S DIE DLY

White

W.N.U. FEATURES

...ith a big wh-h-h-i-i-ish-... slugs beating a tattoo ...e length of the Fort's wing, ... old Railling dreaming away ...re, all relaxed in his seat, right ...n the middle of them, and, believe it or not, the boy wasn't even scratched!

"Within three minutes of the time we crash-landed in the rice paddy behind those tall trees we were surrounded by a gang of Filipinos, all waving the longest, sharpest knives you'd want to see. But pretty soon we convinced them we weren't Japanese, so they all got helpful and told us we were on Masbate Island.

"Because these natives wanted to honor the American officers who were fighting for their country, they brought me a donkey to ride. Of course to have refused would insult them, and yet I didn't dream the kind of a deal I was getting into. The first half-mile wasn't so bad, and I even thought I was lucky I wasn't walking and getting sore feet, like you do in the infantry. But pretty soon I began to realize, first just a little bit, and then more and more, that there are worse things than having sore feet.

"We crashed on the fourteenth of December and on the twentieth we bought an outrigger canoe for fifty pesos, and hired natives to sail and paddle us to the island of Panay, with me getting a chance to brush up on my navigating. When we were about forty miles from land I noticed the skipper of this craft of ours had

Because these natives wanted to honor me they brought me a donkey to ride.

crawled up into its nose and was peering down into the water. Why? Well, he explained, there were supposed to be a lot of floating Japanese mines here, and he thought it would be all right if we didn't bump any of them.

"The next day we landed on Panay, and were told the American forces were all ganged up down at its southern end, and when we got to them we reported to General Chynoweth. Then we really were in for it. Because it seemed the old 19th Bombardment Group had left Mindanao for Australia; so they grabbed us and attached us to a Filipino Field Artillery regiment, giving Jack Adams, Bill Railling, and myself a battalion to command, which we thought was going to be a considerable honor, since we were only lieutenants.

"Then we looked them over. They were all about high-school age. Half of them didn't speak English, and the job was to get them to understand you. Of course they didn't know what to do with a rifle, but this didn't matter, because we had only fifteen rounds of ammunition per man—not enough for an hour's target practice.

"The Field Artillery part of it all consisted of the name, plus six sights for old World War French 75-millimeter field guns. The guns themselves had been sunk on a supply ship in Manila Bay. The sights had been shined up and were in prime condition.

"We didn't encourage these kids to keep their rifles loaded, being afraid that if one of the guns went off in the dark they would start banging away and shoot each other and maybe us, so we gave them bayonet practice instead. Early in January they moved us over to Caygayen on Mindanao Island—we heard all the troops from all the islands were to make a stand there. But no Japs. They gave us a section of the beach a mile and a half long to defend if they came.

"Right behind our lines there was a small Jap colony. We knew they were there, of course—we'd gone through their houses looking for radio equipment, anything they might use to send information to the Davao Japs—and we posted a small guard around them. But they'd slip out and go on down to Davao to join the Davao Japs, and there wasn't much we could do to stop it. We were only a handful ourselves.

"So I was tickled to death when word came to go back to old Del Monte Field, where the planeless aviators were being assembled for evacuation to Australia, where we would get safely back into the air again.

"I got to Del Monte on March thirteenth and we were all ganged up on the field, where we were expecting B-17's to carry officers and men to Australia. At 9 p. m. we heard the motors of a plane and turned on our landing lights. But it didn't see them and kept on going. We didn't know it then, but we didn't have A1 priority, for those planes that night were intended to take out General MacArthur and his party and their baggage and records—only the General hadn't yet arrived. But we supposed the planes were for us.

"About 11 p. m. we heard another plane and snapped the landing lights on, and this time it saw them and landed. Out of the Fortress stepped Lieutenant Pease of our own 19th Bombardment Group. He told us the other plane we had heard was Godman's—it had got mixed up and bumped into the sea.

"But Pease was immediately called over by General Sharp, who told Pease that General MacArthur had been delayed, and that the plane should wait over a few days until he came.

"Now Pease didn't want to wait over for a single hour of daylight on Del Monte Field, for by that time the Jap planes were swarming over the place. Pease knew the Air Force was trying desperately to hang onto what few Forts they had left, and he realized that if he stayed over the next day the infantry would make him quite comfortable in a foxhole at the edge of the field, where he could watch his plane become the prize for a Japanese turkey shoot, for Del Monte by this time was as unsafe as Clark had been, a fact the infantry didn't seem to have quite grasped.

"So Pease explained to Sharp it would be all right with him, provided General MacArthur understood what he was getting into, that he had a fine plane here except that it had just come from the Java war and was slightly out of repair. It was too bad, for instance, that the superchargers were out, but he hoped he'd be able to clear the runway on the take-off and not slip off into a cartwheel at the end of it, spilling the General's party and all that baggage all over central Mindanao. And then, if he did take off, there was the little matter of his hydraulic system, which had gone bad on him, so when he came to land the brakes wouldn't work, and he might not be able to stop when he came to the end of the runway.

"Well, General Sharp decided that it certainly wasn't suitable, and told Pease he'd better get started back to Australia before dawn.

" 'Pease,' I said, 'I'm goin' with you. You don't know it, but you got a new navigator for this trip. Because I'm not goin' to stay in this damn place no more.'

"Well, Pease agreed to let me work out my passage that way, and also said he could take off fifteen other planeless aviators if they didn't mind the risk.

"We all got in, and discovered Pease hadn't been bragging a bit about his plane when he talked to the General. It was in just as terrible shape as he had said it was; in fact, he had been overly modest about it.

"Now take a look at us in Australia. Exactly forty-eight hours after we arrived the Australians told us Radio Tokyo had broadcast, 'It is now understood the American Flying Fortresses are operating from Batchelor Field near Darwin,' and they were one hundred per cent right.

"How they knew it we never learned for sure—probably from Jap pearl fishermen, who had been thinly scattered along this Australian coast and who when war broke out went back and hid in the bush. The RAAF (Royal Australian Air Force) boys would spot their campfires at night and try to track them down, without much luck. Probably they had radio senders, and even a layman could count our four engines and recognize us as Flying Fortresses.

"The country itself is as desolate and sparsely populated as the worst parts of West Texas and New Mexico, and the most important town for a thousand or so miles is little Port Darwin, with seven or eight thousand people, sitting there on the rim of Nothing-at-All. It has wide streets—like one of those Midwestern towns built in the boom of the eighties—a good hotel which is subsidized by the Qantas Airways and reminds you of the one on Wake Island, a band which plays in a bandstand in the park, and a zoo with a few emus, kangaroos, and koala bears. No fresh vegetables, everything imported in cans. There you have Darwin.

"Batchelor Field was about forty miles back in the brush, and it consisted of a couple of runways hacked out of the mesquite (it was hard to get tools for grading or dynamite for stumps) and a hangar run by the RAAF.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

...ron Commander ... out on a secret mission and fails to return. Harry Schreiber, the navigator, takes up the story.

CHAPTER VI

"About an hour out of Del Monte, Shorty Wheless drops out of formation—we guess it's engine trouble and he can't keep up this rate of climb—and half an hour later Pease. As we come to the rendezvous point where we're due to make our turn and go straight in on our target, only thirty-five miles away, Lee Coats drops out—his motors we can see are weak, he can't make the altitude.

"That leaves just my pilot, Jack Adams, and Vandevanter to go on in alone. When we thought there would be six planes, we had planned to divide into two flights of three planes each. The flights were to come in on the target at three-minute intervals and at different angles.

"There are just two planes now, so Jack decides he'll pretend he is one flight and Vandevanter will play like he was the other. The two of us against this big gang of Jap ships we are closing in on.

"So, as agreed on, we come in first—flying north to south. But the overcast is so thick we have to get down to about 18,000 before we can see the target, and there it is—we're glimpsing it and then losing it and glimpsing it again through breaks in the clouds—a row of transports and naval craft escorting them.

"When we come in on the target, I'm down there in the lower jaw. But now my job as navigator is temporarily over, so I can leave it and go back to the bomb bay, where the bombs are hanging in racks on either side of a little aisle.

"Now the bomb-bay doors are opened, and light comes up around the bombs. And now the bombs are away. I lean over to look down through the open bomb-bay doors, feeling a little woozy because my oxygen mask is back by my seat in the navigator's compartment, and just before Jack Adams from his pilot's seat slammed those bomb-bay doors closed, looking down below the belly of the ship I think I see something, but then the doors slam shut and there is only blackness. So I run back to the navigator's compartment, and, boy! there they are—a whole gang of Zeros coming up after us. How did I feel? Just the way anybody feels the first time, no matter what they pretend later—it scared the hell out of me.

"There were five of them after us—climbing up and in on our tail. Our bottom gunner shot down the nearest one, but the other four kept coming in a tight formation. Jack Adams began wish-washing our tail up and down to give our top gunners a chance at them—no reason why the bottom gunner should have all the fun—and sure enough, the top gunner picked one out of that formation. That left three.

"So then Jack pulled a cute one. He throttled back suddenly and one Zero overshot us to the left, which made him a clay pigeon for our side gunner, who picked him off. Then still another came up under our stabilizer in the tail, and our bottom gunner got his second for the day. That made four Zeros down and one to go—and it was still going for us in spite of all we could do.

"We'd dribbled on down through the bottom of that cloud, and Jack was looking for a nice beach to set her down on. But there wasn't any beach—only jagged rocks with white surf wrapped around them—and we kept losing altitude.

"The hell with those, so Jack nosed her in toward land, still losing altitude fast, and then right ahead of us we spotted a big clump of trees—about sixty feet high. Well, there wasn't time for anything but a prayer, and not any long rambling one either. But Jack handled the situation beautifully. He pulled her nose up as high as he dared and just cleared those trees, and then, cutting the remaining two motors so we wouldn't have to climb out of her in flames, he made as nice a belly landing in a rice patch as you could hope for.

"You've forgotten that one remaining Zero? Well, I hadn't, because it had followed us all the way down. I crawled out as fast as I could and started running away from the plane parallel to the wing. The funny thing was Bill Railling, the co-pilot, was either stunned or felt comfortable right where he was. Anyway, he stayed right in his seat while this Zero circled and then came in, right along the line of our wing. I just had time to fall down on my chin and then it all happened in a split second. The Zero's guns opened up, so that the first slugs began kicking up the dust about thirty yards away in a straight line just a yard from my chin as she

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D.
Of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.
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Lesson for April 2

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SAUL BECOMES A NEW MAN

LESSON TEXT: Acts 9:1-9, 13-19a.
GOLDEN TEXT: If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature.—II Corinthians 5:17.

The lives of great men inspire us with an eagerness to make our own lives count for God and for country. Particularly is that true of the life of the apostle Paul, for he combined personal greatness with an absolute surrender and devotion to Christ, which made his life doubly effective.

We recall, however, that this peerless leader for Christ was at first the bitter enemy of everything Christian and we ask, "What changed this man?" The answer is—the redeeming grace of God—but that is the story of our lesson. He became a changed man as he went—

I. From Threatening to Trembling (vv. 1-7).

The enemies of God and of our Christ are often loudmouthed and terror-spreading individuals, who, for a time, strike fear into the hearts of men. Such was Saul of Tarsus, and such are the antichristian leaders of our day. They seem to be so powerful and able to sweep all before them.

But wait! Luther said of God's archenemy, "One little word shall fell him," and it is true. See what happened to Saul. Off on his journeys of persecution and destruction, bold and determined, he met Jesus on the Damascus road, and the great threatener is found to be "trembling and astonished" (v. 6).

The Lord is still on His throne, and one day every mouth shall be stopped (Rom. 3:19), and all His enemies shall tremble before Him. Would that they would do it while there is time to repent.

II. From Persecuting to Praying (vv. 2, 8, 9; see also v. 11).

Paul utterly devoted to the rooting out of this hated sect of Christians was on his way with letters authorizing their imprisonment. It was all very official, zealous and marvelous in men's sight, until he met Jesus, and it all blew away.

Ananias, that faithful layman (may his tribe increase!), was called of God to go and speak to the stricken Saul. When he feared to go, God encouraged him (v. 15), for the powerful persecutor had now become a penitent pray-er (v. 11). That's what a face to face meeting with Jesus did for Paul—yes, and will do for any man or woman.

III. From Scoffing to Suffering (vv. 1, 13-16).

Saul doubtless gloried in the breathing out of threatenings and slaughter of which we read in verse 1. He was riding high in the seat of authority and of official approval. It was satisfying to his fleshly pride to make known his dreadful purposes of destruction and imprisonment for these helpless Christians.

Did we say helpless? Oh, no, they had on their side all the power of the Eternal One. He who touches the people of God touches the Lord Himself. Paul thought he was fighting a little sect of Christians, but found that he was fighting the Lord Himself (v. 5).

But now that he had met Jesus and was ready to turn in devotion to His sacred cause, he was to learn what it meant to suffer. Let us note well that suffering for the sake of one's faith may be entirely within the will of God, yes, and for His glory.

IV. From Spiritual Death to Spiritual Life (vv. 17-19).

Men have tried to explain the experience of conversion on the ground of psychology, as a cataclysmic change in the life of an individual who has gone through some great sorrow or trial, but it simply will not go down. There is in real conversion a regeneration which means a completely changed life.

Saul did have a sudden and moving experience on the Damascus road, but it was not just because of a blinding light and a mighty voice. It was a light "from heaven" (v. 4), and the voice of the Lord.

Saul was "filled with the Holy Ghost," and received his sight. He was ready now to be used of the Lord as the greatest missionary evangelist and theologian that the world has ever known.

This change was one which reached down into his inmost being and transformed his beliefs. The Jesus he had hated, now became his all consuming passion and love. He no longer looked to his works to save him, for now he knew the personal Saviour.

What happened within showed itself in his attitude toward those without. It always does. He now came to love the very people he had hated and persecuted, and turned every bit of his strength and ability into the task of working with them in the spreading of the gospel throughout the world.

Men and women—yes, boys and girls—today need this same change from death to life. Too long have we been trying to polish up the exterior of lives unchanged within.

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In the Long Ago

Sharks once swam in a sea in our Central states where cattle now graze.

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