GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

By Col. Robert L. Scott

W.N.U. RELEASE

The story thus far: After graduating from West Point, Robert Scott wins his wings at Kelly Field and takes up combat flying. He has been an instructor for four years when the war breaks out, and is told he is now too old for combat flying. He appeals to several Generals and is finally given an opportunity to get into the fight. He flies a bomber into India, but on arrival is made a ferry pilot and this does not suit him. After paying a visit to Gen. Chennault he gets a Kittyhawk and soon becomes a "one man air force" in the skies over Burma. Later he is made C.O. of the 23rd Fighter Group but still keeps knocking down Jap planes. His "Old Exterminator" is badly mauled and he gets a new P-40E.

CHAPTER XXIII

It had been only recently when Haynes had been taken from his thirteen four-engine bombers on the way to blast Tokyo, that he had been assigned to transports. The Japs must have known just how to get under his skin, but in the end I think the knowledge worked against them.

Now he was getting back at them by having thousands of little leaflets printed in several languages, especially in Japanese. They read:

COMPLIMENTS OF THE OLD BROKEN-DOWN TRANSPORT PILOT

He used to drop some of these on every bombing mission he led. He'd go out and tie some to each bomb; put them in the bomb bay so that they fell out when the doors were opened; even throw them out over the Japanese-occupied cities that he blasted. I knew now that he was getting a new supply ready for Hongkong.

Towards the end of October came the word we had so long been waiting for. Victoria harbor was filled with Japanese shipping. In deepest secret we got ready to go.

Our ships would leave from Kunming, but we would of course use the intermediate bases in the Kweilin-Hengyang section, 500 miles to the East. Hongkong, you will recall, is about 325 miles Southeast of Kweilin. It is protected by surrounding enemy fighter fields at Canton and Kowloon. Our objectives would be the shipping in the harbor, the shipping at the docks in Kowloon, and the ships at the drydocks in Hongkong.

Early on the morning of October 25 our twelve bombers took off from Yunnan for Kweilin, and shortly afterwards Hill, Alison, Holloway and I led the fighters off. We were all to infiltrate into Kweilin, a few ships at a time, so as not to alert the coast of eastern China.

For two weeks I had worried about this attack. I thought it would come any day, and because of the tension I couldn't sleep.

When I learned that word hadn't come, I'd spend another sleepless night. I got the doctor to give me something to make me sleep and I had a headache the next day. I knew "my wind was up," as the British say—but why in hell didn't we go on and get the attack over with!

But now I was on the way. I could see the shark-mouths of the P-40's all around, and the whole thing was easy—just what I had wanted all the time. We sat down at Kweilin at one-minute intervals at eight o'clock. The bombers were soon in, and the Chinese were busy servicing the field full of ships. They were the happiest people I had ever seen. They'd point towards Japan and point down with their thumbs and say, "Bu-hao."

All of us were proud to be going. But as I looked at those seven P-40's escorting ten bombers, I could not help feeling apologetic for that greatest country in the world that we were representing. Oh, God, if the day could soon come when we could go against this enemy with a thousand bombers, even a hundred bombers!

Maybe the small fighter force that we had made us lucky ones who were privileged to go resolve all the more that we would make up in quality what we lacked in quantity. Personally I felt like a veteran football player who has been on the bench and has now been called into the big game. Nearly a year before, when Hongkong had fallen to the Japanese attacks from the Asiatic mainland of Kowloon, I had sworn that I would see the first bombs hit the Crown Colony. I had no idea then that I would lead the fighters, that I would shoot down Japanese fighters in the raid, that we would be intercepted by a superior force of the enemy, but that in less than three minutes after the interception there would be only the ships of the U. S. Army Air Force over Victoria harbor.

Now I had the familiar "wind up" feeling that precedes combat. The palms of my hands perspired freely. As I wiped them on the legs of my trousers I saw that the sweat was like mud; it had mixed with the red dust of Kweilin Field through which we had taken off.

Our altitude kept increasing to 20,000 feet, while down below at seventeen thousand were the medium bombers in javelin formation: two Vee's of three, and the last element a diamond of four. We passed one of the river junction check-points that enabled me to compute our ground speed. In fifty minutes I could see the glint of the sun on the Pacific Ocean. As I saw the bomber formation again, I felt proud of the crews of those perfectly spaced ships. This really was like a football game: the bombers were carrying the ball while we in the pea-shooters ran the interference.

I imagined General Haynes, down there in the lead bomber, grinning as he thought of dropping a few hundred more of his leaflet souvenirs to the Japs, "Compliments of the old broken-down transport pilot"—along with at least sixty 500-pound bombs. Big "Butch" Morgan, the best bombardier in the Air Force, had probably wormed his huge bulk through the tunnel into the nose of Haynes' bomber and was even now intensely interested in his pet bomb-sight.

Now I could even smell the freshness of the Pacific. The sky had never been so blue. The beauty of the day and the beauty of those weapons flying so smoothly under us made me forget the scratching of the oxygen mask on my sunburned neck. It was a joy to look back and see the six shark-mouths on the other P-40's grinning at me. Some day, I thought, Jap mothers were going to frighten their children by referring to them and reminding the brats of Nippon that their fathers had more than likely had that view of an American P-40 for a last memory.

As we got closer to the target, we split our formation of fighters automatically. Tex Hill, Hampshire, and Sher stayed with me; Marks took the other three on the opposite flank of the bombers. The country below had become lower in elevation but was green and still hilly. Over the radio, as we reached a

The men were all showing combat fatigue and needed a rest. They were tired out by almost constant alert without relief for twenty-one days. Many of their flying mates had been killed in action, and this helped to lower their morale.

point North of Macao, came the jabbering of Japanese voices on our frequency, and we knew from its ominous sound that they were warning of our attack.

I tensed a little and looked about for enemy planes. Far to my left I could see the three rivers meeting at Canton, could see two fields from which I knew Zeros were taking off to intercept us. We had bypassed Canton purposely by thirty miles. I saw the bombers changing course: we were around Canton now, and were going to steer straight for the North of Kowloon peninsula. The blue Pacific looked friendly, reminding me of the southern California coast. The old, familiar fog banks that should have been covering San Clemente and Catalina were shrouding instead the Ladrones Islands, with only their hilltops visible, sticking out from the fog on the China Sea.

We were turning over Macao, where the Clippers used to land. To the South I could see another Jap field, Sanchau Island. Now to the right was Hongkong Island, shaped like a kidney and mountainous, just about nine miles long and three or four miles across. I could make out the indentations of the romantic-sounding bays whose names I knew—Sandy, Telegraph, Kellet, and Repulse. There were points of land jutting towards the mainland—Quarry Point, with its Naval Drydock, and Shek Tong Tsui, the point over which we would fight our aerial battle. Reaching towards the island like a finger was Kowloon peninsula, separated from it by the blue waters of Victoria harbor. Near the end of the spit of land closest to Hongkong, I saw the large modern Peninsular Hotel. All of us knew that Japanese Generals and staff officers slept there with their women.

I crossed around and over General Haynes and his formation, watching vigilantly. Far below I saw dust on Kai Tak airdrome, and knew that enemy ships were taking off to attack us. My throat felt dry and I had trouble swallowing; I turned my gun switch off and on nervously.

Now I saw the bomb-bay doors opening, and I couldn't keep the tears of excitement from burning my eyes. Anti-aircraft was beginning to dot the sky with black and white puffs. As I dove almost to the level of the bombers, I could feel the ack-ack rock my fighter ship. I kept S-ing to watch for the enemy fighters that must be coming.

I saw the yellow bombs begin to fall in long strings, imposed on the dark green of the world below. They got smaller and smaller as the noses pointed slowly down. Remembering my movie camera, I tried to take pictures of the explosions. The bombs seemed to take years to fall, and I began to think they were all duds. The ack-ack burst closer as the Japs got the range while we went straight in. I know I was never more excited in all my life. I yelled, "Okay, Hirohito—we have lots more where those came from!" I kept looking behind and under us for the bombs to burst.

And then I saw the first white explosion—right on the docks of Kowloon. After that they came so fast you couldn't count them. I let my camera run as the explosions turned from white to black—there were oil-fires now. I could see the flash of the anti-aircraft guns from the North shore of Hongkong Island, as we continued across Victoria harbor. I risked another look at the target; it was covered with smoke from one end to the other. Then I got my eyes back to searching for enemy interceptors.

Why in hell didn't the bombers turn for home? They had dropped the damn bombs, but they were still going on endlessly towards that point of Shek Tong Tsui. All of us were keyed up. But then the long javelin of B-25's began to turn to the right. Mission accomplished — now they had the down-hill run to base, and I began to get that old feeling of relief. Then, somehow, I felt cheated. Where were the enemy fighters? I raised my camera, sighted again, and took the formation as it swung over the burning docks.

Then, as I glanced about, I saw them, silhouette after silhouette, climbing terribly steeply towards the bombers. I know now that they had got there from Kai Tak below in four minutes; they had made the sixteen thousand feet in that short time. I felt my camera drop to my lap, hit my knee, then drop to the metal floor of the fighter. I was fumbling now for the "mike" button on the throttle; then I was calling: "Bandits ahead — Zeroooooos! At eleven o'clock." Fumbling again for the throttle quadrant, shoving everything as far forward as I could, I marvelled at the steepness of the climb the enemy ships were maintaining. I called: "Zeros at twelve o'clock," to designate their direction clock-fashion from us. I heard Tex Hill reply: "Hell, I see 'em." I could hear the jabber of the Japs still trying to block our frequency.

I was diving now, aiming for the lead Zero, turning my gunsight on and off, a little nervously checking again and again to see that the gun-switch was at "on." I jerked the belly-tank release and felt the underslung fifty-gallon bamboo tank drop off. We rolled to our backs to gain speed for the attack and went hell-bent for the Zeros. I kept the first Zero right in the lighted sight and began to fire from over a thousand yards, for he was too close to the bombers. Orange tracers were coming from the B-25's, too.

Five hundred yards before I got to the Zero, I saw another P-40 bearing the number 151 speed in and take it. That was Tex Hill. He followed the Zero as it tried to turn sharply into the bombers and shot it down. Tex spun from his tight turn as the Jap burst into flames. I took the next Zero—they seemed to be all over the sky now. I went so close that I could see the pilot's head through the glass canopy and the little tail-wheel that was not retracted, and I knew it was a Navy Zero—the little wheel was built for the arresting-gear of a carrier. My tracers entered the cockpit and smoke poured back, hiding the canopy, and I went by.

As I turned to take another ship below me, I saw four airplanes falling in flames towards the waters of Victoria harbor. I half rolled again and skidded in my dive to shake any Zero that might be on my tail. I saw another P-40 shooting at a Jap, but there was a Zero right on his tail. I dove for this one. He grew in my sights, and as my tracers crossed in front of him he turned into me. I shot him down as his ship seemed to stand still in the vertical bank. The ship was three or four hundred yards from me, and it fell towards the water for a time that seemed ages. An explosion came, and there was only black smoke; then I could see the ship again, falling, turning in a slow spin, down—down—down.

I shot at everything I saw. Sometimes it was just a short burst as the Jap went in for our bombers. Sometimes I fired at one that was turning, and as I'd keep reefing back on my stick, my ship would spin, and I'd recover far below. I shot down another ship that didn't see me. I got it with one short burst from directly astern, a no-deflection shot. In this attack I could see the Japanese ship vibrate as my burst of six fifty-calibre guns hit it. First it just shook, then one wing went up. I saw the canopy shot completely off; then I went across it. Turning back in a dive to keep my speed, I watched the enemy ship, as it dove straight down, stream flames for a distance the length of the airplane behind.

(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 April 15

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PIONEERS OF FAITH

LESSON TEXT—Genesis 12:1, 2; Acts 7: 4-7, 12-17.

GOLDEN TEXT—By faith Abraham, when he was called, obeyed . . . and he went out, not knowing whither he went.—Hebrews 11:8.

Bible history is a story of men of faith called and used of God to carry out His purpose in the world. These thrilling accounts of worthwhile lives are to be our special concern during the three months we study the history of Israel and of the Church.

I. A Call and a Covenant (Gen. 12:1, 2).

God was now ready to make known His choice of a man to be the father of His chosen people. He went down into Ur of the Chaldees in the midst of heathen worship, and called out a man who had faith in the true God.

Abram, "when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went" (Heb. 11:8).

The Lord called him out from his own land and kindred, to get him away from his heathen forebears and their worship. God wants separated believers in our day, too (read and ponder II Cor. 6:17, 18). That call comes to every believer. To those who are to serve Him, there is a definite call much like Abram's (see Matt. 10:37-39).

With the call came a great covenant, a seven-fold promise given in Genesis 12:2, 3. That covenant God repeatedly renewed with Abraham and his descendants. It has been partially fulfilled, and God has put Himself on record that every bit of it shall be completed. He keeps His promises.

Why did God choose Israel? It was an act of His sovereign grace, not based on their merit or goodness. He had a threefold purpose: (1) That they should be the repository for His truth (the Old Testament) in the earth; (2) that they should be the channel for the coming of the personal Redeemer to the earth; (3) that they should be a national witness to the one true God amid the nations of the earth.

They accomplished two of these, but failed in the last, and are now under God's judgment for that sin and failure.

II. Obedience and Opportunity (Acts 7:4-7).

Abram went out at God's command, even though he knew that it meant suffering and trial, being obedient without question or hesitation. Bible history reveals that God delights to do mighty things for those who give Him unquestioning obedience.

God did great things for Abraham, and yet he did not live to see the fulfillment of the promise. He knew it was to be so, realizing that God's plan was to be carried out in the children which he did not yet have (see Heb. 11:9-11).

Here is a lesson for us. Our faith today, and the measure in which we apprehend the grace of God for life and service, will bless not only us, but our children (Ps. 103:17). For their sakes we ought to seek to increase the spiritual heritage of our families. Certainly we should do nothing to blight their lives (Exod. 34:7).

One may not be able to boast of the greatness and fineness of one's ancestors, but one can be determined by the grace of God to be a good ancestor.

Observe that Abraham's obedience opened up the whole history of blessing and usefulness to the entire nation of Israel, a history not yet concluded by any means. Think what opportunity he might have destroyed by disobedience.

III. A Family and Its Faith (Acts 7:12-17).

Stephen, a portion of whose address of defense before the council is here before us, reviews the history of God's dealings with Israel. Tracing the line down through Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and Joseph, he recalls how God provided a haven of plenty for them in Egypt until they were ready to be brought up into the possession of their inheritance—the land of Palestine.

Lack of space forbids the review of the lives of these pioneers of faith. The study would be most illuminating, for it repeatedly throws into sharp contrast the awful failures of these men when they forgot God, and the mighty victories they gained when they believed Him.

In spite of their failures they were essentially men of faith, for God has counted them worthy of a place in that remarkable list of heroes of faith found in Hebrews 11 (see vv. 17-22).

The days in which we live are not pioneer days in the usual sense, but they are days when God is calling for new pioneers of faith to serve Him in a befuddled and bruised world. There are stirring days ahead for the Church of Christ if we as Christians will, like Abraham, hear the call of God and go out in loving obedience to Him.

GRASSROOTS by WRIGHT A. PATTERSON

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

MEANINGLESS WORDS—LANGUAGE OF BUREAUCRATS

WORDS, UNINTELLIGIBLE, MEANINGLESS words have been a major product of the federal government bureaus and departments as far back as I can remember, and that is quite some years.

During the years when the administrative government consisted, primarily, of cabinet departments, before we were afflicted with the innumerable bureaus, administrations, corporations and what have you of today, the treasury and agricultural departments were the chief producers of imponderable verbiage. The treasury could so tangle its instructions to the tax payer that his only solution in making out a tax return was to employ a high-priced expert who might understand the meaning of the law if he did not understand the treasury's instructions.

In the agricultural department there were then, and are now, employed agricultural experts whose province was that of making two stalks of grain grow where only one had been growing, and telling the farmer how to accomplish the same result. On each subject they covered they wrote a long winded treatise which no farmer, including the thousands who held college degrees, could understand. They were printed in large quantities and stored in warehouses in Washington, subject to such call as farmers might make, if any.

It was, as I remember, about 1909 that I, as editor of a syndicate service used by country newspapers, conceived the idea of inducing the agricultural department to have the real facts, buried in the verbiage of each of the thousands of pamphlets and brochures, interpreted into a short statement, expressed in simple English, to be used in these country newspapers.

It took four years of insistent urging, and a change in administrations, to secure a result. At the end of four years, the bureau of information of the department of agriculture was organized with George Wharton in charge. The personnel of the bureau consisted of Wharton and two assistants, all capable newspaper writers. By interviewing the experts, rather than through reading, they did a good job, and through them much valuable and understandable information reached American farmers, with the country press as the medium of distribution. It continued until after the establishment of the county agent system, which brought scientific farm methods, applicable to each farm, directly to the farmer.

The bureau of information, greatly enlarged in personnel, still exists, but I do not know what function it now performs. The department issues a year book, an expensive publication for which the tax payer has been paying for many years, and of which many thousands of copies are printed. The last one issued in 1942 again demonstrates the need of trained interpreters. Of its content covering many farm subjects, there is practically no one treatise that can be understood by either the farmer or the county agent. Its several hundred pages are filled with the same type of imponderable verbiage that characterizes instructions from the treasury, the OPA, WFA, WMPA, WLB and countless others of the bureaus, administrations and corporations whose job it is to tell us what to do and how to do it.

Words, unintelligible, meaningless words, are the bureaucrat's ammunition, a war product of which there is no evident shortage. It is not new. The present is but a many times magnified replica of what was produced in the past.

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IF THEY REALLY WANT a job that would be helpful to the people that Un-American activities committee of the house might investigate many of the regulations issued by OPA and others of the Washington bureaucracy. If the committee could do nothing more than interpret these instructions it would be more than farmers, processors and distributors have been able to accomplish. They are certainly un-American and a proper subject for that committee.

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A PART OF THE PROPOSED compulsory military training can, and should, be a schooling in the working and operations of the American government. Familiarity with government makes for better citizenship. Better citizens make better soldiers.

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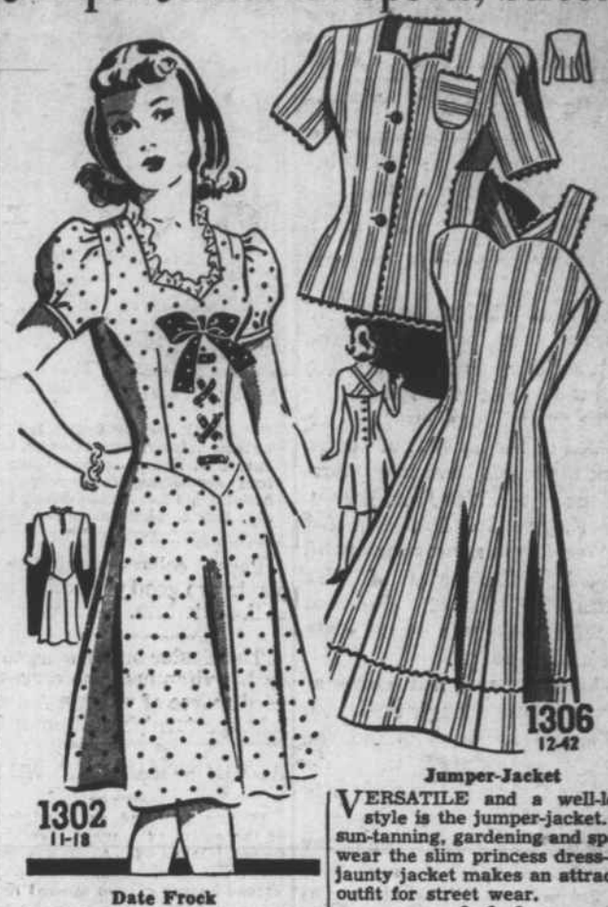
VERBAL OR WRITTEN PROTEST is an American privilege, disobedience of the law is not. We may write or speak against the moving in of what we consider undesirable neighbors. When they do move in we may decline to be neighborly, to loan or borrow across the back fence. That is our privilege. To do violence to the person or property of that neighbor is a violation of law, and is not our privilege, whether the neighbor be white, black, red or yellow. There is nothing to prevent our moving out if we like.

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERNS

Frock to Accent Pretty Figure Jumper-Jacket for Sports, Street



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• • •

Pattern No. 1302 is designed for sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 16 and 18. Size 12, puff sleeves, requires 3⅛ yards of 35 or 39-inch material; 2 yards ribbon for bow and lacing.

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VERSATILE and a well-loved style is the jumper-jacket. For sun-tanning, gardening and sports, wear the slim princess dress—the jaunty jacket makes an attractive outfit for street wear.

• • •

Pattern No. 1306 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20; 40 and 42. Size 14, dress, requires 2⅝ yards of 39-inch fabric; jacket, short sleeves, 1¾ yards; 3½ yards ric rac to trim.

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ASK ME ANOTHER?

A General Quiz

The Questions

1. Why are dykes used in Holland?
2. From what tribe of Indians did the Dutch purchase the site of New York City?
3. What is a poltroon?
4. Were the army and navy the first to have lieutenants?
5. Military training in peacetime is compulsory in how many major countries?
6. In what country is Sanskrit the language?

The Answers

1. Because the land is below sea level and without dykes would be flooded.
2. The Manhattans.
3. A coward.
4. No. Lieutenant means anyone who has authority in place of a superior and was used first to mean those serving the government or the church.
5. In 45 major countries, while it is voluntary in only 10, including Australia, Canada, Great Britain and the United States.
6. Sanskrit is the principal literary language of India.