



GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

By Col. Robert L. Scott

WHL RELEASE



The story thus far: After graduating from West Point, Robert Scott was his wing 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 offered an opportunity to get into the fight. He flies a bomber to India, but is made a ferry pilot and this does not suit him. He visits Gen. Chennault, gets a Kittyhawk, and soon is flying the skies over Burma, known as the "one man air force." Later he is made C.O. of the 3rd Fighter Group, but he still keeps on knocking down Jap planes. He goes out on his greatest mission, over Hongkong.

CHAPTER XXV

Pilots waiting for the order to go into the air. Sitting at the crude table, waiting for the chow wagon or for an alert. Listening with keen ears for the jingle of the telephone. Playing gin rummy or poker, but hearing everything that was going on. A player would be dealing the deck, and in the middle of the routine of dropping a card here, and one there, the phone would ring. The card would stop in the air, poised over the table while we all heard the Chinese interpreters pick up the magnets phone and utter the familiar "Way-wey," as they say "hello." The card would remain there over the table, undisturbed throughout the telephone conversation—until the player realized what he was doing. Then he'd go hesitatingly on.

Perhaps the call was one of the hundreds that meant nothing; only the Chinese really knew, and we could only wait and find out. Then again, the receiver of the telephone might drop back into place and the interpreter would say something to another Chinese. This second one would go to the plotting-board, look at the marked co-ordinates, and quietly put a little red flag down over a certain city towards Japanese territory. Even then, with one warning only, the game could go on for a long time in confidence.

Perhaps the Squadron commander or the officer who was on the alert that day would move out of the game and start looking the map and the flags over, sizing up the situation. As the picture formed and it became apparent that this was a real attack he'd just go over and tell the card-game about it. Or maybe two or three men would begin to get helmets out. The game would silently break up, with cards and CN left where they were. Helmets and gloves would be put on. Men who were pretending to be sleeping in the bags on the floor would be awakened.

And the tension dropped off like a cloak. It wasn't the actual combat these fighter pilots feared, for we all wanted combat more than anything else; it was the damnable uncertainty—the ringing of a telephone, an ominous sound that most of the time meant nothing.

When men went out of the door to get into their ships and take off there was no handing to friends on the ground of last letters to take care of, no entrusting of rings and watches to room-mates. For fighter pilots don't think of not coming back. They are invincible, or think they are, and they have to be that way. Down in our hearts we may figure that some accident will get us some day, when we are old and gray, when our beards get in the way of the controls, or we get to where we don't see well or react fast—but we know that no enemy fighter is good enough to shoot us down. If that happens it's just an accident.

These thoughts are the "chips" that we carry on our shoulders, and they have to be there—arrogant, egotistical chips mellowed by flying technique and experience and fortified by the motto, "Attack!" Never be on the defensive. Shoot the enemy down before he can shoot you down. You are better than he is, but don't give him a chance. He may get in a lucky shot but you're invincible. Move towards any dot in the sky that remotely resembles an airplane. Move to attack, with switches on and the sight ready. If it's not a ship or if it's a friendly one you'll be ready anyway.

The worry comes before you get to take off for combat—wondering whether or not you'll do the right thing out of habit. After you're in the air it's all the fun of flying and doing the greatest job in the world. You are up there, pitying all earth-bound creatures who are not privileged to breathe this purer air on high. Your training makes you do the combat work that is ahead without thinking about the movements.

Months and years of training . . . hours of waiting on the ground . . . high-powered engines pulling you up and up to the attack—and then in a few fleeting seconds the combat is over, your ship is all that's in the sky, and you're on the way home again to base, whistling and thinking how easy it was and what a great and glorious life it really is. You're wondering if you can pick those cards up and finish the game and take your CN back from Ajax or Johnny or Mack. You might be thinking how good that sleeping bag is going to feel, or wondering whether the transports that can land on the field, now that the air raid alert is over, have brought you any mail . . . "Dog-gone, I wonder if that woman is writing me?"

Maybe they've even made some mistake back over there in the

States and have sent some new planes out here, and we're going to get the best in the world, planes that go a hundred miles an hour faster and climb 4,500 feet a minute to fifty thousand feet. But there's your crew-chief now, waving you in—and he's looking at the patches you've shot from the blast tubes of your guns and knows you've fired at the enemy. Or maybe your "victory roll" warned him anyway . . . Who knows?

Day after day, through the early part of November, we actually prayed that the weather East would clear, so that we could stop our small, piddling attacks on Burma and go back to Hongkong. I knew that General Chennault and Colonel Cooper were planning a big one for the next time, for now we had the largest force of fighters we had ever seen in China. New P-40's had been arriving in small numbers, but steadily. The Group was actually being built up to strength at last.

With the first breaks in the heavy winter clouds, Bert Carleton was sent with his transport and our ground personnel to Kweilin. Aviation fuel and bombs were placed ready for instant use, and I could feel the tension in the air again. From the daily reports on the air-warming net it could be seen that the Japanese had maintained a constant aerial patrol over Hongkong and Canton since our last attack. With the first break in the clouds we sent observation planes over with



A group of fighter pilots on the alert at Kunming.

a top-cover of several fighters, but the Jap would not come up to fight the shark-mouthed planes. His instructions appear to have been: Wait for the American bombers.

On November 21, the ground crews got to Kweilin. Instead of keeping them in the hostel that first night to insure that information would not leak out to the enemy, we sent them to town, first casually remarking that we were here now for the second attack on Hongkong.

Early next morning our twelve bombers slipped into Kweilin, with Colonel (promoted since the last attack) Butch Morgan in the lead ship. The strengthened fighter force of between thirty and forty planes infiltrated for reserve—some went to Kweilin, others scattered to the surrounding emergency fields for better protection of the bombers. As soon as I landed I ran up to the cave and the General took me in and showed me the plotting-board. The little red flags indicated increased vigilance at Hongkong. Then I got my orders: "Strike Hongkong." In an hour the bombers were off to bomb the coal mines and docks of that Indo-China port North of Haiphong. Morgan sank a 12,000-ton ship that was reported to have been an aircraft carrier. The fighter escort strafed ferry boats, small surface craft, and looked for Jap fighters trying to intercept. But none came.

That night the enemy sent up a flight of three bombers to each of our fields, looking for our forces. But we were so scattered that their luck was bad. Night fighters from all stations took off, but those under Maj. Harry Pike at Kweilin made perfect contact. The entire Japanese formation of three bombers was shot down over the field. Pike, Lombard, and Griffin each added an enemy ship to their scores, but Lombard was shot down in flames when the Jap gunners blew up his belly tank. Lombard had made the tactical error of pulling up over the bombers after delivering fire that shot one down. We had given him up for lost when he walked in carrying his chute—and begging for another ship.

At dawn the next day, November 23, I led the group to escort Morgan to Sanchau Island with twelve bombers. We had noted that the Japs were strengthening the air patrol over Hongkong even more. The General had smiled and said, "We're making them waste a terrible amount of gasoline." We saw Morgan's bombs take out two of the three hangars on the island field, and we went down to strafe and watch for interceptors taking off. Some of the flight got three, but my plane was hit by the ack-ack, and when the oil pressure began immediately to fall, I started for the mainland and home. With the oil pressure slowly going from seventy to fifty and finally to nothing,

I sweated out my return to Kweilin and just made it by mentally lifting the ship onto the strip between the jagged stalagmites that seemed to guard our field.

That afternoon I led sixteen fighters to escort our twelve bombers to Canton. Capt. Brick Holstrom, who had participated in the raid on Tokyo the preceding April, led the bombers. As the fighters kept the new tactical "squirrel cage" about his formation he deliberately circled to the South of Tien Ho air-drome and covered the target area perfectly with his long string of bombs. The anti-aircraft was heavy and increased as we went on North over White Cloud field. I looked back at the results at Tien Ho and felt a surge of pride at that perfect bombing from fourteen thousand feet. This was teamwork, I knew now, with bombers and fighters properly proportioned. All of us were mad because the Japs wouldn't come up. The bomber crews had reported them taking off from both fields and keeping low, but heading in all directions. The accurate bombing must have destroyed many of them on the ground, for we had made a feat of continuing on South to Hongkong. I sent one ship home with each bomber. The rest of us hung back and tried to tempt the enemy Zeros to come up; but they had evidently received their orders.

Next morning Lieut. Pat Daniels got up begging the General to let him lead a dive-bombing attack on an aircraft assembly plant in Canton. His plan was good, and the mission was made ready. All of us went down to the alert shack and watched the ground crew loading the little yellow fragmentation bombs under the wings of six P-40E's. A short time later they were off, with Daniels waiting to blow up the factory, and all set with his movie camera to take pictures automatically as he dove the bombs into the target.

Three hours later only five of the six returned. Pat Daniels was missing in action. His wing man had seen his leader lose part of his wing in an explosion on the way in with the bombs. Anti-aircraft could have done it, but most of us agreed from the description that Daniels' bombs might have hit his own propeller. At the tremendous speed that a fast fighter-ship builds up in a long and nearly vertical dive, pressures are also built up from the increased speed. This torque necessitates so much compensating pressure on the rudder that one must actually stand on the rudder control. While doing this, Pat might have relaxed pressure just as he reached down to pull the bomb release; this would have allowed the speeding plane to "yaw" or skid, and the bombs could have struck the arc of the prop.

The only note of encouragement was that a chute had been seen when the fighters left the target. Lieut. Patrick Daniels was one of our best and most aggressive pilots, and we missed him immediately—and hoped for the best.

That same night, Johnny Allison led eight ships in a fighter sweep and dive-bombing attack on the docks at Hankow, over four hundred miles to the North. In the river harbor, with the sky criss-crossed by tracers from the ground, Johnny dropped his bombs on the hangars and on a large freighter. Then for ten minutes he strafed the enemy vessel and badly disabled it. Captain Hampshire dove and shot the searchlights out until he was out of ammunition. The night attack so deep into enemy territory was a daring one and did much to confuse the Japs further. Johnny's ships were rather badly shot up from the ground-fire, and he was lucky to get them all back to base safely. But it was such missions as these which built up the circumstances that would assure the success of the big attack the General was planning.

Next day, with eighteen fighters, we escorted the bombers to raid Sianning, an occupied town near Hankow. We kept the circling movement all around our B-25's and tried to give them an added feeling of security by our presence. Through heavy anti-aircraft fire, Morgan led the attack in and didn't waste a bomb. We left the warehouses in flames, and there was much less ack-ack coming up towards us than when we first approached.

Arriving back at our advanced base, we refueled and bombed up again. Then we made the second raid of the day towards Hankow, over the town of Yoyang. Once again Morgan blasted the target, with black bursts of anti-aircraft fire bouncing around the formation. But there was no interception, and now we were feeling blue. We couldn't destroy the Jap Air Force if they were going to try to save their airplanes.

We spent the next day, Thanksgiving, working on the airplanes and resting. We had flown seven missions in four days, and both men and machines were tired and in need of repair. We had a special dinner that night, but remained extra vigilant against a surprise by the Jap.

On that Thanksgiving evening, as we were grouped around the General, he brought out a bottle of Scotch some one had given him. (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 29

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SETTLEMENT AND STRUGGLES IN CANAAN

LESSON TEXT—Judges 7: 7, 11, 12, 18, 19; 6: 11-15.
GOLDEN TEXT—Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid; neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.—Joshua 1: 9.

God keeps his promises. Israel found that to be true as He brought them into the promised land of Canaan. Those who rebelled against Him had died in the wilderness, but now a new generation had come into possession of the land.

Here they met the challenge of the heathen, and were victorious over them as they trusted the Lord. Joshua, their leader, after faithful services was ready to go to be with the Lord, but before doing so, reminded them of God's promise and of the danger of unbelief and sin. As our lesson opens, we find the people settled in the land, as far as they had taken it. We find:

I. God's Promise Fulfilled (2:6)
The Lord had promised the land to them as they went in and possessed it by faith in Him. He fully kept that promise in the measure that they believed Him. They never did take the whole land, but that was because of their failure, not God's.

The story speaks to us. God has provided a rich inheritance for the believer in Christ, but it must be appropriated by faith. How much have we taken out of the riches we have in Christ?

We are also reminded of the absolute faithfulness of God. There is little in this world in which we may repose complete confidence, but we may and should trust God. He has never failed anyone, and He will not fail us.

II. Man's Promise Broken (2:7, 11, 12).

The people had solemnly promised to keep God's commandments (see last week's lesson). That promise they had renewed in response to Joshua's farewell challenge (see Josh. 24:20, 21). They kept their word only as long as those who remembered Joshua were alive, and then they "forsook the Lord."

This fall of Israel has its counterpart in what is taking place in our land today. The great mass of decent people in America were reared in Christian homes. They know what is right, and they live on the spiritual and moral momentum received from their godly parents.

The next generation now coming into power, without the benefit of spiritual training in the home and church, are forsaking the Lord and following other gods, the gods of pleasure, of money, of lust.

III. God's Plan of Deliverance (2:18, 19).

One would have thought that God would give up a people so set on sinning, but He did not. He provided deliverance for Israel. That gives us courage, for we know that He has not given us up, but has provided in Christ a sure deliverance—if America will but turn to Him.

For Israel's deliverance God provided judges, who were not only judicial, but, in fact, primarily administrative in their work. They were God's men to call Israel back to Him. The repeated failure and backsliding of Israel brought new acts of mercy on God's part in calling out new judges.

It is interesting to note that God works through men. Some of these judges were great men. Others were just ordinary men. But each in his appointed place, at the appointed time, was God's man.

God is looking for men today who will serve Him. He wants brilliant, capable men, but He also calls the ordinary, everyday variety, and as they are faithful, He blesses them. Has He called you? Have you responded?

IV. God's Presence and Power (6:11-15).

Israel had long been under the oppression of the Midianites, who would sweep over the land and steal their crops and their flocks. Israel finally turned to God for help, and He met their need by calling Gideon as the fifth of the judges.

God knows better than to call an idle man, one who is sitting around waiting for opportunity to knock. He seeks out the busy person and gives him more to do. Note the entirely adequate provision made for Gideon's success. "Surely I will be with thee." That means both the presence and the power of the eternal and omnipotent One.

Gideon at once began the tearing down of the heathen places of worship in his own community. It was the hardest place to start. It always is. But the one whose light is to shine afar must see that it shines brightest at home.

The humility of Gideon as he looked at himself (v. 15) is commendable. But note that he did not permit it to shut the door of faith, as he believed God and did mighty exploits for Him. Don't trust yourself, but do trust God!

Hedda Hopper: Looking at HOLLYWOOD

THE moviegoing public thinks of Monty Woolley as a middle-aged brat with a beard who has made good in a big way.

Although Monty (who was christened Edgar) will probably deny it, much of this is due primarily to "the beard" himself. Just now it pleases him to be sick and tired of the tag and threadbare jests about his hirsute adornment. But there was a day when Monty wel-



Monty Woolley

Gracie Fields

comed any flip remark about his chin curtain as furthering his name and fame. If you're fortunate enough to catch Edgar Montillion Woolley on one of his talkative days he'll give you a story of the weird ups and downs that have beset him from the cradle. He'll tell you the way was not smooth for Woolley even before he became the bearded half of the Gracie Fields-Monty Woolley team which is box office honey right now. That combination, which has just culminated in "Molly and Me," has provided the Beard with a new screen personality. It has sandpapered down the cutting edge of his acidulous screen personality to a likable old devil whose bark is louder than his bite. But regardless of this, his beard—that hated wind-wooling alfalfa, to hear him talk—still figures as the most salable feature of the Woolley personality.

Get Out of My Beard!

When Woolley once told me: "I'm sick and tired of this printed drool about my whiskers. For heaven's sake, Hedda, keep my beard out of your typewriter! So far as the public is concerned I've ceased to be an actor or even a man with any personality. I'm just a beard now, and in the future I want no more talk of it!"—I fell for it head over heels. Imagine, then, my surprise to find "Molly and Me" featuring a scene—one of the funniest in the picture, incidentally—pitched entirely around Monty's chin wool.

Then I learned he turned down a starring role in "Colonel Effingham's Raid" because it called for a smooth face.

At the time Woolley became professor of English at Yale university that seemed a career worthy of fighting for. In the suave superiority of his classroom position Monty gave deep thought to the finest nuances of the language. Spoke his sentences with elegance and precision. But the theater was strong at the back of his mind and he asked for the post of dramatic director. George Pierce Baker's appointment to the post precipitated Monty's resignation. Brought on a penniless and dispirited period in which Monty appealed to his friends in the theater. They didn't fall for him; he ended this phase by directing "Fifty Million Frenchmen," "Champagne Sec," and "Jubilee"—no mean record. But his friends in Hollywood were directing pictures at plush salaries. So Monty landed in movietown.

That Beard Again

Now the beard comes into the picture once again. The beard got Monty his first job in movies—a Russian Impresario. But Walter Connolly—a fat man without a beard—continued to get the parts Monty had his eye on.

Monty turned back to the theater for solace. Was on the eve of returning to Broadway to direct another play when Moss Hart rang him, asking him to play the lead role in a play called "Strange People," if I remember correctly. The play turned out to be "The Man Who Came to Dinner." It put the Beard right in the lead of the spotlight. Hollywood didn't see him again until Warners determined to make the picture with Bette Davis. But Bette demanded him and got him. Then 20th Century got Monty for "The Pied Piper," signed him to a long-term out of which came a unique romantic team—the Gracie Fields-Monty Woolley combination. These two invest an autumn love story with a sprig of spring.

"Why not?" shouts the veteran of many bitterly fought artistic battles. "All things being considered, a beard covers almost any facial defect and in the long run makes its wearer look younger. Yes, and feel younger, too. So there!"

To a Great Gal

Fiber McGee has written a song, "My Molly," dedicating it to his wife. Molly's a star wherever she goes. It doesn't matter what glamorous girl's in the room—when Molly starts using her little girl voice, everybody stops to listen, laugh and to applaud. . . . Thomas Mitchell goes right back where he belongs—in the big time, with Clark Gable and Greer Garson in "Strange Adventure." . . . Ray Collins plays the district attorney in "Leave Her to Heaven."

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERNS

Well-Fitting Slip for Matrons Tots Will Love This Party Dress



Slenderizing Slip
THE built-up shoulder on this slip makes it especially nice for the slightly heavier figure. Waistline darts are slimming and make it fit satin-smooth. Tailored panties to match.

Pattern No. 1281 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 38, ensemble, built-up shoulder, requires 4 1/2 yards of 35 or 39-inch material.

Household Hints

Daddy's worn-out shirts can be made over into cunning blouses, dresses or suits for the one-year-old, provided a little trimming and imagination are used.

After oiling the sewing machine, stitch through a blotter several times. This takes up all surplus oil on the machine, and keeps from getting it on the material.

Turn the mattress every week, first from end to end, next from side to side to get maximum wear and comfort from it.

When painting woodwork, coat the door knobs, locks, etc., with vaseline, so that the paint can be easily wiped off if it splashes on these surfaces.

To remove rust from nickel, grease well with any kind of lubricant, let stand for a few minutes, then rub with cloth soaked in ammonia. Rinse with water and polish.

An easy way to give ferns their weekly watering is to place them in the bathtub, draw shower curtain and turn on the shower, adjusting spray until it is about room temperature.

Golden Goodness!

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

"The Grains Are Great Foods" Kellogg's
Kellogg's Corn Flakes bring you nearly all the protective food elements of the whole grain delectable essential to human nutrition.

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

How Men Love These Raised Doughnuts!

Make them with Fleischmann's yellow label Yeast—the only fresh yeast with more EXTRA Vitamins.

DOUGHNUTS
1 cake Fleischmann's Yeast
1 tablespoon sugar
1 1/4 cups milk, scalded and cooled
4 1/2 cups sifted flour
1 egg, well beaten
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
1/2 cup sugar
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon nutmeg
Dissolve Fleischmann's Yeast and 1 tablespoon sugar in lukewarm milk. Add 1 1/4 cups flour and beat well. Cover and let rise in warm place, free from draft, about 1 hour, until bubbles burst on top. Cream butter or margarine and sugar. Add salt, egg and nutmeg. Add to yeast mixture. Add remaining flour to make moderately soft dough. Knead lightly, then place in well-greased bowl. Cover and let rise 1 1/2 hours. When light, turn out on floured board and roll 1/4 inch thick. Cut with doughnut cutter (3-inch). Place on floured board, cover with cloth and let rise about 1 hour. Fry in deep fat, hot enough to brown 1-inch cubes of bread in 60 seconds, or 375° F. Fry on both sides, turning only once. Drain, cool and roll in powdered sugar. Makes 3 dozen.

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