



# GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

Col. Robert L. Scott

WALL RELEASE



The story thus far: After graduating from West Point, Robert Scott was his wings at Kelly Field and took up combat flying. He has been an instructor for four years when the war breaks out, and he 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. After flying a bomber in India he is made a ferry pilot but this does not suit him. He talks Gen. Chennault into giving him a Kittyhawk for combat flying, and soon is flying the skies over Burma, becoming known as the "one man air force." Later he is made C.O. of the 3rd Fighter Group, but he still keeps knocking Jap planes out of the skies.

## CHAPTER XXVI

We figured that some important announcement was about to be made, and out there in the hospital area everything was quiet. The amber liquid was divided among some forty men, and each of us got a few drops in a Chinese teacup—but it was enough for the ceremony.

The General grinned at us and said, "We've got the Japs worried now, we've hit everywhere except what he thought we'd attack. Tomorrow is the Day." We could hardly keep from cheering. But we held up our "brimming cups," and just said, "To you, General." The drops never tasted better.

That night, after the announcement, we closed the post and kept all men from going into town. This would cause talk in the right places. Colonel Cooper went into Kweilin, and discreetly passed out the news that we were ready for the main attack. Somehow he arranged for just the right information to begin its round-about journey to the Japanese.

The seed had now been sown. On November 27 the largest force of bombers we had ever used in China, escorted by the largest force of fighters, rolled down the runway at Kweilin. There were two hundred bombers, with twenty-two P-40's for escort. We had also left a strong force on the ground at Kweilin, just in case the Jap tried something while we were away. I led the headquarters section of the fighter escort and made up the reserve. My position in the escort would be three thousand feet above the bombers. Down below me a thousand feet was Johnny Allison with his flight of eight, on the right flank of Morgan's bombers. Colonel Bruce Holloway had the flight on the left flank, another thousand feet lower. Colonel Cooper was riding in the lead bomber as intelligence officer, and that day was going to demonstrate the teamwork that he had striven for, between the fighters and the bombers.

Cooper had been so anxious to accompany our raids that he seemed keenly disappointed whenever other duties interfered. He was threatening today to take over one of the turbines in the lead bomber and shoot down the first Jap. I joked with Cooper on the way to our fighters that morning, and told him that we in the fighters were so glad to have him along that we were going to let one Jap through, just so he could shoot it down and get the pilot's ears for his little boy. We laughed as we separated.

The large formation—large for us in China—assembled over the air-drome and took a course North in the direction of Hankow. We wanted reports from other spies in Kweilin to get started, for this mission was planned mainly to get the Jap Air Force into the air where we could get at it. We usually evaded towns as we began our attacks, but today we went low over Kweilin, and then to the North. When we were beyond the prying and ready ears of any spies, we turned to a direct heading for Hongkong.

Now we climbed above high over-cast to twenty-thousand feet, and settled down for the three hundred miles ahead. In fifty-five minutes the clouds began to break and scatter, and we approached enemy territory with a cloudless sky and perfect visibility. Over to the right now I caught the glint of the sun on the junction of the three rivers that meet near Canton in a figure like a trident. Far ahead I saw the hills of Hongkong Island and the ever-present fog banks out in the Pacific.

We crossed the East River that led down to Canton, and the bombers turned ninety degrees to the right, away from Hongkong—and we swept towards Canton. For again we were going where the enemy were not expecting us. The General was about to outguess the Japanese as always.

I could imagine the small aerial screen over Hongkong watching and waiting, while on the ground at Kai Tak in Kowloon, on Sanchau Island, at Tien Ho and White Cloud in Canton, the enemy Zeros were waiting to take off after we had passed Canton, to come and get us over Hongkong or to intercept us on the way home. We bored in towards our targets—shipping on the East River at Canton and at Whangpoo Docks. We had special reports that two freighters were unloading new Zeros and spare airplane engines at Canton that morning.

Just South of Tien Ho air-drome, we split the bomber formation, and one of the fighter echelons went with each of the three bomber flights, each with an assigned target. My flight stayed with the lead bomber echelon, and I saw our target, an

8,000-ton freighter surrounded by many lighters, there in the river. The smoke from the single stack was lazily going straight up. Morgan's bombardier was bending tensely over his bomb-sight now, keeping the cross-hairs on the target. I knew the A.F.C.E. was flying the lead bomber as we went on the straight bombing run towards our target.

I saw the string of bombs bracket the freighter perfectly, and later photos showed four direct hits from the first flight. The lighters around the doomed vessel were blown high and in all directions. Down to our left, Holloway, escorting the other flight whose target was a freighter, saw the vessel hit, then saw the smoke. Allison had his fighter force with the third flight; they had already bombed the docks and were fighting Zeros from getting to the bombers.

Then, under the lead flight of bombers, I saw the enemy fighters coming up and I knew we had them. All the enemy planes were below us, climbing steeply for the bait of the bombers. They had waited on the ground too long, had waited for us to pass Canton and go on to Hongkong. Now we had every advantage. General Chennault had lured them again, and I had an idea that we were in for a profitable day.

I called directions to the Group as the bombers closed up and I started down. Allison was even now shoot-



The Flying Tiger of the AVG jumps through the Chinese Sun and tears Jap flag.

ing down Zeros around the last formation of bombers. Holloway called to one of his elements to take the climbing Jap ships and return to formation. We were fighting this battle like a business, and we were going to keep together until every bomber was safely on the way home to lunch at Kweilin.

About four thousand feet under the leading three bombers I could see the first of the steeply climbing Japs. As I dove closer I could even see the white smoke rings that formed in front of his wings, and I knew from experience that he was firing his cannon at the bottom of the bombers as he climbed. The Jap carries in his wings smaller guns that have tracers; he gets these on his target, then shoots his cannon. As I took this first enemy ship, I had one moment of panic; it seemed very close to Morgan's lead ship—maybe I couldn't get it in time. Then my dive took me right up above the Zero, between him and the bomber. I held my fire until the last two hundred yards, and shot the Zero down with a two-second burst. It exploded within a hundred yards of the ship in which Colonel Cooper was—he confirmed it for me later. But as I pulled up and looked for the next enemy ship, I recalled that I had almost made my joking threat too good. For the Jap had got too close to the bomber in which the Chief of Staff was riding.

My wing man stayed with me and we fired on the second Zero together. I could see his tracers coming from my right. I closed in with a full-deflection shot and held a burst ahead of the next enemy ship. He climbed on up towards the bombers and flew right through my tracers. His ship turned in a slow, almost too deliberate half-loop, stalled out, then dove straight down. At first I thought that I had fired too far in front of him and he'd turned to evade the fire; then, as I watched the speeding ship go straight into the hills between Tien Ho field and White Cloud, I knew I had shot the pilot. The ship did not burn until it crashed.

I fired at six Japanese fighters so fast that I didn't see what happened to any of them. You get a snap shot and then the Zero is gone, rolling over, or you're turning for another one, or you're getting your nose down to make sure that you never lose your speed and too much altitude when you're fighting those highly maneuverable ships.

One other I saw trailing smoke as he rolled over, but I didn't get to see him catch fire or crash. The bombers had outrun our dog-fight and were going down-hill fast for Kweilin. I heard Morgan call that flight stayed with the lead bomber echelon, and I saw our target, an

and told Captain Goss to escort the bombers to base.

The others of us broke away looking for straggling Japs. I took my flight over towards White Cloud air-drome, where ack-ack was so heavy that it was just about making the sky black. I guess I must have thought of Lieutenant Daniels—for I dove. I hadn't heard a single P-40 call for help; so I was fairly confident that we had won the battle. My wing man must have got lost in my dive.

From the altitude at which I had started my dive I couldn't see what was on White Cloud field, but as I pulled half out of the four-hundred-mile-an-hour dive over the hills South of the air-drome, I saw an airplane. It was a big ship, which I soon saw had three engines. The door was open, and I think men were hurrying to get in or out. Two cars were driving away from the ship. Even at my speed I tried a burst at the tri-motored Junkers 52, but I saw the tracers go short, and when I got closer I could see the dust far to the left of the target. My speed was so great that I couldn't hold enough pressure on the rudder steadily for accurate shooting. But I must have gotten a few tracers in, for as I swept low over the ship it seemed that dust was churned up all about.

Turning low, I came back for a better shot. The ack-ack was so thick that I nearly forgot and turned back. After all, that which I could see had already exploded, and if I wasn't hit yet I was as well off one place as another. My burst caught the engines of the transport, which I could see now were running. Uninformed passengers were jumping out of the door. I turned steeply and fired on the door, then into the fuselage. The ship was smoking, and the engines had either been shot up or had been cut off, for they had stopped.

My engine missed several times, as it had done from some poor gasoline earlier in the fight, and I decided to let well enough alone and get away from White Cloud. Keeping just about down in the rice, I went straight North to the river. With the engine missing every now and then, I spent a miserable few minutes that seemed like a year until I got out of Jap territory.

I landed at Kweilin, and while I counted the holes in my plane I watched for the last of the fighters to come in—half trying to count the twenty-seven holes from the ground-fire around White Cloud and half trying to sweat all the twenty-two fighters back. All the bombers were in and were being serviced and bombed up again. Eighteen fighters finally came in, and we worried until we got word that the other four were at another field and would be back later in the afternoon.

We made our reports to the General and we knew he was pleased. Out of 45 Zeros that had come up for us, over Canton, we had shot down 29 that were confirmed. Allison had stayed back there for twenty-five minutes and definitely had seen that the two freighters loaded with Zeros and engines had been sunk. The nature of the cargo was eventually confirmed. Three weeks later we dive-bombed the salvage parties that were diligently trying to raise the sunken freighters. Evidently there had been something very valuable to the Japanese on the two big vessels.

We went on back to Kunming. Sometimes I wonder if the Jap ever did find out where General Chennault was going. Years after my dive they'd still be flying that patrol over Hongkong, waiting for the attack that we were supposed to make. As we carried out the long missions into Burma in the days that followed, I thought about how the spirit of our air warfare had changed from what I had heard about and read of the last World War in the air. There had been an element of knight-errantry depicted in that first struggle in the skies. Now I thought I knew why.

Back there the pilots had been carefully hand-picked. They were the adventurous, devil-may-care hot-bloods, like those boys who had been the Confederate cavalry in the War Between the States. More than likely when they fired at another pilot and then saw that their victim's guns were "jammed," they may have "saluted" and dived away, unwilling to destroy the helpless enemy. But this was a different type of war, against a race of fanatics, who had been repressed for so long in their warped minds that they were barbaric madmen.

From what I had already seen, I knew that the Japanese soldier and the Japanese war machine were not out merely to beat us in war—they were out to EXTERMINATE US, even to the extent of killing our pilots whom they captured as prisoners. And we knew that this had been done even in April of 1942. We learned of it again after the Hongkong raid. They would never give up—they had gone all-out in a war to the bitter end. There was no romance about it. We knew that if we were shot down and were not killed in the crash, or if we were captured, we would most certainly be tortured and executed. That's why all of us never considered the element of capture. Get out of the crash-landing shooting, we always said.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY HAROLD L. LUNDGREN, D. D., of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, Released by Western Newspaper Union

### Lesson for May 6

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### THE HEBREW MONARCHY AT ITS HEIGHT

LESSON TEXT—1 Kings 9:1-17, 26:10-28:11, 12. GOLDEN TEXT—Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord.—Psalm 135:2

Keeping up with the neighbors is not always a desirable thing, but both men and nations do it. When the last judge, Samuel, had become old, Israel began to demand a king like the nations round about them. Although the rejection of His direct rule over them through His chosen men was a sad development, God permitted them to choose a king. Saul, their first king, was evidently selected for his appearance and his physical superiority. He began well, in dependence upon God, but came to a tragic end because of sin.

David, who followed Saul, had his failings, but was essentially a man after God's own heart. He wanted to build a temple for God, but because he was a man of war, God decreed that his son, Solomon, who succeeded him, was to build it.

With the reign of Solomon, and especially with the building of the temple, the monarchy in Israel reached its highest development—only to go down to disaster.

Our lesson opens after the remarkable fine prayer with which Solomon dedicated the temple.

**I. Dedication Accepted (9:1-3).** God was pleased with Solomon's intelligent and spiritual prayer and the act of dedication, and He hallowed the house of the Lord by putting His name on it and assuring them of His continual presence.

It is a delightful thing that God is willing to accept at the hands of a man the dedication of either himself or his possessions for God's glory. The Lord is Maker of heaven and earth and surely has no need of what we have. And yet He does have need of it, and is ready to use it as we present it to Him.

Our act of dedication results in His act of acceptance and consecration of our talents, our time, our money, or our goods for His glorious service. But God expects His people to continue in devotion to Him if they are to have His continued presence and blessing.

**II. Consecration Expected (9:4-7).** The throne of David was to remain in the lineage of Solomon as long as he and the people of Israel walked uprightly before God. He expects obedience to His commandments, and apart from it He cannot give His blessing.

Note the faithfulness of God. No man would ever have introduced such a note of solemn portent and of warning into an occasion which seemed all gladness and light. Prosperity was at its height. The king was in favor with both God and man. Into that picture of success and grandeur God paints with bold strokes a great and striking "IF."

It is presumption to think that we can coast along on past attainments or former piety. If we are to be used and blessed of God tomorrow and the day after, we must look to our consecration to Him and our obedience to His will.

**III. Possessions Glorified (9:26; 10:26-28).**

We read in 10:23 that "King Solomon exceeded all kings of the earth in riches and wisdom." He had reached the pinnacle. The Chinese have a proverb, "The man who stands on the pinnacle has nowhere to step but off."

It need not have been a snare for Solomon to be rich if he had maintained his simple faith in God, but the temptations brought in by his wealth and his wives whom he foolishly married, coupled with the deceitfulness of riches (Matt. 13:22), soon led him into the downward path.

The almost unbelievable riches of Solomon could have been used for the glory of God, but instead they were an end in themselves.

When money takes the ruling hand in a man's life, he loses out spiritually. His life becomes an empty farce; his soul can be satisfied with only more and more gold.

Solomon was soon led into the folly of turning to the worship of heathen gods. Little wonder that we find: "When Solomon was old," he went after false gods. How tragic! Little wonder that one of the saintliest men this writer ever knew prayed constantly as he went on into his eighties, "Lord, keep me from ever becoming a wicked old man." Other old men and women (yes, and all of us) could well pray the same prayer.

So it became necessary for God to wrest the kingdom out of the hands of the great Solomon, and Israel goes on to its history of a people divided, of disobedience to God, and of ultimate judgment. Of that we shall see more in the weeks just ahead.

## HOLLYWOOD

How evil can you get? The answer seems to be—as far as you like. Look at the diabolic cads who have become idols of millions, all because they gave out with that certain schmalts when they smiled and got tough.

Squish's grapefruit in a lady's pan and becomes an international idol. Fight the trails, fool 'em, kick 'em in the teeth. That's right, boys, be a gold plated heel. There's fame in being infamous; success in being snide; luxury in being a louse.

Alan Ladd, who hauls home more fan mail than the rest of the Paramount boys, collected his claque through rugged, hair-on-the-chest snarls and being quick on the draw. He was an overnight sensation in the role of the Raven. "This Gun for Hire" put Ladd in the top money class.

"Mask of Dimitrios" brought immediate celebrity to Zachary Scott, who played the most baleful bum possible. He wasn't even nice to his mother.

"Evil appeals to the romantic," said Scott, who's right back being a wish in "Strange Honey-moon," since he's finished "Hold Autumn in Your Hand."

"It's human nature to want to kick over the traces and be unconventional. Don't ask me why. But so few people have the nerve. Cases of wishful thinking are universal. Evil somehow is regarded as colorful and evildoers are thought to have intestinal fortitude for daring to be what they are."

The public seems to find escapism in pictures about evil, and the sinners themselves are looked upon as fascinating because they're dangerous, and danger appeals to the multitude because it offers respite from routine," says the new devil hero, Scott.

**Evil Lingers On** Although "Public Enemy" was produced years ago, that touching sequence wherein James Cagney wallows Mae Clarke with a grapefruit is still recalled but lovingly by the baddies.

That performance definitely established Cagney in motion pictures. Today he's starring in independent productions produced by his brother Bill, and has just finished a new rugged portrayal in "Blood on the Sun."

Clark Gable owes his start to dirty doings in a sagebrush thriller, "The Painted Desert." Gable hadn't even been heard of before when he was hired for that job. But with the release of "The Painted Desert" all worries ceased for Gable. He snagged an M-G-M contract and everlasting fame.

From Pasadena Playhouse obscurity to a dynamic bit as a downed Nazi aviator who provided Greer Garson a few horrible minutes in "Mrs. Miniver" is the tale of Helmut Dantine.

His name was on every casting director's lips once his nasty Nazi interpretation was seen. Warners cornered the newcomer's signature on a term deal and he's been causing the heroines panic ever since. All of which hasn't affected Dantine with the girls of the world. They think he's just divine.

**List Keeps Growing** As a menace in "Ship Ahoy"—a Red Skelton conglomeration of nonsense—John Hodiak arose from the multitude of contractees. That he-man quality brought him "Lifeboat" opposite Tallulah Bankhead. The rest has been gravy for Master Hodiak, whose M-G-M future is really bright.

Gene Kelly realizes the value of being a heel. From being a personable no-good in "Pal Joey," a Broadway musical, Kelly attracted Hollywood's eye. His introduction to the camera was as a guy you loved-hating in "For Me and My Gal." What a dirty life he gave Judy Garland!

The champion nasty character of them all is George Sanders, who saunters back and forth between the devil and the angels. George's hateful dandy in "Lloyds of London" brought him to our notice. It was his first big splash. He's been splashing ever since, and I don't mean in a bathtub, either.

Yes, it pays to be bad. Any actor, aspiring for fame, should not make heaven his destination, as far as film-roles are concerned, but arm himself with a pitchfork and horns and charm the multitude.

**Answer to Her Prayer** R.K.O. has signed Maureen O'Hara for "The Fabulous Invalid." This play is taken from the Broadway hit by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman. It's a drama of the American theater, told through the career of a famous actress, and will be done in technicolor. The role will give her a chance to do some real acting as well as look beautiful. . . . Dinah Shore serenaded sailors on a warship at San Pedro, the other morning. At sunrise she sang "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning."

## SEWING CIRCLE NEEDLEWORK

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**Household Hints**

To avoid a musty odor in a metal teapot that is seldom used, keep a lump of sugar in the pot.

When sweetness of cream is doubtful and there is no more on hand and it must be used, a pinch of soda stirred into it keeps it from curdling, even in hot weather.

To preserve rubber galoshes during the warm summer period, put them in a porous bag and hang them in a cellar where it is cool and damp. Heat injures rubber.

A secret to making delicious potato salad is to cut the potatoes while they're warm and while warm add the onions and salad dressing. As the salad cools, the flavors will penetrate the potatoes.

Odds and ends of soap can be saved by putting them in a small bag made from a wash cloth. When taking a bath, this bag full of soap can be put into the tub and you'll have wash cloth and soap in one.

To clean a vase, cut newspapers into small pieces and swish the pieces around in soapy water on the inside.

Wash your oil cloth in a mixture of skim milk and turpentine. It will make it look like new.

To keep the potholder handy when working around the stove, tack a piece of tape onto the holder and place around your neck.

Raisins will be plump and much larger if you place them in a saucepan and barely cover them with cold water. Set them over a small flame and allow to simmer for a few minutes.

Hang up dresses and suits, but not sweaters. Lay them flat in a drawer so they will retain their shape.

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## SNAPPY FACTS ABOUT RUBBER

The contented cow will be more so after the war, when S. F. Goodrich research men expect low-cost rubber will make possible rubber mat-trass or floor covering for stables.

War-born synthetic represented 80 per cent of the nation's rubber consumption in 1944, reports John L. Collier, President of The S. F. Goodrich Company. In 1941 man-made rubber was less than one per cent of our consumption.

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