

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT Col. Robert L. Scott WHU RELEASE

The story thus fay: After graduating from West Point, Bobert Scott wiss his wings at Kelly Field, Texas, and takes up combat flying. He has been an instructor for four years when the war breaks out and is told he is now toe old for combat flying. After appealing to several Generals, Scott is finally offered an opportunity to get into the fight. He flies a bomber to India, but on arrival is made a ferry pilot, but this does not suit him. He visits Gen. Chennault, gots a Kittyhawk and soon is flying the skies over Burma, where he becomes known as the "one man air force." Later, he is made C.O. of the 23rd Fighter Group, but he still keeps on knocking down Jap

CHAPTER XXVII

Another theory was that the realization that you had strafed enemy ground troops, shot down Japanese pilots, strafed troops getting out of an enemy transport, or even killed Japanese satellites, would come back to you at night, and you'd wake up in horror at having "blood on your hands." To that I say "Nuts."

Later, when the newness of combat had worn off, I used to watch a Japanese pilot come towards me on a head-on run, picking me out, I guess, because I was leading the Group. I'd get my sights on him and yell, perhaps a bit hysterically: "You poor sucker, with my six Fifties that out-range your short-range little cannons that jam lots of times, I'm going to blow you apart before you get close enough to hit me!" Overconfidence, perhaps, for I didn't get every one who came at me, and I took lots of hits in my own ship even had to dive away sometimes when two came on me at once. But

when two came on me at once. But
I'm still here, and from thirteen to
twenty-two Jap pllots who fought
against me are dead.
You know that you have everything to live for, and that the Jap
has everything to die for. That's
his only hope of reaching the heaven that we already have.

Yes, they are suicide pilots; at times they will try to ram your plane, or will dive their ships into our carriers. I've seen a Japanese dive low over Hengyang and circle while they shot at him with every-thing on the field and we shot at him with every ship above the field. But he flew his ship in a slow circle, as if he were blinded and couldn't see, or were only partly conscious. Then, with a half roll at barely three hundred feet, he dove his plane into the only building on the field—our thatched-roof alert shack, which burned with the Jap in his ship. When the wreckage had cooled enough we finally pulled his charred body out—and by his side was his Samurai sword, and through his body the doctor found one lone bullet-hole, severing his spinal cord near the small of the back. He had been able to move his hands but not his feet. But with his last consciousness he had picked out one more object on our field to destroy for

the gods of the Shinto Shrine.

But they have fear too. Don't think they're supermen, for I assure you they're not. They're little, warped - brain savage animals with the complex of suppression-but they have fear, like any one Their fear is worse, for there's that phobia of having nothing to live -the inferiority-complex they try to overcome.

I once saw that fear on the face of a Japanese pilot when he knew he was going to die, and it did me lots of good. I told of it many times to youngsters in my Group and it always made them feel better to know that the Japs were afraid they met them - probably more afraid than we were. Oh, the Jap is a wonderful pilot when he meets no or little opposition. They come in over undefended Chinese come in over undefended Chinese the spell, and we just marked the cities and loop and roll and zoom, Jap off as another confirmed Zero shooting at the helpless pedestrians while arrogantly flying inverted on their backs. But when they meet good American fighters, with pilots who know how to fight them, they are the most anxious people I've ever met to leave our territory and go "hell for leather" towards Japan.

One day I flew up very close to a lone Jap pilot during a fight near Kweilin. I placed my sights right where his wing joined the fuselage of the 1-97-2 and steadily squeezed a burst from two hundred yards, holding the trigger down while I moved into closer range. Then I swerved out from behind the enemy ship, expecting it to stream fire and perhaps explode. I had seen pieces come off, and I had seen the canopy glass turn to a fine, shining that sparkled in the slip stream as the ship nosed almost straight up. But when it didn't burn, I skidded back across its tail, first

with a look to my rear quarter. I saw into the cockpit. The canopy had been shot away and I could see the Jap's face—and on it was a look of terror such as I had never seen before. The realization went through me with such force that as I nosed down to fire again I nearly cut the tail from the Jap fighter with my prop. Then I savagely held a long burst from less than fifty yards while I shot the ship to pieces. Even after the enemy plane had fallen and I had flown through the debris, I found that I was continuing to fire at the empty heavens,

No, the Jap is far from a super-man. But we must never again be-little the fanaticism of the Japanese. They are as dangerous as mad dogs.

They think they will win—and they can if we continue to underestimate them.

Strange things happen in the air.

Strange things happen in the air, strange as the fiction of the ages. Six of us shot into a ship that detached itself from one of the circling Japanese "circuses" we en-countered one day East of Heng-yang. When you meet the Jap in his larger-numbered formation, he at once goes into the circling technique that Baron von Richthofen made famous in the last war. This "circus" gradually moves in on or away from their objective as a defensive maneuver, for in it the ship behind protects the tail of the one in front. Our tactics were to dive through the "squirrel cage" and get snap shots at as many ships as we could, but keep our speed to prevent their getting on our tails.

It was in one of these attacks that this lone Jap Zero left the protection of his other ships and began to do aerobatics—sloppy loops, wing-overs, stalls, and then another loop. Thinking it was a trick, we were wary; but after two of our pilots had made passes on it, two more of us went down towards it. As I kept getting closer and closer to the ene-my plane I could see that the pilot evidently hurt, but when I



Another friendly coolie who gave ald to Col. Scott.

crossed the top of the strange-acting plane I saw that he was leaning forward over the stick control, obviously dead.

the speed of the dive would build up pressures on the tail surfaces, the nose would rise, for a Jap ship is rigged that way. As the ship climbed more steeply, the pilot's upper body swung to the back of the seat in the normal position

and the plane made a sloppy loop.

For several minutes we watched the pilotless Zero in fascination. From 16,000 feet a ship that is shot down can dive into the ground in a few seconds—it can even spin in from an explosion in a little longerthan that; but we watched this plane for twice the time that it would normally have taken. It worked closer and closer to the ground over the same area, as it lost altitude gradually in the maneuvers. Then, after the longest wait that I can remember having gone through in the air, in one of its dives from a loop it struck the hills below and burned. We could have burned it with a long burst many times during the min-utes of our watching, but I imagine we were all spelibound at the spec

No one spoke for several minutes as we turned back to Hengyang. Then some call over the radio broke

Over in Yunnan we fought the Japs a few times in Burma and had the sadness of another military funeral. Those moments in the Buddhist burial grounds were the hardest in China. As the Chaplain read the prayer and the flag-draped casket was lowered into the red earth of Yunnan, a small formation, with slow-turning engines that gave forth a muffled sound, would fly over the grave. There would be one vacant niche in the evenly spaced fighters, in honor of the brother airman who would fly no more.

After eight months in combat I was sent with five other pilots to ferry six new P-40K's over from the base at Karachi. During our wait for the planes to be ready for combat, we were permitted to go to Bombay for the detached service. in this splendor of the Hotel Taj Mahal, we had a glorious time. In fact, it became very hard to realize that a war was going on over in Burma and China, as we looked at the night clubs from Malabar Hill and from inside them too, at the horse-races for the Aga Khan's Purse-and at all the things that

we had forgotten to remember. The return across India was a happy one, for we were ferrying new and higher-powered ships back to the war, and all of us were eager to try them out in combat. From Assam we took the old familiar trail that I used to fly with the transports, and it felt especially good to look around and see those friendly looking P-40's along with me over the Burma Road where I had, in

friendly nevertheless.

A fast trip over the five hundred

miles from Assam is like this: We're off from our base and heading 118 degrees across the twelve-thousand-foot Naga Hills to the first check-point, where the upper fork of the Chindwin forms the likeness of a shamrock. Up to our left now, from the altitude of eighteen thou-sand that we've attained so effort lessly with the new ships, can be seen the higher snow-capped peaks of Tibet and Chinese Turkestan. Down below us the valley of the Down below us the valley of the Irrawaddy is low and green, but forbidding nonetheless. Ahead, as we cross the "Y" in the little known "triangle of the Irrawaddy," we see the real hills of the "hump" begin to rise. Snow-capped peaks every-where. Our map reads that our highest peak is going to be 15,800 feet; yet we well know from experience that we've tried it many times and we need to be very sure that we are at 18,000 to clear the mountains from the Irrawaddy to Tali Lake.

Below us are the villages of the Miaows. We climb to 25,000 feet to test the "suped-up" ships, and a smile comes to our faces under the oxygen masks-for this is going to surprise the Jap. We're going over the Mekong now, and from the time that has elapsed we've certainly picked up a tail wind—must be mak-ing over three hundred. The gorge of the Mekong runs like a gash the sinister country of Burma to the South, and we know it goes on and on towards Saigon and the sea.

It's barely twenty miles to the Salween, and we make it so quickly that we begin to doubt that the oth er river had been the Mekong. Our ground speed is well over three hun-dred as we see Lake Tali and start the down-hill run to Kunming. Now we catch the first glimpse of the Burma Road, North of Yunnanyi, and soon we see the small lake that is near our field at that town. The mountains to the North are very high, and we know they get higher and higher and stretch almost with-out break to the East and the Pacific. We see the hairpin turns of the Burma Road near Tsuyung, and know that we're nearly home from the Taj Mahal and India.

We dive over the field of our headquarters just one hour and twentyfive minutes from the time we took off from Assam, five hundred miles away. I can tell by the smiles on the faces of the other men in the flight that we're all thinking the same thing: We have bad medicine for the Jap packed into the increased horsepower of these new "Kays"—our Warhawks. They are the latest of the P-40 series, and coming to us this time of year we look upon them as Christmas presents from the States.

The P-40 was in production when the war began. Then the decks were definitely stacked against us, and everything was in favor of the enemy. During the past year of our war these ships produced as no other fighter plane did, for they were serving on every front. Any pilot who actually fought the Axis enemies in the P-40 Tomahawks, Kittyhawks, or Warhawks will tell you they are tough and dependable. They and everything was in favor of the they are tough and dependable. They will dive with the best of projectiles—including a bomb. All of us hope that the best fighter plane has not been produced but been produced, but we know that America will develop it.

In the meantime, through those ean months when America had to fight on many fronts with so little, the glorious P-40 series paid off when the chips were down in a ratio of setween twelve and fifteen to onetwelve to fifteen enemy ships for every one of ours lost.

Some day, when the war is over and our sturdy American engines driving great American ships have won victory with air power, I hope and pray—with all fighter pilots who have faced our enemies in aerial combat, from the hot sands of Libya to the cold tundra of the Aleutians, from the jungle heat of Guadalcanal to those torrential rains of the Burmese Monsoons—that some understanding group of citizens will go to Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. There, beside the statue that commemo rates the first flight of the Wright Brothers, I hope that they will build a monument to the Curtiss P-40 with

its Allison Engine. And now, with a few minor battles in the air, we saw Christmas in Chi-na draw near, and I couldn't help wishing for fast action somewhere. After all, there's only one place a person wants to be at Christmas.

I took off from Kunming one day just before Christmas to inspect the warning net in western Yunnan. It didn't take long to find out that it was very inefficient near the Burma border, where a steady influx of 6fth-columnists and Japanese money was filtering across the Salween. Even then I knew that instead of getting the Chinese officers who were in charge of the net to investigate, it would be much better to have a few engagements with the Jap over the failing net-area. There was no tonic like burning Jap planes over the country to improve the function-ing of the air-raid warning net. (TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL CUNDAY

JCHOOL Lesson

Lesson for May 13

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THE TRAGEDY OF THE NORTHERN KINGDOM

LESSON TEXT—I Kings 12:25-30; 19:1-4, 130-18; II Kings 17:7, 8.—
GOLDEN TEXT—O magnity the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together.—Psalm 24:3.

Nations as well as people come to crossroads in their history, and taking the wrong road then me future disaster. Solomon had built up a great national prosperity, but at the expense of heavy taxes. He had forgotten God, and was suc-ceeded by a son who followed in his footstare.

ceeded by a son who followed in his footsteps.

Offered an opportunity to ease the burden of the people (I Kings 12-14), Rehoboam in his folly made it greater, and the nation was divided. The ten northern tribes, which were henceforth to be known as Israel, followed Jeroboam, and the two southern tribes under Rehoboam became the kingdom of Judah.

God's Jeroboam started with God's favor, and might have led his people aright, but instead he became the king whose name stood for wicked-ness (see II Kings 15:18). The story of that downfall is a sad picture of

unbelief and failure.

I. Religion Meets Politics (I Kings 12:26-30).

Jerusalem, now in the rival king-dom of Judah, was the center of Hebrew worship. While the people of Israel were free to go there to worship, Jeroboam saw that it might lead to their being led away from him. It was a shrewd political deduction, but it left God out of the picture.

He established new centers of worship, where calves of gold were set up. They were probably in-tended to be a symbol of God, but they bespeak the folly of mixing worldly things with the things of God. They become an abomination

The people responded to the apparent interest of the king in their welfare, and worshiped at the most convenient place. Religion had met politics, and had let politics take the upper hand.

Someone has suggested that when we begin to find ways to make our religion easy, we can be cer-tain that it is the enemy of our souls who is at work. When Satan begins to be solicitous about our welfare and suggest that it is too far to go to church, or that the weather is too cold (or too warm), etc., etc., we should be on guard.

Religious ease was a big step downward for Israel, and it can be for any other nation. Where does America stand in that important

II. A Queen Meets a Prophet (I Kings 19:1-4, 13b-18).

Elijah under the mighty hand of God had defied the wicked king, Ahab, and his more wicked queen, Jezebel; yes, and all the prophets of Baal, and had been gloriously victorious (I Kings 18:17-41).

The queen, who was devilish in her wickedness and determination God, threatened the prophet. He who had met the challenge of the hundreds of prophets fled in fear before the relentless hatred of this

venomous woman.

The prophet felt that all was lost, but God revealed to him that even in that dark day there were many who were still true to Him (v. 18). It is a precious and encouraging bit of light in an otherwise dark scene. Our main interest in this lesson is

not the experience of the prophet, eing the cause of Israel's downfall. Here we see one great reason—every king of Israel was a wicked man. Some were better and some worse, but all of them forgot God.

A nation is on the downward path when its rulers forget God. What about our own nation? What about the elected representatives of the people? Do we choose men for pub-lic office because of their Christian faith and character, or on the basis of political expediency or affiliation'

III. A Nation Meets Its Doom (II

Kings 17:7, 8).
The hour had struck when God's heavy hand of judgment had to fall on Israel, the northern kingdom of 10 tribes. Verse 6 of this chapter relates their carrying away into captivity to Assyria, and verses 7-9 tell us the reason for that judgment. Ingratitude for God's blessing (v.

7) led to the worship of other gods (v. 8). They knew God's hatred for the sin of idolatry, and His judgment upon those who walked in that way, but they went right

Note in verse 9 that these things were done "secretly." "The same thing is true today of many who profess to be the people of God. The line of demarcation between the church and the world is not clearly drawn. We do well to note carefully the outcome of this course of procedure on Israel's part (vv. 6, 18). The fact that Israel did these things secretly did not hide them from the eyes of Jehovah (Ps. 139: 1, 2; Heb. 4:13)" (John W. Brad-



THE DANCE is not only one of the seven lively arts; threatening to become the liveliest. In the movies it's always an up-

and - down career, if not actually tough going. Our producers have doled it out in fits and starts—a number here, a finale there - as if they were afraid we could not take it in more than five-minute doses. And except for the Astaire - Rogers



Vera-Ellen

musicals and an occasional "Cover Girl" we've had mighty few that can really be described as dancing films.

In this connection, the late Mark Sandrich was one of those rare producer - directors who had enough foresight to cry, "On with the dance!" He did the best of those delightful ballroom romances with Ginger and Fred, and just before he died he was preparing "Blue Skies," a cavalcade of hits by my old (but only in years of friendship) pal, Irving Berlin.

Only Local Oversight

But if Hollywood — and excep-tions like Mark Sandrich only prove the rule — has failed to grasp the terrific possibilities of the dance, the rest of the country certainly hasn't. On Broadway and in the once so - called hinterlands something has been happening— something to which Hollywood cannot close its eyes much longer.

What has happened, my dears, is that the dance has come into its own. And by dance I don't mean jive, although that, my spies report, is doing all right, too. I mean—and it's perfectly safe to come right out and say it—ballet. Only it's ballet with the curre of management of the course of the co with the curse off—pantomime and jazz and the classics and the joy of living, all rolled into one.

Today the big names are those like Agnes De Mille, Jerome Robbins, George Balanchine, and Da-vid Lichine, among choreographers, and Leonard Bernstein, brilliant young composer of "Fancy Free" and "On the Town." There are bal-lets in "Oklahoma," "Bloomer Girl," "One Touch of Venus," "Song of Norway," "Up in Central Park,"
"La Vie Parisienne," and "Carmen
Jones." Anton Dolin and Alicia Markova are demonstrating terpsichore in Billy Rose's "Seven Lively Arts." Vera Zorina, that gorgeous, elflike creature, is posing in Shakespeare's "The Tempest." And Ruth Page and Sgt. Bentley Stone have set New York town—and Commissioner Moss — on their respective ears with a sensational interpretation "Frankie and Johnny."

Common Denominator

Sooner or later motion pictures and the dance are bound to get to-gether. The very soul of both is rhythm. In one sense they already have. Isn't Walt Disney the greatest creator of rhythm of them all? And we've had our "numbers" and our "specialties" by Veloz and Yolanda, the De Marcos, Carmen Amaya, the Hartmans, Katharine Dunkam, and countless others. We've even had a short or two with the Ballet Russe. And we've had Astaire, Gene Kelly, Jimmy

had Astaire, Gene Kelly, Jimmy Cagney, George Murphy, and that spectacular leaper Mare Platt of "Tonight and Every Night."

Our dancing daughters have been few but precious — Rita Hayworth, Betty Grable, Ann Miller, Ruby Keeler, Eleanor Powell, Ginger (of course), and little Jean McCracken, who highlighted "Hollywood Canteen" with her "Ballet in Jive."

The other day I had the pleasure of watching a sequence from "Won-

of watching a sequence from "Won-der Man," Danny Kaye's new one for Sam Goldwyn. Danny wasn't in it, but Vera-Ellen was. She sang and danced a number called "I'm So in Love." Sam hired her without even making a screen test after he'd caught her in "A Connecticut Yankee," and this time I'm betting on his judgment. Vera-Ellen (the last name is Rohe) is not only petite and blonde as Marilyn was; she can put over a song with refreshing charm and she's a dancin'

If Warners ever get around to making that Marilyn Miller film they'll be wise to have a look at Vera-Ellen. It it's O.K. with Sam

Goldwyn of course.

Incidentally, Goldwyn, who is something of a wonder himself, has already snapped up Jerome Rob-bins, who staged the dances for "On the Town," to design numbers for Danny Kaye's next. Which brings ballet that much nearer to the

Over-Age at 15 Months

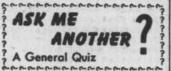
Gene Tierney thought for one exciting moment she'd get her daugh ter in for a christening scene in "Dragonwyck." In fact, Joe Mankie wicz led her to believe it, then asked how old the baby was. She said, "15 months." "Sorry," said Joe, "She's 14 months too old." . . . Since so much fuss, feathers, and furbelows have been put on her in "The Dolly Sisters," Betty Grable thinks our costume designers should get an award next year. Why not? Set de-

SEWING CIRCLE NEEDLECRAFT

Sun Suits for Brother and Sister



COOL_comfortable_gaily em broidered and made of but 1 yard of material! The applique chicks are sister's; brother goes



The Questions

1. Where is the longest canal in

the world?

2. Are congressmen required by law to attend any session of con-

3. Who calls "track" in the sports world when he wants people out of his way? 4. What man signed his corre-spondence and paintings with the

figure of a butterfly? 5. Will food cook more quickly in vigorously or gently boiling

water? 6. Sinology is the study of what?

7. What is a milksop? 8. What stadium has the largest

seating capacity in the United States? 9. What bird has the swiftest flight for short distances? 10. Approximately how far does the earth travel each day on its journey around the sun?

The Answers

1. In China. It is 2,100 miles long and was completed in 1350 after 600 years.

2. No. 3. A skier.

4. James Whistler.

5. The same.6. Chinese language and culture

 A weak man.
 Soldier field, Chicago (150, 000)

9. Humming bird. 10, 1,601,604 miles.



Sad Disappointment Mrs. Clum—And is it a secret? Mrs. Redrier-Oh, no, not at all. Mrs. Clum - Too bad! I did want to tell Mrs. Longjaw.

Jenky always believed in calling a spage a spade till he hit his foot with one the other day.

Going Down!

Pop-So you refused young Costlirom a fine family?
Daughter—Yes, and how he descended.

Dear Me Admirer-I admire your reper-

Star-Yes, he was a repertoire on the Blaze before we became

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SNAPPY FACTS about RUBBER

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The synthetic rubber industry is us-ing soap at the rate of 100,000,-000 pounds a year-enough to cover the needs of the population of Chicago for one year.

A new kind of synthetic rub-ber has been developed from lactic acid (buttermilk),

The B. F. Goodrich Company has made experimental tires of rubber produced from kok-saghyz, the Rus-sian dandelion.



In war or peace

BEGoodrich

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