

10¢

RAF ACES

*True Action Stories of
the Men With Wings*

SPRING
ISSUE

FLYING GUNNER
*A COMPLETE
AIR ACTION NOVEL*
by **TRACY MASON**

**MADAGASCAR
INCIDENT**
*AN EXCITING
NOVELET*
by **FRANK JOHNSON**

A THRILLING
PUBLICATION

BUY WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS
FOR VICTORY!

Rudolph
Belarshi



PRAISE THE LORD

"I TALKED WITH GOD"

and as a result of that little talk with God a strange Power came into my life. For I discovered that when a man finds the dynamic, invisible Power which is God, that man possesses a priceless heritage. Failure, fear, confusion go out of the life, and in the place of these things, there comes a sweet assurance that the Power which created the universe is at the disposal of all. And life takes on a brighter hue when the fact is fully known that at any hour of the day or night the amazing Power of Almighty God can be thrown against any and all undesirable circumstances—and they disappear.

Before I talked with God, I was perhaps the world's No. 1 failure. And then, when the future seemed hopeless indeed, I TALKED WITH GOD. And now?—well, I am president of the corporation which publishes the largest circulating afternoon newspaper in North Idaho. I own the largest office building in my home town—Moscow, Idaho, I have a wonderful home



DR. FRANK B. ROBINSON
Founder "Psychiana"
Moscow, Idaho

which has a beautiful pipe-organ in it, and I have several other holdings too. Now something very definite happened in my life, and it is this very definite thing I want you to know about. It can happen to you too.

If you will send me your name and address now, I'll send you two FREE booklets which tell you what happened to me when I talked with God. You will learn from these two booklets where I talked with

God, and what I said to God. As I say, these booklets are quite free and there is no obligation whatsoever incurred by sending for them.

BUT SEND NOW—while you are thinking about it. The address is "PSYCHIANA," Inc., Dept. 130, Moscow, Idaho. This may easily be the turning-point in your whole life. Here is the address again: "PSYCHIANA," Inc., Dept. 130, Moscow, Idaho. The prophecy mentioned below is also FREE.

★ ★ ★ THERE'S REAL POWER HERE ★ ★ ★

"Psychiana" Inc. is a non-profit religious corporation. The Movement was born in Moscow, Idaho, in 1928. It is internationally known as the largest religious Movement in the world operating entirely by mail. Our conception of God is positive and dynamic. What is happening as a result of this Teaching is often called "unbelievable." Over 150,000 unsolicited letters have been received, each telling what has been accomplished through this newly discovered Power which is the Spirit of God. The sole aim of this Movement is to bring to all men and women consciousness of the fact that the most dynamic Power on the earth today is the Power of God. This Power is very real. You may know what it can do for you. Why don't you? All preliminary and explanatory information is free. So please write us now—won't you?

Copyright 1942 "Psychiana" Inc., Moscow, Idaho.

Drink a Toast to Our Armed Forces!

NEW... EXCITINGLY DIFFERENT "DRINKING COMPANIONS"

for Readers of

THRILLING PUBLICATIONS

Patriotic . . . Unique . . . SO Different You'll Want to Take Advantage of This Coupon Offer Now While Supplies Are Still Available

Just think! A matched set of six, best-quality, big 10-ounce Victory drinking glasses, and on a coupon offer so amazing it may never be duplicated.

What makes these glasses so amazingly unusual is the full color design, different on each glass, saluting each different branch of our armed forces . . . Army, Navy, Marines, Air Corps, Coast Guard and even the Defense Worker. ALL are "toasted" and honored. There are TWO illustrations on EACH glass. We have illustrated what you see from the front. You'll get a real kick out of the back view, when you turn the glass around. In good taste for young and old.

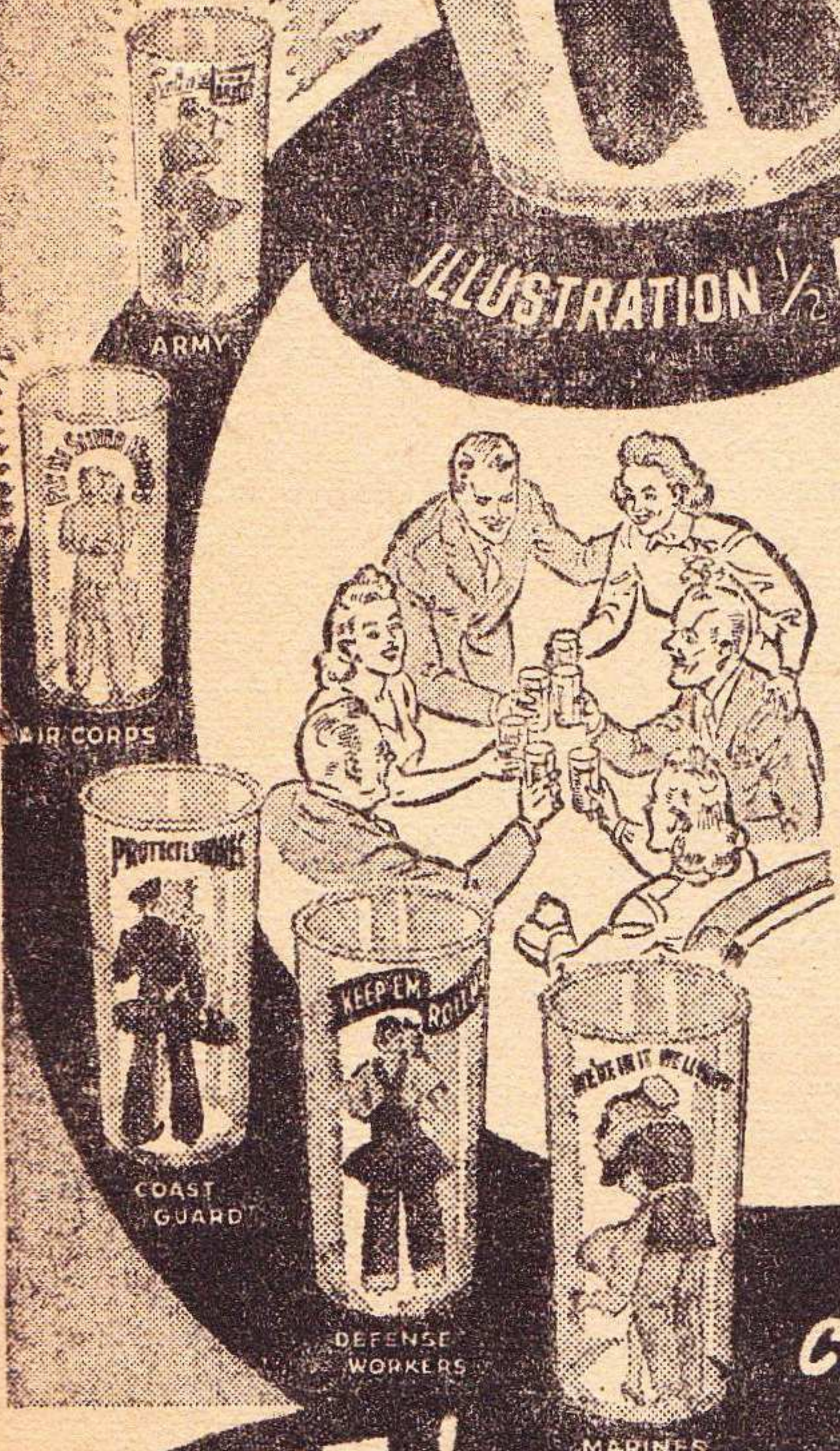
So, readers, accept this coupon offer now, while this special arrangement is on. You'll be glad you did!

IF YOU THINK YOU MUST PAY \$3, \$4, OR \$5 FOR SUCH UNUSUAL GLASSES Then You'll Be Delighted When You Read the Coupon

SEND NO MONEY JUST MAIL THE COUPON
INSPECT...USE...SHOW YOUR FRIENDS ON THIS NO-RISK OFFER

Be sure to mail your coupon today. When your set of 6 full-color Victory Glasses, toasting our armed forces, reaches you, give postman only \$1.49 plus C.O.D. postage. Consider them "on approval." See the excellent quality glass, the perfect shape. Note the safety chip-proof bevel edge. Most important, be happy with the vivid full-color illustrations, different front view and back view, toasting our armed forces. Use your set for 10 days, put them to every test. If you aren't 100% pleased beyond words, return the set and your money will be immediately refunded. Victory Glasses make every party a sure success, are ideal for everyday use, too. Timely, exclusive and such a wonderful coupon value, you'll be delighted. Readers, be the first in your set to Toast Our Armed Forces for Victory! Now, today, mail the coupon.

No-Nick
Chip-Proof
Bevel Edge
Full 10 Oz.
Ideal for Beer,
Highballs, Water
and
Every Beverage



MAIL COUPON NOW...

See for Yourself

FREE!

MATCHED COASTER SET

For prompt action in mailing the coupon, not only do you receive your set of 6 different full-color Victory Glasses at an amazing low price, but also you'll receive a set of 6 valuable and useful coasters, free of all extra charges. Don't wait. Mail coupon now.

MASON and CO., Dept. TH-1
154 E. Erie St., Chicago, Illinois

**NO-RISK
10-DAY TRIAL
OFFER**

Send me a set of 6 big 10-ounce illustrated Victory glasses and the free set of coasters. On arrival I will deposit with postman \$1.49 plus postage charges on the iron-clad guarantee that if I am not completely satisfied, I may return the set of glasses and coasters in 10 days for complete refund without question.

MONEY ENCLOSED (If money with order, glasses come postpaid.)

Name.....
(Print Plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....

SPECIAL: Send me 3 complete sets, with FREE coasters for \$3.49. (Due to the demand and our limited supply, only 3 sets may be ordered by one customer.)

TO OUR READERS: Our new format conserves critical materials—but you will find that there has been **NO REDUCTION** in the amount of reading matter per issue.

RAF ACES

VOL. 3, NO. 2 SPRING, 1943

● **Featuring an Exciting Air Action Novel**

FLYING GUNNER

By **TRACY MASON**

Torn by a Strange Fear That Threatens His Career as an Aerial Gunner, Ex-Prize Fighter Slesher Gains Battles Grimly for the Right to Join an Air Blitz Against a Jap Invasion Fleet!..... 13

● **A Complete Action Novelet**

MADAGASCAR INCIDENT

By Frank Johnson..... 47

● **Exciting Short Stories**

BEAUFIGHTER'S SECOND

By Joe Archibald..... 34

BEAST FROM THE SKY

By Robert S. Fenton..... 63

CADETS COURAGEOUS

By Don Keene..... 72

● **Special R.A.F. Features**

THUMBS UP (A Department)

Conducted by the Sergeant Pilot..... 10

THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EAGLE

A Poem by Sagittarius..... 33

MEN BEHIND THE PLANES

Amazing Stories of British Genius..... 43

THE R.A.F. IN ACTION

True Stories of the Men with Wings..... 58

YANK PLANES IN THE R.A.F.

By Sam Merwin, Jr. 69

CAN WE KNOCK OUT THE LUFTWAFFE THIS YEAR?

By Dixon Wells..... 84

THE R.A.F.'S SECOND FRONT

By Wing Commander L. V. Fraser..... 88

Also See "R.A.F. Aviation Quiz," Page 55; "As the Prop Whirls," Page 82; "Teamwork for Victory," by James M. Landis, Page 83.

GERMANY FACES DOOM

By
LORD HALIFAX

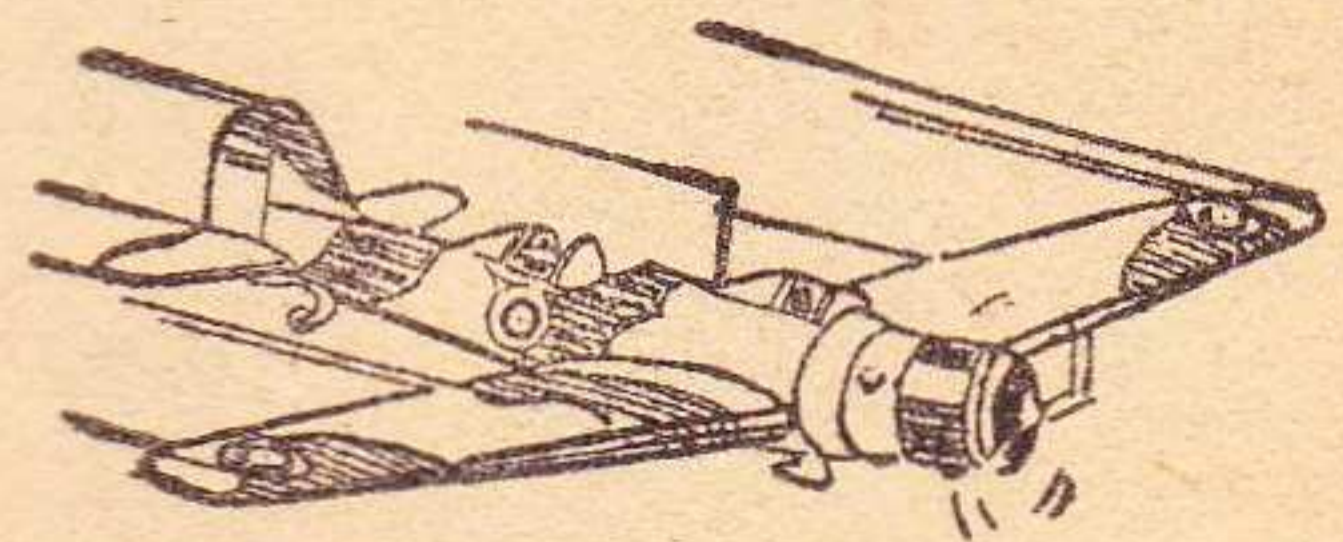
*His Britannic Majesty's
Ambassador to the
United States*

IN THE late summer of 1940, Goering flung the might of the Luftwaffe against Britain so that by blasting our air force and pulverizing our ports and aerodromes, a German invasion might become possible.

He failed. He was defeated not only by the splendid fighting qualities of our pilots, but also because, machine for machine, the Spitfire was better than the Messerschmitt. We won on design. And although war is bound to have its ups and downs as one side or the other produces a new and improved model, we can claim with confidence that in aircraft design we have fully held our own.

Since the last war, one conviction above all has possessed the German General Staff. It is that on no account must Germany be committed to a land war on two fronts. Now they see the approach of this dreaded thing, and where and how the attack will fall they can only guess. Other skeletons appear—Hamburg and Lubeck, Dusseldorf and Cologne and many others, the bombed cities of 1942 bearing a grim message to cities that will be bombed in 1943.

I think that in that spectral company the German General Staff will dine less comfortably than they had hoped. They may well conclude that one powerful factor is against them, and that is the growing strength of the United Nations.—*Lord Halifax.*



RAF ACES published quarterly and copyright 1943, by Better Publications, Inc., 10 East 40th St., New York, N. Y. N. L. Pines, President. Single copies, 10 cents. Manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes, and are submitted at the author's risk. Names of all characters used in stories and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. If the name of any living person or existing institution is used, it is a coincidence. May, 1943, Issue

Companion magazines: Air War, American Eagles, Sky Fighters, Thrilling Wonder Stories, Captain Future, Popular Western, Thrilling Mystery, Thrilling Western, Thrilling Detective, Thrilling Adventures, Thrilling Love, The Phantom Detective, Popular Detective, Thrilling Ranch Stories, Thrilling Sports, Popular Sports Magazine, Range Riders Western, Texas Rangers, Everyday Astrology, G-Men Detective, Detective Novels Magazine, Black Book Detective, Popular Love, Masked Rider Western, Rio Kid Western, The Masked Detective, Exciting Detective, Exciting Western, Exciting Love, Popular Football, Thrilling Football, Exciting Navy Stories, Army Navy Flying Stories, Exciting Mystery, Exciting Football, Rodeo Romances and West.

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.



J. E. SMITH,
President

National Radio Institute
Established 28 Years

I WILL SEND A SAMPLE LESSON FREE to PROVE I can Train You at Home in Spare Time to BE A RADIO TECHNICIAN

I Trained These Men



**\$200 a Month in
Own Business**

"For several years I have been in business for myself making around \$200 a month. Business has steadily increased. I have N. R. I. to thank for my start in this field."—ARLIE J. FROEHNER, 300 W. Texas Ave., Goose Creek, Texas.

**Lieutenant in
Signal Corps**



"I cannot divulge any information as to my type of work, but I can say that N. R. I. training is certainly coming in mighty handy these days." (Name and address omitted for military reasons.)



**\$5 to \$10 Week
in Spare Time**

"I am engaged in spare time Radio work. I average from \$5 to \$10 a week. I often wished that I had enrolled sooner because all this extra money sure does come in handy."—THEODORE K. DuBREE, Horsham, Pa.

MAIL the Coupon for a FREE lesson from my Radio Course. It shows how N. R. I. trains you for Radio at home in spare time. And with this Sample Lesson I'll send my 64-page illustrated book, WIN RICH REWARDS IN RADIO. It describes many fascinating jobs Radio offers, tells how you can train for them at home in spare time!

More Radio Technicians and Operators Now Make \$50 a Week Than Ever Before

There's a big shortage of capable Radio Technicians and Operators because so many have joined the Army and Navy. Fixing Radios pays better now than for years. With new Radios out of production, fixing old sets, which were formerly traded in, adds greatly to the normal number of servicing jobs.

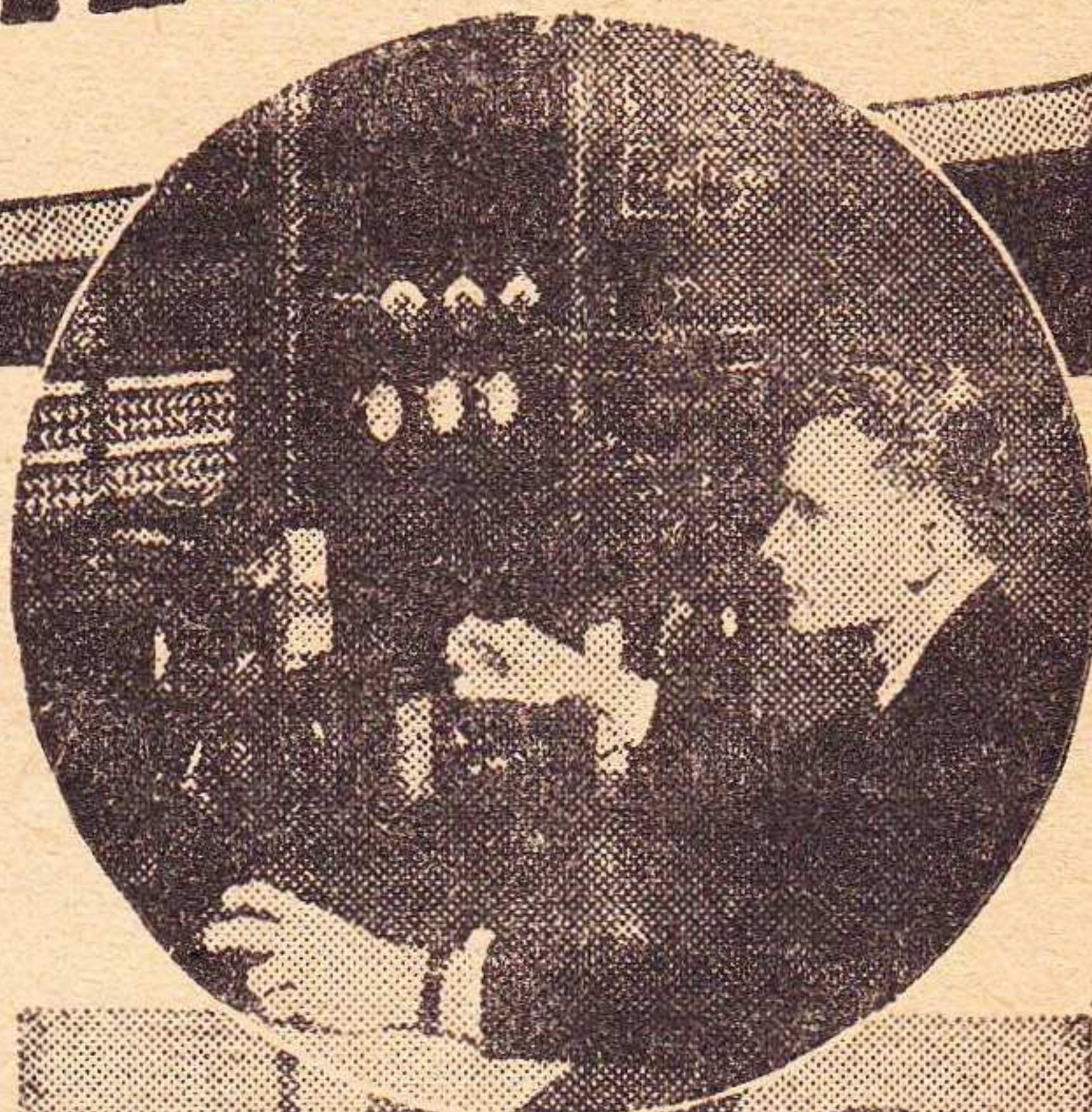
Broadcasting Stations, Aviation and Police Radio, Ship Radio and other communications branches are scrambling for Operators and Technicians to replace men who are leaving. You may never see a time again when it will be so easy to get started in this fascinating field. The Government, too, needs hundreds of competent civilian and enlisted Radio men and women. Radio factories, with huge war orders to fill, have been advertising for trained personnel. This is the sort of opportunity you shouldn't pass up.

Many Beginners Soon Make \$5, \$10 a Week Extra in Spare Time

There's probably an opportunity right in your neighborhood to make money in spare time fixing Radios. I'll give you the training that has started hundreds of N. R. I. students making \$5, \$10 a week extra within a few months after enrolling. The N. R. I. Course isn't something just prepared to take advantage of the present market for technical books and courses. It has been tried, tested, developed, perfected during the 28 years we have been teaching Radio.

Find Out What N. R. I. Can Do For YOU

MAIL COUPON NOW for FREE Sample Lesson and 64-page illustrated book. You'll see the many fascinating jobs Radio offers and how YOU can train at home. If you want to jump your pay—mail Coupon at once in an envelope or paste on a penny postal!—J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 3E09, National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.



BROADCASTING STATIONS (top illustration) employ Radio Technicians as operators, installation, maintenance men and in other fascinating, steady, well-paying technical jobs. FIXING RADIO SETS (bottom illustration), a booming field today, pays many Radio Technicians \$50 a week. Others hold their regular jobs and make \$5 to \$10 a week extra fixing Radios in spare time.

Mail Coupon Now!



TRAINING MEN FOR VITAL RADIO JOBS

This FREE BOOK has Helped Hundreds of Men to Make More Money

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 3E09
NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE, Washington, D. C.

Mail me FREE, without obligation, Sample Lesson and 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." (No Salesman will call. Write plainly.)

Name Age.....

Address

City State..... 4FR-2

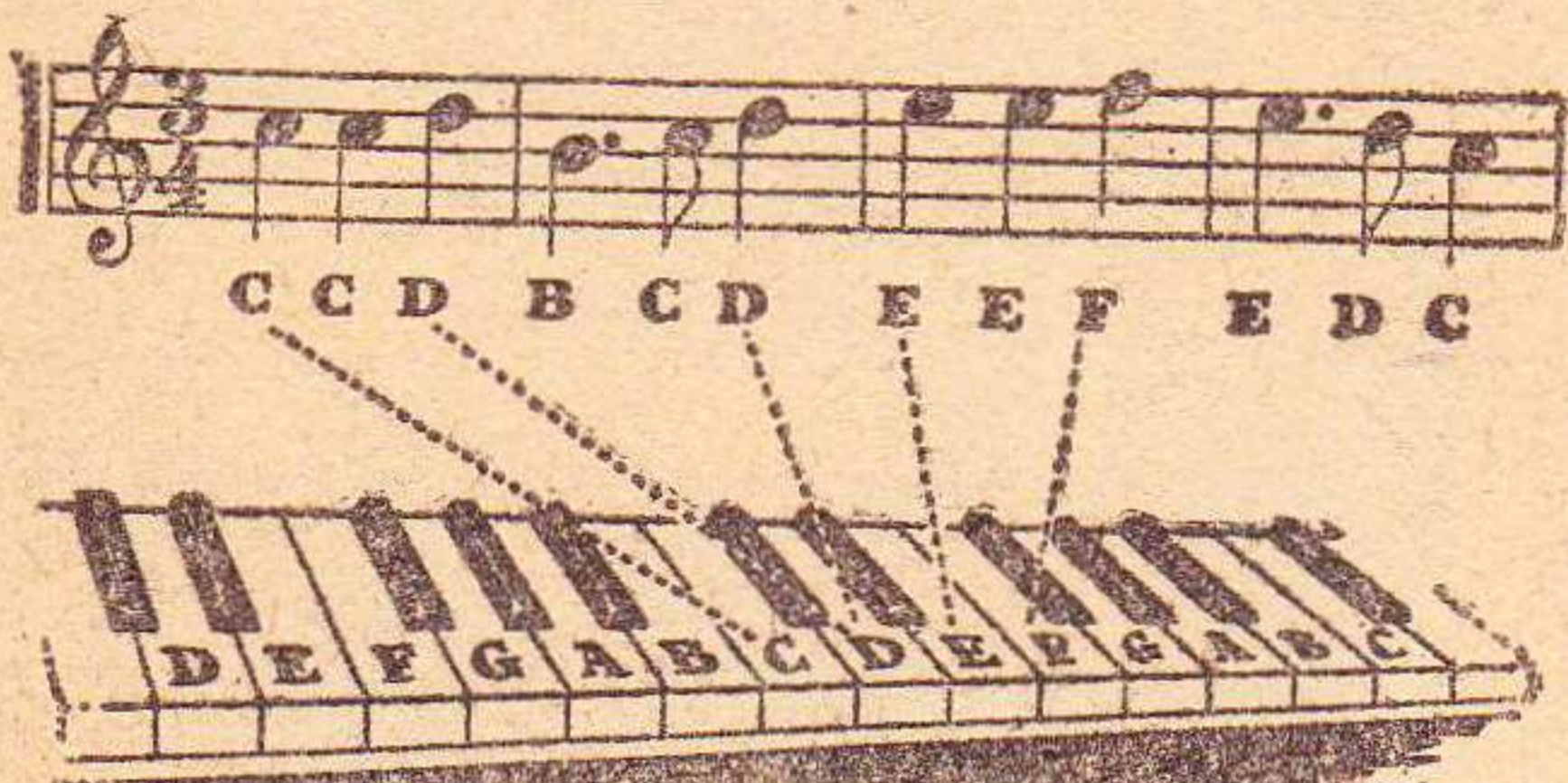
**Extra Pay
in Army,
Navy, Too**



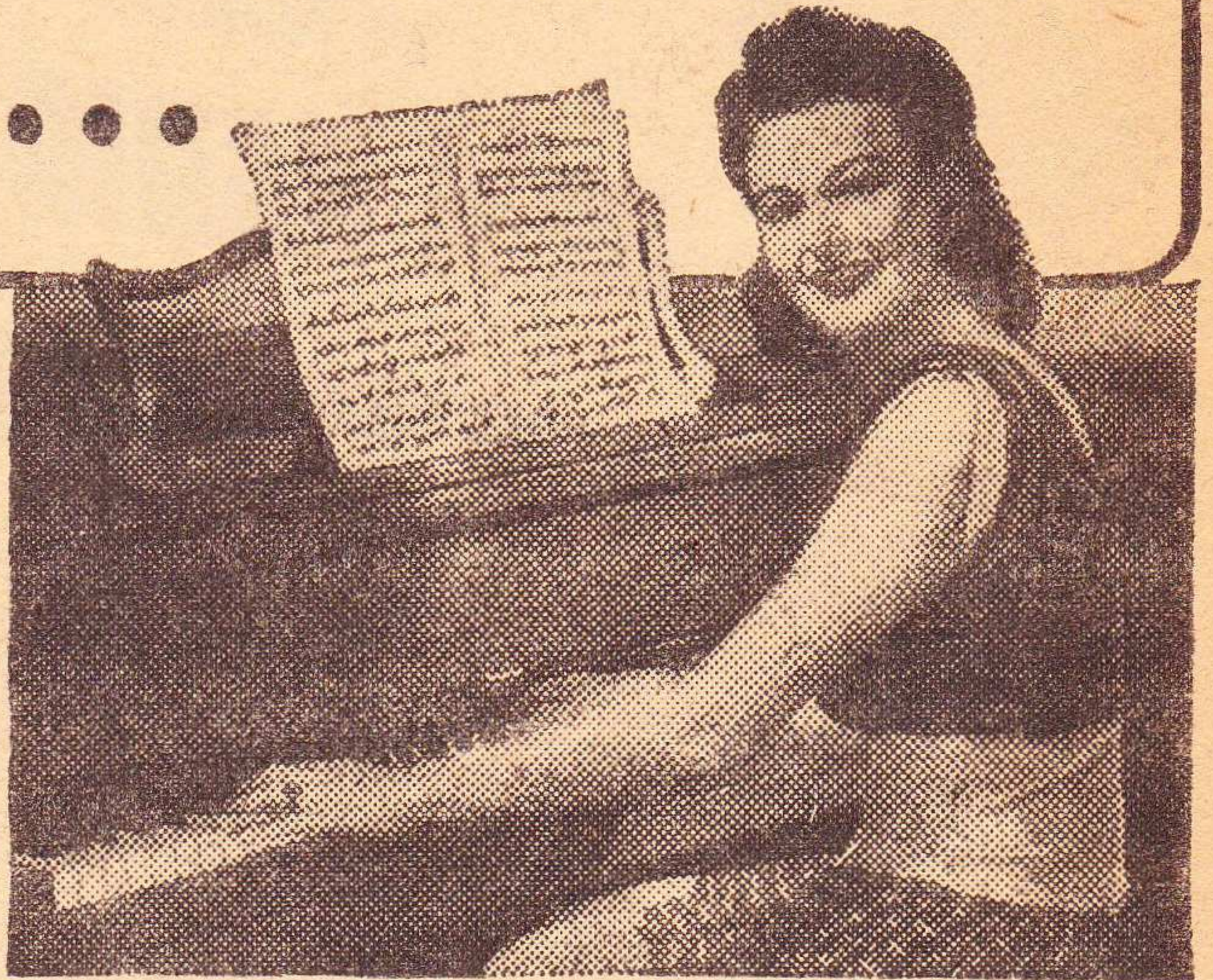
Men likely to go into military service, soldiers, sailors, marines, should mail the Coupon Now! Learning Radio helps Service men get extra rank, extra prestige, more interesting duties, MUCH HIGHER PAY. Also prepares for good Radio jobs after service ends. Over 1,700 Service men now enrolled.

To those who think LEARNING MUSIC is hard...

MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE,
SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY



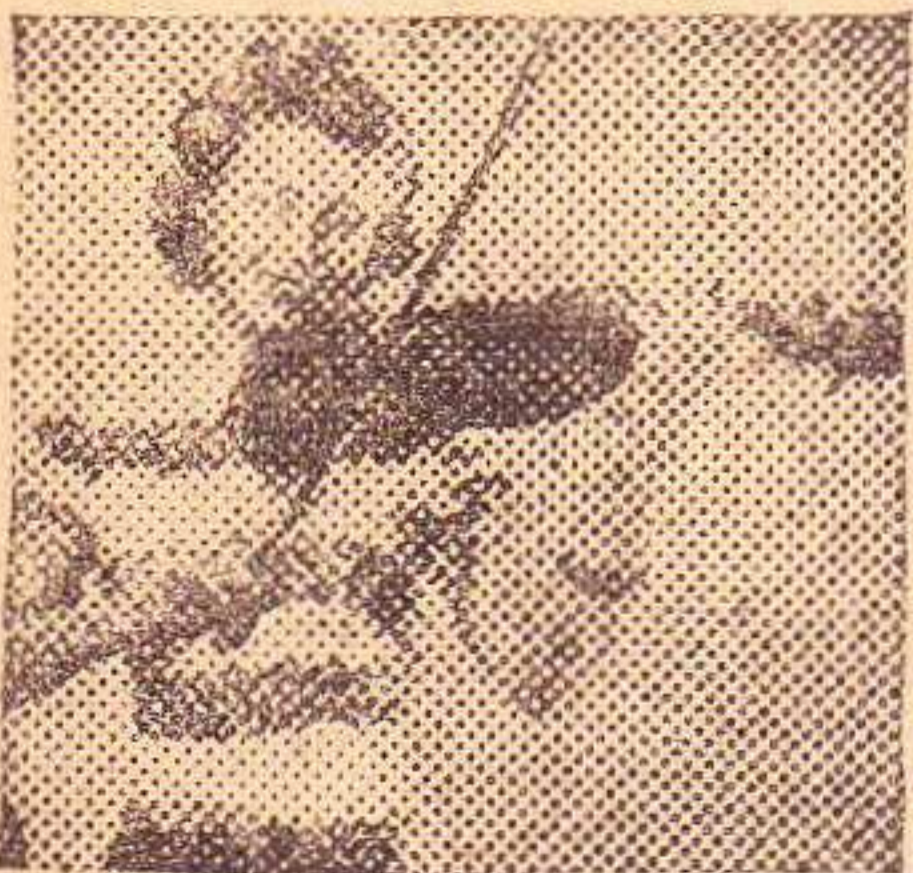
Strike these notes and you're playing
"America". TRY IT — IT'S FUN



Enrolling for 3rd Course

I learned more from your course than many of my friends who studied under private teachers have for years. The fact that I've already taken 2 courses and am now enrolling for a third should speak for itself.

* F.A.S., Indiana



Plays from Start

Your advertisements are true to the letter. I can actually play my favorite instrument even though I'm only at the beginning. How can I ever express my joyful gratitude.

* F.R.O., Illinois

* Actual names on request.
Pictures by Professional Models.

Easy as A·B·C this print and picture way

● Perhaps you think learning music is a tedious grind. It isn't any longer! Long hours of practicing humdrum scales and hard-work exercises are over and done with.

You have no excuses... no alibis whatsoever for not getting started toward musical good times *now!* For, through a new, easy, pleasant method, you can now learn to play right at home — without a private teacher — for only a few cents a day.

Learn to Play by Playing

The lessons come to you by mail from the famous U. S. School of Music... complete instructions, large, clear diagrams and all the music you need. You study with a smile. You learn to play by playing real tunes by note. And it's all so easy to understand. First you are *told* how to do a thing. Then a picture *shows* you how. Then *you* do it yourself and *hear* it.

If you're tired of just looking on at parties — if you've envied those who could en-

ertain others — if learning music has always been a never-to-come-true dream — let this time-tested home-study method come to your rescue.

Over 700,000 people have studied music this modern, easy as ABC way. And remember, no matter what instrument you choose, the cost will average only a few cents a day.

Our illustrated Free Booklet fully explains this remarkable course. It shows how you can learn to play quickly, and for a mere fraction of the cost of old, slow methods. So decide which instrument you want to play and mail the coupon today. The fascinating Free Booklet will be sent to you at once together with a "Print and Picture" Sample. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 2945 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

FREE! PRINT AND PICTURE SAMPLE AND ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET

U. S. School of Music, 2945 Brunswick Bldg., N. Y. City
Please send me Free Booklet and Print and Picture Sample.
I would like to play instrument checked below.

(Do you have instrument.....)

Piano	Accordion	Trumpet	Practical Finger
Guitar	Mandolin	Reed Organ	Control, or any
Violin	Saxophone	Tenor Banjo	Other Instrument

Name
(Please Print)

Street

City State

Note! If you are under 16 yrs. of age, parent must sign coupon.

Save 2¢ — Stick Coupon on penny postcard

BILL, YOU SURE HAVE A SWELL BUILD! DID YOU TRAIN FOR A LONG TIME?

ABSOLUTELY NOT! THE ATLAS DYNAMIC TENSION SYSTEM MAKES MUSCLES GROW FAST!

Here's the Kind of MEN I Build!

Charles Atlas

An actual untouched photo of Charles Atlas, holder of the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."



Will You Let Me PROVE I Can Make YOU a New Man?

I DON'T care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps — yes, on each arm — in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day — right in your own home — is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new, beautiful suit of muscle!

What's My Secret?

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens — my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own

God-given body — watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

Only 15 Minutes a Day

My method — "Dynamic Tension" — will turn the trick for you. No theory — every exercise is practical. And, man, so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day — walking, bending over, etc. — to BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY.

FREE BOOK "Everlasting Health and Strength"

In it I talk to you in straight-from-the-shoulder language. Packed with inspirational pictures of myself and pupils — fellows who became NEW MEN in strength, my way. Let me show you what I helped THEM do. See what I can do for YOU! For a real thrill, send for this book today. AT ONCE. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 775, 115 East 23rd New York, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 775, 115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me — give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

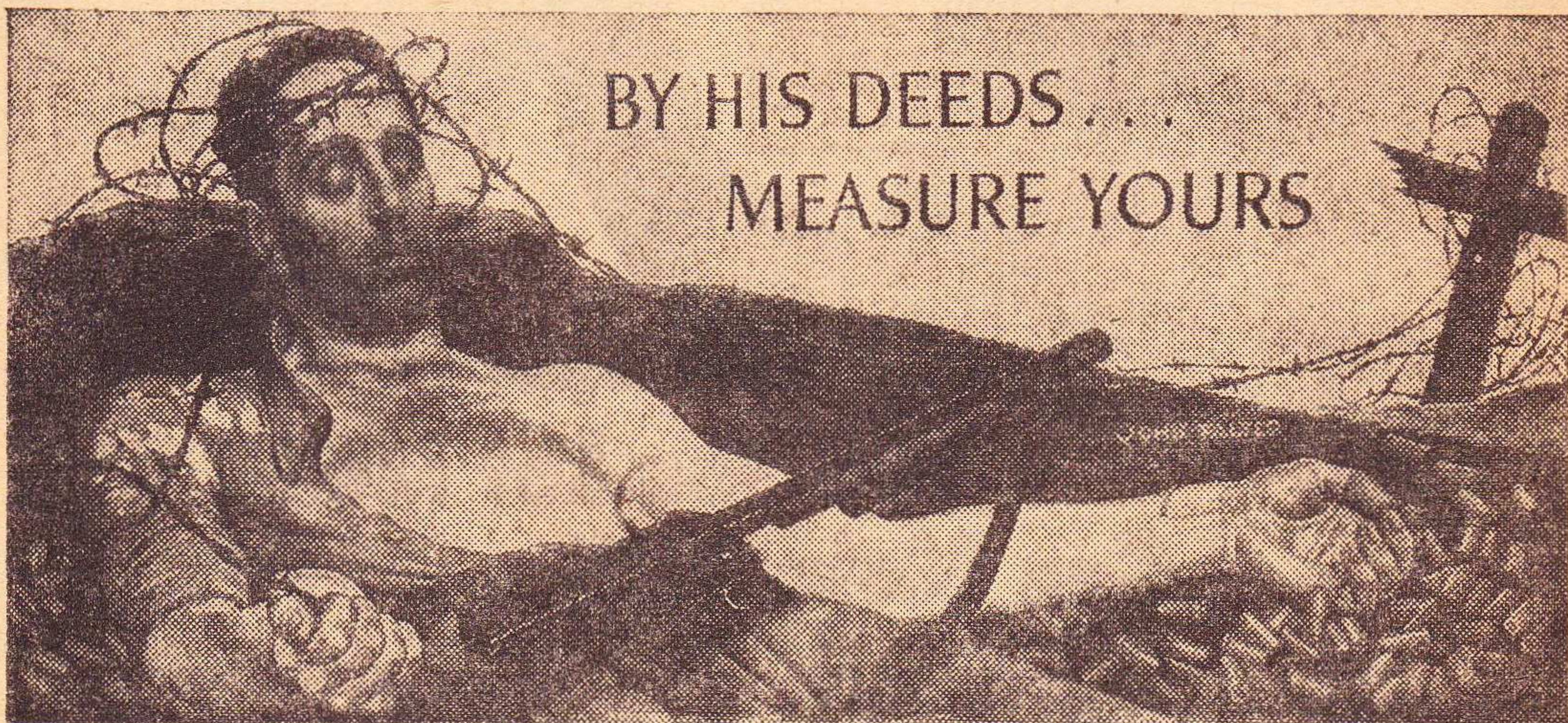
Name (Please print or write plainly.)

Address

City State

Check here if under 16 for Booklet A.

IT is not pleasant to have your peaceful life upset by wartime needs and restrictions and activities.... It is not pleasant to die, either.... Between you who live at home and the men who die at the front there is a direct connection.... By your actions, definitely, a certain number of these men will die or they will come through alive. If you do everything you can to hasten victory and do every bit of it as fast as you can... then, sure as fate you will save the lives of some men who will otherwise die because you let the war last too long.... Think it over. Till the war is won you cannot, in fairness to them, complain or waste or shirk. Instead, you will apply every last ounce of your effort to getting this thing done.... In the name of God and your fellow man, that is your job.



The civilian war organization needs your help. The Government has formed the Citizens Service Corps as part of local Defense Councils. If such a group is at work in your community, cooperate with it to the limit of your ability. If none exists, help to organize one. A free booklet telling you what to do and how to do it will be sent to you at no charge if you will write to this magazine. This is your war. Help win it. Choose what you will do—now!

EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER

CONTRIBUTED BY THE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS OF AMERICA

A NEW KIND OF GUIDE TO HELP YOU
PRODUCE MORE — EARN MORE —
GET A BETTER RATING

METHODS of MEASUREMENT

FOR DEFENSE WORKERS

MACHINISTS — ENGINEERS — MECHANICS — DRAFTS-
MEN — INSPECTORS — FOREMEN — SHEET METAL
WORKERS — TOOL AND DIE MAKERS — ARMY
AND NAVY TECHNICIANS

CHECK TOLERANCES — INSPECTION MEASUREMENTS — CUT-DOWN REJECTIONS

**CORRECT
MEASUREMENTS
WITH GAGES AND INSTRUMENTS**

How to Use Instruments and Gages Correctly—Their proper position . . . their proper tension, etc.

How to Read Gages and Instruments—Accurate, detailed reading for both English and Metric Systems.

How to Transfer Readings and Measurements—Proper way to transfer lineal and caliper measurements to proper scales and readings.

Tolerances and Inspection Measurements—Production Problems and correct measurements to speed production—reduce rejections.

**ACCURATE MEASUREMENTS BY
MATHEMATICAL CALCULATIONS**

Formulae for Determining Geometrical Measurements — Angles, Curves, Solids, Cones, Spheres, and other Geometric Figures.

Equations for Figuring Properties of Solids — How to Calculate Volume, Density, Tension, Stress, Torsion, Elasticity of Solids.

Formulae for Calculating Properties of Liquids—How to Determine Specific Gravity and Density by comparison and Hydrometer Methods.

Measuring Heat and Temperature with Coefficient of Linear Expansion—Intensity and Degree of Heat and its Reaction to Solids and Liquids.

**FIRST TIME
A BOOK OF THIS KIND
HAS EVER BEEN PUBLISHED**

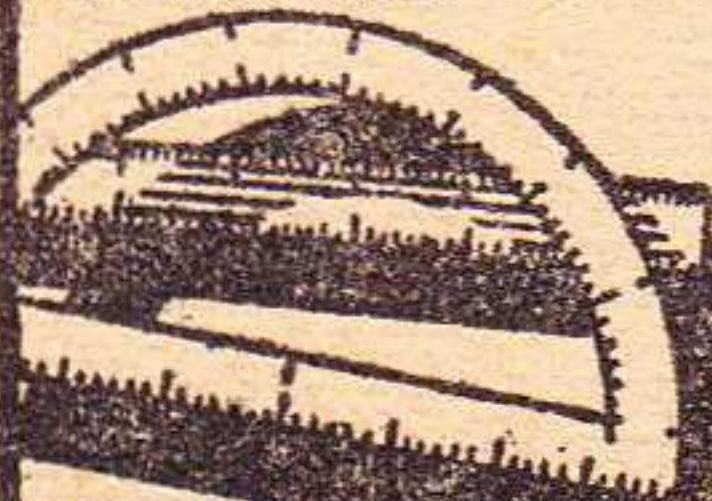
NOW!! Simplified So You Can Learn in Your Spare Time the Correct Use of Measuring Gages and Devices and the Quick Calculations of Measurements Mathematically. . . . All in One Complete Volume.

The Complicated Problems of Measurement and Calculation Confronting all Skilled and Semi-Skilled Defense Workers, Members of the Army or Navy Technical Staff, now easily mastered with this New Complete Manual of Mechanical, Physical and Geometric Measurements. Equips you for supervision, inspection and better paying technical positions.

Methods of Measurement contains the basic data of over 12 high priced technical books that would cost you close to \$25.00 . . . yet you can own this Complete Measurement guide for only \$1.98, including a FREE Machinists Scale and Protractor.

**BOTH FREE
IF YOU ACT NOW!!!**

This Precision-made Protractor and a Machinists Scale—both, with English and Metric readings will be sent free with your copy of "Methods of Measurement."



MAIL THIS "FREE OFFER" COUPON

WILCOX & FOLLETT CO.
1255 So. Wabash Ave., Dept. T-5
Chicago, Illinois

Please send me postpaid your new book, "Methods of Measurement" and a FREE Protractor Scale. Enclosed is check or money order for \$1.98 to cover complete payment. I can return the book in 5 days if I am not completely satisfied.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Check here if you wish book to be sent C.O.D. (Postage and C.O.D. charges extra.)

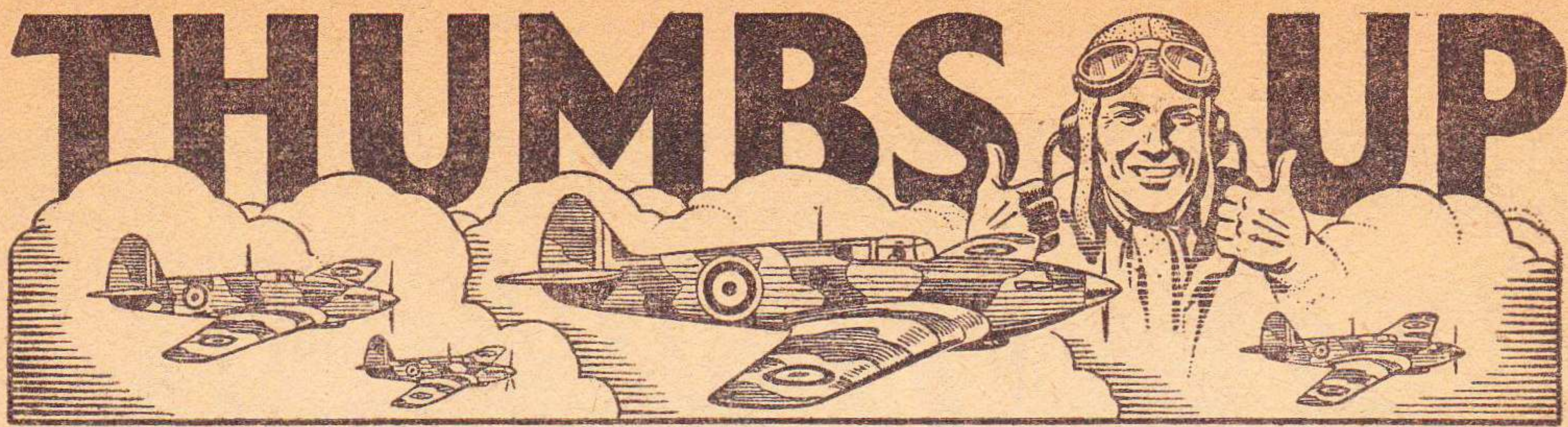
Only
\$1.98

**GET THE JOB
YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED!**

This Book Shows You How to Make Quick, Accurate Measurements Mathematically and with Measuring Instruments and Gages . . .

- How to Make Lineal Measurements
- How to Use Inside and Outside Calipers
- Proper Reading of Hermaphrodite Calipers
- Correct Use of Vernier Calipers
- Figuring Geometrical Measurements
- How to Use the Common Protractor
- How to Read Common Vernier and Bevel Protractors
- How to Make Calculations from Measurements
- How to Use Pitch and Thread Gages
- The Use of Sheet Metal Gages
- Correct Use of Wire Gages
- Right Way to Use Drill Gages
- The Use of Thickness Gages
- How to Determine Weights and Volumes
- How to Measure Density of Solids
- How to Calculate Density of Liquids
- How to Figure Specific Gravity of Solids
- How to Figure Specific Gravity of Liquids
- How to Determine Elasticity
- How to Measure Tension
- Figuring Stress and Strain
- Measuring Tensile Strength
- How to Figure Torsion
- Heat and Temperature Measurement
- Measuring Heat Thermocouples
- Determining the Coefficient of Linear Expansion
- Specific Heat of Solids
- And other subjects concerning physical and mathematical methods of measurement.

GET YOUR COPY NOW!



A Department for Readers Conducted by THE SERGEANT PILOT

CCHEERIO, old—er—burp—old chaps. I say, Weems, get out the bicarbonate of soda, will you? Been visiting an American bomber squadron and you have no idea what's in the packages they get from home. Thanks, Corporal—burp—ever taste marinated herring? Nice looking bloke, gunner in a Boston, gave me a bit. Had a go of scrapple with a chap named Franklin from Philadelphia and then had to taste some baked beans that came to the station in a little brown pot with Captain Cabot Lodge. More of the same, what, Weems? Burp.

I feel a bit done in, you know. Long, bony fellow called Hillbilly Hatcher let me have some cold fried 'possum meat and then I had to have cornbread with maple syrup. Can't offend the American chaps, you know. Topped it off with some spiced pears from Salem, Massachusetts. Jolly old butterflies in my stomach and all that. Let's get along with the meeting, shall we?

Alf's in Trouble Again

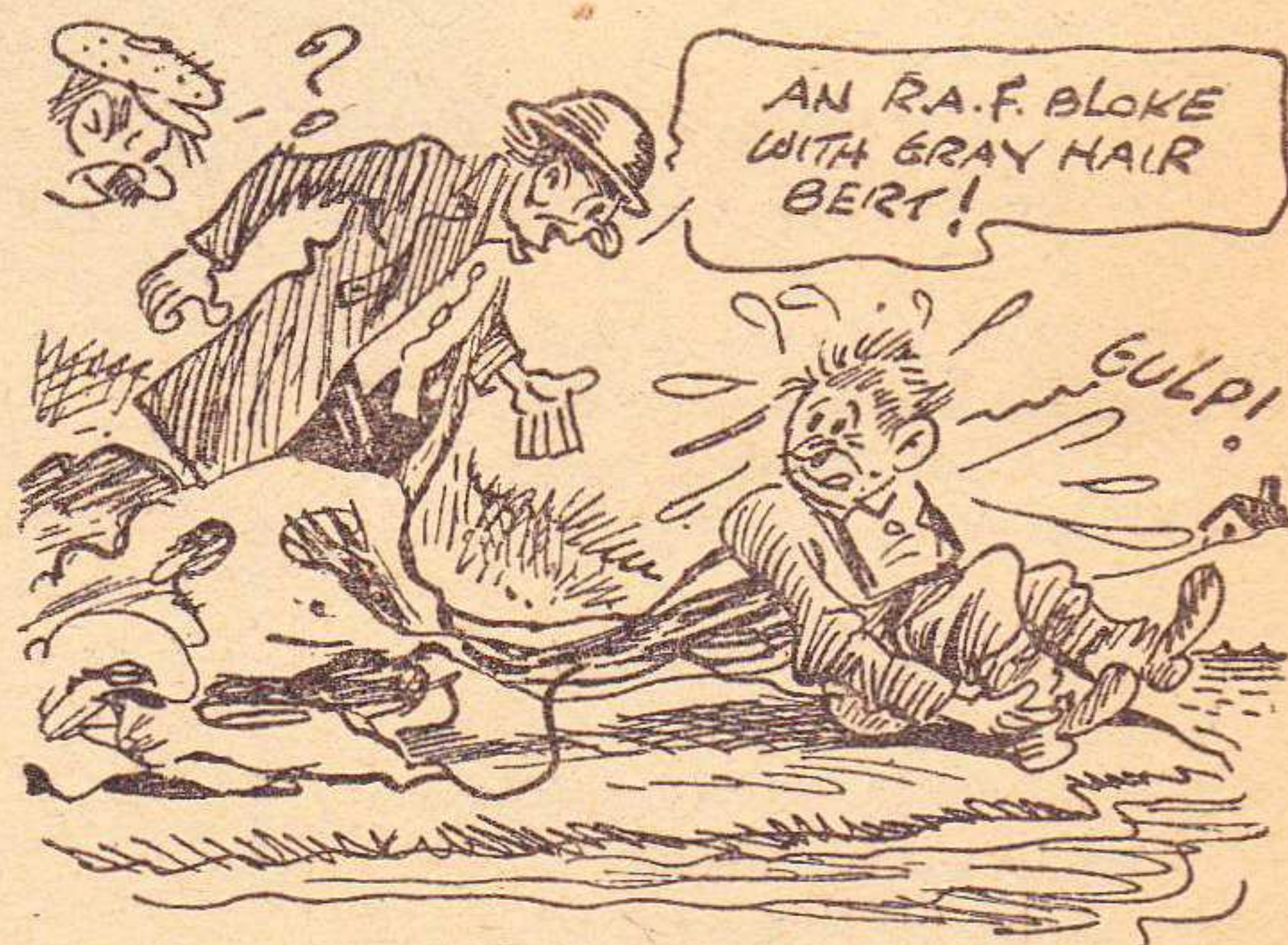
Knew we had something on our mind. Letter from down under. From our old squadron mate in the last big scramble, Lieutenant Alfred Nettlebottom.

Alf is at Humpty Doo and drives a fuel bowser. Alf is in trouble again, he tells us. They're threatening to boot him out of the fuss—burp—you'll pardon me, won't you? I'll be satisfied with our own mess—burp—as I was saying, Alf, well, I'll read what he writes.

"It wa'n't nothin', old fellow. We get short of a nip here as the bandits in Hitler's subs sunk a shipment that was to be docked at Darwin. The big blokes with the braid up says that grog is only to be issued in case of snake bite. So I am walkin' out of the station with a bottle when a Vice Air Marshal accosts me. 'Look here, Sergeant,' he says. 'You know the orders. Only in case of snake bite.' What you think I got in this gunny sack? I says to the big bloke, and shows what's in it. The snake bit the Air Marshal, old fellow, and there was quite a stinko about it. I says for them to look at my old war record which was a mistake, Bert. I'll be back on the bowser in a month, but they took my stripes away."

Alf got into the new war as a flying cadet for nearly three days before they caught the bloke. Alf was twenty-six when we flew Camels with him over Cambrai so you chaps add about twenty-four years to that and you will see how old Nettlebottom is now.

Well, Alf took an RAF trainer up to eight thousand feet and the bubbles began to form in his blood. He went into a dimout and bailed out from three thousand and landed in



the Severn. That was Alf's undoing. His hair dye was running down the bridge of his nose when they pulled him out!

The Blackburn Roc

One of our readers asked for specifications on England's dive bomber. They're not letting much out of the bag in the Air Ministry. We give you all available data.

The Blackburn Roc is powered by a 905 hp. Bristol Perseus radial engine, with combined cowling and manifold ring. It has a 46 foot wing span, is 35 feet, 7 inches long, and measures 12 feet, 1 inch in height. It carries a four-gun Boulton Paul turret in addition to the bomb load. Top speed figures are *verboten*.

The King's English?

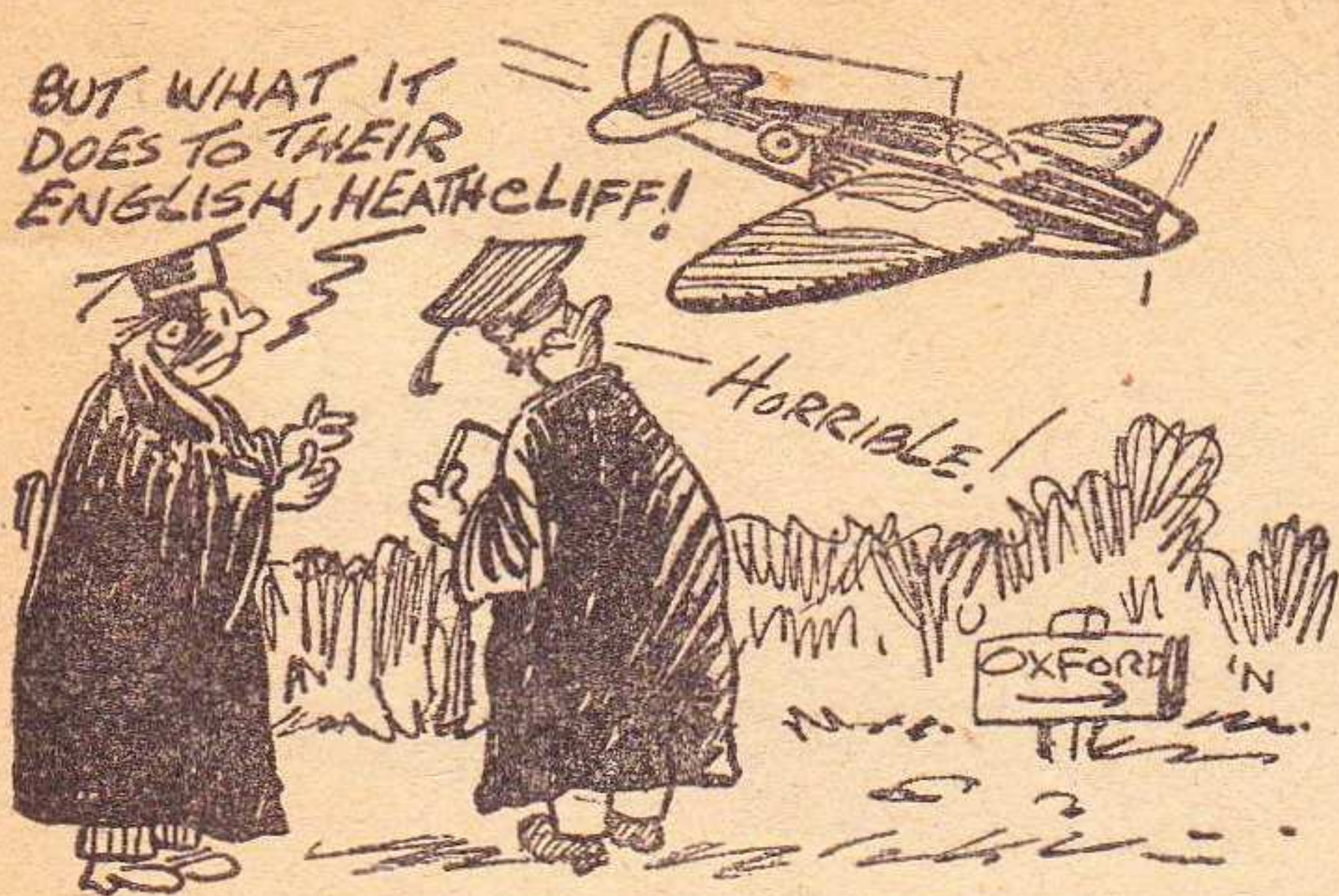
The instructors of English at Harrow and Oxford and Cambridge know full well that Sherman was right about war.

The bombs dropped by the Heinkels and Dorniers horrified those disciples of erudition not half as much as the lingo coming out of



RAF ante-rooms. Here is a line shot by one RAF youngster:

"Three ropey types, all of them sprogs, pranged a cheesy kite on bumps and circuits. One bought it and the other two blokes went for a Burton. The station master took a dim



view and tore them off a strip. They had taken a shagboat officer who had been brownd off, along, and the Queen Bee was hopping mad!"

Now let's give it to you as an Oxford prof. should:

"Three unpopular chaps, all brand new pilot officers crashed a wornout aircraft while making practice circuits and landings. One was killed; the others were severely reprimanded. The station master disapproved and soundly rated them. They had taken along a rather plain looking W.A.A.F. officer (Women's Auxiliary Air Force) who was bored, and the W.A.A.F. Commandant was very angry."

Berlin Liar-Ry.

The Trilbys of Nazi Germany's Svengali, Herr Joe Goebbels, are still getting their legs pulled by the anemic looking loudmouth of the Reich and seem to like it.

Hitler's scheme to make the English and
(Continued on page 90)

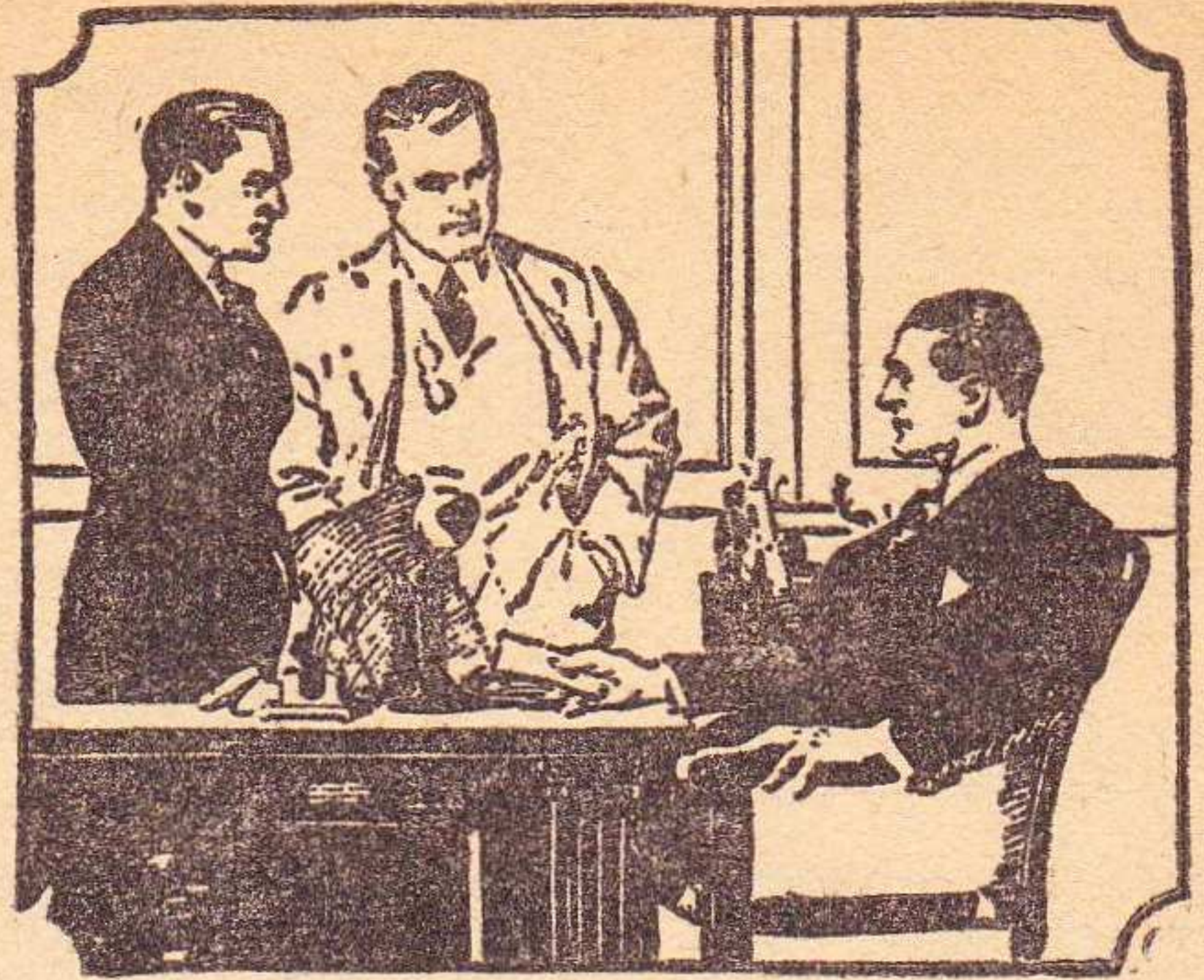
America's Best Dime's Worth of Picture Entertainment



Now on Sale at All Stands

ACCOUNTANCY

One of America's best paying professions



These Are OPPORTUNITY DAYS for the Trained ACCOUNTANT!

WITH war, state and federal legislation requiring more accurate accounting from businesses than ever before, the trained, successful accountant is certainly a man to be envied. Much in demand, member of "America's best-paid profession," an important figure in affairs, he is one of the most influential and necessary individuals in the whole business scheme!

His is a profession YOU may be considering at this moment. If so, don't fail also to consider critically how, when, and from whom you will secure your Higher Accountancy training. Consider particularly LaSalle's record of more than 500,000 Accountancy-trained men and women during the past thirty-four years—a record unsurpassed by any other educational institution.

Remember, too, how numerous are the available accountancy schools and courses in the country. Yet, despite this fact, approximately one-tenth of all C.P.A.'s have been student members of LaSalle.

As to the training itself, you will find it absolutely complete; from Practical Accounting through to Accounting Systems, and Income Tax Procedure, including C. P. A. Coaching that qualifies you thoroughly.

Spare-time study does it all! No interference with your present work and a careful analysis of thousands of student histories reveals that some have realized, in increased later earnings, as high as \$50 returns on every hour devoted to such study.

If you are actually in earnest—are willing to work devotedly for your future success, look into this subject carefully, thoughtfully, and from every angle. Full information and a 48-page survey of this opportunity field will be sent you on request.

Sign and mail coupon for complete details

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY A Correspondence Institution

Dept. 5329-HR Chicago

Kindly tell me more about the war opportunities in Accounting and how your training can help me grasp them. Also send me—free—your booklet on "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays."

Higher Accountancy

Other LaSalle Opportunities:

If more interested in one of the fields indicated below, check and mail now.

- Business Management
- Modern Salesmanship
- Law—Degree of LL. B.
- Commercial Law

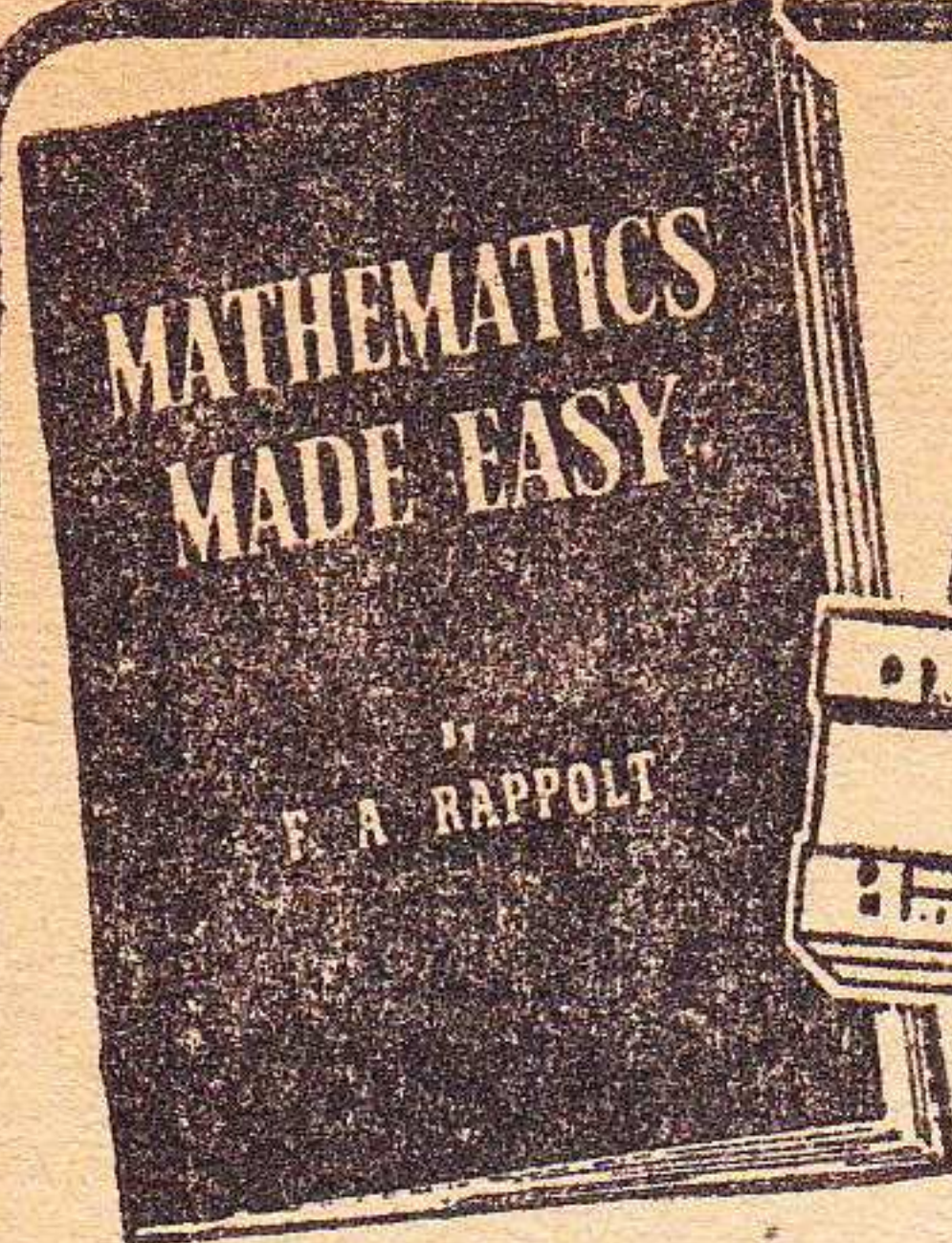
- Expert Bookkeeping
- C. P. A. Coaching
- Traffic Management
- Stenotypy



Name.....

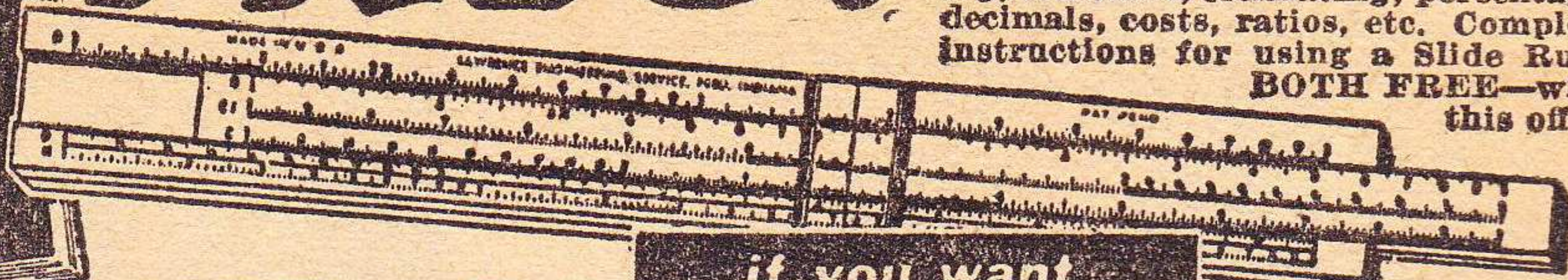
Present Position.....

Address.....



FREE!

THIS VALUABLE NEW BOOK "Mathematics Made Easy"—gives you simplified instruction in every phase of figuring ALL types of work, PLUS a FREE DeLuxe Professional 10 inch SLIDE RULE. Saves time, simplifies all calculating, fractions, estimating, percentage, decimals, costs, ratios, etc. Complete instructions for using a Slide Rule. **BOTH FREE—with this offer.**



if you want
A BETTER JOB and BIGGER PAY
Learn



Thru New **SHADOWGRAPH** Method
—You Read Blueprints the First Day

BLUEPRINT READING

AMAZING NEW INVENTION

**MAKES BLUEPRINT READING EASY AS SEEING A MOVIE
LEARN AT HOME — EASILY, QUICKLY — IN SPARE TIME**

Thousands of Men Wanted At Once!

Better Jobs — Bigger Pay are waiting for men who can READ BLUEPRINTS. Here, at last, is a new quick and easy shortcut way to learn Blueprint Reading at Home in an amazingly short time — at an unbelievably low cost. This sensational "Shadowgraph" Method of Blueprint Reading was created by Nationally Famous Experts — skilled in teaching technical subjects to men without previous technical education. They have eliminated all complicated details, they explain all technical words in simple language. Contains everything you need to know about Reading Blueprints — no matter what kind of work you do.

MEN of ALL AGES and ALL TRADES
if you are a
Mechanic, Student, Welder, Carpenter, Plumber, Shipbuilder, Machinist, Sheet Metal Worker, Tool Maker, Electrician, Steel Worker, Aviation Mechanic, etc.
**you must know
Blueprint Reading
to win promotion
and bigger pay**

NOW ANYONE CAN READ BLUEPRINTS

Everything about Blueprint Reading is put right at your finger-tips! Simple as A, B, C. No need to attend an expensive trade or technical school. No previous technical or special education is needed. Here's a speedy Blueprint Reading Course for all trades that is ABSOLUTELY different. No dry textbooks — you learn by seeing and doing — and you READ BLUEPRINTS from the very FIRST DAY. With this amazing new method — a few minutes a day is all you need to read Blueprints on sight. This simplified, spare-time, Home Study Course meets all Blueprint Requirements for Civil Service and National Defense Jobs.

QUALIFY QUICKLY FOR A BIG PAY JOB

Here is really big news for you — if you have a job, or if you want a job in any branch of aviation, shipbuilding, sheet metal work, welding, electricity, machine tooling, plumbing, carpentry, radio, building automotive and Diesel Engineering, or any other of the mechanical, construction or DEFENSE INDUSTRIES — the AUSTIN TECH. "Shadowgraph" Method CAN HELP YOU QUALIFY for a BETTER JOB AND BIGGER PAY in an amazingly short time. This marvelous home-study method is so easy — it enables even a schoolboy to learn Blueprint Reading from the first day!

This 24-Volume Blueprint Reading Course is packed in a specially constructed bookcase, which in itself is a unique "Working Model" designed to enable you to read Blueprints from the first day. The Course contains over 600 Actual Blueprints—Charts—Tables—Diagrams—Signs—Symbols and other Instructive Pictures that help you to read Blueprints practically on sight.

EVERYTHING IS SENT TO YOU AT ONCE!

The complete 24-Volume Blueprint Reading Course is sent to you together with the specially constructed "Working Model" Bookcase. You also get FREE—"Mathematics Made Easy" and Professional Slide Rule. Everything is sent in one shipment. ACT TODAY—DUE TO RISING PRICES FREE GIFT OFFER IS LIMITED.

AUSTIN TECHNICAL PUBLISHERS
275 7th Avenue, Div. SM-5, New York, N. Y.

Canadian and Foreign orders accepted. Full amount must accompany order.

SEND NO MONEY



CREATED BY NOTED EXPERTS:
H. V. WALSH, B.A., Professor, Columbia U., 1919-1935; F. A. RAPPOLT, B.S., C.E., Prof., School of Tech., City College, N.Y.; F. E. BURNS, B.S., M.E., Prof., Newark Col. of Engineering.

FREE EXAMINATION

AUSTIN TECHNICAL PUBLISHERS
275 7th Ave., Div. SM-5, New York, N. Y.

Send me on FREE APPROVAL your complete 24-Volume Blueprint Reading Course with special "Working Model" Bookcase. I am to get FREE "Mathematics Made Easy" and Professional Slide Rule. I will pay postman \$1.95, plus postage and C. O. D. charges on arrival. If I return everything within 5 days you are to refund my money in full. Otherwise I will remit \$2 monthly for 3 months and a final payment of \$1 for the 4th month until the total price of \$8.95 is paid. (10% discount if full payment accompanies order—same refund guarantee.)

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
Reference.....
Address.....

NOTE: If you enclose \$1.95 with coupon—we will pay all postage charges. Every cent refunded if not satisfied.



Sloser Gaines handed shells to the man who did the business

FLYING GUNNER

By TRACY MASON

Torn by a Strange Fear That Threatens His Career as an Aerial Gunner, Ex-Prize Fighter Sloser Gaines Battles Grimly for the Right to Join an Air Blitz Against a Jap Invasion Fleet!

CHAPTER I

Lonely Outpost

THE observer's voice came hard and shrill and his whole body stiffened as he stared through the range finder.

"Here come the bloody unmentionables! If one of you chaps don't lay on properly you'll have to answer to me! Now let's give it to 'em!"

Sloser Gaines, stripped to the waist and his broad shoulders gleaming with sweat, held the four-inch shell in his big hands, ready to hand it to the gunner on the breech.

He blew the drop of perspiration from the tip of his nose and quelled the urge to look up, over the sand-bagged parapet, at the planes that were coming in.

"Point-four-oh-one," sang the observer. "Deflect a quarter. Point one-six-nine."

AN EXCITING AIR ACTION NOVEL



"On!" yelled the gunner as a plane came into the cross-threads.

The four-incher howled. Sloser Gaines shoved the shell to the gunner and turned to get another. The gun hammered. Gaines wheeled and turned, shells spilling past him in a steady stream.

The Jap planes stayed high at well above fifteen thousand feet. Earlier, they had swooped in at five thousand and even three thousand but the guns of Port Moresby had taught them that height meant longer life for the children of the Son of Heaven.

Now they came in at the ceiling and scattered their bombs indiscriminately, hoping that one of the dozens they dropped would hit a target.

Sloser Gaines sweated and strained as he fed the shells to the gunner. This, he told himself dismally, was a heck of a life. When he had joined up he had had visions of himself in the cockpit of a Spitfire or a Tomahawk, raining lethal lead on a Hun plane.

Instead, here he was in an ack-ack pit in a desolate New Guinea town, handing shells to the man who did the business. That was a fine way to serve

the King and the Empire, Gaines reflected.

The shells came on in a steady line and Sloser's shoulder muscles rippled as he pushed them toward the gunner. To the big man, four-inch shells were paper napkins.

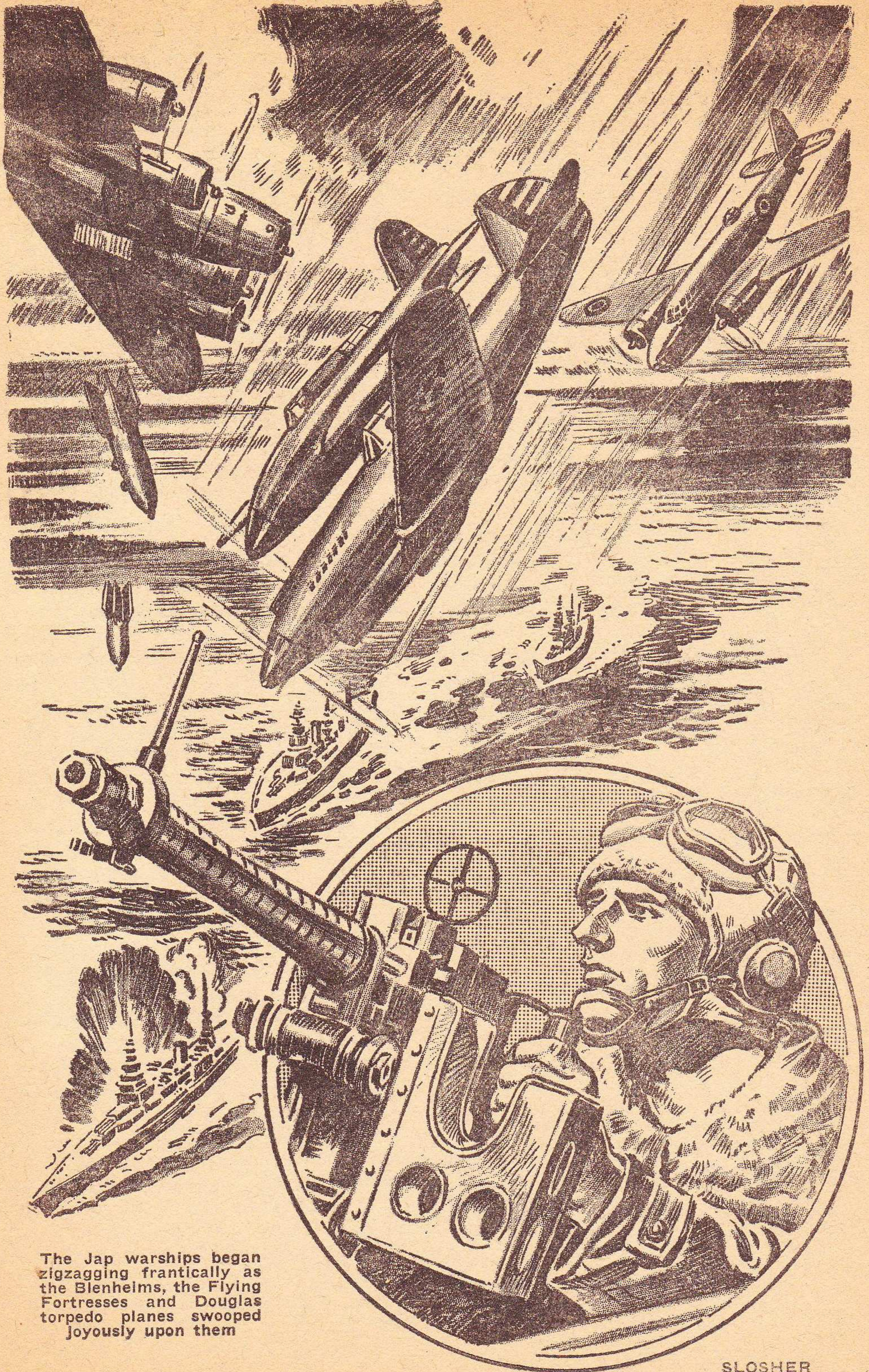
Other men, enervated by the heat, might collapse, gasping, on the sand after twenty or thirty rounds had been fired but Sloser took a job like this as a necessary chore.

"All right," yelled the observer. "They've had enough."

SLOSER looked up then and watched the glinting specks that were the R.A.F. pursuits mount the clouds in the chase for the Jap bombers. He reached into the back pocket of his shorts and pulled out a damp pack of Gold Flakes.

Squatting against the sandbags, he took out the tin cylinder that protected his precious matches, snapped one on his thumbnail and lit the cigarette. He inhaled gratefully and blew out the smoke in a thick stream.

Heavy boots gritted on the sandy soil. Sloser looked up to see Master Ser-



The Jap warships began zigzagging frantically as the Blenheims, the Flying Fortresses and Douglas torpedo planes swooped joyously upon them

SLOSER
GAINES

geant Hal Tremaine frowning down at him.

"Do you always have to take a rest as soon as you're out of action?" the master sergeant demanded. "It couldn't be that High and Mighty Mister Sloser Gaines could help clean up the pit a bit, gettin' the shell cases and all moved away?"

SLOSER regarded the sergeant calmly over the tip of his cigarette.

"Now," he said, "you're not begrudging me a fag, are you? Soon's I finish this, I'll clean up your trash. Just let me sit here and ponder on the unkind fates that landed me here in New Guinea."

The sergeant drew his arm across his dripping forehead and sighed with exasperation.

"Corlumme," he said. "I can't understand you, Sloser. You're a good man and a workin' man, when you set your mind to it. In Malaya you—well, never mind or you'll be havin' a swelled head. But you haven't got enough interest in your work, m'boy. If you worked at it, you'd be wearin' the stripes I'd have on if this bloody heat would let a man wear a uniform."

Sloser dragged at his cigarette and then carefully stubbed the glowing end off.

He replaced the half-smoked Gold Flake in its damp pack and arose.

"I ain't got any wish," he said, carefully, "to be a sergeant in an outfit that sits on the edge of the desert and shoots at Japs a mile high. I wanted to be a pilot and the Air Ministry crossed me up.

"I got a lot of tall talk about how I'd be knocking off Hun planes. Instead, I'm down here, handin' shells to a gunner who couldn't even hit the fly on his nose."

The sergeant wiped his forehead again with his sun-baked arm.

"We're all serving the King," he argued. "We can't all be ruddy heroes."

"I don't want to be a hero," said Gaines. "All I want to do is get out of this heat and go some place where a brook don't run luke-warm. On the peninsula it was snakes and swamps and natives that you had to watch unless you wanted a knife in the back.

"In Java it was jungles and no planes

and always that luke-warm water. Now here we've got sand and wind and still no cold water. It's enough to get a man down."

The master sergeant eyed Sloser narrowly.

"Sometimes, Sloser," he said, "you forget to talk like the Yorkshireman you're supposed to be. Sometimes you talk like a bloomin' Oxford man, with an American accent. It couldn't be, could it, that you—"

"I've got me clips from the papers in me kit," Sloser interrupted. "If you're still curious I'll—"

"I've seen your clips. I know all about your boxin'."

The sergeant turned away and barked at a private nearby.

"Get up them shell casin's," he yelled. "Lively, now!"

LEANING back against the parapet, Sloser tilted the front of his sun helmet down over his nose. That had been close.

He told himself that he must remember to speak in Yorkshire dialect when he was around the sergeant.

The others of his unit were all London Limeys and they couldn't pick out the Americanisms that insisted on creeping into his talk.

Sloser Gaines! That was the name Andrews had given him when the two of them, fighter and manager, had reached England—how many years ago? "Little Amby" Andrews knew all the answers.

"Leave it to me, kid," he had said. "I'll get you a new name and a record to go with it. Them guys back home wouldn't even recognize you in a lineup after I get through with you."

"Them guys back home," had been the "Nails" Sparoni tribe. The gang was a minor-league outfit but as vicious as their major-league compatriots. They had visited the dressing room one night and had ordered the man now known as Sloser Gaines to take a dive.

It had not been because either Little Amby or his fighter had been lily-whites that Nails Sparoni's mob was told to take a running jump.

If taking a dive would have helped the fighter's career, Andrews, sad to relate, would have been the first to agree to such a deal. But at the time, the

man now known as Sloser Gaines had gotten his first toe-hold on the ladder up.

To be beaten by a man like the fellow Sparoni's gang wanted to win would have been to set the fighter back a few centuries in the regard of the fans and, more importantly, the promoters who booked fights.

So Nails had been told to jump in the lake and Sloser Gaines had knocked out his opponent in two rounds. That had been fine, as far as it went. But it had not been so fine when, a few hours after the fight, somebody took a pot shot at the manager and his fighter as they entered their hotel.

Little Amby did not relish the whine of the slug as it breezed past his ear or the smack of the second bullet as it slapped the wall behind him. Nor, did he appreciate the note that was slipped under his hotel room door some time that night; a note that warned him to get out of town.

That sort of thing, Sloser knew, couldn't happen now, but at that time it could and did happen, rather frequently. He certainly could not blame Little Amby when the manager got out of town in a hurry.

Later, in another city, when a hurtling sedan jumped the curb and obviously tried to run both of them down as they walked along a dark street, Andrews had decided that enough was enough.

"We're gettin' out of this country till things cool off," he had told his fighter. "We'll go barnstorming, visit Australia, England, France. We'll clean up while we're layin' low and then come back to the big time."

CHAPTER II

The Big Fight

AMBY must have broken every immigration law on the books during that barnstorming trip. In Australia, Sloser Gaines was Ted Oliphant. At Johannesburg, he was Ripper Collins. In England, he was Sloser Gaines, the Yorkshire Prize.

"We can't let them mugs in the States know what you're doin'," Little Amby explained. "That Sparoni mob holds grudges too long. They'd be at the dock to welcome us if they could follow you by your right name around the world."

Then, one night, Little Amby had experimented with Scotch whiskey and ale chasers.

He probably never saw the tram that hit him.

Sloser mourned the passing of his little manager with genuine sorrow. Gaines was the first to admit that he was no heavyweight, except as regarded poundage.

He felt lost without the cocky little Andrews at his side to tell him what to do.

Another manager, a Britisher, picked him up and he won a few fights but his heart was not in the game. As he fought, he kept looking toward his corner, expecting to see Little Amby's wizened face peering over the ring apron.

Then came the start of a fight bigger than any Championship ever staged at Madison Square Garden. Came the "sitzkrieg" and then the blitz, Dunkirk

[Turn page]



and the Battle of London. Sloser said to blazes with boxing, hung up his gloves and joined the R.A.F.

Because Little Amby had so tangled the records, Sloser was afraid to give his true identity for fear that he either would be deported and find the Nails Sparoni mob waiting for him (he had no way of knowing that Nails and his brethren had long since been erased from the scene) or he would be heaved into Dartmoor either as an illegally entered alien or, worse, as a suspected spy.

Accordingly, the name Little Amby had dreamed up—Harvey "Sloser" Gaines—went on the books when the big fighter enlisted.

Although Sloser might complain about the Air Ministry's crossing him up with promises that he would soon be flying Spitfires and knocking down Hun planes, that was not the strict truth. He had gone to gunnery school where he had done very well and, later, to a primary training base where he had done very poorly indeed.

Apparently, his years in the ring had developed his reflexes to picking out targets with amazing skill. At the same time, his ring training had made him unfit to sit in a plane's cockpit.

To his credit, he sweated and strained at the job of learning to fly. The harder he worked, the worse he got.

Finally, his exasperated instructors shipped him back to anti-aircraft and there he stuck.

He worked a gun at an aerodrome "somewhere in the south of England" for a time and then shipped out to Singapore in a convoy that was guarded by those two majestic dreadnaughts, the *Repulse* and the *Prince of Wales*.

At that time, the Britishers who had been detailed to Malaya heartily cursed the fates that had taken them out of the scene of action to go to the other end of the world where, they were certain, they would rot for the lack of something to do.

Remembering that, Sloser grunted now.

"If we only knew then what we know now," he told himself, "there'd be some of us who'd have choked on the words."

He half-closed his eyes, remembering those days in Malaya with the Japs coming in from all sides, blasting at the aerodromes that were a bit farther south.

He remembered the heat and the treacherous natives and the back-breaking job of moving the guns out and back, out and back, edging always toward Singapore.

HHE REMEMBERED the young R.A.F. pilots, outnumbered five, ten, twenty to one, taking off to almost certain death. He remembered one grizzled old sergeant with tears streaming down his cheeks; tears of frustration, as he watched a decimated squadron of exhausted pilots soar up off the ground against an oncoming armada of Jap planes.

"They won't give us planes," the old-timer had sobbed. "If we had the planes we'd blow the bloody Japs out of the sky. But they won't give us planes!"

"They ain't got 'em to give, mate," somebody said.

"And how about the Americans?" another man put in. "They've got as much to lose as we 'ave now. What are they doin' about it?"

Sloser Gaines had stepped in then.

"You heard about Pearl Harbor, mate?" he had asked. "You heard about Wake Island and Midway? What do you expect 'em to do—fly their planes here from New York?"

"Arrh," a big gunner had snarled. "Them Yanks will look after themselves first. They'll—"

That had been all of that. The big gunner had picked himself up, rubbing his jaw, a bewildered look on his normally gay, ruddy face.

"Wot's the idea, Sloser," he had asked in a pained voice. "Wot did I say? Anybody'd think you was a Yank yourself."

"I—"

"Here they come!" somebody had broken in and the guns had started crashing again in the futile attempt to ward off the mass Jap attack.

Back and back until they were in Singapore and, when that stronghold obviously was doomed, on to Java in a convoy that made a mad dash in the middle of the night.

Sloser's ship had gotten through but it was one of a bare handful that made the trip safely.

Then Java and the British fighting side by side with the indomitable Dutch under the same heart-breaking condi-

tions. "Give us planes!" the Dutch had cried. "Give us planes!"

And the answer was the same that had been voiced in Malaya.

"They ain't got 'em to give, mate."

Another night-time dash for New Guinea and a nightmare retreat to Port Moresby. Sloser had stood with the others in the gun pits and had cheered hysterically as he watched the first American bombers roar in from Australian bases, had seen the trim Australian-made Wirraway fighters swarm down out of the sky to make their landings. There had been a new snap to his work as he fed the guns that had beaten back wave after wave of Nipponese planes. A man felt more like fighting back when he knew that the odds were more nearly even.

For the first time since he had left England, he had seen the enemy chased,

papers and the term surely was no exaggeration.

The living quarters were crude affairs; water was carefully rationed; the men were thrown together by necessity and there was no trace of the caste system that might exist at other ports.

If a bomber pilot or a combat flier with twenty Jap planes to his credit ran out of cigarettes he had no scruples about borrowing one from a mechanic or a gunner or anyone else who was close at hand.

The system worked in reverse, too. The subordinates "sirred" their superiors but that was more a matter of habit than anything else.

The Australians and Anzacs, never too prone to yield to rigid discipline, soon inoculated the Britishers at Port Moresby with the spirit of "what did you do and what of it?"

The few stuffed shirts who landed at

An aerial photographer roars over Lorient with A BOMB AND A PRAYER in Laurence Donovan's exciting novelet of that name coming next issue! Packed with all the drama and action of battle-scarred skies!

blasted, annihilated and it was like a draught of the cold spring water he missed so deeply.

But even that thrill had passed with the scorched, baking days. The Japs veered back to hammer at Burma and the raids on Port Moresby waned in number and intensity.

Whole days would pass without action and Sloser would lounge in what bit of shade he could find, watching with envious eyes as the British, Australian and American bomber crews loaded their big ships with bombs and took off on raids to the north.

"I could fly one of them things," he told himself half-believing his own thoughts. "I bet if they'd give me another chance I'd make a pilot or a gunner, anyway."

THE Port Moresby base necessarily was not one of those spick-and-span aerodromes such as Sloser Gaines had served in "somewhere in south England."

It had been built out of jungle and desert at top speed. Accommodations were described as "limited" in the news-

the tiny New Guinea base either dropped their snobbishness at once or lived the life of pariahs, held in contempt by their messmates and the ground crews alike.

Fortunately, there was a famine of stuffed shirts and, as a whole, the base was one communal community; all suffering the same hardships and sharing the meager luxuries. A lieutenant might manipulate the makeshift shower bath for a private and, in turn, be doused by the private.

Which was all right with Sloser. Despite the myriad assortment of names and nationalities he had been given by Little Amby Andrews during his checkered ring career, he was an American, after all.

He never was able to understand the attitude of some of the Britishers he had met in England; men who seemed to glory in the fact that they had been servants to Lord So-and-So before the war as their fathers and grandfathers had been before them.

"Lumme," Sloser used to say in his affected accent. "Why didn't you learn a trade or strike out fer yourself. I can't see three generations bein' servants like

that and likin' it the way you do."

They had stared at him and called him a bit queer. For a time there was a rumor circulated to the effect that he was a "ruddy Communist" and that had taught Sloser to keep his mouth shut on such subjects.

But still that set of ideals which expressed themselves so often in England puzzled him. He found the Australians and New Zealanders much easier to understand.

"Ho, Gaines," said a voice at his elbow. "Got a fag, old man?"

CHAPTER III

The Yanks Arrive

IT WAS Lieutenant Darmes, a young fellow out of Sydney known for the fact that he had brought back a Douglas bomber with one motor shot out and had been twice wounded in Libya.

Silently Sloser proffered his skimpy pack of cigarettes and took one himself, although he was far over his self-set rations for the day. He took the lieutenant's light and exhaled the smoke in a thick stream.

"You look a bit down, Sloser," the Australian said. "Heat gettin' you?"

"It ain't that," the big man told the lieutenant. "It's just that I want to fly and nobody'll give me a chance. I'm tired of standin' around down here while you fellows are having all the fun upstairs."

"You want to fly? Why don't you apply?"

"I have," said Sloser wearily. "I've made applications till I'm blue in the face but they're all turned down. You see, I crashed out of a training course in England and they hold that against me. But I bet I could fly now, after the experience I've had, watching you fellows."

Lieutenant Darmes eyed the tip of his cigarette thoughtfully.

"Should think you'd be satisfied where you are," he offered. "No fun upstairs sometimes and things are getting pretty quiet around here. Pick a soft spot and stick there is my motto."

"Stick there is right," the boxer said bitterly. "I'll be stuck in this hole for

the duration and when the war is over they'll probably forget we're here and skip telling us it's time to go home."

Darmes laughed, his teeth flashing beneath his clipped moustache.

"Don't fret about that," he advised. "They'll know we're here, all right—those of us who are left, that is."

He eyed Gaines keenly.

"Don't mean to butt in where I don't belong," he said carefully, "but just what's the idea of posing as a Yorkshireman?"

"Huh?"

"Y'see, I spent a lot of time in the States before the war and if you haven't got the map of the United States written all over you, I'll eat my helmet without gravy."

"I—uh—you're mistaken, sir. I—I never was in the United States in my life."

"Uh-huh. And the other day you were speaking about somebody's sloppy kit and you said he dressed like a Bowery bum. Before that, you said something about a gunner in another pit being as slow as Grant's Tomb. And before that—I didn't mean to pry, really, so don't get your blood up, but I couldn't help hearing.

"It's your business, not mine, but there are a mess of Yanks comin' in here, so I've heard, and they'll spot you pretty quick if you rattle off some of those quaint sayings."

"Yanks coming here?"

"So I've heard," said the lieutenant. "Nothing official, of course, but quite a bunch of them landed on the mainland. It's rumored that some of them will be sent up here. Might be they're gettin' ready to start back along the road to Java and Singapore."

Sloser Gaines dragged at his cigarette deeply. Mixed emotions seethed within him. The news that American troops were coming to Port Moresby brought a thrill of elation to the big man. It would be good to be fighting with his own countrymen, even if he masqueraded as a Britisher.

On the other hand, it was barely possible that those newly arrived soldiers might include somebody who knew him; a fight fan who would recognize him despite the years that had passed since he had stepped into an American ring.

"That—that's quite some news," he

said slowly as Darmes watched him closely.

"Er—Sloser," asked the young lieutenant, "are you on the—the lam, I think you call it?"

Gaines shook his head.

"Not the way you mean," he said. "My name ain't Gaines. It's Terry Powers—or it was a long time ago. During the racket days I ran afoul of a gang that wanted to rub me out because I wouldn't throw a fight. They chased me and my manager, Amby Andrews, out of the country.

"We batted around the world fightin' under different names and then Amby died in England. I joined up under the name of Gaines."

DARMES gave him a sharp, quizzical stare before putting another question to Sloser.

"And you think that gang is still on your track?"

"I don't know. I haven't kept track of things that happened back home. I heard that the old mobs are busted up but it doesn't seem possible. And this gang, the Nails Sparoni crowd, used to keep after a guy they had marked till they got him.

"It cost that gang a lot of dough when I smacked over their man. Knowin' Nails Sparoni, I don't think he's forgotten it."

Lieutenant Darmes carefully stubbed his cigarette and put the butt in the pocket of his short-sleeved tunic.

"I wouldn't worry about it," he said reassuringly. "I don't think those gangsters operate in the States now the way they used to, from what I've heard. Besides, if one of the gang did happen to be in this Yank outfit—which is almost impossible—he wouldn't make a move now. And I'll keep your secret, Gaines, if you want me to."

"Yeah," said Sloser. "I'd appreciate it if you didn't say anything. I've got to think things over."

After the lieutenant had gone, Sloser rejoined the gun crew cleaning up the pit. Absently, he helped stack the empty shell cases and then trundled a hand truck to the storage shed where they were kept, pending their return to Australia for reloading.

Whether Lieutenant Darmes had something to do with it or whether one

of Sloser's countless applications finally had taken effect never was known but it was on the following day that the big man was summoned to headquarters and told that he had been accepted for a probationary tour of service as a turret gunner in one of the big new bombers that were rolling into Port Moresby with increasing frequency.

"Your gunnery record is good," said the C.O., scanning the reports in front of him. "Good service in Malaya and Java. I think we'll give you your chance, Gaines."

The grizzled officer looked up at him, his eyes twinkling a bit.

"Of course," he said, "under ordinary circumstances you'd have to go through quite an extensive training course. However, I'm afraid we'll have to dispense with that just at present. Anyway, I take it for granted you know how to shoot and these new ships are almost as steady as a ground station. You'll go out on Green Flight under Lieutenant Darmes' command. Contact him and get your orders. That's all."

Big Sloser Gaines' feet traveled two or three inches above the ground as he crossed the sun-baked landing field toward the makeshift officers' club, so designated because a perpetual bridge game raged there while in the enlisted men's club there was a never-ending game of *loo*. He found Darmes and tried to stammer his thanks.

"Didn't have a thing to do with it," the Australian said briefly. "Glad you're with us. We go out at six one-eight pip emma and don't be late. Don't eat till we get back. Saves air sickness and if we don't get back, look at all the rations that're saved, what?"

If the order had been to eat a banquet, Sloser could not have complied. Hunger was the farthest thing from his mind and his stomach seemed inhabited by a swarm of butterflies as the day crawled past.

Sloser spent part of the day sauntering about the gun pits, letting it be known—oh, so casually—that he had been made a flying gunner.

"Holy Mike!" the master sergeant snarled after Gaines had broached the subject for the tenth time. "We know you're a ruddy gunner, so let it go at that. What do you want us to do, doff our bloomin' caps every time you pass?"

There was the clamor of the alarm siren and Sloser instinctively jumped down into the gun pit to take his accustomed place in the crew, ready to feed shells to the hungry breech. Then, as the "all clear" sounded a moment later, he straightened and found the master sergeant grinning at him.

"Flying gunner, eh?" Tremaine snorted. "You're like a bloomin' fire brigade 'orse they've groomed for the Derby. Can't forget the sound of the alarm bell."

Sloser stalked away to watch the squadron coming into the field, the squadron whose approach had been spotted and relayed to the field via the raid siren.

THEY were big ships, escorted by wasp-like fighters, and all bore the insignia of the star and circle that marked the planes of Uncle Sam.

He watched them with pride and admiration as the bombers circled the field and came rushing down to the field, one after the other. He kept his eyes fixed on the planes as the fighters broke out of formation and peeled off to fishtail in to a landing.

Attracted by the magnet of curiosity mingled with homesickness, he joined the others as they ran across the field to greet the first contingent of Yanks to arrive at Port Moresby.

Sloser had been so long away from home that he had built in his imagination the picture of an American as some sort of superhuman whose face and bearing eclipsed those of any other country. He was slightly disappointed, then, when the first Yanks began spilling out of the bombers and fighters.

They were of assorted sizes and shapes, some tall, some short, some thin and some fat. No demi-gods, by any means, they were almost identical with the Australians and New Zealanders who surrounded them.

As a matter of fact, Sloser decided, it was hard to tell them apart from the Britishers sprinkled through the crowd.

"Hi, Yank," somebody called from behind Sloser.

"Hi, kid," came back the reply. "Are we too late for the party?"

"There's a few left. We got most of them but maybe we can find some for you if we look hard."

The ice broken, the new arrivals and the veterans of Port Moresby began mingling in friendly, laughing groups.

While the commander of the big flight presented himself formally to the C.O. of the base, the American fliers exchanged cigarettes with their hosts, cracked jokes and handed out scraps of news they had picked up en route.

Sloser hung around the fringes of the crowd, torn between the desire to shake hands and talk with a fellow American and that unreasoning fear that he would be recognized.

He was staring wistfully at the Yanks when he felt a touch at his elbow and whirled. Looking up at him was a smallish pilot with a grin and a sunburn-peeled nose.

"Where's the little boy's room?" the pilot asked. "I—say."

The American's eyes widened a trifle as he gazed at Sloser.

"You—you're not—?"

"I'm Sloser Gaines," the big man said instantly. "And you'll find what you're lookin' for over there, beyond that long building."

The American pilot kept staring.

"Anybody ever tell you that you're the spitting image of Teddy Powers?" he asked. "Teddy Powers, the fighter?"

Sloser recognized the American pilot now. His name was Olds, and time was when he had been a newspaperman in one of the biggest cities in the States. He had covered fights. And, Gaines remembered, he was credited with having a filing system memory for facts.

"I don't know any Teddy Powers," he lied. "I'm Sloser Gaines out of Yorkshire and I was a fighter before the war. Now I'm a flying gunner. But I don't know any Teddy Powers. Now, excuse me. Our—our flight's getting ready to go upstairs."

He hurried away, conscious of the ex-sports writer's eyes boring into the small of his back. Sweat moistened his forehead and the palms of his hands.

It would be impossible for him to hide his true identity from Olds for long, if the former sports writer kept after him. Knowing newspapermen as he did, Sloser reflected dismally, the pilot would not leave him alone until he had satisfied himself that his first hunch was a mistake.

CHAPTER IV

Baptism of Fire

ALL the busy routine of preparing the Blenheim in which he was to fly helped take Sloser's mind off his dilemma to some extent, yet he wasn't as thrilled as he should have been at the prospect of his first flight.

Lieutenant Darmes noticed Gaines' lack of enthusiasm and sidled up to the big man, speaking in an undertone.

"What's up, Sloser?" he asked. "Did you see one of your old pals in that bunch that just came in?"

"Not exactly," Gaines said. "Somebody I met once, but it's all right."

"Don't let it throw you, old boy," the lieutenant said. "You'll need everything you've got up there tonight."

"I'll be on the job," Gaines assured him.

He stuck close to the Blenheim, fearful of running across Olds again, as preparations for the flight proceeded. His shipmates, when they came up to board the bomber, all gave him a handshake to welcome him to the crew.

"Dot their i's, Sloser," said Pelly, the bombardier. "Keep 'em off long enough for me to lay it into 'em."

It came his turn to crawl through the tiny door and jam his huge bulk aft to the gun bay.

He picked up the earphones dangling on their hook and clamped them on his head. He touched the breech of the gun with gentle fingers. Olds or no Olds, he was going to fly once, at least, as a flying gunner!

One by one the motors roared, then burst into life. The earphones crackled.

"Right, Sloser?"

"Right," he said and moistened his lips.

He waited while Darmes checked the other members of the crew. Then he felt the Blenheim lurch forward, bumping over the ground. Faster and faster it went through the semi-darkness until there came that magic lift, that cessation of motion which told Sloser he was in the air.

Peering anxiously through the gloom, he sought enemy planes although he knew it was ridiculous to expect combat

the moment the bomber took off. Still, he thought, it would not hurt to be on the alert from the first second until the plane returned to base. No Jap was going to sneak up on *him*. Not on your life!

He crouched with pounding heart in the cramped confines of the gun bay as the Blenheim drilled on through the night, heading northward toward some Japanese base that had been selected as the night's target.

The moon lumbered up over the horizon flooding the sky with soft brilliance.

Sloser jumped as the earphones spoke again.

"Check your guns, Sloser."

"Right."

He tripped the releases and pressed the triggers, watching the tracers streak out behind him in a pyrotechnic display.

"Guns okay," he called back.

It was then he was struck by the horrid realization that he had not scanned the sky around him before he had tripped those guns. His plane was on the right wing of an echelon, he knew, but he had been warned, back in gunnery school, always to check and re-check the position of the other ships before he tried his guns. And he had forgotten.

He looked about him now and saw that there were no ships near him. Still, the sweat rolled down his cheeks as he thought of what might have been the result of his carelessness.

He had heard stories of careless gunners shooting down other ships of the squadron through just such a mistake. Suppose he had done something like that on his first flight!

The shock still numbed him when the Blenheim made a sharp turn and slanted off on a new course, seeming to gather speed.

"Watch it, Sloser," came the crisp command. "We're coming up."

HE PEERED out into the moonlit night, wondering if he could see an attacking ship in the darkness and, if he saw one, whether or not he could hit it. His hands grasped the holds of his guns until his knuckles ached.

"Off the port," came the voice of one of the midships gunners.

He swiveled to stare out into the darkness on the port side but he could see

nothing. The Blenheim was turning again. Then there was a leaping lift to the big ship as if she were a horse that had been freed of its halter.

"Awa-a-a-ay!" cried the bombardier.

Anti-aircraft opened up as the Blenheim circled again. Splashes of fire dotted the sky around the ship, and the bomber rocked in a windstorm of concussion. Then Sloser caught a glimpse of exploding bombs hitting the ground. Fountains of flame leaped up and died away. In their wake they left new spurting flames, caused by the fires the bombs had started.

"Port side, Sloser!" came Darmes' clipped command. "See 'em?"

He saw them then, darting Zeros that came out of the night with their guns spitting. He swung his own guns and sighted, pressed the triggers. Too high. He depressed and fired again, glorying in the buck of the heavy machine guns under his hands.

The Zeros roared past overhead as Sloser swung with their motion. One seemed to falter for an instant but he could not be sure.

As they turned, his gun's fire joined that of the midship's gunner and a deadly hail of lead poured into the leading Jap plane. It exploded in a blinding flash, then disintegrated.

"One!" somebody yelled. "Port! Oh, Port!"

Leaving the first squadron, Sloser whirled to face the second Jap unit head on. A Zero's motor began spouting fire and it veered crazily off to one side, plummeting downward.

"Two!" Sloser yelled.

After that, it was impossible to keep track of hits and misses. The Nipponese planes darted at the bomber from all angles as Darmes twisted his ship through the air, zig-zagging in the race for home.

Sloser saw two Nip planes collide in midair but the bomber had flashed past before he could make out whether both of them had gone down.

His guns hammered ceaselessly and he found himself grunting steadily while he swung their muzzles back and forth. His targets were fleeting glimpses. There was the outline of a Zero and the guns barked. The outline was gone and another drew his attention from a different quarter.

Occasionally, there was a sound on the side of the ship such as Sloser used to make when, as a small boy, he dragged a stick along a picket fence. That, he guessed, was the sound of Jap slugs reaching the Blenheim.

Curiously, he felt little excitement in the heat of the air battle. It was somewhat similar to his feelings in the ring against a particularly tough man. There was no fear, no nervousness.

Sloser had always known that he was the better man and there had been no pain to the other's blows, just Sloser's absorbing concentration as he waited for his chance to get in a real wallop.

At last Sloser realized that there were no more targets to fire at. The flashing shadows in the sky were gone and the Blenheim was proceeding on in a straight course.

He twisted to peer out one side and then the other. Far behind him he could make out the glare of the fires set by the bombing attack. To Sloser, the reflection of the flames on water indicated that the attack had fired several Japanese tankers.

"All right, Sloser?" came the voice of Lieutenant Darmes.

"Okay," Gaines replied.

"Nice going," said the pilot. "Good show. Warmed it up a bit for them. Carry on."

SUDDENLY, Gaines felt overpoweringly weary. He fought the urge to relax, to settle back in his tiny coop and close his eyes.

The fight was over and he was entitled to a little rest, but he straightened and crouched over his guns again. Those Japs weren't going to catch Sloser Gaines napping.

He still was tense and eager when the Blenheim made its landing by the light of the torches that marked the boundary of the field. The big plane taxied up into position as the ground crew came racing out to care for the returned warrior. One by one, the men left the bomber. The last to crawl out, stiff and aching, was Sloser Gaines.

Those who hadn't participated in the raid came storming out of their bunks to find out the success of the raid and the extent of the casualties.

While Darmes went to headquarters to report the flight, the other members

of the crew were beset by a swarm of questions.

Sloser parried the questions as he had parried the left hooks and jabs thrown at him in the ring. To be truthful, he did not know exactly what had happened and he could not say.

"We went somewhere and dropped some bombs and set a fire and then there was a big fight," he summed up tersely.

He left it up to the bombardier, veteran of a hundred such flights, to supply the information.

"Caught a flotilla of their tankers holed up in a harbor to the north," the bombardier explained. "Blasted heck out of them. Laid a stick right across two ships and four storage tanks. Then the Zeros jumped us and we blew them out of the sky, made 'em quit. Must've put down half a dozen, at least.

"Their flack was terrible, as usual, even though we were coming in at less than five thousand. They touched us up a little with the Zeros but nobody got hurt. They ripped the devil out of the bomb bay, though. Lucky we'd unloaded or it would've been curtains for us."

Later, the master sergeant approached Sloser.

"And I suppose," he said, "that you shot down the whole ruddy Japanese air force on your first flight, eh?"

"I did my bit," Gaines said stoutly. "Leastwise, I wasn't diggin' my nose in any hole in the sand like certain people I could mention."

"Ho," retorted Tremaine. "So that's the way it's going to be! Well, my bucko, you might not be so high and mighty when you hear what I've got to tell you."

Sloser thrust out his chin.

"And what's that?" he demanded. "What have you been makin' up now?"

"It'll cost you a couple of cigarettes to find out," the sergeant said. "It's worth a pack but I'll settle for two."

RELUCTANTLY Sloser dug out two cigarettes and gave them to Tremaine. That worthy carefully tucked them into his sun helmet and struck a pose.

"One of the Yanks that came in to-day," he announced, "is interested in you. Got me over to one side, he did, and asked me all sorts of questions

about you. He wanted to know who you were and if you'd ever been in America."

Sloser's heart sank. The sports writer, Olds, was on the trail and, Gaines knew, the trail would not end until he had been unmasked.

"What did you tell him?" he asked the master sergeant.

"Only what was right and proper," said the Britisher. "I told him how you said you were from Yorkshire but sometimes you didn't talk like a Yorkshire man. I said you were a boxer and ruddy partial to Americans, like the time you knocked down that bloke for sayin' the Yanks wouldn't help us out."

"Why didn't you tell him I've got three gold fillin's in my teeth while you were about it?" Sloser demanded bitterly.

"I didn't know that," Tremaine replied imperturbably. "We were told to be friendly to the Yanks so I thought it was only my duty to help out this chap with whatever information I knew."

He studied Sloser carefully.

"Is he police?" he asked hopefully. "He ain't from whatever Scotland Yard they have in America, is he?"

"He probably wants to tell me my rich uncle I never saw died and left me a fortune," Sloser snapped, turning away. "And I'll thank you to keep that nose of yours out of my business. I'm a flying gunner now and I ain't under your command, so you lay off handin' out information about me."

"Coo," said the sergeant. "Ain't he touchy, though? And he says this Yank ain't police, eh?"

If Sloser thought that the presence of the former reporter, Olds, meant trouble for him, he knew that disaster had caught up with him the following day.

For, it was on the morning after the night attack on the Jap oil base that the American troops began pouring into Port Moresby.

There were not many of them, relatively speaking, but as Sloser watched the debarkation of the whooping, yelling doughboys, it seemed that every one was a man who knew that Sloser Gaines really was Teddy Powers, with a sprinkling of old members of the Nails Sparoni mob to add a touch of spice.

 CHAPTER V

On the Spot

KEEPING to his barracks most of the day, Sloser avoided Olds and the American soldiers detailed to the flying field to service the planes of the Yankee pilots. He had learned that his flight was to be kept grounded that day and he took advantage of his day off to spend hours in his bunk.

He missed two meals—an unprecedented thing for Sloser—with the result that he was summoned to the base hospital that evening for examination, after his bunk-mates had relayed the news that Sloser was certainly suffering from some dread disease.

The doctor gave him a thorough going over. In that climate and under those uncertain living conditions, all suspected illnesses were rigidly investigated. At the end of a half hour's probing and questioning, the physician shook his head doubtfully and doled out a few black pills.

"I can't find anything wrong with you," the doctor said, "but you'd better take some of these. It might prove serious when a man like you loses his appetite so suddenly."

"I just wasn't feeling hungry," Sloser lied while his anguished stomach twisted itself into new knots of protest. "Lots of times I go without eating for a day or so and I feel better for it."

"Hmm," mused the doctor. "From what I hear the last time you went on one of these hunger cures was before you joined the service, anyway."

"It's probably the excitement of last night's work," Sloser said, struck by another idea. "You know, I'm a flying gunner and last night—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the doctor. "I know all about it. Take those pills. If you don't feel any better report back to me."

Sloser Gaines left the doctor's headquarters and started back across the field toward his barracks. He had gone about halfway when he jostled a figure in the darkness.

"Oops," said the other. "Sorry. I've lost my way somewhere in this darkness.

Can you tell me how to get to K hangar?"

"Here, I'll show you," Sloser said. "Follow me."

He led the way through the cloud-darkened night toward K hangar while the man behind him chattered ceaselessly.

"This sure is the end of the world, ain't it?" he asked. "When I signed up, I had the idea I was goin' to Hawaii or England or somewhere and here I find myself in a place I never heard of before. But those Australian girls are all right. We sure had us a time while we were down there, before they shipped us up this way. Ever been to Australia, pal?"

"A couple of times," Gaines said. "It's okay, too."

"Hey," said the man hidden by the darkness. "You don't talk like an Aussie much. You sound more like an American."

"Nope," said Gaines. "I'm from Yorkshire. Here's your hangar."

As they reached the front of the looming hangar, someone slid back a door and an unguarded beam of light streaked out onto the field, bathed Sloser Gaines and his companion in its glow.

Sloser looked and groaned involuntarily. The other man stared at Sloser and yelped in amazement.

"Teddy!" he cried. "Teddy Powers! Where have you been all this time? We thought you were dead. You and Amby dropped out of sight completely after that fight with the boy Nails Sparoni used to own."

"What's the gag, sayin' you're from Yorkshire? Who you kidding?"

SLOSER GAINES hunched his shoulders despairingly. It was no use. First there had been Olds, the sports writer, and now here was Kid Blair, whom he had fought twice; Kid Blair who never could be put off. The kid knew him too well to take any guff about Sloser Gaines.

"How are you, Kid?" he queried huskily. "I—I got in a little trouble and I had to blow."

"Well, come on in and meet the gang," the Kid said breezily. "There's some guys you probably know in my outfit. Most of us are from the Big Town.

They'll be glad to see you."

"I can't, Kid. Some other time. I—I don't want to meet any of the old bunch."

Kid Blair struck him a solid blow on the shoulder.

"Don't be like that," he cried. "So you got in a jam. What of it? You didn't kill anybody, did you? What the heck, we've all been in jams once in awhile. We're all in a big jam right now, come to think of it."

He hauled at Sloser Gaines' protesting arm and shoved him through the entrance into the hangar, pushing aside the blanket that blacked out the doorway. Inside, a crew of mechanics were busy working over the trim P-40s that had come in the previous day.

"Hey, guys!" cried Kid Blair. "Look who I found. Old Teddy Powers, himself. He's with the Limey outfit."

Heads turned to stare at Sloser and the big man's heart sank further as he recognized at least three of the men who came hurrying forward to greet him.

Numbly he shook hands with his friends as their excited voices clamored about him.

"Where have you been? What are you doin' with that outfit? How did you join up with the British?" they demanded in a chorus. "Why don't you switch over to us. Best outfit in the world."

His heart warmed as they surrounded him, banging his shoulders, reaching for his hands, slapping his back. These were his folks, after all. They might unknowingly bring calamity with them, but their obvious pleasure at seeing him was good.

Then a silence fell over the group as a big man with heavy black brows pushed his way up to confront Sloser. The man had a wide mouth that wore a cruel twist and his eyes glowed intently.

"So you finally came out of hidin', huh?" he demanded. "You finally showed your face, Teddy?"

"Listen, Rocco," said Kid Blair. "Lay off, will you? Nobody invited you to this party."

"Huh," sneered the big man with the heavy brows. "If it was nine or ten years back I'd make it a real party."

Sloser Gaines peered at the big man steadily. This was Rocco, the first lieutenant of Nails Sparoni, one of the men

who had come to his dressing room that day he had been ordered to throw the fight. One of the men, doubtless, who had ordered the execution of Amby and him.

"Yeah," Rocco was saying, "if me and Nails ever caught up with you, Teddy, we had a really good party all planned for you."

Sloser Gaines—and he had worn the name so long that Teddy Powers seemed strange—wet his lips with his tongue. The others eyed him strangely and it seemed to Sloser that they edged away from him a trifle. All the years that Gaines had been traveling around the world had bred a fear of Nails Sparoni and all his gang in this big hulk of a man. Now the fear welled up within Sloser, making him ineffectual, unable to speak.

"Aw, Rocco," somebody said. "This ain't prohibition. You ain't in the rackets any more. Skip it."

"Listen, Teddy," the big man pursued inexorably. "You keep out of my way, see? I ain't forgot the bundle you cost me that night and I might be tempted to collect on that debt if you hang around where I am. War or no war, I like to collect on what's owed me."

A DOOR of the hangar swung open and a captain entered, glaring around him. The men drifted back to their jobs like embarrassed wraiths. Rocco was the last to go, followed by the captain's snapping voice.

"What is this, a fraternity meeting?" he demanded. "We fly at dawn and those ships have got to be on the line in perfect condition."

Sloser saluted, stumbled past the American captain and rushed out the door, misery swamping his soul. He had proved himself yellow before the eyes of the men who had been his friends, the men he had not seen in years.

No chance to explain to them that he was not actually afraid; that his paralysis had been due to a mysterious something that had pursued him through the years.

Afraid? He had not been afraid on the previous night with the Japanese bullets hammering about his ears. This was no physical fear he felt for Rocco or Nails Sparoni or any of the others. It was something in his head—some-

thing he couldn't rid himself of, try as he might.

He tossed and rolled on his bunk that night until hissed curses from the men near him made him force himself to be quiet. He was up at dawn, hollow-eyed, as he watched the American patrol take off and drone away toward the north.

Some of the men he had met on the previous night passed within hailing distance. The Americans waved a negligent salute but none bothered to walk over to speak to him. The towering Rocco cast him one evil glance, then spat contemptuously as he turned away.

It was mid-morning when Lieutenant Darmes came up to Sloser, a troubled frown on his face.

"What's this that's going around the base?" he asked. "Some big Yank named Rocco is telling everybody that'll listen that you're afraid of him. Something to do with that story you gave me the other day?"

Sloser nodded in dumb misery.

"Well, man," said the lieutenant, "we can't have him spreading that kind of a story. Why don't you slap him down and have it over with. Gives the squadron a bad name, you know."

"I—I don't know what I could do," Gaines said.

Lieutenant Darmes' nose wrinkled a trifle.

"Do?" he asked. "There's only one thing a man can do in a case like this. Give him a bust on the nose. You ought to know how. You've made your living at it long enough, before you joined up for this show."

"But this guy's a racketeer," Sloser protested. "You don't know those fellows because you never had 'em in Australia. They—they don't fight fair. They're killers."

The lieutenant put his hands on his hips and stared at his gunner.

"If that isn't a good one!" he exploded. "What do you think you are, a cream-puff thrower? What do you think I've got you in that gun turret for—to blow kisses at the Nips? Didn't you do a spot of killing yourself night before last?"

"That was different," Sloser faltered.

"I don't see how it was," said Darmes. "It was a case of them or you, and you made sure it was the Japs that got it. Now, the situation's just the same. If

you let this Rocco chap go around saying what he pleases about you, you might as well be conked for all the good you'll be to this squadron.

"I certainly won't want you on my ship. And I can't imagine any other pilot wanting you with him. It'd be back to the ack-ack pits for you—if they'd have you. Think that over."

CHAPTER VI

The Fight with Rocco

LIEUTENANT DARMES whirled on his heel and turned away, striding down the field with his shoulders set in lines that reflected his anger. Behind him he left a stupidly staring Sloser Gaines.

Go back to the ack-ack pits—if they'd have him? But he had had only one flight as a gunner!

They couldn't send him back so soon! The guys in the pits, the ones he had lorded it over, would make life miserable for him. They'd scorn him for refusing to shut up Rocco. The Master Sergeant Tremaine would really give him a going-over.

Slowly, a torrid fury began to burn in Gaines' soul. He was slow to anger, perhaps a bit stupid, but when he was seized by an idea, that thought laid hands on his brain with insistent fingers.

His mind went back to the night Rocco had accompanied Nails into the dressing room, so many years ago. He remembered the night that Amby and he had been shot at; the night the car had tried to run the two of them down.

He remembered the ceaseless wanderings under assumed names—the ups and downs that had followed them around the world. That had been bad enough. But this!

Within his grasp was the thing he had been working for ever since he had joined the service—a flying job. And he had been made a flying gunner, after all that sweat and toil in the pits, after Malaya and Singapore and Java. And now, when the tide was turning, when the odds were growing steadily more even, he had been given his chance.

Yet was Rocco, from the other side of the world, going to ruin that?

Growling, Sloser Gaines began trudging in the direction of the quarters where the Americans were housed.

The mechanics, now that their flights were off, probably were at breakfast. They ate well, those Yanks, while Sloser had eaten what and when he could during the Malayan and Java campaigns.

As he walked, his brain seethed. If it hadn't been for Nails and his mob, Little Amby might not have fallen under the bus in London. If it hadn't been for Rocco and his ilk, he would probably be Champion by now and a hero when he joined the armed forces, instead of an unknown gunner under an assumed name, a man who was in danger of losing his flying job.

He stalked forward until he came to the door of the American mess hall. His big fist doubled and he pounded on the door. Through the netting, he saw the heads of the two men turn toward him inquiringly.

"Rocco," he boomed. "Send out Rocco."

There was a harsh babble of voices. Benches scraped on the rough plank floor as the men sprang to their feet.

"Send out Rocco!" Sloser Gaines demanded. "Or maybe he's afraid to come."

There was the thud of footsteps and the door was flung open. Rocco stood framed in the doorway, his heavy brows flung down over his bright eyes. Sloser stepped back a pace and looked up at the ex-gangster.

"You're a disgrace to your country," stated Sloser slowly and distinctly. "How they ever let you join up is beyond me. You're no good and you never were any good. Me, I've been listenin' all night to my pals, the Aussies and the Anzacs and the Britishers, tellin' me that our bunch must be hard up if they let a mug like you fight for the flag you never had any use for.

"I told 'em it was a mistake. I told 'em that for every skunk like you there were a million decent people in the United States. And I told 'em I'd show 'em what one decent American would do to a guy like you, Rocco."

Where the words had come from, Sloser Gaines never knew. But they spilled out of his mouth in a steady stream. His roaring voice aroused the

men of the Australian, Anzac and British units and they poured out of their barracks to form a gallery.

Behind Rocco stood the Americans, their faces eager. It was apparent to anyone who saw their expressions that they had no love for the big man who once had walked beside Nails Sparoni.

"Now," said Sloser, "are you goin' to fight or do you want to catch me in a dark alley with a tommy gun?"

Rocco cast himself off the top step of the mess hall porch with a roar. He landed on top of Sloser. The latter staggered as the ex-gangster pounded, kned and bit him.

One of Sloser's hamlike fists swept up and caught Rocco on the side of the neck. The taller man spun sidewise and slipped to one knee. He was up and charging again as Sloser regained his balance.

THE slaughter began. With fists working like pistons, the man who might have been Champ, had it not been for Rocco and men like Rocco, began pumping blows into the other's face and body. One, two. One, two.

As coolly as he ever had worked in a ring, Sloser measured his blows, parrying the flailing thrusts that the other man flung at him, weaving, dancing, straightening to shoot home another blow.

The end was never in doubt. Rocco took two solid smashes on the jaw and went down, falling forward on hands and knees. There he stayed, shaking his head slowly from side to side, blood dripping from his nose and mouth.

"Get up, you rat!" Sloser commanded. "Get up and show 'em you've got some of the sand of an American, anyway."

Silently, the bigger man shook his head.

"Let me alone," he muttered.

Sloser grunted and looked over Rocco's crouched body at Kid Blair, standing on the top step. The Kid was grinning, as were the other Yanks beyond him.

"I hope," said Sloser carefully, "that this ain't goin' to cause any trouble between you guys and the rest of us. This wasn't anything between the Americans and the others. This was somethin' personal between the two of us."

He turned and raised his voice.

"You heard that, fellows?" he called. "This wasn't between a Yank and a Yorkshireman because I'm a Yank, myself, so there ain't goin' to be any feud about it, is there?"

The answer they gave him was a strident cheer that was echoed by the Americans in the mess hall. It was then that a guard who had kept conveniently out of sight until the fight was ended took it upon himself to make an appearance and place Sloser Gaines under arrest.

The C. O. was grim and gruff when Sloser appeared before him that morning. At Sloser's side stood Lieutenant Darmes.

"Bad business," said the officer. "We've got a tough job to do at this base and things like this disrupt harmony, decrease efficiency. Who knows but what that fight will start half a dozen battles all over camp? Heck, we're not Americans or Australians or New Zealanders or British or Chinese or Dutch. We're members of the United Nations."

"But sir," Lieutenant Darmes put in. "This wasn't one of those affairs. This was a personal grudge fight. That other chap had been spreading some pretty raw stuff about Gaines, sir. Matter of fact, I put it to Gaines pretty strongly that none of us would have any use for him if he didn't do something about it. I believe the Americans felt the same way about it."

The C. O. turned to the American commander, a colonel, his eyebrows raised. The American officer nodded.

"I've checked, sir," the colonel said. "That's pretty straight. Gaines is a Yank. At least, he was several years ago and this Rocco was a pretty disreputable character. Racketeer and that sort of thing. The two of them jammed up and this is the first time they've met."

"I've had Rocco placed under arrest and he's going back to Australia. No place for him here, although he was a good mechanic. I'd recommend extreme leniency, sir."

Sloser Gaines shifted from one large foot to the other, his eyes fixed on the floor. He was grateful for the colonel's intervention, and that of Lieutenant Darmes. But he held little hope for his immediate future.

The C. O. was a strict disciplinarian on occasion and this seemed like one

of the occasions. He could understand that.

To have a member of his command beat up a member of a newly arrived squadron would seem to the C. O. to demand action.

"I—" the colonel began.

He stopped short when he heard the haunting wail of the raid siren, rising in crescendo that sent chills up and down the spines of the listeners.

Sloser knew with a glance at the C. O.'s face that this alarm was not heralding the approach of friendly ships. The senior officer was out of his chair as the American colonel leaped to his feet.

"All right, Darmes," the C. O. said sharply. "Everybody scramble. It sounds big."

Sloser stood uncertain as the lieutenant turned away. Then the C. O. glanced in his direction and said:

"You, too, Gaines—or whatever your name is. Get to your gunner's post."

"Flying gunner, sir?" Sloser asked hopefully.

"Of course!" shouted the C. O. irritably. "I made you a flying gunner, didn't I?"

RACING with the others toward the ships in line, Sloser felt a keen uplift of spirit, a fierce urge for action. He rammed himself through the narrow doorway of the Blenheim and crowded his way to the aft turret.

He found himself humming a song as he gripped the holds of the gun. Looking from side to side, he saw the other planes going into action. He watched the P-40s whisk down the field and slant up into the air at dizzy angles. He saw the Wirraways chase after them.

Then his own ship began to move. They streaked over the ground, then lifted into the air.

Off they went—Britisher, Anzac, Yank, Aussie—to meet the oncoming Japs. And that, Sloser decided, was the way it should be. Like the C. O. had said, they were all members of the United Nations and as such they couldn't be beaten.

The interceptors quickly left the slower bombers, racing ahead to take on whatever was coming. The bomber pilots had their instructions—had had them ever since the Nipponese had be-

gun striking at Port Moresby.

Those instructions had been given when a loyal native brought the information that the Japs intended to stage an all-out raid on the base to cover a land and sea attack on the port.

It was the bombers' job to go over, under or around the air battle that would develop when the interceptors clashed with the Jap bombers and fighters, and strike at the ships and troops that would be slipping down the coast behind the raiders.

"Like a fight," Sloser told himself. "Come in under the other guy's lead and clip him one."

They were not long in reaching the scene of the main battle.

Sloser, peering from his parapet, saw

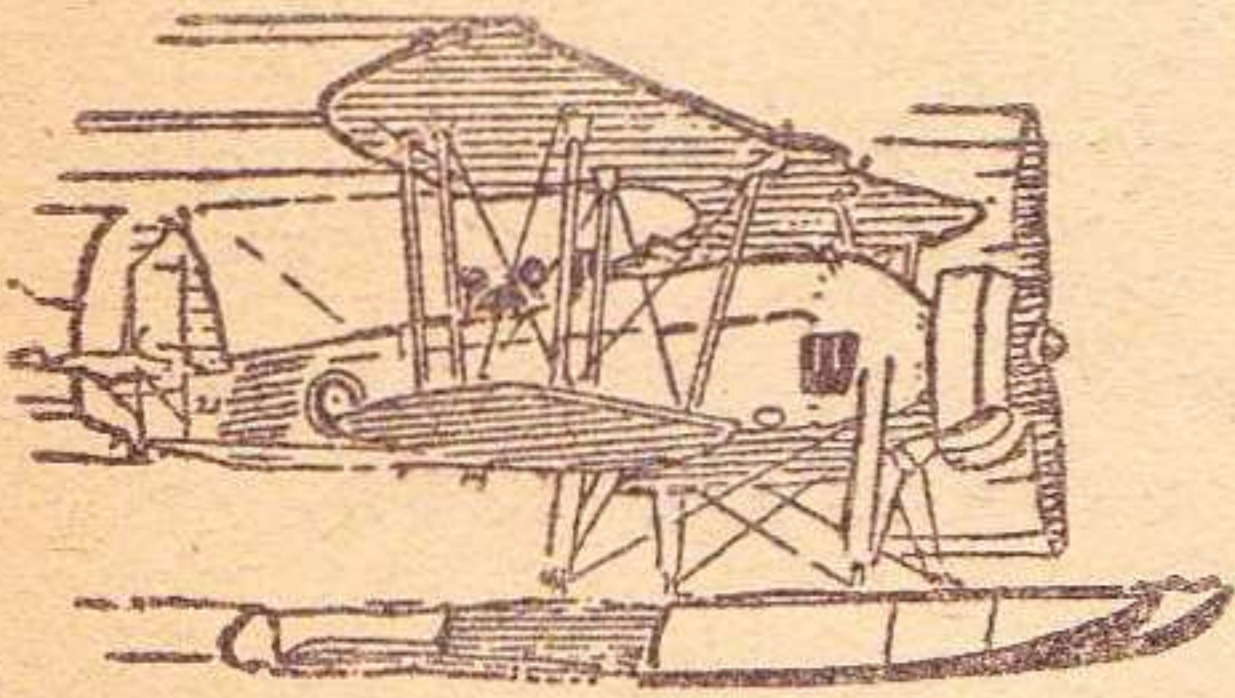
caught a glimpse of several large warships, all flying the flag of the fallen Son of Heaven, Hirohito.

The Jap warships, apparently depending on the all-out raid on Port Moresby, were caught without air protection.

They began zigzagging frantically as the Blenheims, the Flying Fortresses and Douglas torpedo planes swooped joyously upon them.

A few planes rose from the decks of the Jap ships, but they did not stay in the sky long. Sloser Gaines himself accounted for one—a slow-flying seaplane that maneuvered awkwardly and proved an easy prey for the lead that sprayed out from the muzzles of his guns.

The seaplane tipped on one wing,



"Hayseed" Follows the Light!

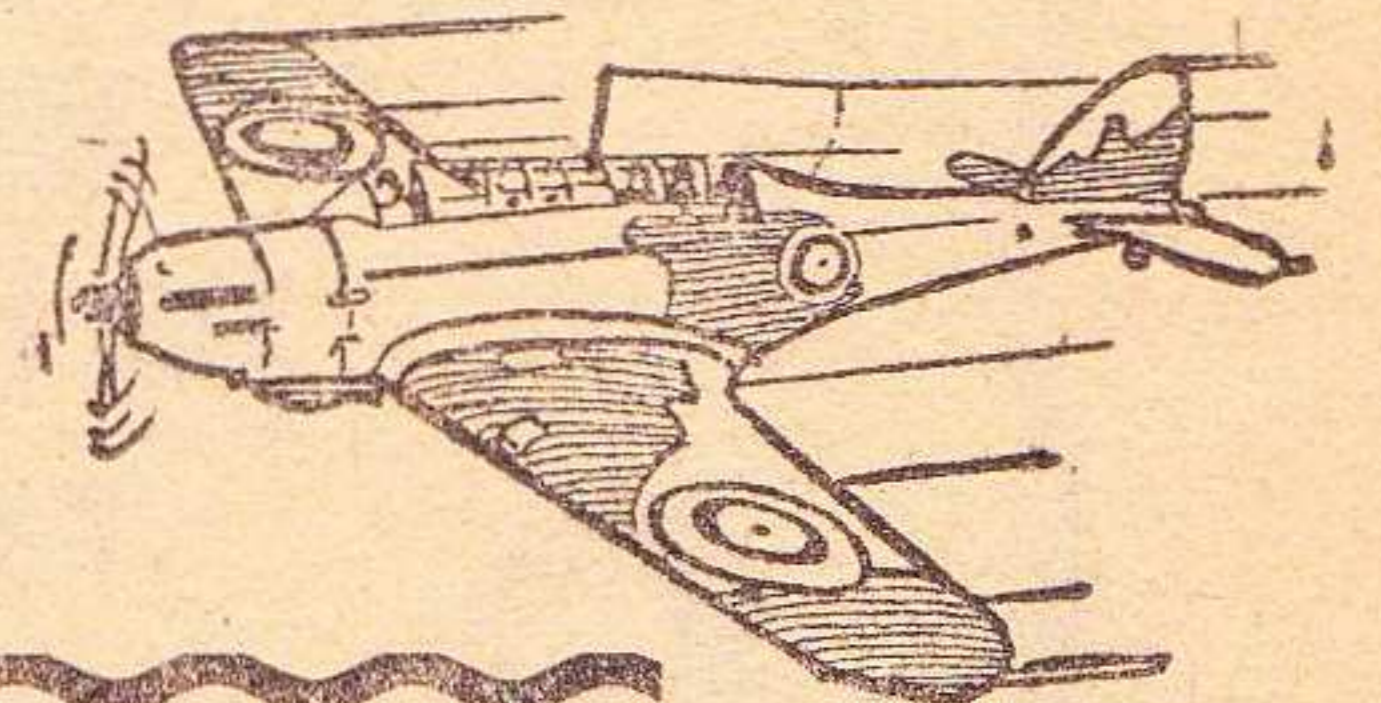
Ferry Pilot Haydon Cedeworth, better known to his mates in the service as Hayseed, follows a beacon of mystery that outlines a foul Nazi plot of sabotage and murder—and breaks his jinx in a burst of flaming glory!

The story of Hayseed—one of the most exciting and deeply moving stories you've ever read—is told in

THE FERRY PILOT

By **ALEXIS ROSOFF**

A Smashing Novelet Coming Next Issue!



the fighters pouncing on the Jap bombers, stabbing at them viciously, sending one after the other rocketing down into oblivion. Then a Zero came into his sights and his guns crackled out their message of death. A miss. He cursed.

He got a chance at one other fighter and could not see whether he hit or missed, then the Blenheim was past the zone of combat, heading for the coast.

He kept swiveling his head from side to side, hoping, praying for a target, but none presented themselves. Then, in the earphones, he heard Darmes give an ecstatic yelp.

"There you are, fellows," cried the pilot. "Pretty sight, what?"

He winged over sharply and Sloser

seemed to hang there for a moment, then went fluttering down, smoke pouring from its engine.

Sloser followed its descent with fascinated eyes until he saw it strike the water with a crashing burst of thin, black smoke.

ANTI-AIRCRAFT shells were bursting about them and the Blenheim was rocking as though in a high wind again.

Darmes was circling while his bombardier gave his directions in a calm, unhurried voice. Again the Blenheim lifted exultantly and the call came:

"Awa-a-a-a-ay!"

Darmes took the Blenheim away from

the line of fire to permit a big Flying Fortress to come up on the warships.

Sloser heard him grunt as his stick of bombs straddled the leading cruiser. He yelped when the Flying Fortress' missiles smashed down on the second ship in line. He howled aloud in glee as the next bomber sent a load down the funnel of a cruiser and the ship broke her back with a mighty explosion.

Then it was the Blenheim's turn to come up again. Once more the bombs hurtled down.

The anti-aircraft fire was weak now and the lead vessel appeared out of control, veering drunkenly across the water toward the nearby shore line.

A swarm of torpedo planes rushed in to drop their tin fish almost in the face of the guns still operating on the warships and zoom up to safety again. The thudding pound of explosions as the torpedoes struck home was audible to Sloser, even above the roar of the engine and the whine of the earphones.

It was over in an unbelievably short length of time. The three cruisers were smouldering hulks by then and the foremost vessel had rammed the shore head-on at top speed with a terrific explosion.

None of the trio that had set forth so brashly would ever see Yokohama again.

"Time to go," Darmes called cheerily. "Might see some fun on the way home."

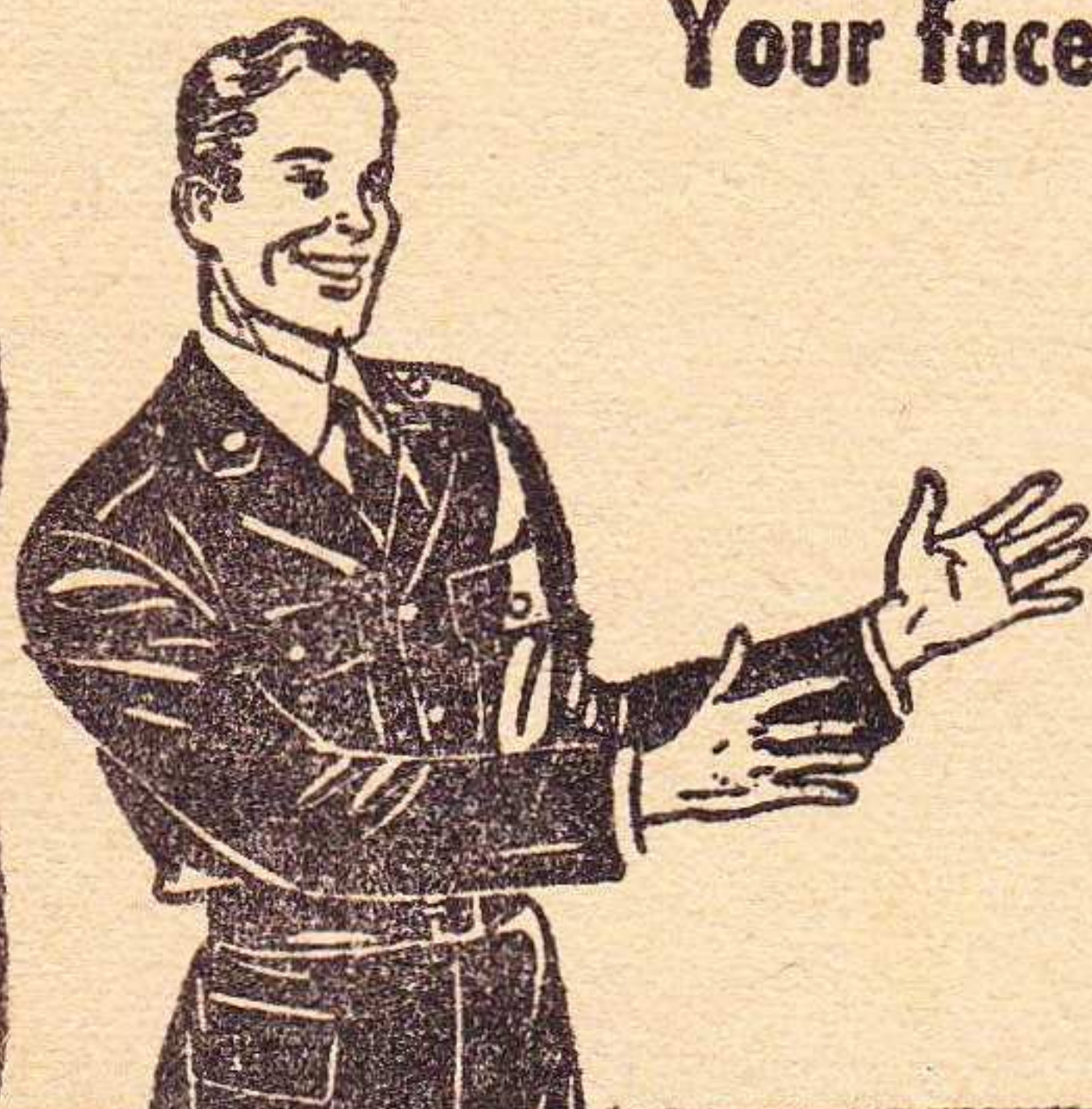
They saw none because the Nipponese air fleet had been shattered. The few stray Zeros they sighted were at a distance and running for home, pursued by harrying P-40s.

Dotted along the way home, Sloser could make out the funeral pyres of Jap bombers, sending up columns of smoke from the ground far below.

He settled back, completely content. He still was a flying gunner and there was no more need to fear Nails or Rocco or any of the others. There was no need to fear anything, so long as the United Nations were in the sky.

Next Issue: A BOMB AND A PRAYER, *Exciting Complete Novelet* by LAURENCE DONOVAN—Plus Many Other Stories and Features!

For quick, smooth shaving you're all set
With thrifty, keen-edged Thin Gillette,
The longest-lasting low-priced blade!
Your face feels fit and looks top-grade!



Produced By The Maker
Of The Famous Gillette
Blue Blade



Easy Way To Get Even More Shaves With Every Gillette Blade



1. WASH FACE thoroughly with hot water and soap to soften beard and eliminate accumulated grit that dulls shaving edges



2. APPLY LATHER or Brushless Shaving Cream while face is wet. If lather is used, dip your brush in water frequently



3. TWO EDGES double blade life. Marks indicated above identify edges, enabling you to give both equal use and get extra shaves



4. CLEAN BLADE in razor by loosening handle, then rinsing in hot water and shaking. Wiping the blade is likely to damage the origin

The Fall of the Roman Eagle

By

SAGITTARIUS

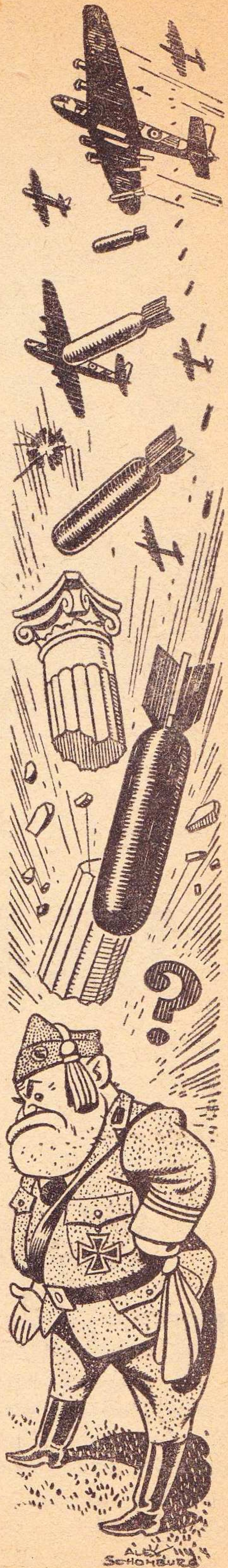
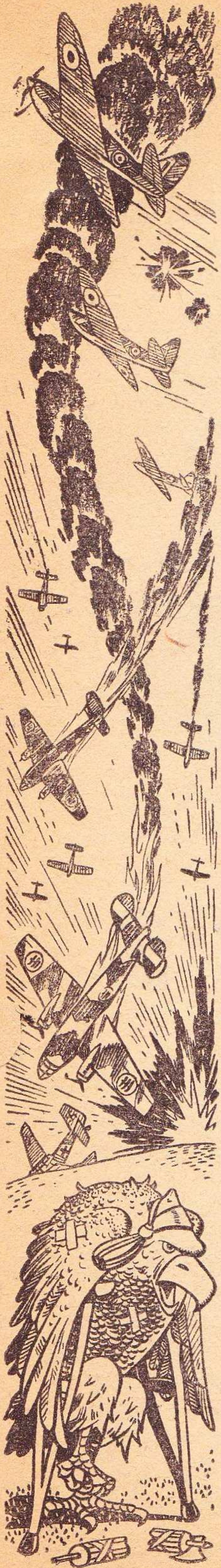
While the bombers southward flocking
Set Italian cities rocking,
Suddenly there came a knocking at Il Duce's
office door,
He with fiery decision
Opened to admit a vision,
An expected apparition who had often called
before—
Destiny at hand once more.

Into that apartment regal
Slunk instead a Roman eagle
Moping, molting and bedraggled, and ex-
tremely sick and sore,
With its plumage torn and tattered,
Beak and talons badly battered,
And morale completely shattered, flapped and
flopped upon the floor—
Only that and nothing more.

"Answer," cried the Fascist showman,
"Emblem of the conquering Roman
Fowl of fate and bird of omen winging from
the Libyan shore
When shall my imperial legions
Drive the Allies from those regions?
When shall I through Alexandria lead the Axis
desert corps?"
Croaked the eagle, "Nevermore."

"When will the Abyssinians
Yield up their usurped dominions?
When will Suez and Tunisia fall as spoils of
glorious war;
When will Africa surrender
To Islam's ordained defender;
When shall I sweep 'mare nostrum' undisputed
conqueror?"
Quoth the Eagle, "Nevermore."

"When with Fascist ceremonials,
Entering my Rome's colonials,
Shall I reign from captive Venice to the fore-
feited Kohdore;
When shall my resolve tenacious
Lead to conquests still more spacious?
When shall I Rome's world-wide empire of
antiquity restore?"
Croaked the Eagle, "Definitely, positively, un-
equivocally, categorically, irretrievably,
inexorably, irrevocably and finally, Never-
more."





Clymer felt Wells' fingers digging into his shoulder, as he fought to keep the Beaufighter on an even keel.

BEAUFIGHTER'S SECOND

By JOE ARCHIBALD

Pilot Officer Clymer Proves to the "Great Man" That He Isn't the Kind Who Would Surrender to the Enemy!

THE personnel of the night fighters' drome were getting restless and irritable. There were Defiants and Beaufighters and Spitfires on the mile-square field, and in the rest hut of the station, the men who manned the nocturnal kites were grouped about, waiting for the signal. They had been waiting for several

nights now. The bandits should have taken advantage of the bombers' moon. The R.A.F. heavy and medium bombers of the kipper command had done just that, and while the tension piled up in the rest hut, Hitler's stolen property across the channel was getting a fierce pounding.

A bare-headed figure appeared in

the door of the hut. He wore heavy flying clothes and carried a wire-haired terrier under his arm.

"No crickets about," the pilot officer said, meaning German night fighters. "Sandy would've smelled them." He let the dog loose, and it yipped with glee and jumped onto a flyer who had conked off on a beach chair that had come from Brighton. "No sign of the American chap?"

"Expect him tonight, though," the C. O. said. "He's been in London with the bigger brackets, talking with Churchill and the blokes at Adastral House. Broadcast over the B.B.C. last night, you know. Been in the tanks in Libya, in a Russian bomber over Sevastopol and has had a bit of a look at Malta."

"Should feel honored, shouldn't we?" a Beaufighter pilot over in the corner said dryly. "Rather meet up with a solid lump of blitz. I've met these journalist fellows before. I say, fighting a war with a typewriter—a Vickers K gun now, would be——"

Pilot Officer Martin Clymer had been on the first ship to be blown up by Nazi subs. The light striking against his face betrayed two great patches of scar tissue, one on his right cheek, the other covering his chin. His nose had an artificial look about it.

Clymer had always been something of an enigma to his flying mates. The torpedo that had blown him right off the deck of a ship and into the sea had apparently taken his past with it.

The blast of flame that had come out of the bowels of the ship had spared his eyes. All the R.A.F. asks of a man is youth and a good pair of eyes. When Clymer was not in the pulpit of a Beaufighter, he lived in a kind of shell.

There was a picture of a girl in the Beaufighter's greenhouse, and the men at the station wondered about it. Clymer never wrote letters or received any mail. Once he was asked

about that picture and he simply said:

"Marianne."

"Scarred like that," a Sergeant had thought at the time. "Maybe she sacked him. A cold-blooded wench I'll wager and no pukka type."

A LITTLE gunner in a far corner took up the talk about the coming American.

"This Wells is a remarkable chap," he said. "Can jolly well get anywhere he wants in this war, and does. The Americans get their war from Wells; he's their oracle, you know. Generally has the facts, and he can make heroes."

"Whoosh," a Scotchman named MacLeish commented. "I'll shoot him a line and use up my chit book on the braw lad, and he'll be havin' me gonged before breakfast and wrote up in all the American papers. I'll tell the lad how I shot me three Junkerschmitts doon after I'd used up all the fuel in my tanks. You'll stand up for me, won't you?"

The C. O. grinned. "Heard he was a sports writer before he became a correspondent. "Made and broke men. Kenton Wells, the crusader for clean sports and all that bother. A man who never backed water or ate his words. Facts, that's Wells. I say, I have a book he wrote and——"

"Keep it," Clymer said, and grinned sourly. It was hard to diagnose the Beaufighter man's smiles other than that way because of the scar tissue. "I've heard the bloke wants a go at night fighting with us. Isn't that going a bit too far? Fighter Command going Hollywood. It's gormless."

"Somebody must have been pulling your leg, Lieutenant." The gunner smiled and sipped at his beer. "This is real war, yuh know."

"And that's the great Kenton Wells, yuh know," Clymer mocked.

Pilot Officer Clymer went out onto the field and looked at the night fighters crouching in the darkness. If the

signal came, the Spits would not go up. Just the Defiants and the Beau-fighters. Spits cannot work unless the moon is very bright for the sleek fighters have to land at a speed of a hundred miles an hour.

"What was it the Air Marshal told us?" Clymer asked himself quietly. "Oh yes. 'Takes the best pilots in England to do the night fighting.'"

He had to smile a little. He liked the dark and fighting in the night. His face was not pretty in the light of day. And he could think better at night.

His mind wandered, and the past drove in on him, bringing a lump in his chest. Kent was not far away, but it might as well be a million miles to where she was.

If he had been in uniform when that ship had been struck, the Empire would have given him a new face. The specialist in plastic surgery in London had told him he could make him as good looking as he ever was—for five hundred pounds.

A Bentley came in and unloaded two passengers. The bulky man with the trench coat and cane was Kenton Wells. The smaller man was a non-flying administrative officer, the type called a "Penguin" by the men who rode the battle planes. No doubt a bloke thick with the higher brackets.

"Good evening, old man."

The great Kenton Wells was talking to Pilot Officer Clymer. Clymer nodded and looked steadily into the correspondent's beefy face.

"No crickets tonight?"

WELLS knew his R.A.F. slang. One of his books had a chapter full of it.

"Not a sign," Clymer said, and saw Wells' eyes suddenly widen.

The moonlight puts a queer color on scar tissue. Wells asked delicately if a Jerry had got him.

"No," the flyer said quickly. "Tangled with a sub, before the show at

Dunkirk. Glad to have you with us, Wells."

"Thank you."

The great man strode into the rest shack and Clymer followed. The crews of the night fighters got up and let the C.O. introduce them. A Yank who handled a Defiant's power turret reached out a hand and ordered a beer for Wells.

"You've been around, Mr. Wells," the Yank said, after formalities had ceased and the writer had been warmed by two glasses of beer. "The last time I saw you was at the Louis-Braddock fight. I sure read your stuff. You didn't pull your punches, and you cleaned the crooks out of the boxing business."

Kenton Wells grinned and began talking old shop with the Yank gunner. About Dempsey and Willard and Tunney and Heeney, Joe Louis and Maxie Baer. About Bombardier Goddard.

At the mention of the British heavy's name, R.A.F. men stiffened a little. Martin Clymer's wide mouth stretched even wider, and an uneasy tension gripped the rest hut. Clymer's eyes had the look that always came into them when he was up to thirty thousand with the Messups buzzing around his greenhouse.

"Yeah." The Yank grinned. "You named him the 'Swooning Swan from Soho.' Goddard, I mean. A phony, Mr. Wells. You wrote that he quit to Schmeling, the Heinie. They took his dough and held onto it."

Kenton Wells sensed the resentment of those grim fighting men all around him. "Sorry if I brought up a sore spot, fellows. Oh, you had your great fighters: Jimmy Wilde and Jem Driscoll and Charlie Mitchell. The Bombardier had no heart for the fight game. He had a glass jaw and a shady Broadway crowd built him up and fixed——"

"I knew the Bombardier, Wells," Clymer said hotly. "I think you were

wrong that time."

"You're entitled to your opinion, Lieutenant," Wells said with a smile. "I was never wrong about a fighter. Sounded bad then. Sounds worse now, doesn't it? An Englishman quitting to a Dutchman. Oh, we had our crooked fighters, too."

He swung toward the C.O. and immediately changed the subject. He wanted to know if action was expected at any moment. He wanted a story of the night fighters, and he expected to fly in one of those kites out there.

"Sorry, Mr. Wells," the C.O. said. "Too dangerous, you know. The Fighter Command——"

The administrative officer cut in and assured the commanding officer of the station that everything had been arranged for Mr. Wells. He asked the writer to show his credentials from Adastral House.

PILOTS and gunners stared at each other and wondered what kind of a war they were in.

"Manage to get everywhere, don't you?" the commanding officer said tightly, and tugged violently at the stem of a briar that protruded from his pocket. He clamped his teeth over the rubber stem and spoke a little acidly. "All right, Mr. Wells. Been quiet here for a few days, though." He kept looking at Wells' papers—studying them.

"Orders are that you are not exposed to extraordinary risks, Wells. You are not to go up if the report comes in that 'Forty-plus' is headed this way. What kind of kite do you want to have a go at?"

"Beaufighter, sir," Kenton Wells said. "It won't be my first flight, I assure you. In Libya, I flew with the Blenheim Mk 1's. I'm not asking for special protection, sir."

"But I'll see to it that you get it, Mr. Wells," the C.O. said. "You won't get a ringside seat exactly, but

you'll be near enough to the action to get the smell of it. A Beaufighter, you want." He looked at Pilot Officer Martin Clymer.

"No, sir," Clymer began. "I——"

"Orders, Clymer. Mr. Wells will be in your plane in case we get action tonight," the commanding officer said. "His safety will be in your hands."

Pilot Officer Clymer began to protest again, but he suddenly trapped his lips and smiled thinly. "Right, sir," he said and started for the door. "Bombardier Goddard," he grunted audibly. "Quit to a Hun."

When he got outside, Wells was at his shoulder, and Wells said something about being glad to have Clymer for a pilot.

Clymer pointed. "English night fighters, Mr. Wells. Can't fix them, can you—to throw a fight?"

The writer smiled and touched a match to a cigarette. "No glass chins on them, Lieutenant. That Beaufighter there—its front reminds me of Heeney's chin."

"But tougher, Wells. That's my kite. Queer sort of war. They send a newsreel man over with the Wellingtons. Now it's Kenton Wells in a Beaufighter."

"My own skin, old man," Wells said. "Stories are my bread and butter, you know, and the better the story—never faked one, Clymer. I get the facts."

"I believed Goddard," Clymer said, and looked up into the sky. "His own men bet against him, and they put something in his beer. He liked his beer. I knew the Bombardier pretty well."

Wells had a reply on his lips, but it was whisked away by the sudden stir of activity in the ready hut.

The C.O. yelled out: "Coming this way. Small force of Heinkels and Messups. Visitor brought us luck. Action follows Wells!"

He swung away, giving orders. Out on the darkened field, motors began to roar.

MARTIN CLYMER grinned at Wells as a little corporal tossed the writer a Harnisuit.

"Action, Wells. I'll get you up where you can get a look at it. Not too close—orders you know."

"Orders can go wrong, old man," Wells said.

"Not too much information about the kite," Clymer tossed out hurriedly, as they trotted across the field. "Got hush-hush stuff in the way of armament. More guns than the journal of the trade tells about. Wait until you see Sergeant Lowery handle it. We're getting new Beaufighters with cannon, Wells. Hercules engines. They change these kites overnight. Here we are. Up with you, Mr. Wells."

A Defiant gunner raced past, yelling at a man behind him. "Keep the bloomin' head on the glass of beer I ordered. I'll be back. The fortune-teller in London told me the sun would be shinin' on me when I passed away."

Pilot Officer Clymer settled into his seat and checked up. Defiants began to tear away, splattering the turf with a fine spray of oil. They circled the field to get the moths out of the radials. When they finally took off, they switched off the lights. Everything was confusion on the night fighter field.

Wells called to the officer in his chin mike and his words contained a touch of spice.

"They can hear you in the brain center," Clymer yelled. "You'll make the girls blush, Wells. Talk yourself out, because when we get up there —"

The radials howled and the Beau-fighter went away from there. The two-engined night fighter warmed itself up with a turn around the mile-square field and then Clymer got buoyancy under its wings. It went up and up, crabbing away from those other climbing kites.

It reached twenty thousand, and Clymer heard Wells say, "Get into the scramble, old chap. I can't even hear the bandits."

"You will," Clymer said, and his teeth were tightly set.

The picture of the girl was close to him, brightened a bit by the dim light from the panel. He checked Lowery in and the little non-com swore under his breath.

Wells could hear the German planes now. There was a difference in their harsh tone. Off to the right, higher up, a Defiant's turret went into action and Wells could see the tracers howling past a big Heinkel's windows.

A searchlight stabbed upward and centered its beam on another Jerry bomber. Then the bomber kicked over, a reddish streamer of smoke boiling out of its nose. The action was five miles away and Clymer could hear Kenton Wells growling into his flap mike.

"Action," Martin Clymer thought, and his marred features twisted horribly. "The story—the facts!"

He swung the Beaufighter toward the action, and a Messup came down on its back and squirted cannon shells at it. One exploded in front of the Beaufighter's blunt nose and Clymer let the kite scream down-hill.

He caught a Heinkel before he lifted the night fighter's snout and smashed lead into its dustbin. And then he was climbing again, up through the crazy tracer pattern that hung like cobwebs against the roof of the world.

Messup ammo the size of Bratwurst sausages banged against the Beau-fighter and fractured its sleek shell from tail to greenhouse, almost shook the kite loose from its spars.

"Something new has been added!" Clymer yelled, as he bored straight at a Heinkel. "More bandits have come in, Mr. Wells. Forty-plus, the skipper spoke about, Mr. Wells."

GERMAN fighters knifed in on the Beaufighter like deadly Bonelli hawk-eagles, striking and going away, coming back to strike again. The British planes were outnumbered two to one now, and the fight was hotter than the hinges of Hades.

The Spits had better come up, Clymer thought grimly. There was the stink of escaping glycol in his nose and the bite of acrid cordite in his throat when the two Messerschmitts came at him and let their cannon shells go. One broke up behind Clymer and he shouted at Lowery. The man did not answer.

"He's hit, Clymer," Wells called out. "We're being banged to pieces, Lieutenant. We——"

"The hush-hush gun, Mr. Wells," Clymer screamed, and laughed at the same time. "See what you can do with it, Mr. Wells. Can't quit to a Heinie, you know—not like the Bombar-dier."

He was hardly aware of shouting as he toiled the Beaufighter through the nocturnal scramble. The air was getting thin up there, and he guessed he would have to go for the oxygen, but a Messup drove the Beaufighter down where breathing was easier.

Clymer rolled out of the path of its fire, but lead smashed into his pulpit. A scrap of metal gouged his cheek and he tasted his blood.

Messup ordnance bit through the walls of the Beaufighter and the smoke was thick inside the kite. He heard Wells coughing.

"We'd better get out of here," Kenton Wells roared. "The blasted plane is falling apart around us, man! I say, we go out this door here—Fire, Clymer. A flare's alive here!"

"No quitting, Wells," Martin Clymer said. "Not to a Dutchman, you know. Use your 'chute, Wells. Bang the fire out. Use your—what you writers call your moxy, Mr. Wells. Ha! We're no bloody Swooning Swan, Mr. Wells."

Clymer laughed and quickly checked up. His radio mast was smashed and he knew the Beaufighter's metal skin was blistered and torn. A motor was cutting out and the smell of burning oil was heavy inside the kite.

He could smell the parachute burning. Wells' 'chute. The Yank had guts, he had to admit that.

A pair of Heinkels and a Defiant were going down and the torches brightened the sky with their bloody glare. The 'chutes of both Englishman and bandit were blossoming in the sky.

Wells had his phone jack plugged in again, and he was yelling at the pilot officer and cursing. A few seconds later, with the Beaufighter smashing its way toward the station, Clymer felt Wells' fingers digging into his shoulder.

"No dives, Mr. Wells," Clymer roared. "We stay in until we're knocked out. That was the way you wanted them to fight, what?"

"Look here, Clymer," Wells roared. "I——"

The Beaufighter was bucking, fighting the controls. One of its engines was cold and bobbing about on steel hangnails. Up in front was a crippled Heinkel and it was clawing desperately toward the channel.

Pilot Officer Martin Clymer lifted the Beaufighter's blunt nose and drove it up through a thousand feet of space. The kite lurched and came down to blast down the German bomber, and Clymer roared as he fought to keep the Beaufighter on an even keel.

SWINGING toward the field, Clymer prayed that fire would not lash out at him. Spitfires were coming up now. One whistled past him, the Merlin's shrill whine music in his ears.

Heinkels and Messups were trying to get back to the Lowlands, and the

British night fighters bit at their flanks and added to the score.

Martin Clymer heard the roar of battle sweeping away from him. For the first time, he became aware that there was no feeling in his right side. One side of his face felt as if it had been smeared with glue and he could not move a muscle in it.

The Huns had messed him up again. He thought of Marianne. Another fifty pounds for a plastic surgeon. Wells was just behind him, his hands on Clymer's shoulders, talking it up.

"Get the Sarge's 'chute," Clymer yelled. "You got enough altitude, Mr. Wells. I'll catch it for this, I wager." Talk was painful and he couldn't swing around.

"I'm sticking, Clymer," Wells said.

"A good man in the corner," the pilot officer ground out, and tried to smile.

He thought of many things. Not of crashing—he would get the Beau-fighter down if he had to make the last five hundred feet with a radial in his lap and a wing slung over his shoulder.

He thought of Bombardier Goddard on another night. The stars had been out that night, too, and a lot of people had been screaming their lungs out. The roar of the radial sounded like them now.

Clymer would never forget the Bombardier on that night. Marianne had said she would wait for him. That night the Bombardier had walked through the mob, feeling a little sick and a little dazed. That was the way Pilot Officer Martin Clymer felt now.

Marianne had not seen his face. He had told her what it had looked like. He would come back to her when it was all fixed up—everything. The business of quitting to a Dutchman. Marianne would wait.

Pilot Officer Clymer was grinning horribly, as he nursed the crippled night fighter toward the soil of England. Nausea was digging into his

stomach, and he had to fight it to keep himself going.

No Swooning Swan this time. He could hear Wells' voice coming from miles away. Like that night, away back, when he was smashed down and his senses were going. Subconsciously he knew Wells was still talking it up.

"Sure," Clymer choked out. "We're going to take it on the button, Mr. Wells. This fighter better not have a glass jaw. Quit to a Heinie? I say, Schmeling might have been in the Heinkel. No — in the parachute corps."

Kenton Wells knew the pilot now. He stuck close to the ex-fighter and talked it up. Language Clymer could understand. The Bombardier's language. It would get through the fog that was sweeping over the pilot officer where nothing else could.

"Stop talking, kid. You got to finish this round, Goddard! The Dutchman thinks he's got you, kid. Hold on. Hold on and save your strength, Bombardier."

A lot of things he had written about the Bombardier, about his lack of courage, were ringing in his ears, and it gave his mouth a nastier taste than the stuff that was belching out of the hot radial.

THE crash landing was seconds away, and Martin Clymer came out of a sudden sinking spell and heard the crowd roaring. He had to keep on his feet and beat the gong, or it would be that string of tank towns again.

Two years in stinking, crawling fighters' dressing rooms. Fighting for enough to get his debts paid and a ticket back to England and Marianne.

The war was coming, they had said. He had to get back to her—the first boat. The torpedo had hit just before dawn. The hospital and the stink of ether. No identification on him. After

seventeen hours on a raft—his own name again, Martin Clymer. Not the Bombardier. In England there was nothing for a man who had quit to a Dutchman.

Kenton Wells held on and he watched the pilot officer brace himself, gather every last ounce of moxy that was left in him. There was a woods down there, and it swept away. Hedges and a checkered field and a church steeple came in its place.

Wells wondered if he'd burn. His preacher back home did not countenance cremation. He could see the headlines in the papers across the pond:

WELLS DIES IN BEAUFIGHTER!
KENTON WELLS SHOT DOWN
BY NAZI PLANE

If he lived, he'd write his greatest story. He wouldn't be the hero. Kenton Wells prayed that he would live long enough to admit he was wrong about a man, to eat his words for the first time in his life. That was all the great Wells asked.

"There's the bell," Pilot Officer Martin Clymer cried out, when the ground came up to smash the Beaufighter. "Hear it, Mr. Wells. I'll get him in the next round. Quit to a Dutchman, you said? Not the Bombardier. You were wrong that time. I knew the Bomb——"

Wells braced himself for the crash. He was hurled against the punctured walls of the Beaufighter and away from it and he rolled over the dead body of Sergeant Lowery as the kite tore through a tangle of shrubbery with a crunching and ripping of Firth-Vickers steel.

The Beaufighter dug its snout into the side of a hill, shuddered for several moments like a stricken animal, then pitched to the side and became still.

The newspapers always said that Kenton Wells bore a charmed life. He was moving about when an auxiliary

constable of England's civilian defense army and a half a dozen villagers arrived at the scene of the crash.

Wells had a nasty cut on his head, and he was trying to drag Pilot Officer Clymer out of the crumpled kite. Wells was not exactly in possession of all his senses.

"Knocked out," Wells said. "He'll get his purse this time. The Bombardier——"

"They don't have bombardiers in Beaufighters, me lad," the constable said. "Lend a hand here, and be quick abaht it. Never mind the one with the mustache. He's dead. The other blighter is movin'."

BOMBARDIER GODDARD looked up at a small patch of white plaster when he opened his eyes again. He smelled antiseptic and heard a confusion of voices.

"Knocked out again," he thought. "Patched up with collodion and adhesive tape. Another ruddy tank town where the crowd yelled for blood. A couple of quid for five bloody rounds. Marianne was so far away. . . . The surgeon wanted five hundred pounds. . . ."

"Well?" a voice said.

It was familiar, too familiar. It was a voice he hated and one that had followed him through the years and into the bloody war.

Clymer let his head fall to the side and he looked up at Kenton Wells. Things came back in a hurry. Heinkels and Messups and Defiants and Beaufighters.

"You," Clymer said with effort. "Lucky devil, aren't you? Hoped that last dive of mine had finished you, Wells."

"Bombardier," Wells said, and Clymer's mouth snapped open. "I was wrong about him, sir. A couple of nights ago I was in your corner, old man. We lasted out the round, Bombardier. You got yourself three Dutchmen and speaking of gongs—it

means a decoration in this kind of fighting, Goddard.

"I've written a story. The facts, old chap. They will be reading it all over America in a few days. The guys along Jacobs' Beach, remember?

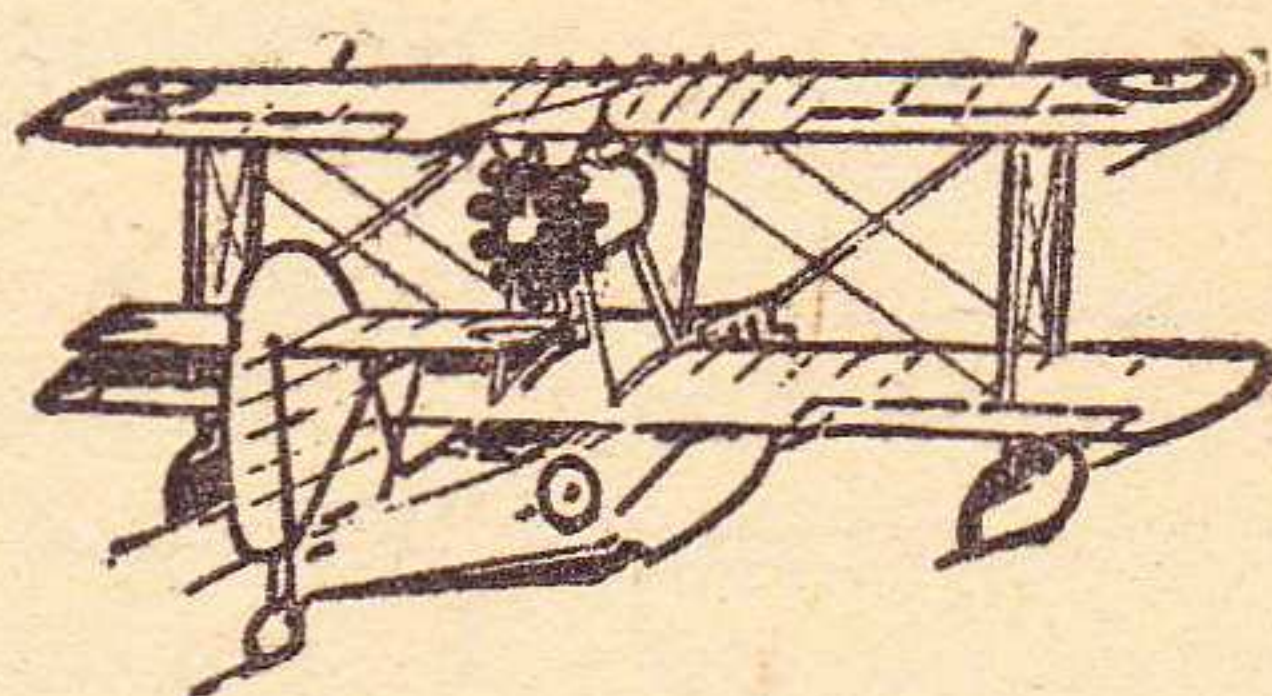
"That purse they held up on you, the one you never got to collect. Eight thousand in that wad, Pilot Officer Clymer. They're going to send it along."

The Bombardier grinned. He could get a better face than he had ever had before. All of those people would read Kenton Wells, and they would know that Bombardier Goddard had not quit to a Heinie. Not after what Wells would write about that night scramble.

A great guy to have in your corner, this chap, Wells. He held out his hand to the big guy who had been in Africa and Russia and on the island of Malta.

"That picture, Mr. Wells," Clymer said. "You got it? In my pocket, a picture of myself. Got to have it for the surgeons you know. She hasn't long to wait now. A few months, and I'll look like the Bombardier again."

Wells got up after a while and went out, racking his brain for an appropriate title for his story. "Beaufighters and Boxfighters?" "Beaufighters' Punch?" No, not good enough. This one had to be a natural. The best he'd ever done. The Bombardier deserved it.



The thrilling and amazing true story of the rugged planes of the Coastal Command which dominate the Channel, the Atlantic and the North Sea—told in

WE SCOUR THE SEAS

By AIR VICE-MARSHAL G. B. A. BAKER

of the R.A.F. Coastal Command

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

"THAT'S FOR ME FOR ENERGY"

BETTER TASTE...

PEPSI-COLA

... BIGGER DRINK

MEN BEHIND THE PLANES

AMAZING STORIES OF BRITISH GENIUS

FOR every man in a plane there are many men on the ground, in the factories, in the scientific laboratories, doing the ticklish mechanical work and the vital experimental study so necessary to the success of aviation—especially in wartime.

And over and above all, there are great co-ordinating geniuses, in charge of operations, whose experience, skill and initiative provide the guidance that leads to victory.

R.A.F. ACES is proud to present, in these new, true stories each issue, the man behind the planes! We know you'll find this special feature both inspiring and instructive.

THE ONE MAN AIR WAR OF R.A.A.F

THERE is a man in the Middle East who has become almost a legendary figure among the R.A.A.F. He is an Australian who served with distinction in the Royal Flying Corps during the first world war. His name is "Peter" Drummond, better known to members of the R.A.F. as Air Marshal R. W. Drummond, D.S.O., M.C., supreme commander of the R.A.F. and R.A.A.F. in the Middle East.

He is a brilliant and fearless leader. By his example he has inspired Allied flying men in Egypt and Libya to deeds of the greatest gallantry. As a member of the R.F.C. in World War One, Drummond worked in conjunction with the Australian Flying Corps in the Middle East, and his exploits are still talked about, not only by the men who flew with him from 1916 onwards, but by members of the R.A.A.F. who have returned from time to time from the Middle East.

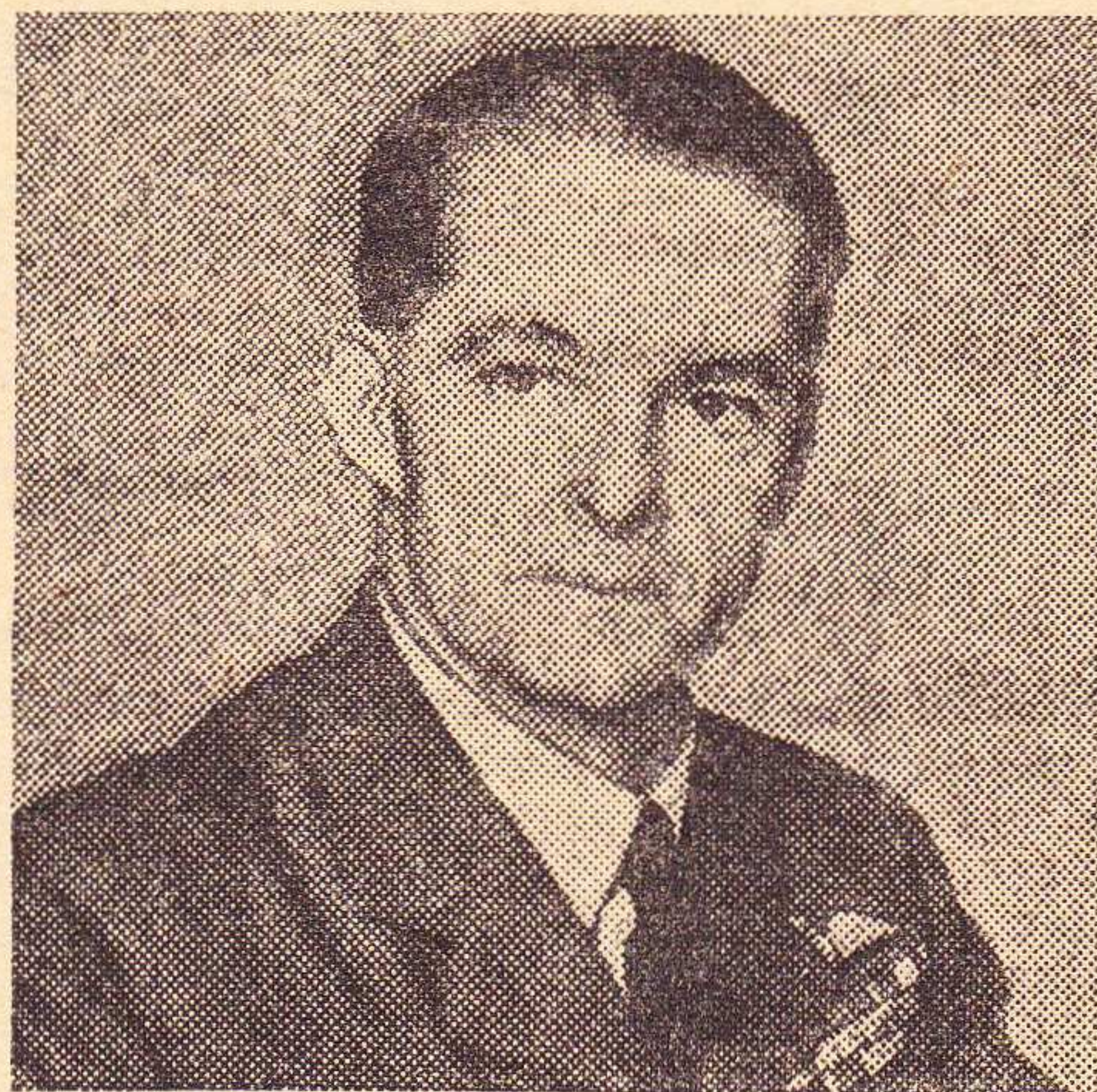
He has all the attributes which constitute a born leader of fighting airmen. It is interesting to recall that after the last war he joined the R.A.F. and served for a time in Afghanistan, where he carried on a famous "one-man-war." When Air Chief Marshal Sir John Salmond of the R.A.F. visited Australia some years ago at the request of the Commonwealth Government to report on the R.A.A.F., he brought Drummond with him as his Staff Officer.

An example of what British and Australian aircraft, when properly equipped, could do against enemy machines in the Middle East during the last war is provided by the story of an air battle over Tul Keram in which Drummond played a notable part.

Tul Keram, as you may have read, became famous as a favorite landmark of Australian airmen. It was especially notable in the record of Captain Drummond, who, after enlisting in the A.I.F. straight from school, joined the Royal Flying Corps and qualified as a pilot

early in 1916. Thence he was attached to No. 1 Australian Squadron in its early days and, at the end of 1917, was transferred as a flight-commander to No. 111 Squadron, and subsequently to No. 145 as squadron-commander.

On December 12th, Drummond was flying a Bristol Fighter of No. 111 Squadron, with an air-mechanic as observer, escorting an Aus-



Air Marshal R. M. Drummond, C.B., D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C.

tralian patrol of two slow two-seater machines. Near Tul Keram, three German Albatross scouts suddenly appeared over them and prepared to attack. Drummond at once flew over alone to meet the enemy, regardless of the odds against him.

He shot down one Albatross, which crashed, and chased the other two. One of these, severely damaged by Drummond's fire, broke up

in the air while maneuvering to escape, and the other, seeking to land in a hurry, flew into the side of a hill and was smashed to pieces. Drummond thus destroyed all three single-handed.

This, as I have suggested, was an example of what British and Australian airmen, when they were adequately equipped, could do against hostile aircraft. The arrival of the Bristol Fighter and the S.E.5a. in Palestine marked the end of the German airman's reign of superiority in the sky.

His new squadrons were equipped with Albatross D.3. single-seater scouts and A.E.G. two-seaters. When the enemy technically held the superiority, he never fully asserted it, and by the time his numbers were reinforced, modern British machines had arrived, and his opportunity had disappeared. From January, 1918, onwards he was gradually driven out of the sky, until finally he was almost afraid to show himself in the sky at all.

In March, 1918, Drummond fought a most heroic engagement with six German scouts over Tul Keram. Drummond himself has told the story of that exploit.

"We were just sitting down to breakfast," he said, "when news came of a German machine wirelessing over the lines. Two pilots were ordered out to deal with him. One could not get his engine to start, so I took his place and went out in my machine, a Nieuport. It had only one gun, firing through the roof.

"We chased the German back from the lines north of Jaffa to his aerodrome at Tul Keram, where I got a good burst on his tail, and his observer dropped down into the machine. The other pilot was just chasing him down to the ground, but I stood off, as I had just seen six other enemy machines coming in from the north.

"My mate did not see them, followed the first German machine down and went off in ignorance of the danger. I had a stiff fight with the six new enemy scouts, shot down one

for certain and sent another down in a spin. But the remaining four made the fight too hot, attacking me from underneath, where I could not get at them with my gun.

"They forced me down lower and lower. My engine was not working too well, and I was nearly done. I dropped toward the enemy aerodrome in a spin. I landed there on their aerodrome, and some men came rushing out.

"Suddenly I found my engine picking up, and I determined to give them another run for it. I took off from the ground, and got about half a mile's start from the four Germans above, who had also concluded that the fight was over. I skimmed the enemy hangars and made for our lines.

"Here and there infantry tried to shoot at me. I was flying only a few feet from the ground and simply went straight at any men whom I saw on the ground and forced them to lie down. I landed four times altogether in Turkish territory—whenever my engine failed or a hill appeared—once in the middle of a cavalry camp at Mulebbis.

"Here they came up to take me again. One fat man actually laid a hand on one of my wings, but again my engine picked up. I fired a few more frantic shots and flew on, skimming over their heads. I carried away a line full of washing with my undercarriage as I left this camp.

"The four German machines kept on behind and above me, but at last only one was left in the chase. I finally got home and landed just inside the Australian lines on the side of the hill."

This is the man who has fired the imagination of R.A.A.F. men who have returned from the Middle East. His initiative and capacity for leadership have enabled the men of the Empire Air Forces to make their name feared by enemy airmen in all theatres of war. Air Marshal Drummond is a great believer in the team spirit among air crew, ground staff or senior commanders.



HE KEPT BRITAIN BUILDING PLANES DURING THE BLITZ

THERE was a time not long ago when there were a good many Americans of semi-Nazi tendencies who kept growling about the British, maintaining that they were sitting tight with a huge Army in their tight little isle and letting the dominion soldiers get killed.

"All they're fighting with is the R.A.F.," was the usual tag line of these complainants.

To the better informed it was a miracle that Britain had any army at all in the making, an even more astounding miracle that the R.A.F. had kept aloft and victorious under the terrific pounding British industry had taken and was taking from Nazi bombs.

Those who have followed the tortuous course of an America, entirely unhindered by enemy bombings, struggling to increase its effective war production, can realize what a job it was.

And the man who did it was Sir Archibald Rowlands, K.C.B., permanent secretary of the Ministry of Aircraft Production.

Born just over fifty years ago, Sir Archibald

was educated at the University College of Wales and Jesus College, Oxford. He fought in Mesopotamia in World War One, was later secretary to Viscounts Hailsham and Halifax and Mr. Duff Cooper during their successive tenures as ministers of state for war.

When he was appointed permanent secretary of the Ministry of Aircraft Production, it was touch and go whether England would survive as an independent nation from week to week. It was the ministry's job, almost more than any other element in the government's, to see that England did survive.

To do this, it was necessary first to finish the conversion of civilian factories to war uses, in this case to air war uses. Then repair of bomb-blasted factories and provision of shelter for the workers therein had to be arranged.

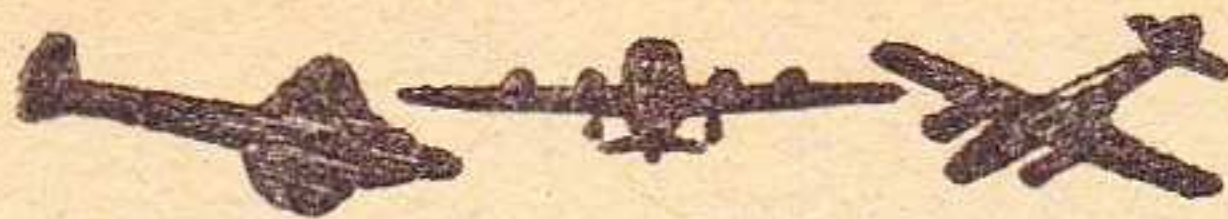
Finally, the matter of factory dispersion and shelter against continued bombing had to be put through.

More important, despite bombs and changes

and need for repairs, new types of planes had to be put into production (notably the mosquito planes and the huge four-motored bombers that are today harrying German industry as England was harried two years ago) and actual production of all types of planes had to be vastly increased if England were to hope

for victory against the Axis legions.

We all know who has the air edge now. Despite the appalling and complex difficulties of the task, Sir Archibald and those who worked for him have accomplished their first objectives. This behind them, they'll have a lot to do with the winning of final victory.



AIR BOSS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN KNOWS DISTRICT BACKWARDS

AIR Chief Marshal Sir Arthur William Tedder, K.C.B., 53-year-old Scot who runs the show for the R.A.F. in the Middle East, has been fighting or serving in Asia Minor or the Mediterranean for a large part of his adult life. With a fellow Scotsman, General Anderson of the First Army, an Irishman named Montgomery in command of the Eighth Army, a gang of Cunninghams and Conynghams, also Irish, in command of sea and air operations, and a bunch of Australians, South Africans and Americans, Fighting French and Poles, he's had a lot to do with the 'smashing of Rommel and his Afrika Korps.

Tedder, who graduated from Magdalene College, Cambridge (Maudlin to you), entered the Royal Dorset Regiment in 1913 and transferred to the old Royal Flying Corps three years later. During World War One, he served with distinction aloft both in France and in the Middle East.

In the years between wars, he commanded No. 207 Squadron, R.A.F., at Constantinople in 1922-23, was on the directing staff of the R.A.F. Staff College from 1929-31, was Director of Training from 1934-36. He then went out to Singapore in charge of the R.A.F. at the great Malayan base, returning in 1938 as Director General of Research and Development.

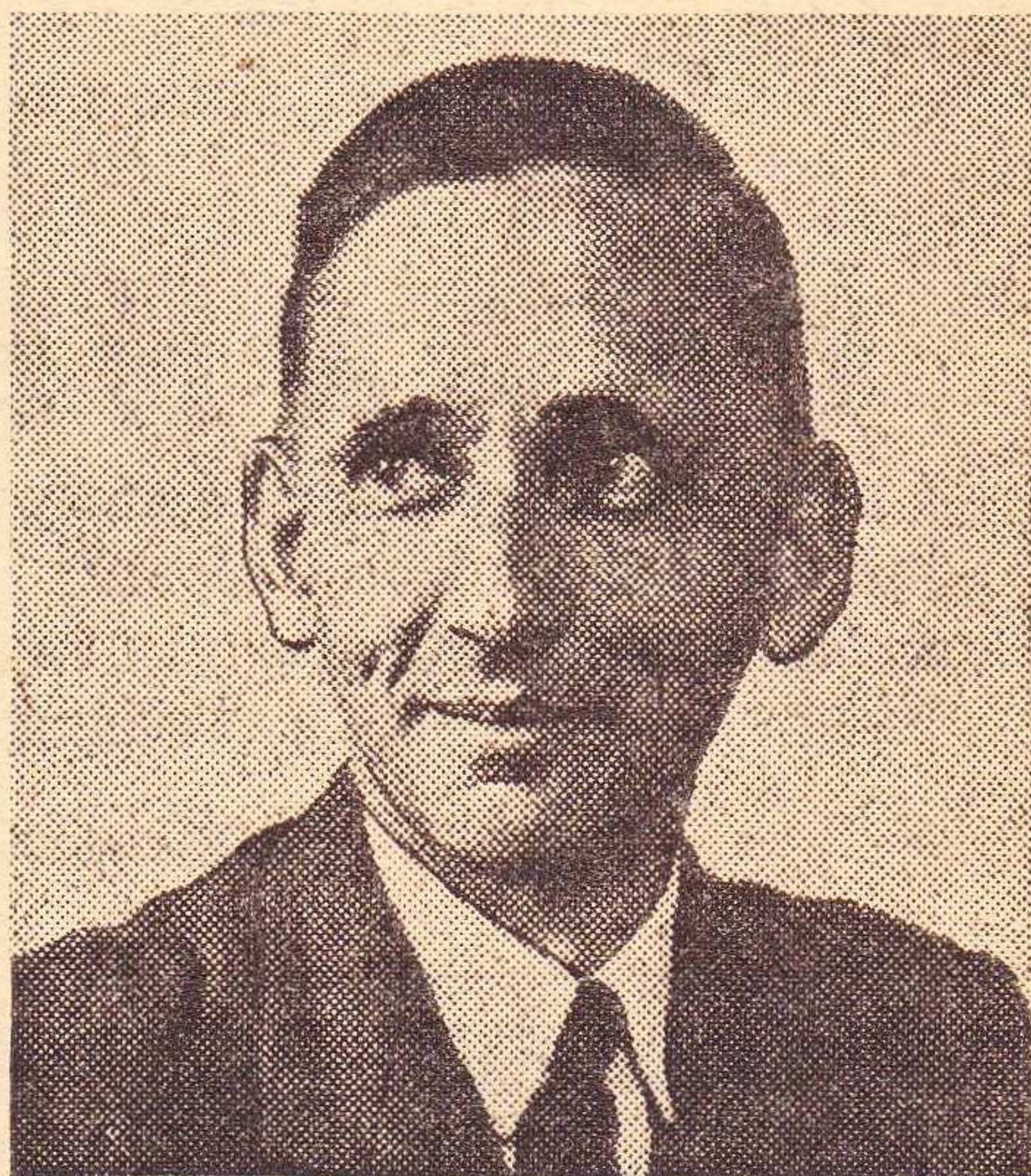
In 1940, Tedder returned to the Middle East as Deputy Air Officer Commander in Chief, in which capacity he had a lot to do with the one-against-four air conquest of the British over the Italians in which a scant six fighter squadrons and nine bomber squadrons, most of them obsolete, drove Mussolini's air force from the Libyan skies with a loss of over 1,000 planes.

At the same time, these scant British squadrons were forced to give aid to the embattled Greeks. At the time of the Cretan disaster, angry cries were heard as to where was the R.A.F.—the answer being that it wasn't. There simply weren't enough ships at that time to go around.

But these slim fighter and bomber squadrons kept Rommel from gaining complete control of the air and at the same time managed to

launch two assaults at the Italian fleet which resulted in dire losses for the latter at both Taranto and Cape Matapan. Air Marshal Tedder directed both blows, took over chief command in the Middle East back in 1941.

It is he who planned and directed the savage and unrelenting air attack on Rommel's supply lines and communications that, more than any other single factor, finally broke the desert fox and sent him reeling back to Trip-



Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur William Tedder

oli. Never losing the initiative, even when outnumbered, Tedder revealed in this victorious campaign that he also knew what to do when he had numbers and quality on his side.

Furthermore, the assembling, organization and staffing of such a polyglot force, the welding of Englishman, Scotsman, Irishman, Norwegian, Pole, Indian, South African, Anzac and American into a single fighting unit of the power and single-minded resilience of Tedder's forces proves that the Marshal is, perhaps, the most successful "United Nations" leader in the entire war to date.



BOWATER GETS R.A.F. PLANES UP TO THE FIGHTING FRONTS

GREAT oaks from little acorns grow—and from a volunteer air messenger service of twenty pilots back in 1939, the entire world-covering web of the Air Transport Auxiliary

—popularly known as "Air Ferry"—which is responsible for getting R.A.F. planes from factory to airdrome.

Most people tend to confuse A.T.A. with the

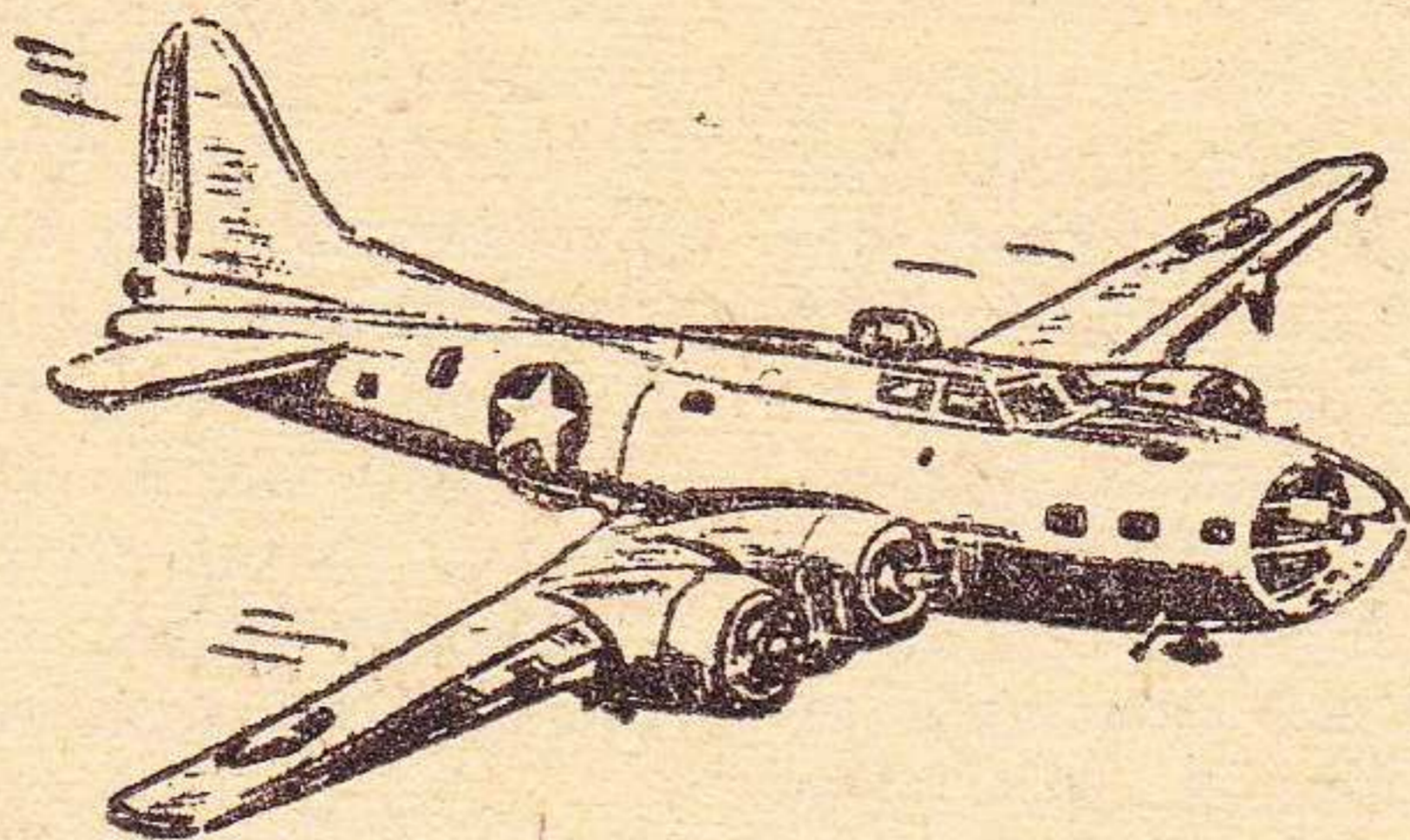
R.A.F. Ferry Command, think of them as the same. This is not so. The R.A.F. Ferry Command is a specialized, localized ferrying group, only concerned in flying ships from Newfoundland to the British Isles. The A.T.A. is all over the place.

The original twenty pilots were well known flyers but were ineligible for the R.A.F. for various reasons. But when the need of them became known, they were granted uniforms of their own, full pay scales and a ranking system. One of England's leading industrialists, Eric Vansittart Bowater, was made director general of aircraft distribution and put in direct charge of them.

Bowater, an artilleryman in World War

One, is also responsible to the Air Ministry for preparation, storage and dispersal of aircraft, mechanical transport, airdrome and flying control for A.T.A. As chairman for several paper pulp mills in civil life, he finds the desk work and immense amount of paper work his war job involves make him one of his best customers.

A.T.A. has employed women pilots since 1940, now has several hundred ladies taking them up and putting them down where they'll do the most good. And more than 250 American pilots have been under contract to A.T.A. since the war began. A.T.A. is a vital link in the chain of air supremacy which the United Nations are weaving around the Axis.



Thrills and Action on a Foray Against the Foe

IN

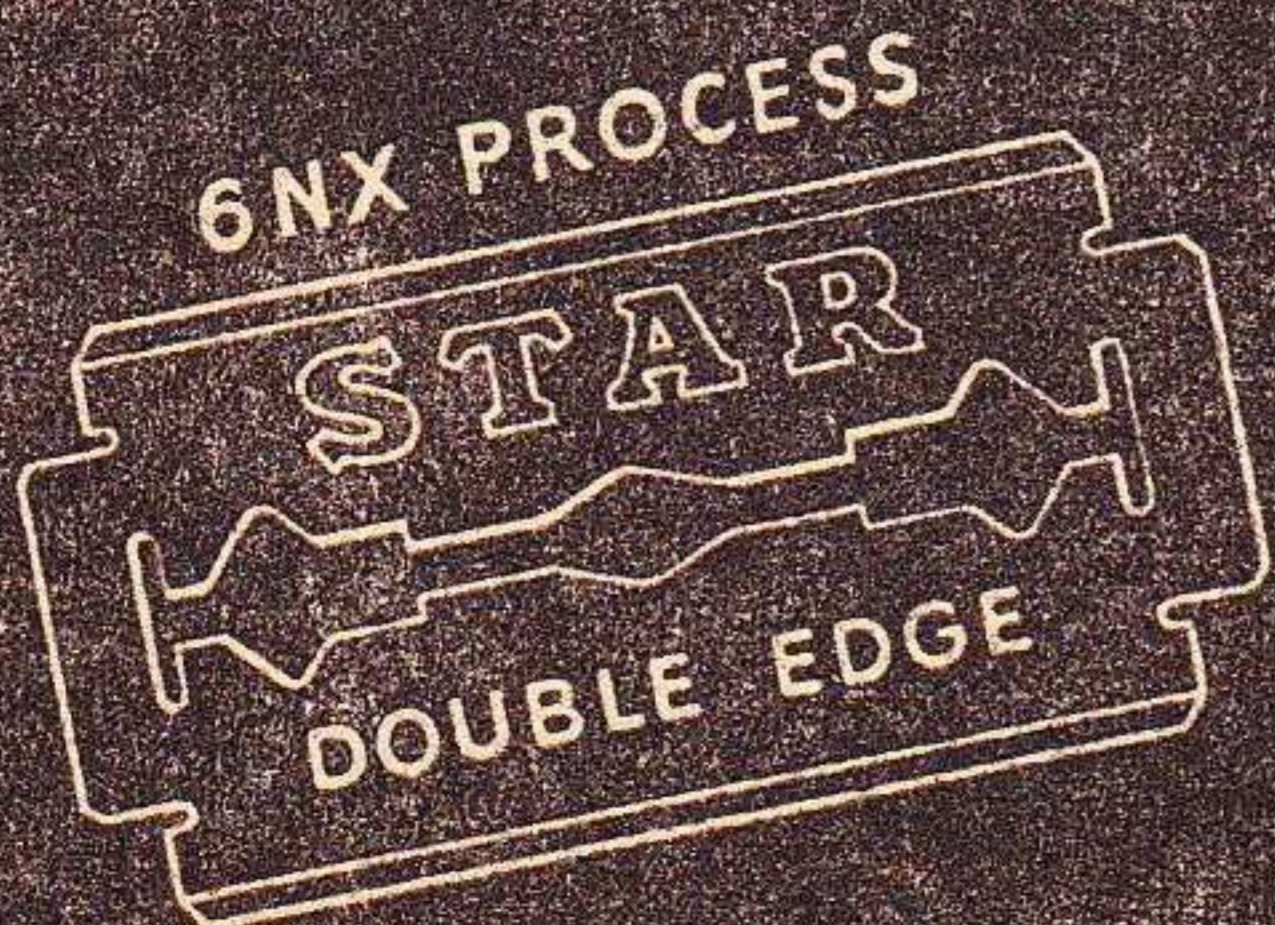
CHANNEL SWEEP

An astonishing eye-witness story of flaming combat written by an R.A.F. Squadron Leader whose identity cannot be revealed. This authentic and exciting account will give you an "inside" glimpse of aerial battle, starkly thrilling and realistic!

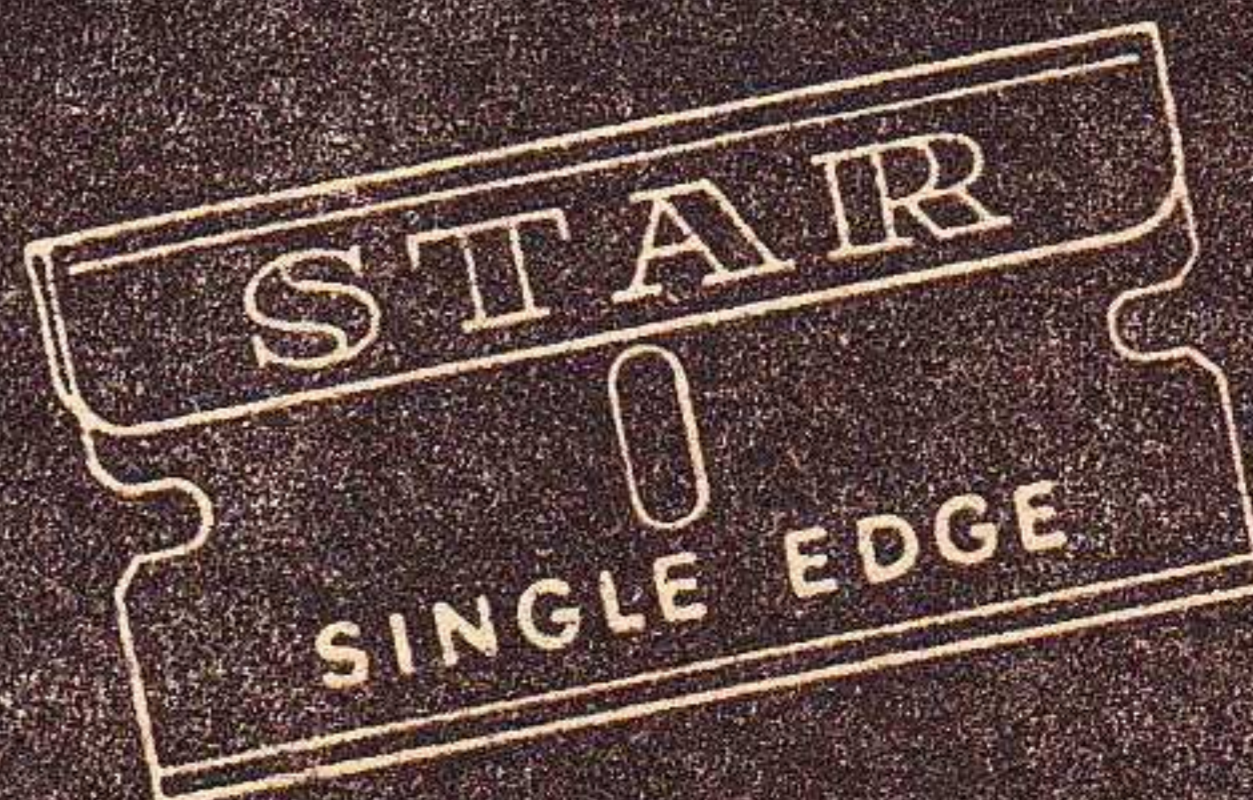
Coming in the Next Issue!

**THE ARMY'S MADE
YOU SMOOTHER!**

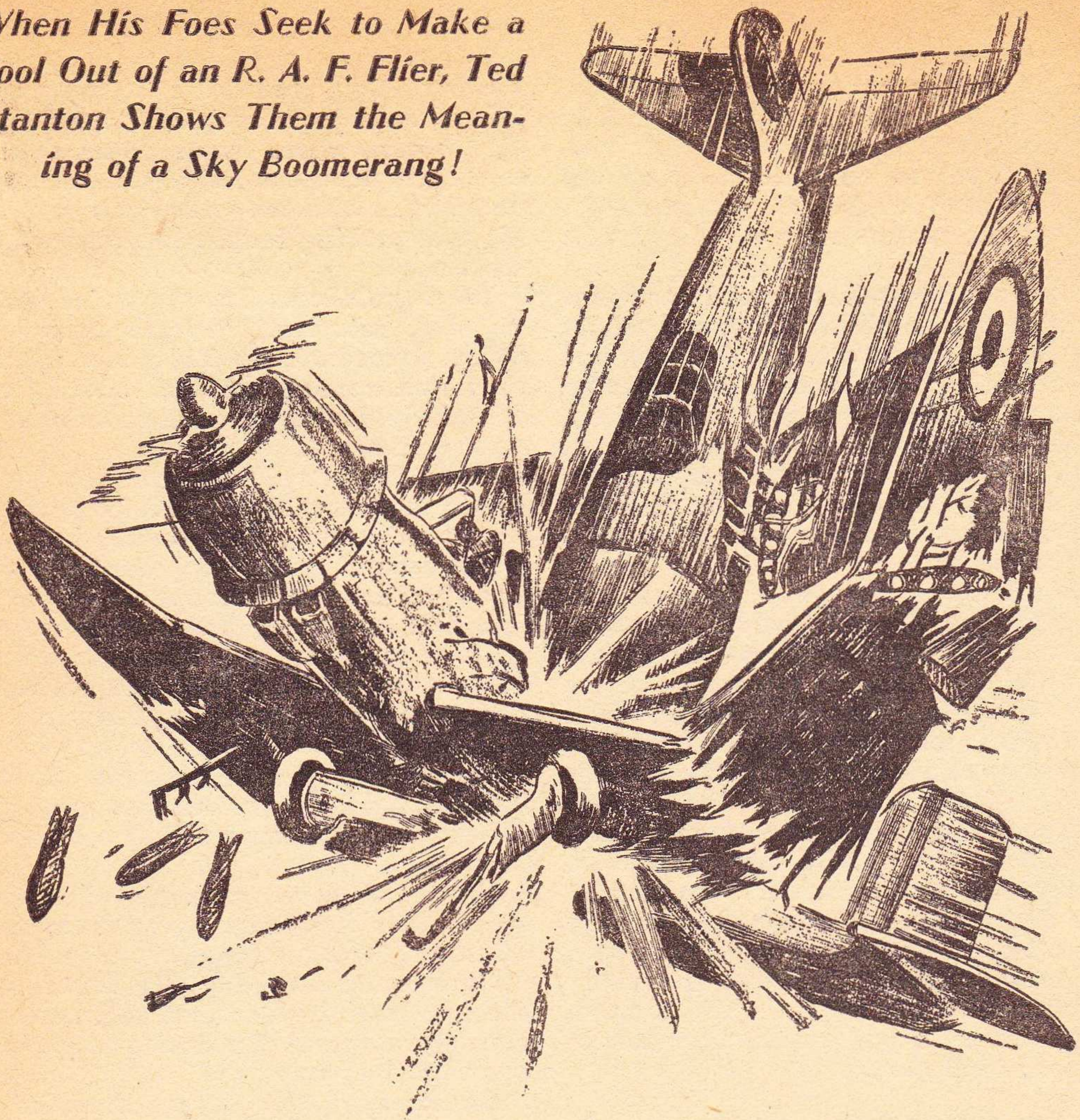
**IT'S NOT JUST
THE ARMY. IT'S
STAR BLADES!**



4 for 10¢



When His Foes Seek to Make a Fool Out of an R. A. F. Flier, Ted Stanton Shows Them the Meaning of a Sky Boomerang!



The planes collided, and seemed to hang in air before they rocketed toward the sea

MADAGASCAR INCIDENT

By FRANK JOHNSON

CHAPTER I

No Soap

THERE was something rotten in Madagascar. Or in that part of a war-torn world, Ted Stanton was quite certain.

In the first place, the situation at Vichy had not helped much. Stanton was a bomber pilot and not much up on

his politics, but he felt reasonably certain that the pipeline which connected the Nazis and the Japs with Vichy, France, was no figment of a wild man's dream.

The quiet before the storm on Madagascar, now. Stanton had been there for three months, ever since the occupation, and he was utterly bored to death.

But in the last few days, some rather nasty rumors had been afloat. Of course,

AN EXCITING AIR ACTION NOVELET

the Free French, cooperating in Madagascar's civil administration, would be justifiably prejudiced against their traitorous brethren who had held off the English at Vichy's sullen command.

Now the rumors were no longer just angry talk.

For valuable, indeed crucial munitions convoys to the Middle East and Soviet Russia had been attacked. They had been assailed in the dead of night by vicious, cleverly handled submarines. Within a space of twenty-four hours, in fact, flaunting their defiance by operating in bold daylight, Japanese pigboats had sunk no less than three Allied merchantmen.

Those ships had gone down in the Mozambique Channel, which separates western Madagascar from Portuguese East Africa. And in the weeks before that, five other Allied ships, en route to the Suez and to the Persian Gulf, had been torpedoed with brutal Jap calculation.

"Something is rotten in Madagascar!" the cry went up. "Do the Japs have a secret base to the north? Perhaps on the Vichy island of Mayotte, less than three hundred miles due west? It would surprise no one if Madagascar traitors spotted Allied convoys in the Mozambique Channel, and passed the information on to Mayotte!"

TED STANTON, as the reports filtered in one ear and out the other, was not unduly concerned. In the first place, he knew, you can't fight a war with rumors. In the second place he'd already seen action at Dunkirk and Crete and Malta. After Malta, he felt, any other assignment was a joke.

Stanton yawned prodigiously and shifted his perspiring length under the bomber's wing. This equatorial sun was getting him down for fair. He yawned again as Sig Klein idled over and plopped down beside him under the ship's elusive shade.

"Don't tell me," Klein said. "You're darned well bored to death. Not used to this, just like myself. We'd both be better off in Malta."

Stanton nodded, fanning a mosquito from his brow.

"Rather. You took the words right out of my mouth, Sig. *C'est la guerre*, as our Free French friends say. That's

the war. Come to think of it, my young friend, we're just a couple of pilots, after all. We go where they send us, and—"

A perspiring orderly—all orderlies perspire in buckets—came hurrying up, his eyes probing for the two heat-wilted airmen.

"Flying Officers Stanton and Klein!" he said, saluting. "Please report to Wing immediately. There's a special operation coming up," he added confidentially, looking around to make sure he wasn't heard.

"You don't say?" Stanton got lazily to his feet, hauling Sig Klein up after him. "It's about time something happened around here. Suppose they want us to gather in the coconut crop, what?"

A half hour later, Ted Stanton wasn't quite so cocksure. Sig Klein in the rear cockpit, loosened his helmet strap. Stanton, at the controls of the fast, maneuverable Blackburn Roc, checked his instruments and glanced overside. Cobalt blue in the brilliant African sun, the Mozambique Channel rolled easily below.

Here and there rode native sailing boats, their crews staring up from time to time at the British squadron overhead.

Back in the rear office, Sig Klein gave the once-over to the bomb releases and lovingly caressed the four-gun power-operated turret.

On streaked the air squadron, on a course due west of its home tarmac at Diego Suarez, Madagascar's principal harbor. On flew the Blackburn Rocs, bomb racks loaded for business, with the island of Mayotte as their objective.

"The Vichy French there may not resist," pilots and crews had been told before the take-off. "And again, knowing such action would be futile, they may decide to fight. In any event, we don't know but what the Japs are already there in force. Best to be prepared beforehand, gentlemen."

Three hundred miles is no distance for a man to fly in broad daylight. But any easing of tension Ted Stanton and Sigmund Klein may have felt was dissipated by the knowledge of what might lie in store.

At last report, Mayotte had no harbor worth writing home about. At the same time, the small bay would accommodate medium-sized patrol boats—or Jap submarines, Stanton knew, in a pinch. There

was also a natural landing ground which might very readily serve as an air base.

And if Jap pigboats were slinking in and out of Mayotte, it was reasonable to assume that the sons of Nippon might have land-based Zero fighters on shore, just in case the British got noseey.

ON droned the Blackburn Rocs. In no time at all, it seemed, the small but closely flying squadron was over Mayotte. Stanton and Sig Klein stared overside, hearts pounding a bit. But as far as they could see, there was no activity below.

True, the small harbor sheltered a ship or two, and a few small sloops. But of enemy aerial activity, there was none whatsoever.

Nor, as the British bombers went down for a closer look-see, was there any sign of ack-ack emplacements.

If the French had anti-aircraft batteries ashore, they were either holding their fire or waiting to melt the guns up and sell them to the Japs as scrap iron.

"No soap," Stanton said through the intercom. "That's what the Americans say, Sig, when something doesn't work out. The men of Vichy—or their Jap allies—would never have let us get this close if they'd really intended to put up a fight. Look, Sig—down by the port wing."

Both airmen stared. British destroyers or cruisers—they couldn't be quite certain, at first glance. But obviously the Blackburn fighters had been sent ahead to anticipate trouble, if any, while the Royal Navy prepared to land troops and take the situation in hand.

"Good stuff!" Sig Klein exulted. "For once we take the initiative. Looks like our side will grab Mayotte without having to fire a shot. That will give us a base from which to patrol the Mozambique Channel and chase off those Jap pigboats. And—Oh!" he exclaimed.

"What's the matter?" Stanton snapped, alarmed.

"Three hundred miles, we fly," Klein moaned, "and still no action!"

They hovered over Mayotte a half hour; and then, at a signal, turned around and headed back to Diego Suarez. They landed without event, picked up a whisky and soda at the officers' bar—and resumed the vigil they'd kept under the bomber's half-shaded

wing, off by a corner of the field.

"This is where we came in," Stanton breathed disgustedly. "This war has really got me down."

CHAPTER II

Out for Blood

THEY didn't talk any more. The terrific heat of mid-afternoon made them drowsy, and in a moment both were half asleep.

They didn't remain that way for long. Whistles blasted shrilly and both men jumped up. Pilots were running from all directions and quickly forming into line. Stanton and Klein joined them.

An officer made a terse statement.

"Gentlemen, we have word that a Japanese carrier is in the vicinity. This may be the forerunner of an attack upon us, or some plot to get refugee Vichy and Nazi officers off the island. We really don't care which. The main thing is that there's a Jap carrier begging for attention. Get your directions from Wing and be on your way."

Stanton and Klein were the first to get orders. Then they streaked toward their Blackburn Roc. Klein crawled into the rear cockpit and manned the bomb releases and the four-gun power-operated turret.

Stanton was behind the controls. He twisted his head and grinned at Klein.

"Here we go again. Perhaps this time we'll come back as heroes, eh, Sig?"

The engine roared into life. Stanton adjusted his helmet, cursed the heat, and taxied to the end of the field. He studied maps for a few seconds, then zipped across the smooth ground to make a superb take-off.

He nosed straight for the Indian Ocean.

Behind him came a dozen fighter craft and four more Blackburn Rocs. Under each wing of Stanton's plane were bomb racks and he hoped to unload them squarely on the deck of the Jap carrier.

For weeks they had all been expecting something like this to happen. Madagascar was vital to the plans of Hitler and Hirohito if they intended to join hands somewhere in the Indian Ocean.

Stanton spoke through the intercoms.

"Sig, lay your eggs carefully. This may be our last chance to be rated as heroes. I'm all for medals, honors and things like that. Look nice on a fellow during dress parade."

"You fly"—Klein laughed—"and I'll do the egg-laying. Just find the Jap carrier. That's all I ask."

The fighters found it first as they streaked out well ahead of the Rocs. They also found a horde of fast Jap navy fighters hurtling toward them. Stanton raised the nose of his ship, hoping to get above the rapidly developing dog-fight, to evade the Japs while they were busy, and get over the carrier.

He saw it, far below like some toy ship in a bathtub. It was zigzagging madly at full speed. A difficult target under ordinary conditions, but with Jap fighters buzzing all around, Stanton knew he would have to round up a good deal of luck to go with his flying.

One Roc shot through the diving, snarling fighters. Instantly a pair of Jap planes broke off their engagement and streaked after the Roc. The pilot fought them furiously. Two British fighters broke off the dog-fight to help protect the Roc.

A Jap plane zoomed, banked and came at the Roc with all guns spitting. Another Jap got on the tail of the Roc. The rear gunner got the Jap, and he went down in a spiral of smoke and flame.

But the second attacking Jap was skillful, stayed out of reach of those forward guns and peppered the Roc mercilessly. The pilot must have seen the two British fighters roaring up. He dived suddenly, straight down at the top of the Roc.

Stanton yelled insanely, but there was not much else he could do. The planes collided and seemed to hang in the air for a few moments before they rocketed toward the sea.

Stanton's lips were compressed tightly, his eyes were grim. Klein called a warning that a Jap fighter was maneuvering for their tail. Stanton looked around. The Jap was below them, coming up to spray their undercarriage.

STANTON dived suddenly. Klein knew exactly what was expected of him. He started shooting before the

planes were on an even keel. The hail of death caught that Jap squarely. The light plane blew up in mid-air.

"Very nice," Stanton called. "The next one is mine—unless he dares you to shoot."

It seemed that they both were going to have an opportunity for fighting. Three of the Japs were coming at them. British fighters had broken up the enemy formation and individual dog-fights were raging all over the skies. But the British were outnumbered. That carrier had thrown every one of her planes into the air.

Far below, the carrier was steaming out of harm's way. Stanton cursed grimly. Unless those three attacking planes were beaten off promptly, the main prize would steam to safety.

Then Klein's guns started to chatter. Stanton saw a Jap coming up. He banked sharply, evaded the hail of bullets, and dived. A ball of fire streaked past him. Klein had got in another good lick.

Then Stanton squared a Jap fighter in the sights of his own guns and let go. He peppered the plane, but it held together and somehow the pilot was not hurt.

Like an angry wasp, the Jap fighter roared toward them. Stanton held his breath and his fire. Klein was keeping the other Jap busy enough, but this one in front seemed the greater menace. That Jap could really fly.

He was coming up again, dangerously close. Stanton had to risk putting this plane through some severe paces. He did a half-roll and dived for the clouds.

Klein's Jap broke off and streaked away. Perhaps the Nip's ammunition was low, or his fuel tank, or perhaps his morale. The other yellow boy was made of sterner stuff, and kept attacking.

Stanton reached eleven thousand feet, looped crazily and came down again. Suddenly the startled Jap realized he was being pursued, and promptly showed his tail. Stanton fired a burst, saw the Jap plane wobble, but it was obvious that it was not badly damaged.

Stanton fired again. A small amount of smoke came out of the Jap's engine, but the plane was far from being out of control. The Jap roared for altitude and his lighter plane was faster, more maneuverable, so that he reached a station directly above the Roc.

"He's going to do a hara-kiri!" Stanton yelled through the intercoms. "Take him, Sig, or he'll take us."

The Jap plane came whipping straight down at them. Stanton knew how these Jap pilots worked. If his guns hammered the Roc into ruins, all well and good. If they didn't, the Jap would crash the planes together.

Klein swung the power-operated turret into position and his finger closed gently on the firing button. Four guns were pointed straight up, covering the mad descent of the Jap fighter. Klein did not shoot right away. He knew that enemy steel ripped through the sky all around him and several times the Roc shuddered.

Then, when he could almost make out the features of the Jap, Klein started throwing steel from four big guns straight at the son of Nippon. The four streams of death did not miss. They literally tore that plane into bits. Debris hurtled down. A piece of tail assembly hit the Roc, and Stanton thought this was the finish. But the sturdy plane took all that abuse and shrugged it off.

THE Jap planes were racing out to sea now. British pilots reluctantly consulted fuel gauges and turned back. The battle was over and not one bomb had been dropped on the carrier.

Stanton could not risk an attack. Ammunition and gas were both low and the protecting screen of fighters were in an even worse predicament. There was nothing to do but go back.

"Two more for me," Klein called. "One for you, old boy. Not bad for an afternoon's work, eh?"

"Bad isn't the word for it," Stanton

groaned. "Rotten is more appropriate. Those three mosquitos we shot down were nothing compared to that carrier."

"Forget it, Ted," Klein called back. "Nobody expects us to do the impossible. Or is that hero bug of yours buzzing around again?"

"It's always buzzing," Stanton replied. "You know very well that if we had bombed that carrier there would have been honors and a quick shift to some more active station. That's what I'm looking for."

"Stick around," Klein urged cheerfully. "This war isn't over yet—not half it isn't. One of these days action will come to us. Madagascar is rather important, you know."

"And hot—and unpleasant," Stanton replied. "No, thanks. I'd rather go looking for trouble. But not tonight, old boy. Tonight I howl—in honor of that scrap."

CHAPTER III

Foul Play

STANTON walked into a café, ordered a drink, and stood at the bar sipping it. A native dancer was going through her contortions to the cheers of sailors, but Stanton paid little attention. His mind was solely concerned with some means of getting off this island, away from this unbearable heat. As before, the only method he saw was to perform some act destructive to the enemy, and ask for a transfer as a reward.

Perhaps Madagascar would be the
[Turn page]

READ OUR COMPANION AIR ACTION MAGAZINE

Featuring in the Spring Issue

DESERT HAWK

A Complete Novelet of a Fighting Yank Who Tracks Down a Treacherous Nazi and Bucks a Roaring Wasteland Blitz

By **RALPH OPPENHEIM**

PLUS OTHER STORIES AND FEATURES

AIR WAR

NOW ON SALE AT ALL
STANDS—10c PER COPY

scene of much action, but hardly soon. There were too many British ships in the harbor, too many British and Yankee pilots flying the skies. A considerable land force was on duty too.

Stanton saw Sig Klein saunter in, stop to watch the dancer, then amble up to the bar.

"I've heard a bit more about that Jap carrier, old boy," Klein said. "Seems it was practically unescorted, which means they couldn't have been planning an attack. Wing seems to think it came here to try and get those French and Nazi officers away."

"I've been thinking the same thing." Stanton nodded. "Let's see—there were three of 'em. Important, too. General LeFon, who would be happy wiping Hitler's boots. Colonel Behmer and Major Vespermann, of the Nazi engineering corps. They were sent here to prepare this island for defense, but we beat 'em to it."

"That's right, Ted. All three of them fled into the interior, and must be hiding out there. If you're looking for glory, find those three and you'll get your share of it."

"Isn't that an easy assignment!" Stanton ordered another drink. "Jungles, swamps, natives. . . . No, thanks. The glory I want happens in the pure, sweet air."

Klein frowned. "Say, an odd thing happened last night. They're keeping it quiet for the moment, but you remember young Dicky Blare? He took off on an unauthorized flight and never came back. . . . Nobody seems to make head or tail to it."

"Dick was always a sensible sort," Stanton mused. "Does seem odd. Well, he might have become bored, gone up for some air, and had an accident. . . . Speaking of those three escaped officers again—I wonder why on earth they don't try for Mozambique. It's not far from our west coast, you know."

"And where would they go once there?" Klein queried. "Mozambique is a small part of Africa entirely surrounded by colonies under our control. You might also remember that the channel is pretty well patrolled."

Stanton finished his drink, saw Klein join a party at another table. Stanton strolled toward the entrance of the café. As he passed through the doors, he saw

a thin, scrawny-bearded white man suddenly set upon by half a dozen natives.

Knives flashed. It was all done in the most intense silence—like an old silent moving picture. The white man's sleeve was gashed by one knife, and blood started to flow. His attackers forced him back against a wall.

At the moment no soldiers were about and the natives watched the battle with mild interest and no thoughts of interfering. Stanton did not feel that way. He started running and in a moment was in the midst of flashing knives and surging bodies.

He used fists to good advantage. Two of the natives slunk away. Suddenly the other four broke off and fled in confusion. Stanton helped the white man to his feet.

"*Merci!*" the wounded man panted. "*Merci!* You saved my life."

"Let's get out of here, before those beggars come back. Come along—this way."

TED STANTON led the stranger to the outskirts of the city and would have continued further, but the man practically collapsed. Stanton sat down beside him, just off the dusty dirt road, and wiped sweat off his face.

"You're French, aren't you?" Stanton asked.

"*Oui.* I have lived here for years. This accursed island! Now it is worse than ever. *Monsieur*, until this happened tonight—the fight, I mean. . . ."

"Don't talk about it unless you wish to," Stanton said. "I don't care what started the brawl. It wasn't bad while it lasted, though."

"I must tell you," the Frenchman said. "My name is Pierre. Until a few moments ago, I was all for Laval. Now I am beginning to wonder."

"About what?" Stanton asked.

"I was in business here. Under the protection of Vichy France and Laval, I enjoyed a good business. Then you British came—and the Americans. My business was gone. I hated you, but now I see how wrong I have been. A Nazi, for instance, would have merely stood there and watched these natives kill me. They would have enjoyed the spectacle. I know, because many of them were here at one time."

"It's quite all right," Stanton told

him. "Though I must say I'm glad you don't think we British are butchers."

"But so I have been told—always. Those cursed Nazis and those traitors who worked for Laval—they drilled it into us. Our hearts were not in the opposition we offered you. How could they be? We were allies until—until the debacle."

Stanton started to get up, but Pierre pulled him back again.

"Do not go, *monsieur*. I have something I must tell you. Until now, I have seen things as if from inside a cloud. Nothing was clear, but now I realize that true Frenchmen, British and Americans must remain allies. Therefore, I shall inform you where General LeFon and his two Nazis are hiding."

Stanton gasped and swung around to look directly at Pierre.

"You know that?"

"*Oui, monsieur*. I have always known, for I helped them escape. I have brought them food and wine. They are far in the interior. Many days' journey by foot. But there is a field where a plane might land."

"I'll be blamed!" Stanton grunted. "Looks as if I stumbled into something really big. Pierre, the information you possess could march you in front of a firing squad. You realize that?"

"*Oui*. I have not slept nights worrying about it. But *Monsieur*, to catch those three dogs will not be easy. They are prepared to slip away if troops approach."

"I'm listening," Stanton said eagerly. "Just how can we get them?"

"By stealth. They will be expecting me soon now. I promised to bring much food and wine next time I came. To do so on foot requires too many bearers, so they made me swear to steal an airplane."

"You won't have to steal one," Stanton said quickly. "I'll provide it. Only instead of a cargo, we'll take along enough men to capture them. You will show me where they are hidden?"

"But yes. I owe you that much for saving my life. Yet, the way you explain it, things will be most difficult. The landing field is very small. If you bring men, how can you take back the three prisoners? You have no transport planes."

"That's true," Stanton said. "Quite true, I'm afraid. Biggest thing we have is a Hampden bomber. There are four of those here, crated and sent to the island by warship. They have been assembled and have been in action. In fact, one is poised on the field at this moment. I . . . Pierre, could you and I capture those three?"

"But easily, *monsieur*. They have pistols, but will hardly dare use them. Anyway, I will be along to say that I bribed you. We can take them suddenly, when they are not looking."

"Let's go," Stanton said. "My Roc was pretty badly shot up this afternoon and I've been assigned to the Hampden so no one will pay much attention if I take off. Meet me on the field. I'm going to bring along some guns."

PIERRE was there, eagerly waiting. He slipped into the medium bomber and sat down. Stanton gave orders to mechanics. The plane was wheeled into position. Stanton climbed in, started the motor and roared away. He lifted the plane into the sky and then yelled to Pierre.

The Frenchman came forward and Stanton indicated ear-phones which Pierre slipped on. Conversation was then carried on through these.

"Give me the directions," Stanton said. "I can reach any point on this island within an hour's flying time."

"*Bien*." Pierre nodded. "You will allow me to see your map, eh?"

The Frenchman quickly pointed out the location and Stanton whistled in surprise. It was little wonder why patrols and expeditionary forces hadn't been able to locate the trio. They were holed up on the south tip of the island where trails were just about impassable.

Stanton set his course and smiled grimly. Bringing those three men in alone would place him high on the honor roll. His superiors would be bound to ask him what he wanted—and then Malta, or even Libya. Some place where a fighting pilot could sink his teeth into battle.

"How do we land?" Stanton asked Pierre. "It's black as ink down there."

"I know a recognition signal," Pierre answered. "You will turn on your landing lights and blink them as I instruct. The field will then be lighted up by

torches. You see, those three officers had plenty of money and they bribed natives to work for them."

"Then why this urgency for food?" Stanton asked.

Pierre shrugged. "You do not know the Nazis, *mon ami*. Since they invaded my country, their appetites have changed from beer and sausage to champagne and rich foods. Now we must plan, eh?"

"You run this party," Stanton answered. "Just how do we lure those three into my plane?"

"Lure them? Impossible, *monsieur*. They are very suspicious. I will say that, for money, you will keep bringing supplies. They may wish to question you. I am sure they will. Therefore, it shall be arranged that all three will be in one of the huts. You have only to turn your gun on them."

"And where will you be all this time?" Stanton said.

"Beside you, *mon ami*. The natives will not know what is happening. Once the three are covered, the rest will be easy."

Stanton switched on his landing lights. He gave the recognition signal and almost instantly a hundred torches were ignited. They formed an oblong pattern. Stanton turned into the wind and went down. The field was rough, but the Hampden was built to take it. He came to a stop. Searchlights flashed and at Pierre's suggestion, he taxied toward the spot.

There Stanton saw his prize. General LeFon, in full uniform. Colonel Behmer and Major Vespermann, smiling broadly. Pierre jumped out of the plane and approached them. Stanton wrinkled his forehead in a deep frown. He slipped a small pistol out of his pocket and shoved it down beside the seat.

Pierre called, and Stanton got out. The three refugees had vanished. Pierre spoke in a low voice.

"They are going to pay you, *monsieur*. You will enter that hut—the one to your left. I shall follow, slip in behind you, and close the door. The rest . . . Poof! They are ours."

Stanton walked briskly toward the hut. Pierre trotted behind him. He pushed open the door and found the interior gloomy. Suddenly a hand seized him and he was thrust bodily into the

hut. He tripped over something sodden and fell. The door slammed shut.

Stanton cursed, got up, and moved toward the door. Again he stumbled over the yielding object. He gasped, fumbled for a match and lit it. Then he put the match out and closed both eyes to shut out the horror they had seen. He knew now what had happened to young Dicky Blare.

CHAPTER IV

Boomerang

BLARE'S body lay on the floor of this hut, mutilated so as to be hardly recognizable. Stanton stepped over the corpse and banged on the door. Pierre spoke from the other side.

"You have seen the other foolish pilot, eh? He lived many hours and still he refused to obey us. Will you be so foolish?"

"So that's the way it is," Stanton grunted. "What do you want, Pierre?"

"It is not much, *monsieur*. Your plane will hold my three friends and myself easily. You will simply fly us to a certain rendezvous where we shall meet a Japanese ship."

"Do you mean that carrier we chased this afternoon?" Stanton demanded. "But of course you do. How am I supposed to sit a Hampden bomber on the deck of a carrier? It can't be done."

"That is hardly necessary," Pierre said. "You will merely land in the sea. We shall be picked up—you included. There will be a comfortable prison camp for you with all privileges. Come now—do not make us repeat what happened to the other foolish one."

Stanton shuddered at the thought. He needed time to think, so he stalled a bit.

"Why are those three men so important?" he asked. "The general of a nation that has gone down in defeat. Two enemy officers—a colonel and a major. They're small fry."

"So you think," Pierre answered. "Colonel Behmer and Major Vespermann are Nazi Generals. Their knowledge of this island will enable the Japanese to plan a successful attack. Also, they are important to the cause,

monsieur. Come now—your answer. We cannot wait.”

“Fly the blasted plane yourself,” Stanton roared. “I can’t stop you.”

“But no, we cannot. None of us know anything about planes. That is why I had to trick you here. You have one minute.”

“And then?” Stanton asked.

“We shall turn you over to our natives. They have been taught certain methods to loosen a man’s tongue. You are not as stubborn as the other who lies dead in there. I have watched you

upon the body and remember what will happen to you unless you agree. We shall have that answer now.”

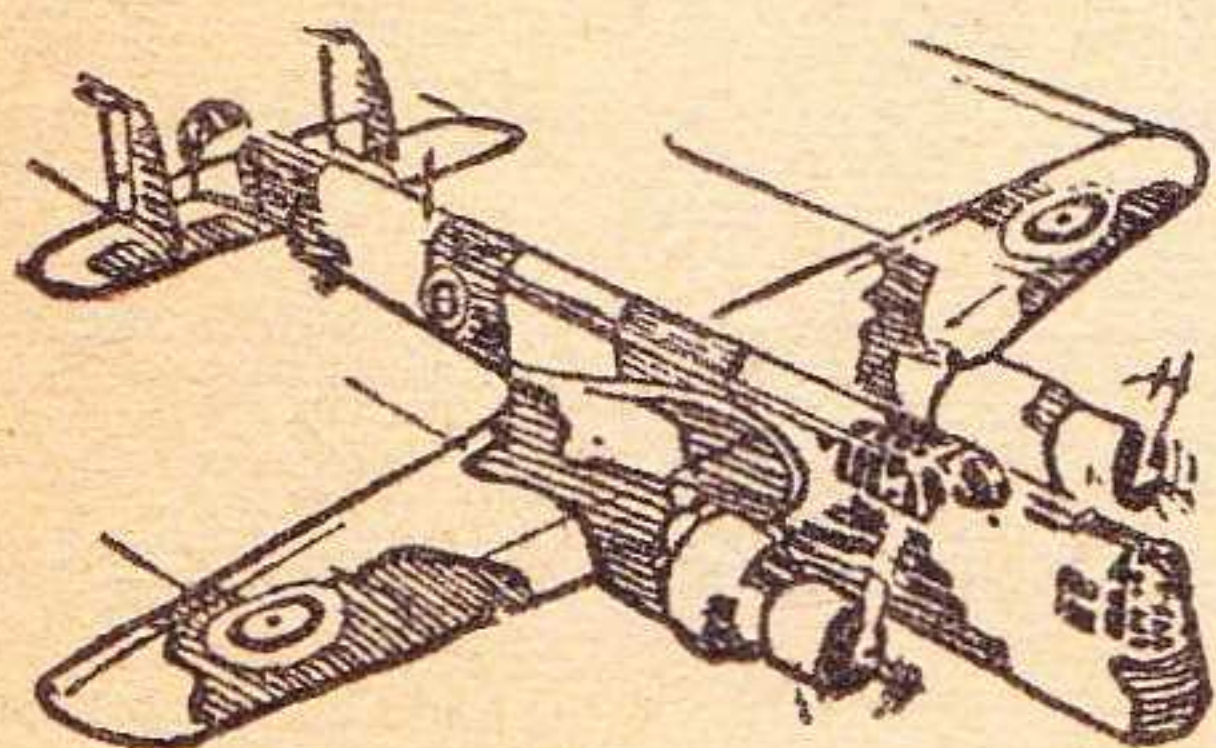
Stanton nodded his head. “Just give me a promise that once I land the Hampden in the sea, you won’t just let me sink with it.”

“Upon the honor of these men—and mine—you will not be mistreated,” Pierre vowed.

But Stanton had an idea that once he had fulfilled his mission, they would be finished with him.

“All right,” he said. “I’ll do it. When

R.A.F. AVIATION QUIZ



HERE are ten questions to test your knowledge of modern airplanes. Try to answer them all—and then check your answers with those given on Page 62. Rate yourself 10% for each correct answer. 10 to 30 per cent, poor; 40 to 50 per cent, average; 60 per cent or over, good; 80 per cent or over, excellent.

1. Supply the missing word: “----- Supermarine Spitfire.”
2. What was the first American-made airplane to be delivered in quantity to the R.A.F.?
3. Name five different British warplanes.
4. What is a nacelle?
5. Translate “Per Ardua ad Astra.” Of what nation’s air force is this the motto?
6. Name five warplanes used by Canada.
7. Name the six known types of heavier-than-air craft.
8. What is the identity lettering of the planes of Great Britain?
9. “Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few.” In what connection, and by whom, was this famous sentence uttered?
10. What does P. T. I. on the insignia of a member of the Royal Air Force stand for?

What is the answer?”

“Let me talk to those three officers first,” Stanton said. “I refuse to take your word, Pierre.”

The door opened, flashlights covered him, and so did guns. The three officers had been standing there. Behmer strutted up to Stanton and relieved him of his service automatic, then searched him carefully. He seized Stanton’s arm and yanked him out of the hut. Stanton was forced to turn around and gaze at the ghastly spectacle illuminated by the flashlights.

“I speak for my friends, *monsieur*,” Pierre said. “They wish you to gaze

do we start?”

“*Bien*. We go at once. Precede me to the plane, *monsieur*. Remember that we are all armed, and any trick will result in your immediate death. Even though you are flying high, we shall not hesitate to shoot you if we also die for it. We are not afraid to die.”

Stanton shrugged and marched to the plane. He climbed in. Pierre crouched behind his seat while the three Nazi officers took up positions aft.

Stanton clicked the starter switch and the twin engines sprang into roaring life. He wheeled the great ship into position for the take-off, and rolled over

the bumpy ground.

"Pierre," he yelled, "take that gun from the back of my neck. Every time we hit a bump I expect it to go off. Remove it, or I'll stop this plane now."

THE gun was removed, but Pierre shouted a warning that it was still ready for action. Once they were in the sky and streaking high across the tip of the island, Pierre moved closer to Stanton and displayed the gun openly. He consulted maps again and gave precise directions.

"You will keep great altitude," he ordered. "I am afraid your squadron will be looking for you. The disappearance of the other man was bad enough, but two. . . . Keep away from any of your ships. Do you understand?"

Stanton nodded. Pierre drew a thick watch from his pocket and gazed at it. From time to time he looked up at Stanton and made certain he was attempting no tricks. The three men somewhere aft remained quiet.

Stanton reached toward the instrument board in an attempt to brush against the radio switch and hope for the best. Pierre laughed at him and talked into the phone.

"It is no use, *monsieur*. The radio has been disabled. At least I know that much about a plane."

Stanton did not say anything. Gradually he sent the Hampden higher and higher until his altimeter read seventeen thousand feet. Pierre began breathing heavily, then he suddenly realized what was happening.

Pierre never hesitated. His gun shifted a trifle and spat. Stanton was rocked sideward by the force of the slug which smashed through his thigh. He groaned and doubled up in pain.

"One more trick," Pierre warned, "and I will put a bullet through your head."

Stanton fought off the ensuing weakness from the wound, then glanced at the map.

"You win," he said. "We're there. When do I give the signal and what is it?"

"The same one you used before," Pierre purred. He was smiling now, elated that their goal had been reached. "When it is recognized, the carrier will reply. She will then light up her decks

and you must land close to her.

"Right," Stanton said. "I'm depending on your word, Pierre, to help me. I'll need aid, with this wounded leg of mine."

Stanton jerked the stick. The big plane nosed down like a bullet. He opened the throttle wide and held it there. With one hand he tightened his safety-belt until it seemed as though it would cut him in half. That was necessary.

Pierre began shrieking curses. Stanton knew the officers in back were probably trying to crawl forward, but he also knew how difficult a task that was with the plane doing that terrific dive under full throttle.

Pierre raised the gun, but his face was white as a sheet. He yelled threats to which Stanton paid no attention. He was far more worried about the plane. Hampdens were never meant to be dive bombers. She might fold up under the awful strain.

The altimeter kept falling rapidly. Pierre suddenly reversed the gun and raised it. Stanton leaned down, grasped the small pistol he had placed alongside the seat and shot without aiming. The bullet tore into Pierre's side, sent him reeling back. He fell heavily. Stanton turned back to his plane.

The dive was at top speed now. The sea must be coming up at him with terrific velocity. Now came the supreme test. Would the Hampden take this kind of punishment?

STANTON doubled up, opened his mouth, and began yelling as loud as he could. At the same time he eased up on the stick. Slipstream howled and whistled. The big plane gradually nosed up to an even keel. For a bare instant Stanton was almost blacked out. The tight safety-belt, his crouched position, and his open mouth saved him.

When the plane was roaring on a level course, Stanton quickly unbuckled the belt, reached over and seized a fire extinguisher. He clubbed Pierre with this and put plenty of force behind the blow. Then he crawled aft. The three officers were blacked out, as he had thought they would be. Stanton used the fire extinguisher again.

There was savage fury in his heart and he paid little attention when cracked

skulls poured out blood. He was thinking of Dicky Blare and what he himself had gone through at the hands of these four men.

The plane dipped dangerously and he crawled back to the controls, checked his maps again, and streaked straight out over the Indian Ocean. At ten thousand feet, he turned on his landing lights and blinked them in the prearranged signal.

Far below, he saw the carrier break out into brilliant lines. All deck lights were on. He dropped gradually, circling the carrier as if seeking to land without diving into the sea.

At four thousand he used glasses and saw the deck of the carrier loaded with planes. Stanton grinned a little, circled, and aimed the plane in a course which would take him directly over the carrier. He crawled into the nose, lay prone at the bomb sights and prayed the ship would stay on an even keel.

Through the sights, he saw the carrier loom up. He tripped the triggers and bombs went hurtling down. There was no time to watch them hit. He crawled back to the controls, banked and gazed with complete satisfaction on the scene below.

One stick had smashed squarely across the deck. Heavy bombs, meant to sink ships like this one. The carrier began to list. Planes slid off her decks. Men were running around wildly. An anti-aircraft gun started to bang, but the gunners were firing blindly. Then all the lights went out.

Stanton kept circling the scene for ten minutes more before he sent two flares down. There were Japs swimming in the water.

The carrier was on its side and almost ready for the final plunge.

Stanton turned his nose home. Field lights were turned on as he approached

and gave the proper signal. He circled, came down, and rolled up to where several officers were waiting.

Pierre and the three officers were quickly taken away for treatment. Sig Klein walked beside the stretcher on which Stanton lay.

"I hear you had a picnic, Ted. Very nice. They are already talking about medals and honors. You'll be shifted from here all right."

"If they try to shift me," Stanton roared, "I'll desert! Listen—those Japs are going to attack us sooner or later. This island is important. Just because I sank one carrier doesn't mean they won't send more of them."

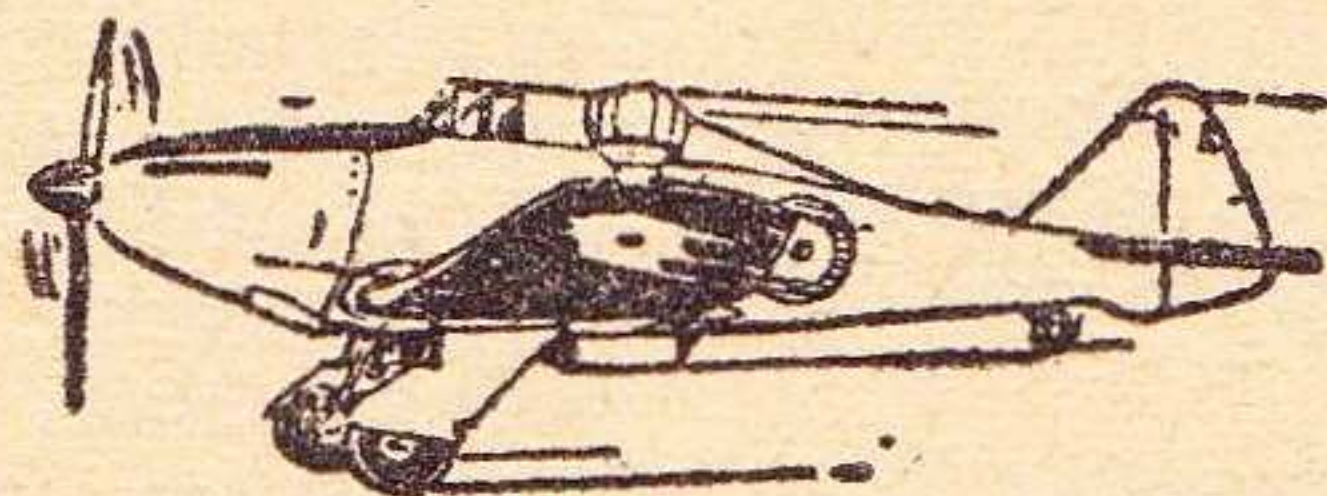
"But you're a hero, Ted." Klein chuckled.

"Hero? Listen—I was never so scared in my life. Pierre tricked me, but I was suspicious of him. That's why I made certain the Hampden had bombs aboard. Hero, did you say? No, Sig. I just took advantage of a situation. Heroes are made in flaming skies—fighting against odds. I just had a couple of air-dumb Frenchmen and Nazis to contend with.

"When I ride against half a dozen enemy planes—alone—and come out of it, then the hero business is all right. What I just accomplished was only a small part of this war, Sig. An incident."

"I'm beginning, to see your point, Ted."

"Good. And don't worry about our never having a chance to do just as I said. Either here on Madagascar or anywhere else. We won't have to wait long, because if those little yellow men don't come for us, if Hitler and his Huns don't come for us, then we'll go looking for them, Sig. We'll search them out and clear the skies, make the air sweeter to breathe, cleaner to fly through."



Read Our Companion Air Action Magazines

**Army Navy Flying Stories—Exciting Navy Stories
Air War — American Eagles — Sky Fighters**

NOW ON SALE—EACH 10¢ AT ALL STANDS

THE R.A.F. IN ACTION!

TRUE STORIES OF THE MEN WITH WINGS

HERE are more stories of the brave exploits of British pilots everywhere that redound to the glory of the R. A. F. and offer a glimpse of the heroism that can never die!

The publication of previous stories in this series as an exclusive feature of RAF ACES has won nation-wide commendation. Hundreds of readers are enthusiastic about these terse, straight-from-the-shoulder accounts of feats performed in the service of democracy.

These are true tales, and they are told with no empty literary flourishes. They present, we think, an inspiring picture of our allies in the struggle against Axis tyranny.

SOUTH AFRICAN WING COMMANDER SETS HOT PACE

WING Commander D. G. Morris D.F.C. of South Africa is one of the only three non-Canadians commanding R.C.A.F. squadrons overseas. He commands a night-fighter squadron equipped with deadly twin-engined Beaufighters which carry four cannon and six machine guns. The squadron has not been long in operation, but it has accounted for at least four enemy aircraft destroyed and several more damaged.

Of the four destroyed, Wing Commander Morris is credited with three—a Ju 88, a Heinkel 111 and a Dornier 17. Morris' first victim was the Junkers 88.

"I got him 50 miles out to sea," the Wing Commander reported. "It was a clear night with a three-quarter moon. I saw him first three thousand feet away, making for home at nine thousand feet. We closed up behind and slightly above him to one hundred yards range. Bright red exhaust flames, two on each side of round engines, positively identified him as a Junkers 88. He apparently was taken by surprise since he made no attempt to evade.

"He was my first one, and I had to make myself press the firing button. I gave him a first burst of two seconds and there were flashes on his fuselage—one of them very brilliant. He immediately returned my fire, and very accurate he was too. I then attacked again. His return fire ceased and he slowed down.

"I nearly flew into him and overshot him by only about twenty feet. I could see he was on fire inside.

"He turned away to the right, burst into flames and went down in a dive into the sea. Then I saw a patch on the water where he went in."

W/C Morris' second was a Heinkel 111. He caught him crossing the coast in the reflection of the moon on the sea.

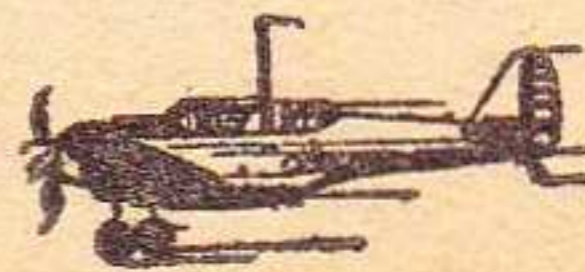
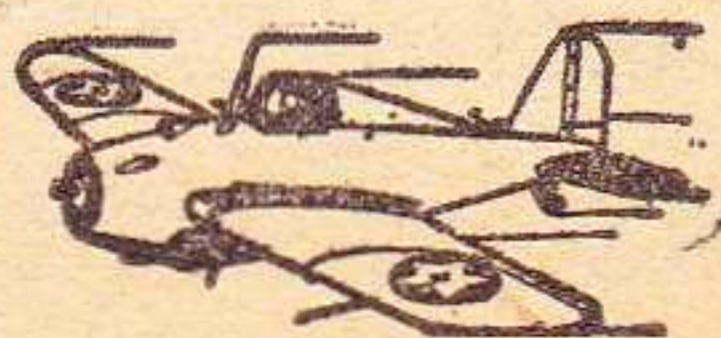
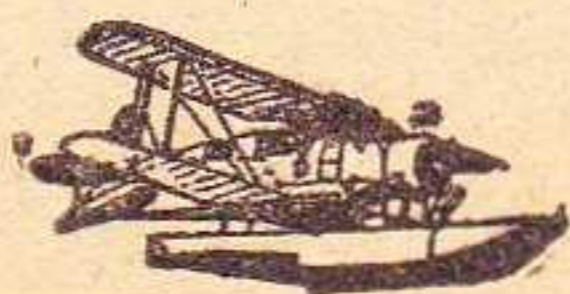
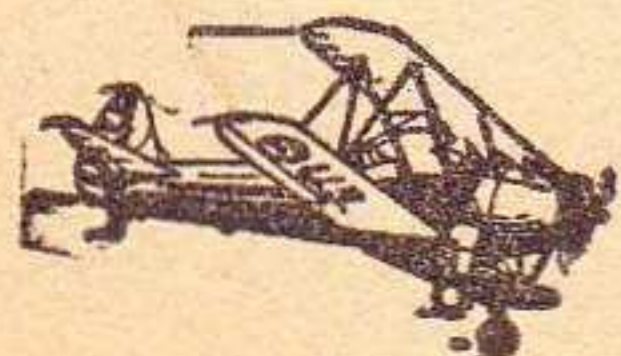
"I was about ten thousand feet up and he was five hundred feet below me. I was closing up to get in firing position when he spotted me and immediately took avoiding action—twisting and turning. I managed to keep him in sight and got in a quick burst. He went into a dive, shooting back at us.

"I had great difficulty keeping sight of him, but eventually, at about five thousand feet I got in another burst. He went into a steep dive and I followed him to about two thousand feet just to make sure. I saw one of his crew bale out and afterward I learned that his entire crew had been picked up by a trawler."

The third, a Dornier, was bagged the same night. W/C Morris landed, reloaded and climbed again.

"Twenty minutes later we saw a Dornier seventeen making for home at about two thousand feet. We were on to him just before he crossed the English coast. He was obviously making a landfall"—identifying his position to set his homeward course—"for he turned into what was practically a full moon.

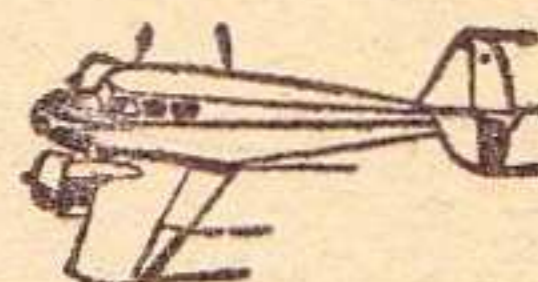
"I closed in and gave him a good burst which he promptly returned. Then I missed him with another. But my third burst scored and he blew up. Pieces of his craft hit our radiator. We saw his parachutes floating down and we turned for home."



MOST DECORATED AUSSIE GETS ANOTHER DISC

WING Commander H. Edwards, who is generally acknowledged to be the most frequently decorated man in the Royal Australian Air Force, has just been awarded another decoration—in this case the coveted D.S.O. This latest medal, which was awarded Edwards for a daring and effective attack in a British mosquito bomber on Gestapo headquarters in Oslo, capital city of Norway, will not be lonely on Commander Edwards' chest.

He's seen a lot of gallant action and received many gallant awards since his graduation from flight school at Point Cook, Victoria. For a brilliant bombing raid of Bremen, he was awarded England's highest honor, the Victoria Cross. Later, he won the Distinguished Flying Cross by a nifty attack on a convoy off the Dutch coast. His decorations from the Netherlands, Norway and other countries have made of him a walking Christmas tree.



REPAIRED LEAKING PETROL TANK IN MID-AIR —YOUNG SYDNEY AIR GUNNER WINS D.F.M.

JAMMED in the wing of a R.A.A.F. flying boat in mid-air to plug up a gaping hole in the oil tank, Corporal Milton Griffin, a young Sydney air gunner, saved the aircraft and its crew from possible capture by the enemy off the coast of France.

After a thrilling combat with a German Kondor, the engine and petrol tank of the Sunderland were so badly damaged that the only alternative to a forced landing on the sea near enemy territory, was to stop the rapid leakage of oil.

Griffin succeeded in doing so, and for his initiative and resource, he was awarded the first D.F.M. in the squadron. He has more than 1,000 flying hours to his credit and served for over two years with the R.A.A.F. Sunderland Squadron, one of the crack units of the R.A.F. Coastal Command.

"The Kondor came off second best," he said, "after doing its utmost to pump us full of bullets. At one time, we could see the bullets churning up the water in front of us, thought they must have been going through us, but the captain handled the Sunderland in great style, and the air gunners did some pretty accurate shooting.

"After awhile, the Kondor went up into the clouds, and we did not see it again. It is believed that the enemy aircraft crashed on landing at its base."

Griffin discovered the port outer engine was losing oil rapidly, and it was apparent that the engine might fail at any moment. He volunteered to climb out onto the wing to examine the damage, found bullets had made a big hole in the oil tank.

"Something had to be done about it," he said. "So I went back into the cabin and got some plugs, a hammer and chisel.

"I climbed in over the batteries behind the main tank, crawled through the middle of the

wing over the fire extinguisher and reached the engine nacelle. I had to pull myself from strut to strut, lying flat all the time, and returning in the same manner. There was oil everywhere. I was sitting in it, and it was being flung upon me as well.

"There was very little light. I took a torch, but it soon became covered in oil, and I had to depend on the light from a bullet hole. The bullet had come through the main plane. The light it gave was not very good, but I soon got used to it.

"After my second scramble onto the wing, I managed to plug up the hole in the tank and so stop the escape of oil. Unfortunately, it had been getting away at a great speed, and there was very little left. Something more than a plug was necessary, if the engine was to be kept running.

"I got busy on the top of the tank with the hammer and chisel and managed to knock a hole in it, so that I could pour some new oil in. Everything was very slippery. Using hammer and chisel covered with oil, I found things a bit difficult.

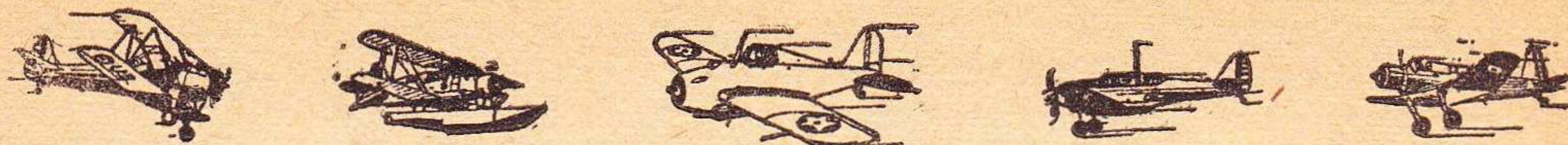
"After that, I crawled back to the cabin and got a two-gallon tin of oil and some plasticine. There seemed to be nothing with which I could pour the oil into the tank. But we had had peaches for dinner that day, so I got an empty peach tin from the galley. I pushed the tin in front of me along the rod for the flaps, which was not very hard to do.

"I had to pour the oil into the peach tin, then lift it up and let it trickle into the hole through a funnel which I had made with the plasticine. It was necessary for me to sit underneath the tank, and as the wing was swaying up and down I kept getting covered with oil spilled from the peach tin.

"When the two gallons had been poured in,

there was enough circulating in the engine to give me time to crawl back for a second supply. I slithered into the cabin for the third time, and had a short rest while I studied the

pressure gauge. Then I went back with a further three gallons and poured it in. That did the trick, for by then we were within half an hour of home."



THAI PRINCE DIES ON ACTIVE DUTY WITH THE R.A.F.

A TWENTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD prince of Siam, Chirasakti, nephew and adopted son of ex-King Prajadhipok of Thailand, was accidentally killed recently while on active service with the R.A.F. in Britain. He flew as a ferry pilot with the Air Transport Command and was taking an extra training course when he was killed. He was up for leave the following day.

It is strangely encouraging that a

prince, even of the deposed royal dynasty, should be the first Thai citizen to die for the Allied cause. His foster father was deposed largely by Japanese fomented unrest that led to Siam's shameful collaboration with Japan.

He volunteered for the A.T.A. more than a year before his death, was compiling a fine record. A young wife and two small children survived him.



FOUR YOUNG OFFICERS TYPIFY R.A.F.'S NEW LEADERS

FOUR Group Captains—equivalent to a colonel in the U. S. Army—are unique in Britain's Royal Air Force. One reason for this is their youth—the oldest of them is 37, the youngest just 30. Another is the fact that, for the first time in the 25 years of the existence of the R.A.F., its key posts are being filled by men of its own making, men whose careers were spent entirely in the R.A.F., whose nursery was not the Army or the Navy, but the air-training school.

The four group captains are Harry Broadhurst, D.S.O. with bar, D.F.C. with bar, and A.F.C.—S. C. Elworthy, D.S.O., D.F.C., and A.F.C.—C. H. Appleton, D.S.O., D.F.C.; and G. A. Walker, D.S.O., and D.F.C.

Broadhurst, the oldest, is 37. In the air, he is the living embodiment of the offensive spirit. He showed this in the Dieppe raid when he flew across, unaccompanied, in his Spitfire. He wasn't supposed to be fighting, just observing, but in odd moments, working alone, he managed to shoot down one enemy plane and possibly three others.

Within 11 days of joining the R.A.F., Broadhurst had the first and most serious crash of his career. He was a passenger then. As a pilot, he has continued his flying with few interruptions and was first mentioned in dispatches in 1931 for his services on the North-West Frontier of India. His career has been rich with daring exploits—he once led a flight of three planes tied together by rope through intricate aerobatics at the famous Hendon air pageant.

Broadhurst won the D.F.C. in the first few

weeks of the war, has also been decorated by the Czechoslovak government. His qualities as a modern air executive officer were recognized in 1937 when he was awarded the Air Force Cross for administrative and other duties. He has also graduated from the Staff College.

An advisory job similar to Broadhurst's in the Fighter Command is done in the Bomber Command by 31-year-old Group Captain Samuel Charles Elworthy. He was permanently commissioned in the R.A.F. six years ago and was a Flight Lieutenant at the outbreak of war. His three decorations were all won in the first months of 1941 when he commanded one of the Blenheim squadrons which undertook daylight bombing in Europe and the Mediterranean.

The citation for his D.S.O. read, "By his magnificent leadership and complete disregard for danger, he brought his squadron to the highest pitch of war efficiency."

Group Captain Charles Henry Appleton, aged 36, has the rare distinction of being decorated for gallantry as a heavy bomber and as a fighter pilot.

Recently he commanded one of the largest and most active sections of the Fighter Command with which almost every famous fighter has been associated.

Born in Ballincolig, Ireland, Appleton went to an engineering firm in Leeds before joining the R.A.F. in 1927 with a short service commission.

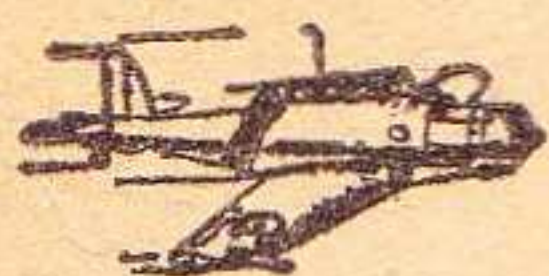
In July, 1940, when he was awarded the D.F.C. and cited, he was leading a Whit-

ley bomber squadron which he had accompanied on the first attack on German territory—the raid on Sylt a month or two earlier. During 1941, he was at the head of one of the most successful Beaufighter night-fighter squadrons in the country. He was awarded the D.S.O. in that year.

Group Captain George Augustus Walker is the fourth of these men and also the youngest, having reached his 30th birthday last August. He has commanded a big bomber squadron station for over a year and, on that station, his

power is absolute as that of a commander of a big ship. The station itself is a self-contained fighting unit, manned by several thousand men and women. Walker is responsible for this great army as well as for the station's operational efficiency.

He has had a remarkable record in operations apart from executive ability. He was awarded the D.S.O. and the D.F.C., in the latter half of 1941 and was one of the brilliant R.A.F. "regulars" who used to go down to smoke-stack height to make sure of his target.



GRIM AMBITION OF AUSTRALIAN FIGHTER ACE

AUSTRALIA'S leading fighter ace, Flight Lieutenant Clive Robertson Caldwell, D.F.C., and Bar, holder of the Polish Cross of Valour, whose score of 20½ "kills" earned him the title of "Killer Caldwell," is back in Australia.

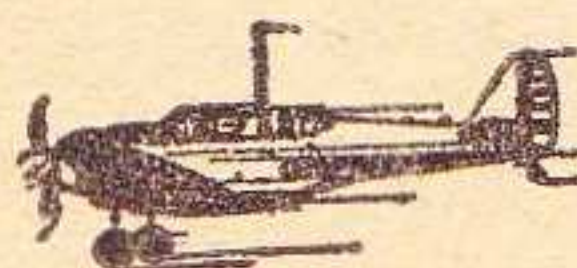
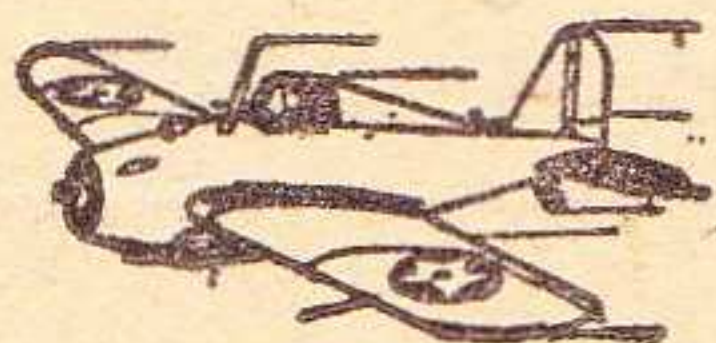
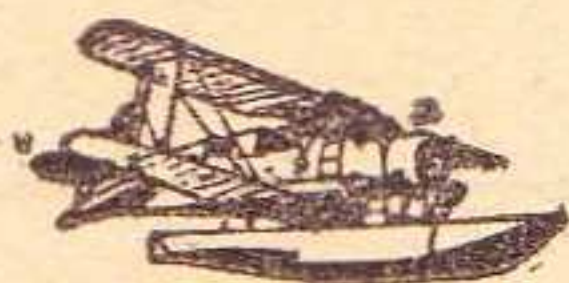
"My ambition is to beat the score of Wing Commander A. G. Malan, of the R.A.F., who tops the list for Empire airmen with 32 confirmed victims," Caldwell said. "Malan is now an instructor at an operational training unit in Britain, and later, when my non-operational tour of duty in Australia is over, I hope to get a chance to head him. I promised to send him a cable when I do.

"Now that I am in Australia, I am to have a rest from operational flying, but when my non-operational tour of duty is over, I want to have a smack at the

Japs and their Zeros. I want a chance of increasing my score at the expense of Tojo."

Empire squadrons in the Middle East had performed prodigies in valour, Flight Lieutenant Caldwell said. In the face of heavy odds, superior aircraft, and greater numbers, they had wrested air superiority from the enemy, and had retained it.

"The Huns know their business and are worthy of plenty of respect. I have always found them willing to fight, and you get no mercy from them. If you bale out, they don't talk about cricket, they shoot you down if they can. They don't play cricket anyway, and they apparently go on the assumption that if you make a safe descent, you will be in action the next day, and perhaps shoot them down for good."



CANADIAN SQUADRON STRAFES AXIS CONVOYS

THE "Scourge of Nazi Shipping" is the designation given by the British press to a Royal Canadian Air Force general reconnaissance operational squadron.

The squadron has certainly earned the high reputation it enjoys. Nearly every night its great Hudson machines are sweeping enemy seas, bombing and machine-gunning German convoys as they seek to slip along German, Dutch and Danish coasts under cover of darkness.

It is only a really "duff" night that keeps the two-engined American-built medium bombers, armed with seven machine guns, on the ground. The blacker the night, the better the air crews

like it, since they are willing to risk greater hazards in order to fly in at mast height to take the enemy by surprise and, more important, drop their eggs where they will do the most good.

The squadron's reputation has been earned in a very short time. It has only been on operations for a matter of weeks. In that period, more than a dozen German ships have been hit.

In command of the squadron, is Wing Commander H. M. Styles of the Royal Air Force. At the age of 19, he entered the R.A.F. College at Cranwell and, after a two years course, passed out with the Sword of Honour, which

is awarded the outstanding cadet.

He was posted to a Torpedo Bomber Squadron, went to Malta with a squadron and later ferried Blenheims from England to Malta, Mersa Matruh and Ismailia. At the beginning of the war, he was posted as Special Instructor at the R.A.F. School of General Reconnaissance, remaining there until he took command of the R.C.A.F. General Reconnaissance Operation squadron.

Wing Commander Styles himself has been responsible for two enemy ships, probably hit two others and gave another a "near miss" which may have resulted in damage.

"The last time I had some excitement—a couple of nights ago we arrived over a convoy of twelve to fifteen German merchant vessels just as it was getting light. As we dropped down and saw lights, we imagined the convoy was miles away, then found we were running in over the long line of the ships.

"We turned about and made a careful run in and then, just when we were ready to do our job, saw directly in front of us one of the protecting flak ships.

"We had to turn round again and come in for the third time. The first of our stick of four bombs probably hit.

"I can't guarantee that it did. A bomb can burst in the depths of the ship and is not easily seen, and one cannot fly around for a couple of hours to see if a ship is sinking or not. That is why it is impossible to say that we have actually sunk any ships. We can only count direct hits."

It was Wing Commander Styles, too, who made the first strike of the squadron. A day or two after the Squadron was formed, he located an enemy convoy of approximately twelve merchant vessels of 1,000 to 1,500 tons and attacked them from a height of fifty feet. Several direct hits were made.



A BRITISH BIG BOMBER PROVES SHE CAN TAKE IT AND DISH IT OUT TOO

THE American Flying Fortress is not the only type of heavy bomber that can take a lot of punishment without faltering and still lash out with telling blows at the enemy. During a raid on Kiel late last year, a Halifax was singled out for particularly vicious attack by a Nazi night fighter.

In the course of five attacks by the Hun, the navigator got it in both thighs, but said nothing about it so as not to disturb the rest of the crew and coolly plotted a course back to Britain, standing beside the pilot every mile of the way.

The big ship was in utter darkness as the electrical equipment was shot out of kilter, as was the radio. Fuel was cut off from the starboard engines, the hy-

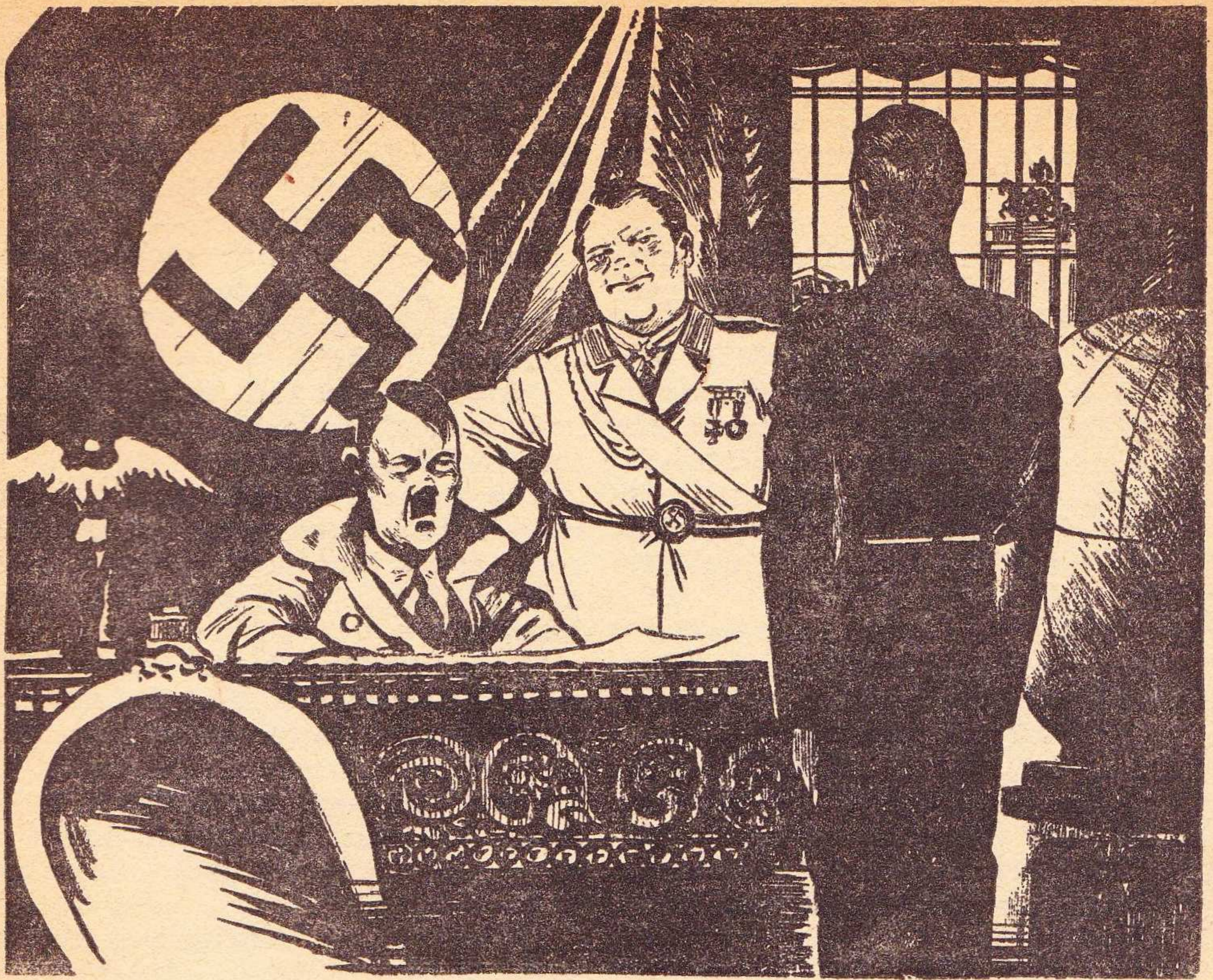
draulic system went out of action and the starboard wing was holed till it looked very much like an ultra-large Swiss cheese.

The engineer tried to repair the shut-off fuel line, and while he was at it, both starboard motors decided to go home for the night, and the Halifax dropped 3,000 feet before she was brought under control.

In the meantime, the Nazi was still attacking, wreaking more woe with every dive. Finally, however, the irate rear gunner got the Hun and sent him spinning down in flames. And the Halifax staggered back across the North Sea to land safely at an English coastal airport.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 55

1. Vickers.
2. The Lockheed Hudson.
3. Any five of the following: Short Sunderland, Armstrong-Whitworth Ensign, Armstrong-Whitworth Whitley, Bristol Beaufort, Bristol Blenheim, Handley-Page Hampden, Vickers-Armstrong Wellington, Airspeed Oxford, Westland Lysander, Hawker Henley, Boulton Paul Defiant, Hawker Hurricane, Fairey Battle, Miles Magister, Miles Master I, Vickers Supermarine Spitfire.
4. An enclosure fastened to the wing to reduce resistance of an object larger than the normal wing thickness, usually the power plant.
5. "Through effort to the stars." R. A. F., Great Britain.
6. Any of the following: Fairey battle two-seater bomber, Fairchild 51, Avro Anson, Avro Tutor, Supermarine Stanraer, Vickers Vancouver II, Hawker Tomtit, Blackburn Shark, Beechcraft, Hawker Hurricane II, Westland Lysander II, Fleet 7, Grumman G-21-A, Lockheed Hudson B-14-L, Noordyn Norseman MK-IV, Armstrong-Whitworth Siskan III Fighter, Bellanca Pacemaker, De Havilland 82-A.
7. The airplane, the autogiro, the helicopter, the ornithopter, the parachute and the kite.
8. G.
9. Winston Churchill, speaking of the R. A. F.
10. Physical training officer.



"You shall succeed, Herr Leutnant," said Hitler

BEAST FROM THE SKY

By ROBERT S. FENTON

The Nazis Planned Thoroughly When They Sent Ernst Heideich on a Terrifying Mission, but They Forgot an Important Fact About Animals!

HERR Leutnant Ernst Heideich, Fallschirmjaeger in the service of the Third Reich, stood like a statue in the Chancellory in Berlin and gazed into the mesmeric eyes of *Der Fuehrer*. The beast of Berchtesgarden appraised his man coldly, held him under the spell while a general of the *Luftwaffe* spoke.

"You are highly honored, *Herr Leutnant*. From thousands of soldiers of the Third Reich, your beloved *Fuehrer* has selected you for this mission, the ultimate success of which shall shock the world and bring England more quickly under the heels of our troops.

"You have your instructions, *Herr Leutnant*. Our leaders have overlooked

not the slightest detail in forming the plan. You understand that you have but one chance in a million of returning alive, Ernst Heideich?"

"I understand," Heideich said and lifted his hand in salute. "Heil Hitler."

Der Fuehrer seemed to have picked his man well, this man who was to drop out of the sky over England. Ernst Heideich had cold bluish eyes set on either side of a predatory nose. His face was long and wide, and his lips were thin. He was a composite picture of the Nazis that had come out of the *Jungvolk* camps, a symbol of German cruelty.

"You shall succeed, *Herr Leutnant*," Hitler said and placed a hand on the *fallschirmjaeger's* shoulder. "You shall be

highly honored in the Third Reich, and your name will be on the lips of Germans for many centuries. Your family will not be forgotten."

"Heil Hitler."

Der Fuehrer turned and walked out of the room, passed through a door over which hung a great red flag with a black swastika on a circular white field in the center of it. Field Marshal Hermann Goering, breathing hard from too much suet around his meridian, shook hands with Ernst Heidrich and the general of the *Luftwaffe*. Then he walked toward the door which had swallowed up *Der Fuehrer*.

"You shall have a night of it in Berlin," the general said to Heidrich. "*Der Fuehrer* has ordered me to entertain you royally, *Herr Leutnant*."

"I cannot believe it," Heidrich said as they left the chancellory. "In me, out of millions of Germans, he places his trust. The enormity of the undertaking frightens me just a little, *Herr General*."

"Puh! *Der Fuehrer* has no use for any weakness in a man. Perhaps you mean you are still overawed by this meeting with our leader."

"Ja. That is so."

THE general of the *Luftwaffe* took Ernst Heidrich to the Adlon and ushered him into a great room glittering with shoulder straps and ribbons and aiguillettes. Orders showered from breast to belt on high ranking Nazi officers. There were music and good wine and beautiful women.

"We shall have a table in a quiet corner," the general said to a fawning headwaiter.

Herr Leutnant Heidrich had his wine, and the general called two beautiful girls over. Music beat through the myriad sounds of Germany in its cups. A flaxen-haired fraulein sat close to Ernst Heidrich and held one of his hands in hers, told him how handsome he was and how lonely she had been. *Der Fuehrer* had overlooked not the slightest detail.

A sudden silence fell. The German radio blared.

"... Our bombers smashed at England's industrial center a few hours ago and left it crumbling in the dust. Birmingham is in flames, and our Dorniers

are even now blasting at London. German Messerschmitts have shot down thirty-one Spitfires over the channel. Our troops are firmly established in Norway. The new order—"

There were great bursts of cheering, and the hundreds rose and saluted a great portrait of Adolph Hitler.

"Heil! Heil!"

"How can you fail, *Herr Leutnant*?"

"I cannot," Heidrich said and kissed the fraulein.

The general of the *Luftwaffe* dismissed the women, promised them they could rejoin him later. There were last minute details to discuss with Ernst Heidrich.

"I am sorry to bring an abrupt halt to your little romance, *Herr Leutnant*, but I am responsible for you. A little too much wine loosens a man's tongue. Tomorrow you leave for Haarlem and the Heinkel drome. Any questions you may have, something that may not be clear in your mind—"

"I have none," *Leutnant* Heidrich said. "I have rehearsed it over and over in my mind. It is as if I had already accomplished my task."

"Gut," the *Luftwaffe* general smiled and got up. "Come, we shall go to my quarters."

Herr Leutnant Heidrich left Berlin the next morning, still in the grip of *Der Fuehrer's* personality, steeped in Nazi ideology and convinced of German supremacy over the whole world. Everything had been planned for him, he was but the instrument to carry out a plan that would stun the world. He was a *fallschirmjaeger*, an officer of the parachute troops. He would drop down on England after the bombers had done their work at one certain spot. Words kept beating through his brain, the words of Hitler and Goering and Goebbels and many others.

"He will go there to Coventry to see the ruins our bombers made, as he went to Birmingham and other midland towns on the accursed island. That Puckish warmonger wearing the funny looking hard hat! You shall walk up to him in the uniform of a British flying officer, and he will grin his silly grin along the length of his cigar. Then you will strike.

"The uniform taken from the back of the stupid Hurricane pilot is folded in

such a careful manner that it can be unfolded and show no creases. You have his credentials, *Herr* Heidrich, your splendid command of English you got at Oxford at the expense of the Reich. You have your weapon."

HEIDRICH'S eyes gleamed brightly in the gloom of the compartment as realization of his power surged through his thin body. He was the choice of *Der Fuehrer*. The grim inexorable fact that death was to be his reward for success warmed rather than chilled his blood. In the years to come, children of the *Herrenvolk* would look upon his name in the school books and whisper it reverently.

Ernst Heidrich had talked with the R.A.F. flyer who had been shot down near Osnabruk. He had sat back and listened to the group captain ridicule the man and everything he represented.

"A decadent race, *Herr Leutnant*. For years you have trained dogs for the hunt when you should have been training men to fight. You stupid Englishmen should have realized that we would avenge the insult of Versaille. The real foxes nearly destroyed you at Dunkirk, *nein?*"

"I've watched your silly dogs race over the countryside, while a guest at one of your silly Lords' estates. Too late you have started to make guns and build men. We have a twenty year start on you, *Herr Leutnant*. In a few weeks, we shall hail our leader in the Hotel Savoy."

The English flyer had grinned at the group captain, the silly fool. He had not believed.

"You will drop down at night, down through the fog that always shrouds England. Your parachute cloth will be of black silk, silk that our *frauleins* gave up willingly. The timing shall be perfect. Our bombers will be over Coventry on schedule. We are thorough, we Germans."

A German surgeon had done some work on *Herr Leutnant* Heidrich's face. The thin blond mustache had taken but a few days to grow. He looked out the window and saw the Messerschmitts lined up on a broad field. A few of them were taking to the air. Not far away great bombers rose above the con-

tours of the land. The noise of powerful engines muffled the train's steady roar.

Everywhere there were signs of German might—on the ground and in the air. Armored units, trucks and tanks rumbled along the highways, converging on a certain point, the invasion concentration depot.

The crews of the Heinkels at Haarlem regaled *Herr Leutnant* Heidrich. The group captain, Major von Hachlisch knew of the great plan, and he shook hands with Ernst Heidrich and assured him of his envy. They were in *Gefechtstand* when Heinkels and Messerschmitts filled the sky overhead with sound.

"They have returned," von Hachlisch said, "from northern England. The shipyards and collieries will be in ruins. Let us go out and talk with them."

A Heinkel landed, its tail surfaces shot away. There were gaping holes in its wings, and an engine was sending out a smoke pennon. A Messerschmitt burst into flame when it landed, and Nazi ambulances raced across the oil-soaked field, their stretchers rattling.

Another Heinkel hovered overhead and seemed loath to come in. Heidrich saw that the wheels were still folded against its belly, and it was evident that British lead had smashed its hydraulic gear. The Heinkel slid in on its belly, and Krupp steel buckled and cracked with the shock.

HERR LEUTNANT HEIDRICH cursed the English and swore he'd do his job well.

A gunner was lifted out of a crippled bomber and placed on the ground. Another Jerry airman crawled away from the Heinkel like a dog that has been hamstrung. The group captain clutched at Ernst Heidrich's arm and led him back again into the German Operations office.

"For every drop of German blood spilled, we shall exact a quart from England, *Herr Leutnant!*" von Hachlisch ground out. "They are our leader's own words. You must not fail."

"Heil Hitler," Heidrich snapped. He went to his quarters and checked his gear—the loose-fitting paratroop suit and crash helmet and heavy rubber-soled

boots, the pack containing the uniform of a British flyer. It had been fortunate for the Third Reich that the Englishman had pulled his flying suit over his dress uniform.

The bombers had apparently caught the enemy by surprise. There was a package of Gold Flakes in the pocket of the uniform, a photograph of a girl who lived in Sussex. Most important of all was a very ingenious instrument of destruction.

The English flyer had been of good birth, if anyone in England could consider himself well born. Drysden had talked of the broad fields of England while he slept. He talked of the Belvoir and Quorn hunts and of somebody named Lady Bess.

The fool—in Germany they talked of planes and guns and tanks. They talked of war. *Herr Leutnant* Ernst Heidrich lay awake for an hour or two, turning certain details of the great plan over and over in his mind. He could not find a single flaw.

Hitler's agent entered a Heinkel bomber an hour before midnight of the next day. The bomber took off and described a long arc toward the coast of England.

It climbed high and was at twenty thousand when it passed over Lincolnshire. Mists blanketed the ground far below, mists that rose in writhing convolutions in the paths of the groping lights.

Heidrich huddled near the Heinkel's navigator, the best of the Nazi crop. He studied the map of England's midlands along with the navigator and kept his finger at a certain spot. He had been there many times before. During vacations from Oxford, he had toured the English countryside, had catalogued the landmarks in his brain.

"The bombers will be over Coventry in a few moments, *Herr Leutnant*," the navigator said. "Look down there, Heidrich. You can see the flash of English guns. Look, the mists are thinning. *Gott* is not on our side?"

"It is time," Heidrich said and spoke into the intercom.

"*Ja*," the pilot said. "*Auf wieder-sehn, mein Freund. Gut rusch!*"

"Happy landings, what old fellow?" Heidrich mimicked as he got ready to plunge out.

HE WENT plummeting down with the speed of the Heinkel he had just forsaken—down and down until he felt the violent tugs at his shoulders and crotch. He steadied and started drifting down on England with the ease and comfort of a man in a rocking chair.

Now he could see the German bombers. He could see the searchlights and the AA fire from the British ground guns. Off to the southeast a little, fiery bursts, a cluster of great flaming flowers marked one certain spot for destruction—Coventry.

"Heil Hitler!" he said. "The Englishmen will be rather busy over that spot, I'd say. They will not be looking for a *fallschirmjaeger*." Not far from the ground, the noise of the strafing of the English village began to reach his ears—a steady dull pounding as if giant Thor were hammering against the earth with a mighty maul.

Heidrich marveled at German ingenuity when he felt the branches of trees rip and tear at his crash boots. He ripped down through the branches, his hands up over his face so that the work of a German surgeon would not be destroyed. He hit the ground without mishap and started hauling in the billowing black cloth.

Not a second must be wasted. He stowed the 'chute in the underbrush of the English spinney, then stripped himself of his paratroop gear. Carefully he opened a pack designed from black oilcloth and removed the uniform of the R.A.F.

The sound of Nazi might boiled out of the thin mists and rolled into the woods. The roar of engines came from out of the sky. Heidrich buried his clothes and his map in the mulch, donned the English flyer's uniform. It fitted him nicely. He sat down, his back against a tree, and drank in the sounds of Heinkel and Dornier havoc.

Coventry—he had been there. There was a famous cathedral there with three spires that a fatuous sentimental English poet named Tennyson had written about. In their shadow had been a school for little orphan girls that wore bright blue gowns and little mustard colored mittens and white chip hats.

The hell of sound seemed to keep up for hours. Heidrich slept a little, hav-

ing set the alarm clock in his mind. At five o'clock, the mental bell rang in his regimented brain, and he got to his feet quickly. He walked to the edge of the woods and looked southeast. A great pall of smoke hung over Coventry. He checked his bearings and grinned when he looked toward the roof tops of a village. It was Market-Harborough, and there was an inn there with a cobble-stoned courtyard. When in China and you want news, go to a tea-house. In England, go to the village inn.

Ernst Heidrich walked boldly forth and crossed a wide meadow. He talked with two members of the home guard and introduced himself as Pilot Officer Drysden on a bit of a walk to soothe his nerves. He heard that the Huns had wreaked their bloody vandalism on Coventry. They had killed most of the little orphan girls and ruined a place of worship.

"The beasts!" Heidrich said. He looked up and saw Spitfires lancing through the sky, a score of them. "I have an aunt in Coventry. I must get there at once." He learned that the members of the home guard were a Mr. Crumbone and a Mr. Allfinch. They worked on the estate of the Sixth Earl of Willoughby. You could see the great manor house up on the hill.

"Cheerio," Heidrich said and started toward the village of Market-Harborough. "I'll be in Coventry soon," he added to himself. I'll wait for the fat pig. Perhaps I shall even get away from the stupid Englishmen after I do my work."

HE WAS about to step over a stile when he heard a dog's excited yapping, turned his head and saw it bounding toward him, an animal with a long head and muzzle and low set pedulous ears.

"An English dog," *Herr Leutnant* Heidrich sneered and turned to meet it, getting down on his haunches. "Come here, old boy. Come here," he coaxed.

The dog suddenly stopped, growled deep in its throat. Its hackles lifted, and it leaped straight at the *fallschirmjäger*. The Nazi paratrooper looked for a weapon, picked up a stone and let fly.

Voices bellowed from across the meadow. The hound evaded the missile

and came in, setting up a thunderous canine hue and cry. It struck its big forepaws against the Nazi's chest and nearly put him on his back.

Heidrich felt the first pangs of misgiving and yelled.

"Get this ugly tyke off me, you hear?" He tried to run but the foxhound got between his legs and tripped him. He got up but the two home guards were upon him and holding to him fast.

"Odd, Crumbone," one said. "Oh, we're the gormless ones. Remember who he said he was? Pilot Officer Drysden? Gor, that's the bloke what turned over his hounds to the Earl when he joined up. Albert, m'lad, we have stumbled onto somethin' here."

"No yer don't, my fine friend. Gor—Drysden's own dog! Lady Bess wantin' to chew her master up. She smelled you a long way off, she did. She smelled that uniform first an' then she smelled the fox that was in it."

"I say, this is an outrage," Ernst Heidrich protested, but fear cut his words thin. "I am Pilot Officer—"

"We'll let Constable Brum hear you prove it, we will," the portly home guardsman said. "Get along with you now. There, there, Lady, we got him to rights, we have. Wouldn't it be a feather in our caps if we caught ourselves a ruddy Nazi, Crumbone?"

"He's a bandit, I have no doubt of it, Allfinch. Come down in a blinkin' parachute, I'll bet all the bread and charmo in England. Go along with you or we'll jolly well let you have one with this stick."

In the constabulary in Market-Harborough, the suspected one was thoroughly searched. Constable Brum found a strange weapon on the Nazi from the sky. It was not more than four inches long, the little pistol. It had no trigger guard and the trigger laid flat against the gun when it was not in use.

A man could palm it as easily as he could a playing card. Constable Brum examined the weapon thoroughly, found that it fired one small shell, and he knew it could wreak havoc at close quarters.

Ernst Heidrich's face twisted into a grotesque mask of hate.

"There is no use to carry on this masquerade further, you swine! That is a plaything that would have caused more damage than our bombers. I would have

walked up to the fat pig and the pistol would have spoken. Then he would clamp his pudgy hands over his stomach —”

THE Englishmen mopped sweat from their faces and tried to make the grim picture clear in their minds. The constable nodded his head slowly as he began to understand the horrible significance of the Nazi's words.

“You see, Crumbone?” Brum said in a tight voice. “This Nazi bandit was going to see an aunt in Coventry. He knew that either the King or the Prime Minister would come to Coventry after —Good Lord!”

“If I am to be shot, get it over with,” said Heidrich. He slumped down and seemed to shrink in the purloined uniform of an R.A.F. Hurricane pilot. “I have failed. I have failed *Der Fuehrer, Gott!*”

“Our English hunting dogs have been well trained, Mr. Hun,” Crumbone said, “to hunt the fox. To find the beast by the drag. Well, she caught the beast, you see? Something you overlooked in the Reich, you dirty swine.

“The scent of the dog's master was on that uniform. A beautiful scent to

Lady Bess at first. Then she came close enough to smell the bandit underneath, and even to a dog I trust that there isn't a worse smell, what?”

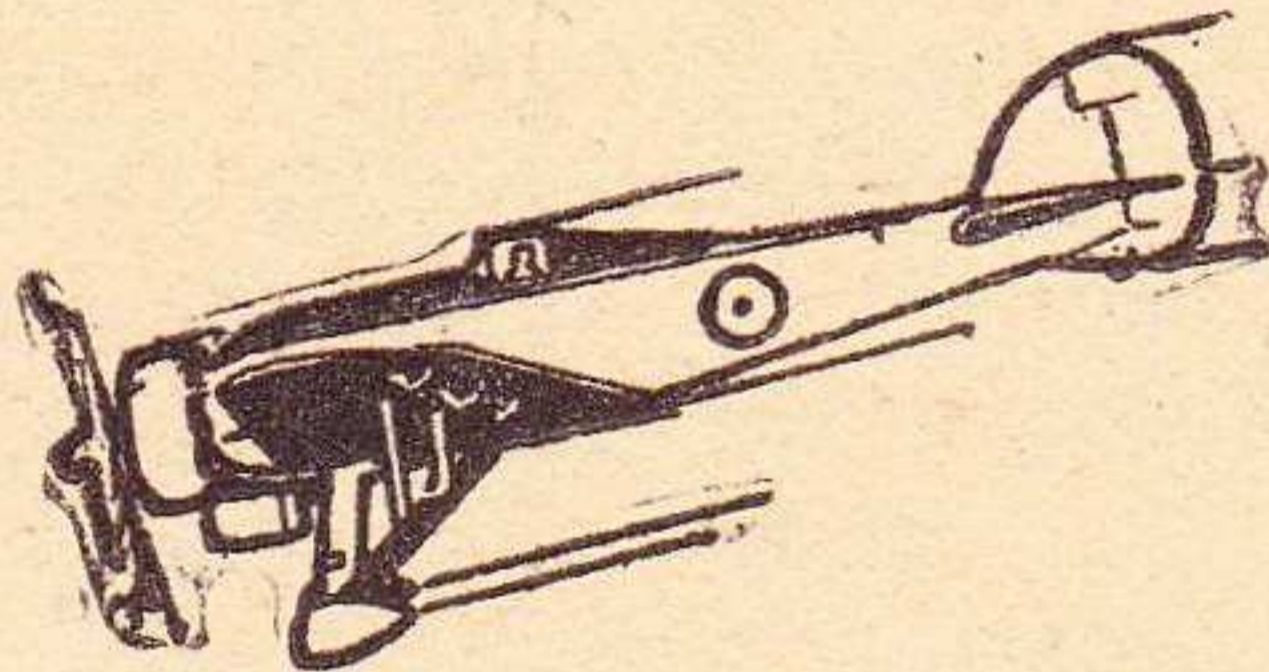
Herr Leutnant Ernst Heidrich, on his way to a firing squad a few hours later, looked back to the meeting with *Der Fuehrer*.

Somehow the leader did not look so great in his mind's eye.

He saw the battered Heinkels and Messerschmitts again on the drome at Haarlem and the faces of the wounded that reeled away from them. Goering and the *Luftwaffe* general shed their glittering uniforms in front of his disillusioned eyes, and they stood bare and ridiculous in their skin.

For those men he was going to die. He was twenty-two years of age and his life had just begun. He was afraid now, deathly afraid. He looked up at the big English planes singing overhead and hoped they would kill that man at Berchtesgarden.

That afternoon, with the sound of high flying German bombers coming down out of a cobalt sky, *Fallschirmjaeger* Ernst Heidrich cursed the Fuehrer when the bullets tore their way through him.



WANTED: EYES FOR THE NAVY

ASERIOUS shortage of binoculars and telescopes has hit our fighting and merchant fleets. The U. S. Navy is appealing to patriotic Americans for help in securing the glasses needed so badly by the men who watch by day and night for enemy submarines.

5,000 pairs of binoculars are needed immediately. Due to the difficulties of maintenance and repair, only Zeiss or Bausch & Lomb glasses in 6 x 30 or 6 x 70 sizes are requested. The Navy asks for their loan during the war. To comply with regulations prohibiting the acceptance of free gifts or loans by the Government, the donor is given \$1.00. Binoculars are carefully marked with the sender's name and address so that they may be returned after the war.

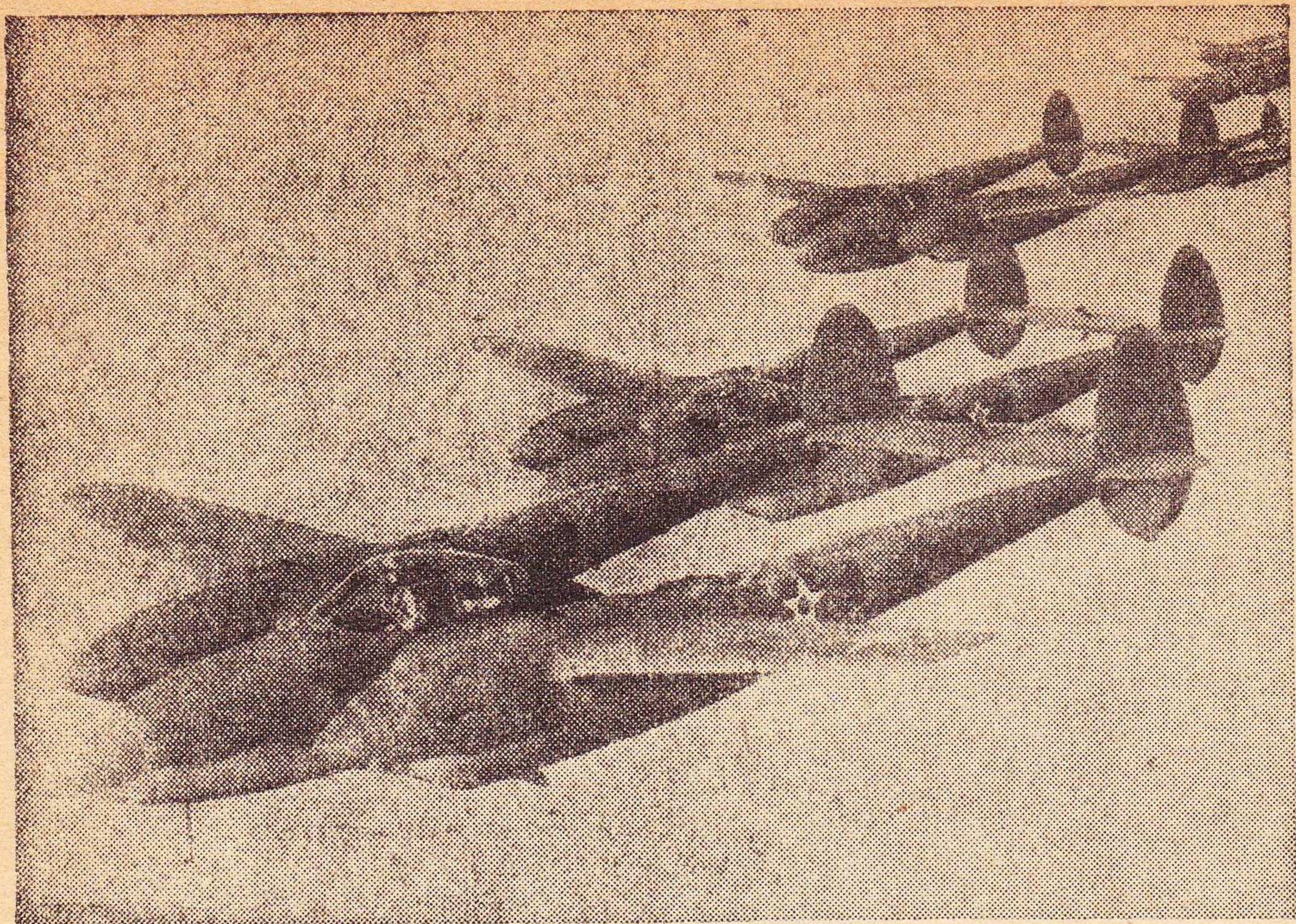
Patriotic owners already have loaned 7,349 pairs of binoculars to the Navy. New York

State leads with 1,300 pairs and Illinois is second with 706.

Also urgently needed are quartermaster-type telescopes or spy-glasses of 16 power or over. The Navy is willing to buy these glasses outright. Navy supply officers of the Third Naval District, where the need is most acute, have stripped manufacturers' stocks, canvassed dealers, second-hand stores and pawn shops, but the total supply is still far short of the need.

Persons who wish to sell are urged to write to Lieut. S. N. Seigel, (S.G.) USNR, Supply Office, Navy Yard, New York, stating size, make, condition and price wanted for their glasses.

If you have a pair of binoculars, or a telescope lying around, send it to war with the Navy!



Official Photo, U. S. Army Air Corps

Lockheed Lightning P-38 Army Planes

YANK PLANES *in the* RAF

By SAM MERWIN, Jr.

WHEN Germany invaded Poland back in 1939, thus precipitating the world into its greatest war in history, the number of American aircraft with the Royal Air Force totaled a neat round zero. Today, many thousands of planes of exactly thirty types have had the concentric circles painted on their wings in the United Nations' effort to smash the Axis powers.

This probably seems like a pretty obvious development. On paper, it is. Actually, Britain had to stare extinction in the face before she would buy American planes in any quantity. The British aircraft industry had been dead set against our planes ever since America loomed as a rival and began to take over the lion's share of the world's air transport lines.

Sniping Campaign

Backed by the British press, they had conducted a long range sniping campaign against anything that flew that was made in this country. American transport planes were called

Since the Outbreak of World War Two, American Aircraft Have Played an Increasingly Prominent Role in Britain's Flying Scheme

unwieldy, expensive and unsafe. Our fighter planes were jokes. Our big bombers were flying targets, and our light ones fourth rate.

This attack, mind you, was not a national policy on the part of our ally. It was fo-

mented solely by the aircraft industry in its own interests, but it was so cleverly presented that it won wide credence in parliamentary, military and civilian circles.

At the outbreak of war, a British purchasing mission came to America. Their purpose was to buy planes for the R.A.F. Our airmen advised them to take a good look at the Flying Fortress, then in an early stage of development, at the Curtiss Hawk, and other military types.

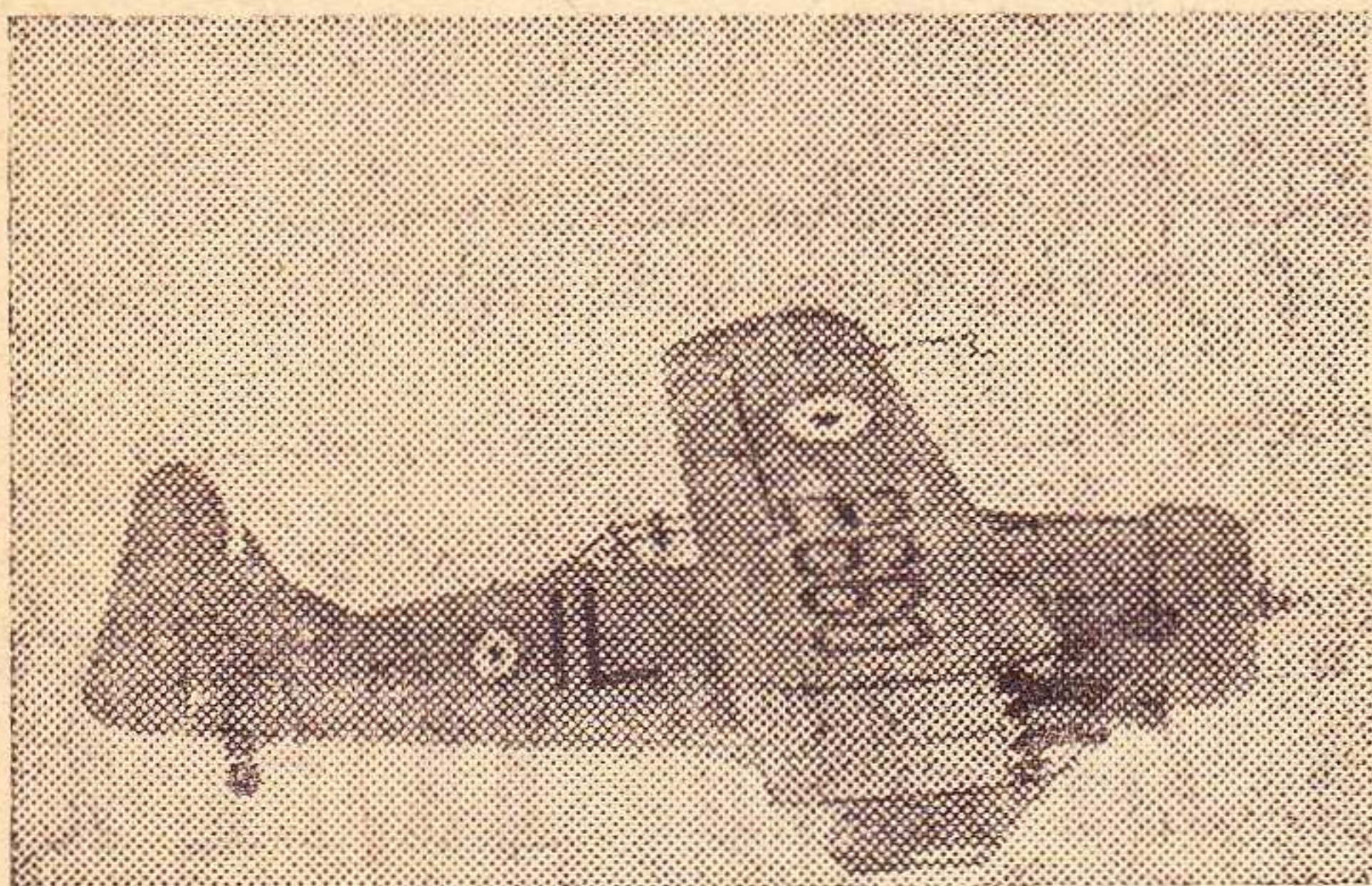
But they jolly well decided to select their own, and finally decided on a militarized version of the Lockheed Lodestar, a transport ship, which they renamed the Hudson. That they selected wisely has been proved again and again, for the Hudson has proved its worth many times over as a convoy escort, sub spotter and straffer of Nazi coastal shipping.

But the prejudice against American planes remained strong. The French purchasing mission bought hundreds of Curtiss Hawks (P-36s), then the standard U.S. Army pursuit plane, and found them excellent. But the British, proud of their new Hurricanes and Spitfires, wanted none of them.

Debut of the First American Planes

It was not until after the disasters of 1940 that they began to buy American fighter planes. First of these, of course, was the streamlined Hawk with its Allison motor. Renamed the Tomahawk, they sent this, the first of the P-40 series, mostly to Africa. At about the same time they purchased a number of Brewster Buffaloes, most of which were sent to the Far East.

Both of these planes proved to be excellent ships within certain definite limitations. They were sturdy and tough and easy to handle, but lacked the high ceiling of Spitfire or Messerschmitt, thus limiting their effectiveness to low altitude work.



North American Howard Trainer

This same low altitude bugaboo has been the bane of American fighter planes until recently. Starting way behind the parade in liquid cooled motors, our engineers have so far failed to lift the Allison to a level with the Rolls Royce Merlin or the Daimler Benz.

However, in air cooled motors, with the Wright Whirlwind and the Pratt and Whitney Wasp, we have remained well ahead of the field. Hence, in our latest models, we have either gone back to the air cooled job, now lifted to 2,000 horses, to counteract with interest the lack of streamlining the liquid cooled motor affords. In other cases, we have adopted the superior English motor, now being manufactured here.

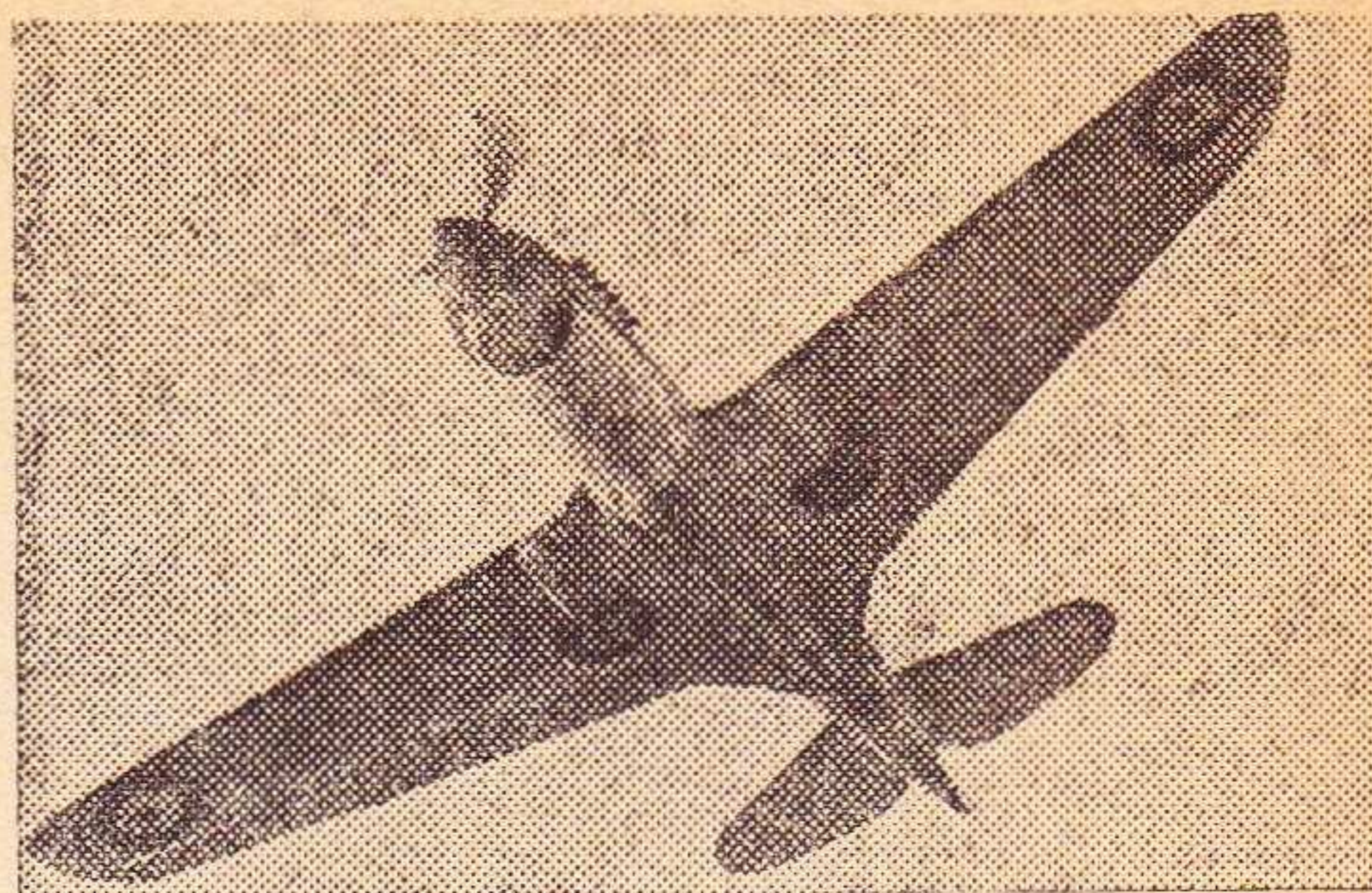
The Hottest Ship in the Skies

The Thunderbolt, the Corsair and the Wildcat all use the air cooled type. The Warhawk (P-40F), the Mustang (P-51), the Lightning (P-38) and the Airacobra (P-39), America's other fighter types, are all converting to the Merlin as fast as the motor can be turned out. And every one of these ships has been adopted or is to be soon by the British.

There is, in fact, a feeling among airmen, generated on the far side of the Atlantic, that the Mustang, once she gets her new motor installed, will be the hottest ship in the skies. So much for fighter planes with the R.A.F.

The idea that American light and medium bombers were fourth rate was busted two

years ago when the Douglas Boston, forerunner of the present U.S. Army A-20, began to show her heels to Messerschmitt and Heinkel alike on low altitude sweeps. The Martin



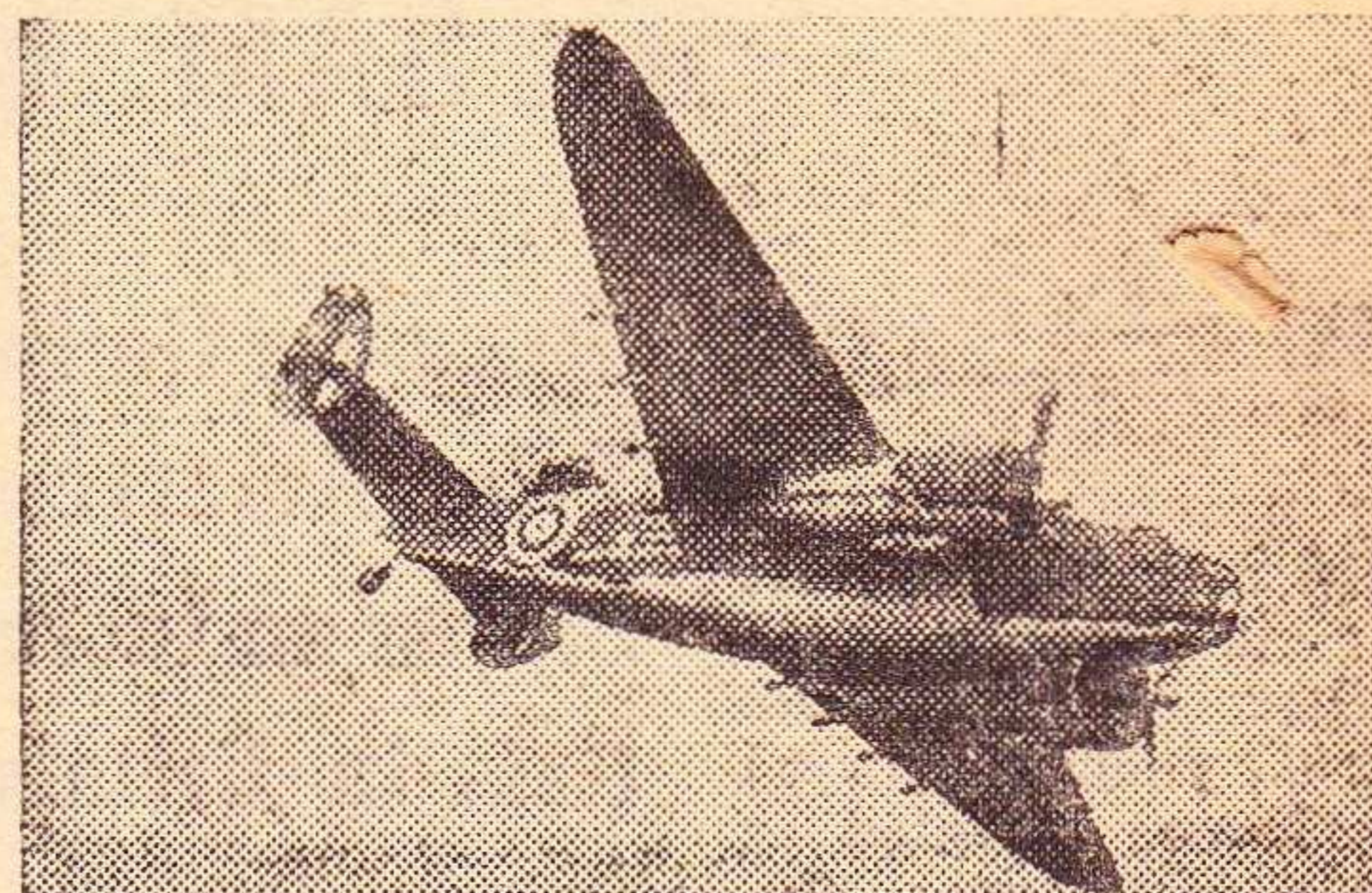
Curtiss-Wright Tomahawk

Maryland, a medium bomber with heavier load, did the same trick at higher altitudes. Until these ships appeared on the scene, it was generally supposed in Britain that Germany had a monopoly on top flight medium bomber production.

One Starred in the Tokyo Bombing

Today, in the Marauder or B-26, lineal successor to the Baltimore, and in the Mitchell or B-25, one model of which starred in the Tokyo bombing, it is generally recognized that we have produced a pair of ships in this category which are without peer either on offense or defense.

It is, however, in the heavy bomber field that the greatest interest is focused. These are the ships which must carry the war to Germany proper and deal the most important air



"The Spirit of Lockheed Vega"

blow to the Reich—destroying homes and factories, railroad and harbor installations until her military potential is reduced to rubble.

In the summer of 1941, the British did accept a number of Flying Fortresses under Lend Lease provisions. These ships were of an early model and were, to all intents and purposes, already obsolete for the European theatre. Hence criticism was loud. They were held underarmed and underarmored. The then new Liberator (B-24) came in for the same type of criticism.

The Best All-Around Big Flying Warship

Our engineers and designers went to work. Today, the Flying Fortress is the only heavy bomber which can qualify sufficiently as a fighter at the same time to be useful for large-

scale day bombing. The Liberator, less spectacular, is probably the best all-around big flying warship in the world today.

The British have developed comparatively short-ranged, heavy load, four-engined bombers for night work to perfection. Their Avro Lancasters, Manchesters and Short Stirlings are the most devastating flying projectiles aloft. But they lack the guns and armor and ability to bomb with precision from high altitudes that make the American ships unique. Thus in two short years, the shoe is on the other foot. It's a mighty tribute to our designers.

And the above covers only a small portion of the matter of American planes in the R.A.F. It was, for instance, a Consolidated Catalina—the familiar Model T American patrol bomber—which spotted the *Bismarck* and hovered close above her for hours until the Royal Navy could gallop up and put the super-dreadnaught down for keeps.

It was the Douglas Boston—painted black, renamed "Havoc," and fitted with special locator devices—which helped make large scale night bombings of the tight little isle too costly to be worth while. It is, not was, the North American Harvard Trainer which is teaching thousands of young R.A.F. men how to master the Nazi in the air.

Here They Are!

A list of American planes that have been or are in use by the R.A.F. follows:

Bombers

Baltimore (Martin 187)
 Boston (Douglas DB-7 and DB-7B)
 Fortress (Boeing 17C and 17D)
 Liberator (Consolidated B-24D)
 Maryland (Martin 167)
 Marauder (Martin B-26)

Coastal

Hudson (Lockheed B-28 and B-29)
 Liberator (Consolidated B-24)
 Catalina (Consolidated PBV-5)

Transport

Douglas DC-3
 Lockheed 14
 Lodestar (Lockheed 18)

Fighters

Buffalo (Brewster FA-2)
 Havoc (Douglas DB-7 and -7A)
 Kittyhawk (Curtiss P-40D)
 Apache (North American P-43)
 Mohawk (P-36)
 Tomahawk (P-40B)
 Mustang (North American P-51)
 Airacobra (Bell P-39)

Trainers

Harvard (North American 66 or 16)
 Piper Cub
 Taylorcraft

Fleet Air Arm

Martlet (Grumman F4F-4 Wildcat)
 Kingfisher (Vought-Sikorsky OS2U-3)

Now Going Into Operation

B-25 (North American Mitchell)
 Ventura (Vultee 37)
 Lockheed Lightning (P-38)
 Vultee Vengeance (V-72)
 Republic Thunderbolt (P-47)

It's getting to be a pretty imposing list, will grow more so before victory is won. The war rôles of American planes in the R.A.F. are getting close to star billing. American pilots like to fly Spitfires. British pilots go for our Bostons and Martin Marauders. In the air, this war is becoming more and more of a United Nations business.



THRILL TO THE GALLANT ADVENTURES OF THE FIGHTING UNDERGROUND THAT DEFIES HITLER'S GRISLY HENCHMEN OF DEATH!

Here is a new type of mystery magazine—bringing you exciting yarns that center about the daring activities of democracy-loving people in Europe's conquered lands! Spy stories that will take your breath away—gripping combat against Axis criminals—amazing fact articles and awe-inspiring true accounts of courage and patriotic heroism! Featured in every issue of

EXCITING MYSTERY

Now on Sale—Only 10c at All Stands



Robert gripped Lieutenant Hodgson's shoulder, shook the officer

CADETS COURAGEOUS

By DON KEENE

A Sunderland Is a Lot of Airplane, but a Couple of Flying Fool Kids Prove That They Are a Lot of Flyers When the Clutch Is On!

ROBERT stretched an arm to point beyond the end of the short dock. "There!" he said. "I told you she was a beauty, didn't I? Well?"

Gaffney stuck his thin neck forward. Behind the glasses, his washed-blue eyes blinked into the sun glare that struck upward off the choppy waves of the harbor. He exhaled a long sigh. "Cor!" he breathed. "She ain't half big, is she?"

A Sunderland flying boat tugged restlessly at the ropes that tethered it. Despite its size, there was nothing about its slim lines that suggested bulk.

Its wings and fuselage, camouflaged in dull green, blue and tan smears, were sleek.

In the tiny harbor rimmed by rocky ledges, the plane seemed imprisoned; a young thoroughbred, tossing its head at paddock rails.

Robert looked at his companion and allowed himself a smug smile. It was seldom that he impressed Gaffney, even in this second-hand way. Ever since he had met Gaffney, the first day of the A.T.C. school, the tall, skinny boy had refused to be impressed.

Rather, it was he, Robert, who had been the one to be awed. Those stories about Gaffney's life in Twistup Lane, the stories about the magnificently unsavory characters who inhabited the dark alleys and littered streets of London's Bermondsey section had made Robert's own stories of school and home too puny to be told.

That was odd, too, because Robert had been brought up to believe that what he said and did was much more important than anything a slum boy could say or do. That idea seemed ridiculous now, as did many ideas, since the war began.

Even a sixteen-year-old boy could understand that values which had been all-important before the blitz were so many empty, silly words now.

Gaffney was staring at the flying boat, his tongue in his cheek as he always held it when he was deep in thought. The silence stretched, broken only by the far-off sound of water gurgling about the piles of the little pier.

"Would I like to fly one of them!" Gaffney said, his voice hushed. "Would I just like to get my 'ooks on the controls of that old girl!"

"Come off it!" Robert scoffed. "You know full well you couldn't handle a Sunderland. Most probably you'd never get her off the water."

"I could try," Gaffney said stubbornly. "You can't tell what you can do without trying."

That, Robert told himself, was Gaffney. Always anxious to try something impossible. Impatient, restless, meeting the world with a chip on his shoulder. Eager to embark on adventures that inevitably landed him in scrapes. Forgetting the warnings of

the harassed C.O. every time there was another chance to try something new.

"Don't go thinking up any ideas," Robert warned. "You know what the C.O. said he'd do the next time you got in trouble."

"Him!" said Gaffney, and spat.

"Yes him. After all, he can ship you out, you know. He can send you home."

GAFFNEY started to speak, looked down at the sleeve of his uniform, as if to reassure himself that he was still a member of the Air Training Corps and not a ragged kid in Bermondsey.

Robert knew how he felt. He got the same thrill every time he glimpsed the khaki of his own sleeve. A flier he was, like his brother Billy and like Geoffrey, the young uncle who had never come back from a show over Hamburg.

Not a real flier yet, of course, because his wings were months away, but an A.T.C. man who could fly a training ship and land it. A man who, even though he was only sixteen, knew what made a motor tick, how to load a machine gun belt, how to tell a Messerschmitt's silhouette from that of a Spitfire when it was flashed on a screen for a split-second glimpse.

It was hard waiting for the day when he would be sent up to get his wings, but it was worth it.

"I wager I could fly her," Gaffney was saying, still staring at the Sunderland. "They say them big ships ain't much harder to fly than some of the little ones. I could fly her."

"Aviate her," Robert said, carefully. He might not be a real flier yet but he could use a real flier's lingo.

Gaffney cast him a brief glance and his thin lips twisted.

"Arr, you and your fancy words!" he snorted. "You fly a plane, don't you? You make it fly. Why do you toffs always have to make up fancy

words for things that are simple? Aviate!"

He spat again, in disgust, and turned back to look at the Sunderland.

"How long's she been here?" he asked.

"I saw her just a couple of hours ago, making that banking flight," Robert explained. "I've asked around and found out she was chewed up in a show last week. Coastal patrol, you know. They put her in at that sea-plane base up the ways and fixed her up. Then they moved her down here, apparently for recondition tests. She's rather all right, isn't she?"

"Rather all right," Gaffney mocked. "Cor, you're really there with the top-lofty lingo, ain't you?"

Robert flushed and turned away.

"I can't help the way I talk," he said stiffly. "Besides, it's time we were starting back. I thought you'd like to see the Sunderland."

He walked rapidly through the thick, coarse grass that managed to survive on the sandy soil bordering the harbor. Bitterly, he asked himself why he chose for his friend this sharp-tongued slum boy. There were other chaps in the unit who spoke his language, who came from the same kind of homes that he did, who would not always jeer at what he did or said.

There even was Fesson, from his own school, Charterhouse. A thick-headed, loud-mouthed lout Fesson might be, but at least he had been a classmate, not a stranger from the slums of London.

ROBERT slowed his walk as he heard the thud of running footsteps behind him. Gaffney drew alongside, panting.

"No need to get huffy," he said, as he dropped into step beside Robert. "We're pals, ain't we?"

"You're always gaffing me about the words I use or——"

"I don't mean nothing, Robert," the other boy said. "I—I just been talk-

ing that way all my life. I never had much chance to learn to talk any other way. I was always too busy trying to get enough to eat and keeping out of the way of my old man and my mother when they both had too much aboard and were looking for somebody to take it out on. Blimey, were they handy at clipping me!"

He peered up at Robert through his glasses, his thin face twisted in appeal.

"You're the only pal I've got here," he said earnestly. "Don't go raising the wind on me just because I talk narsty."

"It's all right," Robert mumbled. "I understand. We're pals, all right."

They walked on, in embarrassed silence, until they reached the A.T.C. camp. The base was marked by a cluster of wooden buildings, a bumpy landing field, one hangar and a sizeable repair shop.

In front of the repair shop, as the two boys approached, sat a trim trainer biplane, minus its propeller. Mechanics were bringing a new shining steel blade out of the supply shed, trundling it along on a hand truck.

"Blimey!" Gaffney exclaimed. "A new prop. It's a bob that Fesson ground-looped again. He'll never make a flier, for all his big mouth. Always ground-looping."

"As I remember," Robert began, "it was just the other day that you——"

"I didn't ground-loop," Gaffney interrupted hurriedly. "Nosing over ain't ground-looping. Anybody can nose over on this field. Anybody!"

They passed a group of cadets and a large, red-faced boy raised a hand.

"Hi, you chaps," he called. "The C.O.'s been looking for both of you. Said you were to report to his office right away."

The red-faced youth licked his lips and grinned.

"I can't imagine what for," he added suggestively.

"Thanks, Fesson," Robert managed.

"We've been expecting the C.O. to call us. Been expecting it for days."

They turned and headed toward the C.O.'s office.

"Oy," said Gaffney, shuddering, when they were out of earshot. "He's found out about something, that's what he's done."

Their feet dragged them toward the Commanding Officer's shack.

The C.O. was a large man with broad shoulders and a fierce moustache. While the flying sergeants did the actual training work and raised their voices in grating wails to ask cadets just what a pilot meant by pancaking the sanguine ship down from the sanguine height of twenty feet with the sanguine stick handled all wrong and the sanguine, ruddy, blasted, unspeakable cadet forgetting everything he had been taught, it was the C.O. who had the last word.

It was the Commanding Officer who sat at his desk and looked over the sheaf of papers he always had in his hand to tell the unhappy cadet before him that he did not seem to be cut out for a pilot and perhaps would be more valuable to the Empire's war effort in—say—a farm battalion.

THE boys of this particular A.T.C. post feared their C.O.—and worshiped him. Among themselves, they circulated rumors about him which had him, in turn, a man who had become embittered when the girl he loved ran off with a costermonger, a baronet who disdained his title for democratic reasons, and an old fossil who had been sent down from the R.A.F. after he had crashed a Blenheim into a brick wall while full of whisky and splash.

Which means that this C.O. was the average C.O. of all A.T.C. camps in the British Isles and the Dominions beyond the sea.

Robert and Gaffney reached the steps of the office shack and paused, looking at each other.

"You ain't been up to something, have you?" asked Gaffney.

"I was going to ask you the same thing."

"I can't think of nothing much. Maybe he found out who swiped that cooking chocolate from the commissary last week. Or who put the toad in Fesson's cot. Or who—" He broke off sighing deeply. "Come on," he said. "Let's get at it."

In the outer office, the C.O.'s civilian secretary gave them a wide and evil grin, jerking his thumb toward the door of the C.O.'s office.

"Step right in, gents," he invited with false heartiness. "He's been waiting for you two, he has. Might say I've expected this all along. Might say that I've known from the day you presented me with the trick fountain pen that spilled ink over everything when I tried to use it that you'd both come up against it. Might say——"

"Might say you talk too much," growled Gaffney. "Come on, Robert."

They edged into the C.O.'s office, stood at attention inside the door. Behind his desk, the Old Man looked bigger and more grim than ever. He glanced up, grunted, and moved his head toward stiff, uncomfortable chairs at one side of the room.

"Sit down," he said, and returned to the report he had been studying.

They sat motionless while the clock on the C.O.'s desk ticked loudly. Gaffney's tongue was in his cheek as he reviewed his extra-curricular activities of the past month and wondered which incident was to be the subject of the day's interview. Robert's mind covered the identical course.

The Commanding Officer broke the silence abruptly with a stentorian clearing of his throat. He glared over the top of his papers and barked:

"How would you two like to fly in a Sunderland?"

"Corlumme!" Gaffney exploded. Robert swallowed.

"A Sunderland, sir?" he asked, carefully.

The C.O. laid aside his papers and nodded. The scowl vanished as the officer beamed.

"A Sunderland," he repeated comfortably. "I finally put it over with the Air Ministry. Told them we needed training in heavier ships than these twopenny—humph—well, never mind. Anyway, the nabobs have sent me a Sunderland *and* an officer to fly her—chap who got a bit knocked about and is on convalescence—and you da—you cadets are going to have a chance to see what makes one of those big flying boats aviate."

ROBERT heard Gaffney's instinctive grunt. The C.O. glanced at him sharply, found nothing in Gaffney's face, and continued.

"You two are going to make the first flight with"—he glanced at the papers—"with Lieutenant Hodgson. Today, after lunch."

"Blimey!" Gaffney breathed.

The C.O. scowled.

"I may as well be frank with you, Gaffney," he said. "I've given you this first flight with Vandercook, here, not because you've earned it, but because you two seem to have formed a team since you've been here. You can't seem to work with anybody but Vandercook, nor Vandercook with anybody but you. At top efficiency, I mean. Robert's earned the first chance at the flying boat, and I suppose that means you go along, too."

Gaffney started to speak, felt Robert's elbow nudging him, and closed his mouth.

"Might be good for you, Gaffney," the C.O. was saying. "Might teach you how to take orders, working under a man like Lieutenant Hodgson. Sergeants tell me you're obstinate, almost insubordinate. Bad business. Needn't tell you what I'll have to do if I get a bad report from the lieutenant."

He lowered grizzly brows over his eyes.

"Better put it on record, though," he said. "One slip on this job, one bad report from the lieutenant and out you go, Gaffney. Don't mean to be harsh. God knows I've suffered a lot from you, but this is final. This is your last chance."

"Yes sir," Gaffney stammered. "I—I'll be very careful, sir."

The C.O. cleared his throat again and nodded, with no indication of overwhelming conviction.

"Better be," he said. "All right, then. Directly after lunch, you report to Lieutenant Hodgson at the dock by the little bay. You know where that is. Ten to one you both have been snooping around, spying out the Sunderland already. Report to the lieutenant and, of course, listen to what he tells you. That's all."

The two boys saluted and managed to get out of the office without breaking into a gallop. Outside, the secretary glanced up, hopefully.

"Fired, are you?" he asked.

"We been summoned to Downing Street," said Gaffney, loftily, "to tell the blinking Cabinet what to do about civilian clerks in A.T.C. posts that push their sniveling noses where they don't belong."

As the C.O.'s secretary started around the desk, the two boys dodged through the door and clattered down the steps. There, they burst into a loud whoop, hammered each other on the back and otherwise acted like sixteen-year-old boys instead of A.T.C. cadets.

That explosion over, they clattered down the walk toward the mess hall, delightedly eyeing the grin that spread over Fesson's face as they approached the doorway where he lounged.

THE red-faced cadet made his comments loudly, for the benefit of those around him. "There ap-

proacheth," he said, "two who have been sacked, who have been told to gather up their goods and depart hence, into the wilderness where labor the farm battalions."

"Arr," Gaffney began.

"There," continued Fesson, "they shall fly not, neither shall they wear the wings of the R.A.F., for their sins have found them out, and they must depart from this Eden."

"In," said Robert calmly, "a big Sunderland flying boat."

"Sunderland?" asked Fesson.

"Sunderland," repeated Robert. "Gaffney and I"—he paused to add impressiveness to his announcement—"have been picked to be the first to fly in a new Sunderland the Old Man's got his hands on. Reward for merit, and all that. We aviate her this afternoon."

The derisive whoops, led by Fesson, welled up into the brassy summer sky. Gaffney struggled against Robert's restraining grasp and subsided reluctantly. Fesson, red-faced and shaking, pointed a finger at the two as they stood at the bottom of the mess hall stairs.

"You two," he gasped. "You two—flying a—a Sunderland."

"My month's allowance," Robert said quietly. "My allowance says we do, and today."

"Done," said Fesson, made incautious by mirth. "My hat! You two—you two of all people, in a Sunderland."

"Two months," Robert said quickly. "Three months."

Fesson stopped laughing and his eyes narrowed.

"Hold on a bit," he said, slowly. "What is this?"

"You'll find out," said Robert, pushing past Fesson into the mess hall. "And don't forget the bet when you do."

The combination of the delirium of anticipation and the satisfaction of viewing Fesson's bewilderment made

the noon meal a pleasant one.

Lieutenant Hodgson turned out to be a smallish man with tanned skin, squinted eyes, a slender moustache and a ready smile. His voice was clipped as he identified himself and shook hands with the two cadets. The Sunderland had been brought in to the pier and was held by ropes handled by two uniformed men.

"In you go," Hodgson said. "Might as well get it over with as quickly as possible. I don't particularly like the looks of the sky."

In the control cabin of the flying boat, Robert looked at the maze of instruments on the panel in front of him and swallowed. In comparison, the instrument boards of the training planes he had flown had been blank.

How, he asked himself, could he ever learn what those dials and levers were for? Before he ever could master them all, Hitler would have been knocked out and the war would be over.

The Lieutenant gave him a brief glance and chuckled.

"Rather scares you at first glance, doesn't it?" he asked. "I remember the first time I was in one. Thought it would take Einstein himself to figure it out. Frightened me to death."

"Don't frighten me none," Gaffney put in, over Robert's shoulder. "Just tell me what's what and I bet I could——"

"Right now," Hodgson cut in, "you'll scramble back to the rear gunner's post and keep your eyes open. Vandercook can ride with me a while and then you two can swap places."

GAFFNEY tore his eyes away from the controls and squirmed through the narrow passage to the tail of the ship. Robert slid into the co-pilot's seat and fastened his safety belt, his fingers fumbling with the catch. Lieutenant Hodgson took his place and, with the staccato rattle of a machine gun pointed out things on

the dial panel.

"There's your outside radio transmitter switch and here's your intra-communication phone switch that we'll use. Your trigger release for your wing guns is on your wheel, of course, and——"

"Corlumme," came Gaffney's voice from the back. "There's guns enough back here to take on a squadron. I bet——"

"You leave those guns alone," Hodgson snapped, "until you're told different. Put on your earphones. You too, Vandercook."

Robert clamped the earphones over his head. Beneath the collar of the bulbous lifepreserver jacket which is known as the "Mae West" in the R.A.F., he felt a trickle of perspiration course downward.

Suddenly the motors burst into life and the propellers spun. For a moment, the Lieutenant sat with his eyes on the instrument board, revving the motors, watching the movements of the dial needles. Then, with a quick grin at Robert, he waved a hand at the men holding the hawsers, the ropes were cast off and the Sunderland began bumping over the choppy waves toward the mouth of the little harbor.

Once clear, and in open water, the Lieutenant's voice was startlingly clear in Robert's earphones.

"Now then," said Hodgson, "suppose you watch me. Later, you can ask questions."

The Sunderland lurched forward through the water, smacking the waves viciously and then, miraculously, it was free and rising in the air.

"Oy," came Gaffney's voice, faint in the earphones.

"Simple," said the lieutenant, "when you get the hang of it. Maybe a little more difficult when you have a full crew and a bomb load. Right now, we're carrying only our fore and after gun loads."

"These guns here are loaded," Gaffney said happily. "They're loaded right up to the nose, they are."

"Don't touch those guns!" Hodgson thundered through the communicating phone. "It's enough for me to play nursemaid to a couple of kids when I could be——"

He broke off sharply and gnawed at his lip.

"Never mind," he said. "Just don't go mucking around with those guns."

"Yes, sir," said Gaffney, and there was enough meekness in his tone to give Robert fresh hope that Gaffney had remembered the C.O.'s warning.

The Sunderland gained altitude and began a wide swing toward the north. Ahead of them, Robert saw the sky blotted out suddenly by mist. A fog, one of those incredibly swift-moving fogs, was rolling in.

HE glanced at the pilot, saw him frown as he banked sharply to head back toward shore. He felt a chill of disappointment. A chance to fly—aviate—a Sunderland and the fog was going to spoil it. The rolling fog closed around them before Hodgson had half completed his turn.

"Afraid of that," Robert heard the lieutenant mutter. "Maybe——"

He raised the Sunderland's nose and sent the big ship higher. His grin, when he looked at Robert, seemed slightly strained.

"I don't suppose you're an owl-eye—an observer—by any chance, are you?" he asked. "No? Well, nothing to worry about. Be out of it in a shake."

"I can't see a blinking thing," Gaffney complained from the tail of the ship. "How can I keep my eyes open, like you told me, when I can't see nothing?"

The pilot said something brief and bitter before he answered.

"Just hold tight," he said into his mouthpiece, "and don't call the pilot with all your gibberish. If you see

anything important, report it. Otherwise, keep your mouth shut."

Robert's heart sank. It would be back to Bermondsey for Gaffney now. Lieutenant Hodgson would have to report to the C.O., and the Old Man would have to make good his threat to send Gaffney home.

He wished he dared explain to this R.A.F. officer that Gaffney didn't mean anything by his talk; that it was just that Gaffney was over-excited. Dismally, he realized that it would do no good if he dared, and he didn't dare.

Suddenly, the Sunderland was out of the fog. They were in measureless sky, with the dense fog billows beneath them. Hodgson turned and nodded.

"Better, eh?" he asked. "Tricky weather hereabouts. Fogs come up on you——"

"Sir!" came Gaffney's voice in the earphones. Robert blurted into his own mouthpiece before he realized he was speaking.

"Do shut up, Gaffney!" he said. "The lieutenant told you——"

"Shut up yourself!" howled Gaffney. "There's three planes on our tail and they look—oh, Corlumme, they are!"

"What?" rasped the lieutenant.

"Messerschmitts, that's what they are!" Gaffney squalled. "Plain as day! M.E.'s. Coming right——"

The rest was drowned by a rattling roar that filled Robert's ears. The Sunderland lurched, bumped, and dropped sickeningly. Something big and black whisked by Robert's side of the flying boat. It was a lean, hungry-looking plane with black crosses on its wings.

"Gunner!" the lieutenant called. His face was white and taut. "You all right, Gaffney?"

"Can I shoot?" came Gaffney's piping voice. "Is it all right to shoot now, sir?"

"Lord, yes!" Lieutenant Hodgson

barked. "Don't overshoot. Keep your guns under them, if you can. Oh Lord! Two kids and I——"

THERE was another rattling roar in Robert's ears and the plane pitched violently. Robert was flung about in his seat, his safety belt cutting across his middle. The instrument panel dissolved in a cascade of shattered glass.

Lieutenant Hodgson slowly bent forward, his arms at his sides, until his forehead rested on the wheel.

"Keep her steady!" Gaffney was snarling. "How do you think I can keep a sight on——"

Dimly, in the uproar, Robert made out the stutter of Gaffney's guns in the tail of the ship. He kept his eyes frozen in horror on the lieutenant, waiting for him to straighten up and resume flying—aviating—the ship. The Sunderland heeled, like a sailboat caught in a gust, and staggered.

"Hey!" came Gaffney's disgusted voice. "I'd have got one if you hadn't wiggled right off the course, sir. Keep her steady, sir."

Robert returned to horrid realization with a jerk. Lieutenant Hodgson was not going to straighten up and take over the controls. Lieutenant Hodgson was hit—badly. He, Robert Vandercook, sixteen years old and an A.T.C. cadet, was alone with Gaffney in a bullet-riddled Sunderland flying boat!

"Gaffney," he called, in a weak voice.

"Don't bother me," Gaffney ordered. "They're coming about for another go. Tell the lieutenant to keep her steady, that's all. Tell——"

"He's not here," Robert muttered.

"Not there!"

"I mean, he's shot. He's out cold."

There was a moment's silence and Gaffney said: "Coo!" in a peculiarly soft voice. Then his tone rasped again.

"Well, you're there, ain't you?"

You fly her. You aviate her, if you'd rather do that than fly her. Anyway, you keep her going, while I go these M.E.'s over."

"I——" Robert began, and swallowed the choking lump in his throat.

"Fly her!" Gaffney screamed. "Fly her before we crash, blarst you! Fly her before I come up there and slosh you!"

Robert looked at Lieutenant Hodgson's motionless body, put a hand on his shoulder, shook the officer. The lieutenant's head lolled.

"Fly her!" Gaffney was yelling. "I can't get a target!"

Robert clenched his teeth to bite back his terror. He hauled Lieutenant Hodgson's unconscious form back in the seat, freeing the wheel. He jerked the wheel over to his side of the battered cabin and pulled back. The Sunderland refused to answer his command.

"Nah then!" he heard Gaffney yell. "See how you like——"

The rear guns hammered again and he heard Gaffney's yelp.

"Nipped him, I did," came the shriek through the earphones. "Nipped him good. Scared him off. Fly her, Robert!"

Robert strained at the wheel, sweat breaking out on his forehead. For agonizing moments that seemed hours, the ship fought like a balky horse and then its nose came up and the Sunderland came out of its dive.

"I—I'm flying her, Gaffney," Robert called. "I'm flying her!"

THE ship seemed determined to fall. It slipped off on one wing, came back on an even keel reluctantly as Robert strained, then dropped off on the other wing, perversely.

"My God," Gaffney was saying. "A blooming teeter-totter, we got. I can't hit anything that way. Here comes——"

There was the sound of a riveter's hammer playing along the roof of the

ship and a black shadow darted past. He heard Gaffney curse.

"Missed him," said the boy from Bermondsey. "Missed him chinning with you. You all right, Robert?"

"All right," said the boy at the controls. "I'm flying her."

"Good," Gaffney said. "I——"

He broke off and there was the dreadful yammer of his guns. Then——

"Corlomme, Robert," Gaffney said, in a hushed voice, "I just got me an M.E., I did!"

Robert watched the black ship, smoke billowing from its engine, turn and twist past the Sunderland. There was a bright sparkle of orange flame visible in the midst of the smoke, and then the Messerschmitt was gone.

"Got him you did," he told Gaffney. "Congrats, old man."

"Congrats!" said Gaffney in disgust. "You and your—— Hi!"

More riveting along the sides of the Sunderland. More stuttering answers from Gaffney's guns. Another Messerschmitt flashed by, full into Robert's view.

Everything stood still for a moment. There was the German plane. There, on the wheel, was the trigger release for the wing guns. He pressed the button.

The Sunderland bucked under the kick of the guns. Robert, round-eyed, watched his tracer bullets converge on the M.E. The German faltered. Then, it rolled crazily and disappeared from view.

"I—I think I hit one," Robert told Gaffney. "I'm pretty sure I got one."

"Make sure," Gaffney growled. "We don't get credit unless they're positive."

The Sunderland droned on, steadier now, heading in what direction Robert could not tell. For all he knew, they might be flying toward Berlin.

The radio—Lieutenant Hodgson had shown him the short wave transmitter switch. Maybe, if he sent out

a call, somebody could tell him where he was, what to do. He snapped on the switch.

What to say? A man couldn't just announce that two cadets and a wounded lieutenant were fighting Messerschmitts somewhere and would the R.A.F. please send help.

What was the right way to do it? What would Billy say? They were—they were contacting the enemy—that was it. He cleared his throat, tried to make his voice deep, confident, with just the proper amount of devil-may-care that belonged to the R.A.F.

"What ho!" he caroled. "We are in contact with the enemy!"

"Are you balmy?" Gaffney howled. "Here they come again!"

AT the A.T.C. base, the C.O. raised a haggard face from his hands at the phone's shrill summons.

"Yes?" he asked.

He listened to a rattling voice in the receiver and stiffened.

"You heard what?" he roared.

He listened again and then muttered a good-by. He dropped the phone back on its hook, dropped his face back into his hands. He looked up again as the civilian clerk put his head in at the door. Behind the clerk, the C.O. could see the outer office, crowded with cadets.

"Heard something about young Gaffney, sir?" the clerk asked huskily. "Heard something about him and Vandercook? The lads—the lads are anxious, sir."

The C.O.'s voice was flat and heavy.

"Yes," he said slowly. "Some station picked up a message. Just a snatch of a message but they think it's—it's Vandercook and Gaffney."

"What was it, sir?"

The C.O. gulped.

"The message was: 'What ho! We are in contact with the enemy!' Then they said they heard somebody say something about being balmy—that must have been Gaffney. That was

all that was intelligible, though. Just: 'What ho! We are in contact with the enemy!'"

The C.O. dropped his head back into his hands.

* * * * *

It was hours later and the Sunderland was rocking gently on an easy swell.

"It's getting dark," Gaffney said.

He squatted in the riddled control cabin, crouching over Lieutenant Hodgson. "It's getting pretty dark, Robert."

"I know," said Robert evenly. "How's the lieutenant?"

"His eyelids keep trying to come open, sort of. He'll be all right, I guess. Leastwise, he'll be as right as the rest of us."

Robert nodded.

"I wonder," he asked dreamily, "if they'd have given us credit for those two M.E.'s, if we'd have come back."

"Probably not," Gaffney said gloomily. "They likely wouldn't believe us."

"But we did down them, Gaffney," Robert insisted, "and that's something."

"Yes," said the boy from Bermondsey. "Downed two of them and chased the third cove off, we did. And you brought this Sunderland down, neat as a pin, when the petrol ran out, and that is something."

"Luck," said Robert. "Couldn't do it again in a hundred years."

"You toffs," sneered Gaffney. "Always playing Miss Prim. Why don't you admit you did a good job? I'd have bragged about what I did with my gun, if I'd ever get anybody to hear me. Which I won't."

ROBERT glanced back toward the tail of the ship.

"She's filling faster now," he observed. "If we only had that boat."

"But we ain't," Gaffney replied tartly. "The boat's shot full of holes. The radio's shot full of holes. Every-

thing's shot full of holes, except us."

"When it gets real dark, we can light the flares," Robert said without any conviction. "Maybe they'll find us that way."

"Maybe," said Gaffney. "If we float that long."

He stood up and stretched.

"I don't care," he said, defiantly. "I don't care what happens. I fought in a Sunderland and I got one plane. You flew a Sunderland and you got one. Whatever happens, we did that! The two of us! Nobody can take that away from us."

"Nobody!" Robert added fervently. "Gaffney, we did our bit whether anybody ever knows it or not."

"And that," said Gaffney, softly, "is enough for us, ain't it?"

For some reason, it seemed necessary for the two boys to shake hands awkwardly, and grin at each other. They barely had dropped their hands when they caught the first thrum of the patrol boat's motors as the speed launch swept toward them in a long curve, a V of white water standing

at its prow, under the Union Jack that snapped in the wind.

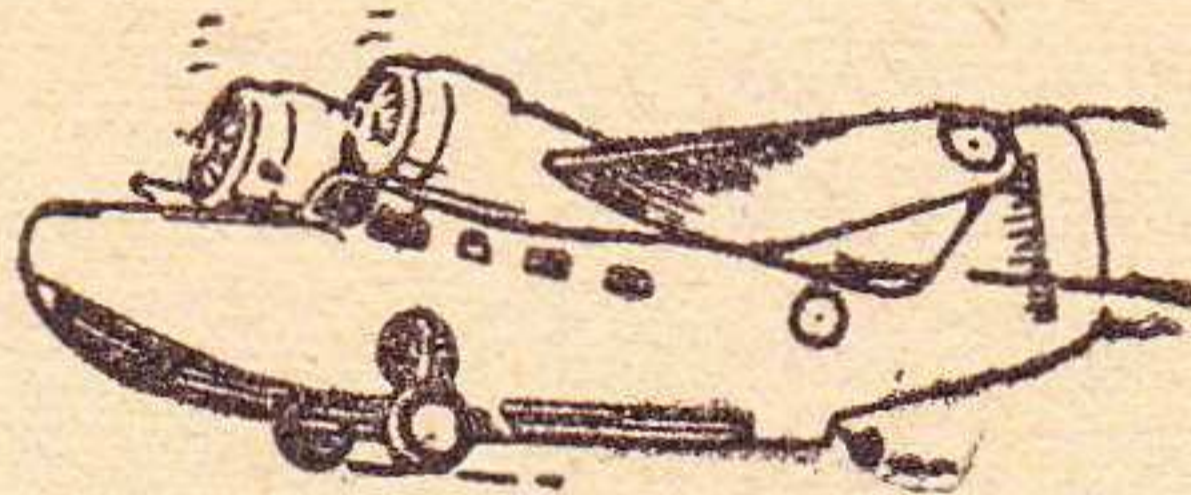
* * * * *

"And," the C.O. said, two days later, "you've brought honor to this A.T.C. outfit. I hate to see you go up to the R.A.F. so soon, Vandercook, and—and you, too, Gaffney, but you deserve it. And I know both of you will be a credit to the service. So now, good luck, you chaps. Good luck."

Robert and Gaffney saluted and left the C.O.'s office for the last time. Beyond the door which they had left ajar, they heard the Commanding Officer chuckle. They heard the chuckle grow to a laugh, a roar.

"What ho!" they heard the C.O. say to his empty office. "We are in contact with the enemy! And may God help the enemy!"

Gaffney met Robert's eyes in an inquiring stare. Robert shrugged. Gaffney tapped the side of his forehead significantly. Then both of them clattered down the steps of the C.O.'s shack and headed across the field to hunt up Fesson and collect that bet.



AS THE PROP WHIRLS

THE planes of the R.A.F. Coastal Command are now covering an area of land and sea five and one-half million square miles in extent. This includes not only the area around the coasts of England, but also the Norwegian Coast as far north as Spitsbergen, and the Atlantic Ocean from the hump of Dakar in an arc to the southern tip of Greenland. Some front yard, hey?

R. A. F. Ferry Command, one of the most successful units in delivering fighters and bombers to the battlefronts of the world, was originally organized by civilians. They were Morris W. Wilson, president of the Royal Bank of Canada, and Sir Edward Beattie, chairman of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Canadian Pacific Air Service.

SQUADRON Leader A. C. Deere is one of those fellows with a charmed life. Shot down three times during the fighting at Dunkirk, he lived through a bomb explosion on his own airdrome, a crash with a Messerschmitt at seven hundred miles an hour, and the cutting-in-half of another plane in mid-air.

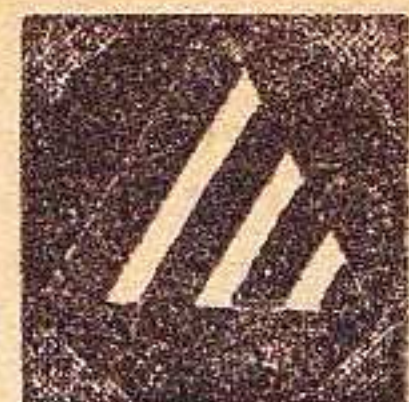
A BLISTER gunner in a Bristol Beaufort torpedo bomber probably feels like the wood bird, which flew backwards to keep the wind out of its eyes. He sits in the nose of the plane, but faces backwards, because his gun is fixed in that position to fight off any attackers coming up under the Beaufort's tail.

TROOP carrying planes are nothing new. Back in the 1920s right after World War 1, the R.A.F. had troop carrying planes in operation in Mesopotamia. They were Vickers Vernon ships, and carried twenty soldiers and their equipment.

TEAMWORK FOR VICTORY



A Message for All



Americans



By

JAMES M.



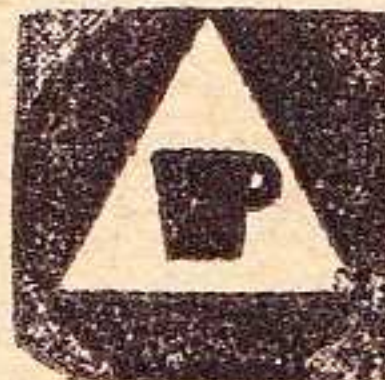
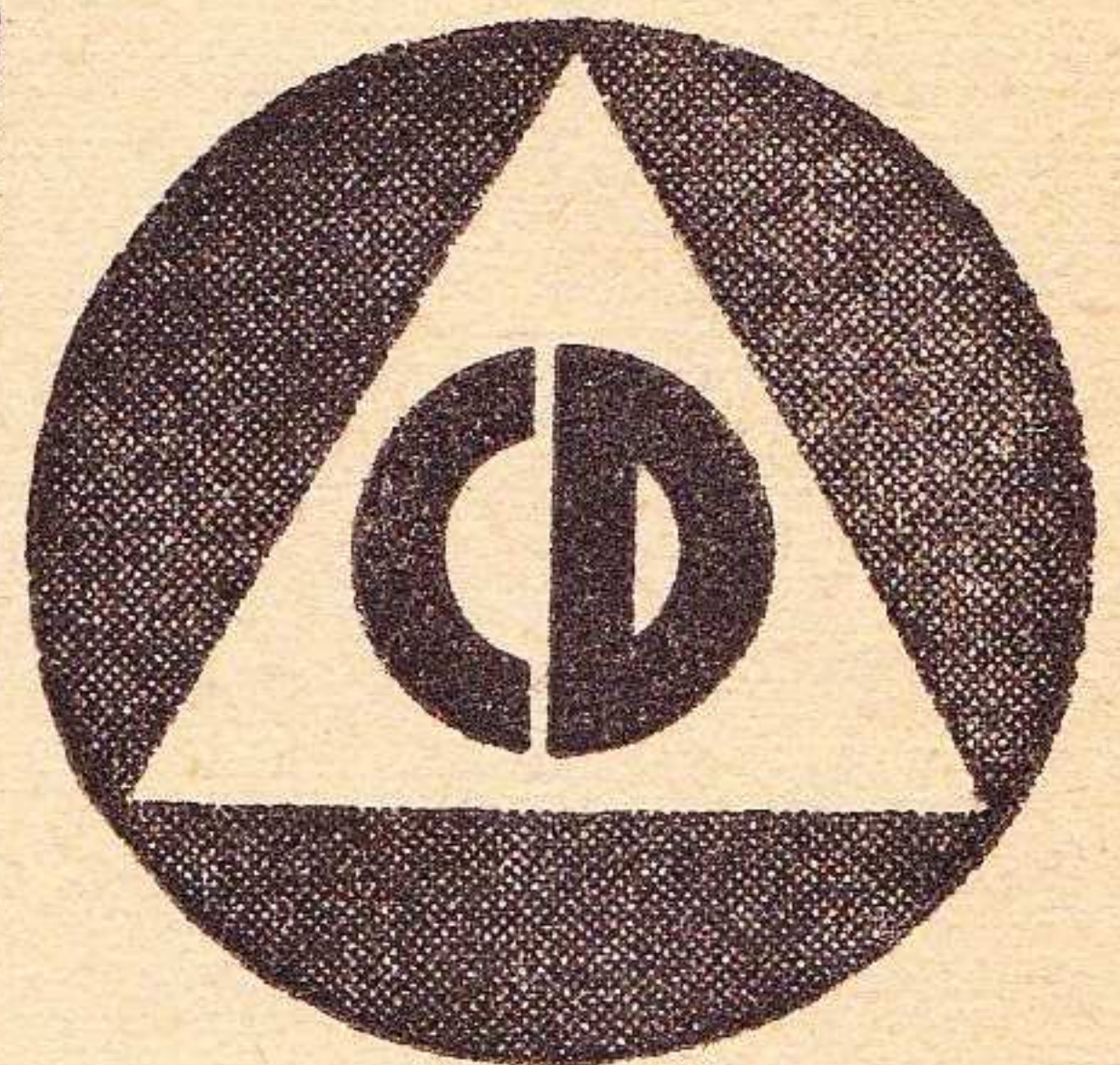
LANDIS



*Director
of the
O. C. D.*



JAMES M. LANDIS



UNITED NATIONS forces are on the offensive along the warlines of the world, but we must not let down at home. Our Axis enemies are brutally cunning and resourceful. If they think our guard is down, they may choose that moment to strike us. Whether the news of the fighting is good or bad, we must carry on at home until our total enemy is totally defeated.

It is going to be hard, but not as hard for us as for our sons and brothers in the war zones. Ours is the less spectacular task of tightening our belts, salvaging everything on scrapheaps that can be used in this war, putting in long hours of volunteer work, sharing our tires and gasoline, giving our blood, mending and scrimping and buying war bonds. There will not be many heroes among us. Our adventure will come through teamwork.

Teamwork to make every blackout a cavern of guesswork for the enemy at the bombsight. Teamwork to gather and transport every piece of rusted scrap and every bit of decaying rubber. Teamwork to fill the membership of the car club and force out the Hitler who rides the empty seat. Teamwork to care for children while their mothers work. Your team is your local Civilian Defense Council. The workers are all of us.

If we adventure well in these fields that are open to us, and work for a just peace for all men, there will be a new and freer world of peace in which we and our children can adventure after the war.

James M. Landis
Director,
U. S. Office of Civilian Defense.

Can We Knock Out

THE LUFTWAFFE

This Year?

By DIXON WELLS

THE BRITISH 8th Army, chasing Rommel's shattered *Afrika Corps* into Tripoli, brought up trucks, tanks and supplies virtually unhampered by Nazi airplanes. The Russians, rolling forward in their great winter offensive of 1942-43 reached a new effectiveness because Nazi dive bombers and ground strafers were all but absent from the Russian skies. Russian planes knocked down hundreds of Nazi troop transports trying to relieve the trapped German divisions at Stalingrad, which sounds very much as if the transports were unprotected by fighters.

Even in France and western Germany, British and American bombers encountered relatively weak opposition. One American manned Flying Fortress knocked down forty-two of the new "super" Focke-Wulf-190s an amazing feat.

Only in Tunisia did American and British forces encounter heavy Nazi air opposition. The fact that Hitler had to drain all other fronts to make a decent

showing in Tunisia sounds as if the vaunted *Luftwaffe*, which Charles Lindbergh once said could never be overtaken by any combination of opposing nations, is definitely on the downgrade.

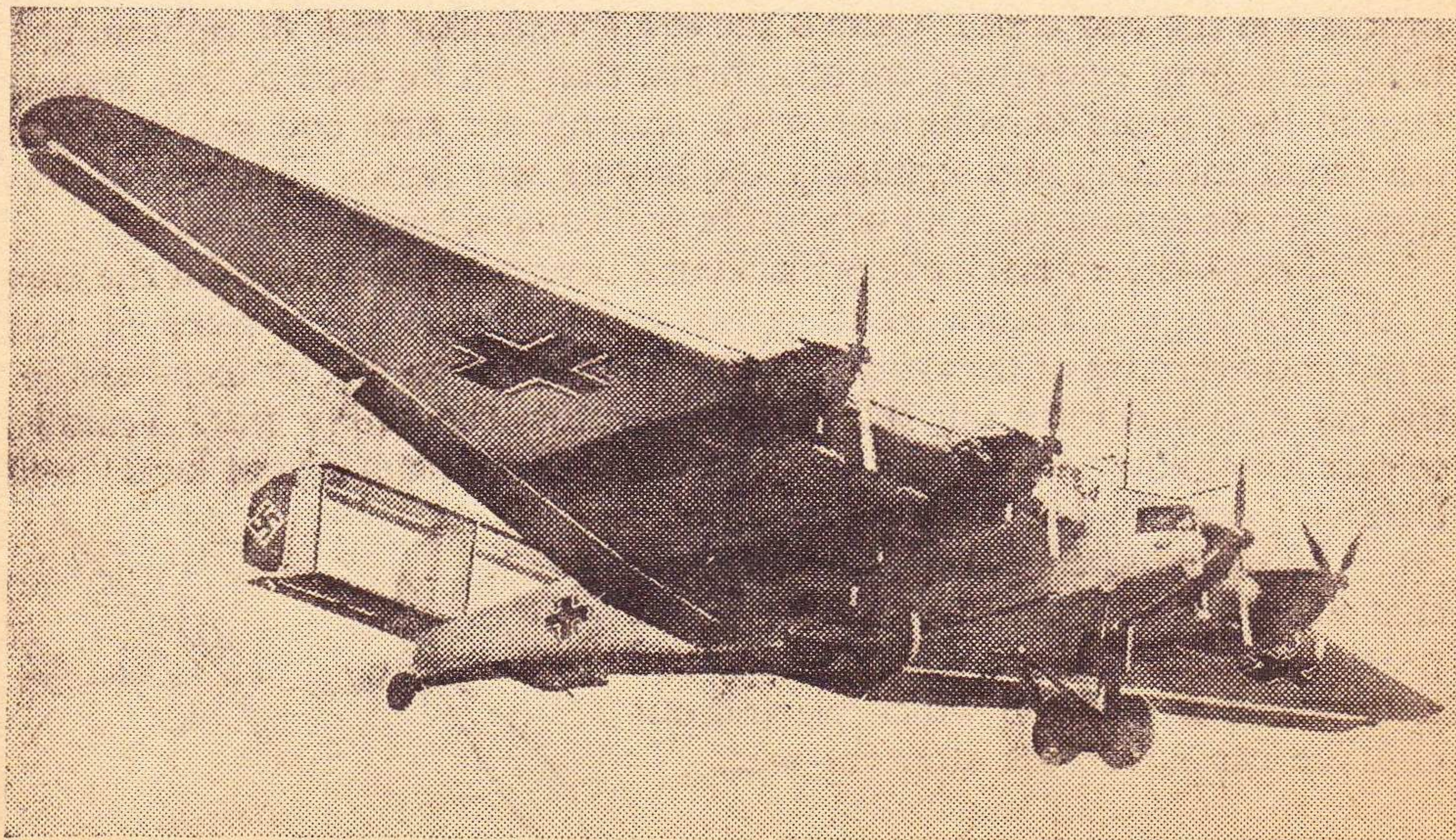
Through British Eyes

There is considerable evidence to support this view. British air experts make the flat assertion that the *Luftwaffe* today is definitely inferior in numbers and quality to the *Luftwaffe* of 1941.

There are, as the British see it, six factors to account for the *Luftwaffe's* decline. These are:

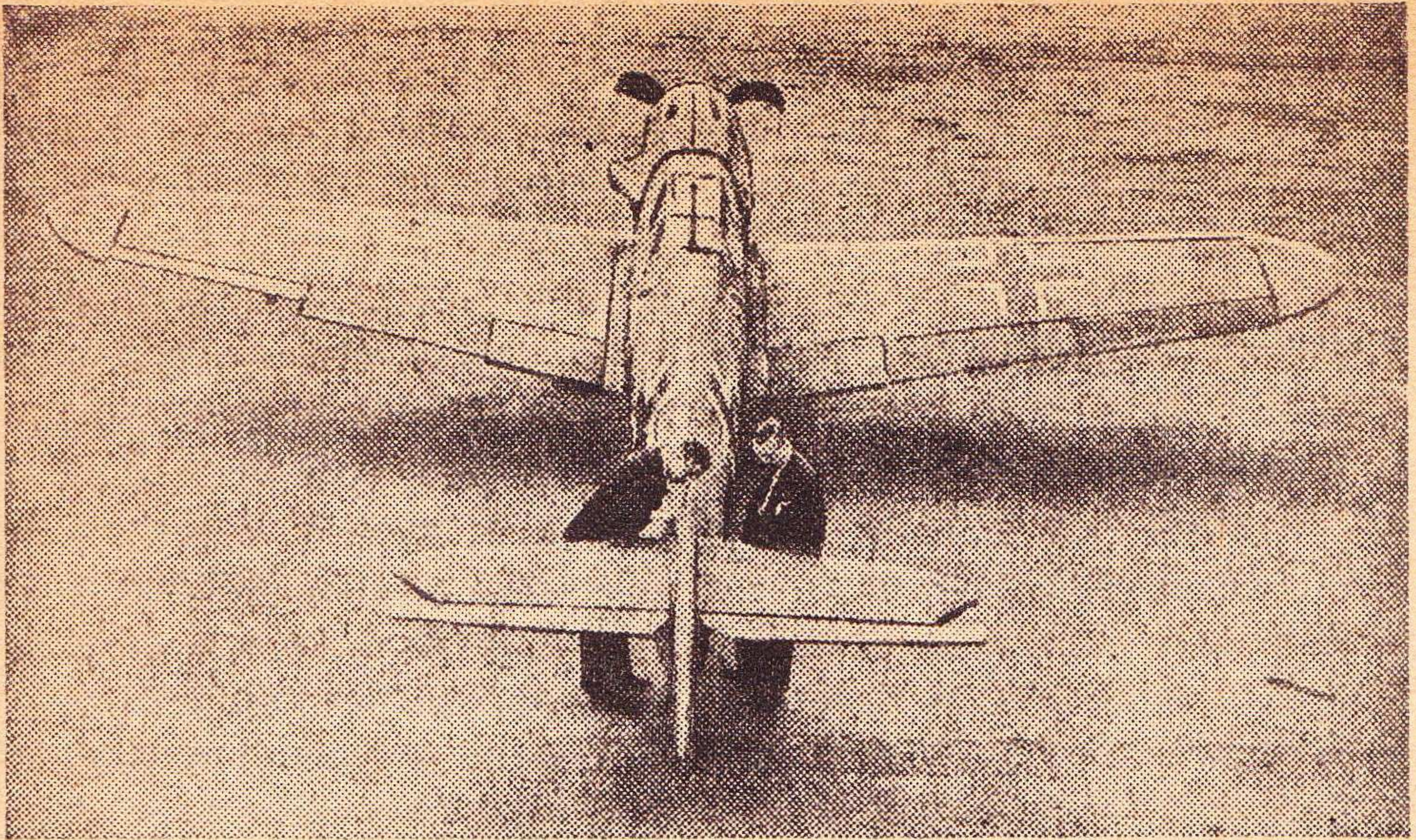
(1) Loss of valuable leaders and experienced pilots. They are being knocked out faster than they can be replaced and Germany cannot match the huge training programs of Britain and the U. S.

(2) A wider distribution enforced on the *Luftwaffe*. The ring of steel which now surrounds German Occupied Europe forces the Nazis to be strong everywhere at once, which they cannot be.



Junkers G-38

Courtesy Aeroplane



Courtesy British Press Service

BRITAIN EXAMINES LATEST GERMAN FIGHTER AIRCRAFT

Experts of the British Ministry of Aircraft Production have examined the latest German fighter, the Messerschmitt 109F/2 with the Daimler-Benz 601/M engine. It is a good aircraft compared with the earlier 109 types, marks a considerable development in terms of speed and altitude. The Royal Air Force has proved itself to be the master in combat with this type aircraft, and in doing so has shown that the developments of British fighter types continue to maintain their superiority over the enemy, which has existed throughout the war.

(3) Less thorough training. The desperate need for new pilots to replace losses means a shorter training period for Nazi pilots, which again means a higher rate of loss, producing a vicious cycle of greater and greater losses.

(4) Heavy losses in Russia and over Malta—in planes as well as pilots.

(5) Curtailed production due to RAF bombing. Precision bombing of Nazi war plants instead of terror bombing of civilian populations has begun to have its effect.

(6) A continued mounting of Allied production of planes and pilots which by itself would eventually give us air superiority.

The Aces Are Gone

Backbone of the old *Luftwaffe* was the thousands of men trained in the Condor legion, which fought in Spain. They were the first airmen to gain actual war experience under modern conditions. Such Nazi aces as Colonel Moders, Major Wick, Major Balthasar, the Inspector of Fighters, Colonel Galland, and the Commandores of Pursuit Groups, such as Lieu-

tenant-Colonel Lutzow, and Majors Trautloft and Oseau.

It would be more proper to speak of these men as the "late" Nazi aces, for every one of them has been sent to a flaming death by the hammering guns of the RAF. Americans will also remember the late Baron Franz von Werra, who gained a brief notoriety in this country by escaping from a Canadian internment camp and arriving in America with his ears frozen.

The RAF knocked out thousands of *Luftwaffe* planes over France and the Channel. Russian planes, although their quality remains somewhat of a mystery to us, obviously succeeded in shooting down thousands more. In the Mediterranean, the tiny garrison of Malta formed the habit of winging Nazis like clay pigeons.

Obituary notices in German papers for members of the *Luftwaffe* shot upward in number during the winter of 1941, and the seriousness of German losses can best be realized from the fact that Hitler shortly banned the publishing of obituary notices altogether.

TOUGH GOING—BUT IT CAN BE DONE!

The high rate of losses made speed-up in training essential. Many of the most experienced airmen were sent to training schools as instructors, or to the staffs of Air Divisions and other administrative posts.

Hurriedly trained airmen were flung into battle against British and American pilots whose training is the longest and most careful of any Air Force in the world.

The result has been casualties of at least four to one for the vaunted German *Luftwaffe*.

Accidents increased sharply too. Before the war, German pupils averaged about 200 hours flying time before they received their wings and then received special instruction before being assigned to a *Staffel*, or operational squadron. By the summer of 1942, this training time had been cut to 100 hours and the operational training was received *in actual combat*.

It is plain what this means. The pupil who makes a mistake learns a quick lesson—but it doesn't do him any good. He is very dead.

Standards have also been lowered for German pilots in the desperate haste to get more men. Whereas, British and American standards remain as high as ever.

The Luftwaffe's Planes

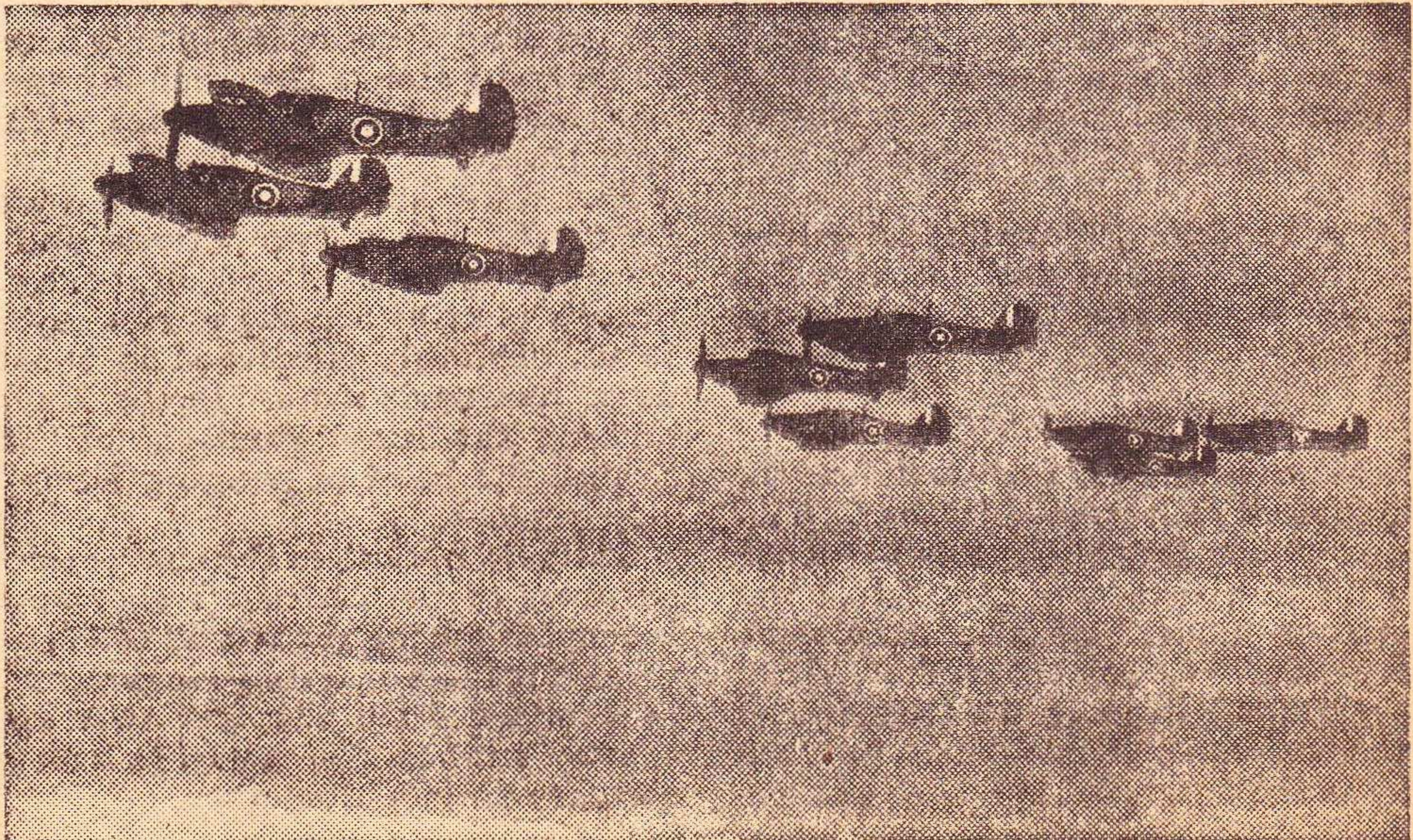
Generally speaking, the Nazi aircraft industry has progressed, just as ours has. The Messerschmitt 109F1 and 109F2 single-seat fighters are better planes than the earlier ME 109Es.

Then there is the Focke-Wulf 190 which has excellent performance characteristics and the Germans are still experimenting with the twin-motored, two-seat *Zerstorer* (Destroyer) which mounts two cannon and four machine-guns forward, plus a rear machine-gun—a formidable fighter.

The ME 110C is already being replaced by the ME210. The Henschel 126 is giving way to the more efficient FW 189 twin-boom type, built for ground strafing attack.

Of the new bombers, only the Dornier 217 is yet in service. Coming into production are the queer looking three-seat Blohm and Voss 141, the four-motored HE 177 and the new JU 91, also a heavy four-motored job.

The gain in quality of Nazi aircraft, however, is at least matched by the corresponding gain in Allied aircraft. Performance of the new Spitfires, the American Lightnings and Mustangs demonstrate that we continue to hold our quality lead over Nazi engineers. And of the superlative quality of our heavy



Heavy punches are handed the Luftwaffe in occupied France, Belgium and Holland, when these fleets of Hurricanes come roaring across the English Channel or the North Sea. They are also many-gunned interceptors when the Nazi eagles attempt retaliatory raids on Britain's East Coast or South Coast towns

How do you KNOW you can't WRITE?

Wins Writing Success Though Crippled With Arthritis

"When I became almost crippled with arthritis, N. I. A. training proved its value. I began acting as local correspondent for two papers. Then, I started a publication of my own. 'The Beekeeper' became a reality and a success. Were I physically able, I would crawl to the top of the house and shout the merits of N. I. A. Training."

—ELMER CARROLL,

Route 3, Box 540, Lansing, Mich.



HAVE you ever tried? Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent guidance?

Or have you been sitting back, as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come when you will awaken all of a sudden to the discovery "I am a writer"?

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably never will write. Lawyers must be law clerks. Engineers must be draftsmen. We all know that, in our times, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write—develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism—continuous writing—the training that has produced so many successful authors.

Learn to write by writing

NEWSPAPER Institute training is based on the New York Copy Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week you receive actual assignments, just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is *individually* corrected and constructively criticized by veteran writers. You will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy someone else's writing tricks) you are rapidly developing your own distinctive, self-flavored style—undergoing an experience that has a thrill to it and which at the same time develops in you the power to make your feelings articulate.

Many people who *should* be writing become awe-struck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and give little thought to the \$25, \$50 and \$100 or more that can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on business, hobbies, travels, sports, recipes, war work, civilian defense, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

Let us help you test your native abilities. Our interesting Writing Aptitude Test will do it. It's free—entirely without obligation. Send the coupon today. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York. (Founded 1925)

NOTICE TO CANADIANS

Newspaper Institute's operations in Canada have been approved by the Foreign Exchange Control Board and to facilitate all financial transactions, a special permit has been assigned to their account with The Canadian Bank of Commerce, Montreal.

NEWSPAPER INSTITUTE OF AMERICA One Park Avenue, New York

Send me, without cost or obligation, your *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information about writing for profit.

Mrs. }
Mr. }
Miss }

Address
(All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call on you.)

94E363

Copyright 1943 Newspaper Institute of America

bombers there can be no doubt, even in Nazi brains.

Numerical Strength

Estimates of the Nazi Air Force are not as much guesswork as they seem. The ability of the enemy to put fighting planes where he needs them is, after all, the surest way to judge his effective strength. On this basis, the British have been able to make estimates which are close to the practical truth.

At the beginning of the Russian campaign, the *Luftwaffe* had a first line strength of about 6,500 planes. This fell to about 4,000 planes by the end of 1941. By the summer of 1942 it may have climbed to 5,000 planes. Since then, British estimates have placed German aircraft production as low as 2,500 planes a month (the Nazis claimed 6,000 a month) which is probably insufficient to maintain a first-line strength of 5,000 planes.

Curiously enough, the Russian winter offensives are one of the most important factors in keeping Germany's plane production down. Hitler had planned on a relatively quiet holding operation in Russia during the winter, while thousands of troops, released from combat,

could return home and pitch in at the airplane factories.

By making the Nazis fight all winter, the Russians have pinned down millions of men and forced the recall of German soldiers who had already been sent home to work in the factories!

The End of the Luftwaffe

Optimistic as it may sound to a world which has been sold on German strength, many qualified observers now believe that the *Luftwaffe* can be smashed in 1943.

Knocking out the Nazi Air Force is the first step toward invasion of the Continent by American and British troops. "The prolonged and shattering air attacks" which Winston Churchill promised the enemy will be the first signal that this offensive has been launched.

Germany will be under bombardment night and day. Factories will be systematically leveled. Fleets of Allied bombers and fighters will strain the *Luftwaffe* defenses to the cracking point. And when replacements and repairs fail, the *Luftwaffe* is finished. With that will begin the day of reckoning for the men who murdered a continent.

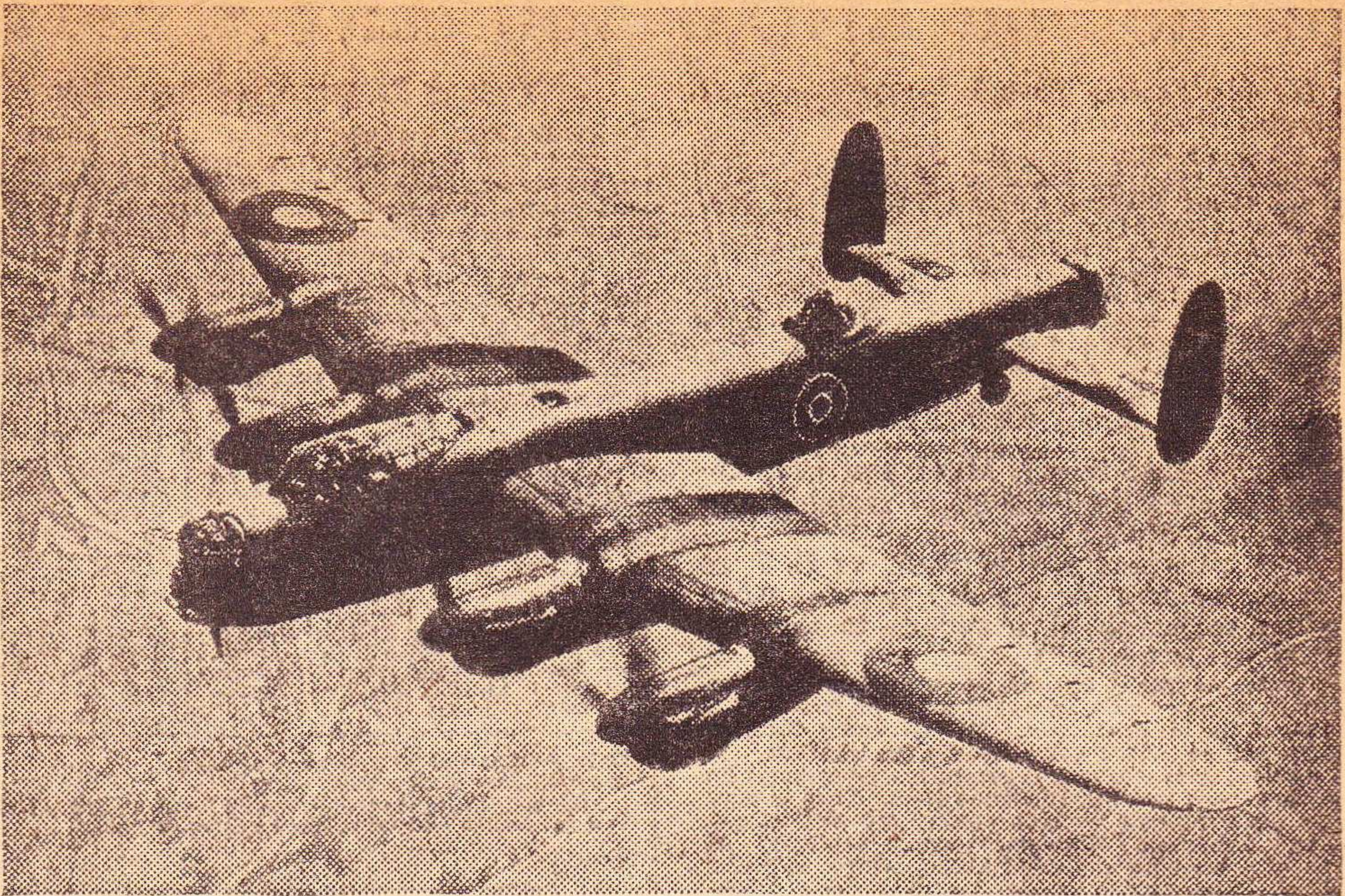


Photo Courtesy British Information Service

The Four-Engined Lancaster Bomber of the Royal Air Force

BRITAIN'S bomber offensive in the west, which has been gradually developing for two years, has been effectively creating a new front on which 1,000,000 to 1,500,000 Germans are kept fully engaged.

This, though not generally appreciated, is no exaggeration, for I have facts and figures to prove it. I cannot tell you within the thousand how many Germans the Bomber Command is engaging and checking at the moment, but I should be very surprised if it were less than 1,500,000—in fact, I have heard a senior R.A.F. Staff Officer suggest that it is nearer 2,000,000.

Take searchlights alone—the crew to man a searchlight is about 15 men. The great searchlight belt on the Dutch-German frontier varies between ten to 15, or 20 to 30 at a time, and there is one of these groups every five miles. The belts are nearly 200 miles long.

There are other belts across a bomber's path, and every German city of any importance has its multiple cones. There are at least 120 searchlights in the Cologne area alone.

The **RAF'S SECOND FRONT**

By **WING COMMANDER
L. V. FRASER**

**British Night Bombers Alone,
for Two Long Years, Have Kept
a Huge Nazi Defense Army
Pinned Up in Western Europe**

Anti-Aircraft Eats Up Men

Next, take anti-aircraft guns. The average crew of a heavy gun is about 25 men, of a light gun about a dozen. Around a city like Bremen, there are about 500 anti-aircraft guns, heavy and light. There is about the same number in battered Cologne, heavy and light, in a roughly equal proportion.

Berlin has more guns and searchlights than either of these towns.

Nor is it only German towns that have their ground defenses. Rotterdam, for example, has nearly 200 guns and a big concentration of searchlights. Thus it is not surprising to learn that guns and searchlights keep upwards of 600,000

German troops busy on the western front.

Add to this the German equivalent of our Observer Corps and this will take about 20,000 men. Then there are communications, directly concerned in an air raid—say 15,000 men.

Next, there are the night-fighters with, of course, heavier casualties and a greater drainage of highly trained men than other defense service. A fair estimate of the men who fly

and service the German night fighter squadrons would be more than 20,000. Headquarters and administrative staffs, looking after supply and equipment, etc., make up another 60,000 men.

I have no figures for the German balloon barrage, but balloons are extensively used in Germany.

These, added to the figure of 600,000 already given, bring the total number of men engaged in active defense against the R.A.F. bombers to more than 700,000. Naturally, these figures must vary from time to time and the strength of the Germans' defense services cannot, of course, be judged to a man, but the figures I have given you are a perfectly trustworthy estimate.

Active Defense Takes More

Passive defense in Germany must take at least as many Germans as active defense. This will include air-raid wardens, fire brigades, ambulance and hospital services, demolition and bomb disposal squads, fire-watchers and police in much greater numbers than are needed in a town not subject to air attack, in comparison with figures for similar services in our own smaller country, which brings the whole figure of a purely defensive German army up to at least 1,500,000.

This is merely Germany's defensive army against the Bomber Command.

The Fighter Command of the R.A.F., of course, keeps a very large number of day fighter pilots and ground staff busy all the time in Northern France, the Low Countries and Northern Italy. It is known that it has kept half the fighter strength of the Luftwaffe away from Russia.

Furthermore, the R.A.F. keeps thousands of German soldiers and sailors engaged solely in defense of German shipping and in sweeping mines dropped by our aircraft.

Thus, it is clear that, apart from the large number of German troops retained in the west to repel invasion and deal with Commando raids, the big German forces occupied on the western front are permanently immobilized by the R.A.F. alone. Moreover, even on nights when bad weather restricts the operations of British bombers, the defense forces cannot be used for some other purposes. They must be on their toes at all times. Finally, every attack made by that Command is at enormous cost to the Germans in anti-aircraft ammunition and gun replacements.

It would, of course, be a war of stalemate on the western front—a stalemate even more obvious than that which existed for so long during the last war—if the Bomber Command did nothing but restrain these 1,500,000 Germans.

Ask the inhabitants of Lubeck, of Rostok, of Cologne, of Milan, of Turin, of Naples, if that is all the British bombers do. Ask the German Army where they are now going to obtain the tanks and trucks for some five armored divisions, which Renault of Paris and Matford of Poisy were producing for them. Ask the inhabitants of the Ruhr how restful and carefree their nights are—between their long hours of slavery in the factories.

Read R.A.F. ACES Every Issue

3¢

A DAY

HOSPITALIZATION

PLAN



Your Hospital
and Doctor Bills
PAID!

SICKNESS or ACCIDENT

Insure NOW, before it's too late! Protect your savings against Hospital expense. Here's an amazing offer of safe, dependable coverage under America's most popular Hospitalization Plan. Family or individual eligible. No Medical Examination. When sickness or accident strikes, you may go to any Hospital in U. S. or Canada under any Doctor's care. YOUR EXPENSES WILL BE PAID exactly as Policy specifies. WAR coverage included. The Company under supervision of the Insurance Dept. No agent will call.

POLICY PAYS

Hospital Expenses for Sickness or Accident up to **\$540.00**

Doctor Expense to **\$135.00**

Time Lost from Work up to **\$300.00**

Loss of Life **\$1000.00**

War Coverage ... and other valuable benefits

MAIL COUPON AT ONCE!

NORTH AMERICAN MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.
Dept. TG3-5, Wilmington, Del.

Please send me, without obligation, details about your "3¢ A Day Hospitalization Insurance Plan".

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

ELECTRICAL BOOKS

shipped
FREE

10
BIG BOOKS

**FOR EXAMINATION
MODERN
ELECTRICITY
INCLUDING RADIO
and REFRIGERATION**

Here's great news for anybody interested in Electricity. NEW 18th edition of Applied Electricity brought right down to date with NEW Electrical subjects fully covered, including Electrical Blue Print Reading, 10 big Volumes and all shipped FREE for examination.

**New Edition
For Beginners
and Experts**
Over 3000 pages—hundreds of illustrations—the most complete work of its kind we have ever published. Dynamos, motors, power stations, wiring radios, everything electrical explained so anyone can understand it.

BIG FIELD! Big Demand!

Big Pay! Men who understand electricity are urgently needed in thousands of War Production industries. Airplanes, ship building, arms plants, machine shops—practically every industry depends on electricity and men who know this subject make big money. Pleasant, fascinating work, easy to learn and do; learn with these books. Send coupon for a set for FREE examination and see for yourself.

SEND NOW [A year's consulting privileges with our engineers now given to all buyers of this famous Cyclopedia of Electricity.]

AMERICAN TECHNICAL SOCIETY
Vocational Publishers since 1898

American Technical Society, Dept. E549, Drexel at 58th St., Chicago. Send for 10 days' free use, 10 volume set of New 18th Edition, Applied Electricity, including a certificate entitling me to consulting privileges for one year. I will pay the delivery charges only on the books. If I wish I may return them in 10 days and owe you nothing, but if I keep them, I will send \$2.00 after 10 days, then \$3.00 a month until the total price of only \$29.80 is paid.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

Please attach letter stating age, occupation and name and address of employer and give at least one business man as reference.

SONG POEMS WANTED

TO BE SET TO MUSIC

* Publishers need new songs! Submit one or more of your best poems for immediate consideration. Any subject. Send poem. **PHONOGRAPH RECORDS MADE**

* **FIVE STAR MUSIC MASTERS**, 611 Beacon Bldg., Boston, Mass.

MAKE MORE MONEY

Taking Orders For The NIMROD Line

Earn more every day in the year representing old established firm with a complete line of fast selling necessities: Shirts of all kinds, Ties, Underwear, Hosiery, Sweaters, Jackets, Pants, Slacks, Ensembles, Shoes, Sportwear, Uniforms, etc. Every item guaranteed. Experience unnecessary. Write quick for **Free Sales Equipment**

NIMROD COMPANY
4922-J Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill.



LODESTONE

LIVE AND STRONG
\$1 per Pair

7 Keys to Power, \$1. Postage extra if C.O.D. Charms. Powders. Oils. Herbs. Novelties, etc., described in **FREE Catalog**.

D. SMYTHE CO. Box T, **NEWARK, MO.**

Free HOLLYWOOD ENLARGEMENT

OF YOUR FAVORITE PHOTO

Just to get acquainted, we will make you **FREE** a beautiful **PROFESSIONAL** enlargement of any snapshot, photo, kodak picture, print or negative to 5 x 7 inch. Please include color of eyes, hair, and clothing for prompt information on a natural, life-like color enlargement in a **FREE FRAME** to set on the table or dresser. Your original returned with **FREE** enlargement. Please send 10c for return mailing. **Act Quick**. Offer limited to U.S.

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS
7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Dept. 744, Hollywood, Calif.

THUMBS UP

(Continued from page 11)

American publics start pouting at each other has not altogether failed. We hear that many individuals in America are susceptible to the lies spread by Goebbels the Goon. They spread his lies while wearing little American flags in their buttonholes, while buying war bonds and kissing their boys goodbye.

Infamous Pap

"England," a lot of deluded Yanks say, "Are eating the beef we can't have. That country is using us, bleeding us dry so that she can once more build a world empire! Did you hear a lot of English big shots owned part of the Krupp works? That Churchill had a secret agreement with Joe Stalin?"

We can't believe that there are people in America that go for this infamous pap concocted by Joe the Junkers Jerk!

A lot of your beef is going to North Africa and China and Russia. Your tanks and planes, the past few months, have found their way into Russia. England is getting along on rations, too, skimpier supplies than the majority of people in the United States can imagine. One egg a month for the British people. An orange? They put them in the windows of the jewelry stores on Bond Street.

In the last air raid on London, a reprisal for the second Berlin raid of last January, a hundred English children were killed. Maybe their fathers owned pieces of the Krupp works.

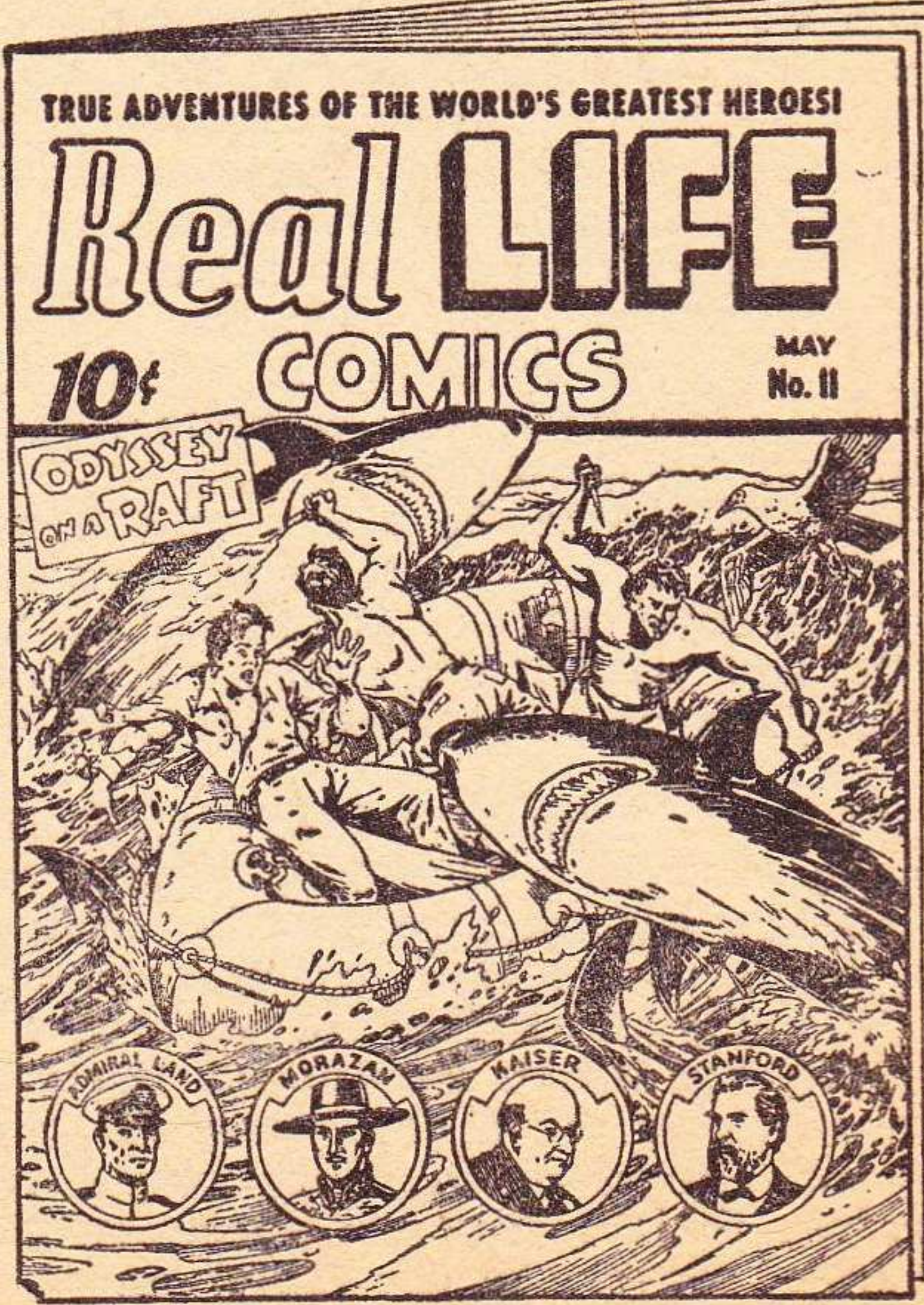
Joe Goebbels will tell his stooges all over the world that the Jerry bomber pilots should be decorated for they have wiped out a hundred potential despots that might, some day, have ruled the United States. If you are

Approved by Parents and Teachers

TRUE ADVENTURES OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST HEROES!

Real LIFE

10¢ COMICS MAY No. 11



Now on Sale 10¢ Everywhere

against England in this war, you are indirectly a member of the Third Reich.

If you spread Hitler's propoganda, you are a saboteur, just as dangerous as any one of those Nazi agents that were strapped to the hot seat in the American Capital. You are an acolyte of Goebbels the Goon.

Corporal Moots is drooling over there in the corner. Moots saw an American film where the hero fried himself four eggs for breakfast and he can't get over it.

There was a newsreel, too, in which a lot of citizens held a barbecue. Corporal Moots, as he drags a mail sack toward our desk, says he wished his forefathers had got one of those jolly old priorities on the Mayflower.

Half a minute, until we pull the dried kelp off this mail bag. It spent fourteen hours on a Carling raft and most of the dates on the letters have been eaten away.

[Turn page]

FOR
VICTORY



BUY

UNITED STATES
WAR BONDS

and

STAMPS

Regularly!

SUPER JU JITSU

WHEN THIS HAPPENS TO YOU...
NOW—
YOU CAN Destroy Your Enemy Quick!



DO THIS

BE A ONE-MAN BLITZ! Strike with Command lightning! You don't need ox-like muscles to use Super Ju Jitsu, most powerful of all defense and attack methods. **Technique** is the deadly secret. **Brains** count—not size, not strength. Almost miraculously efficient.



Gain Self-Confidence

KNOW how YOU can lick brutes twice your size with your bare hands only, even when they are **ARMED** with gun, knife, club. Get ready now for any emergency—protect your loved ones. Amazing self-study course teaches you double-quick. No boring exercises needed.

Send for Exciting Details—Free!

FREE Startling Low Price. Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money back. Mail coupon now.

NELSON CO., 500 Sherman Street DEPT. E-511, CHICAGO, ILL.

Please rush me free the hard-hitting details about "Super Ju Jitsu." No obligation on my part.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____



BUY FROM THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED FIRM IN THE UNITED STATES SELLING EYE GLASSES BY MAIL

GLASSES as LOW as \$1.95 PAIR

16 DAYS TRIAL

Choice of the LATEST STYLES—remarkably LOW PRICES. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or your money back. If you are not satisfied—they will not cost you a cent.

SEND NO MONEY Write for FREE catalog today showing all of our many styles and LOW PRICES!

ADVANCE SPECTACLE CO.
537 S. Dearborn St. Dept. T-5 Chicago, Ill.

BROKEN GLASSES REPAIRED AT LOW COST

SONG POEM WRITERS

Write today for free Booklet outlining profit sharing plan.
ALLIED MUSIC
Dept. 32, 204 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.

WORLD'S LARGEST DENTAL PLATE MAKERS Now
FALSE TEETH by Mail

On 60 Days' Trial!
from Our Laboratory Direct to You! \$7.95 to \$35 Model Photo

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

Take own impression at home. Over 100,000 men & women wear teeth we made

SEND NO MONEY!

FREE Impression Material, Information, Catalog, Low Prices.
UNITED STATES DENTAL CO.
1555 MILWAUKEE AVE., DEPT. 5-82, CHICAGO, ILL.



PAY ONLY 5 PER WEEK
BUDGET 5 POLICY
LIFE INSURANCE

Policy Provides

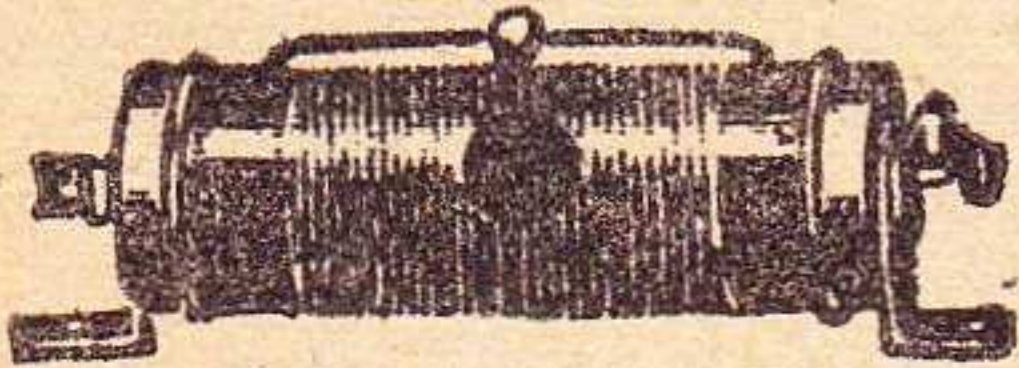
DEATH BENEFITS **DOUBLE INDEMNITY**
 Due to Sickness or Natural Causes For Accidental Death
TOTAL DISABILITY
CASH SURRENDER VALUE **EXTENDED INSURANCE**
 Other Liberal Benefits

Over \$21,352,327,065 of similar Insurance in force proves its tremendous value! New "buy-by-mail" method gives you the opportunity to obtain reliable Life Insurance on Budget Plan; backed by Legal Reserves. Easy payments permit you to decide for yourself how much you can afford! Policy provides full benefits for as little as 5c a week! 10c a week pays double benefits; 15c pays triple benefits; etc. So economical, so easy to own, you and every member of the family can afford an individual Pioneer Life Insurance Policy! No Red Tape—NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION! No agent will call. Get details FREE! Write today.
PIONEER LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
 1290 Times Building • Rockford, Illinois

SONGS & POEMS WANTED

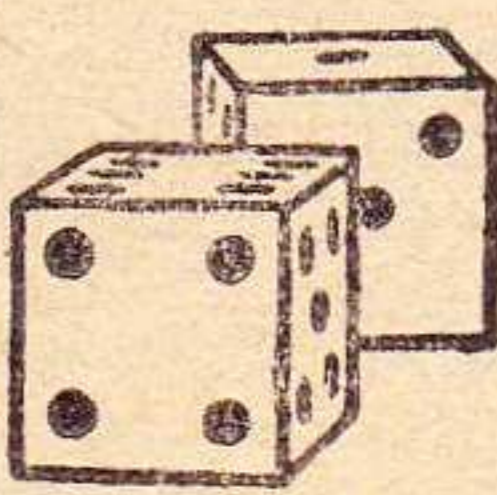
New songs in great demand. Send us your Poems for FREE examination. We set them to Music. Phonograph records and Lead Sheets made. Send for Free booklet today.
CINEMA SONG CO., P. O. Box 2828, Dept. B-9, Hollywood, Calif.

3 IN 1 RADIO TUNER
ONLY \$1.00 POSTPAID



1. AERIAL ELIMINATOR
2. ANTENNA TUNER
3. WAVE TRAP

Eliminates hums, clicks, static caused by electrical appliances, rain, wind, etc. Replaces old, ineffective outside aerials. Move your radio anywhere. The 3 in 1 improves the reception of weak stations, separates interfering stations, gives you greater volume and distance. Uses no power, lasts life of radio. Also works on battery radios. Takes minute to connect. 5 DAY FREE TRIAL. SEND NO MONEY. Simply pay Postman \$1.00 plus few cents postage or we will send postpaid for one dollar bill. Vogue Eliminator Co., 7759 S. Halsted, Dept. E-356, Chicago. AGENTS WANTED.



DICE • CARDS

Perfect Dice, Magic Dice, Magic Cards—READ THE BACKS—Inks, Daubs, Poker Chips, Gaming Layouts, Dice Boxes, Counter Games, Punchboards. WRITE FOR CATALOG TODAY.

K. C. CARD CO., 1223 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

A S T H M A
Paroxysms Relieved

We will send any sufferer a regular \$1.25 bottle of Lane's Treatment by mail on FREE TRIAL. Use as directed on label and when satisfied send us \$1.25. If not satisfied your report cancels charge. Address **D. J. LANE CO., 269 Lane Building St. Marys, Kans.**

EASY WAY....

Tintz Hair

Black, Brown, Auburn or Blonde

This remarkable CAKE discovery, TINTZ Hair Tinting Shampoo, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, grease, as it safely gives hair a real smooth natural appearing tint that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don't put up with faded, dull, burnt, off-color hair a minute longer, for TINTZ Cake works gradual... each shampoo leaves your hair more colorful, lovelier, softer, easier to manage. No dyed look. Won't hurt permanents. Get today in Black, Light, Medium and Dark Brown, Auburn or Blonde. 50c, 2 for \$1.00.



TINTZ
AS IT WASHES

SEND NO MONEY Just pay postman plus postage on our positive assurance of satisfaction in 7 days or your money back. (We pay postage if remittance comes with the order). Don't wait—get TINTZ today. **TINTZ COMPANY, Dept. 75Q, 207 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.** ALSO ON SALE AT WALGREEN'S AND LEADING DEPARTMENT, DRUG AND 10c STORES

All right, let's get on with the briefing, shall we? Code name for the station for this show is Parsley. Alan Lambert calling Parsley. Come in, Alan. We're all ears, especially Sergeant Spotsford.

I hereby enclose my three covers for my portraits of World War Aces. In my opinion your mag is the best out. From what I know the Westland Whirlwind is a single seater, twin engined fighter with four cannon. I may be wrong and probably am, but in my opinion there are arguments pro and con on the ship. I personally don't think that the British would give the exact armament. But no matter, your mag is tops! I give you lots of credit for that story CANADIAN WINGS. It was swell.

How about a little more on the Sunderland flying boat?

Your diagnosis of the Whirlwind is as good as anyone else's, Alan. An American chap that joined the Canadian Air Force told us a story several months ago. Seems he asked an officer about a certain gadget on the instrument panel.

He was told not to ask questions as it was none of his blooming business what it was. All he had to do was to give the gadget a yank if he found he needed a sudden burst of speed.

Now if we had lady C.O.'s, I wonder could we keep anything secret in this war, Alan?

Only yesterday we took a W.A.A.F. for a stroll through the laburnum and delphiniums and the Missus knew about it when we got home.

Fred Walker, 5127 Underwood Ave., Detroit, U.S.A., complains about the lulls between issues of R.A.F. ACES. Says Fred:

I agree with all who say that R.A.F. ACES should come out at least bi-monthly. How about one story of the old R.F.C. each issue? First on the list of (shall we say persons?) that may

OUR MEN NEED
★ BOOKS ★



SEND
ALL YOU CAN SPARE

GIVE A BOOST WITH A BOOK—Good books, in good condition, are wanted by the 1943 VICTORY BOOK CAMPAIGN for men in all branches of the service. Leave yours at the nearest collection center or public library.

don a defective Mae West, and then fall out of an airplane into the ocean, is one Mr. Tuttle.

The two best stories in your latest issue were THE ORDER OF PRANG and TARGET FOR TONIGHT. In the illustration for THE ORDER OF PRANG, the tail of the ship does not look like that of a Hurricane.

Well, that's all for this time.

We've checked on that illustration, Fred, and have sent the artist up on the roof to identify aircraft for the next seventy-two hours. That reminds us, our secretary has been missing ever since. Corporal Moots, go up there and look about, will you? And don't take Lavinia with you, you hear?

Where were we? Oh, yes. Oh, I say, this fellow really is popping off. Clinton Scott, Gen. Del., Ossipee, N. H., skims this kite along the flare path.

Dear Sarge: Have read a couple of issues of R.A.F. ACES and they are okay if a reader simply wants the war through the eyes of the Limeys. But most Americans want to read stories about Americans. As for your propaganda in that imitation of a column, THUMBS UP, why don't you cut it thin and even then it will be baloney. Sure, the Limeys are great pilots and all that, but let the Limeys in Canada read about them.

I read your stories about the R.A.F. when I've finished with the mags that feature Yank heroes. Up here in New England, we are Yanks first, last and always. When this is all over, what will we get out of it? Singapore? I am laughin', pal!

Odd fellow. See here, Clint, old boy, for the past twelve years, the young chaps in England couldn't get enough air mags with stories of the last war. Eighty percent of the stories featured American heroes. In Canada [Turn page]

THE ASTROLOGICAL EVENT OF THE YEAR

15¢ Your PROPHECY
FOR 1943
 YOUR HOROSCOPE FOR EACH DAY THIS YEAR

Now on Sale **15¢** at All Stands

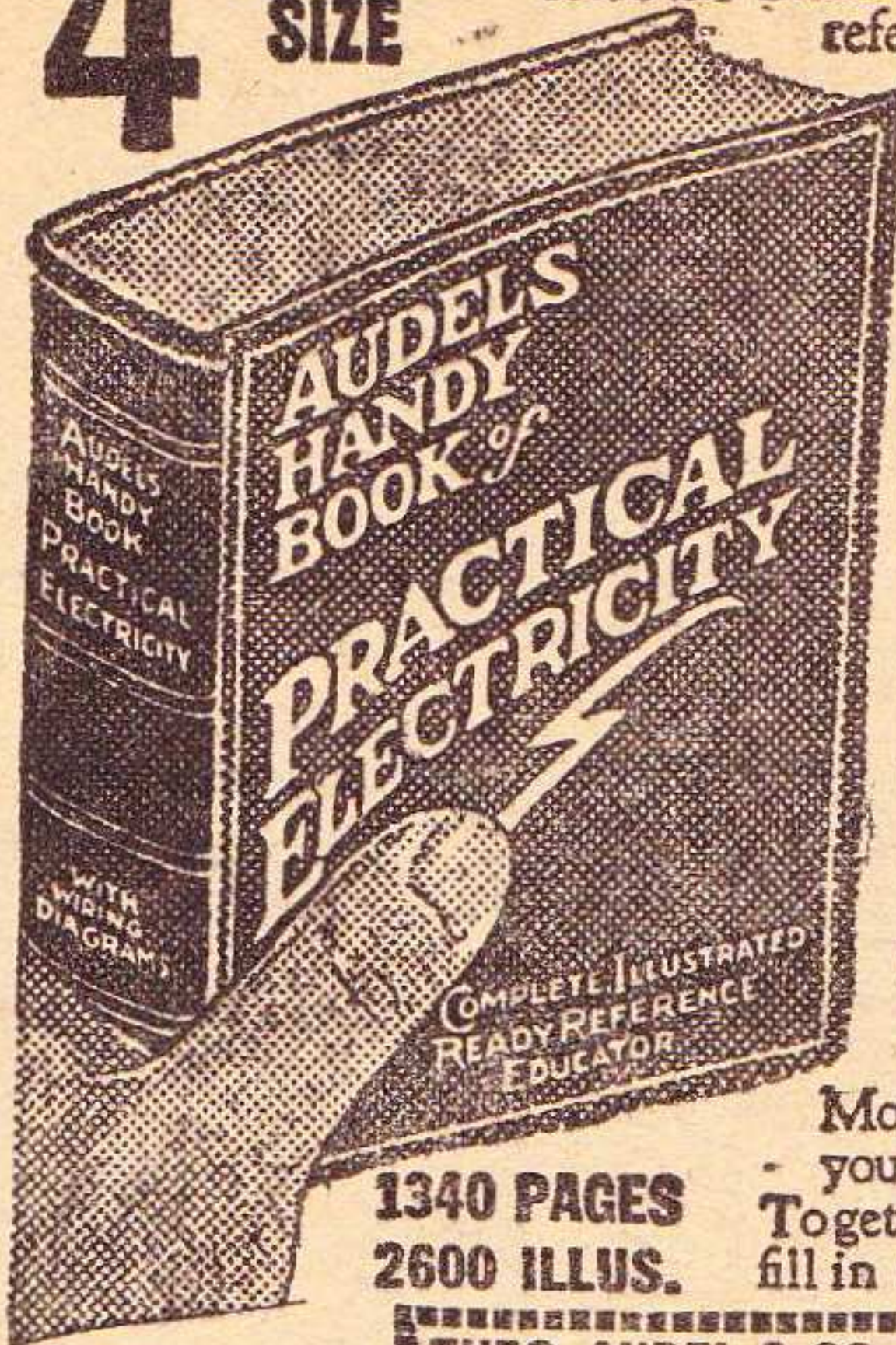
KEY TO A PRACTICAL UNDERSTANDING OF ELECTRICITY

\$1 PER MO.

• AUDELS HANDY BOOK OF ELECTRICITY

\$4 HANDY SIZE

For Engineers, Electricians, Students and all interested in Electricity. A quick, simplified, ready reference, giving complete instruction and practical information. Easy to understand. A reliable authority and a handy helper that answers your questions.



• INSIDE TRADE INFORMATION ON

The Rules and Laws of Electricity—Maintenance of Machinery—A. C. and D. C. Motors—Armature Winding and Repair—Wiring Diagrams—House Lighting—Power Wiring—Cable Splicing—Meters—Batteries—Transformers—Elevators—Electric Cranes—Railways—Bells—Sign Flashers—Telephone—Ignition—Radio Principles—Refrigeration—Air Conditioning—Oil Burners—Air Compressors—Welding, and many Modern Applications explained so you can understand.

1340 PAGES
2600 ILLUS.

Get this assistance for yourself, simply fill in and mail the FREE COUPON below.

THEO. AUDEL & CO., 49 West 23rd Street, New York
 Please send me "Audels Handy Book of Practical Electricity" for free examination. If satisfactory, I will send you \$1 in 7 days, then \$1 monthly until \$4 is paid. Otherwise I will return it.



READ FOR PROFIT!

Name _____
 Address _____
 Occupation _____
 Reference _____ **PAL**

SONGWRITERS

We are offering a new and BETTER service to you. Our complete service includes revision, completion of your song, recording, radio broadcast and marketing. Send your song or song poem today for our liberal offer.

SCREENLAND RECORDERS

Box 1247C

Hollywood, California

High School Course at Home Many Finish in 2 Years

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to resident school work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H.S. texts supplied. Diploma. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. High school education is very important for advancement in business and industry and socially. Don't be handicapped all your life. Be a High School graduate. Start your training now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation.

American School, Dpt. H-558, Drexel at 53th, Chicago

DO YOU WANT TO STOP TOBACCO?
 Banish the craving for tobacco as thousands have. Make yourself free and happy with Tobacco Redeemer. Write for free booklet telling of injurious effect of tobacco and of a treatment which has relieved many men.
30 Years In Business
THE NEWELL COMPANY
 153 Clayton Sta., St. Louis, Mo. **FREE BOOK**

PICTURE RING 48¢



Exquisite Picture Ring—made from any photo. Sample Ring only 48c. Send No Money! Mail photo with paper strip for ring size. Pay postman only 48c plus postage. Hand tinted 10c extra. Photo returned. **Make money! Show ring—take orders. Money back guarantee. Order now.** Picture Ring Co., Dept. C26, Cincinnati, O.

Made from Any Photo or Picture! **SEND NO MONEY!**

Good News for Asthma Sufferers

If you suffer from choking, gasping, wheezing, recurring attacks of Bronchial Asthma, here is good news for you. A prescription called **Mendaco** perfected by a physician in his private practice contains ingredients which start circulating thru the blood within a very short time after the first dose, thus reaching the congested Bronchial tubes where it usually quickly helps liquefy, loosen and remove thick strangling mucus (phlegm) thereby promoting freer breathing and more restful sleep. Fortunately **Mendaco** has now been made available to sufferers from recurring spasms of Bronchial Asthma thru all drug stores and has proved so helpful to so many thousands it is offered under a guarantee of money back unless completely satisfactory. You have everything to gain, so get **Mendaco** from your druggist today for only 60¢. The guaranteed trial offer protects you.

521 ITEMS TO HELP YOU MAKE MONEY!

With WORK UNIFORMS

You be our local dealer, Millions of war workers and EVERY type of business need Work Uniforms, Coveralls, Jackets, Pants, Shirts, Advertising embroidered. No experience necessary. Write for big money-making Outfit FREE.

Geo. Master Garment Co.
Dept. D-65 Ligonier, Ind.



SONGWRITERS

Songs and song poems wanted. NO CHARGE FOR MELODIES. We revise, record and market songs. Send your material today for our approval & free details.

HOLLYWOOD RECORDING STUDIOS
Dept. B-28, Box 87 Preuss Sta., Los Angeles, Calif.



Suffer Varicose LEG SORES?

IF you suffer pain and misery of Varicose Ulcers, or Open Leg Sores, send away at once for FREE Booklet "THE LIEPE METHODS FOR HOME USE." Tells all about this 40-year-old method, praised and endorsed by thousands. Liepe Methods, Dept. E-26, 3284 N. Green Bay Ave., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



DICE. CARDS.

Specialties for Magicians use. Inks, Shiners, Check-Cop, Daubs. Catalog ten cents. stamps or coin.
HILL BROS., Box T, Salida, Colo.



CHARM DROPS

An enchanting perfume of irresistible allure, clinging for hours with ineffable, fascinating fragrance. Just a tiny drop is enough. Full size bottle 98¢ pre-paid, or \$1.32 C.O.D. Directions free. One bottle FREE if two are ordered.

Box 124 Dept. 205
Huntington Station, N. Y.

HAND-COLORED in Oil PHOTO ENLARGEMENT

Beautifully mounted in 7x9 white frame mat. Made from any photograph, snapshot or negative. Original returned. Send 35¢ and stamp—no other charges.
COLORGRAPH, Dept. TF-29
3127 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago.

35c

PLUS 3c STAMP for Mailing

today, there is a great demand for American aviation stories.

Come off it, Clint. We're not in this thing, any of us civilized blokes, for what we get out of it.

We have a long bit of correspondence here from Jimmy Gaddy, 191 Cleveland St., S.E., Atlanta, Georgia. Jimmy pulls R.A.F. ACES apart and puts it together again the way he'd like to have it. Is he right or wrong?

I am writing this letter before I read all of your other magazines so if you find anything unpleasant in it you will know why.

Your magazine ranks among the highest. The main thing I like about it is "The R.A.F. In Action." So far it is the only feature in "any" magazine that tells of the "Raf" and some exploits of its men. The second thing is that it is strictly Limey, to put it in slang. Because, after all, didn't W. C. say that "Never has so much been done, by so few, with so little." Or something on that order.

Why don't you authors have an English guy in the leading role for once? And why don't they have a guy in a dive-bomber instead of a Spitfire or a Lancaster? Whenever the main guy is in a sweep over France or Germany or Holland the flak usually tears his plane to shreds, but finally, with his tail section and allerons shot away, he outmaneuvers Germany's crack aces. Who, by the way, has a brand new plane that hasn't even been scratched?

I don't mind having women in the story, as long as the author keeps the love and mush out, but when the hero lands after shooting down 100 out of 50 planes, the author puts a girl and a lot of love in, I feel like taking a strong dose of arsenic and kiss this old world goodbye.

Oh, yeah! Don't put those model planes back in! All they do is take up space that would otherwise have a few more thrills for the reader. And in "R.A.F. in Action" don't put those small planes in between the different articles. Golly! You could put another article in the space they take up. You could even take out the illustrations until the artists improved on their drawings.

Well, the brainstorm is over so I'll have to stop writing and read the mag.

Nothing is impossible in air warfare today,

PACKED WITH THRILLS!



Now on Sale 10¢ At All Stands

Gas on Stomach

Relieved in 5 minutes or
double your money back

When excess stomach acid causes painful, suffocating gas, sour stomach and heartburn, doctors usually prescribe the fastest-acting medicines known for symptomatic relief—medicines like those in Bell-ans Tablets. No laxative. Bell-ans brings comfort in a jiffy or double your money back on return of bottle to us. 25¢ everywhere.

Jimmy. Read about your own Flying Fortresses in the Pacific and everywhere else. They actually do come back shot to pieces and while streaking for the station with their tail sections shot up and full of more holes than a hobo's stocking, then knock off half a dozen Jap or Nazi planes.

Speaking of romance, Jimmy, we met Alf Nettlebottom's fiance before they shipped him to Humpty Doo. Her name is Abbie Knight and Alf calls her Westminster Abbie because he says she looks as old as most of the famous Queens buried there. We wondered why Alf was anxious to leave England.

"Rollo The Red" Magden, 312 No. 15th St., Boise, Idaho, addresses us as Hot Stuff. Rollo The Red gives us some data regarding Churchill's leading aces. You might like to know. Parsley to you, Rollo.

I read your new issue of R.A.F. ACES and your stories were swell.

YESTERDAY'S ACE sounded like DAWN PATROL all over again.

To be technical P. 10 G.F. Buerling downed 28 Axis planes, 26 of them at Malta!

Finucane had 32 official! The leading R.A.F. Ace.

Buerling has the following decorations: D.S.O., D.F.C., and D.F.M.

It has just been announced by a pal that "Sailor Malan" is missing. Here's hoping he isn't bad off, that he's okay.

Yours till you put your mag out more often!

We are sorry to hear about Malan. No wonder they call Buerling the Maltese Falcon around the stations over here. Tubby Goering will be ordering some new medals for his fat fallen stomach if Buerling keeps up with the decorations.

When Tubby walks into a beer hall at Munich, he sounds like a Mark type tank rumbling over a cobbled street. Tubby is a walking scrap pile and Adolf has his eye on him. Keep liking R.A.F. ACES, Rollo. We'll see that you do.

[Turn page]

A Star-Spangled Feast of Comics!
THE FIGHTING YANK
Only 10c at All Stands

**USED
Correspondence
Courses**

NELSON CO. 500 Sherman Dept. E-227 Chicago

Complete home-study courses and self-instruction books, slightly used. Sold, rented, exchanged. All subjects. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Cash paid for used courses. Full details and 84-page illustrated bargain catalog FREE. Write today!

**Protect Entire Family
for \$1 a Month**

Certificate Paying Benefits up to \$1,000.00.
Sent for FREE Inspection FREE

Covers accidental or natural death. No medical examination. Age limits 2 to 75 years. SEND NO MONEY—just your name and address. No obligation. No salesman will call. Postcard will do. Atlas Mutual Benefit Ass'n, Dept. 19-E5, Wilmington, Delaware.

AN INFANT INDUSTRY SUDDENLY MATURED PLASTICS

Get In at the Start—and Grow

Plastics is a new industry which the nation's war needs is forcing to quick maturity. Already Plastics are indispensable in practically every branch of the Service—Aircraft, Ordnance, Chemical, Marine, Signal Corps, etc. Opportunities? Nearly everything, from homes to clothing, from gadgets to tools, will be affected by Plastics.

Spare Time Training Now Ready

The time to get started is now. You can prepare at home, in your spare time, to take your place in an infant industry that even now is leaping into prominence. A new, practical training plan is now ready to help you realize your ambitions and build your future security. Act now. Don't delay. Mail this coupon today.

AMERICAN SCHOOL, Dept. P558,
Drexel Ave. at 58th St., Chicago, Ill.

Send me FREE information covering special training in subjects checked below. No obligation on my part.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Plastics | <input type="checkbox"/> Cost Accounting for Manufacturing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Automotive Engineering |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Drafting and Design for Men and Women | <input type="checkbox"/> Architecture & Building |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Diesel Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Shipbuilding |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Aviation | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Courses |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Radio | |

Name

Address

EYE-GLASSES as LOW as

\$2.95
Complete

Try **by MAIL** Now **TEST YOUR OWN SIGHT AT HOME WITH OUR NEW PATENTED SIGHT TESTERS.**

SEND NO MONEY!

16 DAYS MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE of SATISFACTION
If you're not 100% satisfied with glasses we make we'll refund every cent you pay us. **Repairs: 48**
Write TODAY for **FREE** catalog, scientific test chart. **Mr. Service!**
U.S. EYE-GLASSES CO., 1557 Milwaukee Ave., Dept. 5-82 Chicago, Ill.

POEMS WANTED

For Musical Setting

Mother, Home, Love, Sacred, Patriotic, Comic or any subject. Don't Delay—Send us your Original Poem at once—for immediate consideration and **FREE** Rhyming Dictionary.

RICHARD BROTHERS 74 WOODS BUILDING CHICAGO, ILL.

LOOSE DENTAL PLATES

RELINED AND TIGHTENED AT HOME \$1

JUST BRUSH IT ON
NEWLY IMPROVED DENDEX RELINER, a plastic, builds up (refits) loose upper and lower dentures. Really makes them fit as they should without using powder. Easily applied. No heating required. Brush it on and wear your plates while it sets. It adheres to the plates only and makes a comfortable, smooth and durable surface that can be washed and scrubbed. Each application lasts for months. Not a powder or wax. Contains no rubber or gum. Neutral pink color. Sold on **MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE**. Not sold in stores. Mail \$1 to us for generous supply, brush and directions. **DENDEX CO., Dept. 512, 2714 South Hill Street, Los Angeles, Calif.**
IF YOU PREFER C.O.D., — PAY \$1 PLUS POSTAGE

YOU CAN LEARN TO DRAW



Be An Artist—We Train You at Home—in Your Spare Time
Plan for a secure career now in a field where training pays. We teach Art from the beginning and prepare you for a commercial art career. Trained artists are capable of earning \$30-\$50-\$75 A WEEK!

COMMERCIAL ART ILLUSTRATING ALL IN ONE COMPLETE COURSE CARTOONING

Many of our most successful graduates never studied Art before enrolling with W. S. A. Since 1914 our proven, practical method has been training men and women for successful Art Careers. 2 ART OUTFITS included with course. Write today for full information in FREE book—"Art for Pleasure and Profit!" No obligation. State age.

STUDIO 665-F, WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART
1115-15th ST., N. W. WASHINGTON, D. C.

SONG POEMS WANTED

to be set to music. Phonograph records made. Send your poems for our offer and FREE Rhyming Dictionary. Vanderbilt Music Studios, Dept. G.G., Box 112, Coney Island, N. Y.

730 SHAVES FROM 1 BLADE
AMAZING NEW BLADE SHARPENER




New sharpener for all makes of double-edge razor blades performs miracles! "Not necessary to change blades," writes one user. Another says, "Have used 1 blade over 730 times." RAZOROLL really sharpens blades because it strops on leather. Gives keen, smooth shaving edges. No guess-work. Blade held at correct angle and proper pressure—automatically. Just turn crank to sharpen blade. No gears. Well made. Handsome, compact, sturdy. Weighs few ounces. Will last years. Makes ideal gift.

SEND NO MONEY! Write today. Pay postman only \$1 plus few cents postage. Use RAZOROLL for 5 days and if you're not delighted with smooth, velvet shaves you get, return RAZOROLL and we'll return your dollar. Hurry—order today. RAZOROLL COMPANY
620 North Michigan Avenue, Dept. 205, Chicago, Illinois

ASTHMA Symptoms Relieved. Write today for free information and special money back offer.

W. K. STERLINE, 830 Ohio Ave., Sydney, Ohio

(SIDELINE Salesmen and Agents)


Sell our Illustrated Comic Booklet, and other novelties. Each booklet size 4 1/4 by 2 1/2. Ten different sample booklets sent for 50¢ or 25 assorted for \$1.00. Shipped prepaid. Wholesale novelty price list sent with order only. No C.O.D. orders. Send Cash or Stamps. Print name and address.

REPSAC SALES CO., 1 West 13th St., Dept. 4405, New York City

CASH FOR YOUR SURPLUS, UNUSED U. S. STAMPS

Mail Order Dealers: Collectors: We buy accumulations and surplus UNUSED U. S. Postage Stamps at 90% face value for denominations 1/2c to 10c. 85% face value for denominations 20c to 50c. Small lots 85%. MAIL STAMPS REGISTERED. Money sent by return mail.

GARBER SERVICE, 72 Fifth Ave., Dept. 4405, New York City




WILLIAM W. LORD
"SUPER-MIND"

Eminent International Psychic
His Predictions for Past Years
Have Proved 95% Correct
(Brain willed to Cornell University for post-mortem study.)

3 QUESTIONS answered upon receipt of letter in your handwriting and one dollar.

LORD, 20 West Jackson Blvd., R-5, Chicago, Illinois



PILES

Let us tell you of a mild, painless, low cost home treatment perfected by Dr. O. A. Johnson, for 28 years head physician of one of America's Finest Rectal Clinics where thousands of cases have been successfully treated. Write today for Free Trial Offer. No obligation. Address **JOHNSON RECTAL CLINIC, Desk 976, Kansas City, Missouri**

Moots has marked this next letter for the attention to our solicitors. We publish it for the purpose of securing witnesses to attest to our war record before the bench.

This fugitive from a bombed out casual ward (flop house in England) has the colossal cheek to suggest we are a scoundrel and a fraud. Herbert Klaes who simply claims Chickahominy, U.S.A., as his residence, sent this sample of stark, unadulterated libel in the mail. Hark at this barbaric bloke:

Dear Crumb Bun: A friend lent me a copy of R.A.F. ACES and asked me to read the column by the Sarge Pilot first. I never did anything to that guy and I don't know why he did this to me. First off, you were never in a war any more than I was, because I know aviation magazines hire broken down newspaper men or former pub owners to kid the public. Not that that is a crime if you admit you are kidding. Why insult my intelligence?

Look, impostor, I know a guy who really flew with the R.F.C. around Cambrai. He never heard of no Alfred Nettlebottom being a flyer but he says he has a vague recollection of booting a grease monkey with that name into a canal for putting shellac on his boots instead of polish.

Who writes the interesting part of your column, Sarge? It couldn't be you as it makes sense. How many Krauts did you shoot down while you smoked them reefers?

Don't get me wrong. I like R.A.F. ACES. The stories, even if you pick them out, are swell. I hear you have medals, too, and please photograph them and blow them up so we can see what it says on them. Give us more fact stories about the R.A.F. What is the complete armament of a Lancaster? How fast could a Camel fly in the last fuss? Oh, pardon me, why ask you as the only Camel you ever saw was on a cigarette package you sniped in Piccadilly to see if there was a butt left in it.

Wishing you lots of luck with the mag and letting you know I am no Patsy, I remain still dubiously yours.

We shall treat your feeble attempt at deflation of an old war veteran with the contempt it so richly deserves, Herbert, old polecat.

If the United Nations realized they were fighting for a better world for the likes of you, they would sue for peace at once.

However, we shall instruct our legal department to be as lenient with you as possible for your kind remarks about R.A.F. ACES. The journal will not sue you. This is personal libel. You will hear from our solicitors, Cuthbert, Cuthbert, Dibblesby and Cuthbert.

That shall be all, Corporal Moots. We must buzz off as soon as the Bentley arrives. Let me have—burp—a little dash of that bicarbonate, Moots. The jolly old marinated herring is having a scramble with the scrapple again.

Feed Kitchener his supper and then put him out, Moots. Jolly old tomcat looks more like a certain bloke we know every day and we like to sit and make faces at him. Burp.

We remember an article in an American weekly by England's Baron Stroboli, the labor Whip in the House of Lords. Stroboli ripped

A Laugh on Every Page of
COO COO COMICS
ONLY 10c AT ALL STANDS

the old class system to shreds and he minced no words in blaming the system for England's early setbacks in World War II. He spared no feelings and lambasted most of the Empire's military leaders.

The baron forgot that Britain still holds the oil in Irak and Iran and that Rommel still is a long way from Cairo and the Suez. The Japs are not in control of India and Australia.

Leaders can do very little with equipment gathered overnight against a military machine built up over a period of twenty years.

The R.A.F. laughed at twenty years of Luftwaffe concentration and knocked it off in eighty-three days! Baron Stroboli said nothing about that.

This is no time for harsh criticism and crying over spilt milk. We have a job to do and when that is over, we'll have plenty of time to clean our own dirty linen and hang it out to dry. Thumbs up, old boy!

—THE SERGEANT PILOT.

OUR NEXT ISSUE

LEADING next issue's gala parade of exciting air yarns, we will present **THE FERRY PILOT**—a novelet by Alexis Ross-off that revs up plenty of sky-high thrills! It's the smashing odyssey of Pilot Hayden Cedeworth, known as Hayseed to his flying mates, who became a ferry pilot because he was deemed unfit for combat. You'll like this spunky American hero in the R. A. F. who gets into plenty of combat, anyway, and does himself proud! **THE FERRY PILOT** is a wow from start to finish.

Another novelet next issue that will pack plenty of punch is **A BOMB AND A PRAYER**, by Laurence Donovan. This yarn has the sort of action that will make your pulses pound and the sort of human interest that will tug at your heartstrings.

In addition, many other stories—and an array of features and departments of exceptional interest. All in all, an issue that hits a new high!

While waiting, why not become acquainted with our companion air-war magazines? **AMERICAN EAGLES**, **SKY FIGHTERS**, **ARMY NAVY FLYING STORIES**, **EXCITING NAVY STORIES**, **AIR WAR**—they're all swell, and each only 10c at all newsstands.

We still have available several hundred sets of sepia portraits of World War aces. Each set contains twelve portraits and is well worth owning. To get your set, send a name strip from the cover of this magazine, plus 15c in stamps or coin to defray mailing and handling costs, OR, if you send name strips from the covers of any three of our companion air war magazines (including this one) you need only enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope.

So long, readers—see you next issue. Meantime please write and tell me what you think of **RAF ACES**. Address The Editor, **RAF ACES**, 10 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y. Thanks!

—THE EDITOR.

SMASHING ACTION ADVENTURES

IN

AMERICA'S BEST COMICS

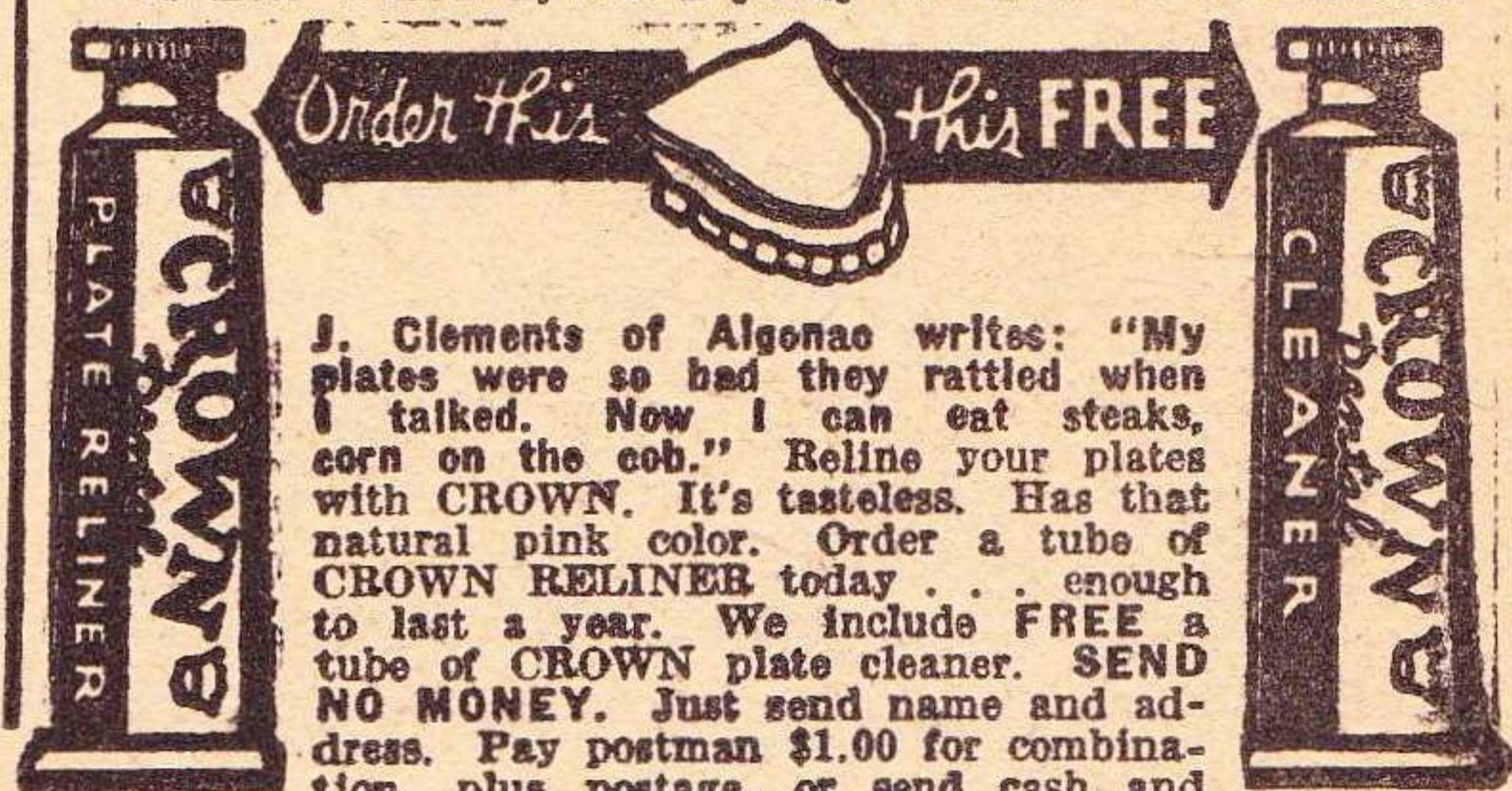
ONLY 10c AT ALL STANDS

FREE OFFER for FALSE TEETH



Here's new amazing mouth comfort without risking a single cent . . . enjoy that feeling of having your own teeth again. Satisfy your desire for food . . . eat what you want. **CROWN RELINER TIGHTENS FALSE TEETH OR NO COST.** Perfect for Partials, Lower and Uppers.

Don't suffer embarrassment and discomfort caused by loose dental plates. Apply **CROWN RELINER**. In a jiffy your plate fits like new and stays that way up to 4 months. No old-fashioned heating to burn your mouth. Just squeeze **CROWN** from tube and put your teeth back in. They'll fit as snugly as ever. Inventor is a recognized authority in dental field. A patent has been applied for **CROWN RELINER** to protect you from imitators. After you reline your plate with **CROWN**, take your false teeth out for cleaning without affecting the **CROWN RELINER**. **CROWN RELINER** is guaranteed . . . it's harmless. **NOT A POWDER OR PASTE!** If not satisfied, even after 4 months, return partly used tube for full refund.



J. Clements of Algonac writes: "My plates were so bad they rattled when I talked. Now I can eat steaks, corn on the cob." Reline your plates with **CROWN**. It's tasteless. Has that natural pink color. Order a tube of **CROWN RELINER** today . . . enough to last a year. We include **FREE** a tube of **CROWN** plate cleaner. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just send name and address. Pay postman \$1.00 for combination, plus postage, or send cash and

We pay postage. Act at once and enjoy this new happiness. **CROWN PLASTIC CO., Dept. 7605**
4358 W. Philadelphia Ave., Detroit, Mich.

FALSE TEETH

60 DAY TRIAL

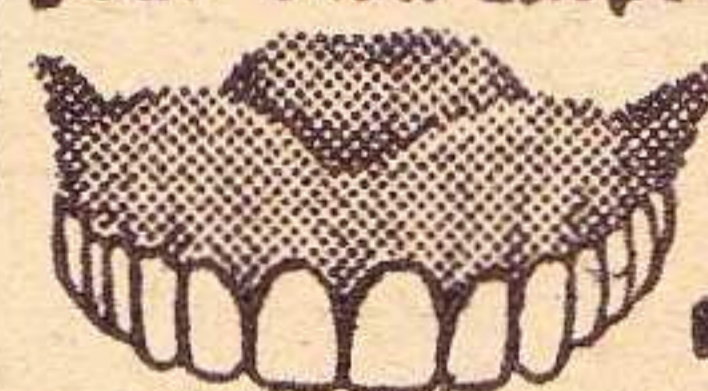
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE of SATISFACTION protects you.

SEND NO MONEY

J. B. CLEVELAND DENTAL PLATE CO.
DEPT. 2-E3

6th YEAR

Buy where thousands have been satisfied. We make **FALSE TEETH** for you from your own impressions.



LOW
AS

795

Write Today for Free Booklet and Material

J. B. CLEVELAND DENTAL PLATE CO.
EAST ST. LOUIS, ILLINOIS

INVENTORS

Protect your idea with a patent. Don't delay. Get Free "Patent Guide." **CLARENCE A. O'BRIEN** and **HARVEY JACOBSON**, Registered Patent Attorneys, 38-E Adams Bldg., Washington, D. C.

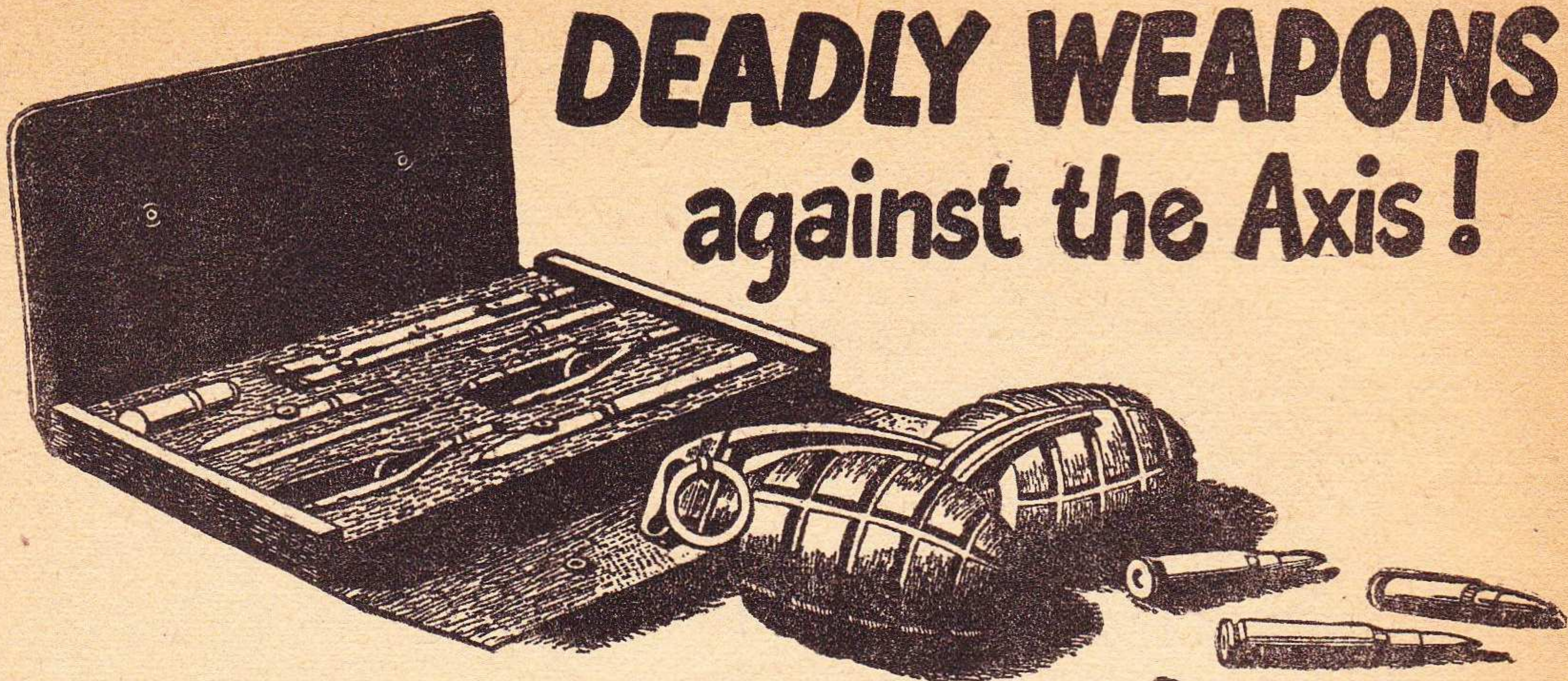
ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8 x 10 inches or smaller if desired. Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of original photo guaranteed.

47c
3 for \$1.00

SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo (any size) and receive promptly your beautiful enlargement, guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 47c plus postage—or send 49c with order and we pay postage. Big 36x20-inch enlargement sent C. O. D. 78c plus postage or send 80c and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer now. Send your photos today. Specify size wanted. Standard Art Studios, 100 East Ohio St., Dept. 403-E, Chicago





DEADLY WEAPONS against the Axis!

Just as deadly—just as victory-vital—as planes, guns and tanks—are the *draftsman's tools!*

Without those tools—in *trained hands*—we'd produce no new planes, guns, ships, tanks, buildings!

Learn—*right now*—to fight with those tools—as a *trained draftsman!*

Mail this coupon, and learn how a low-cost I. C. S. Course in Drafting, studied in your spare time, can make you a better fighter on today's industrial battlefield—ready for a bigger, better paying job in the victory-world of tomorrow!

P.S. Even though you expect to go into the Armed Forces, bear in mind that trained draftsmen get higher ratings and higher pay!

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

HELPING TO TRAIN AMERICANS FOR VICTORY

BOX 3966-X, SCRANTON, PENNA.

Without cost or obligation, please send me booklet and full particulars about the course *before* which I have marked X:

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

- | | | | |
|--|---|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Air Brake | <input type="checkbox"/> Contracting and Building | <input type="checkbox"/> Management of Inventions | <input type="checkbox"/> Sanitary Engineering |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Air Conditioning | <input type="checkbox"/> Cotton Manufacturing | <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engines | <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Work |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Airplane Drafting | <input type="checkbox"/> Diesel Engines | <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Drafting | <input type="checkbox"/> Ship Drafting |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Drafting | <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Drafting | <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Shipfitting <input type="checkbox"/> Shop Practice |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architecture | <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Mine Foreman | <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Electric <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engines |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Auto Engine Tune-up | <input type="checkbox"/> Electrician | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation <input type="checkbox"/> Patternmaking | <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Fitting |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Auto Technician | <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting | <input type="checkbox"/> Plastics <input type="checkbox"/> Plumbing | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Drafting |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Aviation <input type="checkbox"/> Aviation Mechanic | <input type="checkbox"/> Foundryman <input type="checkbox"/> Heating | <input type="checkbox"/> Public Works Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineering |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Blueprint Reading | <input type="checkbox"/> Heat Treatment of Metals | <input type="checkbox"/> Pulp and Paper Making | <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Boilermaking | <input type="checkbox"/> Highway Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Radio, General | <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraphy <input type="checkbox"/> Telephony |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bridge Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> House Planning | <input type="checkbox"/> Radio Operating | <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Designing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry <input type="checkbox"/> Coal Mining | <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Metallurgy | <input type="checkbox"/> Radio Servicing | <input type="checkbox"/> Toolmaking <input type="checkbox"/> Tool Design |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Locomotive Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> R. R. Section Foreman | <input type="checkbox"/> Welding, Gas and Electric |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Machinist <input type="checkbox"/> Inspector | <input type="checkbox"/> R. R. Signalman <input type="checkbox"/> Refrigeration | <input type="checkbox"/> Woolen Manufacturing |

BUSINESS COURSES

- | | | | | |
|--|--|--|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising | <input type="checkbox"/> College Preparatory | <input type="checkbox"/> First Year College | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Postal Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Illustrating | <input type="checkbox"/> Foremanship <input type="checkbox"/> French | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondence | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Illustrating | <input type="checkbox"/> Cost Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Good English | <input type="checkbox"/> Secretarial <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> C. P. Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> High School | <input type="checkbox"/> Managing Men at Work | <input type="checkbox"/> Showcard and Sign Lettering |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service | | | | <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management |

HOME ECONOMICS COURSES

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Advanced Dressmaking | <input type="checkbox"/> Home Dressmaking | <input type="checkbox"/> Tea Room and Cafeteria Management, Catering |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Foods and Cookery | <input type="checkbox"/> Professional Dressmaking and Designing | |

Name..... Age..... Address.....
City..... State..... Present Position.....

Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada
British residents send coupon to I. C. S., 71 Kingsway, London, W. C. 2, England

SPECIAL
TUITION RATES
FOR MEMBERS
OF THE
ARMED FORCES



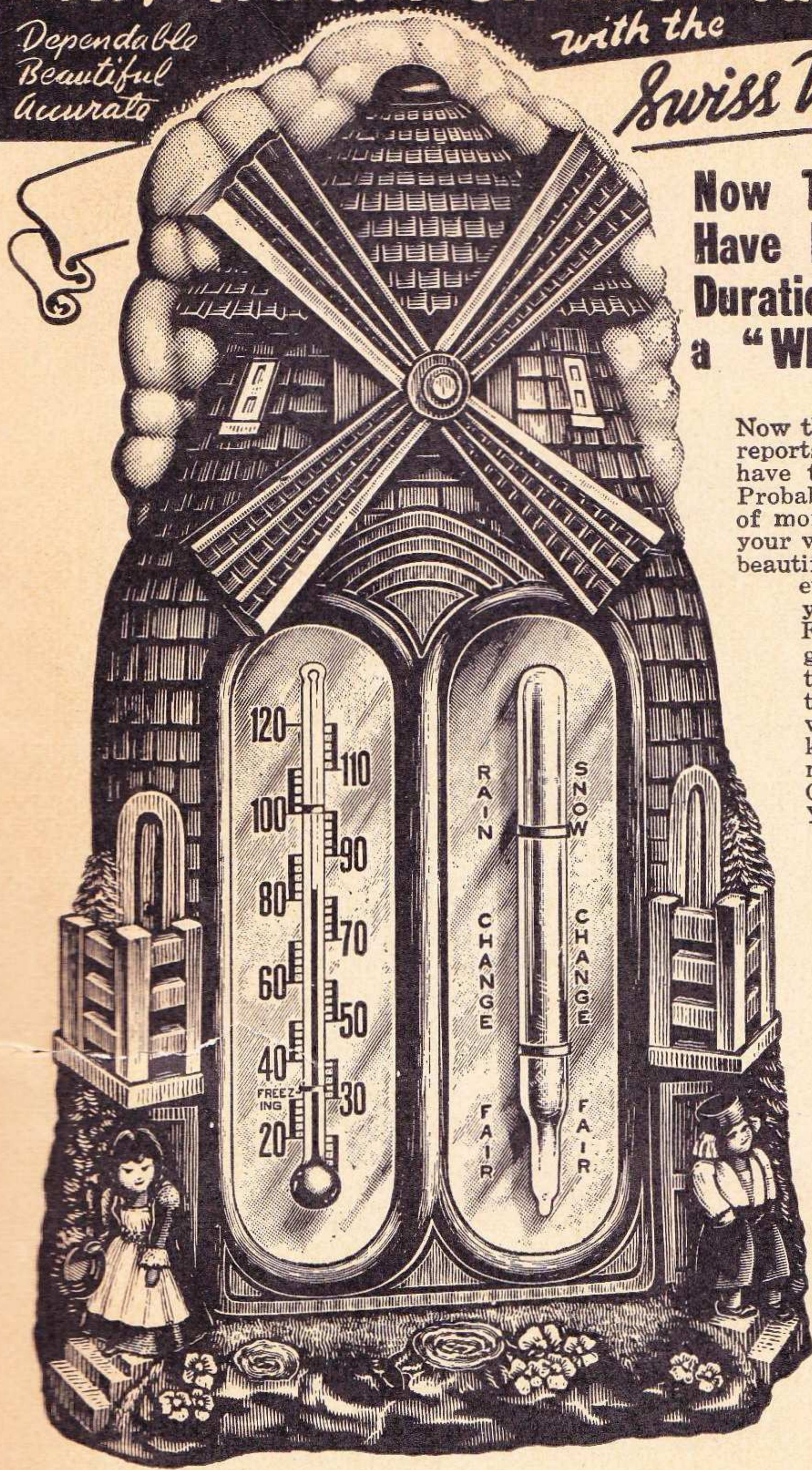
Now! You Can Tell The Weather ^{up to} 24 Hours in Advance

Dependable
Beautiful
Accurate

with the
Swiss Windmill Weather Forecaster

Now That Weather Reports
Have Been Banned For The
Duration—Every Family Needs
a "WINDMILL" Forecaster!

Only
98¢



Now that you no longer can get weather forecasts or temperature reports on the radio or through your local paper, your home should have the accurate, reliable Swiss Windmill Weather Forecaster. Probabilities are, you have felt that you would have to pay a lot of money for a truly beautiful and dependable forecaster. If so, your worries are over! Here, without doubt, is positively the most beautiful—the most original—the most accurate forecaster that has ever been offered at anywhere near this low price. Don't let yourself or your loved ones be without the Windmill Weather Forecaster. It tells you the temperature—tells you if it's going to rain or snow or shine—predicts any weather change that's on the way—up to 24 hours in advance! It makes all the difference in your plans when you know what the weather will be. Plan your work or play according to the weather—know how to dress for it—help to prevent accidents or sickness in the family—**BE PREPARED FOR WEATHER CHANGES WITH YOUR "Home Weather Bureau."** **BE YOUR OWN WEATHER MAN!**

The Windmill Forecaster Has Features Found In Forecasters Costing Up To \$10.00

The thermometer is guaranteed to be 100% accurate from 120° to 30° below zero. The amazing storm glass uses the same principles found in most expensive forecasters. When the weather is going to be fair, the crystals settle in the bottom of the tube—when rain or snow is predicted, the crystals rise to the top of the tube. It's so simple, yet virtually unerring. This lovely "Swiss Windmill" Weather Forecaster is fashioned of handsome carved style Burrwood—a masterpiece of craftsmanship—representing the colorful, rustic windmills of the Swiss landscape with their weather-antiqued brown shingles, brightly gleaming red roof and latticed windmill blades . . . even the Swiss Alpine snow and the fir trees of the Alps are reproduced . . . with the quaint peasant clothes of the boy and girl shown in pleasing contrast to the flowers of the mountainside growing around the windmill steps. The "Swiss Windmill" adds a glowing, colorful, decorative note to any room in the house. As a weather prophet, you'll use it constantly!

Use It — Test It On Our Guarantee of Satisfaction

Each and every Swiss Weather House is guaranteed to please you and give years of satisfactory service, or your money will be cheerfully refunded. It really must be seen to be fully appreciated. We want you to examine it—test it for seven full days so that you can see for yourself that it actually works—all on our iron-clad Money Back Guarantee of satisfaction. **SEND NO MONEY!** Just mail the coupon today. Pay the Postman only 98c plus postage and a small COD fee upon arrival. If it isn't all we claim, return it at the end of seven days and we'll refund your money in full.

BE YOUR OWN WEATHERMAN!

What fun and satisfaction it will afford you to actually KNOW, just what the weather will be like, UP TO 24 HOURS IN ADVANCE. With the Swiss Weather Forecaster, you really take the "guess work" out of the weather. Think how many times during past months you've wanted to know what the weather on the morrow would be. Now, the beautiful Swiss Weather Forecaster makes your own home a "Weather Bureau," all for only 98c. Every home needs it! Be the first in your neighborhood to own one.

SPECIAL OFFER TO AGENTS, DISTRIBUTORS!

Purchase Swiss Windmill Weather Forecasters At Our Special Quantity Wholesale Discount! Here is the fastest selling article of its kind that is being offered. Today, everyone is a prospect for this popular Swiss Windmill Weather Forecaster. Special quantity wholesale discount:

2 Forecasters.....\$1.79	1 dozen Forecasters..\$ 8.88
3 " 2.49	3 " " .. 24.89
6 " 4.69	6 " " .. 46.79
	12 " " .. 89.98

We prepay shipping charges on above quantity shipments. Check or money order must accompany your order. Address:

ILLINOIS MECHANDISE MART, Dept. 904 54 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART,
Dept. 904, 54 W. Illinois St.,
Chicago, Ill.

No Risk Offer

Gentlemen: Please send me the Swiss Windmill Weather Forecaster on your guarantee of absolute satisfaction or my money back. I will pay the Postman only 98c plus postage and COD fee.

Name

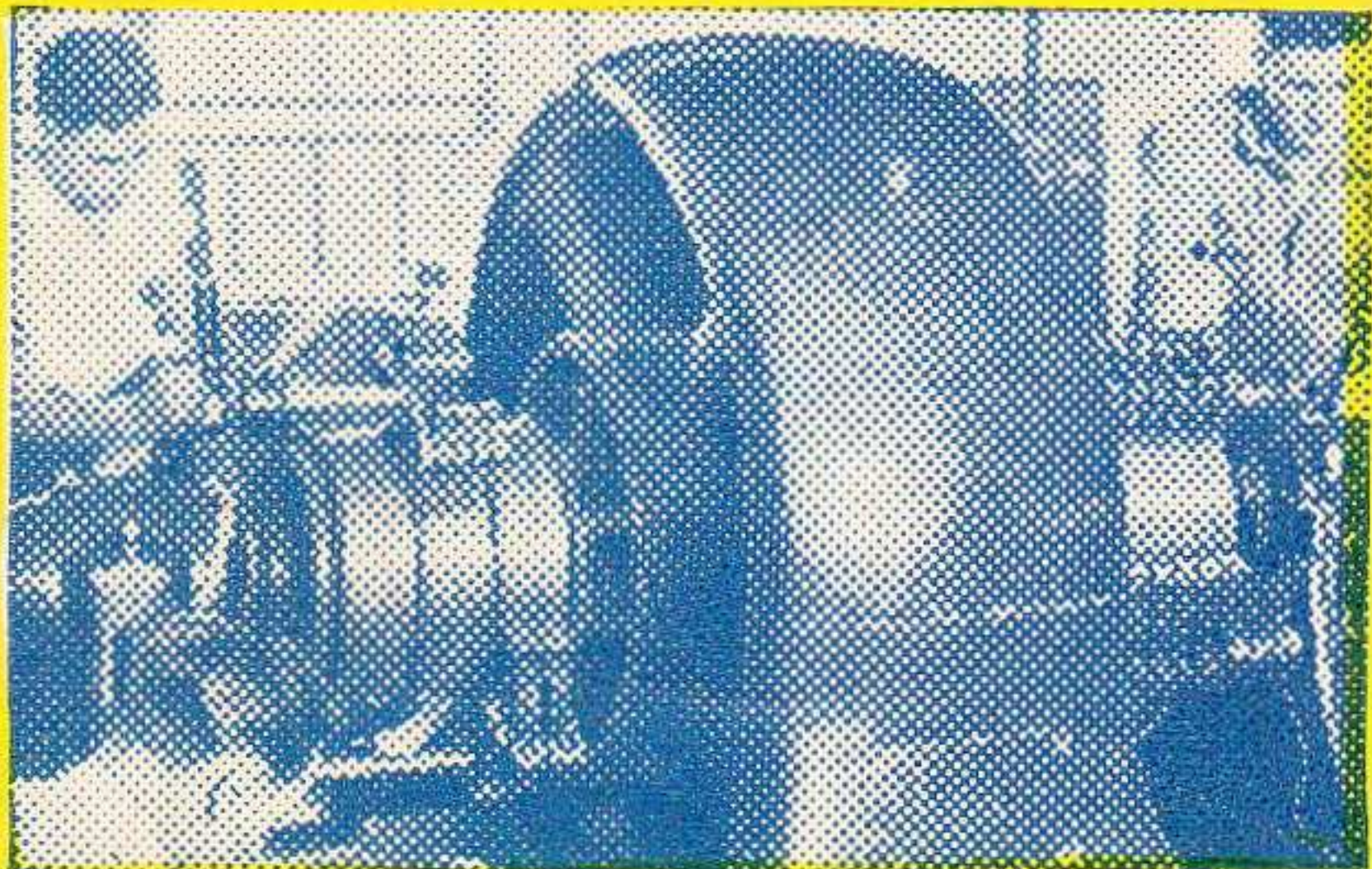
Address

Town State.....

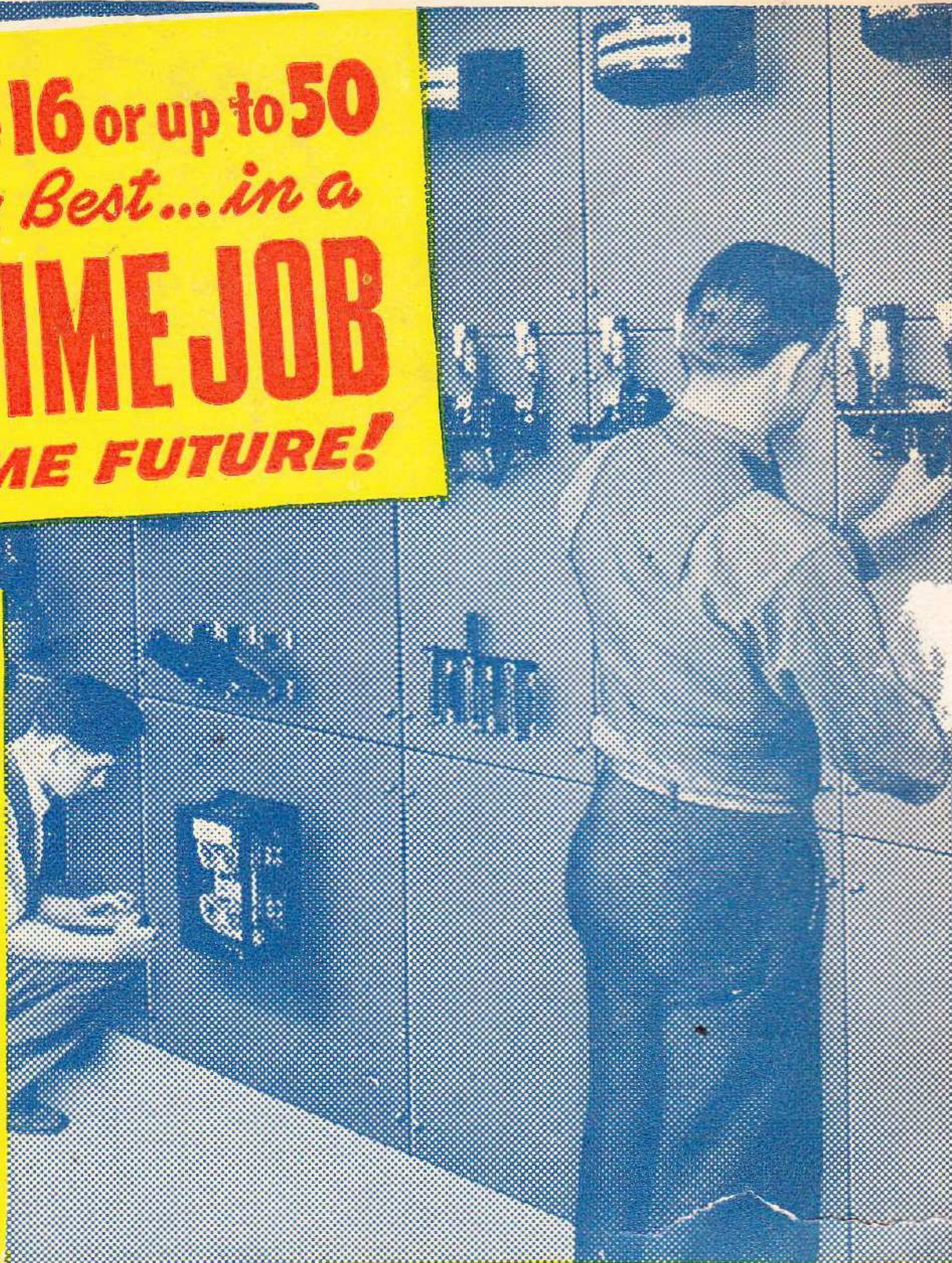
Enclosed find 98c. Please ship the Weather Forecaster, all postage charges prepaid.

IMPORTANT: If you want two or more Swiss Weather Forecasters, see the special wholesale dealer's price list at the left of this coupon.

MEN! Whether You are 16 or up to 50
Serve Your Country Best... in a
GOOD WAR-TIME JOB
WITH A PEACE-TIME FUTURE!



★ **ELECTRICITY** is one of the most important factors in our war effort. Thousands of trained Electricians are needed NOW. And **after the war**, Electricity will continue to be tremendously important! Why be satisfied with a narrow, no-future war job when I make it SO EASY to prepare for a good war-time job with a REAL PEACE-TIME FUTURE?



FIRST IN WAR! ELECTRICITY FIRST IN PEACE!

Learn By Doing in 12 Weeks

Get into the fascinating, fast-growing, well-paid field of Electricity—a field that offers you opportunities and a future—in good times or bad times—a field that is a permanent necessity in war or peace. Here is your chance to prepare yourself for a lasting permanent future.

Here at Coyne, in 12 weeks, you can train for your Big Opportunity by working on real electrical machinery. Here

you learn airplane ignition, wind armatures, learn power plant operation, do house and factory wiring, etc. Coyne training is easy to learn. You "Learn-By-Doing" in my great Shops. Not a correspondence course. You don't need previous experience or advanced education. You don't need much money to get my training. I have many plans to help the fellow who needs training but hasn't much money. Mail coupon for all the facts.



H. C. Lewis

**LIFETIME
 JOB
 SERVICE**

*Free to Coyne
 Graduates!*

**GET YOUR TRAINING
 NOW... PAY FOR
 IT LATER!**

Coyne Training is EASY, PRACTICAL! You LEARN BY DOING on real, actual machinery and apparatus. Don't let lack of money stop you. You can get training first—then pay for it in easy monthly payments after you graduate. If you need part-time work to help out with living expenses, I'll help you get it.

INSURE YOUR FUTURE! Send for Book!

Coyne has seen War and Peace—times of prosperity and times of national depression. During all these times Coyne has trained men for Good pay jobs. Coyne training is tested and proven. Mail coupon and let me send you the big, free Coyne book and my complete story about how I help you get the training you need for a good Electrical job. This does not obligate you. So act at once. Just mail coupon.

H. C. LEWIS, President COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
 500 S. Paulina St. Dept. 53-84 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

H. C. LEWIS, President
 COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL, Dept. 53-84
 500 S. Paulina St., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your Free Book and tell me about your plans to help me get a good war-time job with a peace-time future.

NAME.....
 ADDRESS.....
 CITY..... STATE.....