ground-

As the transport got away and the dust settled down, I climbed out of my fighter and looked around at the country. I could but marvel at the geographical situation. Colonel Cooper and I-Cooper had been in the movie production business—used to discuss the peculiar beauty of the place, and he'd say that it would make the greatest location in the

world for a moving picture.

It was a flat, tableland country, and over the ages it must have and over the ages it must have been under water. From the level plain rose vertical, rocky hills, like stalagmites. These were honey-combed with caves where water, when they were submerged, must have dissolved the limestone that had been in the pockets. Evidently the glacier period had planed the valley flat as the glacier moved South, but the jagged rocks had withstood the pressure. Then, as the glacier melted, the caves had formed under water. Now the gray pinnacles of lava-like rock pointed straight towards the heavens. These one-thousand- to two-thousand-foot sentinels gave the valley an eery ap-pearance that always subdued my general feeling of cheerfulness. As long as I went to Kweilin, I dreaded the extra nervous tension that I knew it would produce. Add to this a summer temperature of over 100 degrees, a humidity of almost 100 per cent, and a fine powdery dust that gagged you, and you can real-ize that Kweilin was not a summer

There was just the single runway for the planes, cut there between those silent needles of stone. We had operations office in one of the natural caves, and the radio set in another. As I climbed out of my

P-40, I could see neither.

Here in Kweilin I first had explained to me the air-raid warning system on which we depended. It was of course a working dream that General Chennault had developed. Many times it has saved our fighter force in China, and without it our chances there against the Japanese

would have been hopeless.

It seems that the General had always known that Japan was our natural enemy. When he was re-tired from the Air Corps, instead of staying on his farm in Waterproof, Louisians, for the rest of his life Next day, on another flight such and living an easy life shooting as this one, Hill led eight fighters, ducks and fishing, he had gone to four with wing bombs, for dive-

ence, he had told his story to the Generalissimo. With the approval of high Chinese officials he had built this air-warning net, had caused to be constructed many strategic air-dromes in China, and had preached the doctrine of pursuit aviation.

The warning net is of course se-cret and cannot be discussed in de-tail. But if you imagine two contail. But if you imagine two concentric circles, one with a radius of one hundred kilometers and the other of two hundred kilometers, around each of most of the fields and large cities in Free China, you have a general picture. In these circles are thousands of reporting stations—some within the enemy lines, some right on the enemy fields themselves. There may be a coolie sitting on a city wall watching for airplanes or listening for engine noise and reporting it with a visual signal. There may be a mandarin in a watch tower; a soldier in a field with a tower; a soldier in a field with a walkie-talkie radio. All reports finally get in to the outer circle, where some of the information is refiltered, and finally it goes to the plottered, and finally it goes to the plot-ting-board in our cave or opera-tions shack. There Chinese inter-preters get the reports and move little pin flags along the map of China—and we know where every enemy ship is in our territory and can see where ours are. The net works so efficiently in certain areas that we don't take off until the Japs are within the one-hundredkilometer circle; this gives us more fuel with which to fight.

When the Japs come we know at what altitude they are approaching and from exactly what direction. We know their speed and their num-bers. It's kind of a joke, too, that in several places we know when the Japanese roll their ships from their saparates for their saps from their hangars or revetments, when they start their engines, and when they take off. Also it not only works for the obvious purpose of defense but has permitted us in many cases to locate lost pilots, for the navigation facilities in China are not the world's best.

Of course the locating of lost friendly ships took another element besides the warning net. It required the existence of intelligent radio operators who knew the country and had common sense. These men, like Richardson, Mihalko, Miller, and Sasser, with others, stayed out there with us, and if you count the AVG aces as the first factor that permitted us to carry on in a man-ner that didn't discredit the Flying Tigers, then these men who helped us by radio were the close second

Suppose that one of our pilots, returning from a flight, loses his position on his map because of a cross-wind, because of unfamiliarity with wind, because of uniaminarity with the country, because of his own stu-pldity—which we call a "short cir-cuit between the head-phones"—or just because the maps of China are very inaccurate. In many such in-stances we would have lost an air-plane worth virtually millions in our combat zone, and perhaps the pilot too.

The pilot who is lost calls the ra dio station that he thinks is closest to him, and in code tells the trouble. The radioman tells him to circle the next town he passes for a few minutes. Down in that town marked on his map with an unknown Chinese character, some member of this warning net sees him and reports one P-40 circling. In a few minutes the radio operator gets the report and tells the pilot: "You're reported over Lufeng-fly fifty-eight degrees at two hundred miles an hour and we'll have supper ready— we've got grits tonight—yeah."

One amusing but near-tragic instance of this orientation by means of the air-warning net happened about the time the AVG induction board came to China. Another fighter group commander had waited for several days over in India to come into China with a large flight of P-40E I's. He finally came over on a transport and eventually got tired of waiting for the fighters. He didn't know that the weather was very bad in Burma, and that the mon soon winds from the South could take them so far off course in a few minutes that the entire flight might easily get lost.

After a long wait he came back to Assam in the transport and led his pilots towards Kunming. First of all, he corrected too much for the southerly wind, and in a very short time he was fifty miles South of his course and near two Japanese fields. His unbashful deputy leaders herded him to the North. And then the monsoon wind from out the Indian Ocean began to work on his navigation, and in another hour he was lost far to the North of the course. Night was falling, and the hills of North China were rising

threateningly.

Then the net, if it hadn't justified its existence long before, would have begun to pay for itself. The leader called Kunming, and the operator there, a tough old former Navy man, there, a tough old former Navy man, heard him and gave the instructions: "Circle the first town you see." The group commander began to argue at once—said he didn't have enough gas to waste circling; but the AVG radio-man talked him but the AVG radio-man talked niminto doing it. Then the net report-into doing it. Then the net report-into and Kunming operator said, "You're over Yangpi—fly 240 degrees for twenty minutes and you'll see the lake Kunming is on."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## IMPROVED' UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL CUNDAY JCHOOL Lesson

BY HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D. Of The Moody Rible Institute of Chies Released by Western Newspaper Union

Lesson for February 18

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TREASURES OF THE KINGDOM

LESSON TEXT-Matthew 13:44-46; 14:18-21.

GOLDEN TEXT-Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.—James 1:17.

Hidden treasure!—there is some-Hidden treasure!—there is something about it that catches our imaginations and stirs our expectancy of discovering great riches. Men are constantly going on expeditions to seek out lost treasure. Others are engaged in study and research to bring out new treasures in nature or in the realm of learning or art. Why not stir up a little excitement about the unbelievably rich treasures which are hid in Christ and in the life of faith in Him? It is not hidden, except to the eye of

is not hidden, except to the eye of unbelief, but it is greatly neglected and all but forgotten by many.

The Scripture portions assigned for our lesson are not as well adapted to it as one could wish, but we may make good use of them. We learn here:

I. The Cost of Redemption (13:44-

Undoubtedly the lesson committee had in mind the usual interpretation of these parables, which presents the sinner as the one seeking the treasure and giving up all that he

may have Christ.

While it is true that our redemption is worth more than anything else in all the world and that the Christian would gladly set aside (or would he?) everything for Christ's sake, yet that does not fulfill the thought of this parable. After all, what has a sinner (whose own righteousness is described in Scripture as "filthy rags") to sell in order to obtain redemption? And is it for sale? (See Eph. 2:8).

Obviously, we here have the Sa-viour with His all-seeing eye and loving heart noting in fallen humanity the pearl of great price, His own Church. He then gives up all the glory He had with the Father, comes to the earth, and even becomes sin for us that He may bring

Salvation in Christ is no little thing, not something which was pur-chased with gold or silver, but with the precious blood of Christ. We ought to value it highly, and be-cause we are bought with such a price we ought always to glorify God (I Cor. 6:28).

II. The Heart of Compassion (14: 13-16).

The One who was willing to die that men might have eternal life was not unmindful of their need of His mercy and grace for their daily problems. Jesus not only died that we might have redemption from sin, but He lived (yes, and lives now!) with tender-hearted com-

passion toward those in need. He who is the living Bread was not willing that men should hunger for their daily bread. The disciples saw only one solution—to send them away, but Jesus said, "They need not depart."

One is fearful that the church has

been all too quick about sending the needy away to some social agency or community charity, when it should have won their confidence by its compassion, and then brought them to Christ.

Little is much when God is in it,

and by the divine touch of Jesus the multitude was fed. Could we not only use the little we have, with His blessing, for the help of our fellow men? III. The Miracle of Provision (14:

17-21).

We pray, "Give us this day our daily bread," and it is only as God provides it that we have it. He gives life to the seed, and multiplies it in rich harvest, and we eat, we trust, with thankful hearts.

That is a miracle—so oft repeated that we have lost a bit of the wonder and glory of it. Here in the story of the feeding of the five thousand and more (v. 21) with five loaves and two fishes, we have such a mira-cle of provision taking the little and

making it enough for the multitude.
The Lord may not work in exactly the same way today, but do not God's servants see Him multiply their meager store as they give it out in His name? That is true whether the gift be of material or spiritual things. God can and does bless those who trust Him. Letting what we have pass through the hands of Christ results in transfor-

mation and multiplication. Try it!

Men and women are value-conscious in our day. While money is plentiful, goods of real quality are scarce, and one must look for that which has durability and worth. The treasures which Christ offers are enduring. He says, "Lay up for your-selves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal" (Matt. 6:20).

By contrast, "the things Satan of-fers are temporary. In a few years most earthly honors and wealth must be laid aside. But the treasures of the kingdom are treasures which God intends that we should



THE NAZI OLYMPICS

("The German minister of propa-ganda declared that the German idea of a good world was one where the Olympic games provided the only conflict among men." — News Item.)

100 yard dash-All Nazis to get a ead start of 99 yards. 200 yard dash—For pure blondes

Quarter mile relay-Germans of pure strain to have wind at backs.

Half mile relay—Open to disgruntled paperhangers, postcard painters and revengeful corporals

High jump-All contestants other than Germans must concede that the Germans, however high they may jump, have really jumped two feet higher: Pele vault—Herrinvolk to have

first choice of poles. No figures to be official until passed on by a committee made up exclusively of Prussian military officers. (Note. No poles to be permitted for Jews, Negroes, English or American pole vaulters.) vaulters.)

Javelin hurling—Javelins for use by Germans to be of special de-sign. Practice in streets crowded with little children to be compul-

Discus throw-All contestants other than Germans to throw left-hand-

et using sidewheel delivery.

Running broad jump—Germans
to jump down hill with Gestapo at
backs. (Anybody jumping higher or farther than a German to be dis-qualified for impertinence.) Shot put—This event to be limited

to contestants named Fritz, Adolf, Heinrich or Otto.

Marathon—All contestants other than those officially approved by Berlin committee on sportsmanship to wear pig lead in running shoes. ecial watches to be used to time

German runners.
Hurdie Baces—Those of pure German bloodlines may compete at any time they may wish; others must compete immediately after a full meal.

Swimming Events Fifty yard dash-Outboard motors

for Nazis compulsory.

100 yards—Nazis to swim in regu-

lar tanks; other nationalities swim in hot oil.

swim in hot oil.

Under water swim—(All contestants other than pure Germans will come up at their peril.)

Water pole events—Opponents of Nazis to swim on backs. German players to consider spiked shoes as proper equipment. proper equipment.

The laying of mine fields on all tracks after Germans have concluded their part in the event shall be legal.

be legal.

All cups given as prizes may have booby traps attached. No further notice of this shall be necessary.

Experiments with new jet bombs and other horror weapons shall be conducted on all parts of the field expert when Germans are competexcept when Germans are compet-All cash prizes shall be paid in

wooden money.

YE GOODE OLDE FILMS

Once in a while an old film is re-shown, and it is surprising how often they seem far ahead of the later ones in humor, drama and general interest! Such a picture is "If I Had a Million," first shown over a decade ago, relating, with gorgeous fun, what a half dozen ordinary people do when they are left a million by a gooney millionaire. We have seen few fumiler pictures We have seen few funnier pictures since and lost no time making for the theater that was showing it again.

What a bunch of stars in one comedy! Charles Laughten, W. C. Fields, Charles Ruggles, the late Richard Bennett, Jack Oakle, George Raft, Gary Cooper, May Robson and a half dozen others! There has never been a more side-splitting episode in pictures than the one where Fields, his brand new car just wreeked by a careless driver, buys a flock of cars with his sud-denly acquired dough and devotes the day to smashing into roadhogs. \_\_\_

Incidentally, Gary Cooper and George Raft, not then famous, were just attracting attention at the time, and it was Charlie Laughton's first American picture bit

> Do You Remember Away Back When-

The envelopes fitted the stationery? You could count on seeing the same bartender?
You could remember the name of the cigarette you're smoking?

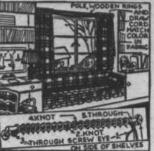
It Helps
Fifteen thousand dollars was paid at auction the other night for a Frans Hals painting "Portrait of a Laughing Boy." It goes to show what it means to have anybody around the house who seems to feel pleasant these days.

"Muddled Meat Crisis Grows"-

Muddled meat? That's a new name for modern hamburgers, we

## Making That Problem Window Fit Perfectly Into the Room Setting

By Ruth Wyeth Spears



THE smart plaid curtains shown herewith match the window seat and several slip covers, and the wooden curtain pole, rings and draw cord match the dominant draw cord match the dominant color in the plaid repeating the color of small cushions and lamp base. The window lets in the maximum of light and you would never guess that originally it looked like a postage stamp in the middle of a blank wall. At first it seemed impossible to curtain it because

fixtures could not be screwed to metal casements or the plaster. The built-in book shelves solved that. A space a foot wide was al-lowed at each side of the window so that the curtains could hang over the wall, and the painted wooden pole was then screwed to the sides of the shelves. The diagram shows this and how the



A temperature of from 60 to 65 degrees F. is suitable for most

To prevent corks from sticking in bottles containing glue or pol-ishes, coat the cork with vaseline.

Add a bit of vinegar to the dishwater to cut the grease.

To flatten rug corners that curl and slip on the floor, cut out L-shaped pieces of cardboard, and glue to the underside of the rug at the corners.

Cover the top of your bedspring with oil cloth. This will be a good

protection for your mattress and will make it easier to turn your Use the top of a lipstick container over the ends of your curtain rods when pushing them

To rid the chimney of soot, burn potato peelings or the tops from mason jars or other bits of zinc Keep the damper open while cleaning.

through freshly starched curtains

Put a few rubber bands around the handle of your bath brush to insure a firm grip upon it.

A few drops of lemon juice gives added flavor and also helps ten-derize ground beef.

Keep your household sponges fresh by soaking them in cold salt

To prevent your piano wires from rusting, tack a small bag of unslacked lime just inside. This will absorb the moisture.

Basic English

Basic English is a system of 850 English words claimed to be sufficient for the needs of ordinary conversation and writing

draw cord was knotted so that the curtains could be pulled back and forth.

NOTE: These curtains are from the 32-page booklet "Make Your Own Curtains" which Mrs. Spears has prepared for readers. To get a copy send 15 cents with name and address direct to: forth.

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