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THE STALKERS STALKED

As Fighter Command Spitfire squadrons climbed to battle with a formation of German fighters over France recently, a Polish pilot noticed that three ME.109s held off, waiting to pounce on other Spitfires below.

The Pole took advantage of the sun and climbed unnoticed by the enemy. Steadily, he made height until the Germans were just in front and only a little above him.

"Then," as he said afterwards, "the Huns began to dive to attack head-on. Still unseen by them, I selected the last one as they went down, one after the other. I closed the range until I could clearly see the black markings and crosses on the enemy aircraft and fired just ahead of the Hun so that he would fly into it.

"Still he didn't see me. He got into my burst and a trail of black smoke started to come from his aircraft.

"In that moment I had to turn, as I lost him behind me. As I turned again I saw the Messerschmitt on its back, flaming and smoking and the pilot baling out."

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