

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



wings at Kelly field, Texas, and marries a girl from Georgia. From Mitchel Field, Y., he is sent to Panama where his real pursuit training is begun in a P-125. He is given a job constructing flying fields which would some day protect the Canal. He begins to train other pilots. The war is getting closer and he is unhappy because he realizes he is getting farther and farther from actual combat duty. As director of training in a twinengine school in California he writes to General after General asking for a chance to fight. When that chance comes he realizes that his wife and child meant America for him.

### CHAPTER VI

Doug was an ideal flying officer, and it was to him that I first turned for advice on how I should make myself acquainted with this big airplane. Doug had learned to fly at the period when I had been instructing. I had taught his class to fly; now the tables were turned and he would have to be the instructor for while. Don't forget that as yet I hadn't flown a B-17E.

Introducing myself to my co-pilot, I said, "How about showing me how to fly this ship-I want to see how to work these turbos and such." He merely grinned at me in disbelief. "Aw, Colonel," he said, "you can fly the thing-why, you taught me to fly." I finally got him to give me some cockpit instruction by explaining that though I had many thousand hours in PT's, BT's, and other trainers, and knew lots about singleseaters and fast twin-engine medium bombers. I knew nothing about such planes as this big devil. He showed me the approved meth-

od of starting the four engines, when to use the booster switches, how to set the turbos, how to lock the tail wheel-and generally how to pick up that fifty-seven thousand pounds of flying dynamite and take it around the field. I flew it for two landings that afternoon, and that night I climbed all over the Fortress, read the entire maintenance manual, and learned from scratch what made the big ship go. Next day I soloed it for over four hours, and after the twentieth landing I felt as if I was ready to start for war.

Then we tested everything-fired all guns at targets in the everglades, and the cordite from all those roaring fifty calibres gave even the swampy "glades" a sweet aroma. My gunners were eager to be on the way, and I soon found that they knew exactly what they were doing.

Private Motley was my tail gunner. During the entire trip I think he stayed in the tail ninety per cent of the time, just to get used to the way to handle the tall turret. I used to say of Motley that he just didn't care where he was going-he wanted to see where he had been.

Sergeant Aaltonen, the engineer, was charged with keeping the engines functioning properly, and in general the entire enlisted personnel was under him. He was a diligent have ever seen. I can see Aaltonen now, standing there behind my seat and the co-pilot's seat, unperturbed in the roughest of storms, from the violent currents of the equatorial front of the Hamadans to the Shimals of Africa and Arabia. Eternally watching the many Instruments, waiting to correct the slightest trouble even before it happened. When we were lost over trackless seas he was never ruffled, but ready at all times with information as to fuel consumption and the best RPM's for cruising. Once when he was told that we would probably have to land in the Atlantic there was no change in the expression on his face; he simply began to move the provisions to a point where they could be quickly placed in the rubber boats. His job in case of attack was to man the top turret with its twin Fifties.

Sergeant Baldbridge was the head radioman. His secondary duty was to handle one of the waist guns back oft of midships. Corporal Cobb was second radioman; he would leave that to enter the lower turret. The other waist gun on this flight was to be handled by a radio officer, Lieutenant Hershey.

The navigator was a Lieutenant whom I'll call Jack. He was a nervy kid who liked his job. I know that after our mission he made many raids as navigator to bomb the Japs in Rangoon.

We tested the bombardier and the bombsight, too, before we started the flight. Lean, lanky, six-footthree Bombardier George-I never did see how he managed to wiggle into the nose of the Fortress. I can see him there now, tense over his sight, waiting for the bombs to go-ever with the cross-hairs on the target. George had a couple of fifty calibre guns up there in the nose with him, too. He was just the opposite of the tail gunner-he never did know where he had been but always got there first.

And so the eight of them made up my crew-eight good soldiers who had volunteered and who wanted to hurt the enemy. None of them worried about whether or not he'd get home-for he knew of bigger things that had to be done.

We had to test everything, for it was over sixteen thousand miles to Zapan the way we were having to so; there couldn't be a slip-up on . . chance. .. When finally all was set | penal colony, we found that although

The story thus far: Robert Scott, a | I was about nervous enough to bite | the temperature was comfertable on self-made West Point graduate, wins his my nails off, for my ship was to | top of the haze at six thousand feet, my nails off, for my ship was to top of the haze at six thousand feet, be last to leave the States. I had worried every minute of the time we had been waiting for fear that some brass hat would get my orders changed before I could get on my way. The other twelve ships had gone, with Colonel Haynes leading in his B-24. They all made their way to the East separately, with instructions to meet in Karachi, India, for final orders. And Karachi was 12,000 miles away.

As soon as we could leave the West coast of Florida, we loaded up and crossed the State. Going on East over West Palm Beach, I rang the alarm bell, putting all men on the alert, and we dropped down, with the crew firing at the whitecaps out over the Gulf Stream. The guns were working fine but we couldn't take a chance. I had to learn right now whether the crew could work as a team, for once we started it would be too late.

As we came back towards the last field we were to land on in the U. S. A., something strange met my sight, something that made the blood pound a little harder in my temples. There, along the entire beach of Florida, was a jagged black line-the clean sand of Florida's beaches had been made black and terrible-looking by the oil from many tankers sunk by the Axis submarine war. It gave me a queer feeling, for along the beaches there



Col. Scott's superior officers. Gen. Joseph Stilwell, left, and Gen. Claire

was also the beached wreckage of several ships. This war was meaning more and more to us as we prepared to shove off for the first stop

Now we were poised for our flight to Puerto Rico. In our two-day wait for technical changes on the engines I worried more than ever, for the other twelve ships were gone and I was getting frantic lest some-Finn and one of the bravest men thing might change the orders. Fidays of perfect weather, we took off in heavy rain for Borinquen Field, P. R.

The take-off and first two hours of the flight were "Instrument," as we were flying through a moderate tropical front. We finally broke into clearing weather over Long Island Key, British West Indies. This was on March 31, 1942.

Just after noon we sighted Hispaniola at the point of Cape Frances Viejo. Sergeant Aaltonen passed out some hot coffee from the thermos jugs. Our spirits were high, for now that we had passed the bad weather this was like a picnic. The big ship was handling like a singleseater. We turned from the dark, mysterious Hispaniola, crossed Mona Passage, and landed at Borinquen Field at 15:07, just three minutes off our E.T.A. (Estimated Time of Arrival).

Two of our flight's Fortresses were waiting in Puerto Rico for minor repairs, so we felt a little less lonesome. Just in case the authorities in Washington decided to stop the last ship or the last two ships in our mission, I got my crew up long before daylight next morning, and we soon were heading South for Trinidad, ahead of the other two.

A real night take-off from Trinidad-we were airborne in the darkness at 5:20 a. m. As the wheels left the ground I realized very quickly how great a load we were lifting. This was the first time we had taken off with full load of fuel, and it seemed to me that I almost had to lantic. break my arms to keep the tail from going all the way back to the jungle-for all practical purposes the Fortress tried a loop. (It must have been that case of Scotch, added suddenly to the other sixty thousand pounds.) Finally we got the ship rigged properly and climbed on top of the clouds at eight thousand feet. Later we had to go higher to keep from going through the heavy tropical thunderheads; with our overload, neither Doug nor I wanted to risk the turbulence that

we knew was there. As the sun came up we could look down through holes at intervals and see the dark Atlantic near the Gui-

anas. Over Devil's Island at 9:20, I saw by our chart that we were only five degrees North of the equator. Comthis mission, and so we didn't take | ing down lower to look at the French

down in the soup near the water we had difficulty breathing. Passing on over another river identified as the Rio Oyapok, we went out over the Guianas into Brazil at 9.55 a. m. Cruising low at eight hundred feet, we got some unforgetable views of the steaming Brazilian jun-

gle. Looking out to sea, we noticed that the blue color already was changing to the murkiness of the Amazon, though we were about a hundred miles from its mouth. Flying low, I noted that the hump of Brazil near the coast was flat and green and hot as hell-temperature ninety-six and humidity about ninety-nine per cent at 10:55 a. m. We reached the mouth of the greatest river in the world at 11:35 E.W.T.

South latitudes before take paper and to industry. cups of water and drop them on Our lesson rightly deals with the identified from the realm of Neptune than the mass. Rex on the sea. We crossed the Amazon, from just West of Point Grossa over Bahia Santa Rosa to Mixiana Island, thence to Isla da Marajo. This last island in the mouth of the river is one hundred miles wide and reputedly has more cattle on the single ranch than any other ranch in the world. Soon we came to Rio Para, crossed it in a thunderstorm, and were over Belem, where we landed in the blackness of a tropical rain at 12:40 E.W.T.

reaching up into the sub-strato- willingness to hold it precious, do sphere near Bahia San Luiz. This not alter the fact. Jesus is coming storm covered about fifty miles, but again! we got around it without going into were over western Texas. We landed at Natal, our jump-off point for the South Atlantic crossing, at 12:25 E.W.T.

This was to be a real day's flight. For we were not to be able to spend the night at Natal. Our run from Belem to Natal of nine hundred miles, then the crossing of nineteen hundred miles to Liberia, plus the run down the hump of Africa to a Pan-American base on the Gold Coast-this last almost nine hundred miles-had to be made with-For all practical purposes, then, we

make in one day. Ferry Command Hotel. There we teen heavy bombers. One group of these had turned back the night before with one engine out. The the airplane with strong manila reward! rope, and it is on this bemp that The second man, with equal op-

with which it struck the tail section nate standard!) Christians. as it went back on its rope in the The Lord is fair. He does not de-

tal. Just the same, in my attempted reward. nap that afternoon, I grinned at The third man represents those

We climbed out of the Fortress and stepped upon Africa at 11:05 G.M.T. Our crossing from Natal had been made in thirteen hours. Leaving the natives at work under Royal Air Force bosses, we hurried on to Operations, where we arranged for clearance down the coast. Then we were led into a thatch-roofed dining hall for good hot food. If I hadn't been so hungry and tired from the extra tension I had been subjected to, I think I'd have "gawked" at those wild-look-In one night we'd left the hotels of South America, and here we were, having our plates brought by jetblack bush Negroes with rings in their ears and noses, jabbering away in a West Coast dialect. To them we were "Bwana," the food was "chop," and dessert was "sweet,"

(TO BE CONTINUEDA

SUNDAY International SCHOOL \*LESSON \*

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D. Of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for November 26

Lesson subjects and Scripture texts se-lected and copyrighted by International Council of Religious Education; used by

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 Here the width of the Amazon is believe in Christ. It has also come about one hundred and fifty miles. to realize that the strengthening of Boys will have their fun too, no the faith of its workers makes them matter if you are flying low over better workmen; hence we see all the greatest of rivers. As we crossed over the land the interesting develthe equator-old Zero Degrees Lat. opment of chaplains in industrial at 11:56 a. m., at West Longitude plants. That activity rightly planned 49 degrees 32 minutes-I saw those and properly conducted can be of of my crew who had been in the great value to both the individual

the heads of those who were unini- individual. Christianity is a persontiated, thus making them subjects of al matter, a life rather than a thethe sacred realm of Jupiter Rex as ory. It deals with the man rather

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

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, On April 4, we left Belem for Na- 4). There are many believers to tal at 6:55 a, m., and climbed to whom the promise has become but ten thousand feet in order to top as a formal truth in a confession of much of the cumulus as possible. We faith or a creed. But the failure of had to skirt one great anvil-head men to recognize truth and their un-

When He comes, He will have its turbulence. As we went on many things to accomplish, but-South of the equator the haze diand this is our second fact—one of minished gradually and the country the most important is that there became dry, making us think we 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 pres-

ence of Christ to answer for the had thirty-seven hundred miles to not be a question of what church know the General Orders." make in one day.

We got the big ship serviced and

We got the big ship serviced and beyon arrows of No. the only arrows ward the parade ground and began found two more crews of our thir- faithful in trading with the gifts, the abilities and the opportunities which God has given you?"

Note that there are three different other, piloted by Col. Gerry Mason, judgments here, but all on the one had nearly come to grief on the ground of faithfulness. The first man way in from Belem. The rubber represents those who with all dilllife-rafts in the Forts are carried in gence and zeal seek to grow spiritutwo compartments where the wing ally and to serve the Lord with glad of the B-17 joins the big fuselage, abandon. All that they have and This is to facilitate their automatic are they give to Him for His glory release upon contact with the wa- and for the winning of others to ter should the ship have to land at Him. They will be commended by sea. They are of course tied to the Lord and great will be their

the present tale hangs. In the flight portunity, did accomplish something, down the coast some malfunction but not too much. He represents had caused one of these compart- those who do want to serve the Lord ments to spring open-and out came but with no special real, no great the heavy, five-man boat. At the measure of sacrificial endeavorspeed of two hundred miles an hour just "average" (what an unfortu-

slipstream of two engines, it nearly prive them of their reward. In the took the entire horizontal stabilizer measure that they have been faithoff. Only by very skillful piloting ful, they too shall find joyous service had Gerry Mason managed to get for Him. But observe that there is the Fort and his crew of ten to Na- no special word of commendation in this case, and there is a limited

the thought that we in old "Hades who profess to be in fear of God. Ab Altar" were passing ahead of He seems to demand so much of two more ships of the flight. Boy, them and they are not ready to give I dreamed, they'll have a hell of a it. After all, they say, we want to job getting me back there into the enjoy life. Why should the Lord extraining center now! It's four thou- pect so much of us? Not only do sand miles back to Florida and in they lose all reward, but the Lord the morning I'll be across the At- must take away even that which He has already given.

III. We Are Commanded to Work (II Thess. 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 pering tribesmen who were serving us, verted 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 McClure Newspaper Syndicate Released by WNU

H ALT! 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 grimfaced 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 daugh-

'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. out stops, except short ones for fuel. deeds done in the flesh (our sins He offered weakly, "I'm sorry about were judged at Calvary!), it will last night, Miss Archer, but you

thing might change the orders. Finally, after having to wait during ready for the trip, then went to the have amassed. No, the only question of a platoon which tion asked will be, "Have you been was drilling there. Private Gillespie watched in the mirror. "Nice looking platoon," he ventured. "That D.I. was my bunkle 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 from an agent. 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 bang-

ing along the drive halted the oneway conversation. From the parade ground, a thousand frozenfaced 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

Laura?" her father panted. "Of course," she smiled, "because your driver knows how to use a rear-view mirror. Father, please ask

toward the car. "Are you all right,

Check Cleaner Bag

him to dine with us tonight."

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powder and hot water, dry well with a soft clean cloth, and apply a thin coating of hot melted paraf-If candles are soiled, rub them

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them. Jones Found There Were Not Enough Comers - In!

out easier and cause less wear on

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

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 pass-

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

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