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FIGHTING ACE

FEATURING THE WORLD'S
GREATEST *SKY FIGHTER* IN
THE NAZI MENACE

A FULL BOOK-LENGTH
WAR-AIR NOVEL

COMPLETE SCALE
MODEL PLANS OF
THE SOPWITH PUP

A THRILLING
PUBLICATION



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Please send details and tell me how to get the Family Group Policy for free inspection.

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Find Out If Your Locality is Open

If you want to know whether there is an opening

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(State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address

City and State.....

- (2) State Your Age, and Present or Former Occupation:

Age..... Occupation.....

- (3) How Much Time Can You Devote?

Mark with an "X" FULL TIME PART TIME

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If you cannot start at once, state about when you will be able to start.

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LONE
EAGLE
FIGHTING ACE



Vol. XX, No. 1

BRUCE McALESTER, Editor

February, 1940

A Full Book-Length War-Air Novel

THE NAZI MENACE

By LIEUT. SCOTT MORGAN

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When Civilization Is Threatened by the Minions of Brutality Loosed in the Present War, John Masters Again Battles for Humanity Against Bloodshed and Hate! 12

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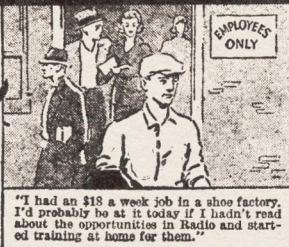


I jumped from \$18 a week to \$50

-- a Free Book started me toward this

GOOD PAY IN RADIO

HERE'S
How it
Happened
by S. J. E.
(NAME AND ADDRESS
SENT UPON REQUEST)



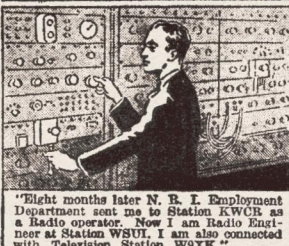
"I had an \$18 a week job in a shoe factory. I'd probably be at it today if I hadn't read about the opportunities in Radio and started training at home for them."



"The training National Radio Institute gave me was so practical I was soon ready to make \$5 to \$10 a week in spare time servicing Radio sets."



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National Radio Institute
Established 25 Years

RADIO IS A YOUNG, growing field with a future, offering many good pay spare time and full time job opportunities. And you don't have to give up your present job to become a Radio Technician. I train you right at home in your spare time.

Why Many Radio Technicians Make \$30, \$40, \$50 a Week

Radio broadcasting stations employ engineers, operators, technicians. Radio manufacturers employ testers, inspectors, foremen, servicemen in good-pay jobs. Radio jobbers, dealers, employ installation and service men. Many Radio Technicians open their own Radio sales and repair businesses and make \$30, \$40, \$50 a week. Others hold their regular jobs and make \$5 to \$10 a week fixing Radios in spare time. Automobile, police, aviation, Commercial Radio; loudspeaker systems, electronic devices are other fields offering opportunities for which N. R. I. gives the required knowledge of Radio. Television promises to open good jobs soon.

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Bring Radios while learning and equip you for full time work after you graduate.

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J. E. SMITH, President
Dept. DB09, National Radio Institute
Washington, D. C.

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J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. DB09, National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

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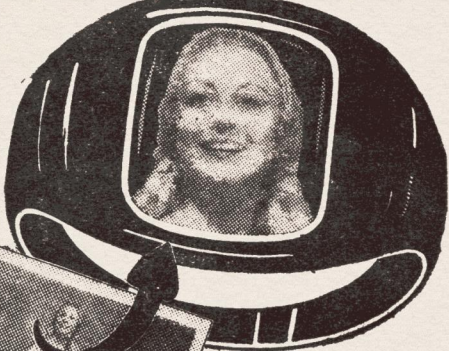
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From Any Photo or Picture

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

PICTURE RING CO.

DEPT. E-26

12 TH. & JACKSON STREET
CINCINNATI OHIO

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IMAGINE THEIR JOY

WHEN THEY FOUND THEY COULD PLAY

This easy as A.B.C. way!



Learned Quickly at Home

I didn't dream I could actually learn to play without a teacher. Now, when I play for people they hardly believe that I learned to play so well in so short a time.
* H. C. S., Calif.

Wouldn't Take \$1,000 for course

The lessons are so simple that any one can understand them. I have learned to play by note in a little more than a month. I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for my course.
* S. E. A., Kansas City, Mo.



Surprised Friends

I want to say that my friends are greatly surprised at the different pieces I can already play. I am very happy to have chosen your method of learning.
* B. F., Bronx, N. Y.

Plays on Radio

I am happy to tell you that for four weeks I have been on the air over our local radio station. So thanks to your institution for such a wonderful course.
* W. H. S., Alabama.



Best Method by Far

Enclosed is my last examination sheet for my course in Tenor Banjo. This completes my course. I have taken lessons before other teachers, but my instructions with you were by far the best.
* A. O., Minn.

What Instrument Would You Like To Play?

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*Actual pupil's names on request.
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Plain Accordion	Cornet	Organ
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		Voice Culture

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This Instru?.....

Address.....

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

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AN INVENTION EXPECTED TO REPLACE
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Now Done by Themselves
at a Fraction of the Expense

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exclusive agency for one of the most
unique business inventions of the day.

Forty years ago the horse and buggy business was supreme—today almost extinct. Twenty years ago the phonograph industry ran into many millions—today practically a relic. Only a comparatively few foresighted men saw the fortunes ahead in the automobile and the radio. Yet irresistible waves of public buying swept these men to fortune, and sent the buggy and the phonograph into the discard. So are great successes made by men able to detect the shift in public favor from one industry to another.

New *another change is taking place.* An old established industry—an integral and important part of the nation's structure—in which millions of dollars change hands every year—is in thousands of cases being replaced by a truly astonishing, simple invention which does the work better—more reliably—AND AT A COST OFTEN AS LOW AS 2% OF WHAT IS ORDINARILY PAID! It has not required very long for men, who have taken over the rights to this valuable invention to do a remarkable business, and show earnings which in some times are almost unheard of for the average man.

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Not a "Knick-Knack"—

but a valuable, proved device which
has been sold successfully by business
men as well as seasoned
veterans.

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Some of the Savings
You Can Show

You walk into an office and put down before your prospect a letter from a sales organization showing that they did work in their own office for \$11 which formerly could have cost them over \$200. A building supply corporation pays our man \$70, whereas the bill could have been for \$1,600! An automobile dealer pays our representative \$15, whereas the expense could have been over \$1,000. A department store has expense of \$88.60, possible cost if done outside the business being well over \$2,000. And so on. We could not possibly list all cases here. These are just a few of the many actual cases which we place in your hands to work with. Practically every line of business and every section of the country is represented by these field reports which hammer across during, converting money-saving opportunities which hardly any business man can fail to understand.

Profits Typical of
the Young, Growing Industry

Going into this business is not like selling something offered in every grocery, drug or department store. For instance, when you take a \$7.50 order, \$3.83 can be your share. On \$1,500 worth of business, your share can be \$1,167.00. The very least you get as your part of every dollar's worth of business you do is 67 cents—on ten dollars' worth \$6.70, on a hundred dollars' worth \$67.00—in other words two thirds of every order you get is yours. Not only on the first order—but on repeat orders—and you have the opportunity of earning an even larger percentage.

This Business Has
Nothing to Do With
House to House Campaigning

Nor do you have to know anything about high-pressure selling. "Selling" is unnecessary in the ordinary sense of the word. Instead of hammering away at the customer and trying to "force" a sale, you make a dignified, business-like call, leave the installation—whatever else the customer says he will accept—at our risk, let the customer sell himself after the device is in and working. This does away with the need for pressure on the customer—it eliminates the handicap of trying to get the money before the customer has really convinced himself 100%. You simply tell what you offer, showing proof of success to that customer's particular line of business. Then leave the invention without a dollar down. He starts working at once. In a few short days, the installation should actually produce enough cash money to pay for the deal, with profits above the investment coming in at the same time. You then call back, collect your money. Nothing so convincing as our offer to let results speak for themselves without risk to the customer! While others fail to get even a hearing, our men are making sales running into the hundreds. They have received the attention of the largest firms in the country, and sold to the smallest businesses by the thousands.

EARNINGS

One man in California earned over \$1,600 per month for three months—close to \$5,000 in 90 days' time. Another writes from Delaware—"Since I have been operating (just a little less than a month of actual selling) and not the full day at that, because I have been getting organized and had to spend at least half the day in the office; counting what I have sold outright and on trial, I have made just a little in excess of one thousand dollars profit for one month." A Connecticut man writes he has made \$55.00 in a single day's time. Texas man nets over \$300 in less than a week's time. Space does not permit mentioning here more than these few random cases. However, they are sufficient to indicate that the worthwhile future in this business is coupled with immediate earnings for the right kind of man. One man with us has already made over a thousand sales on which his earnings ran from \$5 to \$60 per sale and more. A great deal of this business was repeat business. Yet he had never done anything like this before coming with us. That is the kind of opportunity this business offers. The fact that this business has attracted to it such business men as former bankers, executives of businesses—men who demand only the highest type of opportunity and income—gives a fairly good picture of the kind of business this is. Our door is open, however, to the young man looking for the right field in which to make his start and develop his future.

No Money Need Be Risked

in trying this business out. You can measure the possibilities and not cost a dollar. If you are looking for a business that is not overworked—a business that is just coming into its own—on the upgrade, instead of the downgrade—a business that offers the buyer relief from a burdensome, but unavoidable expense—a business that has a prospect practically in every office, store, or factory into which you can set foot—regardless of size—*that is a novelty but does not have any price cutting to contend with as other businesses do—that because you control the sales in exclusive territory is your own business—that pays more on every individual sale than many men make in a week and maintains in a month's time—if such a business looks as if it is worth investigating, get in touch with us at once for the rights in your territory—don't delay—because the chances are that if you do wait, someone else will have written to us in the meantime—and if it turns out that you were the better man—we'd both be sorry. So for convenience, use the coupon below—but send it right away—no wire if you wish. But do it now. Address*

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Flabby?

Will You Let Me
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I KNOW what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs. I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

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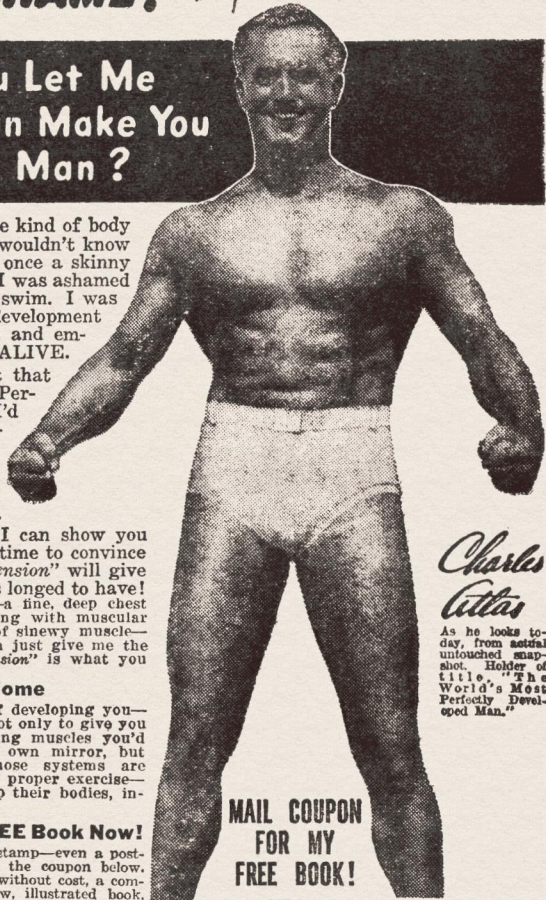
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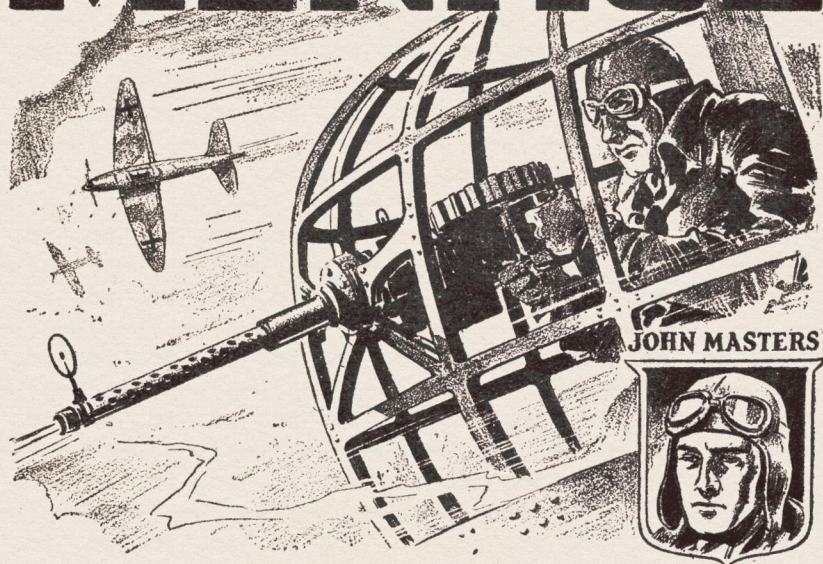
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The NAZI



When Civilization Is Threatened by the Minions of Brutality Loosed in the Present War, John Masters Again Combats the Forces of Bloodshed and Hate!

MENACE



Masters unleashed quick bursts at the Heinkels (Chapter III)

A Full Book-Length War-Air Novel By LIEUT. SCOTT MORGAN

Author of "Phantom Aces," "The Devil's Drome," etc.

CHAPTER I

The Scourge Strikes

THE sun was just beginning to dip below the western horizon as the quartermaster on the bridge of the S.S. *Athenia* turned to the officer of the watch.

"Notice that bloke back there alone on the boat deck," he said, jerking his head over his shoulder.

The officer of the watch nodded. "Looks none too pleased about going home," he said casually. "Vacation's over an' he has to get back to a desk and grind away so's he can take another."

"Bloomin' Yank don't know wot's

good for him," muttered the quartermaster. "A bloody war startin' an' 'e looks disappointed because 'e 'as to leave."

The officer of the watch glanced at a tall, gray-clad figure leaning against the rail, staring out over the tossing waves. He shook his head.

"Maybe he's left a sweetheart back there somewhere, Jenks."

"I still say 'e's lucky," growled the quartermaster. "Leavin' a war behind is wot I call a bit of luck. . . . Blimey, I ain't forgettin' the last one."

And the war was exactly what the stalwart man in the gray tweed was thinking about as his keen blue eyes watched the blue-green waves. He,

too, remembered the last war all too well, and a shudder passed through him at thought of the horrors this new war would bring.

He had fought all through that last catastrophe with the one thought of bringing it to an end. Time after time he had risked his life to foil the dastardly machinations of men who had brought the pestilence of hate and blood to the world. His deeds are history now, written on blood-stained pages which will no doubt be dimmed by this new holocaust sweeping across Europe.

A bitter smile crossed his weathered face. In those days while he had fought, day and night, against the best brains the determined Kaiser could muster, a mousy little private in the 16th Reserve Regiment of the Bavarian Infantry had hitched his wagon to a star, probably red-hued Mars.

That thin, undernourished, gray-clad man had dreamed, built castles in the air. After the war he had gone in for politics, and with a rabble-rousing tongue had climbed the rungs of fame until now he was the all highest in Germany. And on reaching that pinnacle he had started to dream again. Now the complete domination of the world was his goal.

"He's like a mad dog," muttered the man at the *Athenia's* rail, unmindful of the other passengers hurrying toward the dining salon for dinner. "He's been snapping right and left, infecting others with this virus of hate, lust for power, will to kill. . . . If I had only known! He would have been easy in those days."

HE SHOOK his head sadly as he thought of former companions who would be called to the colors. Men he had known in the old days. Men who had helped him in the bitter struggle to win victory for the Allies.

"Can't imagine Henri being a full-fledged pilot now," he thought, smil-

ing. "But they say he's one of the best. And Pierre Viaud, a big shot in the French Intelligence Service, the right-hand man of the old general. Wonder if R-Forty-seven's alive and getting mixed up in this thing. Last I heard of her, she was married and settled down on some estate outside of Berlin. Boy, she was a Tartar!"

A wistful look crept into the man's blue eyes as he thought of the days when he had fought shoulder to shoulder with his Allies.

"And here I am," he thought. "A neutral. I'm going back to the States while Henri and Pierre fight this new threat to civilization."

He cocked his head to listen to the latest war bulletin coming from the loud speaker of his little portable radio on a chair beside him. Just nine hours earlier England had declared war, not on the German people, but on the octopus known as Nazism which was threatening to entangle the whole of Europe in its bloody tentacles. France had followed suit a short six hours later. The powder keg of war had been touched off, the match had been held in the fist of Adolf Hitler, the *Fuehrer*.

"Guess we did a pretty lousy job, making the world safe for democracy," he muttered.

His jaw firmed, and his big strong hands showed white across the knuckles as they clenched the rail. Hatred gleamed in his eyes—hatred for war and those who made it.

Yes, the man standing at the rail of the *S.S. Athenia* as she sped from the troubled scenes in Europe, carrying fourteen hundred human beings to the safety of the United States and Canada, was none other than John Masters. The man who had been known from one end of the Front to the other in those hectic days of the World War as the Lone Eagle. The greatest ace of them all. The man who almost single handed had time and again beaten the Huns at their own game.

Masters had just completed another of his nerve-tingling fights against a world-wide narcotic ring. Once more he had smashed down hard on those who garnered their wealth by trampling weaklings and unfortunates into the sticky mire of the drug habit. He was going back to the States for a well-earned rest. This time he would take part in the war only through maps, colored pins, and newspaper reports.

doubt one of the men on watch would spot it and send the big ship heeling over on an altered course, and no nervous passenger would be the wiser.

Keeping his eye on the streak of white bubbles dancing just under the surface, Masters started for the bridge. But before he had taken two steps that ghastly path of foaming death had changed its course. It was curving slowly, heading right for the *Athenia*.

The Greatest Air Hero of Them All

ONCE more John Masters, the Lone Eagle, returns to the fray in the van of those who fight democracy's battles! His mission more shrouded in mystery than ever, again he zooms into action—a free lance avenger for the cause of civilization and justice, owing no allegiance save to God and his own conscience.



When you have read of John Masters' new heroic role in THE NAZI MENACE, please write and tell the editor of this magazine how you like this type of novel. Remember, this is YOUR magazine—and we will accept your verdict!

Shall we keep John Masters in today's war—or present more of his experiences in the first World War? It's up to you.

Please address your letters to Bruce McAlester, care of THE LONE EAGLE, 22 West 48th Street, New York. A postcard will do. I am eagerly awaiting your response to THE NAZI MENACE.

—Bruce McAlester.

He started to turn away from the rail, then suddenly jerked convulsively around.

"Good God!" he exclaimed. "It can't be! They're not starting already."

Yet there it was, a white foamy streak, snaking its way through the restless waves across the bows of the *Athenia*.

The Lone Eagle's first thought was to shout a warning to the bridge. But he did not wish to alarm the passengers. The torpedo was going to miss its target. He was certain of that. No

"Good Lord!" The thought brought him up short. "They're able to control them now!"

John Masters was electrified at the horrible thought. The grim torpedoes had been bad enough in the old days, but now they were apparently being controlled from the sub, and sent right to their mark.

"Torpedo on the port bow!" he yelled, as the infernal tube of mechanized death came on at the steel sides of the ship.

He felt the *Athenia* swing, as his keen eyes picked up the white feather

of a periscope beginning to move through the dancing water. The scourge of the seas was moving in.

"Damn them!" he cried. "War isn't twenty-four hours old before they're beginning to kill women and children!"

Before he could move, the torpedo struck the *Athenia* amidships. A muffled explosion tore the dying day to shreds as the monster of hate and destruction belched its cargo of death in the engine room of the stricken ship.

The *Athenia* keeled over under the impact. Frenzied cries came up from the shambles that a few moments before had been the shipshape engine room. A geyser of steam and black oil shot through a ventilator. A hatch crashed open and the body of a seaman spun for a moment, then fell back on the forward deck, a mass of bloody pulp—the victim of a man's greed.

From below came the cries of women and children, and soon the companionways were spewing panic-stricken passengers onto the slanting deck.

The wounded sobbed in agony, some retched in the throes of death.

Women wept in anguished horror as they called for their loved ones. Children, too young to realize that this was man-made hate, screamed for their parents. Officers shouted commands as the crew sprang for the davits.

"Women and children first!" came the old order of the sea, as the passengers began to tumble into the lifeboats.

Unmindful of danger, ignoring the fact that the *Athenia* was beginning to keel over toward the starboard, Masters looked out across the waves to where a gray conning tower was breaking through the surface. His teeth clenched as he watched distant figures pour out on the wet, slippery plates and man a gun on the forward deck.

"Better hurry, sir," shouted a sea-

man racing toward one of the boats. "She's going fast. Struck fair an' square in the boiler room."

Masters grabbed up his portable radio and hurried toward his boat station. He tossed the radio into the boat, then began to help a frightened mother and her sobbing boy into the boat.

"Come on, lad," Masters said quietly. "You've got to be a soldier. Got to take care of your mother."

"But Daddy isn't here," sobbed the lad. "He's down in the dining room. He's bleeding awful. Mummy'll go crazy if he doesn't come. Can't you get him? Please help him, Mister!"

Masters looked down at the appealing face, then lifted the lad into the boat, and placed him in his mother's arms. "I'll get your dad for you, son," he said calmly, as he turned and ran down the companionway.

He found the man pinned under an overturned table. He was dazed and bleeding from a gash across his forehead.

"Easy does it!" encouraged Masters, as he lifted the table and flung it to one side. "We'll have you out of here in a jiffy."

"My wife and boy!" moaned the man.

"Don't worry," said Masters. "They're in a boat. You might not get in the same one, but you'll find them when you land. Come on!"

THE voice of the Lone Eagle steadied the man. He clung to the American's arm as they stumbled from the shambles of what had been a dining room. Masters finally got the man to a boat and watched it being lowered along the sloping sides of the sinking *Athenia*.

"You should have got in that one, sir," said a ship's officer, as he adjusted his lifebelt. "Don't know how long she'll keep afloat."

"Many more down there?" Masters asked the blue-clad man.

The man nodded. "Bloody Huns!" he gritted. "Maybe I should say Hun. It's that damned madman Hitler behind all this. Making war on women and children already."

Masters motioned toward the companionway. "Let's get some more of them out while there's still time, before she dives," he said, and calmly led the way below with the ship's officer at his heels.

CHAPTER II

A Night of Hell



MASTERS had no idea how long he had helped drag dazed and wounded passengers from the lower decks and up to the lifeboats, as he stood almost alone on the tilting deck with a trickle of blood zigzagging down his cheek from a cut on his forehead.

"War isn't a day old, and I'm clipped," he thought grimly.

A single shell had been fired from the sub, and the fragments had flown around the Lone Eagle like angry hornets. One single splinter had swiped its way across his forehead.

"Boats are all gone," said a calm voice at his side, and Masters saw the man who had been helping him carry wounded passengers.

Masters nodded. "Guess we've got to jump for it, then. We'll make for the nearest boat that's got room for a couple more."

"Righto," said the Britisher coolly. He climbed up on the rail and dived over the side.

The stern rail of the stricken liner was already under water, and the waves were creeping toward the boat deck on which Masters stood. He climbed up on the rail, bent his knees and then straightened them. His body arced out into the night, as he leaped far, to clear the slanting sides of the sinking vessel. He came to the sur-

face close to the side of a lifeboat.

"Any room in there?" he asked the man in the stern.

"Full up, sir," came the reply out of the shadows. "Sorry. But watch out! That bloody Hun's around yet."

Masters stuck his head under water and held his breath while he listened. He could hear a faint throb, coming from somewhere down there in the dark depths, could catch the thrashing beat of a screw. The sub was passing under him now, heading for the fringe of the ring of scattered lifeboats.

"Just making sure he's done his dirty work!" The Lone Eagle cursed, and struck out for another boat.

He tried three before he found one that had room for an extra survivor. Willing hands pulled him into the boat. As he slumped down on a seat and started to wring the water from his sodden clothes a boyish voice alongside him spoke up.

"It's the man that went after Father, Mother," said the eager voice. "Didn't you find him, Mister?"

"He's in another boat, son," Masters smiled. "He'll be all right. Soon as the rescue ships reach us you'll see him again."

The lad shoved something toward the Lone Eagle. "I saved this for you. Kept it from getting wet, I did."

"That's fine," said the Lone Eagle, as he took his little radio from the lad's outstretched hands.

As he placed the radio on the seat behind him the man at the tiller nudged him, and pointed.

"Hun's on the surface now, sir. See his conning tower silhouetted against the rising moon?"

Masters looked and saw the shadowy outline of the German submarine. It was lying on the surface with its bow pointing east. It seemed to make a black gap between the shimmering waves and the slowly rising moon.

Cries of terror around him. Others had spotted the sinister shadow of the

ugly hulk. He muttered a word of encouragement to a woman who seemed fearful that the undersea craft was returning to sink all the heavily laden lifeboats.

"Might have his bow pointed east for a purpose," he murmured, as he snapped the switch of his radio.

HIS fingers fumbled a bit in the dark, but he managed to switch the set to low wave length reception, and began to turn the dimly lit dial. He kept turning until he had reached the wave band he knew was being used by the German navy. For a second or two all he heard was the crackling of static. Then a low humming note came from the little loudspeaker. He grabbed a pencil from his pocket and began to mark down the letters on the back of an envelope as they came whispering out of the night.

He was not surprised to find them an apparently meaningless jumble of letters and figures. He had expected the Germans to be transmitting in code. But he had been up against German code before. In fact, he had reached a point in deciphering code where he was considered one of the world's experts.

While he wrote down the letters, his keen eyes picked up the blinking lights of the first rescue ship. The submarine slipped away from the path of silver wavering across the moonlit waters and disappeared. Almost at the same instant the chatter of the wireless stopped, and the Lone Eagle knew that the boat was submerging.

The man at the stern of Masters' lifeboat ignited a flare to show the position of the boat. By its light Masters started to work on the coded message. He had missed the first part of it, but hoped there might be enough to give him some clue as to the message.

Painstakingly, he worked at the letters, writing and rewriting them on the back of other envelopes. Now and

then he glanced at the approaching lights. He turned the dial and caught up the stuttering wireless of the Norwegian freighter *Knute Nelson*.

"They ought to be picking us up by midnight," he said to the man at the tiller. "*Yacht Southern Cross* is on its way, too."

Then he bent over his puzzle and began to make it take form.

"That'll do it," he murmured an hour later, as he checked to make sure he had the key. "Now let's see what that Hun had to report."

Letter by letter the message of the German U-boat commander began to take shape. The call letters had been missed, but there was enough in the body of the message to keep the Lone Eagle wondering for some time to come. The fragment he had picked up read:

... *Doktor* is to be congratulated on the success of his new device. Tonight we sighted the *S.S. Athenia* and fired a torpedo from the starboard tube. Our attack would have been a failure with old type torpedo. But thanks to the *Herr Doktor* we hit the *Athenia* exactly where we expected to strike—midship in the boiler room. With this new weapon we will sweep the enemy from the seas. Victory will be ours. *Athenia* will sink in . . . Closing. Boats approaching Promise you another victory tomorrow.

Leutnant Halfen.

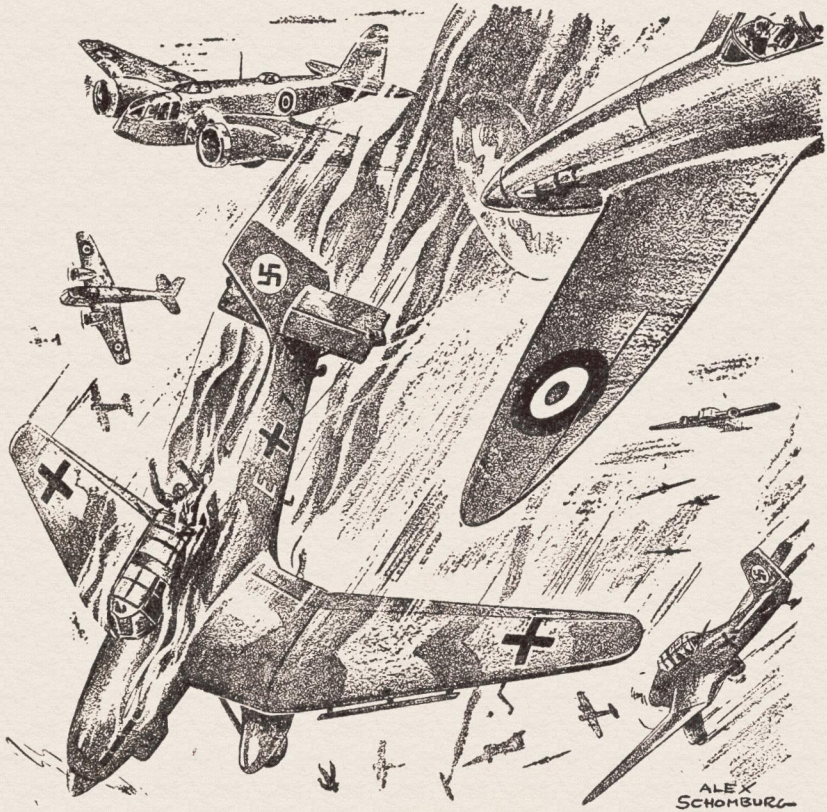
Masters leaned closer to the sputtering flare and read the message over for the second time. His brows wrinkled as he came to "we hit exactly where we expected to strike."

Once again the ingenuity of the enemy had been expended on the killing of defenseless noncombatants! There was no excuse for the torpedoing of this vessel. It had been heading west, every spare inch taken up by Americans and Canadians whose only thought was getting out of the war zone.

All around him boats danced on the choppy, moonlit waves. On every side he could hear the cries of

wounded, the anguished sobs of mothers who had lost track of their children. To his left he heard a cry and looked up in time to see the occupants of the nearest boat struggling with a woman. She kept sobbing that her baby had been spilled into the sea

struck out with strong, powerful strokes for where the frantic young mother had jumped to follow her baby. Time after time he dived, his outstretched arms groping in the murky water. But he could not find the woman, and finally had to allow



Masters struck the nose down and opened up with his guns (Chapter VI)

by the ruthless raiders of the deep. Then with a cry that Masters would not forget to his dying day she broke loose and leaped.

Masters was on his feet in a flash. His coat came off. His shoes had been left on the deck of the sinking *Athenia*. He leaped between a pair of sweeping oars, and for the second time that night was in the water. He

himself to be pulled back into the boat.

He was panting heavily.

"Damn his soul!" the Lone Eagle cursed. "Damn this war he's brought on! I'm going to do my bit to stop him!"

And before he realized it the die had been cast. Hatred of war and of the man who had caused it swept over

him as he sat huddled in the lifeboat, listening to the heart-rending cries.

"I'm staying," he murmured. "I'm staying to see this thing through. It can't go on. It mustn't!"

When he turned to face the searchlights from a newly arrived destroyer that were sweeping the lifeboat-dotted sea, his eyes were cold, hard—hard as tempered steel. His weathered face was etched with lines of determination.

Once again he was to be a crusader against the scourge of war!

CHAPTER III

A Recruit for Tolerance



HE big Vickers supermarine "Stranraer" flying boat lifted off the choppy waters and swung gracefully toward the east. Glancing out one of the ports, Masters saw the destroyer that had picked up the boat in which he had spent a great deal of that terrible night, dropping away until it became a speck.

Masters had no sooner hit the deck of that destroyer and been given shoes and dry clothes than he was in touch with its commander, and had the rather puzzled man getting in touch with the Air Ministry in London.

"It's all deucedly irregular, old chap," the commander had mumbled. "But if you're really who you say you are I guess I won't be strafed very badly. I've read about some of the jobs you did in the last war. Must be a stout fella!"

Masters did not answer as he watched the wireless man send out the call to London. . . .

And that same call, streaking through the ether, was being intercepted by a gray-clad man in German Headquarters. He typed it out on a bit of yellow paper, and then sent it through the regular channels to Hitler's Intelligence Service.

To him it was just a bit of routine. The name Masters meant nothing to him, and if anyone had told him that he was to get an iron cross for picking that simple message out of the air he would have laughed. He caught two more messages containing that same name and passed them on.

But that name had caused a furor in Intelligence Headquarters. It had been shown to a young woman who had been talking to the *Kommandant*, getting her last instructions before heading into France to work for the service. Her large black eyes had widened as her chief handed her the yellow slip.

"Does that name mean anything to you, *Fräulein*?" he asked grimly.

She had noticed that his face had suddenly gone white. In a moment she, too, felt a tremor of apprehension sweep through her.

"John Masters!" she exclaimed. "It must be the Lone Eagle. Only last week my mother was saying that she was glad that America would not be in this thing so that I would not have him to guard against."

The chief of Intelligence nodded. He took the paper from the hand of his young operative. "I, too, mentioned that fact only the other day to our field marshal. What can it mean? He must be one of the survivors of the *Athenia*, *nicht wahr*?"

"Perhaps," breathed the young woman. "But he cannot be going to fight for our enemies. He is an American."

A grim smile played across the face of the German officer. He took his monocle from his left eye, wiped it carefully on a perfumed silk handkerchief, then leaned back, swinging the bit of glass on its cord.

"That torpedo, so hastily fired by an anxious U-boat commander, may be the cause of a lot of grief for us," he confessed. "There were women and children on board that vessel. Many of them are dead now. And their

deaths might be bringing this Lone Eagle back for us to contend with."

"But if he should learn the secret of these new torpedoes!" exclaimed the woman. "To say nothing of the bombs! My mother says he was uncanny in his ability to turn any of our own new weapons against us."

THE officer snapped his monocle into his breast pocket and leaned forward.

"*Fräulein*," he said, his piercing eyes agleam. "It will be your task to carry on in your mother's footsteps. We have faith in your ability. That is why we have given you the most famous letter and number in the annals of the German Intelligence Service. I trust you will make R-Forty-seven equally famous. You are assigned the task of bringing the Lone Eagle low. I don't care what steps you take. I don't care if his mission is a peaceful one. All I want is the assurance that he is dead. Alive, sooner or later he will be sticking his nose into our affairs. You understand, *Fräulein*?"

A smile crossed the beautiful face, but it was a smile saturated with all the poison of hatred, one that might have been copied from the youthful face of her mother.

"I am to have *carte blanche*, I take it?" she said, as she studied the face of the man across the desk. "If so, may I ask why the delay in taking care of this man?"

"What do you mean?" glared the Intelligence officer.

She nodded her pretty head toward the phone.

"It might be wise to have a *Staffel* of fighters patrolling the sky over the Channel. He is to be landed at Dunkirk. It should not be hard to intercept a big seaplane."

"And you?"

"As soon as it is dark I will have myself flown over near Dunkirk and will drop out with a parachute—that

is, if the fighters fail to get him. Give orders that the plane is to be sent to the bottom. There is no room for gallantry in dealing with this man."

The *Kommandant* reached for the phone. His harsh voice barked orders that sent a *Staffel* of speedy Heinkel HE.112s into the air to intercept the big Vickers hurtling across the northern tip of Scotland on a course that would take it across the Channel to Dunkirk. There the Lone Eagle was to meet the high commands of the British and French armies.

* * * * *

The Lone Eagle spotted them boring in out of the east, twelve ominous dots, twelve green Heinkels in whose cockpits sat pilots who had orders to down this Vickers at all costs.

"Get in touch with the mainland squadrons!" shouted Masters, as he rushed in on the startled radio officer. "We're going to be attacked. We'll need help, and bad!"

The wireless officer was on the verge of resenting the Lone Eagle's brusque manner. But there was something about this man that gave the impression that he knew what he was doing and was used to having his orders obeyed.

Even before the Lone Eagle was out of sight the officer heard the rattle of machine guns, and the crackle of slugs boring through the hull of the big Vickers. He lost no time in sending out a frantic SOS for aid.

As Masters turned toward the pilot's cockpit, he saw the glass cover of the control cabin shatter. He grabbed for support as the young R.A.F. officer swung the ship over on one wing in an effort to avoid the converging bursts.

When Masters leaned over the cockpit's shoulder the man pointed toward the gunner's cockpit.

"Jeffries is hit. He's out."

The youngster started from his seat, but Masters pushed him back.

"You stay here. You might have to

take over. I'll handle those guns up front."

"Know how?" asked the pilot.

Masters grinned. "I was handling guns and shooting at black crosses while you still had your nose in school books. I'll show these babies I haven't lost the knack of throwing lead."

SQUEEZING between the two men, Masters crawled forward to where the observer was crumpled up, but still trying to fire his guns.

"Here, Buddy," snapped Masters, "let me carry on for you. You try to crawl back there so's the co-pilot can bandage you up."

The man relinquished his grasp on the Vickers gun, and started to make his way painfully to the control cabin, leaving a smear of red to mark his path.

The Lone Eagle grabbed the new type Vickers gun, spun the drum to get a cartridge started in the feed block, and crouched low behind the mounting. They were coming down on the big seaplane from all sides now. Like angry green hornets they were unleashing their venom on the lumbering crate. There were so many speedy little fighters that they became over-confident.

And that over-confidence was the swift undoing of two pilots in almost as many seconds. Masters had lost none of his touch, or skill, in the years that had slipped by since he had battled black-crossed ships in the air. Only now the ships carried a second insignia. Every rudder carried a red swastika in a circle of white on the rudder.

Sooner or later Masters knew he would be aiming guns on that target, the trademark of the oppressor. And now the time had come. Once again he was handling his guns with that same cool precision that had made him the greatest ace of those war-torn skies of France.

He caught the first of those murder-

ous Heinkels coming down in a thundering dive from the left. The slugs whistled around him like a swarm of bees. But the Lone Eagle moved his guns surely, and slowly, allowing for the speed of the diving crate, his eyes narrowed as they sought the sight. He had that pointed, metal-spinnered nose on the edge of the ring now. His forefinger tightened on the trigger. His teeth clenched as he let go.

The gun leaped in his hands. Tracer snickered away from the jumping muzzle and bored its blazing path right into the prop of the hurtling ship. The prop seemed to crack under the impact of the well placed burst. The ship staggered, wavered to one side, as a big chunk of the blade tore loose and went whirling away in space.

Masters saw the pilot shove the cowling cover back, push himself upward as if he were going to bail out. But the sight of those hungry waves eight thousand feet below seemed to make him change his mind. He started to ease his riddled crate to a landing on the Channel.

"Wise boy," muttered Masters, training his gun on another of the Heinkels. He caught that one in the top of a half roll, and one short blazing burst did the trick. The ship jerked. The glass cockpit cover shattered as the bullets tore through, and danced away like a thousand scattered diamonds in the sun. He saw the pilot strain against his harness, then slump forward as a feather of red spread back from the cowling.

"The first was for that lost baby," snarled Masters. "And that one's for the mother."

He swung his gun and drove another Heinkel into a curling zoom as the other ship smashed into the waves far below. And then all that was left to mark the grave of one of the Fuehrer's fanatical followers was a patch of spreading oil.

The fate suffered by their two com-

panions seemed to lash the other Heinkel pilots into a fury. They had been led to believe that they were invincible in the air. Yet the gunner in the front cockpit of a lumbering British seaplane had blasted two of their number from the air.

BULLETS swarmed around the weaving seaplane. Time after time Masters unleashed short, quick bursts that sent the Heinkels scurrying. He could hear the gunner in the rear cockpit lashing out with his guns, keeping those Huns at bay whenever they tried to swoop down on the tail of the seaplane.

"That's a stout lad," murmured Masters, as he saw a Heinkel disintegrate in mid-air and fall toward the restless waters of the Channel, a hundred whirling pieces, a hundred bits of flame-seared metal.

The pilot had bailed out. His chute was mushrooming over his head like a white umbrella. But just what good it was going to do him was problematical. A chute was rather an awkward thing to have tangling around one in the water.

Masters heard slugs tearing their way through metal. And when he glanced over his shoulder he was glad that there was an extra pilot up there in the control cabin. The lieutenant behind the wheel was making frantic motions with one hand for the copilot to take over, while with the other he sought to stem the flow of blood from a hole in his shoulder.

The big Vickers danced through the air as the co-pilot tried every trick they had taught him at training school to avoid the attack of an enemy plane. But there were nine of those scintillating low-wing jobs, flashing and rolling around the big ship, diving and zooming, throwing clusters of hot lead every time their noses were pointed at the Vickers.

The sky was filled with hate. Motors roared. Guns chattered an-

grily. Bullets whined through space, seeking human flesh to glut their blood-thirsty appetite. Bits of metal let go and flashed away in the raging slipstream. Once again death danced and gibbered in the skies. Man, suddenly gone insane with the lust for power, was going to play the tune again!

With feet spread to afford him support against the wild gyrations of the plane, Masters stood steadfast, guns ready, his eyes narrowed as he fought not only for his life but the lives of thousands.

He caught another Heinkel in the deadly web of his tracer. He saw it smack into the twisting smoke and falter as if it had run into a stone wall. He did not see it go down. He was too busy trying to stem the attack of another of those green ships that was poised for another dive on the British seaplane.

But despite the terrific hammering, and the noise of motors and guns, Masters' mind was busy. He was still trying to figure out how it was possible for a torpedo to change its course and smack right into the engine room of a speeding liner.

"Might be wireless," he considered, as he swept a burst across the nose of a green Heinkel. "Heard they've all been experimenting with radio-controlled torpedoes. Then there is the possibility that they might be carrying out this one-man sub idea the Japs are rumored to have. That's hardly possible. A Jap might be willing to sacrifice his life like that, but a German's hardly likely to be so fatalistic. Nor like a Frenchman, or Englishman."

A Heinkel laid a flock of slugs across the fuselage of the big Vickers. Masters tried to get a shot at the monoplane, but it was clawing for the skies with all the momentum of a long dive and the roaring power of a 660-HP Junkers motor. He threw a burst at it as it screamed by, then

changed drums to be ready for the next attack.

AS HE slammed the drum on the post, swung it to engage a cartridge in the feed block, subconsciously in his mind was the thought of that message he had picked up from the U-boat that had sent the *Athenia* to the bottom. This unknown *Herr Doktor* was responsible for the success of that attack. His device, perhaps a new method of sighting through a periscope appeared to be responsible.

The Lone Eagle eliminated that at once. It was something far more important. He had seen that torpedo actually change its course. There was something about those torpedoes he had to discover if Allied trading was not to be wiped from the seas.

Then all thought of the ghastly sinking of the *Athenia* was brushed from his mind as he fought to stave off the terrific attack of three Heinkels coming down on him from the port side. And two more were poised up there, waiting to come down just as the other three were finishing.

As the three first attackers came down, one right behind the other, Masters swung his gun to fire over the top wing. The sinister whining of bullets was all around him as the Heinkel in the lead swept down.

The attack was well organized. Far better than he suspected. For the Lone Eagle did not see a mottled Heinkel coming up under the seaplane.

He tossed a line of tracer across the path of the first Heinkel. It worked its way back along the fuselage until it splattered round holes in the swastika insignia, and all but tore the rudder away.

"Got that one right," he growled, as he started to swing his weapon on the second ship.

The first Heinkel was spinning, the pilot fighting with the cowl cover, trying to slide it back so that he could

bail out. The Lone Eagle threw a glance over his shoulder toward the west, hoping to see a flock of R.A.F. planes coming to their aid. But there were no speedy little monoplanes knifing the air.

As he caught the second Heinkel in his sights he felt the rattle of slugs playing along the bottom of the big Vickers. A spray of tracer leaped up at the port motor, and in the flash of an eye a gob of black smoke poured out from the thundering Bristol motor. The prop ground to a stop and quivered in the rush of wind. The fountain of gray shifted. Again it caught the weaving hull of the seaplane. The ship seemed to stagger, then fall off on one wing. The starboard motor kept on roaring, dragging the ship tighter and tighter into a deadly spin.

The Lone Eagle managed to throw one last burst at a black-crossed crate before the sky began to whirl. When he looked over, the side the Channel was a blur of wave-streaked water.

Masters clutched the scarf mounting, fighting to keep his feet. The sky, Channel, and Heinkels became a confused blur, as he turned toward the cockpit—and caught a rasping breath. The co-pilot was slumped over the wheel, dead. A trickle of blood poured from between his clenched teeth. By his side, the pilot who had been wounded earlier in the fight was struggling desperately with one hand to bring the big ship under control.

The big seaplane was spinning fast now, too fast for the remaining Heinkels to get a shot at it, although tracer was still dancing around the doomed ship.

Masters cursed as the irony of it struck him full in the face. He was trapped in a spinning ship, going to his death under the vicious lash of German guns! He was mixed up in the war, fair and proper—being shot down by planes carrying the insignia of the man he hated!

"I can't let them get me!" he rasped through clenched teeth. "I won't die until I've rid the world of this man who's eating into the vitals of civilization like a malignant cancer. I've got to live!"

He dropped to his knees and started to worm his way along the passage-way leading to the control cockpit. The determination to live, to fight this half-mad creature who threatened to tear the foundations of the world from its base, was in every line of his face.

Once again he was the Lone Eagle!

Once again he was the man who refused to give up, no matter what the odds.

CHAPTER IV

The Creed of the Lone Eagle



BY HERCULEAN efforts the Lone Eagle worked his way under the dash of the spinning ship and into the control cabin.

"Port engine's cut out!" gasped the wounded pilot.

Masters glanced up at the 1000-HP Bristol *Pegasus*. Its prop was dying, swinging to a halt at the half-past twelve position. Even if he did manage to get the crate out of its spin he would have to land on the cold, turbulent waters of the Channel.

He pushed the dead co-pilot out of his place, slid him into the rear passage, then dropped into the seat. Shoving the wheel as far forward as it would go, he neutralized the controls as the white-capped waves made pin-wheels in front of his anxious eyes.

Then his foot began to work on the port rudder stirrup. The white circles became waves again as the Channel waters reached up for the big Vickers. Masters watched the altimeter unravel as the ship hurtled toward the dancing waves.

"Pull her out!" cried the pilot, as

he began to brace himself for the shock of a crash. "Yank her out!"

But Masters had been in tighter fixes. He knew it did not pay to hurry things, especially with a badly riddled ship.

Even while the frantic pilot was yelling he was starting to pull the Vickers out of its breath-taking dive.

Bit by bit his arms came back, the muscles knotted under his sleeves. His hands clenched the wheel until his knuckles gleamed white against the black rim. The blunt nose of the big ship was lifting slowly. Inch by inch it was gaining on those white lines marring the surface of the Channel.

Now was the time! The muscles in his legs tightened as he braced himself and reared back on the wheel. The nose seemed to be lifting a foot at the time. Would he have it up in time to escape those hungry waves? The muscles along his jaw hardened as slowly he drew the wheel back against his chest.

For one wild moment he thought he was going to fail. The green water was reaching for the gleaming hull. He gave one last yank on the wheel, risked pulling the riddled ship to pieces as he strained every muscle to win his unequal battle. The Vickers surged upward, but not before its V-shaped hull had kissed a wave. It bounced with a sickening thud, then its battered nose was reaching for the clouds, though ready to stall at any moment.

"We're washed out!" groaned the pilot, blood trickling between his fingers.

"Not yet, we aren't," Masters muttered tightly, as he shoved the wheel forward. "Got one more chance."

It seemed an eternity before the Vickers dropped its nose toward the waves again, an eternity punctuated by tracer thrown by the Heinkels from above.

"Damned devils won't give us half

a chance for our lives!" Masters growled, cursing.

He jockeyed the wheel until the flippers got a grip on the turbulent air. Then he eased the wheel back to neutral, saw the nose hold steady. The Vickers caressed a wave, leaped away as if it had been burned, then settled slowly until its hull was deep in the water.

The ship lost forward speed, then came to a complete stop.

"Pretty," mumbled the wounded pilot, grinning. "Damned pretty. You can handle a stick like a pukka pilot. Take my hat off to you."

MASTERS moved his lips as if he were going to speak. But he changed his mind. His keen eyes had spotted something on the water close to the downed ship.

"Look!" he cried, as he pointed through the shattered glass cowling cover. "One of the Jerries! Tangled in his chute."

"Hell with him!" growled the pilot. "Look at this."

Masters looked down at the bottom of the big seaplane and saw water.

"Leaking badly, eh? That guy must have punctured our bottom plenty. Get the wireless officer and the rear gunner to try and pump her out." Masters was ripping off his shoes. "I'm going to have a go at getting that poor devil out of that mess. Can't let him drown like a rat."

"Get him on board and let him drown with us, eh?" The pilot shrugged as he pushed himself from his seat.

Masters used a shoe to smash the splinters of glass clinging to the frame of the cover, then dived through.

"Reckless bird," muttered the watching pilot. "Wonder who he is? Knows how to shoot, knows how to handle a ship, and says he was shooting at Huns while I still had my nose in school books. Must be an important

cove, though, if they sent me to pick him up."

He kept muttering the name "Masters" over and over. There was something familiar about it. He was sure he had heard it before.

And meanwhile the man himself was striking out for the sinking Hun with long, powerful strokes. He soon reached the spot, and began cutting the tangled shrouds.

"Take it easy, Fritz," he muttered. "Steady. Don't grab at me."

In a few seconds he had the German pilot free, and was swimming slowly back toward the crippled ship.

"It is no use, Englishman," moaned the German as he struck out feebly to help the Lone Eagle. "We will only reach the ship to drown."

"Come on!" panted Masters. "Buck up! We'll make it. They are bailing the ship out. We'll keep afloat until help comes."

"No," sobbed the weakening German. "You go on, but keep away from the plane."

"Shut up!" snarled Masters. "We'll make it."

Even as he spoke a geyser of water leaped up in front of him, curtaining the seaplane from his sight. He heard the angry whine of a zooming ship and looked up. Another Heinkel was diving, and as it neared the seaplane he saw a blob of black leave the little single-seater.

"They're bombing it!" he gasped, as the black object hurtled toward the Vickers, exploding as it smashed through the tip of the port wing. "The devils! Won't give us a chance!"

As the second ship dropped its twenty-pounder, a third was peeling off the tight little formation above and coming down. Masters watched it as he swam ahead, saw that bomb strike the water close to the tail of the Vickers.

The gunner in the seaplane's rear cockpit was doing his best to drive the diving ships away. But despite the

fountain of fire he turned skyward, the bombers kept swooping down, each time dropping a bomb. "Damn their souls!" moaned the Lone Eagle.

"Do not blame them," gasped the Hun.

"Shut up," snarled Masters. "I should have left you out there to drown like a rat."

THE Vickers was settling lower and lower in the water. Its hull had evidently taken a good dose of that stuff being dropped from the Heinkels. But he kept swimming toward the big ship even as he saw two of the Heinkels diving with guns wide open, trying to silence the man in the rear cockpit. "Give it to them lads," Masters shouted. "Give 'em hell!"

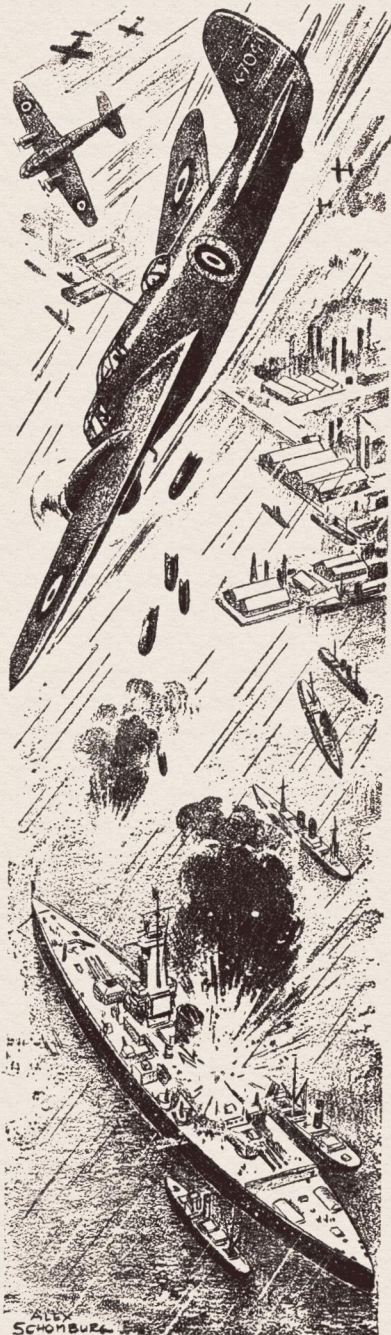
A Heinkel turned turtle in mid-air as a sweeping burst of tracer played over it. Brushing the salt spray from his eyes, Masters saw the pilot try to bail out, only to have his chute foul in the rudder of the plane. The plane began to spin, throwing the trapped pilot out behind. Then pilot and ship hit the water with a tremendous splash, and disappeared from sight.

"Nice shooting, Buddy," the Lone Eagle panted, as he yanked the German up to the side of the riddled seaplane. "Throw me a line! We're going to have company for awhile. Looks as if it would be a damned short while, though."

The wireless man threw him a line, and cursed as he drew the panic-stricken German up into the battered hull. Then he tossed the line again and helped Masters from the water.

"Rum thing to do," growled the young Englishman. "Saving his life while his pals try to blow us from the water. Not sporting at all to try and sink us when we're down. Here the blighters come again!"

"And here comes help," cried Masters, pointing toward the west, where



The British plane dumped its cargo of death (Chapter VI)

ALEX. SCHONBERG

a series of black things that looked like flying razor blades were streaking toward them.

"Hawker Hurricanes!" shouted the wireless officer. "Now we'll see some fun! Watch your pals get hell now, Fritz."

The German watched the onrushing Hurricanes in silence. Then a slow smile slipped across his wet face, as the Heinkels suddenly reformed overhead and turned toward the east with the first of the Hawkers snapping on their tails.

"I am glad they could not follow out their orders," he said. "It does not seem patriotic, but I mean it."

Masters had been watching one of the Hurricanes as it swept in on a Heinkel. Eight streaks of gray were pouring from the Brownings in the leading edge, converging on the Heinkel to blow it literally to bits. The pilot dropped away from the wreckage like a plummet, riddled by that hail of bullets.

He had heard the German at his side say something, and at first it had just been words. But somehow those words had suddenly registered on his brain, and in them he caught something sinister.

"What was that you said?" he demanded, turning swiftly on the German.

"I said I was glad that the orders could not be followed out," said the German steadily.

"What orders?"

"We were told that this seaplane must be sunk at all costs," replied the German. "The orders came from Intelligence Headquarters. There is somebody on board they did not wish to reach land."

"Got any idea who this person was?" asked the Lone Eagle brusquely.

"I do not know for sure," said the German. "But there was a rumor that the plane carried an American who was known in the last war as the Lone Eagle."

THE pilot of the Vickers whistled softly, and his eyes widened.

"So you're the chap we heard about in every lecture on aerial combat at ground school. I thought that name Masters was familiar."

"So," exploded the German, "you are the one! I, too, have heard of your deeds. And now you fight against my country again!"

Masters shook his head, and laid his hand on the German's shoulder.

"I'm not going to fight the Germans, old fellow," he said quietly. "I'm fighting to save your country, fighting to make it free again—not only your country but the whole world. My only enemies on your side of the lines are one madman and his cohorts. You think that you are fighting for the right, but you have been under his power so many years, taught his mad doctrine from your school days until your very heart and soul are saturated with his poisonous beliefs."

The German shook his head slowly. "I fight for no one country, Fritz," Masters insisted. "I'm fighting on the side of freedom and tolerance. My only enemy is the man who preaches hate and intolerance. The man who seeks to grind the world under his heel. That is the cause for which I am going to fight. And believe me, Fritz, I've just started."

There was utter lack of comprehension in the German pilot's face as he stared at the Lone Eagle. Such talk was entirely different from what he had been having drummed into his head for years.

Masters looked up into the sky where a big Sopwith Short came trailing after the Hurricanes. That ship would land and pick them up. And none too soon, for the water was beginning to creep up around the feet of the men huddled in the riddled seaplane.

Suddenly the Lone Eagle whirled and grabbed the German's arm.

"Fritz," he snapped, "what's this

new thing they've got for firing torpedoes? How do they control it? You know?"

The startled German shook his head. "Believe me, I do not know anything about torpedoes." Then the expression in his eyes suddenly changed.

"What is it, Fritz?" Masters demanded. "You just happened to think of something, didn't you?"

"I only happened to think of a rumor that has been going around the flying fields," the German said slowly. "A rumor of a new type bomb that cannot miss—a bomb that will bring us victory. If they can manage that with bombs, why not torpedoes? But what it is, *mein Herr*, I do not know. And you must also understand that if I did know, I could not tell."

"Then who is this *Herr Doktor*?" Masters shot back. "The man behind all this?"

A grim smile crossed the German's face. His lips became a firm, thin line across his pale face, and the Lone Eagle knew he was stymied as far as getting any information from that quarter was concerned.

Grimly he watched the four-engined Short land and taxi up to the plane.

CHAPTER V

Free Lance Crusader



WORN and tired, the Lone Eagle stood at the end of a long table in the hunting room of a French chateau just south of the Belgian border. Seated around the table, listening to him anxiously, was a group of older men.

At his left sat gray-haired General Gamelin, chief of the French forces. Alongside the general sat another gray-haired man whose figure and twinkling eyes belied his age. He was General Viaud, head of the French Intelligence Service. He had known John Masters since the last war, and

loved the young American almost as much as he loved his own son Pierre who sat directly across the table from him. Once Pierre had been one of the Lone Eagle's right-hand men. He and Masters had been through many a thrilling adventure together, fighting shoulder to shoulder.

On Masters' right sat Neville Chamberlain, the man on whose shoulders the greatest burden of the present conflict had long rested, the man who had done so much, had absorbed so much criticism in his vain efforts to save the world from this horrible war. Next to Chamberlain sat Sir Cyril Newall, Marshal of Britain's air forces. And at the other end of the table, seated next to the Rt. Hon. Sir Kingsley Wood, British Secretary of State for Air, sat Viscount Gort, Commander in Chief of the British Expeditionary Forces.

"As I told the prisoner we took this morning, gentlemen," Masters was pleading, "I have no fight with the German people. I simply ask you to let me be a free lance agent, a crusader against hate and intolerance. I promise you that I will bend every effort to wipe this man Hitler and the horrible creed he calls Nazism from the face of the earth."

Masters picked up a slip of paper from the table.

"And I can assure you, gentlemen," he continued, "that already the enemy is striking at your very hearts with a new weapon. I have here a list of ships sunk by Nazi U-boats. The list is headed by the *S.S. Athenia* with its appalling list of casualties. I was on that boat, gentlemen, on my way home. But the sight of women and children dying, wounded by the exploding torpedo, mothers sobbing their hearts out because their babes were sinking to the bottom of the ocean, sent there by a ruthless Nazi, sickened me. I saw one mother embrace death in her mad effort to join her babe. I saw fathers searching for

children they would never see again, husbands searching for wives, and wives for husbands. All of them non-combatants. I say again, gentlemen, if Hitler's mad followers have the right to take the lives of innocent women and children, of non-combatants, even as they are doing this very minute in Poland, then I, too, have a right to fight them."

"And this new weapon?" asked Chamberlain, leaning forward.

"It is some new device they are using on torpedoes," said Masters. "Some device by which they are able to control it after it leaves the tubes and is on its way toward the target. I saw the torpedo that hit the *Athenia* and that torpedo actually curved in its course when I thought it was going to miss completely. It changed direction when about a hundred yards away and hit exactly amidships. And from these reports the ships, freighters, tankers, trawlers which have been attacked were hit directly amidships."

General Gamelin's eyes narrowed. He leaned across the table and spoke a word to Pierre. Pierre nodded, took a paper from a briefcase and handed it up to the Lone Eagle.

"LOOK at this, John," said the young Frenchman. "You will see by that report we have just received from Poland that they are dropping bombs with uncanny accuracy. Only this morning three different ammunition trains were bombed from the air. And in each case the locomotive was hit. That means that the whole train was wrecked. Yesterday we had a report that two troop trains had been hit. You know that that is shooting."

Masters' eyes hurried over the report.

"You'll note, too," he said, "that they struck the power plant in five different cities, not once but four times. Looks as if in each case a single plane was loaded or equipped with

unusually accurate bomb sights. The German I rescued mentioned bombs that would win for the Nazis."

Chamberlain looked around the table. "Do you suppose, gentlemen, that this is the weapon to which *Herr* Goering alluded many times? Think of what it would mean if they could bomb London and Paris, striking the objectives they had picked out!"

A grim smile played across the face of General Viaud. He stood up, his keen eyes sweeping from face to face.

"Perhaps I, better than anyone in this room, know what John Masters did for us in the last war. Time after time he helped us to victory when defeat stared us in the face. Gentlemen, I propose that we give him free rein, that we allow him to work when and where he chooses, and in whatsoever way he chooses. We need him."

"But what uniform will he wear?" demanded the viscount. A stickler for old school conventions.

A slow grin spread across the Lone Eagle's face.

"In the last war," he observed, "I wasn't even on the American rolls as a private. I wore a plain khaki outfit, which might have been British for all the markings or insignia it carried. Then there were many times when I wore French uniforms. And a great many times when I wore German uniforms—on more than one occasion the uniforms of German officers. In fact the only times I ever sported a ribbon or medal was when I was working on the other side."

The Lone Eagle looked down at the civilian clothes he had bought in England after the Sopwith Short had rushed him to the nearest land. He looked up.

"Gentlemen," he said slowly, "I will not be a soldier of France or England. I will be a crusader, fighting for the cause of humanity. And a uniform will not be necessary. And understand this: In this fight I will be on my own. True, I will confer with

you, and I will meet you whenever you ask me to. There will be times when I will have to call on you for the use of planes to reach my objectives, or planes to destroy those objectives. I am sure that we will be able to cooperate in every way. I am going to ask General Viaud for his son Pierre to act as my aid and liaison officer. And I may call on one other. A French pilot, Henri De Laval. He, too, was once a helper of mine though he was only a schoolboy. But if he was valuable then, he will be more so now."

The telephone rang and General Viaud answered. He pushed the instrument over to Chamberlain.

"For you, sir. London."

Chamberlain spoke, then listened. Finally he put the phone back on the cradle and he turned to the men.

"GENTLEMEN," he said slowly, "I have just received a report from the Admiralty. Two more vessels have been sent to the bottom by Nazi torpedoes. And the report from the captain of one of the ships confirms what we have just been hearing. He states that he saw the torpedo swerve in its course as if it were being controlled from the U-boat."

"Have you any plans for action?" the viscount asked Masters. "I assure you that you will have the full cooperation of the British Expeditionary forces."

"Of all His Majesty's forces," amended Chamberlain.

"And of every branch of the French services," spoke up Premier Daladier, who had joined the conference a moment before the telephone rang.

"It seems reasonable to me," Masters said thoughtfully, "that if they are using a new device on their torpedoes that some clue might be picked up around Wilhelmshaven or Cuxhaven."

"But that is in enemy territory," exclaimed Sir Kingsley Wood.

"I am used to working from the other side, sir," Masters said steadily. "All I need now is a way of getting there."

Pierre Viaud grinned. He knew the way the Lone Eagle's mind worked.

"You suggest a parachute as the quickest and most efficient method, I take it, John."

"Mind reader," Masters murmured, and grinned back.

"When?" asked Air Marshal Newall.

"At once," the Lone Eagle said promptly. "Every minute counts." His eyes lighted as he leaned across the table. "Why not kill two birds with one stone and let the *Fuehrer* have a taste of his own medicine. There will no doubt be U-boats and battleships around the entrance to the Kiel Canal. Might catch one or two right in the canal. Make an easy target. We'll do some damage and at the same time test out Goering's aircraft defenses. In the excitement, I can bail out. From there on I'll be on my own."

For a moment the room buzzed with excitement. Then Sir Cyril Newall reached for the phone. Quick as a flash the Lone Eagle laid his hand over the instrument.

"I don't wish to be rude, sir. But I think it would be better to wait and issue the orders in England. Spies you know. I will fly back with you and we can discuss the details on the way."

"You have a place in this plan for me, John?" Pierre asked eagerly.

Masters nodded. "I flew a Spitfire over here, Pierre. Will you fly it back, and sort of act as escort? When I've got my plans laid, no doubt I'll find a spot where you can get some action. And by the way, have Henri standing by in case we need him."

The Lone Eagle turned back to his allies who were gathering their papers together.

"Gentlemen," he said slowly, "I am with you to the end—the end that I hope will be the defeat of Hitlerism. That alone is my goal."

Murmuring approval the men hurried from the room, leaving the Lone Eagle, General Viaud and Pierre standing by the table. For a moment there was silence. Then with a catch in his voice the Chief of French Espionage reached out and took the hand of the American.

"I am glad you have thrown your lot in with us on our fight against that man," he said fervently. "I feel better now."

Masters smiled, reached out and grasped Pierre's arm.

"We're one for all and all for one," he said slowly, as they turned and left the room.

CHAPTER VI

Wilhelmshaven



MISTY RAIN drove through the air over the North Sea as twelve Blenheim bombers bored through the late afternoon skies. Each ship, equipped with two Bristol Mercury VIII engines, thundered toward the Kiel Canal at better than two hundred and sixty miles an hour.

There was an appearance of sturdiness, speed, and power about the mottled planes as they hurtled on in formation of threes. And, sitting above the bombers, with engine at almost half throttle sat a supermarine Spitfire. Now and then, to keep from running over the formation of two-engined jobs, the speedy little single seater did a figure eight overhead.

In the leading Blenheim, seated beside the grim-faced little British pilot sat John Masters.

"Sure some difference in these crates and those we flew in the last mess," Masters called over to the man

at the wheel. "Anybody even suggested two-engined jobs with a speed close to three hundred we would have called them crazy."

The tense lines of the R.A.F. man's face became a grin.

"I've seen some of those jobs," he said, adjusting the throttles of the two 840 h.p. motors. "You chaps had lots of what it takes."

"What about you fellows?" Masters looked down at the bomb-sighter who stared at the restless waves through the glass enclosed nose of the Blenheim. "You've got more and better equipment to contend with. Couple of guns to a ship was all we had."

The Lone Eagle looked up at the Spitfire circling overhead.

"There's my buddy up there—Pierre Viaud. He's flying a ship that has eight machine guns. Four in each wing. And beside that his crate will cut the air at better than three-fifty." He studied the trim little low-wing job and shook his head. "Can't say I'm so keen on all that speed. Two fast for efficient combat work."

"Be great when you want to run, though," said the grinning Britisher.

"Of the thirty-seven ways of getting out of a mess with an enemy *Staffel*," Masters observed, "the best is running. Too many pilots are planted under wooden crosses because they didn't realize that."

The observer up front turned, and pointed dead ahead. Through the driving mist, Masters caught sight of a dark, broken line.

"Frisian Islands," he muttered. "Excitement will start pretty soon."

The pilot had suddenly grown tense again. The Blenheims drew closer to each other as if looking for company. Even Pierre was now sitting just above and behind the formation of raiders. The Lone Eagle looked over the harness of his chute.

"Let me know when you want to bail out, sir," said the R.A.F. pilot. "Can't say I envy you your job."

"You're going to run up against a lot of tough jobs yourself before you see this war finished," said Masters. "This might be the easiest one I tackle. And speaking of tough jobs, looks as if we're about ready to take a little task on right now."

Masters nodded toward a grim-looking two-seater which was boring in on them.

"Junkers JU Eighty-seven K," muttered the pilot, as the formation wheeled to allow the gunners in the rear turret a shot at the onrushing ship. "Dive bomber."

THE Junkers came on headlong. The big Blenheims continued on their course, with every gunner training his Vickers on the low-wing job with the swastika displayed on its square tail.

"He'll be radioing the alarm," growled Masters. "We'll have everybody on our necks now."

"Looks like he's got somebody on his own neck!" yelled the pilot. "Boy, look at that French chap throw that Spitfire around!"

The rattle of machine guns broke above the roar of the motors, their sharp staccato chatter in contrast to the deep-throated pound of the twenty-four Mercury VIII's. The eight Brownings in the wings of the Spitfire were unleashing a murderous spray of lead on the square tail of the Junkers.

The Junkers' pilot tried to swing away to give his gunner a shot at the scintillating little monoplane. But when the Boche swung his guns the target just was not there. Pierre was a pilot of long training in battle skies. And his tutor was none other than the Lone Eagle.

Now Pierre was under the ship, yanking the stick back against his belt. The Spitfire leaped upward, pointing its sharp nose right at the belly of the Junkers. Again eight hosing lines of gray converged on the

Hun ship. And the observer was preparing to jump!

Masters held his breath as the man put his foot on the edge of the cockpit and leaped. He hated flamers, and was always glad to see a man escape the horrible searing from an exploding fuel tank.

The pilot tried to follow. He got as far as standing up on his seat when a cluster of lead caught him. He disappeared in that ghastly pall of smoke that enveloped the stricken plane as it began its corkscrewing flight to the chill waters below, leaving a trail of ugly black smoke behind.

Masters' own pilot was pale, his jaws firmed as he watched that tell-tale skein of black that marked the end of an enemy pilot.

"Seen it lots of times, lad," murmured the Lone Eagle comfortingly. "One of the reasons why I hate war, and despite those that make it while they sit back to let others do the dirty work and die. There's nothing glorious at all about war. It's just plain hell!"

"Why are you in it, then?" the pilot asked quietly. "You don't have to be in this mess if you don't want to."

"To do my bit in stopping it," Masters said soberly. "Try to stop those who have caused this so effectively they'll never have the courage to start another war."

The navigator tapped the pilot on the back and handed him a message. The pilot glanced at the paper and looked up at the Lone Eagle.

"The curtain goes up, sir," he said. "The first act is about to begin. Hope it's not too much of a tragedy. You say when and where, and I'll roll her over so that you can bail out. And if I'm too busy to say it later on, 'Good luck, an' cheerio!'"

Masters nodded as Pierre came sweeping past the Blenheim, holding up one finger to indicate his first victory of the war.

"One real fighter," commended

Masters. "Got his share of enemy planes in the last war. With this one only a day old he's starting a new string. He's one of the—"

Wham! . . . Crash! . . . Crash! . . . Crash!

The guns from the German anti-aircraft batteries below had opened up. The 40-mm. Bofors guns were pouring their murderous bursts of four shells around the formation as they wheeled over the entrance to the Kiel Canal. Through the thick mist and driving rain, Masters caught a glimpse of a gray hulk lying in the ways.

"There!" he yelled above the din of the anti-aircraft fire. "See it? It's one of their pocket battleships. The one with two lighters alongside. A fine target. Let's get it."

IN A FLASH the Britisher went into action.

He shoved the wheel forward, and his eyes sent a message to the bomber who looked back from his position in the nose of the ship.

"Here we go, sir!" cried the pilot, as he peeled the Blenheim away from its group and led the way to the attack.

Masters felt the familiar thrill as he braced himself against the dive. He was determined to see this first attack through before he stepped out into the cold, driving rain and floated through the mist in his quest for the secret of these new torpedoes that never missed their target.

Down and down they went, cutting the thick gray weather with their knifelike wings. The Swedish Bofors guns kept hammering away, and to good effect. The right wing of a diving Blenheim tore loose where a cluster of those big 1.7-inch slugs had blasted through. The three members of the crew struggled to the safety hatches and bailed out. Their chutes popped open when they had cleared the doomed ship, and in a moment or

so they were lost in the swirling mist below.

There had been no chutes in the last war, the Lone Eagle recalled with a pang, remembering how often companions had been forced to go to their deaths in riddled ships.

Watching the air speed indicator creep upward on the black dial, he felt the exhilaration of the screaming dive pour through his veins. The bomb sighter was tense. Through the rain-drenched glass shield the gray hulk of the battleship seemed to be leaping up at them. Even some wash hung along the port rail could be seen. Men were scurrying about down there, racing to their battle stations, training their anti-aircraft guns on the diving bombers.

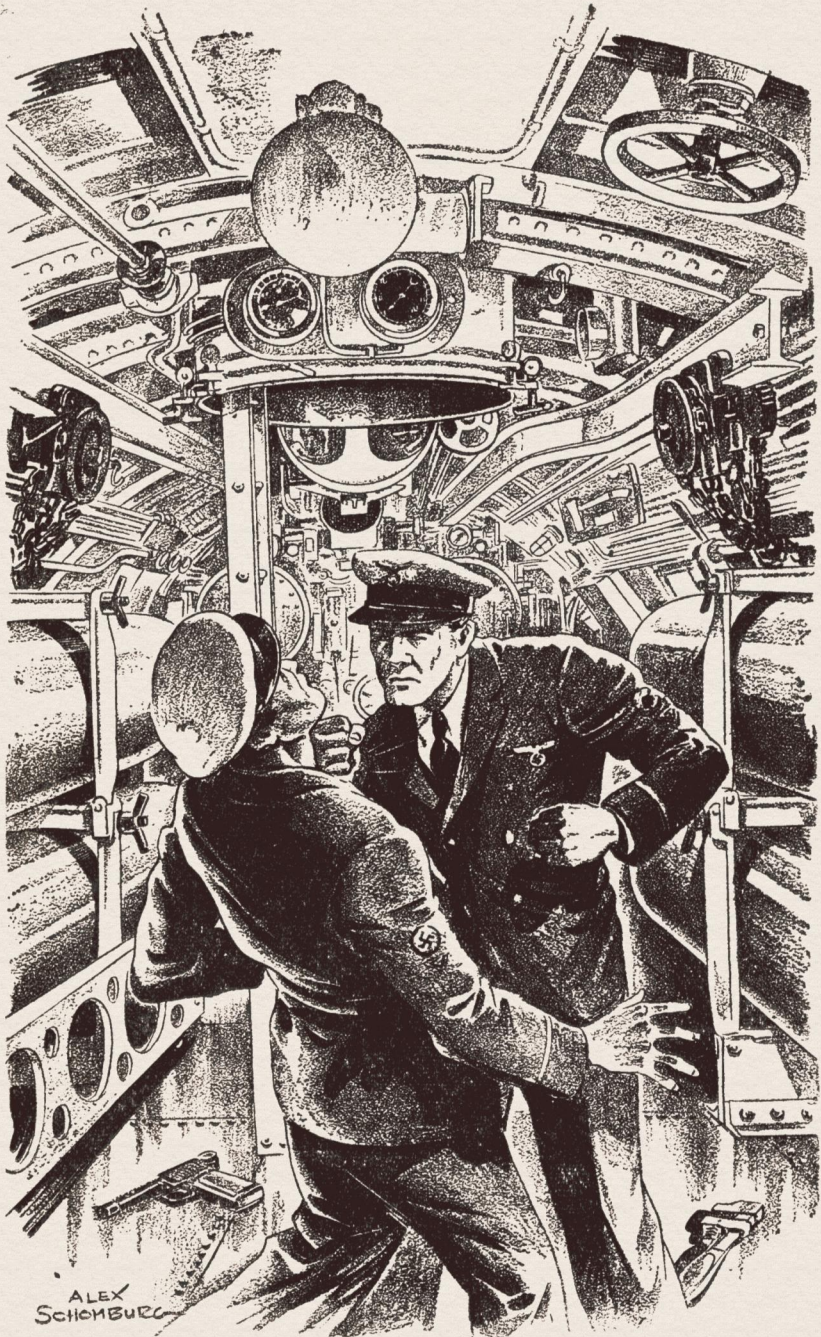
Every second the air around the bombers grew thicker with spattering shrapnel, and screaming shells from the Bofors guns alongshore—murderous little guns mounted on small barges.

Another bomber met a flock of steel head-on and exploded in mid-air before any of the crew had an opportunity to use their chutes. The flaming hulk dropped like a plummet and hit the muck along the bank with a towering splash of black.

FOUR ships were left in the formation. Two had gone down under the efficient fire from the batteries below. The other six were heading north to drop a load of steel-sheathed eggs on Cuxhaven.

The Blenheim hurtled through the darkening skies, with rain trailing behind its wings like wisps of molten silver. Anti-aircraft shells burst around it, making it dance like a thing gone mad.

For the first time in his career, the Lone Eagle had to sit in the cockpit of a plane, absolutely inactive, watching the stuff smash the air to shreds around him. Gladly he would have traded places with the man up front



Masters' fists lashed out against the German's jaw (Chapter XI)

who at least had something to do, watching that gray hulk rushing up at him.

Despite the nerve-racking strain, Masters was fascinated by the cool precision with which the bombsighter signaled to the pilot, bringing the big plane directly on its target.

Suddenly the bomb sighter's arm jerked. Masters felt the upward heave of the ship as the bombs dropped from the racks and whistled down on the battleship. And even as the dull metal eggs started their flight of destruction, the pilot had the wheel back against his chest. The Lone Eagle felt as if his feet were glued to the floor boards when the big Blenheim zoomed.

LOOKING up, he saw Pierre tangling with a small formation of Heinkel HE112s. Pierre was weaving in and out of the five ships like a shuttle gone berserk. And the pattern he wove was one that pleased the Grim Reaper. Twice in almost as many seconds Pierre's Browning caught hold of ships with black crosses on their fuselages and swastikas on their tails. And twice ships turned turtle.

One ship leaped skyward, did a crazy half roll and then went into a spin at full throttle. The scarf of smoke unravelling behind the little ship spun out in tight circles. As it disappeared under the slanting wing of the Blenheim a flare of orange flame clawed back over the cowling at the enclosed cockpit.

The other ship wavered a moment, tried to pick up its flight where it left off as the Frenchman's bullets raked it, but it was no use. That hosing from eight Brownings had concentrated on the right wing spar and tore it to pieces. The wing ripped loose and smashed back against the fuselage, blotting out the white-bordered cross.

In a flash the pilot had the cockpit

cover back and was over the side. As his chute snapped open, he waved to the occupants of the Blenheim who returned the salute of a gallant foe who was trying to slip his chute to make a landing along the shore.

"That's three for Pierre," said the Lone Eagle soberly.

"We either got that battleship down there or came blasted close!" the pilot yelled. "Too bad it wasn't one of our thousand-pounders. Would have blown the tub clean out of the water."

"Nice shooting," commented the Lone Eagle. "This dive bombing is a good racket."

"Want to stick with us while we have a go at that storage shed there by the docks?"

Masters nodded as he looked down at the cloud of smoke drifting away from the battleship.

But before it cleared one of the other Benheims had let go with a big egg that caught the ship along the starboard rail.

The next moment the big ship in which he sat was in another dive. He caught a glimpse of Pierre driving in at another of the Heinkels. But this time the Hun pilot was not getting too close to have a taste of those eight Brownings.

The Blenheim thundered earthward with the roof of a long shed growing larger in the frames of the transparent nose every second.

THE arm of the bomb sighter jerked and a big egg hurtled down on its target.

And once again the twin-engined job responded to the skilful guidance of its pilot and leaped for the rain-drenched clouds.

When Masters looked over the side he saw a cloud of smoke and flame mushroom from the roof of the shed. A column of smoke leaped upward in the driving mist, as he watched that serpentine pillar of smoke an idea flashed into the Lone Eagle's brain!

CHAPTER VII

New Identity

LOOKING around, Masters started to say something—but thought and word were lost in an ear-splitting crash! The glass cover by the side of the pilot's head had a big hole in it, and chunks of the splinter-proof stuff hung away from the jagged gash. And as if it had been painted there by some invisible hand, a big red smear appeared across the pilot's pale cheek.

The Blenheim wavered. Masters reached for the wheel, but despite the painful wound the Britisher pushed his hand away.

"I'm all right, sir. I'll carry on. Break out the first aid kit and put a bit of plaster on to hold the edges together until I get back to the M.O. Are the others all right?"

Masters nodded as he ripped open the kit and began to patch up the pilot's battered face.

"Think you can get me into position?" he asked as he wiped the smeared blood off his hands with a wad of bandage.

"Righto." The pilot nodded emphatically. "I'll spill you out exactly where you say. Then I'm going to toddle off home, and have a snack of tea."

Masters adjusted his chute harness while the pilot turned the Blenheim toward the column of smoke that had joined clouds and lands.

"See you again," the Lone Eagle said coolly as he slowly opened the emergency exit in the roof of the ship. "And thanks for a good show. Tell the lad in the supermarine to be on the alert. Might be needing him soon."

He braced himself as the Blenheim zoomed, then rolled lazily over on its back with one wing almost hidden by that twisting pall of smoke. Masters

launched himself out into the gray mist.

For a breath or so it felt as if he were floating in a sea of wet gray feathers. Then he gave the metal D a yank and threw it from him. He felt the shrouds unravel behind him. Then came the jerk as the pilot chute yanked the main fabric from the seat pack. He reached for the shrouds and steadied the chute, before he began to haul in and spill the air from the right-hand side. The chute slipped into the edge of the swirling smoke and began to dance.

Holding his breath, Masters fought to keep control. When his lungs seemed ready to burst he slipped to the other side, caught a quick lungful and slipped the chute back into the edge of the billowing column of black.

"Got to be careful I don't run into an area where there are sparks," he muttered. "Looks as if oil is throwing this."

Below him he could hear the faint crackle of the leaping flames. Around him, the anti-aircraft guns were tearing the air to shreds in their mad efforts to knock down these British raiders. And off to one side he could hear the chatter of machine guns as the Heinkels tried to make up for the damage being done below.

As the chute dropped lower the air became hotter. It was all that the Lone Eagle could do to keep the leaping, spinning chute under control. But he was handliing that big umbrella almost as well as if it had been fitted with a set of controls.

Each time he slipped out of that pall of smoke for a breath his keen eyes took in the lay of the land. The east wind was driving some of that stuff low over the water. On the land side he caught a dim glimpse of figures trying to put out the fire started by the British bomb. And on the water the men were too busy trying to extinguish a blaze on the battleship

to spot this strange thing that drifted in and out of the smoke.

WHEN only a few yards more were left to go Masters reached for the quick-release button, watching through the swirling mist and smoke for sight of the water. It came before he expected it. He felt his feet go in. The water was so cold it hurt. But in a flash he pressed the button that released the chute harness, the webbing slipped away, and he slid silently under the water.

Beneath the surface, Masters struck out toward a row of piling he had spotted just before he hit. When he came up, it was dark as night under the dock, but he could see the red glow of the fire dancing on the water.

Soundlessly the Lone Eagle made his way toward the shore and crept up on the muddy sands under the far end of the burning building.

"If they put it out before it reaches here," he thought, "all well and good. If they don't, I'll just have to watch my chance and join the firefighters. I'm so messed up with smoke and muck they may never notice my clothes."

As he lay panting in the shadows, he heard a faint throb. It couldn't be the Blenheims for they must have been gone by the time he hit the water. He crept toward the edge of the dock and looked around a pile. Not fifty yards away he saw a long gray hulk sliding through the water. The dancing flame lighted the U-boat so that he could see the crew standing on the slippery deck watching the fire on shore.

"We will repay them for this!" Masters heard an officer shout from the conning tower. "We have some of *Herr Doktor's* medicine on board!"

Sliding back from sight, the Lone Eagle sat in the dark shadows and shivered. He was impatient to get started, to begin his quest for this *Herr Doktor* and these mysterious

torpedoes that could not miss. Find them he must, for unless he did, Allied shipping would be wiped from the sea. And if the tales from Poland were true, perhaps they were able to control their bombs from the air in the same way.

Grimness was on his soot-smeared face, as he realized that the safety of thousands rested on his shoulders. He was on enemy territory to locate this grim secret. The safety of civilization might well depend on his quick wit, his steely nerve and his determination to see a despot and his cohorts torn from the pedestal they had built from the flesh and blood of human beings.

The Lone Eagle knew that the road ahead of him was uncertain. But he faced it without regret, only too glad to be able to do his bit in halting this carnage unleashed by would-be leaders who had only their own selfish motives and lust for world domination at heart.

He waited, watching the reflection of the fire on the water. It looked like a sea of blood. . . .

When dark came Masters crept from his cold, wet hiding place and walked slowly toward where a pile of dying embers cast a faint golden glow. He stood there in the welcome warmth for a few moments trying to formulate some plan for attacking his problem. He could not spend days in finding the secret of these new torpedoes. Every day lost meant more ships sent to the bottom, more lives lost, perhaps helpless women and children like those who had been on the luckless *Athenia*. And every ship that went down would mean the loss of precious supplies that might mean the difference between victory and defeat.

DOWN the road the Germans were still fighting a stubborn oil tank fire. All attention seemed centered at the conflagration.

"Boys have given them something to worry about," mused the Lone Eagle.

Overhead, searchlights were still knifing the blackness of the night, but all they seemed to locate was the low gray ceiling. Now and then the muffled roar of explosions reached his ears, as some small caliber ammunition was set off by the heat.

Suddenly Masters turned and faced to hear the crunch of boots on the gravel path along the edge of the dock. Before he could make a move he heard the boots come to a halt, then shuffled toward him to stop right behind him.

"Guten Abend!" came a quiet voice out of the shadows.

Masters turned and faced the speaker, returning the greeting in flawless German.

"I seem to have lost my way, *mein Herr*," said the German, holding his hands out to the fire. "Perhaps you could tell me where the U-Sixty-seven is tied up. I am the new wireless man, and I must be on board before eleven o'clock when it sails."

"They told me to be on the watch for you," said Masters, thinking fast. "What is your name, by the way?" The German hesitated.

"Come, come!" said Masters. "I am of the secret service. I just ask your name as a matter of precaution. There has been enough trouble around here tonight."

"Ja," the German said stolidly. "The Britishers do not believe in waiting, do they? My name. It is Anton, Anton Melka. Now, where is Sixty-seven moored? I would like to get in out of this cold mist."

"You are the first U-boat man I ever saw who was anxious to go out on a patrol," Masters said casually. "Most of them do not like war-time work in these tin fish."

"Ah, but this war will not last long," the German said confidently. "The English and French will give up as soon as we have taken Poland.

Has the *Fuehrer* not promised it? The U-boats and the airplanes will win the war. There will be no waste of torpedoes."

"Ah," murmured Masters. "You too carry this new device of the *Herr Doktor's*, *nicht wahr*."

"Ja wohl." The German spoke proudly. "All our U-boats are equipped with the new device. Have you heard the rumor that one of our boats sank a big *Englishcher* vessel?"

"I have heard it," said Masters as he stared into a golden spot in the fire. "That U-boat did not miss."

"They cannot miss!" exulted the German. "And they say the bombs are the same way. If England and France do not come to terms with our *Fuehrer*, London and Paris will receive a lashing from the air, such as they cannot imagine."

"I wonder—" murmured Masters, and the German took him up in a flash.

"Wonder what, *mein Freund*?" he demanded. "You do not doubt, do you?"

"Oh," replied Masters hastily. "I meant I was just wondering what this new device was. Do you know?"

"No one but the *Herr Doktor* knows that," said the German grimly. "Even the men on the U-boats, with the exception of the commanders, have any idea." The German stepped closer to the Lone Eagle. "*Verdammt*, but you ask questions."

MASTERS' fist came up in a short spine-jolting jab that caught the German flush on the chin. The surprised German tried to speak, but Masters caught him another, and then a swift one in the stomach into which he put every ounce of his power.

The German toppled forward with a gurgling sound. Masters stooped and let the inert body slide over his shoulder. Turning swiftly he half ran toward a little shack at the side of the wharf. He found the door open

and went inside with a desperate plan.

Dropping the unconscious German on the floor he stripped off the man's uniform. In a few minutes he had his own sodden outfit on the frame of the Hun. When he had finished putting the German's suit on, he sat down and studied the papers he had taken from the man's uniform pockets, by the aid of the tiny, but powerful flashlight he always carried.

"Orders for Anton Melka to report for duty on the U-Sixty-seven," he murmured. "No better place for me to find the answer to this riddle than on a U-boat."

From the man's other papers, he found that Melka came from Munich, and had served on a land station along the coast before the outbreak of war. When he was sure that he had the man's history, he put the papers back and set to work trussing Melka up painstakingly, especially with the gag he put in the fellow's mouth. Making doubly sure the bonds on the man's arms and legs would only pull tighter if he struggled.

"That ought to do it," Masters muttered as he stood up. "Oh, there's just one thing more." He unstrapped his wristwatch and traded with the Hun. "Can't be carrying a Yankee wristwatch on a job like this."

He looked down at the shadowy figure a moment and then left.

Leaving the hut, he found the padlock for the door and snapped it.

"Now to find this bird's duffle bag," he mused. "Must have left it on the dock near where I was standing."

Glancing at the luminous dial of the wristwatch he saw that there was just a half hour in which to locate the U-67. Just a half hour before he took one of the most desperate chances of his long and hectic career.

LOCATING the duffle bag just about where he figured he would, Masters heaved it up on his shoulder and stepped down on the concrete

dock. Soon he ran up against another German sailor carrying a similar bag over his shoulder.

"Where is the U-Sixty-seven tied up?" he asked in a voice that simulated Melka's.

"Down at the end being fueled," replied the other sailor. "I am one of the crew."

"Is that so?" answered Masters shifting the bag so that he could look at the man. "I am the new wireless man. My name is Anton Melka."

"Oh, yes," said the German. "I heard that Alfred had been put back on land duty."

"What sort of man is our *Kommandant*?" asked Masters. "This sea duty is new to me. I was in the station at Bremerhaven when I got orders to report here."

"Oh, the old man's all right," the sailor said carelessly. "All he is interested in is watching for British boats. Anxious to try out one of our new 'fish'. Did you see the show?"

"You mean the raid?"

"Yes. Was it not exciting?" The German laughed. "I found a nice spot to hide until they were gone. Those *verdammter* British like to come close. You should have seen one of them come right down on the *Gneisenan*. I thought they would tear their wheels off on the fighting top."

"Did they hit it?" asked Masters.

"One bomb on the starboard rail tore a lot of the deck up, and did some damage below. Another hit right alongside. They're checking on the damage now. But my friend Hans Steckler is mad, I tell you. He wants to start right out and give the British a good hiding."

"He got wounded?"

"Oh, no." The German laughed again. "His wash got blown overboard. Had it hanging on the rail in the rain. . . . Well, here we are, Melka. Come on board and I'll take you to his nibs, and show you your quarters. My name is Herman Bock."

The Lone Eagle walked across the wet gangplank that joined the U-67 with the dock, his only thought the discovery of this new instrument of war, this thing that sent innocents to their deaths in the cold waters of the North Atlantic. Find the answer he must, and at any cost. His own life would be a small price to pay for it.

CHAPTER VIII

The U-67



JUST two hours later the U-67 was gliding through the waters of the Kiel Canal. Those of the crew who were off watch were on deck, filling their lungs with the clean fresh air. It would not be long before they would submerge and run under the rough waters of the Baltic in search of ships carrying contraband.

The Lone Eagle sat at the compact little wireless table close to the periscope. For the past hour he had been making himself familiar with the German outfit, thankful that the *Kommandant* had gone to his snug quarters for a rest after the arduous task of preparing the U-67 for a Baltic patrol.

Suddenly the little loud-speaker began to rasp and rattle. Masters adjusted the dials, bringing the sharp crackle into coherent sound. Twisting the rheostat to cut down on the volume, he took down the jumble of dots and dashes. A slow smile touched his face. It was in the same code he had worked out while sitting in the life-boat.

His nimble mind automatically decoded the message as it came. He was not surprised to find that it had to do with himself. But the mention of one letter and a numeral gave him as much of a start as if he had touched one of the terminals on the little panel. The message was being sent

from German Intelligence Headquarters to Marshal Goering, somewhere in Poland. Decoded, it read:

HAVE DEFINITE PROOF THAT JOHN MASTERS THE AMERICAN HAS JOINED FORCES WITH THE ALLIES. ACCORDING TO REPORT REACHING HERE BY CARRIER PIGEON FROM R-47 HE ATTENDED CONFERENCE OF ALLIED LEADERS IN FRANCE TODAY. LATER HE FLEW TO ENGLAND WITH NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN AND SIR CYRIL NEWALL. A FEW HOURS LATER CUXHAVEN AND WILHELMSHAVEN WERE BOMBED BY BRITISH PLANES. OUR AGENTS ARE TRYING TO FIND OUT IF THERE IS ANY CONNECTION. WILL KEEP YOU INFORMED. R-47 IS ON HIS TRAIL.

"Was ist?" demanded a voice behind him.

Masters turned slowly and looked up into the face of the *Kommandant* of the U-67.

"I do not know, *mein Kommandant*," he returned. "I have not had time to decode it."

"But what are you doing listening to that wave length?" asked the officer, jerking his finger toward the dial.

Masters shrugged. "I was just trying to see if I could pick up any British code, *mein Kommandant*."

"Well," demanded the officer impatiently, "is this British code?"

"I do not think so," replied Masters. "I thought I recognized the official Headquarters transmitter at Berlin."

"Decode it then," snapped the U-boat commander. "And then pay attention to our wave length. I am expecting orders as to where we are headed. They do not tell us before we leave the dock. Spies."

Masters picked up the code book, went through the motions of decoding the message, and handed it to the *Kommandant*.

"There you are sir," he said quietly. "It is something about one of these stupid Americans."

The *Kommandant* grabbed the paper and read the message.

"Bah!" he snarled. "Some *verdammter Amerikaner* diplomat making a foolish protest about the sinking of the *Athenia* likely. Let me get the opportunity and I will give them something to yelp about."

The officer tore the message to shreds and threw it in the waste box.

"I suppose the *Kommandant* of that boat will be taking all the glory, and more than likely get an iron cross, when it is the *Herr Doktor* who deserves the credit. There is no skill to firing a torpedo any more."

THE Lone Eagle had been looking for an opportunity to get into the torpedo compartment ever since he had boarded. But there had always been a couple members of the crew working in that section of the boat.

The U-boat commander stood staring at the eye-piece of the periscope.

"I would certainly like to know what is in the nose of one of those torpedoes," he grumbled.

"Can't you look, *mein Kommandant*?" asked Masters innocently.

"*Aesel!*" growled the German. "This *Herr Doktor* is clever. He fits the device to the torpedo head himself. He alone knows the secret of what lies behind that green glass. We are warned that if we should try to open one of those glass cones, or tamper with it in any way that the torpedo would be dead. We cannot afford dead fish. Every one must send a British boat to the bottom."

Masters' eyes dropped to the code book before him. A slow smile spread across his features. He had the key to that code in his head. Any other time and he would be breaking his neck to steal it, but now special receivers in London and Paris were picking up every German message and reading it. This time he would be doing more harm by leaving that book to lull the enemy into a feeling of security that their code was not known to the Allied powers. The

Lone Eagle had rendered the powers a great service when he had turned over to them the key he had worked out.

He sat at his desk, fumbling with the wires leading to the speaker. To all appearances he was making an adjustment. But the adjustment was a strange one. For he was shunting the current across a single wire, one that would burn out the coils in the speaker. He knew he had to put that thing out of commission. For he could not have the commander of the U-67 at his back every time a message came crackling out of the air.

Suddenly the speaker began to bark again. Then its voice grew hoarse and began to weaken. Masters threw the switch, as the sound died away.

"Look!" he snarled. "A short circuit."

"*Verdammer!*" exploded the commander. "Some more of that *Aesel Alfred's* carelessness. Can you fix it?"

"I will have to rewind the coils," said Masters after a moment's examination of his bit of sabotage. "In the meantime I will use the ear-phones."

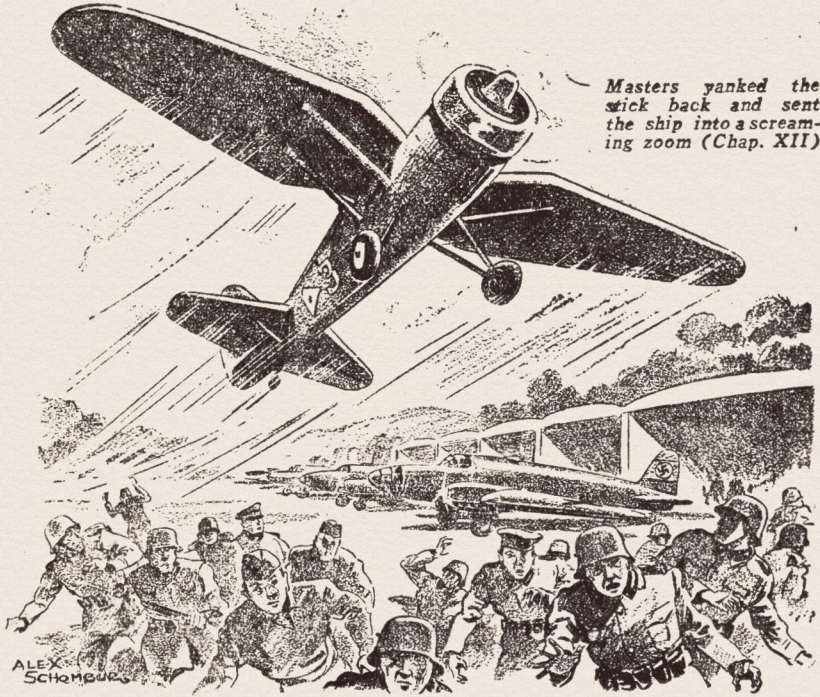
"Get to work then," growled the German officer as he went back to his quarters. "In an hour or two we will be heading out into open water and then I will get my orders."

The *Kommandant* left the door open, and Masters could feel that the man was still watching him.

"So R-Forty-seven's back on the job," he mused as he tore the back off the speaker and pretended to be unfastening the coils. "And once again I am to be the object of her attentions. Boy, if she only knew where I was, and how close I was to this damned secret of the *Herr Doktor's!*"

But the Lone Eagle knew that he still had a rough row to hoe before he would be able to circumvent this dastardly device that did not give a ship a chance.

He slipped the earphones on his



Masters yanked the stick back and sent the ship into a screaming zoom (Chap. XII)

head and listened, while he fumbled with the burned-out coils. Behind him he could feel the beady eyes of the German boring into his head. For some reason he seemed to have aroused the *Kommandant's* suspicions. How or when, he did not know. But he did know that he would have to watch every step.

Every minute John Masters had been expecting to hear the U-boat hailed from the bank of the canal, and the grim words that meant that Melka had been discovered. But fortune seemed to be with him. So far he had carried through his desperate masquerade.

At last the U-67 began to roll a little. Masters could hear the slap of the waves on the rounded sides, as he sat tensed at the little table with the earphones glued to his head.

Suddenly, like a barrage of gunfire, the phones began to crackle. Masters could tell that the transmitter was frantic as he sent out the call letters of the U-67. He switched the volume lower, so that he could just hear it above the steady throb of the Diesels.

WARNING TO THE KOMMANDANT OF THE U-67 . . . WARNING TO THE U-67. CHECK ON MEMBER OF YOUR CREW WHO CALLS HIMSELF ANTON MELKA.

The Lone Eagle replied that he was the second engineer who happened to be standing by while the wireless operator was above for a breath of air.

GO ON. . . AM TAKING THIS DOWN. KOMMANDANT IS STANDING AT MY SIDE.

Masters sent the lie out over the air and waited. He saw the comman-

der of the U-boat leave his quarters and come to the table. Picking up a pencil, Masters began to write as the crackling message flashed out of the night. But he did not put down what he heard. His mind was working at feverish speed, one half picking the message out of the air, the other working out the code for an entirely different message. This is what came over the air, and made him thankful that the mainland lay some distance behind.

SUSPECT THAT MAN PASSING AS MELKA ON YOUR BOAT IS JOHN MASTERS, SOMETIMES KNOWN AS THE LONE EAGLE. RETURN TO PORT AT ONCE. AGENT R-47 IS ON HER WAY TO IDENTIFY HIM. PLACE HIM UNDER CLOSE ARREST. ANSWER.

Masters pretended to be decoding the letters and figures he had scribbled on the sheet of yellow paper. Finished, he handed the sheet to the officer who stood by his side.

"Our orders, *mein Kommandant*," he said with an innocent smile.

The German snatched the orders compounded by the Lone Eagle and cursed softly as he read:

THE U-67 IS ORDERED TO PROCEED AT ONCE TO BAY OF DANZIG. REPORT TO KOMMANDANT OF THE SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN AND RENDER WHAT ASSISTANCE IS NECESSARY IN TAKING WESTERPLATTE. SUBMERGE AT ONCE, ONLY COMING UP TO RECHARGE BATTERIES. ACCORDING TO REPORTS THERE ARE TWO BRITISH SUBMARINES CARRYING OUR MARKINGS PATROLLING YOUR COURSE. KEEP CLEAR OF ALL SHIPS. KOMMANDANT OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN WILL GIVE YOU NEW ORDERS.

HONSMIER.

The German crumpled the yellow sheet in his fist as he stalked up and down the narrow control room.

"Instead of hunting British ships they send me to help blow a pile of muck and rubbish to bits!" he raged.

"Perhaps they have word that these submarines are going to attempt to

torpedo the Schleswig-Holstein," suggested Masters.

"Bah!" snarled the *Kommandant*. "They send us on a Sunday School mission! My place is out on the open sea looking for patients who need a dose of the *Herr Doktor's* pills."

The German stopped and stared hard at the Lone Eagle, who felt the old warning trickle down his spine.

"May I go on deck a moment, *mein Kommandant*?" he asked casually. "I feel the need of a little fresh air before we submerge."

The German hesitated then nodded. "Tell the men to go to their diving stations. We will submerge in a moment or two."

CHAPTER IX

On to Danzig



TILL puzzled over the queer look the commander of the U-67 had given him, Masters went to the iron ladder leading from the control room to the conning tower. He climbed upward through the narrow passage and finally reached the little nest that passed for a bridge on the undersea craft.

"You are all ordered below," he said to the second officer. "We are submerging in a few moments."

As the men scrambled down the hatch, the Lone Eagle took a deep breath to clear his lungs of the damp air of the submarine and looked at the lights blinking along the shore behind him. He half expected to see a searchlight sweeping the sea, looking for the U-67.

Then he looked toward the east. Far off behind the invisible horizon lay the Bay of Danzig. It would take them a little better than two days to reach the spot he had designated to the commander of the U-67. In those two days he might get the opportu-

nity to unravel this mystery of the new torpedoes designed by the equally mysterious *Herr Doktor*. Out here on the water he would be safe from prying eyes, especially those of R-47.

"And in the meantime," he mused half aloud, "I might be throwing the fear of God into Hitler and his gang."

"What was that you said?" a harsh voice demanded behind him. "It seems to me I heard you speaking English, Melka."

"I practice the language whenever I am alone, *mein Kommandant*," the Lone Eagle said steadily. "I have hopes of some day being transferred to the radio department of the Intelligence Service."

"So!" chuckled the German. "Are you sure you are not an Intelligence Agent now?"

"What do you mean?"

"Just this," snarled the German. "I have been racking my brain all evening about you. The name Melka sounded familiar to me. And just a few minutes ago I recalled that I went fishing one day back at Bremerhaven. In the party was a wireless operator from the land station. His name was Anton Melka. I remember him well because he got sea-sick. Steady! Do not move. I have you covered. I waited until I could get you up here alone. I did not wish to alarm my men."

"You have made a mistake, *mein Kommandant*," said Masters without a trace of fear in his voice. But his wits were working furiously, trying to find some way of escaping the net into which he had fallen.

"Oh, no," sneered the officer. "You took me for a fool down there. I'm positive that the orders you handed me were faked. Also that you deliberately sabotaged the loud speaker so that I could not tell when messages were coming in. I also found that you had disabled the set by taking out one of the small condensers. Where is it?"

And what are you up to? Never mind, I will take it from you when we go below, which you will do now—with your hands up! I can handle the wireless well enough to contact a shore station."

Before Masters could speak a wave slapped over the bow of the U-67. Masters heard the water gurgle along the slats on the deck by the forward gun.

"*Herr Kommandant!*" he exclaimed. "Something has gone wrong! They are submerging! Quick, get into the tower."

The officer turned to glance toward the water pouring over the side of the vessel. And in that split-second Masters' fist lashed out and caught the *Kommandant* a stunning blow.

AS THE officer staggered back, the Lone Eagle threw one arm around the startled German's throat to keep him from giving an alarm, and with the other hand reached for the German's wrist to keep him from bringing the gun into play.

Save for the faint sputter of the Diesel exhausts and the slap of the waves against the low bow of the U-67 there was no sound. Back and forth the two men strained, each fighting for his life.

Masters tried to drive his knee into the German's stomach, but his foot slipped on the wet slats. The German twisted desperately, throwing the American off his balance, and in a flash was bending Masters over the iron rail.

The pain was agonizing. A bit more and Masters would have to relax his hold in an effort to save himself from slipping into the dark, cold waters of the Baltic. He groaned weakly and began to relax in the relentless grasp of the German. His knees began to sag.

"Ah!" panted the *Kommandant* as he felt Masters' limp body slipping toward the wet dock of the bridge.

But the next moment all his words except "*Ach, Gott!*" were lost in the sound of crashing teeth.

The *Kommandant* had fallen for an old trick. Just when he thought the Lone Eagle was passing out, Masters' knees had suddenly straightened with every ounce of power in their steely muscles. His head, driven upward like a battering ram had caught the surprised German on the point of the jaw, crushing his teeth into his gums.

The officer tried to call for help through his bleeding lips and gums, but all he could do was spit a bloody froth mixed with teeth and flesh.

Masters caught at the gun, then felt it jerk in his hand as the German fought to turn it on his antagonist.

There was a muffled crash; the acrid odor of smoke mingled with the salt wind-driven spray. For a moment Masters half expected to feel the stabbing throb of a bullet wound. But to his amazement the German staggered in front of him, clutched wildly at the low rail, missed and tumbled over the side. There was a splash, a half-choked cry and the commander of U-67 was gone, drifting in the black waters of Kiel Bay.

Masters' foot kicked something that rattled over the tiny deck. With groping fingers he located the object—the dead *Kommandant's* pistol.

In the twinkling of an eye, Masters was at the hatch. He held the gun over the opening, yelled "Help" twice, and fired. Stepping back he put the gun in his pocket, tore his uniform open and sat down.

"*Was ist los?*" a voice demanded excitedly.

"He is dead," Masters panted weakly. "He came on deck muttering crazy stuff about a fear of depth charges. Then he pulled his pistol—"

"You mean the *Kommandant?*" demanded the officer incredulously, as he came nearer, followed by the engineer.

"*Ja,*" muttered the Lone Eagle. "I

tried to stop him, but he broke loose and put the gun to his head. He was leaning over the side when he fired. He was mad—mad with fear. I noticed it below."

THE officer looked along the churned wake of the U-67.

"You say he put the gun to his head when he fired?" he asked.

Masters nodded.

"Then there is no use trying to look for him," broke in the engineer. "What shall we do? We do not know what the orders were, or where we are going. But this puts you in command, Fritz."

"*Donnerwetter!*" exclaimed the officer. "What shall I do? I do not even know what our destination was supposed to be, much less our mission."

"I took the orders, just before I came on deck," Masters said respectfully. "They seemed to upset the *Herr Kommandant.*"

"What were they?" both officers demanded at once.

Masters repeated the faked orders.

"But I could get in touch with Headquarters again, *mein Kommandant,*" he suggested. "Perhaps they could verify your command, and also give you orders whether to proceed or not."

"Come on then," snapped the officer, as he began to feel his importance. "Get below, both of you."

Moments later Masters sat at the wireless again, sending out dots and dashes that must have puzzled every one who picked it up, and set code experts to working feverishly.

After a few moments he looked up at the officer standing impatiently by.

"They are relaying the message to H.Q.," he said. "I will call you when the reply comes, *mein Kommandant.*"

He smiled to himself as he noticed how the German officer's chest swelled each time he heard himself called "*mein Kommandant.*"

The U-67 went along at reduced

speed, while Masters appeared to be waiting. When he thought enough time had elapsed, he began to scribble the same message he had handed the dead commander, adding that the first officer was now the commander of the U-67.

The first officer puffed up a bit more and began to bark orders. The lookout came scurrying down from the bridge, pausing only to fasten the hatch cover. Men leaped to their stations. Lights blinked on the board, showing that the main air induction valve was shut; the main ballast tanks, port and starboard, front and rear were open. Water gurgled on all sides as the Diesels shut down and the U-67 began to drive downward on her batteries.

Officers watched the depth gauges, while their aides operated the electric controls governing the diving planes. The narrow quarters of the U-67 hummed with activity, but only when the craft leveled off at eighty feet did the Lone Eagle breathe a sigh of relief. Now the ship was out of sight. There was no chance of it being signaled by a searching destroyer or another U-boat. No one could catch sight of a blinking semaphore.

The U-67 was heading for Danzig, under fake orders issued by the Lone Eagle.

Having no wireless to watch now, Masters began to move around the narrow quarters, cautious not to get anywhere near the torpedo compartment. His first move was to familiarize himself with the layout of the boat.

He got a cup of hot coffee from the cramped little galley and went to the little rack that was to be his bunk. He drank his coffee, put the cup on the floor, and rolled over.

It may have looked to the others as if the Lone Eagle were sound asleep. He was wide awake, however, trying to work out some way of getting at the secret.

THE U-boat drove along under water until an hour or so before dawn. Then it broached the surface, opened its vents to let the cool morning air pour into the hold, while it cruised along on the top to recharge the batteries.

Most of the crew hustled up on the wet deck, but Masters sat down at the wireless, and tuned in to the H.Q. station. A grim smile touched his face as he heard frantic calls being sent out for the U-67. The sub was being reported anywhere from the Bay of Biscay to North Cap.

But his smile faded swiftly as he picked up a frantic SOS from a freighter out on the stormy waters of the North Sea. Another ship had been struck by one of these dastardly torpedoes. The grim secret of this unknown *Herr Doktor* had again taken its toll. He listened to a destroyer's transmitter as it informed the stricken ship that help was on the way.

He swung the dials until he picked up a station in Poland. From it, he learned that the German air force was sweeping everything before it. Bombers were blasting targets right and left. Direct hits had been made on three more ammunition trains. Practically every power plant had been put out of commission, some by bombs dropped from high altitudes.

Masters' lips tightened grimly. These bombings were a preview to what would happen once they struck at London and Paris.

"I've got to stop them!" he muttered. "I've got to get to those torpedoes before the day is out. We'll be pulling into Danzig Harbor at dawn tomorrow."

Being confined in that tin fish, inactive, with the secret so close at hand, yet practically out of reach, was enough to drive a man mad, he thought. Yet he would have to fight back his impatience, if he expected to succeed.

Suddenly there was a cry above.

The crew came scrambling down the conning tower ladder, and rushed for their stations. The commander clamped the hatch cover after him and began to bellow orders.

The motors began to hum and lights flashed as valves to ballast tanks opened. The floor of the U-67 tilted.

"*Verdammt* orders!" snarled the stocky little commander. "There comes a freighter over the horizon." He stood braced, turning the mechanism of the periscope, his eyes narrowed as he watched the approaching vessel. "An easy target—a boat belonging to the stupid Swedes. Carrying wood pulp to the British, no doubt. I've half a mind to—"

The commander paused, looked at the engineer who was watching him intently, shrugged and lowered the periscope. Reluctantly he gave the signal that sent the U-67 lower.

"They would know I disobeyed orders," the commander said ruefully. "So it's on to Danzig to help a battleship drive a few Poles out of their burrows."

CHAPTER X

Hide and Seek



QUIETLY Masters sat listening to the steady beat of the approaching freighter's crew. His fake orders had at least saved one boat from one of these ghastly instruments of war.

When the rhythmic sound of the steamer faded, Masters got up and resumed his careless saunter around the boat. But he still had no chance to get near the torpedo chamber because of the assistant engineer and two of his helpers who were making a repair on a valve.

He swore under his breath. "Looks as if I'll have to shoot my way in and out of the compartment."

As the day dragged on, two or three

times the U-67 slid to the surface, then submerged again after the foul air had been swept from the damp hold. But each time that Masters had tried to gain access to the torpedo compartment, his efforts had been in vain.

As evening came the craft blew the ballast tanks and came to the top. The men poured out on deck, drawing in lungfuls of the clean, salt-laden air, watching the sun sink below the western horizon. Masters had tried to stay below, but the commander insisted that every one go above. He dared not stay, and possibly arouse suspicion.

When the Lone Eagle went back to his instruments the first message that reached his ears as he snapped on the juice was the news that another ship had been sent to the bottom by some glory-mad, bloodthirsty U-boat commander who had loosed one of those deadly torpedoes that could not miss. He felt sick at heart that he was failing those who depended on him.

Suddenly, as he turned the dial slowly, a sharp strident note pierced the earphones. He began taking down the message. As the dots and dashes came whistling out of the dark he felt the blood drain from his face. The message was aimed at Marshal Goering, and said:

ZEPPELIN LOADED WITH MY BOMBS. WEATHER WILL DECIDE WHETHER LONDON OR PARIS IS FIRST OBJECTIVE. ALLIES WILL CAPITULATE WHEN THEY HAVE FELT THE STING OF MY BOMBS. AM SURE I WILL HAVE THE SAME SUCCESS THAT YOU AND YOUR GALLANT FLIERS ARE HAVING IN POLAND. VICTORY IS OURS.

HERR DOKTOR.

The pencil broke in the Lone Eagle's fingers as he finished taking down the fatal message. A raid was planned on London or Paris, and he was trapped in the hold of a submarine getting farther and farther away from the threatened area!

Suddenly a grim scheme flashed

into his head. If it worked he thought he could disrupt the smooth, sinister plans of Hitler's headquarters, and spell the doom of the U-67. In taking the desperate chance he would be risking his own life, if his timing went wrong, but his lips twisted into a defiant smile as he threw the switch of the transmitter and reached for the key. His fingers were steady as they sent out his call to the headquarters of the German naval forces.

SOS . . . SOS. U-67 CALLING ALL GERMAN NAVAL VESSELS. SOS.

In a flash almost, answers came crackling into his earphones from all quarters, and kept up their din until the wireless man at H.Q. cleared the channel. Then the Lone Eagle went on, making his transmission faltering and ragged so as not to betray the fact that he was an expert at the keys.

U-67 HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY POLISH SUBMARINE. WIRELESS MAN WE TOOK ON AT BASE IS A SPY.

A QUERY from the puzzled shore operator almost blasted the diaphragms right out of his ear phones.

WHO ARE YOU?

Masters smiled quietly. The enemy was grabbing at the bait.

I AM FIRST ENGINEER. MANAGED TO SLIP BACK INTO CONTROL ROOM WHILE OTHERS ARE BEING LINED UP ON DECK. THEY ARE TRYING TO GET DOWN THE LADDER. HAVE SHOT TWO. THEY PLAN TO ENTER HARBOR AT DANZIG AND TORPEDO THE SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN. WE ARE TO BE TAKEN ON BOARD POLISH DESTROYER. CANNOT HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER. HERE THEY COME. . . . GOOD. . . .

The Lone Eagle held down the key as if he had fallen over it. Then he lifted his hand slowly and threw the switch off.

The air fairly crackled as the German Admiralty sent out frantic messages to every U-boat and destroyer in the Baltic. The water was churned to a froth as boats began scurrying back and forth looking for the U-67. But when the commander passed, Masters casually handed him a weather report, to account for his seeming activity at the key.

"I also picked up the news that we have sunk two more British freighters," the Lone Eagle went on, as he got to his feet and stood close to the man he had newly appointed chief of the U-67.

"I also picked up the news that the two British submarines running wild in the Baltic have sunk three of our boats," he said quietly. "I tell you this way so as not to unduly alarm the others."

The face of the commander of the U-67 paled, as Masters went on.

"The subs are heading for Danzig Harbor, and if I might be so bold, I would like to make a suggestion, *Herr Kommandant*."

"What?" whispered the harried officer.

"I would time my entry to the harbor at Danzig to get in just before dawn," the Lone Eagle replied. "It is possible the British have picked up our orders and will be waiting for us."

The commander nodded. "I was thinking that same thing. We will run at full speed on the surface and try to slip in just before dawn. Keep in touch with Headquarters. Let me know at once if there are any further developments."

Masters nodded, and went back to his wireless.

All through the night the U-67's plates vibrated as she drove along on the surface at full speed, while the air around her was thick with frantic calls from shore stations. Now and then Masters handed a faked report to the anxious German. But always, his mind was on that Zeppelin loaded and

waiting for the moment it would head for London or Paris.

Around half-past three in the morning the strident note of the Headquarters, station pierced the darkness. Masters caught the sound, while listening to a destroyer, miles away, report that it was chasing the U-67 into the mined area around the Kattegat. To his amazement he found the message to be coming in straight Morse—and in spite of the former message he had sent out a call from German Naval Headquarters fairly shrieked and wailed for the U-67! He answered promptly.

THIS IS THE U-67. . . . WHAT DO YOU WANT?

The demand came at once:

WHERE ARE YOU?

Masters smiled. He knew they were picking up his dots and dashes on shore and taking a cross bearing on them. That was just what he wanted. His fingers flicked the key.

IN THE BLACK SEA, JUST SOUTH-EAST OF BORNEO. WHAT'S THE RUSH. IS ANYONE SICK? HERR HITLER, PERHAPS. TELL HIM ASPIRIN IS GOOD FOR A HEADACHE.

His earphones seemed to grow hot for a moment, but he simply smiled as the answer reached him:

YOU ARE JOHN MASTERS. WE KNOW THAT NOW. YOU TOOK ANTON MELKA'S PLACE. BUT YOU CANNOT GET AWAY WITH IT. OUR SHIPS WILL RUN YOU DOWN ON SIGHT. I AM DEDICATING MY LIFE TO ONE END.

Masters leaned forward. He had heard that expression before. Once again his finger hit the key.

WHAT END AND WHO ARE YOU?

Quick as lightning, the terse reply came hurtling through the air.

THE END WILL BE YOUR DEATH. I AM R-47.

A low whistle slipped from the Lone Eagle's lips. He caught himself just in time as the U-boat commander glanced his way. His fingers pounded out one last and final message to the beautiful secret agent who stood beside a sweating operator back on the mainland.

But he did not know that it was a new R-47, the counterpart of her famous mother, but a woman far more vicious, who had thrown him the challenge of death.

HAVE A DATE AT DAWN IN DANZIG HARBOR. COULD YOU BE THERE IN TIME TO SEE THE SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN GET A DOSE OF THE HERR DOKTOR'S PILLS? WE CANNOT MISS YOU KNOW. AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

THE LONE EAGLE.

"So she is back on the job," muttered the Lone Eagle, as he threw the switch. "Caused me plenty of trouble before now."

THE commander was coming toward him. Using a pencil he scribbled a few words on a sheet of yellow paper and handed it to the German.

"This just came in, *Herr Kommandant*," he said.

The *Kommandant* read the faked message, which said:

TO KOMMANDANT U-67.

DO NOT USE WIRELESS UNTIL YOU CONTACT COMMANDER OF SCHLESWIG - HOLSTEIN. HAVE OPERATOR DISCONNECT SET UNTIL YOU RECEIVE FURTHER ORDERS. HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT BRITISH SUBMARINES ARE FOLLOWING YOUR COURSE BY LISTENING IN TO YOUR TRANSMITTER.

HONSMIER.

The German read the order.

"I suppose it is for the best," he said quietly. "Follow out the orders at once."

In a few moments Masters had the wireless out of commission. Then he

stepped across to the galley and got himself a cup of coffee. While he stood there sipping it, he saw men hustling to the conning tower ladder.

"Was ist los?" he asked the man he had met on the docks.

"They say you can see the flash of guns on the Hela Peninsula," said the man excitedly. "We are all going up to see the show. Come along!"

"As soon as I have finished my coffee," said Masters. But he was seeing his long-awaited opportunity.

CHAPTER XI

Sauce for the Goose



HIDING his impatience, the Lone Eagle sipped his coffee. But while he waited for the crew to clear out, his mind still buzzed with the thought that somewhere in Germany a Zeppelin was loaded with bombs, equipped with the same hellish device as the torpedoes that had been sending British shipping to the bottom.

"I've got to stop them!" Masters told himself again, firmly. "I've got to discover this ghastly secret! Once I've got that I can move, and it will have to be fast."

The only sound to be heard was the faint swish of water overhead, and the steady throb of the Diesels. One of the engineers would be on duty to get the signals from the bridge, but otherwise the sub seemed to be deserted for the moment.

Masters hurried toward the forward torpedo compartment. It had been fixed up with a sort of bulkhead to keep prying eyes from getting a good look at the long steel fish that had been raising such havoc on the high seas.

When he reached the forward compartment he wasted no time in looking over the gauges, or the four big wheels that opened and shut the outer

doors of the torpedo tubes. That intricate mechanism had nothing to do with the effectiveness of the *Herr Doktor's* torpedoes. What he was interested in were those four reserve torpedoes, two on each side of the compartment, resting snugly in their racks.

Looking at the business end of the deadly tubes, at first glance they seemed to be fitted with ordinary noses. But studying one closer, he saw that the nose was capped by a conelike thing which was made of green glass. The *Kommandant*, who had died had mentioned that these green cones hid the *Herr Doktor's* secret.

The cone had a metal rim. This rim in turn was bolted fast to the nose of the torpedo.

The Lone Eagle looked around for some means of getting that cone unfastened. He spotted a wrench at the foot of the ladder leading to the forward hatch, and grabbed it up.

He was well enough acquainted with the deadly instruments of war to know how to take the head off without setting off the delicate detonator. Working feverishly, he soon had the little nuts scattered on the floor. It was when he tried to take the green cone away that he discovered that fine wires led from some sort of mechanism inside the cone to the interior of the torpedo.

For a moment he hesitated whether to risk snapping those wires or not. They might be what actuated the explosives concealed within that 2000-pound missile of death.

"Got to risk it," he murmured. "If she goes up I'll at least have the satisfaction of sending one of these damned subs to the bottom. Though I'd rather see them do it themselves. I've sort of been looking forward to the little show I've cooked up for these babies."

He looked down at the green cone, took a deep breath and yanked. The

wires tore loose and the thing came away in his hands.

"Damn!" he swore. "Might have known it would be sealed against the water. Can't see a thing until that compound is ripped out."

As he straightened with the little globe of green glass in his hands, he caught sight of a shadow moving at his feet. He tensed as he carefully pushed the little contraption inside his blouse. His fingers grasped the butt of the revolver in his pocket.

"What do you do here, *mein Freund?*" came the steady voice of the first engineer. "Turn around."

MASTERS' move was plenty fast. His gun lashed out, its barrel catching the surprised German across the bridge of the nose. The engineer tried to bring his own gun up, but Masters whipped his own weapon down across the German's wrist.

But despite the fact that his wrist was broken the engineer came charging in, his close-cropped head boring right at the Lone Eagle's midriff. Masters danced to one side and brought his left up sharply to land with a jolting smack alongside the man's head.

The German half fell, caught himself and came up with the steel wrench Masters had been using.

"Ach!" he snarled, as he caught sight of the nose of the torpedo. "You are a *verdammter* spy. You killed the *Herr Kommandant!*"

Masters shrugged. "You will not believe me, but he did kill himself."

"Why don't you shoot me, too?" The German moved steadily toward the American. "You have a gun. Mine is on the floor."

"That would be foolish," said the Lone Eagle. "One shot and they would all come tumbling down from deck."

A crafty smile crossed the German's pain-tortured features. He opened his mouth to shout, but the gun hurtled

from the Lone Eagle's fist to stop with a ghastly smash right across the startled engineer's mouth.

In a flash the Lone Eagle followed his gun. His outstretched arms caught the German's legs. The man went down with a crash on the steel plates of the floor, Masters' fists lashed out, driving like flesh-covered hammers against the German's jaw.

The man tried to defend himself against the relentless attack of this man who was fighting for the lives of thousands of his Allies, for the lives of thousands of innocent women and children who would be slaughtered when the Zeppelin and its infernal cargo of bombs reached its objective.

A rasping cry escaped from the man's bleeding lips. Then he relaxed and lay still on the oil-stained plates.

Masters got to his feet, grasped the unconscious man by the collar of his uniform and dragged him back between the bunks. He tore up a blanket, tied the man up from head to foot, then stuck a gag between the torn and bloody lips.

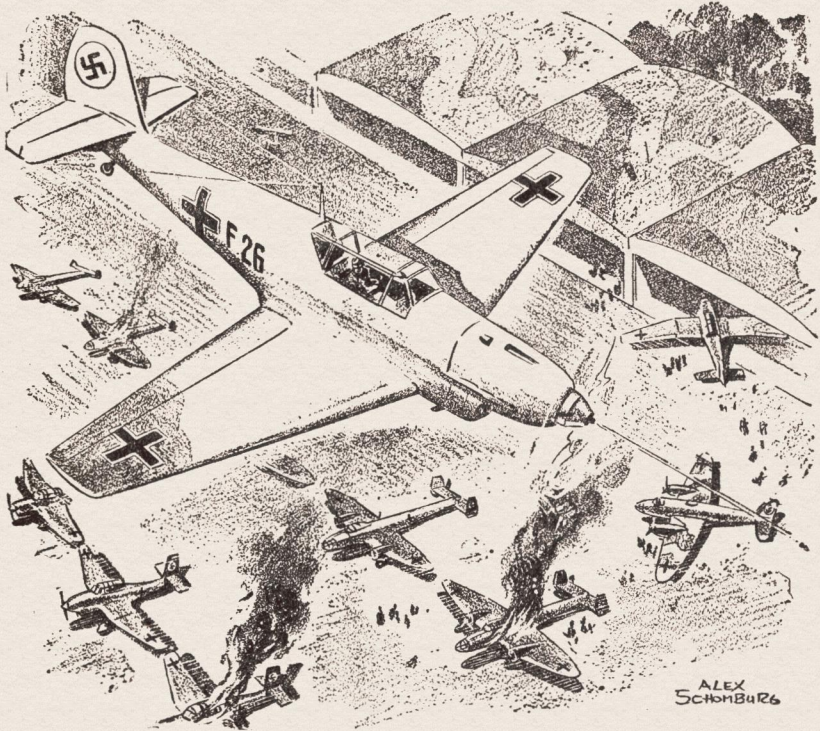
Rolling the man under a bunk, he tied his legs to one of the pipes running along the side of the hull, and crawled out. He pulled a blanket loose and draped it over the side of the bunk to hide the bound man.

"That ought to hold him for awhile," the Lone Eagle panted.

Stopping only long enough to kick out of sight the bolts he had taken out of the nose of the torpedo, and to pick up both revolvers, he hurriedly made his way to the ladder leading to the little bridge. He saw that the second engineer was on watch.

"Be somebody to answer signals from the bridge," he murmured.

When he reached the wave-sprayed deck of the U-67 he saw that the boat was already in the wide turn that would take it around the point of the Hela Peninsula. To his right appeared the flashes of shells as they exploded on the wide sandy spit of



Masters, flying a German ship, opened his guns (Chapter XIII)

land still held by a defiant group of Poles. And almost dead ahead the steady rumble and roar of artillery told him that the Germans were still trying to blast that suicide battalion out of Westerplatte. He could hear the deep-throated roar of the naval guns as they blazed away from the *Schleswig-Holstein*, one of Hitler's pocket battleships. The sky was red with flame, as war took its toll of hate.

INCONSPICUOUSLY making his way slowly toward the stern of the U-67, Masters lay down on the wet slats, clinging close as he could to the deck, to merge with the shadows. Dawn would soon be creeping out of the east, and what he had in mind must be done before then.

Clutching the green glass cone un-

der his blouse, he lay there watching the man-made hell being unleashed. The explosions seemed to make the world dance with hate.

The U-67 carried no riding lights, in its efforts to dodge those boats Masters had falsely informed the commander might intercept them, and men spoke in whispers. As the U-67 crept past the tip of the peninsula, the Lone Eagle saw steel masts sticking up like Gargantuan skeletons, harbingers of hate and destruction. The *Schleswig-Holstein* had suddenly quit firing at the defenders of Westerplatte, and there was only desultory firing in the direction of the peninsula. Dawn was beginning to streak the sky.

"Got to do it now," muttered Masters, as he stripped off his shoes.

"Couple of miles of blamed cold water ahead of me, but it is now or never."

The Lone Eagle squirmed toward the edge of the deck, steeled himself against the cold plunge. He hit the water, striking out with his long, powerful arms, driving himself away from those murderous screws thrashing at the tail of the U-67. Slipping his trousers off to free his legs, the Lone Eagle struck out for that stretch of beach that had been the object of Hitler hate ever since the war began.

With arms swinging, and legs thrashing in perfect rhythm, Masters went into a crawl stroke that ate up the yards of cold water. And at every stroke he felt that hard cone of green glass that held the secret of why every torpedo fired by the Germans hit its target full in the middle. Once he reached shore he would have time to examine that mysterious little object and discover the answer to this dreadful secret.

Masters gave the shadowy silhouette of the battleship a wide berth. He plugged on through the cold waters. The skies were turning from a rosy pink to a dull gray. Shore guns, far behind Westerplatte, were throwing their stuff into the little fort so gallantly held by a handful of Poles. Planes began to drone through the morning skies, some on reconnaissance flights, others on flights of hell and destruction.

Then suddenly the waters of the bay leaped as the guns of the *Schleswig-Holstein* roared. But they were not trained on that heap of rubble which a week before had been a fort. They were pointed at a gray thing slinking through the waters, a thing that had the white U-67 painted on its conning tower.

Masters saw a shell bore through the conning tower, followed by another that tore the deck into a heap of curled scrap iron. Another salvo followed, and the U-67 seemed to buckle in the middle while black dots whirled

in the morning air and splashed back into the water.

A geyser of oil and shattered steel leaped high under the next impact. The conning tower split in half and a sheet of flame mushroomed to the surface as the fuel tanks caught fire. Then as suddenly as it had all started it stopped. But the U-67 had suffered the fate it had intended for others.

"Seems like a dirty trick," Masters muttered. "Only that's just what they would have given any British boat they ran across. That's what they gave the *Athenia*. Poor devils, though. They still don't know what went wrong."

THREE times before the Lone Eagle reached the beach at Westerplatte, he was forced to float face down, arms outstretched like a corpse as German bombers roared out over the bay. And shoreward he could hear the rattle of machine guns, the crack of exploding hand grenades as the Germans again started their drive to dislodge the seventy-seven men who so stubbornly held their positions.

Suddenly the firing stopped. The only sound to be heard was the droning of a solitary observation plane flying high over Westerplatte.

"Wonder if they've taken the place!" flashed to Masters' mind. "If they have I'm done for."

After what seemed an eternity, he found his toes kicking bottom. As he staggered to his feet, a group of men dashed across the sand and dragged him to shore.

"Thank God you're Poles," Masters gasped hoarsely. "Take me to your commander at once. I've got to see him."

"You American?" demanded one of the group in English.

The Lone Eagle nodded weakly.

"We surrender in one hour," the English speaking Pole informed him.

Masters stopped in his tracks. "You're surrendering?"

"Can't hold out more," said the Pole. "Bullets gone. Major Koscianski is making — what you call — arrangements now."

The full import of that began to pound at the Lone Eagle's brain.

"But I can't surrender!" he said huskily. "I can't, I tell you! All the Hitlers in the world can't make me. I'll lick them yet. I've got their secret. How long before your commander comes back?"

"Ten minutes," said the Pole sourly. "Then we soon be Nazi bums, eh?"

"Get me to your commander, Big Boy," snapped Masters. "I'm out to make bums out of the Nazis. You fellows keep me covered so's too many don't see me."

The English speaking Pole relayed Masters' orders and they closed in around the Lone Eagle.

And as he made his way across that shell-pocketed stretch of shore, the thought of how Fate had turned the wheel of life for him was pounding in his brain.

Less than a week before he had been on the *Athenia*, leaving the turmoil of war behind him. Then one of these dastardly inventions of the *Herr Doktor* had struck, tearing not only a ship but the bodies of women and children to shreds. Since that moment he had

been in this war, a crusader for humanity, fighting against this dragon of Nazism that threatened to gobble up the world.

CHAPTER XII

Goering Gets Indigestion



COMPLETE arrangements for the surrender of Westerplatte had been made. The sad little garrison was waiting for the captain of the *Schleswig-Holstein* to come with his men and take over.

And amid the ruin and rubbish of the battered little fortress sat John Masters, still clutching that little green cone to his chest. Opposite him, his firm chin resting on the hilt of his sword, which he expected to hand over to the Nazi commander in a few minutes, sat Major Stanislaw Koscianski.

This stout-hearted Polish officer, with less than a hundred men, had stood off a German division for almost a week. From sea, air and land the little stronghold had been strafed. Bombs had rained from the air like blazing hail. Shells had screamed over the Bay of Danzig like banshees

[Turn Page]

<p>MR. WRIGHT FOUND OUT HE WAS WRONG!</p>	 <p>MR. WRIGHT: Gee, this stuff is awful! Why do all laxatives taste so bad?</p>	 <p>MRS. WRIGHT: All of them don't. Ex-Lax tastes like delicious chocolate.</p> <p>MR. W.: Ex-Lax? That's O.K. for you and Junior, but I need something stronger!</p> <p>MRS. W.: No, you don't! Ex-Lax is just as effective as any bad-tasting cathartic.</p>
 <p>LATER</p> <p>MR. W.: I sure am glad I took your advice. It's Ex-Lax for me from now on.</p> <p>MRS. W.: Yes, with Ex-Lax in the house we don't need any other laxative!</p>	<p>The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet <i>gentle!</i> No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.</p> <p>10¢ and 25¢</p> 	

gone berserk. Rifles, machine guns, hand grenades had hammered the place to a shambles.

The major was breathing hard.

"I've got to get away," Masters pleaded. "I've got to reach France in time to locate this Zeppelin, which I am positive is in Friedrichshafen now. The lives of thousands depend on my destroying that ship before it takes off on its murderous mission."

"I hesitate for one reason," said the major grimly. "These Nazis are up to all sorts of tricks. How am I to know that this is not one? It seems incredible that you should be the man you say you are. The German emissaries claimed that an American they called the Lone Eagle had been sunk with a submarine this morning. They said that this American was making a desperate attempt to blow up that damned *Schleswig-Holstein*."

"But your men saw me come out of the bay," Masters insisted. "I tricked the Germans into blowing up one of their precious U-boats. And think of it this way. If they take me . . . Well, there may never be a chance of Poland coming into its own again. Always your countrymen will be under the cruel yoke of Hitler and his murderers."

"And how do you expect to get away?" asked the major, his eyes burning with hate for this despot who was trampling his country under foot, using the steel tanks and mechanized troops in the dreaded *Blitzkrieg*.

"Get me the uniform of a German infantryman and I will show you," said Masters.

"Come along," the major said after a moment's hesitation. "I think we have one or two. We met them hand to hand a few times as they tried to dislodge us with bayonets. A number of German soldiers were killed. We must hurry though."

And in less than an hour the captain of the *Schleswig-Holstein* came with his blue uniformed men to take the

brave garrison prisoners, and the march out of the ruined fort began.

Masters, in the uniform of a German soldier, but with the greatcoat of a Polish infantryman draping his tall figure, hiding everything but his boots, marched between two Poles who had volunteered to help him in his dangerous plan.

"You are sure this concentration camp is close to the airfield?" he asked the English speaking Pole.

"See the lorries?" The Pole jerked his head toward the trucks lined up beside the river bank. "They are air-force machines."

"Work it so we get on the last truck," muttered Masters. "Then if we don't stop, I can drop off."

They marched on in silence with hands clasped behind their heads as the Germans had ordered the prisoners to do.

When the men were herded into the trucks, Masters and his two volunteer aides managed to get in the last truck. The cavalcade rumbled down the dusty road along the banks of the Vistula. They passed the grain elevators at Neufahrwasser, and soon hit the open road, sweeping past the docks and factories along the river bank.

AS THEY reached the air field, Masters was afraid the trucks would keep right on toward the concentration camp. If they did that he would have to risk dropping off. But the long line of lorries ground to a halt, the men were ordered out, and lined up behind the hangars.

"Now is your chance, Yankee," muttered the Pole to his left. "Give me your coat. Stefan, you hand over his cap."

Masters slid the coat off, and took the cap the other man had been carrying under his tunic.

"Good luck," the two men whispered.

Masters stepped back out of the rank and started to walk briskly to-

ward the hangars, holding a paper clutched in his right fist as if he were on official business.

As he swung the corner he saw the rotund figure of Hermann Goering, Hitler's right-hand man. Masters gave the Nazi salute as he eyed the man who had been one of Germany's great aces during the World War. But he would never have known the figure lumbering toward the prisoners from Westerplatte had he not seen Goering's recent pictures in the papers.

"That dizzy uniform would give him away, though," Masters thought, as he stopped in the doorway of the nearest hangar, surveying the situation from all angles. Close to him stood a captured Polish P.Z.L. with its Pegasus engine slowly ticking over.

"It is in perfect condition," he heard a mechanic say. "As soon as the wireless man comes to check the transmitter it can be flown back to Germany."

Masters saw a black box with a leather strap handle on the floor by the wall. He picked up the box and walked slowly toward the plane.

"I have to check the wireless," he told the mechanic who was wiping off the ship.

The Lone Eagle crawled into the cockpit, and instantly saw that the motor was warm. He leaned out of the cockpit and gunned the Pegasus as he warned the mechanic away.

The German stepped back out of the way of the tail, and grinned up at the Lone Eagle. Masters tipped him a salute, and in a flash released the brakes. His fist hit the throttle as the ship began to move forward. The mechanic let out a startled yelp, then dodged out of the way as the big ship roared across the concrete apron.

Heinkels and Junkers were standing at the edge of the field. Masters raced the Polish crate toward them, scattering surprised mechanics right and left. Then, just as it seemed as if the P.Z.L. was going to crash head-

long into the line, Masters yanked the stick back and sent the ship into a screaming zoom. His wheels cleared the nearest Heinkel by inches, as he lifted the crate over the German ships. Wheeling into a climbing turn he curled back over the hangars and looked down at the double line of mud-caked troops who had had the Germans standing on their ears for the past week.

In front of the men he could see Goering's fat figure. The field marshal's pasty face turned upward in wonder as men began to run in frantic circles, pointing toward the Polish crate. Masters was swiftly wondering—was there a chance to rid the world of Hitler's squat right-hand man? But the marshal was standing too close to the Polish prisoners for even a single shot to be risked.

"LIKE to burn that guy up," growled Masters, as he kept the ship in a tight turn. "He and his precious *Fuehrer*." He glanced around the cockpit. "If only I had something to write on! Damn it! I dropped that slip of paper."

Then his eye fell on the box he had carried into the plane. He opened it, and grinned widely. Instead of tools, the box held some mechanic's lunch. On top lay a nice fat sausage.

Tearing off a piece of paper that was wrapped around a chunk of cheese, Masters scribbled a note, tied it to the sausage—and dropped the message right at Goering's feet.

The marshal took the message from one of his aides, as he watched the P.Z.L. take a southerly course toward Warsaw.

"Was ist?" he muttered, as he unfolded the paper.

He read the short message and at once exploded. An aide, thinking the marshal was holding out the message for him to read, reached for it. That drove the fat marshal into a state bordering on apoplexy.

"*Nein—nein!*" he screamed, as he yanked the paper close to his gaudy display of medals and stalked toward the hangars, forgetting the prisoners he had come to inspect.

"*Ach!*" he murmured over and over. "He is at his old tricks."

In a hangar he reread the message, slowly shaking his head over the scribbled lines that burned into his brain. The message read:

To Field Marshal Hermann Goering:

Thanks for the loan of a plane. I need it, as I am in a hurry. Tell R-47 that I am sorry she did not keep our date. The U-67 made a beautiful splash. Too bad you are too fat to fit in the cockpit of a single-seater. We might renew this war where we left off. The sausage is a little present from me. Understand you Germans are on a strict diet these days. Be seeing you.

The Lone Eagle.

Goering crammed the paper into his pocket and hurried into the Operations office to get in touch with German Intelligence, especially R-47. And while he waited he bit off great chunks of that sausage and chewed savagely.

"*Ach,*" he mumbled, "the *Fuehrer* will be furious. We have already sent him word that this cursed American the Lone Eagle died in the U-Sixty-seven!"

He got his connection after awhile, and talked excitedly. Then his face suddenly went white. The *Fuehrer* was at German Intelligence Headquarters! Hitler's hysterical voice was crashing over the wires. And what he was saying was making the marshal's ears burn, and interfering no end with the digestion of the sausage.

And while Goering listened, the Lone Eagle was winging through the war-torn skies. His one purpose—the halting of the Zep. . . .

That was a day!

It was a day the enemy would not soon forget.

The sequence of events, from the blowing up of the U-67 until dusk had fallen, was an epic.

Twice German Heinkels tried to stop him. And twice they had been forced to turn tail and run before the relentless fury of the madman in the Polish P.Z.L., leaving charred wrecks splattered on the soiled ground churned up by their own mechanized forces.

EVEN after he had flashed over the wavering lines near Drewca, and Polish planes rose from the muddy fields to help him, ships carrying the dread swastika flashed out of the clouds to cut him off. The war against the Poles had been forgotten by the marshal who had ordered his *Staffels* to concentrate their efforts on bringing down the plane that had been stolen under his very nose.

And through it all, Masters sat at the controls, weaving in and out of anti-aircraft fire, throwing his ship all over the skies in his desperate efforts to evade the deadly and efficient Bofors guns. Time after time slugs from the winged argosies of hate found their way through the fabric of his ship, but never once did they find a vulnerable spot.

Now, as another flock of Heinkels tried to cut him off, Masters' lips were a line of purposeful determination.

"If they'd only leave me alone long enough to have a look at this glass cone!" he thought desperately, as he threw his ship over on one wing, came around in a screaming turn, and threw a tracer of cobwebs across the tilted wings of a Heinkel.

He did not pause to see it go down in a twisting corkscrew of black smoke. He was zooming, his nose pointed at another of the hurtling crates. He caught that one fair in the fuselage, touched his rudder slightly and sent the burst right into the glass-enclosed cockpit. The pilot jerked back in his seat, sending the Heinkel up and over in a fast loop and then into a dive. The ship never came out of the dive.

CHAPTER XIII

A Lone Play

URIOSLY battling back and forth across the skies, fighting madly to break through the cordon of hate and steel, Masters never forgot what was tucked under his tunic. While waiting

for the garrison to be taken over he had dug some of the waterproofing material out of the cone. The secret still lay behind that shield of green glass.

Tracer untangled in twisting lines of lacey smoke. Slugs hammered and rattled around his ship, like shuttlecocks of death. But there was no stopping the Lone Eagle now. Within him was all the fire of battle, the dash, the will to do that had made him the mainstay of the Allies once before.

Slugs hissed around his ship like pellets of molten gold. The enclosure of his cockpit was riddled, as a Heinkel bored in close. But the German paid the price—the price paid by many an enemy who had tried to tangle at close quarters with the Lone Eagle. His ship made another grim stepping-stone of charred wreckage to mark the trail of war.

Then Polish crates began to appear on the scene in ones, twos, threes, and finally in whole squadrons. Big Los bombers, P.Z.L. Mewas and Wilks. They flashed in and out of the German formation, tearing it to shreds adding to the trail of shattered ships left by the Lone Eagle.

When the last of the Heinkels were gone, Masters was practically over Warsaw. He looked around for a place to set down. But every one of the fields had been battered to a pile of muddy shell-craters by Goering's flyers.

A Wilk flew across his path and motioned for him to follow. Masters fell in behind the two-engined job and

trailed it in to a small field hidden in the elbow of a forest just outside the capital of Poland.

As Masters crawled from the riddled ship he was met by a group of pilots, and a tall man in the uniform of a general. The American smiled and stuck out his hand.

"We have met before, General Smigly-Rydz," he said. "Remember? It was in Paris."

The general returned the Lone Eagle's handclasp.

"You are the Lone Eagle." He smiled. "I can well believe it after hearing of the battle you have been putting up."

"I need help, General," said Masters, glancing at his battered ship.

"I am yours to command," said the general. "I know what you did in the last war. And only last night I heard by secret code that you have thrown your lot in with the Allies."

"Have you heard any reports about activities around Friedrichshafen?" asked Masters.

"Yes," said the general. "They test flew a Zeppelin the other day, and a French spy got word through by way of Switzerland that some mysterious crates in the care of a *Herr Doktor* arrived there."

"Good!" snapped Masters, turning to an air force major. "What about the weather? Any chance of a shift in the wind to clear things up?"

"Accordinging to this morning's report there will be a bright moon tonight," said the major. "So I suppose we can prepare for more bombing."

"You're not the only ones," muttered Masters. "Only the others won't be prepared."

THE general's eyes narrowed. "You think they are going to use Zeppelins?"

"I know it!" exclaimed Masters. "That's why I can't waste any time. Got a plane I can use? Can't promise to bring it back."

"We have a Messerschmitt," the general said quietly. "We captured it intact yesterday. It is yours to use if you see fit. It is fast."

"Just the ticket," said Masters. "I'll need a flying suit, too. Be cold up there."

"Why not use the suit we took from the German?" asked the major.

"Okay," said Masters. "Bring it here."

And while he slipped into the fur-lined suit, Masters turned to the general.

"Just one thing more. It may seem crazy to you, but it's important to me, damned important. I want you to get the man at Warsaw radio station to slip an announcement into his news bulletin. Have him repeat it on and off during the day, especially in his bulletins in French."

"I will see to it," promised the general.

"Have him say something like this," Masters said hurriedly. "Got a pencil and paper?"

When the general was ready, Masters dictated:

According to reports reaching us from Switzerland, the scarcity of fuel is already being felt by the enemy. Reports from Friedrichshafen state that charcoal burners are wanted there at once. Large quantities of charcoal are needed to warm the huge Zeppelin hangars at night. The weather reports forecast frost along the shore of Lake Constance tonight.

Masters paused. "Got that? Read it back to me."

The puzzled general nodded, not fully understanding Masters.

"Remember," Masters said, "to impress it on your announcer to repeat it off and on during the day. I've a good reason for having that sent out."

With his parachute adjusted, Masters buckled on his helmet and turned to the pilots.

"Any of you fellows want to play games?"

They looked puzzled as Smigly-

Rydz interpreted the American's question.

"Just want them to chase me as far as the lines," Masters said. "Make it look as if I'd stuck my nose into some of their business and they didn't like it."

The Polish pilots grinned at Masters' little deception. They hustled to their planes and prepared for the chase.

"Good luck," said Smigly-Rydz. "Sorry you do not have time for a longer visit."

"So am I," said Masters, taking the outstretched hand. "I'll come back when we've cleaned these unwelcome visitors out."

The general shook his head sadly as the stalwart Lone Eagle walked to the little Messerschmitt.

"A brave man," he murmured. "One of the greatest. I am glad to know he is fighting these cursed Nazis. . . ."

AN HOUR later Masters threw the Messerschmitt over on one stubby, square-cut wing, and nodded to the leader of the Polish outfit. It had been a good chase, a mock battle that would have fooled anybody on the ground. One or two of the Poles had even gone so far as to spin right down to earth before pulling out, in their efforts to make the deception complete.

Then a flock of Junkers Ju 87 Ks on their way back from a little dive bombing had joined the game and the enemy had become an unwitting tool in the Lone Eagle's hand.

The Polish pilot had nodded back, then started to weave in his efforts to avoid the fire from the observer in the rear seat of one of the Junkers. The battle had been short. One Junker and two of the Polish ships had gone down.

The others fell into formation and went their respective ways, with Masters taking a position above and just behind the bombers.

Setting the stabilizer, Masters throttled down and reached for the glass cone inside his flying suit. As he thundered along he began to pick at the insulation in the base of the glass thing.

Bit by bit it came loose, until he was finally able to twist the whole mass free.

He stuck the cone inside his safety belt and examined the thing with the two tiny wires leading back through the mass to waterproof stuff.

"Well, I'll be—"

It seemed to consist of a mass of fine metal filaments, ranked in a sort of pyramid, made of what looked to be two different kinds of metal. On each side of the hairlike filament mass were two tiny glass lenses. It was from these two glass globes, and the tapered mass of filaments that the wires which had led back into the torpedo had originated.

"Now what the devil is all that for?" he muttered, as he turned the thing over and over. "Can't be a new type detonator. That gadget has something to do with the control of the torpedoes."

He studied it from every angle, following the course of wires, sniffing the metal filaments, and trying to peer into the tinted glass eyes with which the contraption was fitted. When he was certain he had every part of the thing etched on his mind, he slipped it back in its mysterious glass cone and then put it back inside his flying suit.

He racked his brains trying to find some solution to the strange thing he had ripped from the nose of a torpedo in the U-67, now a mass of twisted steel on the bottom of the Bay of Danzig.

When he reached the border of what had once been Czechoslovakia, he noticed that his fuel was getting low, and finally spotted a military field.

"Have to risk it," he said softly, as

he reached for the throttle and cut the gun.

The little Messerschmitt began to S-turn the distant field.

Masters leveled off, lowered his trucks, and started in for a landing. His quick eyes darted over the ships on the line.

There were a group of Heinkels. A few Junkers Ju 87 Ks. And one single Messerschmitt.

That particular job caught Masters' eye as he came in over the runway. It stood there, gleaming white, and against the fuselage covering he saw the factory numerals that meant it was one of the specially built jobs with extra large fuel tanks for long range flying. By its side stood a man in a flying suit. He seemed to be waiting for some signal from the Operations office.

LETTING his ship down, Masters sent the little ship scurrying toward the far end of the line and jammed on the brakes as the ship swung around in line with the other job.

Then he climbed out and did something that had the German air force gasping for weeks.

He sauntered carelessly over to the pilot standing beside the Messerschmitt, and bopped the German full on the jaw. Without even looking at the man he crawled into the ship, gunned the motor and roared out across the little field. Coming around in a climbing turn, he stuck the nose down, lined the ship up on the string of planes and opened up with his guns. Twice he raked the line of planes, and as he zoomed on the last trip he smiled in satisfaction when he saw that three of the planes were burning and the blaze was spreading to nearby ships.

"Ought to hold that bunch for awhile," he growled, as he jammed the throttle on full and bored for the clouds.

CHAPTER XIV

Yankee Madman

UNDOUBTEDLY that afternoon saw the greatest game of aerial Fox and Geese in the annals of the German Air Force. Telephones, wireless transmitters, and telegraph instruments worked overtime from one end of Germany to the other. Ships rose in desperate efforts to waylay this mad American who had started throwing consternation into their ranks. Hysteria permeated the German ranks as rumors and reports filtered in from all quarters.

Ships lifted to the scattering clouds, some riding high, others low, seeking to ambush this man who had thrown his lot in with the Allies. It finally reached a stage where all Messerschmitt planes had to be grounded. On three different occasions one of these trim little craft had come hurtling from behind a cloud to run into a raking fire from guns in black-crossed ships. Messerschmitt pilots had a tough time even returning to their home fields, as every ship of that type was looked on with suspicion the afternoon the Lone Eagle ran wild over Germany.

Twice ships had caught up to him. Once it was a flock of high flying Junkers Ju 87 Ks. They lost three of their number before their leader figured that retreat was the wisest course. A little later a single Heinkel had slipped from behind a cloud and came roaring down on the Lone Eagle's tail.

The spattering of tracer on his right-hand wing had been the Lone Eagle's warning. With a muffled curse, he kicked on rudder, slapped the stick over and came curling around in a climbing turn. His hand hit the throttle. He did not like these fast flying ships for combat work. It

was far too easy to over-shoot a target, and have half a mile or more to retrace before he could open up again.

Even at half throttle the Messerschmitt went into the climbing turn gracefully, smoothly, as the Heinkel lost its target and went roaring past. A quick kick on the sensitive rudder brought the Messerschmitt in tight, with its nose boring right down on that hated swastika on the German's tail.

The Lone Eagle's guns opened and a twin line of tracer hit the ship ahead. Masters was bent low over his sights, determined to send every shot home. He watched the rudder of the Heinkel begin to shred without a trace of emotion. He saw his slugs rattle up the fuselage until they seemed to unearth some hidden well from which gushed a splash of orange and a plume of black.

The Heinkel leaped like a harpooned whale. Straight up it thundered, and as it turned over the pilot let himself fall out, waiting until the doomed ship went into its twisting dance before he yanked the ring.

Masters banked while the chute popped open. When he saw that the pilot was all right he waved and continued on his way, leaving a much perplexed pilot drifting earthward, wondering why this killer American had not drilled him.

Masters began to slide from cloud to cloud. Once or twice he changed his course, so it would not be known that he was headed for the Zeppelin sheds. Ahead, he could see the setting sun glinting on the distant Alps. A little to his left, hidden by the autumn haze, would be Lake Constance.

And nestled along its shores were the Zeppelin hangars.

He changed his course, to come in over the lake from the other side. He was doing everything to throw the enemy off the scent, fighting to keep them from knowing that he was aware that this night they probably meant

to strike their dastardly blow at the innocents of either Paris or London.

IF I only knew what connection this damned gadget has with that torpedo business!" he groaned for the hundredth time. "Can't be a small receiver, so they can control them by wireless. I'm sure of that."

The shadows were creeping up fast, blotting out the snow-clad peaks of the Alps. Searchlights were beginning to throw their silver fingers of light in the air in an effort to catch hold of this single plane that could be heard high overhead.

At last he turned out over the lake, gauged his distance while he slid the cockpit cover open, and released his safety belt. He closed the throttle, stuck the nose down and then pulled up and over. While the ship was on its back, he turned the switch to *OFF* and let go.

He let himself fall a few thousand feet in the darkness, then yanked the ring. The chute popped open and he began to drift. Off to his right he could hear the little Messerschmitt boring its way toward the icy waters of the lake with no one at the controls.

In the engulfing darkness he floated toward a spot just east of the long, shadowy hangars.

And even while he drifted to earth he was still trying to figure out how those little glass cones worked on a torpedo and how they could be ap-

plied to the grim business of bomb dropping.

"I'll get it!" he muttered, shivering in the cold breeze driving in from the towering crags. "I'll find the answer and stop them if it's the last thing I do!"

And while the Lone Eagle floated earthward, three people sat in a little room just south of the hangars. One was the beautiful, sinister German secret agent who carried the same number her mother had made famous in the World War. She sat staring at the blank surface of a blackboard that evidently was a sort of bulletin board. Her red lips twitched spasmodically, her head was bent as if she were listening.

Across the room, a little man with a stubby mustache was arguing impatiently with a taller man whose eyes were partly hidden behind a pair of unusually thick-lensed glasses.

"Can't you get started, *Herr Doktor?*" the stubby man exclaimed impatiently. "It is always delay. My generals delay in taking Warsaw. My airmen delay in sinking the British fleet. My troops lag behind to eat red apples."

"But *mein Fuehrer*," expostulated the man with the thick glasses. "We cannot take the Zeppelin out of the sheds until the wind shifts. It is shifting now, and I promise you we will be off by midnight. You will have them eating out of your hand by dawn."

[Turn Page]

CLOTHESPIN NOSE

Got a cold? Get two-way relief with Luden's! A Luden's on your tongue helps soothe throat—then, as it melts, releases cool menthol vapor. Your breath carries this to clogged nasal passages, helps open your "clothespin nose!"



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"Bah!" snarled Hitler. "I am tired of promises. They have promised all day to bring me this one they all call the Lone Eagle. The fools, I think they fear him. Don't you, *Fräulein*?"

"I hate him," cried R-47, leaping to her feet to pace up and down the room. "Many times he fooled my mother. And now he tries to make fools of us! You know what happened this morning to the U-Sixty-seven! He tricked our men into blowing that ship up and escaped, as if he bore a charmed life. For all we know he might be right around here somewhere, ready to spoil *Herr Doktor's* plans."

"I wish he were here," Hitler declared. "You would see how *I* would deal with him. We would show him a trick or two, would we not, *Herr Doktor*?"

THE man with the thick lenses started. "I beg pardon, *mein Fuehrer*, but I was thinking of the task ahead of me. I have been concentrating on preparing these bombs with my device. Just as soon as the Zeppelin gets away I must get back to work so that I can equip more torpedoes. Already the supply is used up."

"Why do you not let somebody else make them?" suggested Hitler.

A slow smile crept across the *Doktor's* face. He shook his head and his thick glasses glinted in the light. "Only I know the secret, *mein Fuehrer*. It is better so. With the secret carried in one head there is less chance of the enemy discovering it. *Nicht wahr?*"

"But if something should happen to you," Hitler insisted impatiently. "What then?"

"What can happen to me, *mein Fuehrer*." The man with the thick lenses smiled. "Your *Gestapo* watch my every move."

At that moment R-47 stopped short, her beautiful head cocked to one side again.

"It stopped," she said softly. "It disappeared too soon."

"What?" demanded Hitler.

"That plane! The motor was cut off while it was high in the air. It was one of our Messerschmitts. I recognized the sound of the motor."

Not a word was said as the three listened.

"He is coming!" exclaimed R-47. "I know he is. My mother has told me many times of the way he used to pop in just in time to spoil all their well laid plans."

"Perhaps the *Fräulein* wishes to get in her plane and leave." Hitler sneered.

"No, *mein Fuehrer*," R-47 said steadily. "I am not afraid for myself. It is for you and for the *Herr Doktor's* plan I fear. That man is not human. He is a devil."

As she spoke the chancellor stalked across the room and turned on the radio.

"It is time for that fool in Warsaw to begin spreading some more of his foolish propaganda," he said shortly. "Listen!"

The radio rasped out the short-wave news from the Warsaw station.

"Here it comes again." Hitler's lips twisted, as he held up a hand for silence. "More rot about the need for fuel. Charcoal to heat these hangars. . . . *Aesels!*" Angrily the *Fuehrer* snapped off the set. . . .

But there was a man in France who did not think that the announcer of the Warsaw station was crazy, or an ass. Pierre Viaud heard the broadcast at the same moment the *Fuehrer* listened to it.

"*Nom de Dieu, Henri!*" he cried leaping to his feet. "It is a call for help from the Lone Eagle. We must make haste. He needs us at Friedrichshafen. It is the code word he used when I once worked behind the enemy lines as a charcoal burner. Call out a squadron of pursuit planes, and one of the Potez groups. We are mak-

ing a call on the Zeppelin hangars tonight. We will supply the heat to dispel the frost."

The little airdrome buzzed with activity as the racks of a squadron of Potez 63-B2 bombers were loaded with bombs. Across the field Henri De Laval was busy getting his squadron of Curtiss P-36s ready to accompany the bombers.

Within the hour thirty-eight planes winged their way off the French field and started east at the urgent call of the Lone Eagle. . . .

BACK at Friedrichshafen, as Masters drifted closer to the earth a wave of warmer air washed across his chilled face. He snapped his fingers in sudden excitement.

"That's it!" he cried softly. "That's the secret of the whole thing. I've got it now!" His feet touched the ground.

"And we have you!" snarled a voice out of the darkness.

The speaker flashed a light in the Lone Eagle's startled face. A cruel smile lighted his own.

"And I think our *Fuehrer* will be glad to meet you. You must be the American our men have been chasing all day. Come along."

Masters dropped his parachute harness with a gesture of resignation. He had tried hard. He had fought his way from one end of Germany to the other only to run face to face with failure at the very moment he thought he had caught a glimmer of victory. His shoulders drooped with weariness as he allowed himself to be led toward a light near the hangars.

The leader of the little group knocked on the door when they reached the building, and threw it open at a gruff command that came from inside.

"*Mein Fuehrer!*" he cried. "I have good news for you. I think we have captured the American they have been looking for all day."

"Bring him in!" snapped Hitler, fighting to hide his excitement.

Masters blinked as he stepped into the strong light. Then his eyes opened wide as they fell on the girl leaning against the desk.

"Ah," he said mockingly as he bowed low. "You must have the secret of eternal youth, R-Forty-seven. You are more beautiful than ever."

"Bah, he takes you for your mother," sneered Hitler. "And you would have me believe that he is smart."

Masters looked from R-47 to the man with the mustache and then apparently ignored the *Fuehrer* as he turned back to the young woman.

"So R-Forty-seven has a daughter to take her place," he said with a slow smile. "She has gone into retirement, I hope."

"Yes," the girl said impatiently. "I, too, will gladly go into retirement once I am sure that you are dead."

"Then you must have been about ready this morning, *Fräulein*," said Masters. "I understand the state of my health was slightly exaggerated then."

As Masters said the last word he felt himself grasped by the arm and swung around to face the *Fuehrer* who was bristling with rage.

"Fool, you stand there and ignore me!" he snarled.

Masters shrugged. "Perhaps I see you as you really are. But mark my words, the day will come when the people of Germany will have their eyes opened. I doubt very much if they will ignore you then, *Herr Hitler*. I am afraid you will receive more attention than you will wish for."

Hitler's eyes blazed as he glared up at the man who was not afraid to stand before him and speak his piece. He stepped toward the Lone Eagle with a snarl of hysterical rage.

"Steady," said Masters, with an ominous ring in his voice. "You better have somebody hold me if you're going to try and hit. For so help me

God, if you don't I'll drive you right through that wall. . . . And while I'm about it, I might as well tell you that the *Herr Doktor's* secret is known. It will be turned against you if you dare try it again."

"You lie!" cried the *Herr Doktor*, for the moment forgetting the presence of his master. "You lie! I am the only one who knows."

MASTERS shook his head. "Your scheme was clever. But we have clever men too. It did not take them long to discover that you had devised a super-sensitive thermopile coupled with tiny photo-electric cells. Right now our factories are turning out these devices to be used either on torpedoes or aerial bombs."

The *Herr Doktor* seemed shaken. "You cannot have discovered my secret so soon! Only I can build such a sensitive thermopile."

"You think because you have discovered a way of using copper and silaridium in your filaments that we cannot use it too? Oh, no, *Herr Doktor*, from now on our torpedoes will be attracted by the heat of the boilers in ships, and curve in that direction no matter how they are fired. And bombs, too. We are developing bombs with tiny fins and rudders actuated by these thermopiles. These bombs will be guided by any source of heat rising from the ground. And I can assure you, your factories, your power plants and any point at which there is heat will be struck down as if by lightning."

Masters stood there fabricating the whole thing out of thin air. But he knew from the expressions on their faces that he was striking a death blow with every word. The look on the *Herr Doktor's* pallid face was especially revealing. The talk about the bombs had been pure guess work, but he could see that the same principle would act on them. The combination of a super-sensitive thermo-

pile and a pair of photo-electric cells, coupled with fins and a rudder actuated by a current and there would be a weapon of war that would blast every ammunition and aircraft factory from the face of the earth.

"And do not forget," Masters went on, hoping against hope that Pierre had picked up his SOS, "that tonight when you start out to drop these bombs from the Zepplin, our fliers will be sitting high above you. In their racks will be bombs equipped with this device. Think of what will happen as the heat of the motors begins to register on those sensitive thermopiles. There will be no more Zepplin, that is all."

"But how do you know we intend to send a Zepplin over the Lines tonight?" demanded Hitler, forgetting for the moment his intention of cracking down on this seemingly nerveless American.

Masters grinned. "We know every step you are taking," he said steadily. "There are Germans who know that their country will be greater, more powerful, more respected once they are rid of you and your butchers. They have brains enough not to believe the lies your propaganda ministry crams down their throats. And believe me, the day you signed your agreement with Stalin, you signed your own death warrant. I hope and pray you did not sign away the rights of your country and people."

"Why do you not shoot him at once, *mein Fuehrer*?" exclaimed R-47. "Give me a gun! Please! Let me rid our country of this menace."

Masters straightened. He folded his arms across his chest.

"You know I have told you the truth, don't you?" he said, trading look for look with the *Fuehrer*. "And you don't like to hear it."

Hitler turned furiously from the Lone Eagle and motioned toward the nearest storm trooper.

"Take him outside and shoot him

like a dog!" he ordered, in an uncontrollable rage. "I do not wish this office to be soiled by his filthy blood!"

"Stop!" Masters voice rang out in sharp command. "I am not fool enough to come here unprepared. See, I have a powerful grenade here. One move and I will release the pin. In a second you will all be dead, blown to tiny bits of quivering flesh."

He let them see the glint of light on the bright metal of the thermopile.

CHAPTER XV

The Lone Eagle Speaks



ONE moved. The only sound was the sharp intake of R-47's breath. Then she whirled wrathfully.

"I warned you!" she cried. "My mother has told me about this man's tricks."

"Silence, *Fräulein!*" snapped Masters. "And you, *Herr* Hitler, are artist enough to be able to visualize the picture. Part of you will be spattered against what is left of the ceiling of this room. . . . Not a pretty picture, is it?"

The *Fuehrer* licked his lips. "If I promised—"

"Don't make me laugh," growled the Lone Eagle. "You are the most famous promise breaker in the world. Forget any bargains. Those days are over for you."

Then Masters heard the sound for which he had been waiting. His keen ears picked up the faint throb of motors long before the others realized that enemy planes were winging along the shores of Lake Constance. They were suddenly rigid as the siren sent its raucous blast to tear the night to shreds.

"Here come the charcoal burners," cried Masters, as he heard the scream of diving bombers.

"Let us get out of here!" cried the

Fuehrer. "We will be blown to bits—without a chance for our lives!"

"Like the women and children on the *Athenia*," snarled Masters. "And like the poor innocent women and children your bombers are killing every day in Poland. By the way, where is my friend, Hermann Goering? I should think he would be here tonight, since he is head of the Air Force."

"He is indisposed," mumbled Hitler, watching the bit of metal that gleamed in the Lone Eagle's hand. "Indigestion."

"Too much bologna." Masters nodded, grinning. "One of these days all of Germany is going to suffer from too much of your bologna, *Herr* Hitler. And when it does, you'll have more than indigestion. I wouldn't be surprised if you didn't suffer from a sore neck. You know, a sort of rash where the executioner smacked you a wallop."

The *Fuehrer's* face went white. He tried to inch toward the door but stopped as he saw the Lone Eagle's arm tense.

Then the first bomb smacked to one side of the hangars with a thunderous crash. R-47 screamed, as Masters lifted his arm and threw the metal object full at the light bulb.

"There's one of your damned thermopile," he cried as the second bomb landed close to the little office.

The windows were drawn out. The light was extinguished. A pistol cracked as everybody made a wild dash for the door.

All hell seemed to have gone berserk around the Zep hangars as bomb after bomb let go.

Searchlights at the edge of the big airdrome began to crisscross in the night. Anti-aircraft guns pounded at the darkness and soon the black sky was a pattern of silver bars, stippled was the scintillating bursts of Archie shells. Great blossoms of flame lit up the field as the bombs from the French

ships let go. It was like a bit of hell lifted from the depths and planted on the surface of the earth.

The Lone Eagle was out of the little building with the rest of them. His exit was a dive through the smashed window. He picked himself up, ran around to the back of the office toward the big hangar. From its roof he saw a German hammering away at the raiders with a pair of Parabellums. He dashed through a side door into the hangar.

THE huge front door had been swung open, and a red glow from the exploding bombs lighted the long fabric-coated sides of the Zep. With this excitement the place was deserted. Evidently the Germans wanted plenty of room between themselves and this huge hydrogen-filled bag during an air raid.

"I'll risk it," panted the Lone Eagle. "But if a bomb strikes close while I'm at the job. . . . Well, they won't be exaggerating the state of my health a bit when they say I'm a goner."

In a flash he was inside the big cigar-shaped envelope, and running down the catwalk. He reached the first bag as a bomb let go that seemed to shake the hangar to its foundations. He found the rip cord by the ruddy glow of the flames and yanked. With a feeling of satisfaction he heard the hydrogen hiss through the slit.

Hastening to the next cell he gave another cord a yank. It too, began to collapse. With the sweat streaming down his face he made his way along the whole length of the ship, yanking cord after cord, spilling all the precious hydrogen into the bomb-torn air. When he had finished, he slid down into the rear motor gondola on the port side, and dropped to the concrete floor.

As he reached the door it seemed as if the whole building was being lifted away from him. A sheet of

flame, such as he had never seen before, puffed upward and tore the roof off the hangar. Masters found himself rolling on the grass, pawing and tearing at his smoldering flying suit. Half crawling, half rolling he managed to get behind the little office where he was sheltered from the searing flames mounting higher and higher into the night.

While he tore the suit from his body he looked up at the leaping pyre that a few moments before had been a Zeppelin hangar.

"Looks as if my scheme worked," he mused, grinning with satisfaction. "A spark, lots of hydrogen with nothing to do but get ignited, and there you are. As pretty a fire as I ever started."

When he had the suit off, he leaped to his feet and started around the building which was already beginning to burn. There he saw something that made him stop in his tracks. A huge monoplane speeding across the flame-lit airdrome, heading straight across the blood-red waters of Lake Constance.

"That's his plane!" came instantly to the Lone Eagle. "If one of the boys would only spot him they'd be doing the world one great favor."

The bombers were circling now, climbing in tight formation over the field, forming to meet any possible attack from the air.

The sputter of a motor brought Masters' attention back to the field and to a Junkers standing at the edge of the flame-bathed sod. Its pilot was leaning out of the cockpit motioning impatiently at someone who stood watching the office and hangars go up in a mass of flames. Masters caught the glint of flame on glass.

"*The Herr Doktor!*" he cried, as he started forward.

But the man saw him coming and ran toward the waiting ship. For a moment the Lone Eagle stood there cursing, forgetting the bombers over

head and the crashing of machine guns and anti-aircraft batteries about him. He stood there, revealed to the world by the torrent of leaping flame.

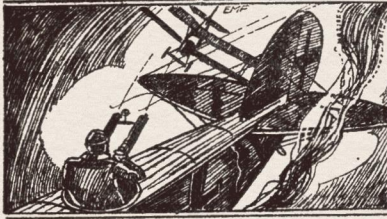
As the *Herr Doktor* reached the Junkers, Masters became conscious of a new note in the cacophony of hate—the low whistle of a gliding plane. One of the French Potez 63-B2s was coming down on the field. The pilot was waving frantically toward him as

of the young French pilot. "I'd recognize that cry, *Monsieur Masters*' anywhere. Boy, did you fellows get here just in time!"

"Pierre is along too," informed Henri. "They are covering us from above."

"Nice work, lad. But look! See that Junkers over there just getting off?" Excitement was in the Lone Eagle's voice. "Get it! I'll go back

Another Great Yarn Headed This Way!



MURDER PATROL

*A Complete Book-Length
Novel of New Menace in
the High War Skies*

By LIEUT. SCOTT MORGAN

FEATURING JOHN MASTERS AT HIS FIGHTING BEST

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

he fish-tailed in close to where the Lone Eagle was standing.

"*Monsieur Masters!*" the pilot shouted. "Make haste! *Monsieur Masters*, get on board."

MASTERS ran across the field, dodging a burst of machine gun bullets thrown by some gunner in the far-away shadows. He reached the plane, grasped willing hands and was pulled on board. "So it's you, Henri," he exclaimed as he leaned over the cowling and patted the shoulder

to the rear office and handle the guns there. That plane is carrying a man who is better off dead. Can't have him thinking up some new scheme to set us on our ear."

Henri was higher than the Junkers and was able to gain speed by putting his nose down. With a thunderous roar he hurtled across the ship's path, and as the two ships hung poised in that turn, Masters unleashed his guns from the rear cockpit, their tracer battering away at that square tail with the swastika on it.

The German pilot tried to climb away, but Henri forced the ship nearer and nearer to the flame-lit area. Masters kept up his steady tattoo of slugs on the rounded fuselage.

Up and up the German pulled the ship, fighting for altitude but sacrificing flying speed. The ship suddenly wavered. The angle of climb was too great. It began to stall. And while it hung there, Masters literally blasted that tail and its hated insignia to shreds. He saw the white circle with parts of the swastika drift away. Then the elevators seemed to dance and buckle under the terrific impact and at last tore away.

As the nose of the ship began to drop, both passengers leaped. The pilot cleared the ship all right and soon had the chute popped open. The man in the rear cockpit jumped, but fouled with a clump of wreckage tearing loose from the tail of the Junkers.

Masters watched the horrible scene, as the man and the bit of plane fluttered toward the burning hangar with the white streamer of a partly opened parachute streaming behind.

"That's the *Doktor*," he muttered as he caught a gleam of light from those thick-rimmed glasses. "Gone where he helped send a lot of others."

Henri was pounding on the glass cover of the cowlings.

"Look!" the French pilot was yelling. "The other one is a girl. They have women flying their planes now."

Masters looked over the side in time to see R-47 drift by with her helmet hanging over her shapely shoulders and her jet black hair flying in the breeze.

A slow smile crept across the Lone Eagle's face as he looked across the flame-lit space at the woman who a short time before had begged for a gun with which to shoot him.

"*Auf wiedersehen, Fräulein*," he murmured, and blew R-47 a kiss.

And Masters knew from the look

on her face that if they ever did meet again, he had better watch his step.

Henri looked back at the Lone Eagle as he climbed away from the ruined field. Then he grinned.

Up and up the Potez went to meet the others who were still hovering overhead. And in the rear cockpit Masters relaxed for the first time in days.

THE Germans tried to stop the Armada of raiders on their way home. They got a couple of Potez jobs, but Pierre Viaud had kept an ace up his sleeve in the shape of two full squadrons of fighters who had hovered high overhead in the darkness. The score had been more than evened. For besides the destruction of the Zep by Masters, five German planes crashed in the darkness. . . .

It was due to those few hectic days spent by the Lone Eagle that Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, was able to announce over an international radio hookup that enemy U-boats seemed to have lost their "sting." For a whole week not a single British boat had been sunk he said happily. One or two helpless neutral ships had gone down. But it had also been reported that once again torpedoes were missing. No longer were the grim tin fish striking their targets, curving, following them, as it were, until their deadly tubes bored right into the heated engine rooms.

Under the existing circumstances, the First Lord of the Admiralty was not able to give credit where credit was due. But back in Berlin was a man who knew who was responsible for the collapse of the plan by which he felt certain he was going to drive the Allies to an early suit for peace.

The *Fuehrer* shook his head slowly. That stubborn lock of hair fell across his forehead as he looked across the room at his right-hand men.

"Perhaps I could coax them into some sort of peace terms," he said

slowly. "Perhaps if I made another speech. . . Yes, perhaps I could come to terms with them."

"Ach, *mein Fuehrer*," said a man standing by the table, "I fought in the last war. I know this man. And I would advise that with this cursed Lone Eagle fighting on the side of the Allies that peace at any price would be a good bargain."

The *Fuehrer* leaped to his feet and began to pace the room.

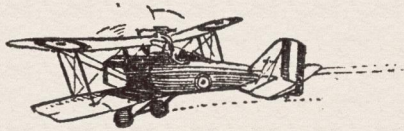
"It must be I who dictates the terms," he said furiously. "It shall

not be said that one American brought us to our knees."

"But *mein Fuehrer*—"

"No, I say," screamed the *Fuehrer*. "Do you not see? My regime will collapse. It is *I* who am mighty, not this American! No! I will fight this Lone Eagle. Send out orders that the best brains of my Intelligence Service are to spend all their time in bringing this man low."

And with that order the battle of the Nazis and the Lone Eagle got into full swing.



Next Issue: MURDER PATROL, Another Exciting Complete Novel Featuring The Lone Eagle in Today's War.



No luck, my friend, you're off her book,
The girl can't stand that bristly look.
For thrifty shaves . . . clean, easy, quick,
The Thin Gillette sure turns the trick!



The Thin Gillette Blade Is Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

Aircraft Carrier Pilots

By ARCH WHITEHOUSE

FAMOUS AVIATION AUTHORITY

Author of "The Eyes of War," "Bombs and Bombing," etc.

THE greatest military pilot in the world is the aircraft carrier airman, regardless from what vessel he flies.

The aircraft carrier pilot is the most skilled, the most daring, the finest trained and the cream of the crop. But he hasn't a chance in the world!

Any pilot who can take off in a tricky 250 mile-an-hour fighter from the dancing deck of an aircraft carrier, carry out his naval mission and get safely back to that elusive deck again, is entitled to the greatest laurels the aviation world can design for his brow.

Those of you who have visited vessels of the fleet have no doubt strode the broad deck of an aircraft carrier. You may have been allowed to wander up and down the spiral companionways, inspect the ready rooms and even see some of the planes the hangar deck holds. You may have admired their stately lines, the businesslike superstructure, the intricate lifts and tricky arrester gear.

In general, the modern aircraft carrier is one of the most elaborate, expensive and *useless* pieces of military equipment the world has ever known.

Remember the Courageous!

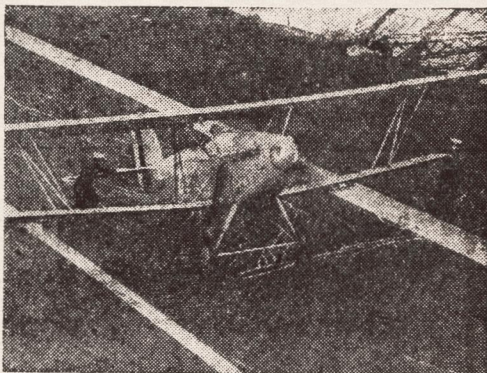
This is not second guessing. I wrote

EDITOR'S NOTE

Arch Whitehouse hits straight from the shoulder—and here's what he thinks on a mighty important topic. We're allowing the author full swing and not asking him to pull his punches. The views presented do not necessarily reflect those of THE LONE EAGLE.

much of this sort of thing years ago and I will not be a bit surprised if more aircraft carriers are not sunk or destroyed before this appears in print. Years ago I pointed out certain weaknesses in aircraft carrier construction and operations, and predicted what would happen.

No one took much notice, but they did

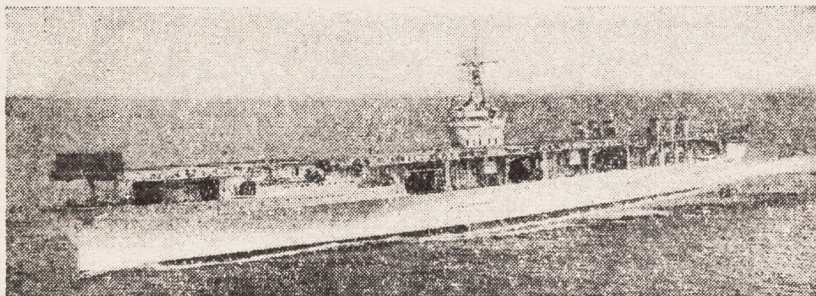


The Osprey taken aboard the Courageous

attempt to make one important change—that of providing more lifts or elevators to get the planes up from the hangars. Prior to this, most aircraft carriers had but one or at best two. I pointed out that one small shell might disrupt the whole system and put the carrier and its planes out of action before contact with the enemy force had scarcely been made.

But I am getting ahead of my story. We will come back to the aircraft carrier later. Let's look into this matter of aircraft carrier pilots first.

The writer saw aircraft carrier operations years ago when the British developed the old *Furious* and *Argus* for aircraft carrier duties in 1918. The aircraft carrier was originally designed to carry a number of short-range airplanes to points as near as possible where certain aerial activity



U.S.S. *Ranger*

was planned or expected. They were not intended as regular units of a battle fleet.

The British devised these two, and later the *Courageous* and *Glorious* for duty in the North Sea where the famous Brandenburg seaplanes were annoying the British destroyer flotilla. It was not always possible for British planes to take off from the east coast of England, fly all the way to the German naval bases, and attack the German bases and seaplanes. Hence, this idea was thought up. Originally it was simply just for that and never intended to carry over to the expensive vessels of today.

Early Experiments

In the old days, pilots flying special Sopwith Camels were taken out to sea aboard these carrier ships and under direct protection and convoy of destroyers and brought to a point within range of the German objectives.

The real facts of these attempts do not always jibe with the general impression of aircraft carrier aviation. It is true that British pilots did take these Sopwith shipboard Camels off the deck and take the air in search of German seaplanes and in many cases raiding Zeppelins, but they did not always return to those decks. The fact of the matter is they usually avoided a landing and more often alighted on the sea near the carriers to be hoisted, dripping and somewhat damaged, to the deck by means of ship derricks.

Modern Improvements

The problems of deck landing had not been solved in those days. In taking off, the pilots faced the prospect of unsatisfactory engines that might conk at the lip of the carrier deck. They were flying small ships suitable for carrier stowage, but it will also be remembered that the Camels were tricky little planes and were likely to do almost anything in getting off.

It was months before arrester gears were

designed. It was months before flying men had the courage to dab darting scouts down on these decks, and airplane designers sensed that something might have to be done about it. They figured if all carrier deck operations were to end up with a plane being brought back and landed on the water, instead of on the deck, they might as well design a plane that would fit these conditions.

It must be remembered, too, that the catapult, as we now know it, had not been perfected. That was to come along sometime in 1923. So it was useless to figure on light seaplanes or flying boats. They designed a land plane with hydrovanes set between the wheels and an arrangement of flotation gear to keep it afloat while the carrier could be brought alongside.

Those of you who have collected pictures of all war-time planes of that period will no doubt remember the famous Parnel *Panther*, a two-seater shipboard reconnaissance plane fitted with hydrovanes—small metal slides which enabled the pilot to accomplish less dangerous water landings. This plane, equipped with a fuselage that folded for stowage purposes, was powered with a 230 h.p. Bentley rotary engine and might have become an important piece of naval equipment, except for the fact that deck-landing problems were eventually solved mainly by the simple adoption of a deck arrester gear. Namely, a series of ropes stretched across the deck which were picked up by a dangling hook fitted to the underside of the fuselage and which checked the forward movement of the plane once it had touched the deck.

The Saratoga and the Lexington

This then was the real beginning of aircraft carrier aviation, but it can only bring out in high relief the skill and gallantry of the aircraft carrier pilot.

It was not a simple matter to bring a ship in for a landing in those days. There

These Top-Ranking Fliers Get the Lion's Share of Danger—but Very Little Credit for Their Iron Nerve!

were no safety slots, no air-brake flaps or variable-pitch props. They didn't even have brakes on the wheels! The decks were only about 725 feet in length whereas the *Saratoga* and *Lexington* of today have flight decks of 830 feet. They were flying high-landing-speed planes powered with engines that were unreliable, but somehow they did it, and the men who have followed them are equally as game, skilled and courageous.

Today, while most carrier decks are longer and better arranged, there is still the utmost skill required to make regular routine landings. Today the ships are faster and heavier. The missions carried out are more complex and the range of action of these planes is far greater.

Let us imagine just what takes place when a modern Navy fighter or torpedo carrier takes off on a normal routine flight.

A Sample Flight

In the first place the pilot and observer must be highly trained men. They must first be aviators and then be skilled in military and naval tactics. They wear normal flying kit plus inflated jackets—just in case. They must know the silhouette of every plane and vessel in their area. They are crack navigators, fine gunners and general all-around flying seamen.

Once they get the order to take off on a certain patrol they must prepare hurriedly, take these orders and memorize them. They climb into their planes and warm up the engine. This must be perfect and they must have confidence in that engine.

On the deck a flying officer actually takes charge until the plane is off the deck. The vessel is turned into the wind and the skipper telegraphs "Full Speed, Ahead" on his engine-room telegraph. The aircraft carrier thumps into the waves at about 32 knots and in doing so, naturally leaps and thumps against the rollers. The deck begins to dip and bump, and the airplane has to be held steady by a group of deck mechanics until the plane is ready for the take-off.

Once she is free, the pilot has to know how to handle the throttle so that the engine will not balk or choke at the wrong time. One by one they are flagged off by the deck officer, and one by one they pass a small motion-picture camera which registers every move they make until they are actually clear.

A power dory swings ominously in davits—just in case, and a destroyer stands by a few hundred yards aft—just in case.

It Takes Skill

The plane takes off and climbs slowly, making sure nothing is wrong. If there is, the plane slips off the lip of the flight deck and rolls down into the knife prow of the carrier and is cut to shreds. Or what is left swishes back and the whole lot goes through the failing screws at the

stern. There isn't much use of the power dory or the destroyer then.

But they are safely off, we will presume. All they have to do now is to carry out a special mission. It may be a few miles away, or it may be a hundred, but the aircraft carrier pilot has to go—and get back. He may have to go off and spot an "enemy" flotilla and come back with full details of it. He may have to spot a submarine, hidden under the water, heaven knows where. He may have to report on the movement of anything from a string of sewerage barges to the activity of a fishing fleet off Gloucester.

Then, after three hours or so of this sort of thing, he has to find his way back to his carrier. In three hours the carrier might be fifty miles away from where it was when our aircraft carrier pilot took off. He has first to range his own position, figure where the aircraft carrier may be by the time he finds it and how to get there. That's where the navigation idea comes in.

Of course if he makes a mistake and the carrier isn't there—well, that's just too bad, for airplanes can stay in the air only so long. It's a matter of timing and fuel and you have to be good to successfully combine the two.

Landing

But we will assume that our pilot knows where he is and where the carrier will be, if and when he gets there, and that he actually gets back okay. All he has to do now is to plant his 250 m.p.h. plane back on the heaving deck—and hope.

First he circles around until he gets the "office" that he may come in. Then he sets his throttle, his prop-pitch, his flaps and all the other items that matter and starts down for the deck. The carrier, remember, is hitting the rollers at about 32 knots. The plane may be coming in at about sixty and they may be streaming into the wind which registers approximately 20. Thus by simple calculation, the 60-knot plane approaches from behind a flat target which is doing about 32 and the wind of 20 cuts the actual alighting speed to about ten knots.

It seems simple to put down at a relative speed of 10 knots, doesn't it? But it's not that simple. In the first place, the pilot must time it perfectly or he will miss the deck entirely. Or, he may hit at a bad time and head into a swirling current coming around the superstructure. Or he may be very careless and overshoot and drop off the front and get a swell cutting up, as explained before.

If the weather is fair, he may be lucky, and a lot of them are. But if it is a bit choppy and bumpy, he will find that the deck lip he thought was *down there*, is suddenly *up there*, for it takes but little swell to make a deck rise twenty or thirty feet—or drop just as fast, and you feel very silly levelling off at one point and

suddenly notice that the deck you thought was there, has simply vanished into nothing. Or you may give the deck officer a grin, figuring that this is a soft touch, and just as suddenly discover that you are landing into something that looks suspiciously like the stern screws of the vessel, and that the deck you thought you were landing on, has somehow switched a couple of floors higher up.

Dangerous Piloting

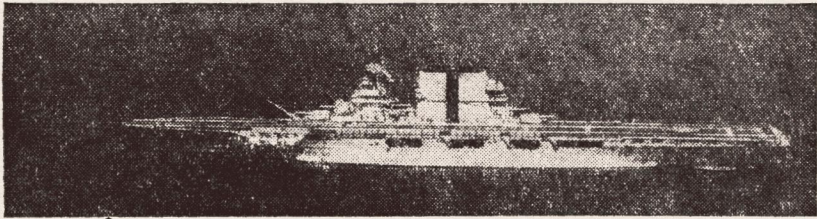
That's aircraft carrier landing for you. If you are good, you can make it—if you can take it. It's a tough racket and you have to have the nerve of a bull-fighter, the wrists and reflexes of a master swordsman and the timing of a crack golfer. You just can't bully your way down to a deck that slaps up and down twenty or thirty feet. The deck is too hard and the stern plates are tough too, so you simply have to do it right, time after time, because you only make one mistake in that racket.

You either get down, clutch the arrester

anywhere near. Just a U-boat or two. There was no high cannonading or sharp exchange of salvos at 3,000 yards. No major naval engagement such as that at Heligoland, Bight or Jutland.

What had happened in the case of the *Courageous* came while she was part of a normal scouting force. There were a number of light cruisers somewhere nearby. A line was maintained by a flotilla of destroyers, and in addition there were a few high-speed coastal motorboats which carry two Whitehead torpedoes. The duty here then was that the airmen of the *Courageous* took off at intervals to carry out short patrol duties from the air and perhaps report on the positions of the merchantmen that were being covered.

The same maneuvers had been carried out day after day with the same precision, but on this day in particular the wind was from the wrong quarter and the *Courageous* had to turn away from the rest of the convoy to get two of her planes back on the deck. Speeding at well over thirty



U.S.S. Saratoga

gear and hang on with your eye-teeth, or you bounce off the stern screws or drop over the front and go through the chopping machine. And nothing matters after that, not even the movies they take of you, showing what you did wrong. Perhaps the guy who comes along to take your place may benefit from it, but that's all the satisfaction you can get, if that's any satisfaction.

These men then are the finest pilots in any air service. They combine more technical knowledge, flying skill and personal courage, as a group, than any other branch of military aviation. To me it seems a shame that their future is so pathetically hopeless.

A Case in Point

The case of the *H.M.S. Courageous* is a typical example of what can happen to the modern aircraft carrier, and we must remember that the British carrier was only taking part in convoy operations; it was not lost during a naval engagement. It was simply a unit of a group of vessels doing a simple scouting mission to assist British merchantmen to clear a certain area known to be haunted by German U-boats. There were no enemy destroyers

knots, it's easy to see that she was soon out of position with the rest of the convoy and in the danger zone. It is easy to visualize the crafty German submarine commander who knew the weakness of aircraft carriers, moving off to a position clear of the main body where the *Courageous* would have to go to get her planes back on the deck. The rest was simple and deadly.

The minute the planes were aboard and the great hulk of the *Courageous* slowed up during the turn to regain station with the rest of the convoy, the U-boat commander let fly with two tubes, and that was the end of the *Courageous*. It will be the end of more aircraft carriers before this present war is over.

My readers will naturally ask: "Well, if that is the future of these vessels, what should be done about it and how can we replace them with something else?"

Suggestive Alternative

There is very little that can be done about aircraft carriers as they stand now except to rebuild them into light, high-speed cruisers. They most certainly have no future as floating landing grounds. They could be re-fitted with gun turrets

and, with their high speed, be turned into some new form of naval weapon, but only as a gun-carrier, not a plane carrier.

Since we must have naval aviation, we should rely more on flying boats of great size, speed and range. These planes, generally known as the "Flying Dreadnaughts" can be turned out fast now, and they have proved their worth time and time again. Look how many mass flights to Hawaii have been carried out with a small version of the modern "Flying Dreadnaught." Look how much area could be covered by a squadron of such planes, if they were manned by men as skilled as the modern carrier pilot.

The modern long-range flying boat can bomb, report for gunnery, fight off enemy aircraft, photograph enemy fleets and naval bases, raid enemy areas inshore, carry out rescue flights and provide a very acceptable first line of defense.

This is 1939—not 1914.

If we must have single-seater fighters in the Navy, and it seems that shellbacks are still figuring in terms of 1917-18 they can be catapulted from cruiser and battleship catapults. They can build high-speed fighters with single float-planes. They have already built a very fine two-seater fighter-reconnaissance plane suitable for catapult work which does not have to return to a ship which must steam into the wind to pick it up, and thus lose station.

A float plane which has been sent up to do a mission, can return to practically any vessel in an emergency and be picked up on a derrick. It at least gives the crew a chance, even if the plane has to be abandoned in an emergency. You can always build planes, but you don't pick crews off plum trees.

Single-Seaters Passé

Where a single-seater fighter fits into

the modern naval-air picture is something to ponder on. Just what a single-seater fighter can do against fleets of high-speed bombers or giant flying boats is a great question. Most certainly they cannot fight the modern bomber, because the bomber is better armed and in most cases is equally as speedy.

The fighter pilot has all his troubles trying to put his nose on the bomber before he can even fire a shot, but the bomber gunners, standing steady in sheltered turrets can bang away from all angles and they have been doing it in this war much to the dismay of the fighters. We all still like to dream about the single-seater ace who lone-handed shoots down hundreds of enemy planes, but that was the other war. It has not happened since in any war.

No, we can do without the aircraft carrier very well. It is only a nuisance in fleet maneuvers.

It is continually being "destroyed" in the theoretical war games and it sacrifices too many fine men and fine machines ever to pay its own freight.

Aircraft carriers are lovely things in naval drills and at the President's inspection of the Fleet. They look fine all cleaned up at some dock with hundreds of visitors clambering all over them and young neat officers politely showing the citizenry all the fine points, but there is one thing they never tell you—they can't tell you because they are still officers of the Fleet and can't talk—they'll never tell you what their chances are if ever they go into action.

Mark my words, the loss of the *Courageous* will mark a very important milestone in naval design and strategy—that is, unless the shellbacks are too blind to read the writing on the wall.

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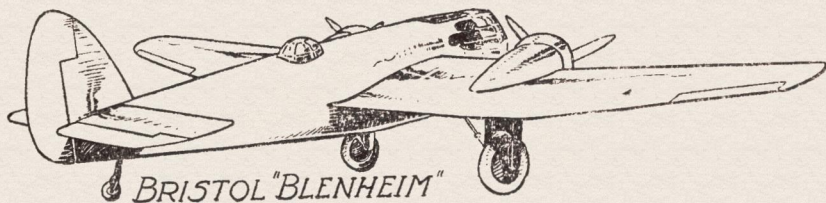
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The Ship of the Month

THE British Air Force is using the Bristol "Blenheim," a high performance day bomber credited with a speed of 295 m.p.h. The ship is a mid-wing cantilever monoplane with a monocoque fuselage.

The retractable undercarriage has each unit retracted backwards by the Bristol hydraulic-jack which breaks the knee jointed radius rods. The engines are in nacelles attached to the extremities of the center section.

There is a normal crew of three. The pilot's seat is in the nose on the port side with the navigator's seat alongside. Ahead of the navigator's seat is a sliding and folding seat for bomb aiming.

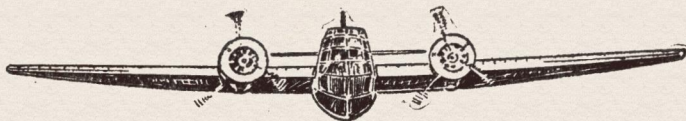
Aft of the wing is a rear gun turret mounted midway along the fuselage. Bombs are carried internally in a bomb cell under the center section.

SPECIFICATIONS

Span	56 ft. 4 in.
Length	39 ft. 9 in.
Height	9 ft. 10 in.
Wing area	469 sq. ft.
Weight empty	7,409 lbs.
Weight loaded	12,030 lbs.

Engines:

2 Bristol Mercury radial air cooled



See it first in *THE LONE EAGLE*

VANISHING WINGS



Saunders glanced upward to see one of the French-marked seaplanes heading toward him

By RUSSELL STANTON

Author of "Sky Raid Warning," "Blackout Terror," etc.

"KIP" SAUNDERS, eagle-eyed "B" Flight Leader of the Sixteenth Yankee Pursuits, circled the deserted Hun drome three times before heading west toward his own lines and his own tarmac beyond. As he flew back a puzzled scowl darkened his good-looking, wind-bronzed face. And

every now and then he gave a quick little shake of his head and rapped his knuckles against the cockpit rim.

Forty minutes later he landed at Sixteen, taxied up to the line and then strode over to the squadron office. Major Ralph Harmon glanced up from a cigarette-burned desk as he entered.

The Boche Stuck Their Necks Out—and Turned "Kip" Saunders into a One-Man War Machine!

"Well, Kip, is it true?"

The pilot tossed his helmet and goggles on a chair, stuck a cigarette in his mouth and lighted up.

"Yeah, it's true," he nodded. "Von Kohl and his brood aren't there any more. There's nobody there, in fact. Hell, I've been counting on slapping down that killer ever since he moved in."

"There's a lot of pilots who'd like to smack von Kohl out of the air," he said. "But he's a tricky devil. If you ask me, his moving means that hell is going to pop some place else. He never did stay put very long. He— Why, hello, Colonel! What brings you down here?"

They both saluted the tall, lean-jawed senior officer that entered. The Wing colonel returned the salute and cleared his throat.

"Seven dead men," he said through clenched teeth. "That's why I'm down here. Rather, one dead man and six who have just disappeared in thin air. Saunders, I've got a job for you. And when I give you a job you know what that means. Or what it might mean."

THE pilot grinned and snuffed out his butt. "I didn't come to France to guzzle cognac *all* the time, Colonel," he said. "Shoot. What is it now?"

"The damndest mystery I've bumped into since arriving," the other replied. "As you know, we've been borrowing planes from the British until our factories in the States get a move on and send some over. Well, these planes are ferried over from Hendon, England to the replacement depot at Lants, on the French coast. There they are re-checked and sent to the various squadrons that need them."

The senior officer paused a moment to wet his lips. "This has been going on for a month," he continued. "A month up until last Tuesday, three days ago. Since then seven

new ships have been ferried over. Six never arrived, and have never even been seen since. The seventh arrived at the Lants field last night. The pilot made a crash landing and the ship caught on fire. We managed to drag him out but it was too late to do anything for the poor devil. But just before he died he said, 'The damn Huns got us!'"

"Huns between Hendon and Lants!" Saunders exclaimed. "Why, that's impossible! A Hun ship couldn't remain in that section of air five minutes. The Channel patrol boys would bring him down in nothing flat."

"I agree with you," the Wing C.O. nodded. "But just before the flames enveloped the ship, I'd swear that I saw bullet holes in the wing fabric. The pilot must have been badly wounded and passed out before he could make a safe landing."

"Did all seven take off at the same time?" Saunders asked.

"No. Three left the day before yesterday, and never showed up. And the other four, led by a man named Hickson, took off yesterday."

Saunders' body had gone ramrod stiff.

"Hickson, did you say, sir?" he echoed. "Captain Ted Hickson?"

"The same," the colonel nodded. "The man who used to be with you when you were with the French. You're best friend, I believe. And that's why I'm telling you all this. I thought—"

"You thought right, sir," the pilot interrupted grimly. "If Ted Hickson led, he didn't get them lost by heading way up around Ostend. And if he said, 'Huns' then they met Huns. Yet—dammit, Ted must have been mistaken. I just can't believe that's possible. When's the next load of new planes to be ferried over?"

"Tomorrow morning," was the reply. "Four of them. I was wondering if—"

"I'll pick three of my gang, and we'll ferry them across," the Sixteenth ace took it up. Then added, tight-lipped: "Or know the reason why we can't. Poor old Ted. Hell—"

A dawn sun was slowly burning off the thin night fog from the broad expanse of Hendon Airdrome as Kip Saunders and three of his squadron pals waited for the English mechanics to warm up the four brand-new Camels on the line. The Yankees smoked cigarettes and kidded with one another, but underneath their surface show of gayety was grim determination to get the badly needed planes through to France at all costs. Then, presently, an English officer walked over and saluted courteously.

"They're ready to go, gentlemen," he said. "Best of luck to you."

"Thanks." Saunders smiled grimly and turned to his pilots. "Stick close, fellows, and keep your eyes open. If you spot a Hun ship—and I'll eat it if we do—let go a green Very light so that the rest can get on guard, pronto. If the odds are at all even, we'll knock their ears off. But if there's a gang of them, we'll play coward and get the hell out of the way. After all, the idea is to get these crates over there in good shape. Okay men—let's go!"

TEN minutes later Saunders led the three other ships into the air, banked around to the southeast and headed for the English Channel. On impulse he twisted around in the seat and stared down at the huge flying field. Sight of it sent an eerie feeling rippling through him. He felt as though he wasn't going to feel hard ground under his feet, ever again. Cursing softly he faced front, and rammed the throttle wide open.

"Don't be a slob, Saunders!" he grated at himself. "You're getting the jitters of a two-hour-old fledgling. Ted must have got lost and

went too far north. Still, what about those three the day before? Hm-m."

He watched the picturesque English countryside roll by under his wings. Presently the gray-blue waters of the English Channel came swelling up over the horizon. Another twenty minutes, and they were above the twenty-eight mile strip of water that separated the English coast from the once-popular summer resort colonies of Lants.

Shifting to a more comfortable position Saunders peered hard at the huge banks of dull slate clouds that hung in the air above him. Hun ships up there waiting? He snorted and glanced toward the north, and sat up straight in his seat. About six miles away, half a dozen dots were headed northwest toward the English shores. Yes; dots to a green-horn, perhaps. But to Saunders' veteran eyes they were D.H. seaplanes—ships from one of the Channel patrol squadrons of the R.A.F. He relaxed in the seat and directed his attention elsewhere.

Then when the French coast was little more than a blur far ahead, Saunders sat up in the seat again. A mile to the south, and sliding down out of the clouds, were six more seaplanes. Again, however, he relaxed; for he instantly recognized the French Flying Corps' markings on the planes. And then, a few moments later when the pilot of the leading French ship raised his gloved hand and waved it in greeting, Saunders grinned and waved back.

"Colonel's taking no chances, and asked the French to send out an escort, eh?" he grunted aloud. "And maybe it's a good idea at that. Anyway, it makes us ten strong now, in case we do run into Huns."

Like six graceful birds the French planes winged around into escort position above and behind the American patrol, and all ten pushed on

toward France. And then, without warning, it happened!

The heavens yammered shockingly with machine-gun fire, and sudden death hissed down into Saunders' plane. Even as he twisted around in the seat, a white-hot spear of flame sliced across the top of his shoulder, and he felt the stick go mushy in his grasp. Like chariots from hell, the six French-marked planes were charging straight down, their snouts spewing out twin streams of jetting flame.

Saunders swore aloud, and tried to jerk his nose up, but his elevator control wires had been severed, and all the ship did was to fall into a sluggish spin. Metal death spat at him; but somehow Lady Luck stayed with him as he corkscrewed down toward the gray-blue waters below. But she completely abandoned the other three members of his patrol. Before his rage-filmed eyes the Camels burst into flames one by one, and went hurtling down into the Channel and utter destruction.

FIGHTING his spinning ship, Saunders managed to half pull it out of the sluggish spin. But that's as far as he could get. He was much too low to even attempt to do anything else. So he unsnapped the safety belt, threw his arms up above his face and let his body go limp.

The water rose up and hit the ship like a slab of concrete. Stars and comets whirled about before Saunders' closed eyes. A thousand needles shot through his body, and an invisible fist pounded him on the back of the neck. And then the yammer of machine-gun fire snapped him out of his pain-stunned trance. He glanced upward, to see one of the French-marked seaplanes heading down toward him.

"The hell you will!" Saunders belated. Shoving up in the seat, he dived over the side, swam underwater as

long as his bursting lungs and waterlogged clothes would allow him, and then broke surface. Perhaps sixty feet away his ship was a mass of smoke and flame that was fast sinking below the waters. The French-marked plane had by now zoomed up to join the other five.

"You dirty dog!" Kip Saunders howled through a mouthful of water. "Just like the *Lusitania*, huh? Sunk without warning! By God, I'll—"

He didn't finish the rest. Didn't because utter amazement froze his tongue. Not twenty feet from him the gray-blue water swirled white foam, and the saw-tooth bow of a submarine poked up above the surface. Automatically treading water, the Yank stared as the conning tower and the after-deck appeared. On the side of the conning tower was painted in white, U-354.

A few seconds later, and the conning tower lid went up, as a German seaman, rifle in hand, piled out onto the deck. As the long barrel of the rifle swung Saunders' way, cold fear gripped his heart. He tried to jack-knife up and go down underneath. Yet his muscles refused to move, and his brain told him that it would be but a useless postponement of death, anyway. In time he'd have to break surface, and that killer devil on the submarine's deck would nail him then.

Suddenly another figure piled out of the conning tower. The man was an officer. He knocked up the seaman's rifle and snarled something that Saunders didn't catch. Then in the next moment a line came snaking out toward him.

"Thank God, there's one white German!" he breathed, and clutched hold of the rope.

When presently he was hauled, wet and dripping up onto the deck of the submarine, the sense of thankfulness left him abruptly. He found himself staring into the mock-

ing, glittering eyes of von Kohl, his most hated enemy in all the war. To meet this man aboard a Hun submarine in the middle of the English Channel took Saunders' breath away for the moment. He could only stare at him, dumfounded. The German's tongue was very loose indeed, however.

"We meet in a strange place, eh, my fine friend?" he leered. "Lucky I recognized you, or this sailor would have put a bullet in your head."

"Want to do that little thing yourself, don't you?" Saunders snapped, tight-lipped. "It's right in your line, I'll admit."

A heavy hand hit him across the mouth and almost knocked him into the water. He saved himself, and lunged forward to do a little fist swinging himself. He didn't. Three navy slaves of the Kaiser leaped on him and pinned his arms to his sides. Von Kohl laughed harshly.

"Take him below," he ordered. "We have remained on the surface in this spot long enough. We dive at once and proceed to where we take the planes aboard. Take him away."

Making no show of resistance, Saunders permitted the submarine's sailors to lead him below and toss him into a steel-walled room, then slam the door and lock it. A thousand crazy thoughts rushing through his brain, he sank down on a drop-cot fitted to the wall and fought hard to get hold of himself.

It was obvious that the French-marked planes had been piloted by Germans. By members of von Kohl's old *Staffel*, probably. But how in blazes were they able to operate over the English Channel? They didn't appear to have extra gas tanks that would permit round-trip flights from German-held ground. Well, then what? He cut off the question and sat up with a sudden thought. Von Kohl

had ordered the submarine to dive and proceed to the spot where the planes would be *taken aboard!* Six French seaplanes on a German submarine? Saunders shook his head.

"It's crazy!" he grunted. "Or maybe I am."

FOR the time being he gave up trying to figure out the answers. The submarine was in motion. He could both feel and hear the low throbbing note of the engines. He didn't know how long it was, but it seemed hours before the door of his prison was jerked open and two Luger armed sailors appeared. One of them gave a curt backward jerk of his head.

"Come with us!" he snarled. "Be the fool, and you die."

There being nothing else he could do, considering the circumstances, Saunders stepped out of the room and suffered the two Germans to lead him back up on deck. The submarine had broken surface again and had come to a dead stop. Von Kohl, with one or two German naval officers, was standing on the conning tower deck, watching the crew unfasten the forward hatches. The German turned as Saunders approached, and smiled cynically.

"I thought you might be interested in watching this, my fine friend," he said. "You must be consumed with wonder." He chuckled unpleasantly.

The Yank paid him no attention. He didn't for the reason that there were matters of greater importance. Off to the port side, some sixty yards or more, were two other submarines riding at sea anchor. Like the one upon whose deck he stood, their forward hatches were being opened. But, as Saunders noted, opened so that electrically operated cranes could be hoisted above deck. Then as he glanced upward, he saw the six French-marked planes separate into pairs and come coasting

downward, two toward each U-boat.

"Now you begin to understand, eh?" von Kohl's voice gloated in his ear.

Saunders still paid no attention to him. Two of the planes had taxied close alongside the submarine. As their props stopped, lines were thrown out, caught by the pilots and made fast. Then a dozen shirtless sailors appeared out of the open hatches and swarmed over the two planes like flies. In less than five minutes wings had been removed, pontoons unbolted and pulled free, and the fuselages hoisted aloft. Another two minutes, and everything had been stowed away below decks in the forward compartments of the submarine, and the hatches fastened down tight.

THEN and then only did Saunders look at the German air ace. His voice was steady when he spoke, but his heart was pounding against his ribs.

"Thanks for the front row seat," he said. "And I'm tipping my hat to a not half-bad idea. If I reported that there were plane-carrying submarines in the Channel, I'd be sent to the bughouse for observation. But the idea isn't for me to make the report, is it? So why wait?"

The German smiled slowly. "You have a certain courage, Captain Saunders," he admitted. "Even though you and all your countrymen are blind fools. Yes, the French and the English would consider you a crazy man were you to report what you have actually seen. However, I am not one to take the slightest risk of possible failure. This plan to stop replacement planes from arriving in France is entirely mine. I might mention that in one week we have destroyed a total of twenty-seven Allied planes. Yes, they and their pilots are at the bottom of the Channel, to remain a mystery to your fine friends forever."

The man paused, shrugged, and gave a little shake of his head.

"I said twenty-seven at the bottom—including you, of course. But it's really twenty-six. One swine got away from us. Our surprise attack was not quick enough. However, I have been told that he died at the Lants field before he could reveal my little secret. Nevertheless, I shall take precautions to guard against any close guesswork. And you naturally will be that precaution. In due time, of course."

Von Kohl gave Saunders another tight-lipped smile, then nodded to his guards.

"Take him below and give him food if he wishes it," he ordered. "Those English planes are not to be ferried to France until late this afternoon. We'll rest on the bottom until then."

Once again Saunders was led below and locked in his steel-walled prison. Like a caged tiger, he spent a couple of hours stalking about the small room, seeking for the slightest loophole of escape, silently battling the heart-chilling thoughts that whipped back and forth through his brain. What his fate was to be; what plan the killer von Kohl had, didn't matter to him in the slightest. What burned through him was the truth of the man's words.

Von Kohl's submarine-airplane trick could raise hell with the Allied air services. With no survivors, how would those yet to ferry ships know that the French escort planes they met were really von Kohl's ships piloted by his vultures? The answer was, of course, that they would not. And so with each new day, three, four, five and maybe even more planes and pilots would disappear into the waters of the Channel forever.

And another thought. If von Kohl's plan met with marked success, what was there to stop the

Hun ace from shipping a hundred German subs into the Channel, each of them equipped with two battle planes? There the answer again was—nothing. And with an armada of two hundred planes striking at England, or at France—

Saunders cursed and slumped down on the edge of the cot. He pressed both fists against his temples hard. Damn it, there must be some way to trip up von Kohl. There *had* to be. And it was up to him to find it. He raised his eyes and stared at the smooth steel walls that surrounded him, and groaned helplessly.

And then began a wait that seemed to stretch on far beyond the limits of eternity. A dozen times the submarine got underway, and a dozen times it came to a stop, to rest motionless on the bottom of the Channel. Finally, though, the door was shoved open and two guards appeared again.

The Yank didn't give them a chance to open their big mouths. He got up and stepped out of the room and let them take him up on deck again. The three submarines were at sea-anchor close together, and all six planes were in the water with props ticking over. A finger of ice slid down the small of Saunders' back as von Kohl spoke to him.

"Another pleasure I am granting you," he sneered. "To watch the take-off. It is really quite beautiful to see. They are after five British planes this time. And when they return—"

The German paused and rubbed his big hands together.

"When they return, it will be to collect your dead body and fly it almost all the way to Ostend, and drop it on the shore there to be found. Imagine what your superiors will think when your crushed body is identified as far north as that, eh? Rather, imagine their consternation and wonder. You see? Naturally,

they will not suspect that you were killed over two hundred miles further south. And so—my little secret will be all the more protected."

Saunders forced a stiff grin to his face and shifted his right foot the fraction of an inch.

"You think it's that safe?" he chuckled. "Pardon me while I laugh in that weasel face of yours. Why, you uniformed sausage, it'll—"

The German hissed like a snake and lunged forward. But Saunders was set for just that move. He dropped into a crouch quick as a flash, locked both arms about the charging German's middle. Then he heaved him off his feet and pivoted like an acrobatic dancer. The two German guards tried to leap out of the way, but von Kohl's swinging body smacked into them and knocked them both head over apple cart into the water.

Still pivoting, Saunders swung the German ace for another half turn and then let go. Like a sack of meal von Kohl went flying across the five-foot deck to plow into a navy man and two gaping pilots. They all went down in a heap.

BUT the Yank didn't wait to see them recover. Leaping over the conning tower deck-rail, he kicked the pontoon mooring line free from one of the planes, hurled himself up onto the wing and then scrambled along it and into the pit. Even before the first Luger bullet came whining after him, he was pulling the plane clear and zooming upward. With no more than a hundred feet under his wings, he swooped around in a split-arc turn and went thundering down on the other two subs. Thumbs on the trigger trips, he jabbed both forward and sent chattering destruction down upon first one plane and then the other.

Figures on the submarines rushed like rats toward the conning towers,

but Saunders' savage bursts cut them down like wheat, to fall sprawling and lifeless as flames belched up from the exploding gas tanks of the planes. In almost nothing flat, both submarines were lost to view in the midst of a raging hell of flame.

"Take those hot babies under the water!" Saunders roared, and kicked rudder, "and you'll sure be doing something, what I mean!"

Wheeling around he headed back toward the submarine on which he had been held prisoner. The sixth and last remaining plane was taking off, and in its cockpit was von Kohl. Saunders grinned, lined up sights.

"Don't you suppose I tackled the others first to give you the chance to take off?" he shouted. "And how, you skunk! Here's a dish of rat poison for you!"

The German started to twist away from Saunders' relentless fire. But he might as well have tried to fly his seaplane down into the U-boat's compartments and pull the hatches shut on top of him. His twin streams of bullets almost like twin faucets of spraying lead, the shouting, cursing Yank ace raked the German's plane from spinning prop to tail-skid. Nothing in the world could have withstood that furious onslaught, and von Kohl was most certainly no exception to the rule.

He darted and twisted, and threw his plane all over the sky. But it was all to no avail. Saunders' bul-

lets were right at the back of his neck at every turn. And then suddenly von Kohl's plane seemed to stop dead in midair, as though it had run into a wall. Like a wounded bird it fell over on wing and dropped straight down—straight down toward the submarine already half submerged in an emergency dive.

But it was too late for those in that U-boat. Von Kohl's plane had slammed down into it. There was a minor explosion of the seaplane's gas tank, and a tongue of flame shot skyward. Almost instantly, though, there came a much louder explosion, and a livid sheet of red shot toward the heavens. Through it Kip Saunders saw the submarine heeling over on its port side. Then it sank and disappeared.

Twisting in the seat Saunders glanced back across the water. One of the two other U-boats was rolling in the swell, great clouds of black smoke belching up from its opened conning tower. The third submarine was nowhere to be seen. But an ever-widening oil-slick on the water told Saunders that it would stay on the bottom forever. Then once more the Yank ace glanced down at von Kohl's plane, slowly being drawn under out of sight.

"Yeah, I'll carry out your idea, von Kohl," he muttered grimly, banking north. "But not the way you'd like me to. I'm *really* going to escort those English ships across!"

QUESTION

Which are the
only cough drops
containing
Vitamin A?
(CAROTENE)

ANSWER



World War Model Planes

A Department of Accurate Brand-New Plans

HOW TO BUILD THE SOPWITH PUP

TO. M. Sopwith, known to us now as a British sportsman specializing in racing yachts, was one of Great Britain's finest World War airplane designers. Originally he was a flyer, then swung into the designing and manufacturing game.

Sopwith was as good a designer as he was a flyer. A few of the efficient airplanes he designed were the Sopwith Tabloid, Sopwith Camel, Sopwith Triplane and the Sopwith Pup.

It's the Pup in which we are particularly interested at this model-building session. It is a trim fighting ship somewhat resembling the famous Sopwith Camel, with which you are all familiar. It was an earlier ship than the Camel. It had an 80 h.p. motor against the Camel's 130 h.p. one.

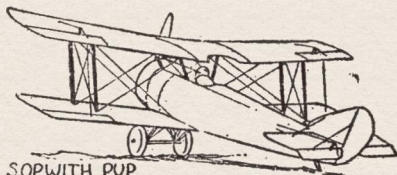
It weighed, loaded, about 200 pounds less than the Camel, but it traveled only 14 miles per hour slower than the more modern Camel. The Pup was a sweet flying job, and once a pilot had become accustomed to its sympathetic controls he hated to give up his reliable air steed for some of the newer models.

So, there you have our build-up for this grand old plane of the World War skies. We hope you've caught some of the romance of this prima donna of bygone days and will caress those pieces of balsa till they are shaped perfectly and when assembled

will do justice to the original ship, that old wardog of the Western Front—the Sopwith Pup!

FUSELAGE

Study the cross sections first. Find their locations on fuselage indicated by same letters as appear on cross sections. You'll get a definite feel this way of the different portions of the fuselage. Your center lines on the side view and the top view are important. They are the lines on which the fuselage is built. From these lines make all necessary measurements.



SOPWITH PUP

From cross section "A" the fuselage gradually becomes flatter on its sides as it goes back. At the front of the cockpit the roundness of the sides has disappeared and is replaced by flat sides. From this point on back the sides are flat. The bottom is flat from the cowling ring all the way back.

The top of the fuselage has a curved surface, more pronounced toward the nose than the tail. Cross sections give you this feel.

TAIL ASSEMBLY

It is a good stunt to make and fit all tail pieces onto the finished fuselage without attaching. After complete satisfaction to yourself that all pieces are perfect and fit into their places correctly, lay them aside till the wings and undercarriage are securely fastened in place. Then cement the tail pieces in place.

In doing the job this way it gives you the end of the fuselage to grab hold of while working on the assembly. We've seen plenty of swell tail assemblies broken by their being anchored into their permanent position too quickly.

WINGS

The flat center section of the top wing and the two outer sections having dihedral

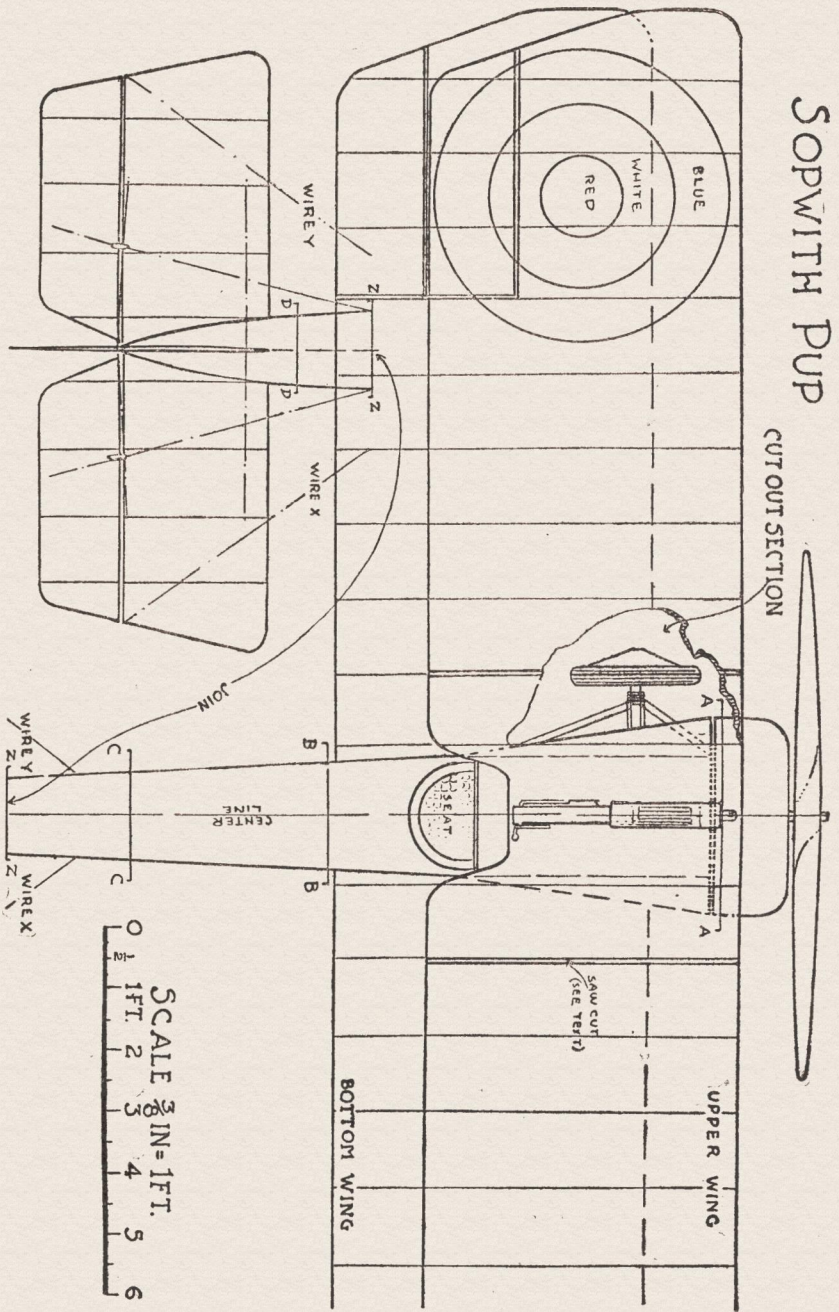
SPECIFICATIONS

SOPWITH PUP

Span	26 ft. 6 in.
Length	19 ft. 3¾ in.
Height	9 ft. 5 in.
Engine	80 h.p. Le Rhone
Climb to 5,000 ft.	7 min. 40 sec.

SOPWITH PUP

CUTOUT SECTION



SCALE $\frac{3}{8}$ IN = 1 FT.
 0 1/2 1 FT. 2 3 4 5 6

puts you up against a tricky bit of construction. There are two ways to construct the top wing. Either way calls for making the wing in one piece at first.

After it is cut out and roughly shaped by sanding or cutting, take fine sandpaper and bring the whole wing (under and top surfaces) to perfection.

Now, here are the two ways to get the center section flat and dihedral into the rest.

First, the simplest way. Take a saw and laying the wing flat on a table, underside of wing against table, saw half way or a little more through wing at two places where wing changes from flat to dihedral. This stunt allows you to bend wingtips upward and still keep wing in one piece. Dampening the wood under the sawcuts will make wood easier to bend. Put a weight on center section, bend up wingtips, put little blocks under tips. Pile other weights or tie whole wing down. Either fill sawcuts with cement or plastic wood before bending or after. Let the whole wing set until it holds its shape.

The second way to construct wing is to shape as above, then saw completely through wing at two places. You then fit pins with heads cut off into center section and hook wings onto these pins. If you follow the last way mentioned, better do plenty of sighting and truing up before actually getting wing anchored to plane.

Either way is good, the first is easier. Take your pick.

The bottom wings have same angle of dihedral as top wings. Make your center section struts and main wing struts and fit them in between wings after you have anchored bottom wings in place. This can be accomplished without much fuss if you can get fuselage laying square on a table block of wood. Tie it down and block up lower wing wingtips. Now start fitting top wing over it with a strut or two held in position.

You'll see that some temporary bracing, such as a couple of pieces of thin cigar box sticking out from two piles of books will give you two little shelves on which to lay wing tips of upper wing. You only have two hands, and they are mighty busy so you have to get that top wing in place before cementing struts. Try this stunt or rig up one of your own as anything to help to get wings in position so you can work on the assembling of the struts.

We think this part of the construction is the place where most of us blow up. We try to do the impossible in balancing and then because it doesn't work we get sore. A professional builder who makes models for the airplane companies uses all the trick bracing stunts he can think of to make his job easier.

UNDERCARRIAGE

The undercarriage is simple. Make struts right length and thickness. Make flat wooden spreader bar out of fairly hard

wood. Jack up fuselage on blocks and fasten undercarriage to fuselage, either as a unit or in pieces.

Watch particularly that the spreader bar is in line with the wings. In other words at exact right angles to the center line of fuselage. Do a lot of measuring and trial fittings before you actually anchor anything to the body.

Now that you have your model plane pretty well along, you can go back and get the tail assembly into position. Firmly anchor stabilizers and elevators into position. You can have each side of fuselage (one stabilizer and one elevator) in one piece or if you want real swell detail, work the hinges between the pieces after cutting them apart. After both sides are in place you can assemble the fin and rudder and anchor it to the fuselage.

At about this stage you can stand back and do a little plain and fancy admiring of your ship. You probably feel pretty slick over the job. More power to you. Now back to work.

PAINTING

Get plenty of liquid filler slapped all over the job, let it dry in, then give another coat. A little sanding of any lumpy place after it is dry is in order. Several coats are usually needed on balsa to make the porous wood ready to take a paint or lacquer job on its surface without all the brightness of the color sinking into the wood and the surface looking dull. Get a good lacquer or enamel to paint your model with.

If you are not sure what to get, go to your model supply store or your local paint store and ask their advice. Tell them what you are using the color on and they will probably fix you up okay.

Two or three coats are generally used on a model. Let plenty of time elapse between coats, a day or more is best.

After the painting is finished and dry you can cut thin piano wire for the wiring. Cut wire a little longer than you need it, this allows the sharp ends to sink into the soft balsa wood and the wires spring straight. The small separate perspective drawing will help you with the wiring.

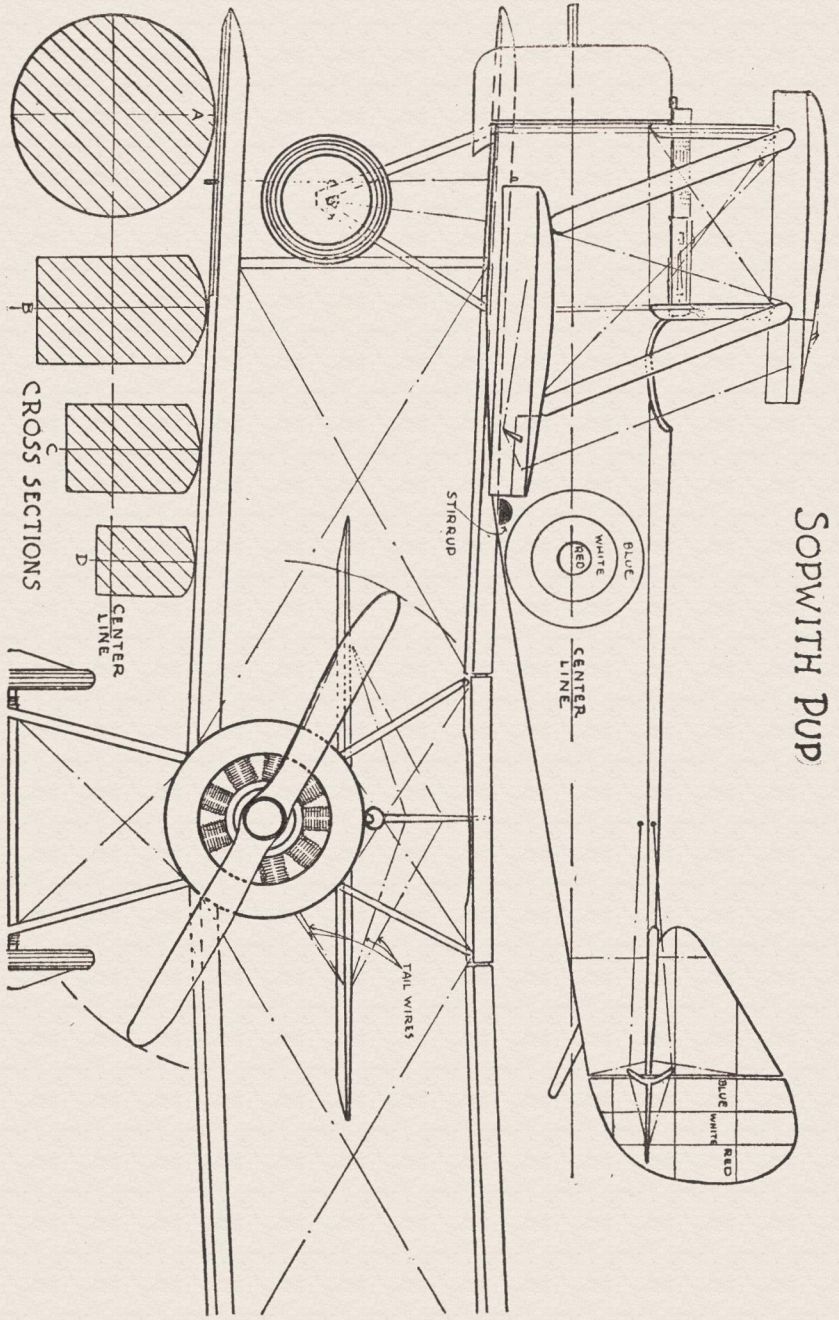
British insignia is given for your model. The engine may be painted on the flat surface of cowl, or a hollow cowl constructed and the engine fitted into it, then the whole unit anchored back on the fuselage.

There are lots of different ways in approaching any of your model building problems. Ours are given to get you on the track if you need guidance. Do it any way you can. There's only one way your model should look when finished—it must look good to the builder—and that's you!

Next Issue

How to Build the Albatross D-3

SOPWITH PUP



SABOTAGE FLIGHT

By ROBERT SIDNEY BOWEN

Author of "Flight to Glory," "Death Goes Solo," etc.



*Lieutenant Benham, Naval Air
Commander, Risks His Life to
Trap a Deadly Traitor Rat!*

CAPTAIN JARDIN, commanding officer of the Navy Aviation Base at Boston Airport, drummed his fingers on the desk and furrowed his brows in worried thought.

"I agree with you in part," he suddenly said to the lean, wind-bronzed pilot seated on the other side of the desk. "I mean, I once thought the FB2C was just the ship for coastal scouting work. But I don't know, now. Six crash deaths in two weeks can't be laughed off. And Washington H.Q. is raising hell. No, I think the ship has proved itself too tricky and unreliable for Navy Aviation work."

"Chuck" Benham, senior squadron

For a split-second the fouled 'chute held

leader at the Base, swallowed hard, cursed inwardly and then put every ounce of sincerity he could summon into his voice.

"I made the first tests of the FB2C, sir," he said. "I stayed with it from the drafting board until it was officially accepted for Navy service. Why, I wouldn't think more of it if I'd designed it myself. It—"

"I know," Captain Jardin broke in quietly. "You were once with the Caldwell Company who made the ship. I arranged for you to do the testing after you'd told me about the new design. And I also backed up your recommendation that Washington accept it and equip the Base here with the type. I was with you all the way, Benham, because if there's one man in Naval Aviation who knows planes, it's you. But after this—"

The Base Commander paused and gestured helplessly.

"Six pilots killed in two weeks," he finally said. "Six experienced Navy pilots killed during solo night maneuvers. How in God's name do you explain that?"

"I can't, sir," Benham said heavily. "It's as much of a mystery to me as it is to you. But have you thought of this, sir? Every pilot crashed in flames. Every pilot was on a lone night-scouting maneuver. And not one of them bailed out in his parachute. Doesn't that mean something to you?"

HE STARED intently at his superior.

"It does," Captain Jardin said. "The thought came to me only last night. Fumes from the engine must get back to the closed-over pit and knock the pilot out before he has a chance to do anything. So he crashes wide open and burns up."

"Or else something happens to the pilot that isn't connected with the plane or engine at all," Benham said grimly.

"Meaning what?" Jardin demanded sharply.

"Meaning sabotage, sir," the senior flight leader replied at once. "Perhaps those pilots had dope slipped into their food at evening mess, and it took effect later when they were in the air. Or perhaps a small fire bomb or gas bomb was hidden in the ship."

Jardin's mouth fell open, and then he laughed harshly.

"Spies here at the Boston Base, Benham?" he snorted. "Why, that's crazy! What the hell good could a spy do around here? This isn't an experimental base. We haven't any secrets to hide. A spy could go through every one of my files and not learn a thing!"

"That's true, sir," Benham agreed, "but—"

That's as far as he got. The jangle of the phone on the desk cut off the rest. Captain Jardin took the call. Benham, watching him, saw him stiffen, saw his eyes grow cold and hard.

"Thanks very much, sir," Jardin finally said. "Keep a couple of your men watching it, will you, please? I'll send a truck crew right out."

Hanging up, the Base commander glared at the phone a moment and then raised his eyes to Benham's.

"Number seven, Benham," he said in a hard voice. "That was the Worcester chief of police. He got a call from the constable at Oakham a few minutes ago. The villagers thought they saw a meteor fall last night. When they investigated this morning they found it was a half-burned Navy plane. The constable phoned word to Worcester to be relayed to us. That would be young Ensign Chase who was doing the Base-to-Albany-and-back trip. Should be landing here right about now."

Benham groaned and stood up.

"May I fly out there, sir?" he asked. "I want a look at that crash before it's trucked in."

"Go ahead," Jardin grunted. "You have inspected every one of the other crashes, though. What do you think this one will tell you? Not a thing, Benham. It's like I said, engine fumes or something that leaves no trace."

"You said it was a half-burned plane, sir," Benham murmured. "All the others were completely burned. There's just a chance—"

Benham let the rest trail off into thin air. Deep down in him he was beginning to wonder just a little bit himself. Jardin gave him a kindly look.

"Know how you feel, and it's tough, Benham," he said. "But I'm afraid this is the last day the FB2C type will see Navy Aviation Service. I'm wiring Washington for instructions regarding the grounding of the rest here."

"Don't do it until I return, sir, will you?" Benham pleaded.

"Why not?" Jardin asked. "Think you're sure to find the answer this time? But even if you do, it won't—"

"I'm not sure of anything, sir," Benham said. "I'm just asking that you wait until I get back from my trip to Oakham."

A LITTLE over an hour later, Benham sat his ship down in the cow pasture on the edge of the little village of Oakham. Sixty yards away three Worcester special policemen stood guard around a twisted heap of Navy plane wreckage. And at a respectful distance from them were grouped the villagers. Switching off, Benham climbed out and went over to the wreck.

"Has anything been touched?" he asked.

"No, sir," one of the special police answered. "The constable kept souvenir hunters away until we arrived. He went home to eat, but he'll be back soon if you want to talk to him. And—and the pilot's still in it.

Nothing much left of him, so we let him be."

Benham nodded his thanks and stared at the wreckage. It was not a pretty sight and, crash-hardened as he was, he could not refrain from swallowing a couple of times. Only the tail had escaped the flames, and because the fuselage had snapped off just in back of the cowed-over cockpit it was sticking straight up in the air like a gruesome tombstone.

Through the shattered glass cowling of the cockpit Benham could see the fire-scorched form that had once been Ensign Chase. Fire had burned through the safety belt, but the buckle was still fastened, which proved that Chase had had no time even to make an attempt to bail out of his plane. And the fact that the twisted glass cowl frame-work had not been slid back was further proof the pilot had died fast.

With a sense of utter helplessness surging through him, Benham steeled himself to the job and began to inspect every bit of the wreck. He saw that the magneto switch was still on, and that the throttle was at the three-quarter cruising mark. Not a control cable had been parted by the crash, and an inspection of the unburned tail section showed not a single elevator hinge torn loose, nor even the rudder or tail plane mechanism jammed.

In other words, Benham was convinced that the pilot had been either dead or unconscious when the plane struck. The panel watch had stopped at twenty minutes of four. And final proof that the engine was functioning properly at the time of the crash was the fact that the tachometer needle was jammed at the twenty-one-hundred revolution mark. Obviously, the crash had bent the instrument so that the rev counter needle had been unable to slide back to the zero mark when the engine stopped.

No doubt about it, Chase had been

dead or unconscious at the moment of the crash. So what? So it proved Jardin's theory correct? That the FB2C was so constructed that engine fumes were drawn back into the cockpit, and they knocked out the pilot?

"That doesn't make sense!" Benham grated aloud. "Night air would not change the engine fumes, and nothing's happened during our day patrols!"

"You talking to me, Captain? I'm Constable Jones. I'm the fellow who found the thing."

Benham straightened up and turned to stare at a small, wrinkle-faced man with a big silver star pinned to his threadbare vest.

"Did you see it happen, Constable?" Benham asked.

"I certainly did, Captain," the other nodded shortly.

"I was making my rounds, not thinking of anything in particular, when suddenly I heard a sound up there in the sky. It was like some one was slapping boards together. When I looked up I seen a sort of light. It grew bigger and came rushing down faster than anything I ever did see. A terrible lot of noise, too. Woke up all the folks around.

"Thought it was a meteor, we did. There's been a couple of them things fall in these parts. But I knew different when I found this this morning. Guess the poor fellow in it must have had a stroke or something, huh? A man's crazy to be flying around in the air, anyway. It belongs to the birds, I always say."

Benham asked a few more questions, but Constable Jones could tell him nothing that helped. Returning to his inspection, the Navy pilot stuck at it until the trucking crew arrived. Then with heavy heart he directed the loading operations while the local undertaker took charge of the fire-charred corpse. And when finally

the twisted wreck was in the truck, Benham knew no more than he had known five minutes after his arrival in the cow pasture. And that was simply the firm conviction that the FB2C had crashed because there had been a dead or unconscious pilot at the stick.

While the truck crew waited for the signal to be on their way, Benham leaned against the tailboard and stared hard at the fire-blackened heap of junk. Even now after seven deaths he refused to believe that the FB2C was no good for Service work. He knew planes, damn it! And he had practically wet-nursed the FB2C design from the brain of the Caldwell designer to formal acceptance by the Navy Department. To have the FB2C condemned and washed out of Service would be like losing an arm or a leg, to say nothing of the depreciation of his technical value in the eyes of his superiors.

SUDDENLY he cut off the thought, reached his hand over the tailboard and picked up a twisted length of the dural tubing that had formed the leading edge of one of the wings. The piece was no more than six inches long, but in the middle of it there was a peculiar hump that had caught his eye. Now as he peered at it closely his heart began to hammer against his ribs and the blood to surge through his veins.

Spinning around, he beckoned Constable Jones over.

"Can you give me a better description of that noise you heard just before you saw the plane fall?" he demanded.

The local arm of the law screwed up his face in thought for a moment.

"Can't say it was more than like somebody slapping boards together," he said finally. "Yet, I guess you could say it was like ducks on the pond at sunrise. I only heard a bit

of it, though, Captain. Figure out something?"

"Maybe," Benham grunted and pointed to the stripes on the sleeve of his tunic. "They mean I'm only a lieutenant-commander, Constable. Thanks for your help, though."

Giving the constable a salute, he turned back to the truck and signaled the driver.

"Take it away," he ordered. "Put it in a corner of Hangar Four as I may want to inspect it some more. But I'll be there when you arrive, anyway. Okay, shove off."

As soon as the truck got rolling, Benham hurried over to his ship. After a couple of minutes with the inertia starter he had the engine ticking over. Another couple of minutes and he lifted the plane nice as you please out of the cow pasture and went high-tailing back to the Boston Airport. Captain Jardin was on the tarmac when he landed.

"Well, Benham?" he demanded without ceremony. "Do I wire Washington or not?"

The veteran Navy pilot opened his mouth to speak and then closed it again and hesitated. He was certain he knew the answer to the mystery of Ensign Chase's crash and the other six, yet it was such a fantastic answer he was strongly inclined to keep it to himself until he had absolute proof of his belief. In fact, that is exactly what he decided to do.

"May I have a look at the flight records for the last two weeks, sir?" he answered the captain's question with one of his own.

JARDIN scowled, then abruptly nodded and without another word lead the way over to the Base office. It took Benham less than ten minutes to go through the flight reports and when he was finished there was an agate gleam in his eye. Captain Jardin saw the gleam and cursed impatiently.

"Do I wait all day for a report?"

he snapped. "Did you *find out* anything?"

"Yes, sir," the senior pilot said slowly. "But I'd rather not say anything just yet. I think I know what happened, but I want to get proof first."

"And how do you expect to get it?" Jardin demanded. "But more important, when?"

"Tonight," Benham said. "With your permission I want to lead a practice bombing defense patrol tonight. And I'd like to pick my pilots."

"All right," Jardin said gruffly. "But why do you want to lead such a patrol? That's the type of patrol we've been practicing most for the last month."

"Quite right, sir," Benham said. "And another one tonight won't seem unusual."

"Unusual to whom?" the Base C. O. asked sharply.

"That's what I hope to find out tonight, sir," Benham shrugged.

"Confound it, Benham, what the devil are you planning?" Jardin cracked, as patience fled him in a rush. "If you've got anything to work on, tell me, and we'll put Intelligence to work. Seven crashes are seven too many for me. I won't take the chance of another poor devil getting burnt to a cinder in one of those damn crates. I—"

"That poor devil will be me, sir," Benham broke in quietly. "And I'm willing to take the chance. Just let me lead this one last patrol, sir. If I fail then—then the FB2C is no damn good."

"Very well," Jardin said after a century-long pause. "I still damn well don't like it, though. And your reason for your blasted secrecy had better be good, Benham!"

At nine o'clock that night Chuck Benham spoke to the six pilots standing before him on the tarmac. He had personally picked each man, and he now told them the reason why.

"Washington has the wind up over the FB2C, men," he said. "There's a very good chance it may be washed up as a Navy ship. That would be a crime, though, because I know it's a couple of years ahead of anything any other navy has. Well, tonight we're going to do a real practice bombing defense patrol by way of proving the ship's okay. And I've selected you six because you're the best here at the Base."

BENHAM paused a moment as though to let his words sink in. "Now, here's the patrol routine," he said. "Enemy aircraft carriers have been sighted off shore, see? We will take off in formation and climb to no more than two thousand feet over Boston. You six will circle around over the city at that altitude as though you were waiting for flash signals from the ground radio station in contact with our fleet.

"I will be the only scout plane. I'll fly due east as though I were attempting to spot the bombers en route.

"I'll go out some fifty miles and then come back and contact you by Very light. Then we climb to twenty thousand feet, stay there an hour, and then return to the Base here. Got all that?"

The six pilots nodded.

"Okay," Benham said and fastened the chin strap of his helmet. "But one more thing. As usual, keep your wing lights on so that you won't be ramming each other in the dark. Besides, you'll give the Boston taxpayers a chance to see you milling around. Okay, we take off at once."

The pilots saluted and ran down the line to their individual ships. Benham stared after them.

"I almost hope I'm wrong," he breathed softly. "But I know damn well I'm right—and this is the only way to nail him."

With a grim nod for emphasis he climbed into the pit of his FB2C,

made ready and then taxied slowly out onto the field. There he waited until the others were in position behind in V-formation, and then he went roaring off and up into the night sky. Below him the panorama of the city's lights seemed to spread out to the four horizons. For some ten minutes he lead the flight around over the city, and then arcing a Very light signal over the side he broke up the formation, banked east and started out over the Atlantic alone.

In almost no time the city lights were just a dull glow low down and far behind. Off to his right and down, he spotted the lights of a couple of steamships, but in another fifteen minutes or so he was way out over the Atlantic in a world of darkness save for his own wing lights, and the small instrument cowl light. He adjusted that so that it shed but a thread of glow on the compass and didn't shine into his eyes at all. Then swallowing hard he flew steadily onward until the passing of time told him that he had reached the fifty-mile point and that it was time to turn around.

For a second or so he hesitated, and he was suddenly filled with a yearning impulse to reach out his hand and snap off the wing and tail lights. But with an effort he killed the impulse and went banking around due west.

"You've got to take the chance, Chuck!" he muttered to himself. "There's only one way to prove this business, and this is it!"

Minute after minute he winged westward, and during every second of every minute he strained his eyes at the star-filled heavens above him. A thousand times he sucked air in sharply, and his scalp tingled, but each time he relaxed and continued his study of the stars. And then when he was just about able to see the first bit of the reflection in the sky cast up by the lights of Boston and its surrounding suburbs he

jumped hard on right rudder and slammed the stick over against the side of the cockpit.

The plane seemed to groan aloud in protest, but it responded to the controls instantly and went spinning over and down. Yet it seemed to Benham that the plane hadn't even started to spin over before the dark sky behind him yammered out crackling sound and twin ribbons of jetting flame came streaking straight at him. However, nothing smashed through his tri-plex cockpit cowling to stab him with spears of pain, and in the next second he was hauling the ship out of its mad spin and pulling the nose around toward what seemed to be no more than a blurred shadow rushing across the stars.

It was more than a shadow to Benham, however. It was a plane with no lights. In fact it was an FB2C ship from his own patrol, and at the controls was a rat who had already slaughtered seven Navy lads and was now bent on making it eight.

"But you're out of luck, you stinking skunk!" Benham grated, and slid his thumbs up to the trips of his twin Brownings. "Out of luck because I expected you along. The other poor devils didn't. But this is from them!"

As he spoke the last, he jammed both trigger trips forward. The twin Brownings chattered out their song of metallic death, and the diving shadow seemed to jump sideward against the darker background of night. Then it whirled and came racing in toward Benham, and twin streams of jetting flame etched themselves against the darkness once more.

BENHAM laughed through clenched teeth, faked a right split-arc and then cut back in the opposite direction. The killer pilot flew into the trap before he realized his mistake. Benham fired point-

blank and he saw his own tracers bounce off the other plane.

Then suddenly flames leaped out from the other ship and in their glow it stood out in clear relief. Its pilot slammed open his glass cowling, and heaved himself up out of the pit. Instinctively Benham started to bring his guns into the line with the figure crawling out onto the wing stub, and press the trigger trips. But he checked himself with a curse.

"Nope!" he grated. "You're going back with me as Exhibit A whether you realize it or not."

He waited until the other pilot had fallen clear of the burning ship and pulled the rip cord of his parachute. Then Benham throttled and started sliding down toward the 'chute silk billowed out at the top ends of the shroud lines. The dangling man saw him coming down and tried frantically to "slip" his 'chute off to the side. Benham laughed again and steepened his glide a bit.

"Not a chance, rat!" he grated. "I couldn't miss in the swell light your burning crate gives me. Drop into the water and maybe make a get-away on some fishing smack without wireless? Not a chance, rat. Not—a—chance!"

Holding his ship steady, Benham eased it lower and lower until he was on a level with the sinking parachute and no more than a few feet to one side. Then he waited for a couple of seconds while the killer pilot made a futile attempt to slip the 'chute to the side. And then he dipped the nose, opened up the engine and made a lightninglike "crab" turn as he pulled the nose up.

The result was that he hooked his left wing tip in the shroud lines, and that in turn made the billowed silk collapse and foul itself back over the wing tip, Benham headed back toward Boston Airport flying slightly right wing low so that his "prize" wouldn't slip off the other wing.

(Continued on page 110)

THE STORY OF THE COVER

POCKET battleships of the German Navy lolled lazily at anchor in the harbor at Cuxhaven.

Dungered seamen went peacefully about their duties, swabbing decks, painting winches, cleaning guns.

German submarine supply sheds rose on the jutting breakwater like little red toy buildings in a play village. Conning towers of German submarines stuck up out of the Elbe River waters like pill-boxes on the Siegfried Line as they lay at anchor awaiting orders for fresh marauding expeditions.

But for the conventional activities on battleships, undersea craft and about the sheds, the North Sea Base of the German Navy seemed quiet.

A Sinister Atmosphere

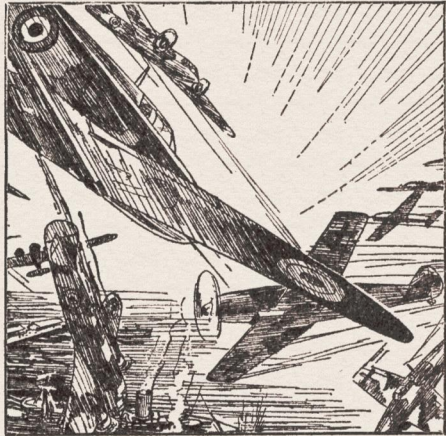
Into this seeming quiet, however, crept a sinister atmosphere that was felt, but could not be seen. Under this apparent conventional activity lay an unapparent efficiency of movement, every act of which led to the completion of another job preparatory to a giant stroke in the second potential World War.

The British Fleet had the German Navy bottled up. The people of Germany were complaining of food shortage. The quiet preparations were in progress because the Nazi Sea Line was ordered to attempt the destruction of the blockade. A mighty job.

Somehow word of the plans leaked out of the German Admiralty. Voices whispered in the ears of the British Lords of the Sea and several hours before the Nazi pocket battleships were to steam out into the North Sea to doubtful victory, Britain sent Vicker's Spitfires and Avro Ansons out over Frisian Islands to stop the proposed Aryan push in advance.

Out of the West; high out of a sinking sun rode huge British bombers and high-powered fighting pursuits. Sleek bodies with graceful lines broken only by patches of many hues thundered over the German sea craft and with lightning fury accurately placed incendiary bombs amidships into one of the German light cruisers. A geyser of flame shot up from its belly—its huge gray bulk wavered, fell over on its side, and sank to the bottom. The sky suddenly blackened with great fighting planes that spoke doom to all things German in the harbor.

Anti-aircraft guns coughed with sharp, staccato barks at the attackers above. Panic-stricken mechanics rushed about the German staffs on nearby air fields and frantically readied the Messerschmidts for defense. Germany's greatest fighting ships soon roared furiously into the flame-ridden sky to meet the mad and already partially successful attack of the British airmen.



Messerschmidts flamed at Vickers Spitfires; snouted German Junkers poured flaming lines of tracer fire into Avro Ansons. But the British rode on, adding submarines to the casualty list, blasting them to the bottom of the North Sea; sending another of the pocket battleships into the green waters. An hour later, all was again quiet. The proposed German push to destroy the blockade was abandoned.

The Vickers Spitfire

The British Vickers Spitfire—an interceptor plane—is Great Britain's fastest fighting ship. It has a top speed of 362 miles per hour and its cruising range is approximately 600 miles. It carries eight Browning machine guns, four located in each wing. The Spitfire is powered by a 1,000 horsepower, super-charged, 12 cylinder Rolls-Royce Merlin II engine.

The British Avro-Anson was built for coastal reconnaissance work. Its operations against submarines have been highly successful for the British. It carries ten bombs. The Avro Anson is a slow plane with a maximum speed of only 188 miles per hour. This ship is powered by an Armstrong-Siddeley Cheetah IX radial, air-cooled engine.

The German Messerschmidt compares favorably with the Vickers Spitfire. While the latter is Britain's fastest fighting plane, the German ship is the Nazi's greatest boast to air supremacy. Its speed reaches 354 miles per hour. It is said to be an ideal pursuit plane. This plane carries a 20 millimeter machine gun which fires through the propeller hub. Another of Germany's air-fighters resembling the Messerschmidt is the Heinkel He. 112.

The LEA FLYING COURSE

AERIAL ARMAMENT

WELL, my eaglets, it is time we were brought face to face with the facts of life. In civilized (*sic*) warfare, the main task of a man in an airplane is to plant a bullet in the seat of the enemy's pants. With variations, of course.

In short, an airplane is nothing but a weapon with wings, in the parlance of war. And it therefore must be treated as such.

We have looked into the motility of the weapon, meaning the craft itself. But, the craft is merely the gun's means of

sky and they begged for armament—and were ignored by the big boys who couldn't bother with these toys.

A Gun with Wings

But a gun with wings was something that would not let itself be ignored for long, and so all of a sudden the powers awoke with a start and tried to make up for lost time. And in twenty years they have done wonders.

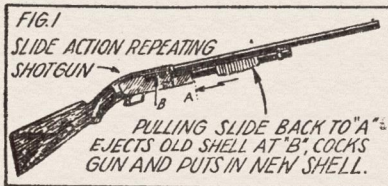
Twenty years ago they were dumping little feathered iron darts over the side of the cockpits by the bucketful; today airplanes are launching torpedoes weighing a ton, which hit the water and travel on an independent course under their own power at 40 knots an hour! That is fast progress.

The Machine Gun

We will go into these many weapons in order, but let us start with the first effective one, which still is the basic weapon of the airplane. That is our old friend the machine gun, whether it be Spandau, Vickers, Browning, Lewis or what-not. You'll be hearing that familiar old *rat-tat-tat* as long as you hear airplane motors.

When the boys in the air discovered that it was inconvenient and unsafe to try to handle a shotgun or carbine and try to guide the ship at the same time they got busy and fiddled with an idea.

The pilot's hands were busy on the stick,



locomotion. So, let us get onto the airplane's real job in time of war.

Let's have a look at the whole idea of mounting a gun on a motored wing.

The idea itself is just about twenty years old, and only when you consider that fact in connection with the deadlines of the flying fortress of today can you realize what amazing progress has been made.

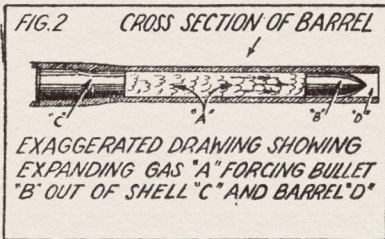
Aviation's Humble Beginning

It is considered today that the airplane in war will bring about such significant changes in tactics and strategy that its importance as a single unit can be ranked with the invention of gunpowder itself. And yet let us take a quick look at its humble beginning.

The old mossbacks and shellbacks in the armed forces sneered at it, and yet in four short years of action it changed the face of the world war. Starting as a simple observer, the airplane went unarmed above the enemy lines, spotting and reporting, the flyer saluting the enemy bound on a like mission over his own lines.

Then quickly the boys took pistols, and then carbines, shooting at each other's gas tanks and props. Because they had realized suddenly how dangerous these enemy eyes were.

Then they realized that they actually had to knock those enemy eyes out of the



so he had to have a gun which didn't need reloading by hand every six shots, and one that didn't take up any of the valuable room in the cockpit. And one that would aim easily.

How to solve all these problems at once? Take a machine gun firing 48 shots

at one loading. Fasten it rigidly with its barrel on an axis with the line of flight of the ship. Now you've solved several problems.

You don't have to operate the loading and unloading mechanism of the gun because the gun does that for itself. You don't have to aim the gun because you have to fly the ship anyway, and where your ship flies your gun will shoot. All you have to do is face the enemy and pull the trigger! That simplifies matters.

But we're here to learn machinery as well as theory, so let's learn how a machine gun operates, because that is as important to us as how to keep the gun aloft.

Let's Tear Down a Gun

The basic principle on which all machine guns work is the same; details vary, but the objectives are the same, so we will tear down a gun and see what makes it mote.

You know that in the case of an ordinary repeating rifle or shotgun of the pump variety, you pull back a handle or lever under the barrel to eject the fired shell, and push it forward again to inject a new shell into the chamber of the weapon. The backward pull also cocks the weapon; that is, it pulls the firing pin back so that when it is released again it will fly forward and hit the percussion cap of the shell and explode it. (See Fig. 1.)

The Cycle of Firing

Those three steps, ejecting the old shell, cocking the gun, and injecting the new shell, complete the cycle of firing a repeating rifle. In a hand gun you have to supply the power by pulling a lever or a bolt. There is a limit to the speed with which a human can do this, and it also demands the attention and the use of the man's hands in its operation.

In the machine gun, these three actions are accomplished by power supplied by the gun itself.

In cases of synchronized guns this power and power from the airplane's motor get involved, but for simplicity we will stay with the machine gun itself for the present, since the gun's basic principle is that it supply its own power.

We know what has to be done, and we know the gun has to furnish its own power to do it. Where does this power come from? That's what puzzles most people at first.

And yet it's simple. We swipe some of the power from the last exploding shell and use that to operate the mechanism which explodes the next one, and so on until the drum is empty.

Here is the way it works. Picture a simple rifle barrel with a loaded shell in it. Now, in slow motion, you fire that shell. What makes the bullet travel a mile in a straight line?

There is an explosive powder back of the lead bullet. When this ignites, the

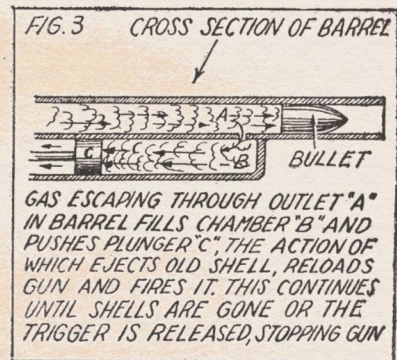
gases expand suddenly and with such force that they force the bullet forward through the barrel of the gun and out on its way.

There is so much expanding gas that when the bullet leaves the barrel of the weapon the gas expands so suddenly that it makes a noise like thunder.

Confined Gas

Also remember that the gas can't get out of the barrel of the gun, but is confined in it back of the bullet, which causes the pressure on the bullet which gives it its velocity.

Now, let us stop our slow motion picture of a bullet traveling through the bar-



rel of a gun with burning gas behind it. Stop it at a point a little way before the bullet leaves the muzzle of the gun. You have now a picture of a steel cylinder plugged up at the rear end by the empty cartridge and at the front end by a lead bullet. (See Fig. 2.) And in between the ends you have burning explosives under a pressure great enough to destroy the weapon if it isn't released instantly. There's enough power in there to kill a mule.

We want to divert a tiny amount of that power, just enough to do our work of re-loading the gun for us. How do we go about getting it?

The first thing we do is to drill a tiny hole in the cylinder. This will let a small amount of that expanding gas out of the chamber for us to use. All we have to do is to capture it and put it to work.

So, we think of a steam engine, remembering those plungers and rods we see connecting the wheels of a locomotive. So, we let our tiny bit of gas out of its gun-barrel into a smaller chamber below it. Inside of this chamber is a plunger disk on a rod which runs back to the cartridge chamber and connects up with the operating mechanism.

Force Does the Trick

Now the gas expands into our new little chamber, but doesn't find room to expand

as much as it needs to, since it is still under pressure and trying to escape. In order to make room for itself it pushes against the head of the little plunger and drives it backward with considerable force. (See Fig. 3.)

And now we've got it. For the gas pushes the plunger back with force enough to make the plunger do the work we formerly did by hand. The plunger, as it is driven back, being connected with the reloading and cocking mechanism, ejects the old shell, pushes the firing pin back ready to shoot forward and fire the next shell.

At this point, the gas, having inadvertently accomplished all this work in its effort to escape and expand to its heart's content, either finds a hole to the outside where it can go its way, or is so exhausted that it has no more force.

So, the runaway gas no longer puts pressure on the plunger, and consequently the plunger can be shot forward to its original position by means of a spring. And in its forward motion, with power from its spring, it throws a new shell into the firing chamber, and the firing pin, released from its position, shoots forward again, hits the percussion cap of the newly injected shell and fires it.

The gas from the new shell starts the circuit all over again, the most of it driving the bullet, but a little of it escaping into the piston chamber, driving the piston back and reloading, and continuing the

cycle until the drum of shells is exhausted or the gunner takes his finger off the trigger.

The Drum

That, with variations, is the principle of an automatic machine gun. They shoot faster than it takes to tell about it, and they generate a lot of heat. There are various designs of them, and mechanisms added for such purposes as synchronization with propellers, and fins and other devices for keeping them cool.

Some of them were fed with shells stuffed into long belts, which were always jamming, and needed a second man to guide the belt as it passed through the gun. The mechanical devices for feeding the shells into the chamber and ejecting them vary in pattern but their purposes are all the same.

The most effective manner of handling the shells for the gun is the drum, which during the war usually was designed to hold 47 rounds, heavier ones being impractical. But today there are drums holding 500 rounds. And the gun today is so simply arranged that you can assemble it, using one of its own cartridges, for a wrench!

And now that we know what makes a machine gun go *rat-a-tat-tat*, we will wait till the next lesson to see how to arm our ship with it.

—BRUCE McALESTER.

Another Vital Lesson on

AERIAL ARMAMENT

in THE L. E. A. FLYING COURSE

Next Issue

College Humor

15
CENTS

THE BEST COMEDY IN AMERICA

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Around the Hangar



A Department

for Readers

HHEADS up, peelots! No, it isn't an air-raid. It's just yours truly, coming in for an unforced landing and prepared to greet you once again in the name of air-men everywhere, and principally this month in the name of those Coast Guard boys who storm the skies above our southwestern border.

You see, up above the clouds, I did a little thinking. That's where it's easiest to think, kiwis—up there where there's no traffic and no conversation, where a man gets intimate with the wind, strikes up a friendship with himself and says hello to



the sun by day and the moon and the stars by night. And what I was thinking was this:

Amid the thunder of guns and the roar of plane-motors reaching across to us from Europe, we've been a mite forgetful of the men who fly for Uncle Sam in skies still untorn by the flaming death streaming out from between propeller blades.

Smuggling Activities

So, cogitatin' in the cockpit, I turned the nose of my plane and my nose for news southwest, and cut down to the Border country where I had a hunch the skies had something to tell me. My reasoning was simple.

Wherever there's a Border, there are usually customs duties, and wherever there are customs duties there are always men and groups of men interested in avoiding paying those duties—in other words, **SMUGGLING**.

Well, I asked myself, how is this perennial problem of smuggling being solved in this age of men with wings? Sure enough, the answer turned out to be: by men with wings.

Specifically by the men of the Coast Guard, stationed at El Paso, Texas.

It isn't a cinch. The arid wastes and

forbidding mountain passes that make up the international boundary line between Mexico and the United States embrace a distance of some thirteen hundred miles. It's natural smuggling country. For many years the United States customs men have struggled in vain to dam back the flow of undeclared goods. They kept coming in, in almost endless variety.

Uncle Sam Takes Off!

Narcotics, German surgical instruments, cattle, horses, Mexican gold—high duty items that fanned the fires of greed in the hearts of men on both sides of the river—got past the customs, with resultant heavy loss to the Treasury. But Uncle Sam at last found the answer. He had to get off the ground to do it, of course—and this was a contradiction of the time-honored injunction that if you want to make headway you've got to keep both feet on the ground. But this was a case where the more distance you put between your feet and *terra firma*, the more you could see and the more you could do.

You're right—Uncle Sam took to the air.

Coast Guard planes of El Paso spent over four hundred hours in the air last year, and kept a constant watch over the 360,000 square miles that comprised, up to then, a veritable smuggler's paradise. The results were almost immediate.

Before the days of the air patrol, customs men had to depend on border seizures based upon sometimes unreliable secret information as to when and where the illicit shipments were coming across. And there was little defense against the occasional lone contraband-carrying plane that flew so high overhead that it was sometimes invisible from the ground.

Smuggling planes crossed the Border again and again, went far inland, and successfully discharged their cargoes. The amount of bootleg goods that entered the country in this manner via plane ran to a stupendous figure.

The Air Patrol Sees Far

There is a different story to tell today. Since Uncle Sam grew wings in the Southwest, the lonely areas which were hitherto practically open highways for smugglers,

(Continued on page 102)

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of Virginia \$200.00
for one single Copper Cent. Mr.
Manning of New York, \$2,500.00 for
one Silver Dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams, Ohio,
received \$72.00 for a few old coins. I will pay big prices
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(Continued from page 101)

have ceased to be so. The air patrol sees far and sees clear. When it sees it acts.

It spots the suspicious or unidentified plane flying well off the commercial air lanes. It "rides" that plane to an open section, forces it 'o land and subjects it to thorough search. The search has got to be thorough, for sometimes the smallest articles are the most valuable—drugs, for example.

Last year over 25,000 ounces of narcotics were seized—almost four-fifths of the total amount confiscated by the Government throughout the country!

Human Contraband

But there's another kind of contraband that constituted just as grave a problem—*human* contraband! There's a strange name for some of this contraband—it's "wets." Remember, there's a river between the two countries—the Rio Grande. Aliens swim that river. Well, you can't swim a river without getting wet. So the aliens who attempt to cross in that manner are called "wets."

Waggle your wings, then, in tribute to the boys who are doing a bang-up peace-time job in the Southwest! And here's hoping that it will always be peace-time for this country of ours!

O'Brien Barges In

As you well know by this time, that wild-eyed gazabo, Pete O'Brien, who sounds as though he's got a plane-motor where his brain should be, never enters my office—he always barges in. And when Pete barges, no man's liquor or tobacco is safe. Not that I mind. Pete keeps me on my toes.

Last time he was in, he was full of the Second World War. I expected something like that again, so I figured that while he might beat me to the liquor, I could beat him to the punch. I started talking first, about our "flying fortress" bomber—

In that harsh voice of his he interrupted.

"Bruce," he said, "I told you all about that bomber the last time I gave you the privilege of my company. Why should I listen to my own words coming back to me? This ain't France—1918, when I had to swallow my tongue on account of what you had officer's stripes. Put this in your typewriter, Bruce, while I put some of your tobacco in my pipe and smoke it."

"What's on your mind, Fire Eater?" I shot at him.

"Fire Eater? I ain't ate no fire since the Germans took to throwin' flame across No Man's Land. But, figuratively speakin', I have eaten something better real recent—I've eaten the prop-wash of the new Boeing 'stratoliner.' Friend, that's somethin'. Matter of fact, she's the spittin' image, practically, of that flyin' fortress you was just about to misquote me on, only she carries passengers, not bombs."

"Can I believe my ears?" I asked. "Is it 'Peaceful' Pete I should be calling you hereafter?"

It's a Cloud-Disdainer

"Names don't hurt," Pete said, "but you could improve your liquor. Anyways, this stratoliner is a cloud-disdainer and a ceiling-buster. She's got four big Wright 'Cyclone' engines that make the sweetest music the angels ever heard. She's built with sealed cabins equipped with superchargers that keep the inside pressure down as she goes up—and believe me, she



goes up! She takes off and she lands on a dime that's thinner than my wallet—you can take that last for a hint if you want to, or you can leave it—

"I'll leave it," I said, knowing darn well I wouldn't.

"I ain't wing-waggling any distress," Pete said. "Keep your lucre and I'll keep my pride. Speaking of distress, the boys in the air are watchin' out for the folks that are still gettin' their fun on the ground. It's the deer huntin' season, which is another name for the 'gettin' lost in the woods' season. Also, the 'forgettin' to put out camp-fires' season. So the sky skippers are keepin' watch for fires an' distress signals. They radio the ground stations, an' them that's lost gets found, without knowin' whom to thank afterward. So put that in your typemill and make it smoke. Be seeing you." And with that Pete barged out.

Thanks, Pete.

Our Mailbag

The Arch Whitehouse-Alex Lewis controversy is still going strong, and since we've got no air-raid shelter to duck into, we've just about made up our minds to let the chips fall where they may. Let's start with a broadside from R. Gordon Kobb, quoting as much from his letter as space permits:

Dear Bruce:

I have just read "Our Mailbag" in the December issue of THE LONE EAGLE and would like to say a few words on the controversy brought by Alex Lewis and Bud McCormick. The point which drew my attention was Alex Lewis' statement that "those London Balloon Barrages are just eyewash to bolster up British morale." Is this Mr. Lewis' personal opinion? Or is it some inside dope he received from Germany's Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels?

Has Mr. Lewis any idea of how many balloons are used in the London Balloon Barrages? Has he any idea of at what height these balloons are kept? For what reason then does he consider the balloon

(Continued on page 104)

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372 N. Elm Street, Deep River, Conn.

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Name.....
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(Continued from page 103)

barrages ineffective as a defence against low-flying aircraft? Does he base his opinion on the mere fact that a few balloons have broken away from their moorings? Mr. Lewis of course does not say how many balloons have broken away, but I have heard from a reliable source that a very small percentage have broken away, and of these not one broke away merely because of a slight gale.

Then on what grounds does he make such a rash statement? I think he should be asked to come forward and back up his statement with something more than eyewitness.

Sincerely yours,

R. Gordon Kobb.

Vernon, B. C.

Thanks for your letter, R. Gordon Kobb, of British Columbia. Like the man from Missouri, you want to be shown.

But maybe, lest this controversy go on forever—and, after all, there are many other things fully as deserving of discussion—we'd better sign off with another letter from Bud McCormick. Bud writes in part:

Dear Bruce:

Immediately after reading Mr. Lewis' letter and my own in the December issue, I let out a growl and dove for my pen, so I'd like to have some space, if you so will.

My dear friend Alex, I admit that the balloon barrage may be just to bolster up morale, but who can be so sure? You can't, but on the other hand, neither can I.

I still stick to my contention about the air war in Spain. You say that Spain's war didn't test fully the value of modern aircraft. Well, a 2-KB-19 of about 1930 plus a Fiat of 1935—what do you get? Two modern fighters of enemy nations. And

Coming in the March Issue
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Magazine

• SKY *
FIGHTERS

HELL OVER HELIGOLAND

A Complete Novelet of
Today's War

By ARCH WHITEHOUSE

AND MANY OTHER
ZOOMING STORIES AND FEATURES

10c AT ALL STANDS

2-KR-19s will lick a Fiat in a fight. Also a Curtiss type fighter will lick the tar out of a Heinkel because it can turn much shorter. I pick on two planes which were used extensively in the war, and they were the two chief fighters of both sides that were used most.

Incidentally, Bruce—I have to congratulate THE LONE EAGLE Magazine for having such a different and exciting story as BLAZE OF GLORY. . . . Also my congratulations to Arch Whitehouse for those fact articles he writes.

Sincerely yours,
Bud McCormick.

5643 Henderson St., Chicago, Ill.

P. S. Alex, I would like to have your full address so I can write to you, for you sound like an interesting gent.

Well, that's a fair-minded letter, Bud, and I'm sure you'll be hearing from Alex. Take over the controversy, U. S. Mails!

Fuel for More Fire

Just to keep things hot, for us and for Arch Whitehouse—who tells us he can take it—another Alex—this time the last name is Gibb—takes issue with Arch over the question of lack of recognition of the services of air-observers in wartime. Alex Gibb writes:

Dear Bruce:

Being a reader of your publication, THE LONE EAGLE, and a member of the 50th Observation Squadron, A. E. F., during the World War, I would like to make some little comment, not in the way of criticism but for the sake of facts.

In your December issue on page 92 of THE EYES OF WAR by Arch Whitehouse, it appears to me that the author has not gone very far into the records of the 50th Squadron.

When he asks: Can you name an observation hero who received a decoration—

Yes! Lieutenants Goettler and Blockley were awarded the D. S. C. in 1922. This award was later raised to the Congressional Medal of Honor. When you consider that there were only four C. M. of H.'s given to aviators—namely Frank Luke, Jr., Edward Rickenbacker, and the two fine officers named above, it appears that the Observation Squadron had a very good percentage.

Hoping you take no offense, I am very truly yours,

Alex Gibb.

2304 Hess Avenue, Wheeling, W. Va.

Not at all, Alex Gibb. We take no offense, and neither will Arch. Never hesitate to take issue with us, if you feel we have it coming to us.

Your letters, peels, if we printed them all, would fill up the whole magazine. Then where would we put the stories? That's an old question, and no editor has ever answered it successfully. So let's just dip into the mailbag and see what comes up. Here's one from a reader who most certainly would not want us to leave our stories out in the cold.

Dear Bruce:

I am sending you my application. . . . Say, your magazine is a beaut, filled with yarns that hold the interest, especially in your World War stories and the World War model planes.

Don't forget to keep "The Lone Eagle" in World War stories.

I have had 30 hours of flying experience and it's got my sole interest.

Your proud new member,
Charles Fullimer.

R. D. No. 2, New Florence, Pa.

(Continued on page 106)

WORK FOR THE

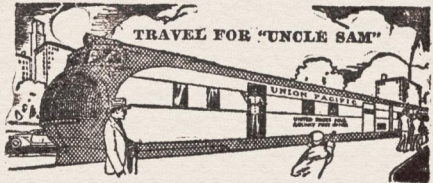


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(Continued from page 105)

We're proud to have you as a member, Charles.

To keep things even, here's a letter from a reader who wants less emphasis on the First World War:

Dear Bruce:

I've been reading the L. E. for quite a while. I'll admit I enjoy a few tales of World War scraps, but why not put in a couple of modern ones. What's the matter with those kiwis who are always howling for World War stories—aren't they ever going to get modern?

If you want my opinion about the usefulness of bombers, I'd say that anti-aircraft guns and pursuit planes can make it pretty hot for them. Well, I got to sign off now.

Bill Campbell.

So there you have it, one for and one against. And here is an interesting communication from a Pen Pal who is in a fair way to finding out what war is in fact hand:

Dear Bruce:

Thank you very much for my initiation card, which I received today. Of course, as you know by now, my country is at war with Germany. Being a member of the Territorial Army, I was called up to serve my country as soon as hostilities broke out. My only regret is that I am not in the air force, though I may be in it before the war is over.

Will you please ask some of your members if they would be kind enough to write to me. I may have some good yarns to write back about, and may be fortunate enough to witness some air-warfare close up.

To the Lone Eagle and Lone Eagles, safe take-off and Happy Landings.

J. MacPherson, No. 1479859,
294 Battery, 51st H.D.T.A.A.T. Reg.
G. P. O., London, Eng.

Well, Mac, we're sure you're going to get plenty of letters from your Pen Pals, and we're also sure that they will all wish you well.

Join Our Club

Before I reach the end of my space, I don't want to forget to remind all of you who have not yet joined **OUR CLUB** that there's nothing easier. All you have to do is fill out the coupon on page 108 and send it to us.

That's your application for membership in **THE LONE EAGLES OF AMERICA**, our big club devoted whole-heartedly to interest in aviation. No dues, no fees of any kind.

Just enclose a self-addressed envelope with your application and we'll send your membership card right along.

Remember—wherever you are, whoever you are—you're eligible to join, for **THE LONE EAGLES OF AMERICA** is a truly international organization with members in all the English-speaking countries of the world.

In every issue of **THE LONE EAGLE** we publish a new list of Pen Pals. (See page 107.) In this way you can make contact with a batch of fine new friends. All

(Concluded on page 108)

PEN PALS

Here are some new members of **THE LONE EAGLES OF AMERICA**—all air fans. Many others will be listed in the next issue. The figures in parenthesis are the ages of the members.

- Jim Bushby, Jr. (19), 1469—14th St., Wichita Falls, Texas.
 Kenneth Burton (13), 62 Laurel Loop, Asheville, N. C.
 George Sargis (14), 1024 George St., Chicago, Ill.
 Gertrude Solomon (21), 912 E. 34th St., Lorain, Ohio.
 James Mundell (18), 61 Neilston Road, Paisley, Scotland.
 Dowell Blake (11), Black Hawk, Colo.
 Edward Babowicz (15), 709 Stevens St., Utica, N. Y.
 Fred Theiler (14), 802 Washington St., Hoboken, N. J.
 Frank Burk (16), 22 Lindgren St., Merriek, N. Y.
 Frank Mullins (14), 208 Pearl St., Springfield, Mass.
 Harry Duffy (15), 770 Hegney Place, New York City.
 Billy Reid (13), 66 Portview O. V., Norfolk, Va.
 Carol M. Bessler (14), 281 Bell St., Akron, Ohio.
 Elihut A. Nieves (22), Box 553, San Juan, Puerto Rico.
 J. M. Galt (18), Cartier, Ontario, Canada.
 Richard Mishima (12), 576 Kukaua St., Hilo, Hawaii.
 William Miller (15), 340 Dodd Street, E. Orange, N. J.
 Seymour Bochrens (13), 1402 Avenue K, Brooklyn, New York.
 George Corrigan (16), 41 W. Cook St., St. Paul, Minn.
 Don Clarke (16), Homer, Alaska.
 Joel J. Boersma, 609 N. Adams, Ypsilanti, Mich.
 Bill Allen (11), Almay Drive, Shaker Heights, Ohio.
 George Abrams (11), 11 Flint Street, Boston, Mass.
 Gale Forth (16), 817 Locust Street, Pontiac, Ill.
 Frank Panetta (14), 1073 Columbus Avenue, Springfield, Mass.
 William Alcott (14), 57 Cleveland St., Melrose, Mass.
 Michael Pinto (14), 1120 W. Huron St., Chicago, Ill.
 Charles Donoghue (12), 142 Bay 37th Street, Brooklyn, New York.
 Joseph Boyer (16), 6855 Dittman St., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Ralph Rose (13), 925 Carman, Chicago, Ill.
 George Newton Anglin (16), 366 E. Madison Street, Hoolgreen, Texas.
 Anthony Casar (14), 671 Bay St., Staten Island, N. Y.
 Wilf McCrery (13), 34 Sedgemoor Road, Liverpool, Lancs., England.
 L. N. Straw (18), 23 Lime St., Bulwell, Notts, England.
 Richard Sulzer (14), Star Route 1, DeLand, Fla.
 Tommy Wrenne (17), 3906 Valie Road, Nashville, Tenn.
 Melvin Narozny (15), 2075 N. Leavitt St., Chicago, Ill.
 James Mitchell (16), 76 Schuyler Ave., Stamford, Conn.
 Abraham Piceno (16), Menan, Idaho.
 Agnes Becker (19), 14 Heuett Court, Babylon, L. I., N. Y.
 Henry Wolff (18), Co. 791, C.C.C., Lightning Creek, Custer, S. D.
 James Miller (12), 103 Bevier St., Springfield, Mass.
 Frederick Jones (35), 40 Handford St., Middletown, N. Y.
 Edward Ganly (13), 8 West 169th St., Bronx, N. Y.
 Eric J. R. Jones (16), Durnford House, Brighton College, Brighton, England.
 Lee Lord (14), Denton, Maryland.
 Dave Hussey (18), 87 Park St., Lawrence, Mass.
 Jack M. Kline (16), Castle Heights, Lebanon, Tenn.
 Tony Mendolia, Jr. (19), N.T.S., Co. 10, Newport, R. I.
 Joseph Satter (13), 4112 W. 12th St., Chicago, Ill.
 Alfred Andersen (15), 1551 West Vernon, Phoenix, Ariz.
 Ted Towers (16), 1864 Redwood Terr., Washington, D. C.
 Raymond Besen (14), 340 Franklin Ave., Scranton, Pa.

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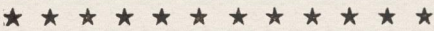
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AROUND THE HANGAR

(Concluded from page 106)

new members have the privilege of being listed.

Our Next Issue

Fellows, the next issue of THE LONE EAGLE will be a humdinger! The featured novel, MURDER PATROL, is a smashing drama of the present war in which John Masters solves a grim mystery and breaks up a vicious Nazi scheme of wholesale slaughter. Nazi flyers themselves are among the victims of the ruthless maneuver—and it is partly for the sake of these misled patriots that John Masters goes into action! From first page to last MURDER PATROL will make your heart loop-the-loop in excitement.

Also, many other stories and features—including model plans for the Albatross D-3. While waiting between issues of THE LONE EAGLE why not read the forthcoming March issue of our companion magazine, SKY FIGHTERS, featuring a modern war novel by Arch Whitehouse. It's a grand yarn! Here's wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Be seeing you!

—BRUCE MCALESTER.

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Have stamp album, 1,500 stamps, hinges, stamp books. Would like to have all wave receiver, or other kinds in working condition. Mike Burda, Box 42, Portage, Pennsylvania.

Wanted: old and late phonograph records, model airplane plans, match folders. Send you lists for mine. John W. Hulme, Shepherd, Michigan.

Will swap Spanish guitar and complete study course in Civil Engineering and Surveying for gas model motor, gasoline washing machine motor or small printing press. Poe La Barbara, K.D.K.A. Blvd., Glenshaw, Pennsylvania.

I have 1,000 match covers to trade, also perfect car radio to exchange for a saxophone. Robert J. Donaldson, 84, Uniontown, Pennsylvania.

Offering 100 different preancels of cities and towns, which I will swap for 75 all different preancels mostly from the west. George Filato, 129 Summer Street, Lowell, Massachusetts.

English bulldog AKC registered nice female for high grade small camera or what have you? Charles Hallack, Conesville, Ohio.

Have tennis racket, candid camera, earphones. Want camera, power saw, phonograph pickup, gas engine. Don Sullivan, 1968 E. Main, Madison, Wisconsin.

Would like to trade stamps with a beginner like myself. I have some worthwhile duplicates. Duncan Marshall, Cobden, Ontario, Canada.

All letters answered. What have you? I have stamps, stamp album, rod and reel, fly baits, books, etc. Bill Hart, 212 N. 34th Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

A midget auto racer 1 1/2 h. p. gas motor, balloon tires, to swap for motion picture camera and projector. Sammy Buchiere, 37 Rustie Terrace, Bristol, Conn.

Will swap 500 power microscope, practically new, with full equipment for operation, for a victrola in good condition with records. Write and make offers. John W. Parsons, 37 Rowland Street, Palmyra, New Jersey.

Have German helmet in good condition, three packs of playing cards and want American helmet and other war relics. James Whelan, 1030 Nelson Avenue, Bronx, New York.

Want to swap United States or foreign stamps for mine or Indian cents? R. Udeman, Jr., 3812-14th St. North, Arlington, Virginia.

I have microscope, small camera. Send lists. Andrew Baker, 2068 Abbott Road, Lackawanna, New York.

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SABOTAGE FLIGHT

(Continued from page 96)

When he was no more than twenty feet off the ground, he suddenly tilted the ship to the left. For a split-second the fouled chute held, and then the weight of the dangling killer pilot pulled it free, and the whole works fell earthward. Benham shot a quick glance back over his shoulder and saw the body hit and bounce like a wet sack of meal.

"Maybe I could have made it with him still on," he grunted, leveling off. "But his dragging weight might have ground-looped me, and risking my neck on that rat once is enough for one night."

Just fifteen seconds later he climbed down from the pit as Captain Jardin came tearing across the field.

"What in hell's name, Benham?" the Base commander roared. "That was Ensign Miller, and he's dead. His neck's broken like a match stick."

"Too bad, sir," Benham grunted dryly. "But he's really saved you the trouble of a firing squad. And the country that hired him, if he isn't a native son using Miller for a name, is out of luck. The good old U. S. A. keeps the FB2C—just like it should."

"All right, Benham," Jardin clipped out, "I'll take the explanations now, instead of waiting!"

Benham pulled a six-inch length of leading edge dural tubing from his pocket and held it out.

"Off Chase's crash, sir," he said. "Take a look."

JARDIN took the length of tubing, stared at it a moment and then swore sharply and touched the peculiar hump in the middle.

"Damn my eyes!" he cried. "That's a machine-gun bullet jammed in the tubing!"

"Right, sir," Benham said. "A

spent bullet that had just enough power left to stick itself in that soft metal. Wouldn't happen again in ten million times. But when I spotted it—and it was some more luck it escaped the flames—I knew damn well that Chase had been shot down. He—"

"Shot down?" Jardin exploded. "But, my God, nobody reported hearing machine-gun fire, and—"

"Wait a minute, sir," Benham cut in. "Most of our patrols are made at altitudes over fifteen thousand. That would deaden the sound of a short burst. Constable Jones thought it was like boards slapping together. Miller simply quit his solo patrol route and sneaked in close behind Chase. He was without lights, and besides Chase didn't figure a ship was around. He was supposed to be on individual patrol.

"Well, Miller eased down close behind Chase, and one short burst

(Continued on page 112)

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State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared H. L. Herbert, who, having been duly sworn according to law, depose and says that he is the Business Manager of The Lone Eagle; and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager, are:

Publisher, Better Publications, Inc., 22 West 48th Street, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Bruce McAlester, 22 West 48th Street, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, H. L. Herbert, 22 West 48th Street, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: Better Publications, Inc., 22 West 48th Street, New York, N. Y.; N. L. Pines, 22 West 48th Street, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are none.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books as trustee, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

H. L. HERBERT, Business Manager.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 8th day of October, 1939. Eugene Wechsler, Notary Public.
My commission expires March 30, 1941.

(Continued from page 111)

was all that was needed. He couldn't miss, and Chase died in full flight. He roared down with his over-revving engine shooting flames out the exhausts. And he burned up after he hit. It was the same case with the others."

"BUT how'd you know it was Miller?" Jardin demanded.

"I didn't," Benham said. "But checking those flight reports gave me the information I needed. They showed that Miller was on solo scouting patrol every night we lost a plane. And—"

"So you took a chance making yourself the only bait," Jardin cut in. "Instead of having every pilot fly a separate patrol route as they usually do, you kept them in a bunch over Boston, and went out alone."

"Right," Benham nodded. "At two thousand over Boston, Miller would not dare pull anything. But it was a cinch for him to ease away from the others, cut his wing lights and come out after me. It was just too good a chance to miss, particularly when he knew from my little talk that one more crash would sink the FB2C for keeps. Yeah, too good to miss, but he did. I spotted the shadow of him coming against the stars, and didn't give him the cold meat shot he expected."

"Thank God, he didn't get it!" Jardin muttered. "But it still seems all cockeyed. I mean, what in hell's name did Miller expect to accomplish? Shoot down the entire Navy Aviation pilot personnel in the course of time?"

"No," Benham grunted. "He was shooting for what damn near happened. The washing out of the FB2C as a Service plane. With Navy contracts canceled, the Caldwell Company would naturally try to sell the ship elsewhere. And be-

fore we woke up to what was what some foreign nation would have a fleet of the finest coastal pursuit planes in the world—FB2C!"

Jardin's eyes widened, and then he sighed and shook his head slowly and puzzledly.

"Benham," he said and put his hand on the pilot's arm, "why in hell should I hold a captain's rank when you're only a lieutenant commander? That's one thing about Navy Aviation that is cockeyed, and should damn well be corrected, I'm thinking."



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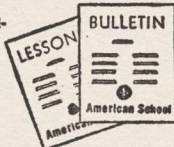
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OVER 200,000 SATISFIED CUSTOMERS ALL OVER THE WORLD.

STOP YOUR Rupture Worries!

FILLED WITH AIR.
No more hard, unyielding pads since invention of Brooks Air Cushion.



The Double Inguinal Appliance is as comfortable to wear as a soft belt yet gives firm support.



Special Brooks Appliances are made for all types of reducible rupture and successfully fitted by mail.



A special handmade Cushion is used for Femoral Rupture with equal success.

Learn About My Perfected RUPTURE INVENTION!

WHY worry and suffer any longer? Learn now about my perfected invention for all forms of reducible rupture. It has brought ease, comfort and happiness to thousands of men, women and children. You can imagine how happy many of these rupture sufferers were when they wrote to me that they had no further use for any kind of support. How would YOU like to be able to experience that same happiness? The only way to find out is to actually try this remarkable appliance. I guarantee it to fit properly and to hold comfortably . . . or it costs you nothing. Hurry—send coupon quick for Free Rupture Book, easy measuring chart, and PROOF of results.

Patented AIR-CUSHION Support Gives Nature a Chance to CLOSE the OPENING

Surprisingly—continually—my perfected Automatic Air Cushion supports the weakened parts allowing Nature, the Great Healer, to swing into action! All the while you should experience the most heavenly comfort and security. No obnoxious springs, metal girdles or hard pads. No salves or plasters. My complete Appliance weighs but a few ounces, is durable, inconspicuous, sanitary and cheap in price. Wouldn't you like to say "goodbye" to rupture worries and "hello" to NEW freedom . . . NEW glory in living . . . NEW happiness with the help of Mother Nature and my perfected Air Cushion Appliance?

PROOF!

Read These Reports on Reducible Rupture Cases

(In our files at Marshall, Michigan, we have over 33,000 grateful letters which have come to us entirely unsolicited and without any sort of payment.)

"Doctor Says Cured"

"My son, Ives, wore your Appliances until three years ago. The doctor pronounced him cured a year or two before that time. He is now on the fine institute track team of Houston, Texas, is a dash and relay man. He participated in track meets at Milwaukee and in the National A. A. U. at Buffalo this past June."—Mrs. Wm. H. Jones, Box 303, Hadley, Tex.

"Gymnasium Instructor at 54"

"My rupture is greatly reduced after wearing your Appliances for a year. I have taken up my old work as gymnasium instructor for Stanton Park Baptist Church, and in showing the boys all the stunts, I have felt no ill-effects. Remember—I am 54 years of age, and I think it is very unusual for a man of my age doing hand-balance, especially with a double rupture, that the Brooks Appliances held me in. The above statement is true and correct."—Wm. H. Robertson, 122 7th St., Detroit, Mich.

"Appliance Discontinued"

"I discarded your Appliances about three months ago, having no further need for it. By that I mean I am perfectly cured and have no discomfort whatever after lifting pianos, etc., all my work."—G. Swindells, Long Beach, Miss.

"Brooks Holds"

"I can't tell you how much I think of your trust, it sure has done me worlds of good. I have had more mining and so much lifting, but the trust held me and I never was bothered a bit with my rupture."—Joe Zimmerman, R. R. 2, Peoria, Ill., c/o Big Bear Coal Co.

SENT ON TRIAL!

If your doctor says you have reducible rupture, and advises a proper-fitting support, don't delay but get free details about the Brooks at once. It will be sent on trial to prove its merits. In trying it you risk no money—and if it doesn't "work"—if it fails to completely satisfy you or your doctor—you return it and the trial costs you nothing. Beware of imitations! The genuine Brooks is not sold in stores or through mail order houses. Stop Your Rupture Worries—send coupon now! All correspondence treated as strictly confidential.

Brooks Appliance Co.
480-K State St.
Marshall, Michigan

CONFIDENTIAL COUPON FOR RUPTURE SUFFERERS

H. C. BROOKS, President
480-K State St., Marshall, Mich.
Rush me your Free Book, self-measuring chart, proof of results, all without obligation, and in plain envelope.



H. C. BROOKS
Inventor

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or woman,
or child