



GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

By Col. Robert L. Scott

WNU RELEASE



The story thus far: Young Robert Scott, whose great ambition is to fly, makes his own glider at Macon Ga., pulls off from a roof, and crashes 67 feet to the ground. A Cherokee rose bush probably saved his life. He now goes in for building scale model planes and wins a Boy Scout aviation merit badge. At an auction sale he buys his first plane for \$75. He goes to Ft. McPherson and enlists in the regular army as a private. Winning a West Point competitive exam he is admitted, and in the summer of 1932 after being graduated and commissioned as a second lieutenant of infantry he goes to Europe, which he tours on a motorcycle. He finally arrives at Randolph Field, Texas. This is it.

ments had come. As he leaned over my cockpit and reached inside the ship for the Form One, the time-book always carried in Army ships, I saw only his hand and thought he was offering to shake hands with me. So I grabbed the hand and shook it. He just grinned and growled:

"With landings like those I can do you very little good, and I'll be damned if I'm going to let you kill me. Do you think you can take this thing around the field all by yourself and get it back down?"

"Yes, Sir," I yelled.

"Then take it around and make a landing as close to me as you can."

I had never felt so good. Taxying out I could see the world only in a rosy light. My head was really whirling. Pointing the ship into the wind, I over-controlled into a normal student takeoff and was in the air. Honestly, the living of this life was wonderful—here I was an actual Army Pilot with my own ship, and up here free from the shackles of the earth. I envied no one. Circling in traffic I'd "get my head in the clouds" and gain or lose altitude but that didn't matter. I was solving.

Then, at the fourth leg of my traffic pattern, I began my glide in towards Lieutenant Landon. By the gods he had said, "Land as close to me as you can," and I was surely going to make that ship stop right by him—I wouldn't have my instructor being ashamed of his student. Even before I got to the moment to level off, I could see that I would land right on top of him. But



Gen. C. L. Chennault, who was Colonel Scott's superior in Burma and China.

the Lieutenant was running, throwing his parachute away just to get clear of a student who had really taken him literally.

Anyway, I missed him and plunked the ship into the ground after levelling off too high. Well, I held it straight and there was no ground - loop. As it stopped I breathed again, and I could feel the smile that cracked my face. A pilot! I had landed the ship and it was actually in one piece!

Looking back over my shoulder I saw Lieutenant Landon. He was just standing there about half a mile away. Then I made another mistake. He raised his hands and I thought he waved me in—I didn't know until the next day that he had been shaking his fist at me for trying to land right on him.

So I taxied in, never giving a thought to how my instructor was going to get in with his chute—you see, Randolph is a big field and I had left him more than a mile from our hangar. I had parked the plane and was in and beginning to dress when I began to realize what I had done. Looking out the window I could see him trudging across the hot soil of Texas, in the sun, with ships landing all around him. My Lord, I had tied it up again! I tried to get my feet back into my flying-suit, tripped and fell, got up and ran out of the hangar door. I guess I was going to take the ship and taxi out and pick him up. But I had lost again—the ship was being taken from the line by the next student. I just stood there with sinking heart as he came up. But he didn't even look my way, except to say, "It's kinda hot out there." Then he just glared and threw his chute in his locker.

Well, I nearly worried myself to death that night. I knew he'd more than likely tell me after the next day's ride that I was the damndest student he'd ever seen, and that I didn't have a prayer of making a pilot. But next day he didn't say a word. All day I started to go over and tell him how sorry I was, but I guess I didn't have the nerve.

During my flying training, I had girl trouble, too. You would no doubt call it "trouble," but I knew it was the real thing. I had a Chevrolet then, and every week-end I just had to see my girl, even if she did live over thirteen hundred miles away in Georgia. To get to see her, I would drive that thirteen-hundred-odd miles to her college or her home in Fort Valley, spend anywhere from ten minutes to two hours with her, then jump back in the car and drive madly for Texas and

the Monday morning flying period. I always had to delay my start until after Saturday morning inspection. That meant that I had to average just about fifty-four miles an hour, even counting the time I saw the girl, in the forty-seven hours that I had from after inspection on Saturday to flying time at eight o'clock Monday mornings!

Week-end after week-end I drove madly across the South from the middle of Texas to the middle of Georgia. On one of these cross-country dashes, I weakened and was fool enough to ask the Commandant of Student Officers if I could go to Atlanta. I can still see and hear Capt. Aubrey Strickland saying, "Atlanta what?" And me meekly replying, "Atlanta, Georgia, Sir." He just said, "Hell, no," and I turned and walked from his office with the good intention of obeying the order.

But within the hour I had weakened. I filled my rumble-seat tank, which held fifty-five gallons of fuel, and was off to see her for the short time available. (Yes, she was, and still is some girl.) On the return trip I burned out two bearings near Patterson, Louisiana. Jimmy Wedell, one of the well-known speed flyers, helped me to get it fixed after I explained the predicament I was in. But even with five of us working on the number one and number six bearings of the Chevy, I was twelve hours late getting back to Randolph Field.

As I walked into the bachelor officers' quarters that I shared with Bob Terrill, I expected any minute to hear the sad news. But I was too afraid to ask for details, so I just waited for Bob to say, "You are to report to the General tomorrow for court martial for A.W.O.L. in violation of specific instructions." Finally he put down his letter writing, looked at me almost in disgust, and broke out:

"Scott, you are the damned luckiest man that ever lived! You didn't get reported today. No! This is the first time in the history of Randolph Field that it's been too cold to fly. And it wasn't only too cold to fly, it was too cold to have ground school, because the heating system had failed. We haven't flown today, we haven't been to ground school. So they don't even know that you've been over there to see that girl."

In all of these trips to see my girl over in Georgia, I drove 84,000 miles. I wore out two cars—and you'll probably agree that her father had full right to say to her: "Why don't you go on and marry him? It'll be far cheaper than his driving over here every week-end."

When I had finished Primary and Basic training at Randolph, I almost let down my hair and wept, though, on the day that Commandant of Student Officers called over and said that now I could have permission to go to Georgia, to see my girl. I thanked him and went.

Well, when graduation came at Kelly and I had those wings pinned on my chest, I had the wonderful feeling that I had gone a little way towards the goal I wanted. I was at last an Army pilot. Never did the world seem so good. And then out of a clear sky came orders for me to go to duty in Hawaii. That was pretty bad because I wanted to get married before I went out of the country, and as yet the girl hadn't gotten her degree from college. Probably if I had gone to Hawaii, I would have figured out some way to have flown a P-12 back over every week—but I didn't have to do it after all.

The Chief of the Air Corps came down a few days later and I waited until he had had lunch in the Officers' Mess. Then I walked over and said, "General, can I ask you a question?" "Sure, sit down," he said, and I told him the whole story—and I made it like this: "General, I know that I'm supposed to go where I'm sent because I'm in the Army, but I've got a girl over in Georgia, and I think I can do a lot better job wherever you send me if you can give me time to talk her into marrying me." He didn't appear to be very impressed at first, but he took my name and serial number, and two or three days later, when he got back to Washington, I was ordered to Mitchel Field, N. Y.

As I drove my car towards my first tactical assignment I kept reaching up to feel my silver wings on my chest—I wanted to prove that it wasn't a dream. This was what I had been working for since 1920. Now I was actually riding towards the glory of tactical Army aviation.

I recall that I had just about completed the trip to Long Island, when something happened that will keep me remembering the fall of 1933.

Just before I reached the Holland Tunnel, I was suddenly forced to the curb by three cars all bursting with sawed-off shotguns and Tommy-guns. I jumped out pretty mad, but saw that many guns were covering me and that it was the police. They looked at my papers, but said anyone could have mimeographed orders. They searched the car and me, took down the Texas license number, and even copied the engine number. All the time I tried to talk with the flashlights in my eyes.

(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 November 26

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THE CHRISTIAN VIEW OF INDUSTRY

LESSON TEXT—Luke 19:15-26; II Thessalonians 3:10-12. GOLDEN TEXT—Let him that stole steal no more; but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing that is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth.—Ephesians 4:28.

Work is a blessing, and the proper attitude toward it is an important part of the life of a Christian. Industry has found its best and most dependable workers among those who believe in Christ. It has also come to realize that the strengthening of the faith of its workers makes them better workmen; hence we see all over the land the interesting development of chaplains in industrial plants. That activity rightly planned and properly conducted can be of great value to both the individual and to industry.

Our lesson rightly deals with the individual. Christianity is a personal matter, a life rather than a theory. It deals with the man rather than the mass.

I. We Are Accountable for Opportunity (Luke 19:15).

The king in this parable is Christ, who has now gone away, to return when God is ready for Him to set up His kingdom on earth. In the meantime His servants have been given that which they should be using for Him.

Two things stand out in this story. First, the fact that Jesus is coming again. There are many scoffers who deny that blessed truth (II Pet. 3:3, 4). There are many believers to whom the promise has become but a formal truth in a confession of faith or a creed. But the failure of men to recognize truth and their unwillingness to hold it precious, do not alter the fact. Jesus is coming again!

When He comes, He will have many things to accomplish, but—and this is our second fact—one of the most important is that there shall be an accounting with His followers (who are supposed to be His servants) regarding the life they have lived. What will your answer and mine be in that day? It depends on what we are and what we are doing right now.

The basis of His judgment appears in the following verses, where we learn that:

II. We Are to Be Rewarded for Faithfulness (Luke 19:16-26).

When believers stand in the presence of Christ to answer for the deeds done in the flesh (our sins were judged at Calvary!), it will not be a question of what church you belong to, or what family name you bear, or how much money you have amassed. No, the only question asked will be, "Have you been faithful in trading with the gifts, the abilities and the opportunities which God has given you?"

Note that there are three different judgments here, but all on the one ground of faithfulness. The first man represents those who with all diligence and zeal seek to grow spiritually and to serve the Lord with glad abandon. All that they have and are they give to Him for His glory and for the winning of others to Him. They will be commended by the Lord and great will be their reward!

The second man, with equal opportunity, did accomplish something, but not too much. He represents those who do want to serve the Lord but with no special zeal, no great measure of sacrificial endeavor—just "average" (what an unfortunate standard!) Christians.

The Lord is fair. He does not deprive them of their reward. In the measure that they have been faithful, they too shall find joyous service for Him. But observe that there is no special word of commendation in this case, and there is a limited reward.

The third man represents those who profess to be in fear of God. He seems to demand so much of them and they are not ready to give it. After all, they say, we want to enjoy life. Why should the Lord expect so much of us? Not only do they lose all reward, but the Lord must take away even that which He has already given.

III. We Are Commanded to Work (II Thes. 3:10-12).

From the day that God put Adam in the garden of Eden to care for it, honest work has been the lot of all mankind—yes, and his honor. There is no place in the economy of God for the man or woman who is able to work but is not willing to do so. "If any will not work, neither let him eat" (v. 10).

Apparently there were some in the church at Thessalonica who perverted the teaching of the Lord's return, who said that if Jesus were coming any day there was no use working. They had turned the truth completely around. The point is that since Jesus may come at any time, we should all be doing our utmost to accomplish all we can so that we may stand in His presence with joy, and not with shame.

Password

By STUART M. LONG
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"HALT! Who's there?"

The sentry's cry, ringing out in the still cold night, broke into Laura's thoughts as she was hurrying home. How silly it was to have planned a surprise visit to the marine base without a telegram in advance! And here was a silly guard who would make her stop to give a password she did not know.

"I'm Laura Archer, Colonel Archer's daughter," she told the grim-faced leatherneck who was barring her path with rifle at the ready. "Advance and be recognized," he ordered and, as Laura approached, she saw that he was lean, tanned and tall. She fumbled in her purse for her identification card, then realized that it was in her traveling bag at the station.

"I'm sorry I haven't my I.D. card, but I am Colonel Archer's daughter."

"Any other proof? Otherwise, you don't move on," the guard broke in. Laura knew she was wrong, but she wouldn't let a boot get away with turning her from the post where her father was commanding officer.

"You just call the colonel," she ordered curtly.

"Look, lady, don't you know anyone less than the Skipper?" the guard asked. "I can't be waking him up at O-one hundred to ask him to come out here."

"If you don't, you'll be up for office hours tomorrow," Laura threatened.

"Corporal of the Guard, Number Seven," the marine sang out and, when the shouts for him had echoed down the line from sentry to sentry, out of the shadows on the double came the husky noncom.

"This lady says she's Colonel Archer's daughter, Corporal, but she has no identification," the sentry reported. "She threatened me with office hours if I don't call the Skipper."

"I wouldn't call him out in this storm for another stripe," the corporal vowed. Turning to Laura he asked, "Are you really Colonel Archer's daughter? I've been here seven months and I've never seen you around."

"I've been off to school. Please let me in," Laura pleaded.

An hour later, having been grilled by the men on duty, a tired yet fuming Laura was sent to her father's quarters, where she was admitted on assurance from the sleepy colonel that she really was his daughter.

Next morning, when Laura came tripping down to her father's car, she found that square-jawed, lean and hated face behind the wheel. "Where to, Miss Archer?" Private Gillespie queried.

"My father will be out in a minute," she answered. "The colonel will tell you where to drive."

Private Gillespie's neck reddened. He offered weakly, "I'm sorry about last night, Miss Archer, but you know the General Orders."

She turned her upturned nose toward the parade ground and began a close inspection of a platoon which was drilling there. Private Gillespie watched in the mirror. "Nice looking platoon," he ventured. "That D.I. was my bunkie in boot camp. He sure does put them through, doesn't he?" He continued his monologue, his warm drawl melting the icicles from his listener. He told her his name and about his ranch back in Texas. Then he brought up the sore subject again. "I said I was sorry about last night, Miss Archer," he began, but just then he had to spring out to open the door for Colonel Archer. He was ordered to drive to the parade ground where the colonel was to inspect the recruits completing basic training that morning.

Laura decided to see the review from the car.

Private Gillespie returned to the front seat and resumed his watch. "Today's pay day, Miss Archer, and I have liberty tonight, will you have dinner and go to a show with me?" he suggested. "It would kind of make up . . ."

Just then the rear of a tank banging along the drive halted the one-way conversation. From the parade ground, a thousand frozen-faced recruits, waiting at attention, saw the man in the turret swept to the ground by a low-hanging limb. His left foot, straining unconsciously for a toehold, nudged the left shoulder of the driver, who was operating the massive iron monster by signals. The tank swung to the left, the guide lying unconscious in the road.

The colonel's car leaped ahead, its motor screaming, as Private Gillespie turned the key, touched the starter and let out the clutch. It pulled to one side and stopped as the clanging tank roared past.

Colonel Archer and his aides ran toward the car. "Are you all right, Laura?" her father panted.

"Of course," she smiled, "because your driver knows how to use a rear-view mirror. Father, please ask him to dine with us tonight."

Check Cleaner Bag

If your vacuum cleaner refuses to pick up the dirt, check the cleaner bag. It may need emptying. When you empty the bag, turn it wrong side out and brush it clean. Perhaps the nozzle or cleaner brush is improperly adjusted, or it may be a broken belt or the belt not revolving.

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A little skim milk rubbed over leather chairs several times a year will keep the leather soft and prevent cracking.

In order not to scorch milk, rinse the pan with water for several minutes before heating the milk.

When sending a book through the mails, cut the corners from several heavy envelopes and place over the four corners of the book to protect them.

To clean under the piano, place an old sock moistened with polish over a yardstick.

Add salt to the water in which eggs are to be cooked. This makes the shells more brittle and easier to remove.

If there is a suggestion of rust on your refrigerator shelves, wash them with a mild scouring powder and hot water, dry well with a soft clean cloth, and apply a thin coating of hot melted paraffin.

If candles are soiled, rub them with a cloth dipped in alcohol. Or they may be rubbed with lard or other fats.

Wax your book shelves. This will permit books to slide in and out easier and cause less wear on them.

Jones Found There Were Not Enough Comers-In!

Jones decided to enter business, and so he bought an establishment from an agent.

After some months he failed, and, meeting the agent some time later, he said: "Do you remember selling me a business a few months ago?"

"Yes," replied the agent. "But what's the trouble? Isn't it as I represented it to be?"

"Oh, yes," said the other. "You said it was in a busy locality where there were plenty of passers-by."

"Well!" queried the agent. "What's wrong with that?"

"There were too many passers-by."

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'I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen'—To Germany

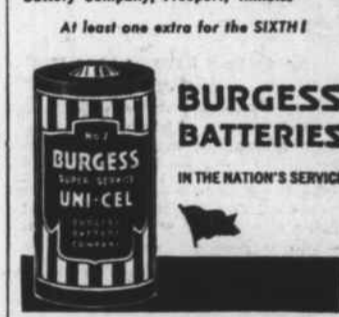
Although frequently played on programs of Irish songs, "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen" has no Gaelic connection. It was written about 70 years ago by the American composer, Thomas Westendorf, as a musical confirmation of a promise made to his wife, Kathleen, that he would take her back to visit her old home in Germany.

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