



GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

Col. Robert L. Scott

WNU RELEASE



The story thus far: After graduating from West Point, Robert Scott wins 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 too old for combat flying. After appealing to several Generals he is offered an opportunity to get into the fight. On arriving in India he is made a ferry pilot, but this does not suit Scott, who talks Gen. Chennault into giving him a Kittyhawk for combat flying. Soon he is flying over the skies of Burma and becomes known as the "one man air force." Later he is made C.O. of the 23rd Fighter Group, but he still keeps knocking Jap planes out of the skies.

CHAPTER XXVIII

It looked as if we'd get the chance very soon, too, for the field in western Yunnan had been selected by the newly formed Air Transport Command, which was superseding the Ferry Command, as the Eastern terminus of the route to China.

For the purpose of security in future operations, I will not name our base in western Yunnan. But there was a big turquoise-blue lake less than ten miles away which the General and I called Yeching. To us that meant "good hunting," for ducks and geese abounded. The landmark for our base was just one of the many lakes in Yunnan.

Next morning I went out on Lake Yeching, and from the bow of a native sampan I soon shot eighteen of the biggest geese I had ever seen. Even if we were remote from the loved ones at home, we'd have meat for Christmas dinner that was filled with the vitamins we needed.

I had hurried back to the field before taking off for Kunming with my report on the efficiency of the warning net, and was taking pictures of some little mongol-appearing Miaows who were holding my geese aloft—when we had an air raid alert. There was heavy engine-noise from the reporting stations over towards Burma. We tossed the eighteen geese into the baggage compartment, winding their necks around among the conduits of the radio so that the cargo wouldn't shift, and I took off for Kunming. Then as I heard more reports from the Southwest, I turned South, joined the other fighters on patrol, and looked for the enemy. In about forty-five minutes we spread out to cover more territory, and I caught sight of two enemy planes—Zeros I thought, at first sight. I called to the others and attacked. Even as I approached the Japs I knew they were too slow and too large for Zeros. Then I saw that they were single-engine reconnaissance-bombers. I caught the rear one and gave it a short burst, keeping my eye on the other. The first one went down with most of one wing gone. The next I chased down every valley on the Mekong, getting in several good shots, but I never did see him go down or crash. From the evidence of the thin trail of smoke that I last saw coming from it as I dove and circled to look around again, I claimed it as a "probable."

The first one I had confirmed as a "certain." The others in our patrol engaged four other planes and probably shot down two of them. The General had been correct as usual—the Japs were keeping the end of the ferry route under close surveillance.

Christmas night, while we were enjoying the geese, George Hazelett came in with his Squadron to report that the Japs had bombed our base near Lake Yeching with eighteen ships on that afternoon of Christmas Day, and the first warning the field had was the sight of the enemy bombers in the clear blue Yunnan sky. Luckily the bombing had missed the field and no ships were damaged, but many Chinese in the village had been killed. Definitely the warning net in western Yunnan made the operation of the Transport Command at Yeching hazardous. I could tell by the General's face that he had some plans he would tell me about in private.

The General had been sick with a cold over Christmas and had a fever that night, when he told me what he had to do at Yeching. At dawn the next morning—December 25th in China, but actually Christmas Day in America—I took off with full instructions. When I left, the Doctor told me General Chennault was running a temperature of 103. All of us were worried about him, and knew that the defeats on Christmas Day hadn't helped his spirits.

As I flew West towards Yeching, 145 miles away, in the half light I saw the coolies carrying drums of gasoline on wheelbarrows up the Burma Road. Some of these I knew would go on through Kunming to Chungking, 350 miles away by air. Trundling these crude wooden-wheeled vehicles of the ages gone-by, these patient workers would require seventy days of constant effort, at their dogged trot, to reach the capital at Chungking. The two-wheeled Peking carts with three drums would take a shorter time—44 days. I saw coolie boys plowing in the rice paddies halfway up the sides of the mountains—paddies built like steps from the top of the hill to the valley, so that the irrigation water could be used over and over. I laughed as I saw the ancient means

of cultivation—the boy, standing with his feet on the wooden scraper, was using his own weight to make it scratch the mud, but was holding on to the water buffalo, with his hand gripping the tail of the ponderous animal.

Landing at the threatened air-drome, I put the General's plan into immediate effect.

I commanded the necessary transportation on Yeching field and placed it ready for the instant movement of pilots to their dispersed fighters, which were scattered to all parts of the air-drome. The P-40's were pointed in the direction of a run for immediate take-off. All this was to save even the barest minimum of lost time, for when the alert came we would have to move fast and furious. Every one of the thirty pilots was kept on alert, and constant patrols were begun at dawn. We sent two ships above the field at seven o'clock and doubled the number at nine. At eleven o'clock we doubled again and continually had eight high in the sky.

The Jap had attacked the day before at 2:35 in the afternoon, or 14:35. The General had told me



Little Miaow children holding Christmas geese for Col. Scott.

many times of the propensity of the Japanese for the exact duplication of former military operations. We were going to get gradually more vigilant and stronger above the field for the expected blow. At the same time we were going as far as was commensurate with safety to conserve the invaluable aviation gasoline. Most of the fighters kept right over the field or slightly away in the direction of the expected attack from Burmese bases. Four fighters began to patrol from Yeching to the Mekong, on course to Lashio, and seventy miles from where we were waiting.

At two o'clock I saw all planes into the sky except mine. I sat in that on the ground, listening for Harry Pike's expected report from his patrol to the Mekong River. I was within shouting distance of the ground radio operator, who would tell me of any developments on the weak-functioning warning net. The Jap would come today, I knew, between two and four—that's 14:00 to 16:00 hours.

At 14:54 I saw the radio operator wildly running for my ship. He yelled, "Report from W-7 says heavy engine noise coming this way—the report is right recent." I was already energizing my starter when Harry Pike called excitedly: "Here they come—fighters and bombers—I'm just East of the river." I knew then that the Japs were close to fifty miles away; we had all we could do to get set and be waiting for them.

When Pike called in, as I got the engine started, I heard that the Japs were at seventeen thousand, and I called to him to take the fighters, for I hoped by that move to make the bombers come in unescorted. From Yeching at its level of 6500 feet I was climbing with full gun, climbing for all the altitude I could grab. I watched the temperature but drew all the boost I could without detonating too badly. At exactly three o'clock I reached twenty thousand feet and picked up most of my Group, which today was made up of Hazelett's Squadron.

Just six minutes from the time I had given the ship the gun, I saw flashes reflected by Japanese windshields in the sun. They weren't far away, but I grinned—for they were below us. I heard from the chatter on our frequency that there was a fight going on towards where Pike had seen the formation cross the river. As the enemy ships materialized on the horizon, I knew that Pike had done his job well, for there was only one fighter with the bombers as escort—one fighter with nine heavy bombers. I think I knew then that we were going to make it tough for the Japs.

I called for the attack, in order to get the enemy before he could bomb the field. As I dove for the attack that I had always longed for, I saw one P-40 take the lone Zero head-on and shoot it down, and I knew from the way the shark-nosed ship pulled up in his chandelle of glory that Dallas Clinger had become an ace with his fifth enemy ship.

We made the attack from three directions simultaneously. Lieutenant Couch led his ships on a stern attack that I did not see, for I was diving on the course of the bombers from the flank where the low sun was. I was going in for a full-deflection shot from out of that sun, for I had planned this method of how I wanted to attack a bomber formation long ago. On my wings were six fighters in two ship elements. In Couch's flight were four fighters, and Hazelett had four coming from above the Japs on the other flank.

I had to dive from 20,000 feet to 17,000 feet to get on the level with the enemy formation, and when I got there I had plenty of excess speed over the Japs. I passed them rapidly from out of their range, but could see their tracers curving short of my flight. When I had over-run them a thousand yards, I turned right into the bombers and we went after the three Vee's of Mitsubishi bombers. By being on the same level with them I'm sure we caused part of the enemy formation to blanket out some of their own ships from firing at us. I opened fire from six hundred yards and led the enemy leader by at least a hundred yards; it must have been just right, for the tracers seemed to go into the top of the wing. I just held the trigger down and kept going into the sides of the Japs—they blossomed out of the sky at me, growing larger and larger, "mushrooming" in my windshield. As the bombers passed by, my bullets were raking them with full-deflection shots, and as fast as my formation turned the other five men were doing the same. I saw the lead bomber climb a little, then settle back towards the formation with one wing down.

As I saw the second Jap in front of me—the left wing man of the leader—I realized I'd have to dive under the enemy very soon or I'd run into them. Things hit my ship now, and with noise like a wing coming off, the side glass of my windshield was shot out. I was three hundred to two hundred yards from the second bomber when I got my long burst into it. There was a flash ahead, and I dove as fast as I could shove the nose down. As I went under the smoke and orange flame, I thought that the Jap I was shooting at had caught fire, but as I pulled around, back to the direction the formation had been going, and climbed, I saw what had happened.

There was only smoke above, and the formation had broken, for I knew the bomber had exploded—the bombs had been detonated by the fifty-calibre fire. Behind, over the trail the Japs had come were four plumes of smoke where their bombers were going down. Below there were bomb bursts all over the paddy fields where bombs had been jettisoned in the unanticipated interception. I pulled up behind one of the lone bombers that I could see and began to shoot at it methodically from long range. Over on the left were three more, and I saw P-40's making passes at them. Over the radio I could hear happy American English, with unauthorized swear words aimed at the Jap that the individual pilot was shooting at, and by the tone of the pilots I knew that we were winning this battle and that the General was also going to be very happy.

From 800 yards I'd squeeze out a short burst at one engine, then skid over and aim carefully at the other engine and throw out another short burst. The Jap ship was diving with all the speed he could get, but the P-40 kept moving up. I think all their ammunition was gone, for I saw no tracers. In my second burst on the right engine I saw some gray smoke—thin, like gasoline overflowing a tank and blowing back into the slipstream. The next time I came over behind that engine from closer range I saw two red dots near the engine, two dots that became fire. The flame ran to the engine and to the fuselage, but by that time I was over shooting at the other engine again. I last saw the bomber diving, with flames that were orange against the green of the mountains below.

There were no more bombers to be seen, but I saw seven P-40's. Clinger came over and got on my wing; as I recognized his ship I did my hatch-cover back and waved at him. Even before we landed I thought that we had gotten all the bombers. As we circled the field, with me trying to dodge the cold air that was drifting through the hole in my windshield and bringing a particle of glass against my face every now and then, I realized why we still had to wear goggles in fighter ships in combat. Below on the Yunnan hills, I saw eight forest fires that could have been started only by burning airplanes wrecks, for they had not been there when I took off.

I kept some of the planes up for top-cover while we landed those that were shot up or low on fuel. Later, when I had the combat reports made out before the pilots could talk the battle over between them, the "certains" out of the nineteen that had come in—nine fighters and nine bombers and one observation plane—were fifteen.

(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 May 20

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THE DEFEAT OF THE SOUTHERN KINGDOM

LESSON TEXT—Jeremiah 19:1-10, 15a, 17a. GOLDEN TEXT—Come, and let us return unto the Lord—Hosea 5:1, 6:1-3.

History repeats itself. Men never seem to learn from the experiences of others, whether they be personal or national. Judah, the southern part of the divided kingdom, saw the downward path of Israel and its ultimate captivity. The same process went on in Judah, although hindered now and then by good kings who brought about a partial return to God.

Ultimately the day came when Jerusalem was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar's troops and the people carried off to their long years of captivity in Babylon.

Jeremiah ministered as God's prophet during Judah's declining years, bringing them God's word of judgment for their sins and urging them to submit. His voice was unheeded and for his faithfulness he received only their hatred and persecution. God gave him the strength and grace to be true in a very difficult mission.

Our lesson for today tells how God in a graphic object lesson taught the prophet and the people that they were in the hands of a sympathetic but at the same time a sovereign God.

I. The Potter and His Work (vv. 1-4).

The maker of pottery took the lump of clay, placed it on his wheel, and with his hand formed it into the kind of vessel he wanted. If it became misshapen or showed a defect, he could moisten and remold the clay into another vessel as it suited him. The clay was in his hand to meet his purpose and his will.

Dr. G. Campbell Morgan fittingly suggests that there are three things to be borne in mind here: a principle, a purpose, and a person. And as we apply the truth to ourselves as God's children, we spell the Person of the Potter with a capital "P," for He is none other than God Himself.

The principle is that God is absolutely sovereign, that He does as He wills for His own glory. Until we recognize that principle, "life will be a failure. If, however, I have discovered this principle alone, then my soul will be filled with terror. I must also see the purpose."

The purpose is the working out of His will for each of us. He knows us, and He has a plan for our lives, and is able to make that plan come to pass if we permit Him to do so.

But, as Dr. Morgan says, "if I know principle and purpose only, I shall yet tremble and wonder, and be filled with a haunting foreboding." But as "I press through the principle and beyond the purpose and discover the Person of the Potter, then the purpose will flame with light, and the principle that appears so hard and severe will become the sweetest and tenderest thing in my life."

God spoke to Jeremiah through the scene in the potter's house, and He also wants to talk to our hearts.

II. God and Judah (vv. 5-10, 15a, 17a).

The lesson is plain. God had for His people a high and glorious purpose. He wanted to bless them and use them for His glory. But they were a sinful and rebellious people, stiff-necked and stubborn in their unbelief, and the vessel of honor which God was trying to form was marred in His hand.

God did not act in anger or in disregard of their rights. He was forced to bring judgment upon them because of their own sin. That sin is stated in verse 15—they had forgotten God.

One trembles as he applies that test of God's requirement for blessing upon a nation to our own land. There is a haunting fear that while there are some who truly worship God, and a larger number who profess to worship Him, a great host of the people of America have forgotten God.

Does our nation remember Him and seek His counsel and blessing in its national affairs? Do we inquire after the ways of righteousness? Are we eager for spiritual revival and increasing grace even within the church?

Judah was to be scattered "as with an east wind"—and who does not know that it came to pass. Where are they today? But even in the midst of judgment the Lord speaks of mercy. The Lord who will "pluck up, break down and destroy" (v. 7) the people who forget Him, is eager and ready "to build and to plant" the nation when it turns to Him.

The sure promise of God's future blessing upon a repentant Israel and Judah is written large in the messages of all the prophets.

The same God, eternally sovereign in His purpose, is our heavenly Father. The man or woman whose vessel of life has been marred by sin and failure need only yield anew to the Potter's blessed hand.



AFTER all his years here the town hasn't yet been able to corral and brand Walter Huston as a complete Hollywoodian.

It isn't that Walter's snooty. It's just that he prefers the outdoor life of a rugged man to the social stuffed shirt of some of our cinema gentlemen. Give him the wide, open spaces and you can have your too-too swank small talk.

"I don't live away from Hollywood because I don't go in for social life," Walter told me as we chatted on the set of "Ten Little Indians." "When you come right down to it, social life isn't important any more. People say it is, but all that counts is the job you do on the screen. You can be perfectly happy here without ever doing anything but go to a drive-in for a hamburger. It's just that I'm a funny kind of a guy. I have to get out where I can breathe—where I can get completely apart from pictures when I want to. But don't get me wrong—I love pictures."

When he's making one he lives at the Beverly Hills hotel, but Walter has two other homes where he goes whenever he can get away. One is his huge and ultra mountain lodge in Running Springs, in the San Bernardino mountains. The other, his 8,000 acre cattle ranch at Porterville, Calif.

The Inner Man

It's in these two places that you'll uncover the real Huston, the man who is not an actor, but the man who has found that elusive something you're always hearing about and always wondering what it really is—happiness.

When you're talking to this character actor who has dignified so many important films, conversation switches from his ledge and ranch to his favorite subject—his son, John. In Walter's mind John is the best director—and writer—in Flickerville.

"Give John a story he likes, let him alone, and he'll come up with the doggonedest picture you ever saw," Walter told me. "There's nothing I'd like better than to go into the producing business with John when the war's over."

Rare Bird for Hollywood

Walter's modest. He never talks about his performances—just goes ahead, does his job the best he knows how, and shuts up.

His whole life has been one of plugging away at acting. Even when he was a kid in Toronto, Canada, he knew he was going to act.

There was a matter of schooling. He was one of the worst students Canada had ever known, so it wasn't too hard to understand why he left school rather early and got a job as a clerk in a hardware store. From here he joined a dramatic outfit in Toronto, where he stayed until a traveling repertoire company came along.

Then he decided to go to New York. He arrived there frozen stiff; he had jumped a freight during a blizzard.

Richard Mansfield was auditioning players and Walter was handed a part. Mansfield personally honored him that night by throwing him out of the theater.

Electrician, Then Vaudevilleist
Next he went to Detroit, tried electrical engineering, then tried vaudeville. In one of the acts on the circuit he was playing there was a girl named Bayonne Whipple. She and Walter decided to merge professionally—and maritally. For about 12 years they were headliners on the Keith circuit with their song and dance act.

This marriage like a former one blew up. He decided to go on his own with a big-time act. The Schuberbs paid him \$1,750 a week.

At 39 he turned to the legitimate stage. He managed to get backing, and made his Broadway debut in "Mr. Pitt."

The play wasn't so hot. But Walter was. He's never played anything but star roles on Broadway since. It was during the run of "Elmer the Great" that he met Nan Sunderland and later married her. They are still working happily at it.

He began to make pictures in 1929, and since then has alternated between Broadway and Hollywood.

I've known Walter for years. He's a square shooter. All he asks of life is a reasonable amount of security, good companionship, and the respect of his fellow men.

They'll Throw Weight Now

The Lehman brothers move into the top list of movie moguls with their recent buy of a sizable block of 20th Century-Fox. They bought the Chase bank holdings of that company a couple of years ago. This gives them control of one of the most powerful lots in the industry. They also have their hands in Paramount, RKO, and in Technicolor.

... Twentieth Century-Fox thinks it has a second Judy Garland in a little blue-eyed redhead, Georgia Lee Settle.

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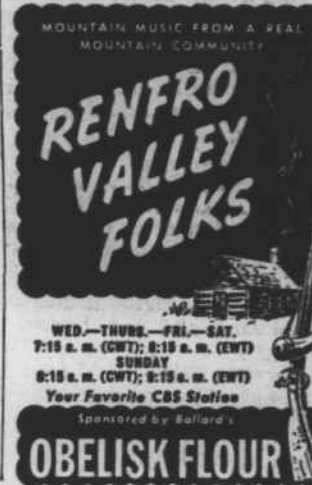
A vacuum cleaner with an extra long cord may be used to collect the fluffy seeds of dandelions in your lawn.

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