

The story thus far: After many unsuccessful attempts, Scott snally makes West Point, and in the summer of 1932 after being graduated and commissioned as a second tieutenant of infantry goes to Europe, which he tours on a motorcycle. He is happy when he finally arrives at Randelph Field, Texas, and becomes an air cadet, for to fly has been his life's dream. He is graduated from Kelly field and has some wings pinned on his chest. He is now an army pilot. Then came orders to report in Hawaii, which leaves Scott pretty blue, as he wanted to get married to a girl in Georgia, to whose home he had driven over \$4,000 miles while on week-end trips from Texas. He tells the General about his plight.

## CHAPTER IV

It took them thirty minutes to find out that the mere fact that I was traveling in a car with a Western license plate didn't make me Pretty Boy Floyd, who they said was on the prowl in that area. I finally had to telephone the Commanding Officer of Mitchel Field, and as he didn't know me, all he could say was that an officer by the name of Lieutenant Scott was supposed to be on the way to Mitchel from Kelly. Any-way, I still don't think I looked even then-like Pretty Boy Floyd.

My arrival at my new station was the start of a hectic time for the Air Corps. First I began to try to work in some flying time by volunteering for every flight I could get. I had an especially good break when I got on the Department of Com-merce weather flights. I used to have to get up at two o'clock in the morning and take off-no mat-ter what the weather was - at

On one of these I found myself in quite a bit of trouble. As soon as I took off I went on to instrument flying and climbed up through the heavy clouds in the Curtiss Falcon known then as an O-39. Out to the side, fastened to the "N" struts, I could dimly see the barometrograph which was to record the changing weather as we climbed to as high as the ship would go. It was necessary to climb at a con-stant three hundred feet a minute, which in several thousand feet became fairly monotonous. I finally adjusted the stabilizer so that the ship would climb this altitude, and then all I had to do was to keep the wings straight and level with the turn and bank indicator and the course constant with the gyro.

But I had reckoned without real knowledge of flying. My first indication of trouble came at some seventy-five hundred feet, when I was surprised to see the reflection of the moon down directly beneath my ship. I then forgot all caution and tried to fly partly on instruments d partly by visual reference. This I learned pretty soon was about imole, for I went into the nicest pin I have ever seen. Recovering tried it again but the same thing I had set my stabilizer for the steady climb of three hundred feet per min ute, as the fuel was used the weight of the ship decreased and the nose forward. This gradually precipitated a stall which turned into a spin as the big Conqueror twisted the fuselage from propeller torque. I had to resolve to do all my instrument flying by hand until the auto-matic pilots were perfected later.

That afternoon I looked at the graph paper of the barometer recording, and there were two little jagged lines, plainly showing where the ship had lost nearly four thousand feet in two spins.

The weather flights got pretty mo-otonous, and I would take off from Mitchel and fly up over Boston then let back down to my home base. Finally the meteorologist caught on and told me to please stay over the area, as he had other weather ships taking the same read-

These flights taught me enough to save my life when the Army took over the airmail contracts a little

If you remember 1934—there was trouble between the Governme and the air lines concerning airmail contracts. To me even this was a life-saver in securing flying time, dered to fly no more than four hours a month. This was the bare um to receive flying pay, and, as it turned out for many, the best way to get killed in airplanes. It's still a game that takes constant

The weather we flew in to carry the mail during the winter of 1934 was about the worst in history. I sometimes think the powers on high ollaborated to give us a supreme There were fourteen pilots most of them were killed because we had no instruments for the ships, or which carried fifty-five pounds of mail; we flew old B-6 bombers that would carry a ton of mail at a eed of eighty miles an hour, prowasn't too strong-sometimes they almost went backwards. We flew verything from a Curtiss Condor-hich Mrs. Roosevelt had been us-ig, to the old tri-motored Fords. ng from a Curtiss Condor and we flew through the w

The route that I flew from Chicago, to Cleveland, to Newark, was what was known to all airmail pilots as the "Hell Stretch"—and it 723 just that, as I found out pretty

Sometimes people on new jobs got mixed up and sent the Cleveland mail in the wrong direction from Chicago, towards Omaha, or sent the Chicago mail from Cleveland to New York, the reverse direction -just normal events amid the "growing pains" of an Army flying

Once the control officer finally got a man in the air after sweating the weather out to the West for days. I saw his ship take off and disappear in the snowstorm. Then I saw Sam Harris jump up, for the U. S. mail truck had just driven up. It was late, and in the excitement of getting the ship's clearance the eager pilot had forgotten to wait to have the mail loaded. The control officer had to call him back and start all over.

About that time, when men had gun to die on airmail, I wrote a letter to this girl, the same one I had been going to see by automo-bile from Texas. It was addressed to her in case the "old ship hit some



Col. Robert L. Scott Jr., author of "God Is My Co-Pilot."

thing," and I carried it around in my pocket during all my trips of my pocket during all my trips of airmail—I nearly wore it out, just carrying it. But the ship didn't hit anything and she didn't see it. In it I must have just asked her to marry me—that's all I used to ask her

One night I took off from Chicago and came to Cleveland. They couldn't find the man who was supark: I found out later that he was sick. So I talked them into letting me take the ship on East. I climbe in and headed out towards the bad weather. When I got to it, following the experience I had gained in the months before and the advice I had received from the airline pi-lots, I climbed instead of diving. hunt for a way through. At 18,000 feet I came out and over the clouds. I was alone, for as far as you could see. There were stars and a moon, and down below were the swirling clouds over the Alleghenies, dropping their snow and ice. If I had turned back towards Cleveland, I would have had to let down in the dark and probably would have crashed. So I decided to head into the clear sky of the night, at 18,000 feet, and as the dawn came the next morning I started my let-down, for at least I would have light in which to make the landing.

My radio had not worked since I had got into the snow and ice; so I was flying merely by dead-reckoning. I let down somewhere over what I thought was northern Pennsylvania, but after buzzing the town and reading the name, found I was over Binghamton, New York. I flew on South, having remembered a field at Scranton, Pennsylvania, and

The landing was quite an experience. As I dove over the field I saw workmen there, frantically waving their arms. They were repair-ing the field. But I was about out of gasoline, so I came in, motioning with my hand for them to get out of the way. The only damage was caused by my landing on one of the small red flags on a stick that one of the workmen had been waving-he had hurriedly stuck it in the ground when he saw me landing regardless, and I came down right on top of it; but the small tear was of no consequence. I repaired it, had coffee with the man in charge of the sirfield, and went on toward Newark.

They had long ago given me up for lost, for in that same night two othlost, for in that same night two other army pilots had met their death over the Alleghenies. Once again I felt that something had told me to climb when I got to the bad weather, and if that same thing had told those men to climb they would have flown through instead of going down—they might have disregarded a warning. In a case like that we think it's luck but maybe it's not. To me luck, but maybe it's not. To something had said, "Get altitu don't roam around down here, get altitude and go on." And I think that after that things just took care

themselves. With airmail over, we went back

to our usual duties at Mitchel Field. Things sort of settled down, and I began to make more flights and more automobile trips towards

Finally I talked the girl into it. We went on up to West Point and were married. Catharine really fits into this story because it was the trips over to Georgia to see her, from every place in the United States, that not only made me drive an automobile but taught me crosscountry flying, since I had been fly-ing in these later months from wher-ever I was—by way of Georgia.

From Mitchel Field I was sent to Panama. And then began my real pursuit training. In P-12's I roamed across the country of Pana-ma up into Central America and down into South America. I was given a job constructing flying fields, which we figured would some day protect the Canal. These fields were put in for the purpose of installing radio stations and also air warning devices to tell us when enemy planes approached the Panama Canal. I would have to go down on the Colombian border and contact the natives, some of whom were head-hunters, to work on these fields that we were building. We would have to get the grass cut off, and I would make motions with a machete

the long knife of the Darien Indisns—and show them what we had to do to keep that field so that air-planes could land on it.

The natives didn't work very well with us at first. But we doctored a few of them for chiggers and for other infections under their fingernails which had become very inflamed, or we flew men in to hos-pitals who needed operations, and soon they began to appear more friendly. By the time we left there they were calling me "El Doctor."

When my training of other pilots began, I realized the terror I must have caused my own instructor. For in training I perceived my own faults better, learning even to anticipate the mistakes the student would make. And I learned much about the peculiarities of man, for on one occasion I had a student who attempted to kill me. I don't know why-he would have killed

One day I was told to take out a ings and such, and when he tried to slide down and land on a highway, would take the ship and caution him about gliding low towards trucks and automobiles. On one of these tries, as I gave him a forced landing—you do this merely by cut-ting the throttle to idling speed to rolled the ship on its back and pulled it down in a dive towards the ground. I waited as long as I could and then I took it away myself. I found that the man was glaring straight toward the trees we had almost hit. I landed the ship and asked him what was the matter. He appeared very sullen, and so I took him aloft again.

Once more I put the ship on its Immediately he pulled it toward the ground, and I knew it was intentional. With alarm I realized that with him almost frozen to the contr I would have extreme difficulty tak ing the ship from him by force. I hurriedly kicked the right rudder, which carried the half roll into omplete snap roll. Then I wen through every acrobatic maneuver I knew until I made birn sick; after that I flew him back to Randol Field with my own heart beating little wildly.

As I landed the ship two men stepped from behind a plane, ask-ing to see the student. "You just wait a minute," I said. "After all. he's my student and I have some things to say to him." Then they pulled gold badges out of their pock ets to show me they were F.B.I. men. They had been looking for this student for a long time. had been a pilot before and had smuggled dope across the Mexican border, and I believe to this day that to evade the arrest that was waiting for him, he was trying to end it all. But the worry I had here was that in ending it for himself, he would have been ending it for me.

When I first came to Randolph we worked only half a day and had the rest of the day to play around at golf, to hunt, or do anything we wanted. But as the belief that war was coming got into a few American people, we started the limited Air Corps expansion program. We then began working all day, and I was moved up to a Flight Commander ernment was giving contracts to ci-vilian corporations to train Army pilots. The Air Corps was begin-ning to grow. As the years rolled into 1939, I was moved to California to become Assistant District Supervisor of the West Coast Training visor of the West Coast Training Center. This job was to check all flying cadets in the three schools at San Diego, Glendale, and Santa Maria. Later on I received my first command—that of the Air Corps Training Detachment called Cal-Aero Academy, at Ontario, California. I worked this up from form nia. I worked this up from forty-two cadets, until after one year we had nearly six hundred.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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## Rats Fish With Tails

Rats on the uninhabited and baren atolls off New Guinea subsist entirely on crabs, which they catch by the unique method of dangling their tails in the water from the edge of a flat rock. Usucadet listed as an incorrigible and to try to find out what was wrong with him. I gave him forced landtail, and the rodent hauls in the catch like a fisherman.

suits are collarless-and Amergan fashion to their hearts instantly! You just can't have too many

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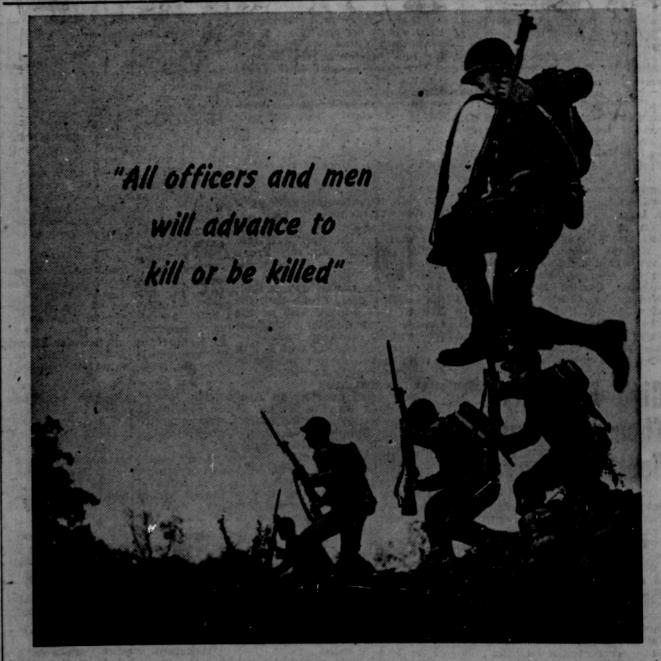
In 1943 gasoline and motor vehicle tax revenues combined accounted for nearly 30 per cert of the total state revenues.

Next year will mark the thirtieth anniversary of the use of meter vehicles in the rural free delivery mail service. Rubber-tired mail cars had a bearing on the passing of the first federal aid highway law in 1916.

Jerry Thew In war or peace **BF.Goodrich** FIRST IN RUBBER

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For the Preservation Of the American Way of Life ☆ ☆ **BUY U. S. WAR BONDS!** 



THIS IS NO DREAMED-UP HEADLINE-no "tone poem" conceived on an inspired typewriter. It's the way the army explains the command "Fix bayonets-charge!" Only the Infantry has it put to them in these words. As one doughboy said:

"Til remember those eleven words the rest of my life."

Remember? How can he forget them? They describe the climax of the Infantryman's assoult-they describe the most cold-blooded action on a battlefield. Yet Infantry officers and men have advanced, countless times, to kill or be killed ... at Saratoga ... at New Orleans ... the Argonne ... New Guinea ... Salerno. There's no rescinding of this order - no retreating - no nothing but

Right now, the men of the Infantry are closing in for the final kill. They're advancing every day-advancing to the order of "kill or be killed." Remember this the next time you see a doughboy on furlough. Remember this the next time you almost forget to write that letter. Remember it till your dying day. You can't pay the doughboy back-but at least you can be forever mindful of his role in this fight for freedom.

\*Keep your eye on the Infantry—THE DOUGHBOY DOES IT!