

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

By COL. ROBERT L. SCOTT
WNU Features.

(Continued from last week.)
CHAPTER XXVI

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Just South of Tien Ho airdrome, we split the bomber formation, and one of the fighter echelons went with each of the three bomber flights, each with an assigned target. My flight stayed with the lead bomber formation, and I saw our target, an 8,000-ton freighter surrounded by many lighters, there in the river. The smoke from the single stack was lazily going straight up. Morgan's bombardier was bending tensely over his bomb-sight now, keeping the cross-hairs on the tar-

get. I knew the A.F.C.E. was flying the lead bomber as we went on the straight bombing run towards our target.

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

away, and give orders to close the bomb-bay doors. As we wheeled over our targets, turned from West to North, and started home, I heard Morgan call "California," which was my signal that he was on the way home with the big ships.

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

I called directions to the Group as the bombers closed up and I started down. Allison was even now shooting down Zeros around the last formation of bombers. Holloway called to one of his elements to take the climbing Jap ships and return to formation. We were fighting this battle like a business, and we were going to keep together until every bomber was safely on the way home to lunch at Kweilin.

About four thousand feet under the leading three bombers I could see the first of the steeply climbing Japs. As I dove closer I could even see the white smoke rings that formed in front of his wings, and I knew from experience that he was firing his cannon at the bottom of the bombers as he climbed. The Jap carrier in his wings smaller guns that have tracers; he gets these on his target, then shoots his cannon. As I took this first enemy ship, I had one moment of panic: it seemed



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

very close to Morgan's lead ship—maybe I couldn't get to it in time. Then my dive took me right up above the Zero, between him and the bomber. I held my fire until the last two hundred yards, and shot the Zero down with a two-second burst. It exploded within a hundred yards of the ship in which Colonel Cooper was—he confirmed it for me later. But as I pulled up and looked for the next enemy ship, I recalled that I had almost made my joking threat too good. For the Jap had got too close to the bomber in which the Chief of Staff was riding.

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

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

One other I saw trailing smoke as he rolled over, but I didn't get to see him catch fire or crash. The bombers had outrun our dog-fight and were going down-hill fast for Kweilin. I heard Morgan call that chow was on, and I knew he considered his bombers safe. I called and told Captain Goss to escort the bombers to base.

The others of us broke away looking for straggling Japs. I took my flight over towards White Cloud airdrome, where ack-ack was so heavy that it was just about making the sky black. I guess I must have thought of Lieutenant Daniels—for I dove. I hadn't heard a single P-40 call for help; so I was fairly confident that

we had won the battle. My wing man must have got lost in my dive, for I went down towards the anti-aircraft pretty fast.

From the altitude at which I had started my dive I couldn't see what was on White Cloud field, but as I pulled half out of the four-hundred-mile-an-hour dive over the hills South of the airdrome, I saw an airplane. It was a big ship, which I soon saw had three engines. The door was open, and I think men were hurrying to get in or out. Two cars were driving away from the ship. Even at my speed I tried a burst at the tri-motored Junkers 52,

but I saw the tracers go short, and when I got closer I could see the dust far to the left of the target. My speed was so great that I couldn't hold enough pressure on the rudder steadily for accurate shooting. But I must have gotten a few tracers in, for as I swept low over the ship it seemed that dust was churned up all about.

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

My engine missed several times, as it had done from some poor gasoline earlier in the flight, and I decided to let well enough alone and get away from White Cloud. Keeping just about down in the rice, I went straight North to the river. With the engine missing every now and then, I spent a miserable few minutes that seemed like a year until I got out of Jap territory. "Dammit," I told myself, "I always do some fool thing and wind up in these attacks coming home solo." I always hated to think of an engine failing and of myself captured near a Jap field that I'd just strafed. Especially where I'd just shot up a transport-load of "brown hats."

In thirty miles I crossed the Wen-Kiang and was in friendly territory. I heard Holloway call that he'd slipped up on a twin-engine Jap L-45 that had been trailing the bombers home and had shot it down. I laughed, for Bruce was always getting to slip up on some luckless Jap and blow him up. Several weeks before, we'd kidded him about two Jap biplanes he'd shot down in Indo-China. Everybody said they were going to let him paint half a flag on the side of his ship to represent the victory—and besides he was going to have Vichy France mad at him for shooting down those Frenchmen, and he'd be sure to get a letter from Washington to answer by endorsement. Later it came out that the ships were flown by Japs, and that they were being trained in these ships in Indo-China. It was just kidding, anyway, for Bruce Holloway was one of the most eager pilots in all the world and was running up a good score.

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

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

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

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

From what I had already seen, I knew that the Japanese soldier and the Japanese war machine were not out merely to beat us in war—they were out to EXTERMINATE US, even to the extent of killing our pi-

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

(To be continued)

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that Lillian J. Taylor was on the 27th day of March, 1945 was appointed ADMINISTRATRIX of the Will and Estate of Ida Katherine Taylor, deceased, by the County Court of Lane County, Oregon. All persons having claims against said Estate are required to present them, duly verified as provided by law to said Executrix at the Law Office of Alta King, 613 Main Street, Cottage Grove, Oregon, within 6 months of first publication of this Notice, March 29th, 1945. Alta King, Attorney, Lillian J. Taylor, Executrix. 33-5t-37.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: That EARL F. MARCY has been appointed Administrator of the Estate of ALBERT V. MARCY, sometimes known as A. V. MARCY, deceased, by the County Court of Lane County, Oregon. All persons having claims against said estate are required to present them, with proper vouchers, within six months from the 5th day of April, 1945 to said Administrator at the Law Office of HERBERT W. LOMBARD, First National Bank Building, Cottage Grove, Oregon. EARL F. MARCY, Administrator. HERBERT W. LOMBARD, Attorney. 34-5t-38.

NOTICE OF TIMBER SALE. Sealed bids, marked outside "Bid for Timber", and addressed to the Chief Forester, O. and C. Administration, 901 Guardian Building, Portland 4, Oregon will be received until 10:30 a.m., Pacific War Time, May 8, 1945, for the purchase of timber upon tracts hereinafter described; each bid must state the amount per M. feet B.M., which will be offered for each species and the total consideration which will be paid for the timber. No bid for less than the appraisal value will be considered. Each bid must be submitted in duplicate and be accompanied by a deposit in the form of a certified check in favor of the Treasurer of the United States. The deposit of any successful bidder will be credited on the contract. Payment in full at the time of filing the contract is required in sales amounting to \$2500 or less. For copies of the form of proposal, form of contract and bond, terms of payment, amount of deposit required with bid, amount of bond required with contract and other information, application should be made to the address shown above. IN LANE COUNTY: T. 16 S., R. 1 E., Sec. 35, all merchantable timber designated for cutting on the E½, estimated for the purpose of this sale to be 4330 M. feet Douglas Fir. No bid for less than \$4.20 per M.ft.B.M., or a total purchase price of \$18,186.00, will be considered. All timber within an area of 5 acres, more or less, in the NE¼SE¼ and all timber in an area of 32 acres, more or less, in the W½SE¼, these areas bounded by blazed lines, is reserved from cutting. T. 18 S., R. 1 W., Sec. 15, all merchantable timber designated for cutting on Lot 12 (NW¼SW¼), Lot 13 (SW¼SW¼), Lot 14 (SE¼SW¼) estimated for the purpose of this sale to be 2295 M. feet Douglas Fir, 15 M. feet Hemlock, 35 M. feet Red Cedar, 20 M. feet Incense Cedar, 25 M. feet White Fir. No bid for less than \$4.00 per M.ft.B.M. for the Douglas Fir, \$2.00 per M.ft.B.M. for the Hemlock, Red Cedar, and White Fir, \$1.50 per M.ft.B.M. for the Incense Cedar, or a total purchase price of \$9,360.00, will be considered. T. 18 S., R. 8 W., Sec. 29, all merchantable timber designated for cutting on the S½NE¼SE¼, estimated for the purpose of this sale to be 545 M. feet Douglas Fir, 10 M. feet Hemlock. No bid for less than \$5.25 per M.ft.B.M. for the Douglas Fir, \$2.50 per M.ft.B.M. for the Hemlock, or a total purchase price of \$2,886.25, will be considered. All timber cut from each of the above described areas must be manufactured in the local marketing area designated by the O. & C. Administration unless otherwise authorized by the Chief Forester. If the unit prices bid are above those authorized by MPR 460, they will be reduced to the maximum permitted under that order. In case of two or more identical bids for the same timber, the successful bidder will be selected on the basis of comparative importance to the war program and ability to further the objectives of the Act of August 28, 1937. The right is hereby reserved to waive technical defects in this advertisement; to reject all bids, or to award the

timber for the amount of the highest bid to other than the highest bidder when necessary, pursuant to the Act of August 28, 1937 (50 Stat. 874), in order to provide permanence of the community which is dependent upon such industry. Dated at Portland, Oregon, this 16th day of April, 1945. W. H. Horning, Chief Forester, O. and C. Administration. 36-2t-37

WANT-ADS

WILL CARE FOR elderly person or a child in my home. Myrtle Powers, phone 20F3. 36-1tc

FOR SALE: Smith AC Arc welder 250 Amp. 926 E. Main, city. 36-1tp

FOR SALE: Young work horses, prices from \$60.00 to \$75.00 each. Reduction if team is taken. Roy Mason, 1 mile out South 6th St. Phone 265-Y. 36-1tc

BABY CHICKS WHITE LEGHORN, NEW HAMPSHIRE. All breeders under official Oregon Poliorum inspection program. Geo. M. Petersen Hatchery, Rt. 5, phone 2198W, Eugene, Ore. 21-18tc-39

If thinking of selling out be wise and sell for the high dollar. No sale too large, no sale too small.

ROY MASON

Auctioneer

Phone 265Y

WANTED: Women for laundry work. Apply to Collins Laundry, Phone 44. 33-tfxxx

PAPER HANGING: C. M. Adams, Disston route, 2½ miles east. 34-4tp-37

WANTED: Woman or girl for general housework. Good wages with time off, with or without board and room. 136 N. 8th St. 34-4tc-37

WE MAKE GASOLINE and fuel storage tanks. O. K. Welding and Forge Shop. 21-tfxxx

GEORGE'S REPAIR SHOP: Cabinet work, crating, glazing, furniture repair. Geo. D. Foster, 121 N. Lane street (in old Godard carpenter shop). 14-tfxxx

SOMETHING NEW

Complete Sealed Beam Headlights, Bumper Jacks, Hydraulic Truck Jacks, Electric Drills. A few small hot plates left at \$3.95

Walker Auto Supply Company

Just Over the Bridge

WANTED: For mill: Planer feeders, car loaders and green chain men. For woods: Buckers and fallers. Family houses available or bus service each day. Row River Lumber Co., Phone 43J5. 39-tfc

FOR SALE: 7-tube Stewart-Warner electric radio. \$50.00. 126 Madison Ave. 36-1tp

FOR SALE: 13 acres, 1½ miles west of town, between Gowdville and Lorane highways; electricity; electric water system, deep well. House, 5 rooms downstairs, built practically new; chix house, 500 hen capacity; barn, 3 cow capacity. Some young fruit trees; year round stream for irrigation. Telephone; cream, mail and high school bus routes. A. R. Hemenway. 36-2tp-37

FOR SALE: 2 bedroom home, 6 cabins on 1 acre, fruit and nuts. Close in on So. 6th St. \$5500. Ed Lewis. 36-2tp-37

WANTED: House work by hour or laundry at my home. Mrs. C. W. Burge, 1020 W. Main. 36-1tp

FOR SALE: Electric washing machine. \$85.00, 616 S. 7th St. city. 36-1tp

Kidneys Must Work Well

For You To Feel Well 24 hours every day, 7 days every week, never stopping, the kidneys filter waste matter from the blood. If more people were aware of how the kidneys must constantly remove surplus fluid, excess acids and other waste that cannot stay in the blood without injury to health, there would be better understanding of why the whole system is upset when kidneys fail to function properly. Burning, scanty or too frequent urination sometimes warns that something is wrong. You may suffer nagging backache, headaches, dizziness, rheumatic pains, getting up at night, swelling. Why not try Doan's Pills? You will be using a medicine recommended the country over. Doan's stimulates the function of the kidneys and help them to flush out poisonous waste from the blood. They contain nothing harmful. Get Doan's today. Use with confidence. At all drug stores.

DOAN'S PILLS

FOR SALE

FOR SALE: 4 lots and 1 A. Beautifully located. Will sell together or 2 lots with ½ A.

FOR SALE: Several lots at present time. Town properties, farms, all sizes in acreage

SEE OR CALL

Alice J. Breedlove
1120 West Main—Phone 126-R
with

Culp & Lake, Realtors

36 East 11th St.—Phone 3420
Eugene, Oregon

FOR SALE: Portable phonograph. Call 129J. 36-1tp

FOR SALE: 57 A. 13 mi. S.W. of C.G. on Lorane Hiway. Electricity, creek and springs, fair bldgs., about 10 A. in grain. \$2600.00. Less for cash. See Roy Stephens, three-fourths mile from Anlauf Lodge on Lorane Hiway. 36-1tp

RENT: 500 Ac. pasture for cattle, sheep, goats. Monthly. Also 240 acres for 1 year. Do not write, come in see C. Dvorak, Curtin, Ore. 36-4tp-39

WE HAVE A GOOD STOCK of Fir Tex, Sheet Rock, Bathroom Tile, Flex Board, Roofing, Doors, Windows and Screen Doors. O. K. Supply Co. 36-1tc

FOR SALE: 4 good cows. 2 milking, 2 fresh in May; cream separator; electric fence controller. ½ mile east Saginaw bridge, ½ mile north and ½ mile east. Wm. Geerds. 36-1tp

FOR SALE: 5 heifers, two years old. Rice Hays, Delight Valley. 36-1tp

FOR SALE: 2 incubators, good condition. R. W. Hill, Saginaw. Phone 28F5. 36-1tc

FOR SALE: Davenport, mahogany library table, mahogany chest and white enamel ice box. Phone 25F12. 36-1tc

WATER WELL DRILLING See your water well driller before you buy or install your pump. Pumps and supplies. Phone 26F23. J. H. Thomas, Oakland, Ore. 10-tf-xxxx

FOR RENT: Floor sanders and waxers. The Grove Hardware, phone 18. 21-tfxxxx

You may now obtain Real Orange Juice at most food stores

No Mess or Fuss of Squeezing — Just Pour. Bottled Daily in Pint or Quart Milk Bottles by

VAN'S DAIRY

BUYING WOOL & MOHAIR At market price. Have wool twine, also new and used sacks. 119 North L St., Phone 174J. Sybil A. Veatch. 36-2tp-37

FOR SALE: 1 Ostermoore mattress \$12.00; one 50 pound cotton felt mattress \$6.00; 1 coil spring \$9.00; 1 round oak table \$6.00; 1 pigeon hole desk \$8.00; 5 chairs \$1.00 each; one 6-hole Colonial range \$20.00. J. F. Godard phone 15F14. 36-1tp

BLOCK and SLAB MIXED

\$4.00 Delivered

Full Cord

Call

R. B. GRAY

178-L

Victory Fuel Co.

FOR SALE: Majestic range, good condition, bedstead and springs, other household articles. 221 So. 16th St. 36-1tp

Wool and Mohair

Highest cash price for your wool and mohair. Will be received each Tuesday at Farmer's Union Store, Cottage Grove. D. C. Wilson, phone 3 or call Yoncalla collect, phone 21F15. 36-tfxxx

You GAIN reduced prices—MAPLE TABLES—chests at Calahan's—Eugene. Maple coffee tables, night stands—30 tables to see.

Children's crib blankets 39c, quilts reduced for quick sale. Unfinished chests, desks and tables reduced for quick sale. Calahan's Furniture Store, Heilig Theatre Bldg. 36-1tc

ELECTRICAL WIRING

Brisbane Electric

Phone 73 1049 East Main

FOR SALE: 4 acres with five room house, electricity. 1 mile east Cottage Grove on Thornton Lane. \$3,500 cash, \$4,000 terms. Everett Wheeler, phone 41F13. 36-2tp-37

Dangerous Snakes Of about 205 species and varieties of snakes in the United States less than 15 per cent can be considered dangerous to man.

Moose Lodge Meets

Meets Every TUESDAY

Night, 8:00 o'clock

Petersen's Hall 18-tfc

Live better in your own home

85 acres—73 in cult.—63 good river bottom land all in crops. 10 room modern house, also 5 room house, elec., bath. Large barn, chix house. Fully stocked and equipped for the price of \$10,000.00. 15 miles West of Cottage Grove.

26½ acres, about 7 in cult. Some wood, bal. pasture. 2 barns, large chix house. Nice 5 room modern house completely furnished. Fireplace and elec., bath. The price of \$7500.00 includes furnishings, stock and equipment.

15 acres—5 miles West. Year round creek. 5 room house with elec. and wired for elec. range. Fruit. Small barn. 10 acres tillable. \$3500.

50x100 lot with 4 room house, firx finish inside, unfinished attic, large living room, two bedrooms. Cement foundation. Some furniture included in the price of \$2650.

MERL KING

with

RODMANS & HILTON

701 Main st:

Phone 216