

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 was 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 flies a bomber to India, where he becomes a ferry pilot, but this does not appeal to him. After a visit with Gen. Chennault he gets a Kittyhawk and soon becomes a "one man air force" over Burma. He is made commanding officer of the 23rd fighter group, taking over the AVG, and is ordered to proceed to Kwetlin area to take charge.

I'll never forget. I had just looked at the fuel gauge for the hundredth time, and as my eyes left the instrument board to go back to my diligent search, I saw the clock, and the hour was 9:08. At that instant I saw an enemy airplane—one silhouette. From that second on, I know I moved automatically. I saw that on our courses we were going to meet head-on.

The other ship was now much nearer, and closing fast. It was a twin-engine bomber and was right down low over the clouds, just as I was. Down below now were holes in the overcast, and I imagine the bomber was trying to locate its position to go down through. He didn't see my ship, and I kept hidden by the clouds as much as possible. I felt my left hand go to the instrument panel to turn on the gun-switch. Then, as I looked at the red switch, I saw that I had evidently turned it on without being conscious of the act. I moved it off, then back on again, as a kind of test. I turned the gun-sight rheostat on and got the lighted sight reflected on my glass armor in front of my eyes. The enemy ship came on, "mushrooming" in my vision; our relative speed of approach was perhaps five hundred miles an hour. By now I had shoved everything forward on the throttle quadrant—the engine was pulling full power, and the prop pitch was set to high speed, low pitch.

Then, just before I pressed the trigger, I saw the other planes, two enemy fighters above and behind the bomber. I had evidently



Some fifty-caliber ammunition for the P-40.

not been seen by any of the three ships, for after all I was coming on very close to the clouds. But I nearly stopped my aiming from the surprise of seeing them. They were about three thousand feet above the bomber, and were weaving back and forth in loose formation. I saw the square wing-tip that told they were Navy Zeros. There flashed in my mind the warning that I had heard from General Chennault about attacking bombers when there was fighter escort. Everyone in China had always neglected to consider odds on the side of the enemy—they were used to that. Personally, I just didn't know enough about aerial combat to worry much, or I might have gone on anyway. My six guns would neutralize their four; I could shoot the bomber down and dive into the clouds before the Zeros could get me.

I really don't know whether I thought it all out or not, for by now I was shooting. The tracers seemed to go towards the enemy all right, but now the Jap came into my sights so fast that I don't know whether they hit him then or not. I dove right under the nose of the twin-engine ship, and I'll bet he was one surprised pilot. I noted that he had started to turn and maybe that made me miss.

As the ship crossed over my head, I pulled around in the tightest turn I have ever made, mashing down in the clouds a good distance, and that must have hid me momentarily from the fighter escort. As I came out, the bomber was completing its turn opposite to the way I had turned, and I moved in for a full-deflection shot—a shot possible when the other ship is crossing your path, at 90 degrees. I had slowed down, however, and had to reef in and shoot at it from beneath and behind. I got a good burst in here.

But now I saw tracers all around me and felt a couple of hits: the Zeros were shooting at me. One of the enemy fighters dove in front of me and I got a snap shot at it from a hundred yards. I dove under the bomber again, and with the speed that I gained, tried to make a belly attack; I got in another shot burst and felt some more hits on my ship.

As I pulled up, the Zero that had been shooting at me made the mistake of rolling at the top of his climb, and I dove at him and gave him about two hundred rounds with a no-deflection shot; I know the burst hit him badly. I shot at the other fighter from long range as he tried a head-on run. But the clouds were worrying the Japs—they seemed to have trouble seeing me. As my dive at the Zero built my speed up, I turned towards the bomber again; it saw me and started a turn to

the right. I snapped a short head-on shot, and before I got to the enemy ship, I tossed caution to the winds and made a hundred and eighty-degree turn—the Jap was right in front of my guns and I was already shooting. I held the trigger down and saw the tracers hit the big wing, the fuselage, and saw the glass stream from the canopy. I just squeezed the trigger and "froze" as the bomber seemed to come back towards me.

As I drew up to less than a hundred yards the big red spots on the wing grew wider and wider apart, and I saw pieces come from the left engine. I nearly rammed the enemy—I still don't see how I missed the radio antenna pole behind the glass canopy; I could see the guns waving to and fro, and they shot at me.

But the bomber was going down. I didn't pull up as I went past him this time, but dove steeply. When I came out of the dive I looked back for the Zeros but they were not to be seen. Above and behind me, the bomber was spinning slowly in flames, the black smoke making a spiral above the clouds—I saw it go into the clouds as I pushed through in my pullout. I came out below the clouds, which were broken in a few places now, but I couldn't see the Jap ships. I made one half circle and didn't know where I was. Finally remembering my fuel supply, I breathlessly glanced at the gauges, and they were all bouncing around—EMPTY! I turned and headed West with my throttle retarded and the prop set back for cruising. Now I called Sasser, having forgotten to call him at the moment of contact with the enemy. I told him about the interception, that I knew I had shot down the bomber and had gotten some bursts on the fighters. Sasser told me that there was a fight on the way from Hengyang, led by Gil Bright.

My altitude was ten thousand now and I held it while I just about glided with power to the West, where I should see the Hengyang-Kweilin railroad. As I finished my report over the radio, Sasser in Kweilin told me S-3, and Richardson at Hengyang said S-3 also. But Miller at Lingling told me I sounded very close to his station, and gave me the report S-5. These mean, in radio technical language, that my volume was louder in Lingling than at either of the other two stations.

Just then Miller must have received a report from a town that heard my engine, for he said, "You're Northeast of the field." I turned a little South and saw the welcome red clay of Lingling. I started feeling happy then—I'd been in the air on a cross-country for nearly four hours, and knew that I'd shot down at least one plane. I couldn't buzz the field though, for any minute I expected the engine to cough and the prop to start "windmilling"—out of gas. I put the wheels down and landed without even looking to see which way the wind was on the runway. I got the ship parked without the engine's dying, but the mechanics said they couldn't see any fuel in the tanks.

Rather excitedly I told my story. We counted the holes in my ship and then went over to count those in one of the fighters that had been in another battle that morning. Just then Miller came dashing up in a jeep to say that my air engagement had been reported over Leiyang, sixty miles to the East, and that confirmation had already come in on my bomber. It had crashed and burned eight miles from the town. That noon I was so excited that I couldn't eat my lunch—I just sat there and relived the battle. The sergeant came in to tell me there were seventeen holes in my ship, and two of them were from the cannon of the Zeros—they were all back near the tail; so maybe George Paxton had been right, and maybe the little rats couldn't even shoot. Well, we were to find out during the next ten days, very vividly.

I flew on to Hengyang that afternoon, and with Lieutenant Cluck in a jeep we drove to Leiyang. We had information that some of the crew or passengers had jumped from the bomber that morning and had been captured, and we needed the prisoners for information. With Chinese guides we climbed on foot over the rice paddies built on the hills, towards the scene of the crashed plane. Even before we'd covered the ten or more miles that we had to walk, I saw evidence of the airplane. It seemed as if every coolie that came towards us was carrying a piece of the Jap plane. Near the wreck I saw pieces of aluminum on the houses covering holes in the roofs, and saw some of the clothes from the Jap airmen. These we examined, and found a notebook, a map, and a pistol. Later the soldiers at the wreck gave us a chute and some other things.

When we came to the burned bomber we found it pretty well scattered. The fabric was gone from the parts that hadn't burned, but the larger part was just a mass of burned metal. I noticed that the bodies of four Japs were lying where they had fallen, and several days later other visitors reported them still in the same positions. I looked in vain through the wreckage for a Samurai sword, which is the sovereign value most from the Jap.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D. OF THE MEADVILLE INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO. Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for February 25

Lesson subjects and Scripture texts selected and copyrighted by International Council of Religious Education; used by permission.

JESUS, THE SON OF GOD

LESSON TEXT—Matthew 16:13-17, 17:1-8. GOLDEN TEXT—Whoever therefore shall confess me before men, I will confess also before my Father which is in heaven.—Matthew 10:32.

"What think ye of Christ?" There is a question that every human being must answer. Jesus asked it (Matt. 22:42), and each of us makes some kind of reply.

It is the touchstone that tries men, and churches, organizations and movements. The answer to it is of deep importance, for it determines character, condition, and destiny for time and eternity.

Jesus, the Christ, the Son of the living God, is the center of the entire lesson.

I. Jesus Confessed (16:13-17).

With His crucifixion now only six months away, our Lord in preparation for it is about to make a more definite claim to Messiahship, and thus to establish the truth in the minds of His disciples. He therefore asks this all-important question about Himself.

First, it is a general query, "Whom do men say that I am?" The answer (v. 14) indicates that the common opinion concerning Christ was a very high one. He had made an impression on the people of His time, and this has been true down through the ages. Even those who do not believe on Him admit that He was "the ideal representative and guide to humanity," or the person before whom everyone would kneel." But beautiful tributes to His character and leadership are worse than meaningless unless they lead to a personal confession of Him as Lord and Saviour.

The question becomes personal as He asks, "Whom do ye say that I am?" That question no one can escape. We cannot refuse to answer. Neutrality is impossible. Whatever we do or say, or do not do or say, is a decision.

Peter's answer is really the sum and substance of Christian doctrine. He recognized Him as the Messiah, the fulfillment of all Hebrew prophecy, and as the Son of the living God, the Redeemer and Saviour of men, the One in whom centers all Christian faith.

II. Jesus Transfigured (17:1-8). As His amazed disciples looked on, the eternal, divine glory of the Son of God could no longer be hidden by the human body and the humble garments of our Lord, and "His face did shine as the sun and His raiment was white as light."

They saw their beloved Master now for what He really was, the Son of God. The testimony of Peter was no longer mere words, although ever so blessed. His speech had been confirmed by sight and they knew their Master as the Lord of glory.

It is essential in both the life and service of a Christian that he clearly understand the truth about Christ, His person and His work. When that understanding is tied up with a personal vision of His glory, there is assurance and power.

The want of such a vision explains the lack of zeal for soul-winning, the ineffectiveness of witness, the unwillingness to suffer or sacrifice for Christ's sake. "Where there is no vision, the people perish" (Prov. 29:18) for want of a witness concerning the Saviour.

III. Jesus Triumphant (17:4-6). The crowning point of the transfiguration came when the voice spoke out of the bright cloud and gave not only the Father's unqualified approval of Christ, but also His command that men should listen to Him and heed His message of redemption.

Note how this word of the Father completed the transfiguration. In itself it might have been likened to that which happened to Moses (Ex. 34:29, 30). We say likened to, because the glory which showed forth in Jesus was from within, not just a reflected glow.

But the words from heaven provide the conclusive and final witness. They so impressed Peter that he talked of them as a cherished memory and a transforming power in his life, even when he was an old man (II Pet. 1:16-18).

How do they impress you? Are you ready to acknowledge Jesus as the Christ, the Son of God, and take Him as your Saviour?

IV. Jesus Only (17:7-9). Having seen Him in His glory, they now saw Him alone. True, the others had gone, but is there not also the thought that He, the blessed God, now filled the vision of their souls?

Surely we find it right at hand to make that application to our own lives. When we really see Him as He is, then He fills our vision, and when He does that, we have reached real satisfaction of life.

"Jesus only" is more than a motto or a theme for a song. It is the epitome of a life worth while. It makes one want to ask everyone, "Do you know Him?" Well, do you? If not, will you take Him as your Saviour right now? Christian, will you let Him fill your life?

Lucky Lady

By EVELYN SMITH

McClure Syndicate—WNU Feature.

AT THE far end of the row of apple beans, Davis North crouched on his heels, watching Mrs. Meek's angular body inch backward along the row of carrots. Not until she reached the screen of corn would it be safe to dash to the garage.

Mrs. Meek straightened suddenly to ease her back and her eyes skewered Davis. "What you sittin' there for, boy?" Davis stared and blinked solemnly, his impatience urging her back to her task. "I declare! Eight-year-olds are a queer lot." Mrs. Meek assayed him grimly. "But I 'spect takin' a boy from the Home for a spell's my Christian duty." Davis had seen her looking over the fence at Mr. Dyer's Victory garden and she was always cross after that—for Mr. Dyer's beans were longer and his corn taller than Mrs. Meek's. "Now if I could just afford a little more fertilizer," she grumbled, "some of the quick-grow stuff they got down at Giffin's Hardware, I might still beat him out of the prize—but three weeks till judgin' don't give a body much time."

As she settled back to work Davis's breath exploded in a sigh. In another minute it would be safe to approach the old garage. Lady might need water or something. For two precarious days, food had taken wing behind Mrs. Meek's uncompromising back, and Davis's skinny little arms still felt the warm softness of Lady's plump body. "La-



"Land o' heaven!"

dy" seemed like a nice name for the gentle friendly dog he'd found wandering the streets alone. The remembering choked him—maybe this one he could keep! Davis shifted with eagerness. The movement brought Mrs. Meek's eyes back to him, narrowing suspiciously. "You ain't got another dog hid around some place—to ruin my garden?" "Another dog!" she muttered. "It's bad enough things won't grow without havin' a dog tear 'em up." The door of the abandoned garage sprang open suddenly. Mrs. Meek's mouth, too, opened; her words rising to a wail. "Oh—"

Davis's eyes filled his small face and he looked stupidly from Mrs. Meek to Lady—and the four mites wriggling beside her. "Puppies!" he breathed in a tone associated with Sunday school and Christmas trees.

"Land o' heaven!" Mrs. Meek shrieked, "one ain't bad enough—it's gotta be five this time! You get rid of them, Davis North. Every last one of them—before tonight. Hear? Or back to the Home you go!"

The noonday sun was blistering the exposed pavement of the quiet tree-shaded street when Davis stopped before the last house in the block. He'd knocked at all except this, but no one, it seemed, wanted a dog with four puppies. His finger left the bell and one bare foot dug into the other as he blinked at the tall man who filled the doorway. A timid smile took root, blossomed into a grin at the unexpected answer to his monotonous question.

"We might even look for her owner, huh, lad?" he asked after hearing Davis's story.

Davis's head was still bobbing happily as he sprinted away to complete the transfer, lest his new-found friend change his mind.

Mrs. Meek's call to supper brought the boy to the fence, a small ball of fur cupped in his hands. "What you doin' over there?" she demanded, "annoyin' the neighbors?" "It's all right Mrs. Meek. Davis just brought me a dog." Mr. Dyer let the screen door slam behind him. "You're a fool, Bill Dyer—or don't you know what a dog can do to a garden?"

"Plenty!" he chuckled. "Thanks to Davis here, I can buy more fertilizer for mine."

At the word "fertilizer" her scrawny eyebrows met over slitted eyes. "Don't you be pullin' my leg, Bill Dyer!"

"It's the truth." His laughter kindled a fire in Davis's thin chest, warming him. "We went looking for Lady's owner this afternoon, Davis and I. Seems she got out of the baggage room down at the depot."

"And they gave me a puppy!" Davis repeated pointedly. "The man's coming for Lady tomorrow—with ten dollars reward."

Mrs. Meek didn't say anything, but when she went inside she slammed the door with an awful bang.

You Can Add Square a Time to This Rug, in Flower and Cherry Design

By Ruth Wyeth Spears



when sewn together, they form this fascinating design. No large frame is needed and your hooking is easy to carry with you or to use for pick-up work.

NOTE—Pattern 201 gives actual-size design for this rug with color guide and complete directions for preparing materials and hooking. Ask for pattern by number and enclose 15 cents with name and address direct to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
Bedford Hills New York
Drawer 38
Enclose 15 cents for Pattern No. 201.
Name.....
Address.....

Heat Pickup

In the split second that is required to light a safety match on the surface of the container, the heat of the friction increases the temperature of the head to its ignition point of between 333 and 388 degrees Fahrenheit.

Black Markets and Paper Shortage During Civil War

Hoarders, black markets and paper shortage were matters of concern during the Civil War, even as they are today. In some cities newspaper supplies were completely exhausted and several newspapers printed abbreviated editions on the backs of wallpaper. One of them was the Vicksburg Daily Citizen. Of the hoarders and black markets the Citizen had this to say editorially:

"We are satisfied there are numerous persons within our city, who have breadstuffs and are doing it out at the most exorbitant figures to those who had not the foresight or means at their command to provide for the exigency now upon us. . . . Let it be seared into their very brain, that humanity may scorn and shun them as they would the portals of hell itself."



Remember those wonderful vegetables you grew last summer—so chock-full of goodness and mouth-watering flavor? Better make plans right now to plant more this season, but be certain to plant Ferry's Seeds for best and surest results. And it's easy to buy Ferry's Seeds. Your favorite store carries a wide assortment. Have a better garden with Ferry's Seeds.

FERRY-MORSE SEED CO.
DETROIT 31 SAN FRANCISCO 24

THIS IS WHAT I DREAMED ABOUT!

BILL: Gosh, Mom, hot rolls! Now I know I'm really home! And they're even better than I remembered!

MOM: Help yourself, son. I made 'em specially, right after I got your call—with a grand, quick recipe using Fleischmann's yellow label yeast, the kind with extra vitamins!

SURE THEY'RE GOOD—AND GOOD FOR YOU! FLEISCHMANN'S IS THE ONLY YEAST FOR BAKING THAT HAS ADDED AMOUNTS OF BOTH VITAMINS A AND B, AS WELL AS THE VITAMIN B COMPLEX!

I'M FREE! SEND FOR ME!... BIG NEW REVISED EDITION OF FLEISCHMANN'S FAMOUS 40-PAGE "THE BREAD BASKET"®—DOZENS OF GRAND RECIPES FOR BREADS, ROLLS, SWEET BREADS. SEND FOR YOURS TODAY!

And all these vitamins go right into your rolls with no great loss in the oven. So be sure to get Fleischmann's Yeast with the yellow label. A week's supply keeps in the loaf-box.

*For your free copy, write Standard Brands Incorporated, Grand Central Annex, Box 477, New York 17, N. Y.

IF PETER PAIN TWISTS YOU UP WITH "STIFF NECK"...

..RUB IN Ben-Gay QUICK

Yes, Ben-Gay gives fast, welcome relief from pain and discomfort due to stiff neck. That's because it contains up to 2½ times more methyl salicylate and menthol—famous pain-relieving agents that every doctor knows—than five other widely offered rub-ins. For soothing relief, make sure you get genuine, quick-acting Ben-Gay!

BEN-GAY THE ORIGINAL SNAGGERS OIL BALM
Also For PAIN | RHEUMATISM | HIGH FEVERS
NEURALGIA | MIGRAINE | COLIC
CUTS | AND COLDS | BRUISES | AND CHICKEN POX