



GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

By Col. Robert L. Scott

WASH. RELEASE



The story thus far: After graduating from West Point as a second lieutenant, Robert Scott was his wings at Kelly field and took up combat flying. When the war broke out he is an instructor and is told to be old for combat flying. He carries his own to several Generals and is finally given an opportunity to get into the fight. He flies a bomber into India, where he becomes a ferry pilot but this does not appeal to him. After getting Gen. Chennault he gets a "Wing" and soon becomes a "one man air force" over Burma. He is made commanding officer of the 23rd Fighter Group. Maj. Allison gets three bombers one day and lands in the river. His plane sinks.

couldn't wait—the Japs would be there in a matter of minutes. He tried a take-off with the current going through his arms again and the engine spitting and sputtering—and at the end of the runway he still hadn't enough speed to get in the air. He would swerve the ship about and try the other direction. Finally after three runs he got the fighter plane in the air, pumped the wheels up by hand and continued doing it for five hundred miles—and so flew back to Kunming.

badly shot up by their cannon. But he had shot one of them down and had got another "probable."

Down Lingling way on another morning, Clinger went into an attack with his engine acting up. After the first contact with the enemy, he was forced to land, followed by two enemy strafers. As Clinger maneuvered the falling fighter into a safe landing, the two Zeros came down shooting at his rolling P-40.

Dallas from Wyoming got out on the wing to jump onto the ground, with his ship still rolling. Just then one of the Jap bullets went right through his seat-pack chute, passing exactly between Clinger's pants and where he sat on the parachute. He got so mad he jumped back in the cockpit and shot at two Zeros as they passed over his nose. After all, air-cooled guns are made to shoot while the ship is going two or three hundred miles an hour—but Lieutenant Clinger said he got in a pretty good burst from his grounded fighter before the six Fifties froze.

Johnny Allison had helped to train Clinger in the tactics of fighter pilots. In fact, Johnny used to fly with every man in his flight on his wing, at one time or another. In one training flight such as this he took Clinger up and they practiced attacking one another—"dog-fighting" the "pea-shooter" pilots say. Up there at nearly 20,000 feet they came at one another head-on, time after time, until the moment when, as Johnny told me later, he was sure Clinger was going to run into him. Allison, who usually forced others to give way, had to dive under Clinger's P-40. They circled and tried again, and again Clinger kept right on coming, until, as the ships drew together at well over six hundred miles an hour relative speed, once more Johnny had to dodge, and the Wild Man from Wyoming went on over his head.

They landed then, and by the time Johnny had climbed out of his ship he had calmed down. Clinger came nonchalantly over. Just in passing Allison said, "That was pretty good flying, Clinger; you fly formation well and you look around okay. But you want to watch those head-on runs—you nearly hit me up there. Did you know that?"

Clinger shifted the weight of his body back to both feet. With his chin out, he answered: "Yes, Sir, Major—I tried to. You see, you've been flying longer than I have and I know I'm not as good a pilot as you are. But, Sir, I knew I'd come closer to you than you would to me."

You can find the remains of a good many Japs in China, or somewhere down in the China Sea, who know that Clinger meant just what he said. He'd keep coming at them head-on and shoot them out of the sky before they got to him.

The battle for the defense of Hengyang lasted through August, but we didn't just sit there on the defensive. We rapidly took the offensive as our best defense, and kept it up until higher headquarters sent us a very classic radio:

"You either did not understand or did not receive my last radiogram to remain on the defensive. Repeat quote on the defensive unquote. Signed, Chennault."

At Nanchang, on August 11, 1942, I shot down my fourth enemy plane that was confirmed. Though I hate the Japs with a passion, I felt sorry for that pilot, for he never saw me at all. But as I left his burning ship North of the runway that he had been taking off from, I thought of the boys in the Philippines and Java, and I wasn't so sorry.

I had dropped my five-hundred-pound bomb on the hangars, when in pulling out of the dive I saw Lieutenant Barnum, from Old Lyme, Connecticut, continue his dive on a Jap ship, and begin to fire on it. I looked below. There was dust at the far end of the Jap field where one enemy plane was taking off. I rolled over and dove—pulling out about a half mile behind the enemy at the moment he got off the ground. His wheels had just begun to move to the "up" position as I got him dead in my sights and pressed the trigger. As the pilot died, his new 1-97-2 pulled straight up, then spun into the ground the few feet it had climbed. I passed over it as the flames belched from the wreckage. I climbed for an enemy observation plane higher over Lake Puyang Hu, but the Jap outclimbed me, and though I fired at him several times from long range he finally got away.

On this trip, Barnum had shot down one enemy ship, and Lieutenant Daniels, though unable to release his wing-rack fragmentation bombs, had strafed the field with his bombs hanging on. After the attack, this pilot had force-landed his plane in a rice paddy near Hengyang rather than bail out—and this decision to save the ship for spare parts had been made with the six frags still hanging from the faulty wing-racks. He got away with it, and Captain Wang was able to salvage the fighter.

When the P-40's got so shot up that we were afraid they'd quit running and we'd lose them over the enemy lines, we were called back to Kunming. There, sitting around for two weeks while we worked on the ships and anxiously looked for mail from home, the war seemed far away.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

CHAPTER XIX

But on the day when he finally got out on his way to what he wanted to do most, the Japs struck at Pearl Harbor. Ajax had just landed at Wake Island, and, soldier that he was, he had reported to the Marine Commander for duty. He was having breakfast with the CO (CO means Commanding Officer), Major Devereaux, when the Japanese attack came to Wake.

Ajax used to say that the unusual strength he demonstrated that morning was due to the heavy supply of vitamin pills he had taken. As the first bomb hit the runway of the field, he ran with the others for the door and the safety of the slit trenches on the outside. The door opened inward, but Ajax opened it outward, taking the screen, the door, and most of that end of the stinky building with him. Part of the glass hit him in the face—and that, out was the only wound he received in the bombing. But he carried the scar with him when I last saw him in China.

Baumler got out of Wake Island the next day on the last clipper, but to join the AVG he was no longer going West. It was now necessary to go all the way back and around the other way, towards the East. Anyway he managed to go by way of Washington and got promoted to Captain. I believe if Ajax had stayed in Washington just one more day, he would have been a Major. After seeing Ajax Baumler in a few fights, I wish that he had gotten to be a Major before he came to China, for he certainly was a fighter pilot.

During the month of our battle of Hengyang, I saw Captain Baumler do some of the nerviest things I've ever seen any man accomplish. We had a few ships that had been strafed badly on the ground; some of them had been shot to pieces, and in others the engines or hydraulic systems had been damaged. In most cases these same ships couldn't be got off the ground when the Japs came over; sometimes they were caught three or four times by Zeros, and consequently they were in a continual state of repair.

One of these was old Number 104, the ship that Ajax had been flying. The ground crew had worked on it for days, but whenever they'd have it just about ready to be taken back to the factory in Kunming for overhaul, the Japs would catch it again. Finally one morning Ajax must have said, "The hell with it." For when the "Jih-bao" came he went and got into the crippled fighter to take off before the Japs could get there to strafe it again. He told me later that he was tired of seeing it sitting on the ground as a target; whether it would fly or not, he was going to get it taxying as fast as it would go and at least make it harder to hit than it had been in the revetment. Well, Ajax did better than taxi—he got off. But the story of it all reached me later on.

I was on the ground that day, and didn't see it. But I heard Ajax talking on the radio, and I heard his six guns when he caught one of the Zeros. Just a little later I saw the trail of black smoke that marked the enemy ship going down. I was glad to hear Ajax talking that morning; for a minute I'd thought that smoke might be he, going down in that luckless Number 104. All the time he'd been flying the ship he'd been having to pump the landing-gear up manually, for the hydraulic system had been shot up by the Jap strafe days before. Added to this, an exertion which is no pleasant task at fighting altitudes, was a more painful experience. The cards were stacked even more heavily against Ajax in this jinx ship, for his electrical system was shorting out.

On his take-off from Hengyang, as he gave the ship the gun Baumler had felt a terrible electrical shock through his sweaty hand on the stick control. He couldn't turn the stick loose as the ship would have crashed in the take-off run; so he grimly held on. Take hold of the spark plug of your car some time while the engine is running, and you'll feel just about what Ajax felt. But he kept holding it until he was at an altitude where it was safe to turn the stick loose, get out his handkerchief, and wrap it around the stick.

Even after he had been through the fight and came in to land at Lingling he had to take some more of the shock cure, for by that time the handkerchief was damp and the electricity was jumping through it. He couldn't stay long on this last field, for the Japs were on the way back in waves; so he reserved and taxied out to take off. Though the engine was now missing badly, Ajax

There was a squadron that came over from Assam to work with us, part of another group from India. In this squadron there were some fine fighter pilots, one of whom was Lieut. Dallas Clinger from old Wyo-



Pilots of the China Air Task Force on the alert at Hengyang.

ming. Clinger was another man who in years gone by in the West would have been a great gunman like Tex Hill. Only Clinger wouldn't have cared whether he was on the side of the Law, the Mormons, the Church, or Jesse James. He just wanted to fight.

One morning Clinger was one of a formation of three fighters over Hengyang. His combat report read like this:

"I was flying on my leader's wing—Lieutenant Lombard—at 23,000 feet when we saw three enemy planes down below circling. There were larger formations reported around. Just then I heard my flight leader say: 'There are three stragglers—let's attack 'em.' So we dove into them like mad. As I shot into the Zero on the right of the formation I saw that we were in the midst of twenty-four other Zeros, all shooting at us. I got mad and shot at every plane that I could get my sights on. I think I shot one down but I was so busy I didn't see it crash."

This was signed "DALLAS CLINGER—2nd Lieutenant—Almost Unemployed."

What Clinger had really done was the greatest piece of daredevil flying that any of us had ever seen. Instead of diving away from the twenty-seven ship circus as the others had done, he had stayed and fought the old-fashioned "dog-fight" until the Japs just about took him to pieces from sheer weight of numbers. When they straggled home they must have been the most surprised bunch of pilots in all Japan, for this crazy American with his heavy P-40 had done everything in or out of the book. He fought right side up and upside down, from 23,000 feet down to less than one thousand. As many Japs as could fill the air behind Clinger would get there and try to hang on while they shot; but Clinger wouldn't fight fair and stay there. In the end, he came right over the field, diving from the enemy until he had outdistanced them enough to turn; then he'd pull up into an "Immelmann" and come back shooting at them head-on.

He was last seen after the unequal fight skimming out across the rice paddies, making just about 500 miles an hour, with some ten to twelve Zeros following. For some reason they seemed reluctant, as though they didn't know whether to run after Clinger or leave him alone. He came in for lunch with his ship

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

Lesson for March 18

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

THE LAW OF LIFE

LESSON TEXT—Matthew 22:37-40. GOLDEN TEXT—Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.—Matthew 22:37-40.

Our lesson presents a great judgment scene—majestic, solemn, stirring. Many confuse it with the judgment of the Great White Throne in Revelation 20. But Matthew 25 is obviously the judgment of nations (v. 32) for their treatment of Christ's brethren (v. 40), a word referring primarily to Jews, but also spoken of in Matthew 12:48-50.

The lesson needs broader application, however, so we suggest that we allow the more general principles of judgment occur our attention. We note that

I. Judgment Divides (vv. 31-33). The nations, coming before Christ when He shall have appeared in all His glory, shall find themselves separated into two groups on the basis of their treatment of the brethren of Christ.

The fact that God has drawn a line of division down through all humanity and that each one of us is on one side or the other is not a doctrine which finds ready acceptance with modern thinking, but it is nonetheless a fact.

No man established that division—God Himself did it, and did it in love. To some it may seem to be a hard saying, but it is not, for it comes from the lips of the gentle, loving Jesus.

It is because He loved us enough to give Himself for us that any of us find ourselves on the side of that dividing line which assures us of eternal joy and blessedness.

They who stand on the other side of the line do so because they have not accepted God's proffered salvation in Christ. Reader, where do you stand?

II. Judgment Declares (vv. 34-45). Our attitude toward God expresses itself in our attitude toward our fellow man. That which we do toward those about us is not a matter of indifference, but is the basis for God's judgment of our lives. Each of us must answer for the deeds done in the flesh whether they be good or evil. That is true even of the believer (II Cor. 5:10), whose salvation has already been determined by his faith in Christ.

Here in our lesson, however, the failure to do that which shows forth God's law of love is made the ground of eternal judgment. This is not because an act of kindness itself can be regarded as the ground of division, but because the failure to give it or do it reflects an attitude of heart toward our God and His Christ, which is in reality a rejection of His way of salvation.

Judgment is thus a revelation of the attitude of the heart, which marks a man or woman as being either saved or lost. It may be possible to so becloud the thinking of our friends and neighbors that we may go through life looking something like a Christian, but when Christ judges, it will all be revealed to us.

Notice the importance of a proper attitude toward those who need our kindness and help. All too often the only concern of men and women is to look out for "number one" and let the rest of the world shift for itself.

Observe also that the Lord identifies Himself with His brethren—that is done to and for them—it is counted as done to and for Him. Compare the experience of Samuel (I Sam. 8:7) and of Paul (Acts 9:5). Touch God's people and you touch Him. Fall them and you fall Him. Serve them and you serve Him.

III. Judgment Determines (v. 46). Yes, God's judgment determines eternal destiny. Life eternal, or everlasting punishment, which shall it be? That is determined by God's final word of judgment, but remember that He judges in accordance with the attitude of heart and action of life on this side of the grave.

Now, for that matter, is a part of eternity, and it is consequently of great importance that we are right with both God and man now if we expect to be right throughout eternity.

We need to face this truth of judgment with complete candor and honest heart-searching. We agree with Dr. Douglass that "we must stand with awful concern before this solemn truth. Do not hesitate to teach this because it is contrary to the current of modern thinking or shocking to confront. It needs to be faced in a brave spirit of realism. (As a teacher) you will do your pupils a great disservice if you try to shield them from the grim implications of this truth."

Yes, and also if you keep from them the glorious prospect of eternal joy in the presence of God. The law of life is the law of love—love for God, and for Jesus Christ whom He hath sent to be our Redeemer, and love for His brethren. That law of love rules even in the day of judgment.

Gaily Be-Ruffled Frock for Tots



8745
2-6 yrs.

FOR a mite of two to six, a dainty little frock with the swinging skirt and ruffle edging little girls love. She'll look as sweet as her smile in this adorable party dress. It's nice for school too in brightly checked cottons.

Pattern No. 8745 is designed for sizes 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 2 requires 2 yards of 35 or 38-inch material.

Send your order to:

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT.
1150 Sixth Ave. New York, N. Y.
Enclose 25 cents in coins for each pattern desired.
Pattern No. Size
Name ..
Address ..

SH-H-H-H



Don't milk—don't spread rumors. Don't cough—don't spread germs. Smith Bros. Cough Drops, Black or Menthol, are still as soothing and delicious as ever—and they still cost only a nickel.

SMITH BROS. COUGH DROPS
BLACK OR MENTHOL—5¢

★ Buy United States War Bonds ★

WARM AWAY Your Aches and Pains

LET THIS LIGHTNING FAST HEAT TREATMENT HELP YOU. Nothing can make you more miserable than nagging muscular aches and pains. Nothing is more welcome than the glorious relief Sloan's Liniment brings. Just get it on and feel this "heat treatment" penetrate instantly, bringing warm, comforting relief.

FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM
Tired Aching Muscles • Sprains
Stiff Joints • Strains • Bruises

What you NEED is
SLOAN'S LINIMENT

But There's Only ONE GROUND GRIP TRACTOR TIRE... Firestone

YEARS of time and experience prove that Firestone Ground Grip tractor tires outpull any other tractor tires in any soil condition any time, anywhere. Obviously, others would like to duplicate the Firestone Ground Grip design but they can only imitate it... because the Ground Grip design is patented.

Put your tractor on Firestone Ground Grip tires and get up to 16% extra pull at the drawbar. The patented Ground Grip tread has up to 215 extra inches of traction bar length per tractor. No wonder it pulls better. It has no broken center tread bars. That means no traction leaks. It has no trash-catching bar stubs. Of course, it cleans better.

Be sure you get patented Firestone Ground Grip tractor tires. Don't compromise with imitations.

For the best in music, listen to the "Voice of Firestone" with Richard Crooks and Gladys Swarthout and the Firestone Symphony Orchestra conducted by Howard Barlow every Monday evening over NBC network.

Mr. Extra Traction represents the Extra Bar Length that gives Superior Pulling Power to FIRESTONE GROUND GRIP TRACTOR TIRES

FIRESTONE PUT THE FARM ON RUBBER