



GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

Col. Robert L. Scott

WNU RELEASE



The story thus far: After graduating from West Point as a second lieutenant Robert Scott won his wings at Kelly Field and takes up pursuit flying. When the war breaks out he is an instructor in California and told he is too old for combat flying. He appeals to several Generals for a chance to fly a combat plane, and finally the opportunity comes. He says goodbye to his wife and child and flies a bomber to India, where he becomes a ferry pilot, which does not appeal to him. He visits General Chennault and is promised a Kittyhawk, and soon he is flying the skies over Burma. He gets his first Jap bomber, burns up enemy trucks and cuts a Jap battalion to bits.

CHAPTER XIII

Word had come now that the AVG, with General Chennault as Commander, was to be inducted into the Army Air Corps. Chennault, then a General in the Chinese Army but a retired Captain in the U. S. Army, was to be given the rank of Brigadier General to head the China Air Task Force. But from what I had gathered from the few newspapers we had received and from rumors that filtered through, I knew that not many of the AVG were going to accept induction.

There were officious men around the China-Burma-India theater who thought the AVG were unruly and undisciplined. To these statements I always remarked that I wished we had ten such undisciplined groups—for they would have destroyed some three to four thousand enemy airplanes, and that would certainly have hindered the Japanese. There were others who claimed that the fighters of the AVG fought for the high salaries and the extra bonus of five hundred dollars for each enemy plane they shot down. That made me laugh, for I had seen the AVG fight, and later on I was to fly with them against the enemy. I knew those great pilots—I knew that they were great American adventurers who would have fought just as hard for peanuts or Confederate money—as long as they were fighting for General Chennault and were flying those beloved P-40's.

As it stood now: after long hours of combat the men were tired; they had been out of the United States under the most trying conditions for nearly a year. They were all showing combat fatigue and needed a rest. Some of them were combat-weary and ought never to be risked in combat again.

Furthermore, the induction of the AVG had hit a snag, from poor judgment on the part of one man. It seems that someone had lined the boys up for a fight-talk on the glamour of induction into the Army, and had used very little tact. He recited newspaper stories intimating that the AVG fought for the high pay of Camco—between \$600 to \$750 a month, depending on whether or not the pilot was a wing man or a squadron leader. This salesman went on to state that he sincerely hoped the AVG would accept induction, because if they didn't, and when their contracts with Camco expired, they would probably find their draft boards waiting for them when they stepped off the boat that carried them back to the United States. In that case, they would be inducted as privates rather than commissioned as officers.

A large percentage of the AVG are reported to have got up and walked out on the speech. After all, they were high-strung fighter pilots who had fought one of the greatest battles against superior odds that has ever been reported. In this case, they were being threatened without complete knowledge of all the facts involved. I know that from that day on they taught the Chinese coolie boy on the refueling truck jokes about that reverse sales-speech. One involved an expression that of course was never permitted to reach its destination. The boy was trained by some of the AVG—who were leaving China—to run up to every transport that landed, and, as the passengers got out, to repeat for their benefit an unprintable American expression aimed at the speech-maker. The gas-truck coolie would religiously meet every C-47 and with bland countenance would repeat the sentence. Most of the AVG used to make sure that he never reached the transport unloading the right man, but several times it took the best of American flying tackles to stop him in time.

Handled in another way, I believe that every one of the AVG who was physically able would have stayed. As it was, only five pilots remained, and some thirty ground-crew men. We had wanted to divide them into two groups—those who from a physical standpoint badly needed rest in the United States, and those who could stay out in China for six months longer without impairing their health. We were to permit the first group to go home on July Fourth (the day their contracts with Camco terminated) and to remain there on leave for no less than a month, after which they were to come back to China. It is my opinion that at least ninety per cent of the AVG would have accepted this offer. But as it was, five of the greatest pilots in the world stayed with the group when their contracts expired. And those five were enough. I went back to India and continued my single-ship raids on the Japs. After my flights with the AVG,

the burning of the train in Indo-China, and the news of my one-man war in Burma, the story got to the war correspondents. I began to hear from home in the States that I had been written up as "The One-Man Air Force." From an egotistical standpoint I felt the thrill that a normal person would, but by this time I was beginning to realize that one man and one ship in this type of warfare meant very little.

In the days that followed I sank barges filled with enemy soldiers, bombed enemy columns and strafed enemy soldiers swimming in the water from the barges I had sunk. But when I went back next day there were more and more Japs surging northward into upper Burma towards India. No, the title was an empty one—for even I, with my egotistical standpoint in combat, knew by now that one man could make no real mark on this enemy that we were fighting. I had the satisfaction, however, of knowing that I was learning things. I had the experience of ten years of military flying, and I knew I was a good pilot. The day was going to come when that knowledge of mine, learned the hard way, would help train the new units that would come from home. There is no substitute for combat. You've got to shoot at people while you're being shot at yourself.

For the time being, though, there was just the one ship, and I nursed it like a baby. Flying it constantly, I had begun to feel a part of it. Sometimes at night I'd think of my wife and little girl, but never in combat. Sometimes, coming home after striking the enemy, I'd think of them and they seemed far, far away. Towards the last of May, after I'd flown just about two hundred hours



A Jap bomber is shot down in Col. Scott's first aerial combat.

in combat and had gathered about a hundred holes in my ship, I think I must have wondered if I'd ever see them again. I carried a Tommy gun with me in the cockpit of the ship, for at straining altitude there would probably be no time to bail out with the chute anyway, and I knew that prisoners taken by the Japs receive very harsh treatment, especially those who have been strafing the capturing troops when shot down.

My greatest bombing day came late in the month of May, when I dropped four 500-pound bombs at Homalin, down on the Chindwin, where the Japs seemed to be concentrating. Early in the morning I headed South with the heavy yellow bomb, slowly climbing over the Naga Hills and through the overcast, topping out at 15,000 feet. As I continued South on the course to where the Uyu met the Chindwin River, the clouds lowered but the overcast remained solid. In one hour, computing that I had made the 180 miles to Homalin, I let down through the overcast, hoping that the mountains were behind me. Luck was with me, as it usually was in my single-ship war, and I found the overcast barely a hundred feet thick. I couldn't see Homalin and my target area, but I kept right up against the cloud ceiling and circled warily. I knew that I was in luck: I could drop the bomb and then climb right back into the overcast, no matter how many Jap fighters came to intercept.

Soon I saw my target—and sure enough, there were loaded barges coming out of the broad Chindwin and heading for the docks of Homalin. I continued circling against the clouds at 11,000 feet.

For I had a plan. Dive-bombing from a P-40 is not the most accurate in the world: you can't dive very steeply or the bomb might hit the propeller, and also in too steep a dive it's hard to recover in the high speeds that are built up. It seemed to me that the type of bombing one had to do in order to keep the speed under control and to miss the prop, was more in the nature of glide-bombing. Most beginners, however, are always short with their bombs. That is to say, the projectile strikes before it gets to the target on the line of approach, rather than over it. From my practice bombings on the Brahmaputra, I had developed a rule of thumb: I would dive at some forty-five degrees; then, as the target in my gun-sight passed under the nose of my

ship, I would begin to pull out slowly and count—one count for every thousand feet of my elevation above the target. Then as the ship came almost level, if I was at two thousand feet when I reached the count of "two," I'd drop the bomb.

I let the four barges get almost to the "makeshift wharf; then I dove from my cloud cover. As I got the middle two barges on my gun-sight, I made a mental resolution not to be short—for even if I went over I'd hit the Japs in the town. As I passed three thousand feet the nearest barge went under me, and I began to pull out and count: "One—two—three—pull"—putting in the extra count to insure me against being short. I felt the bomb let go as I jerked the belly-tank release, and I turned to get the wing out of the way so that I could see the bomb hit.

The five hundred pounds of TNT exploded either right beside the leading barge or between the barge closest to shore and the docks. As the black smoke cleared, I saw pieces of the barge splashing into the river a hundred yards from the explosion. I went down and strafed, but the black smoke was so thick that I could see very little to concentrate on; so I climbed to three thousand feet and waited for the smoke to clear. Then I dove for the two barges that were drifting down the river. I must have put two hundred rounds into each of them. I got one to burning, and from the black smoke it must have been loaded with gasoline.

On my second raid I dropped a five-hundred-pound bomb on the largest building in Homalin, which the British Intelligence reported the next day had been the police station. They said that two hundred Japanese were killed in that bombing, and that between six hundred and a thousand were killed in the series of bombings. Many bodies were picked up about thirty miles down the Chindwin at Tamu and Sitingang. All four of my bombs had done some damage, and I was quite satisfied.

In British Intelligence reports I read that Radio Tokyo had mentioned Homalin. One bombing had taken place, it seems, with very slight damage, and that only to the innocent Burmese villagers, but the Imperial Japanese Army had evacuated Homalin because of the serious malaria that was prevalent there. Anyway, I always like to think that my four trips to Homalin with four 500-pound packages of good old American Picatinny TNT had something to do with the monkey-men's deciding that the malaria was too bad along the Chindwin.

My raids with "Old Exterminator" continued through May and into June. Some days I'd climb out of India through the rain clouds of the monsoon and fly on into Burma. The trip back would then be one to worry me, for I never knew exactly when to let down. Almost every day, however, if I worked my take-off time properly I'd get back from the mission as the storm clouds were breaking, and I'd have a nice, welcome hole to dive through. On other days when I wasn't so lucky, I'd just have to roll over and dive for the valley of the Brahmaputra—and that's where I always came out, or I wouldn't be here to tell about it.

Some of the flights into Burma were just a waste of gasoline; I would see nothing. It follows that I have written of the more exciting ones. There's nothing so monotonous as to fly for four hundred miles with plenty of ammunition, or sometimes for two hundred to three hundred miles with a heavy bomb attached, and find no place to drop it. I'd have to come back then, and gingerly letting down through the dark monsoon clouds, land the 500 pounds of TNT as if I had a crate of eggs aboard. After all, we didn't have bombs to waste.

Early in June I did have one exciting trip. From reports of the ferry pilots I heard that the Japs were building a bridge over the river N'umzup, some forty miles North of Myitkyina. The very afternoon the report reached me, I went over and strafed the engineers at work on the bridge. And I nearly got shot down, for the efficient Japanese had moved in their anti-aircraft with the bridge crew. When I landed at the base I helped the ground crew count the thirty small-calibre holes in my ship. My cap had one hole in it, though luckily it had not been on my head but back in the small baggage compartment of the Kittyhawk. That was pretty bad, though, for it was the only cap I had, and for months I had to wear it with all the felt torn from the crown by the Jap ground-fire. I remember that later one of the young bomber crew men asked Maj. Butch Morgan—it was when we stepped from our ships after bombing Hongkong—whether or not I'd had that cap on when the bullet went through.

I cussed about the cap and loaded the ship for another run on the bridge. As I came in from another direction this time, and very low, I saw bodies of the enemy from my first strafing, but the Japs were still working on the bridge. I strafed the working-party in two passes from different directions, so low that the anti-aircraft couldn't shoot at me effectively.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

Lesson for February 4

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JESUS' CONCERN FOR ALL

LESSON TEXT—Matthew 9:1, 9-13, 18-26. GOLDEN TEXT—Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets—Matthew 7:12.

What is a man worth? Well, say we, that depends, and then we are prone to undervalue him. Jesus had (and taught) a high regard for the inherent value of man. He saw possibilities in all men. He had a love for them. He was concerned about their welfare, and they responded by an interest in Him.

Jesus showed by His dealings with men how wrong are most of the standards and attitudes of the world. With Him there were:

I. No Social Barrier (vv. 1, 9, 10). The caste system of some lands, dividing people into social strata which separate men and hinder fellowship, does not exist in our land. Yet, in practice, we have such levels which are a formidable barrier in the thinking of many (perhaps most) people.

Jesus knew nothing of social barriers. He ignored them and went straight to the one in need. In our lesson it was a man of position and wealth who was an outcast among his people because he was a hated gatherer of taxes for Rome.

Jesus saw in him a man of faith and a useful witness for Him. And He not only talked with him, but called him to be His disciple. Then He went further and, to the astonishment of His critics, went in to a great feast where many such men were gathered.

He ate with publicans and sinners, not because He approved of their manner of life, but because He wanted to change it as He changed them.

II. No Fear of Criticism (vv. 11-13). Many a kind and noble impulse has died a-borning because of the fear of criticism. "What will people say?" has kept many a Christian from speaking to some sinner about his (or her) soul.

"The world is too much with us—" and we all too often guide our lives and service by the possible reaction we may receive from those round about us. We did not learn such an attitude from Jesus.

His answer to His critics made it clear that there will be no self-righteous, "good enough" people in heaven. The Lord is not even calling them, so long as they trust in their own goodness. He came to seek and to save sinners (v. 13, and Luke 19:10).

We, too, may go forward without fear of our critics. That doesn't mean that we "don't care what people think" about us. We ought to care, but if their opinion is based on unbelief and self-righteousness, it should certainly not deter us from our all-important business of soul-winning.

III. No Limitation of Time and Place (vv. 18-22).

Often the help of man to those in need is circumscribed by so many regulations that those who most deserve help cannot get it. There are times and places for application forms, and tests must be completed, etc. Doubtless much of this is needed, but one wonders at times whether our charitable impulses have not disappeared under a mountain of red tape.

Be that as it may, how interesting it is to see that Jesus met the need when and where it appeared. He was already on one errand of mercy when the sick woman touched His robe. He was not too busy nor too preoccupied to stop and give her a word of help and comfort (v. 22).

Is there not a significant lesson here for us in the church? The need is reason enough for the extension of our help. The place is anywhere that men are in sadness or sorrow, and the hour is now—when they need our help.

IV. No Lack of Power (vv. 23-26). How often the human heart is prompted to help, and willing hands are ready to follow its promptings in loving action, yet we find that we cannot do anything. The need is too great for our meager resources. Our strength does not suffice. We have no money, or the situation is one beyond human help.

How wonderful it is then to remember the Lord Jesus! A touch on the hem of His garment in faith made the woman whole (v. 22). A word from Him brought the dead little girl out to face the corners of Jesus, in the bloom of life and health.

Has He lost any of His great power? No. He is just "the same yesterday, and today, and forever" (Heb. 13:8). Why not trust Him?

Do you need help—spiritual, mental, physical? He is able. He has no prejudice regarding your social position. He will meet you right where you are, and right now. He is seeking the sick and the sinful—"the lost, the last, and the least." Look to Him by faith.

The great Physician now is near. The sympathizing Jesus: He speaks, the drooping heart to cheer; O hear the voice of Jesus.

Battle Jacket

By EDWARD YEWDALL

McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

JOHNNY MULFORD'S first approach to the girl was direct. He went straight up to her in the subway station and said, "Gee, you're the most beautiful thing I ever saw."

The girl gave him a look that was (1) startled, (2) contemptuous and (3) mad. She said, "On your way." Perhaps if she had known Johnny's long build-up before he found the courage to do what he did she would have been a little more receptive. It was like this: He had come back from the wars and gone to work for the Mulcahy Contracting Company on his old drawing board, after two months' loafing. He couldn't get through his red head that this building stuff was of the slightest moment. He couldn't, at first, get back to work. He couldn't get his mind on the beam.

After wandering around the house, worrying Mom to death, picking books out of the bookcase and reading a page or two, then putting them face down on the coffee table, the piano, the floor; after whitewashing the cellar and pruning the trees, he finally gave up and went into the office. The battle jacket with the shoulder patch embroidered with the "I" and "Guadalcanal" hung in the closet. He had never worn it since the day he got home.

He saw the girl the first day he went regularly to work. She boarded the bus at Poplar Street. She carried herself with a quiet dignity that became her blonde beauty; she was alone always. The girl's eyes reminded Johnny of the deep blue of the Pacific, and it seemed as if this was the girl he had been waiting for all his life. But the girl appeared to know nothing about that.

After a few weeks of long-distance admiration Johnny met Kline Harkins and, wonder of wonders, Kline knew something about the girl! If Kline had only been acquainted, things might have been settled one way or another right then. But Kline only lived near the girl, and she wasn't given to distant noddings. But Kline had a lot of dope. Her name was Hermance Taylor, she was twenty-two and worked in the Great American Insurance Company's office; her father was a dispatcher for the bus company. There was no boy friend in sight.

Six weeks passed. Once Johnny had the opportunity to give Hermance his seat in the bus. She said a cool "Thank you," and sat down. After that Johnny ceased to exist.

After his rebuff in the subway station Johnny braced Kline Harkins to try to meet the girl through neighbors on Poplar Street, but Kline was too diffident and bashful himself for that. Anyway, Johnny calculated, Kline would like to meet the girl on his own account. This seemed a cockeyed reversal of the "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" Pochonathos thing.

Johnny just subsided into eyeing the girl, drinking in every detail of her appearance, noting the sweetly grave expression in the deep blue eyes, the just-right details of her modest dress, the graceful walk and superlative carriage.

Things at the office didn't go so well. He couldn't concentrate on the layout of the Kilmer Radio Company's machine shop at all. Mr. Mulcahy was swell; he reminded Johnny that Rome was neither built nor destroyed in a day. "Take your time," he said. "This stuff will seem trivial for a while yet. Work only when you feel like it, Johnny. We're with you—we know what you can do."

"Wait till I meet Hermance," he said to himself. "Then I'll start to go to town. We'll see movies two nights a week, and we'll hold hands in the dark. On Saturday nights we'll go to the American Legion dances, and the boys will look at Hermance and gnash their teeth. After about a year I'll touch Dad for a loan and we'll think about buying a house, and from then on it'll be bills and mortgages and maybe a little Hermance and Johnny. And will I love it!"

Early on Johnny's Saturday off, Mr. Mulcahy called him up. "Johnny," he said, "Mr. Henderson is here from Milwaukee. He wants to go over the machine shop layout with us, and I don't know a thing about it. Will you come in?"

Well, Mother had sent his only civvy overcoat to the cleaners, and it wouldn't be back until night—a special concession at that. Mother said, "Put on the battle jacket, John. It's mild out. You ought to be proud of it." Johnny hated to wear any part of a uniform somehow, but there was nothing else to do. It was too cold for his suit, and as yet he possessed no topcoat. He sallied forth in the battle jacket.

Hermance hopped on the bus at Poplar Street. Her eyes passed Johnny with their cool impersonality and looked out the window. Something brought them back again, and they settled on the shoulder patch of Johnny's jacket, on the "I" and the "Guadalcanal."

In the subway station she came swiftly up to Johnny and said, "Pardon me, but I always wanted to shake hands with a man from Guadalcanal. I hope you won't think I'm forward."

Johnny grinned and said, "No. I don't think you're forward. I think you're swell."

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It Can Surely Be Said Champ Used His Head

Champ Clark, speaker of the house from 1911 to 1919, had to battle poverty in order to get an education. When he finally managed to scrape enough money together to go to college, he took his schooling very seriously. Clark kept his nose stuck in a book from morning till night—even skipping chapel.

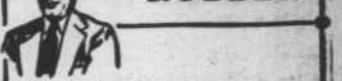
However, the school authorities insisted that he attend services and he did—for a short while. The bookworm appeared in chapel with his head completely shaved. So great was the disturbance his naked dome caused that he was excused from further attendance. In his senior year he made an average grade of 99.99 per cent!

Congress in India a Party, Not a Legislative Body

With the trouble that the British Raj is having at the present time with the "Congress" in India, it is curious to recollect that this movement was started in 1885 largely through the work of an English member of the Indian civil service, A. O. Hume, at the suggestion of the then Viceroy, Lord Dufferin.

Originally named the "Indian National Congress," it is not, as in the United States, the title of a legislative body. It is a political party—the largest and best organized in India, although its membership in 1941 was only a million and a half, or a ratio of 1 in 259 of the total population.

SNAPPY FACTS ABOUT RUBBER



Every gas mask issued by the U. S. Army contains 1½ pounds of rubber.

Even now, with the rubber situation improved, it is important that car owners have their tires recapped in time. In time means when the tread is worn smooth, but before the fabric shows.

It is expected by industry authorities that the early post-war period will bring a demand for from 16,000 to 40,000 long tons of rubber for the production of latex foam springs used in cushions of various types and in furniture and mattresses.

Jerry Shaw

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