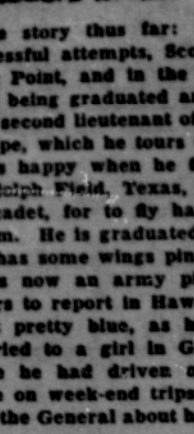


# GOD IS MY CO-PILOT



By Col. Robert L. Scott

W.A.U. RELEASE



The story thus far: After many unsuccessful attempts, Scott finally makes West Point, and in the summer of 1932 after being graduated and commissioned as a second lieutenant of infantry goes to Europe, which he tours on a motorcycle. He is happy when he finally arrives at Randolph 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 whom he had driven over 24,000 miles while on week-end trips from Texas. He tells the General about his plight.

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 was just that, as I found out pretty quickly.

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 the mail.

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 begun to die on airmail, I wrote a letter to this girl, the same one I had been going to see by automobile 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 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 anyway.

One night I took off from Chicago and came to Cleveland. They couldn't find the man who was supposed to take the mail on to Newark; I found out later that he was sick. So I talked them into letting me take the ship on East. I climbed 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 pilots, I climbed instead of diving, to 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 there I landed.

The landing was quite an experience. As I dove over the field I saw workmen there, frantically waving their arms. They were repairing 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 airfield, and went on toward Newark.

They had long ago given me up for lost, 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 something had said, "Get altitude, don't roam around down here, get altitude and go on." And I think that after that things just took care of 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 Georgia.

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 cross-country flying, since I had been flying in these later months from wherever 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 Panama 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 Indians—and show them what we had to do to keep that field so that airplanes 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 hospitals 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 himself, too.

One day I was told to take out a cadet listed as an incorrigible and to try to find out what was wrong with him. I gave him forced landings and such, and when he tried to glide down and land on a highway, I 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 cutting the throttle to idling speed to see what the student will do—he 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 back and told him to bring it out. Immediately he pulled it toward the ground, and I knew it was intentional. With alarm I realized that with him almost frozen to the controls I would have extreme difficulty taking the ship from him by force. I hurriedly kicked the right rudder, which carried the half roll into a complete snap roll. Then I went through every acrobatic maneuver I knew until I made him sick; after that I flew him back to Randolph Field with my own heart beating a little wildly.

As I landed the ship two men stepped from behind a plane, asking 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 pockets to show me they were F.B.I. men. They had been looking for this student for a long time. He 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 and taught instructors, for the Government was giving contracts to civilian corporations to train Army pilots. The Air Corps was beginning to grow. As the years rolled into 1939, I was moved to California to become Assistant District Supervisor 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 forty-two cadets, until after one year we had nearly six hundred.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## SEWING CIRCLE PATTERNS

### Pretty and Comfortable Frock

### A Smart Collarless Cardigan



**8683**  
12-20

**8660**  
14-48

**AS PRETTY** as they come—and as comfortable as any yet designed, a frock with a wide-shouldered effect which is achieved by the subtle placing of the two rows of frill which ends neatly under a velvet bow at the waistline.

Pattern No. 8683 is in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14, short sleeves, requires 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch material.

**Rats Fish With Tails**

Rats on the uninhabited and barren 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. Usually, in a matter of minutes, a crab comes along and grabs a tail, and the rodent hauls in the catch like a fisherman.

**GI Fuel Tablets**

Soldiers in the field who formerly used paraffin candles to heat their food, now use a new synthetic fuel tablet which heats cans in seven minutes.

**GI Fuel Tablets**

Soldiers in the field who formerly used paraffin candles to heat their food, now use a new synthetic fuel tablet which heats cans in seven minutes.

**GI Fuel Tablets**

Soldiers in the field who formerly used paraffin candles to heat their food, now use a new synthetic fuel tablet which heats cans in seven minutes.

**GI Fuel Tablets**

Soldiers in the field who formerly used paraffin candles to heat their food, now use a new synthetic fuel tablet which heats cans in seven minutes.

**GI Fuel Tablets**

Soldiers in the field who formerly used paraffin candles to heat their food, now use a new synthetic fuel tablet which heats cans in seven minutes.

**GI Fuel Tablets**

Soldiers in the field who formerly used paraffin candles to heat their food, now use a new synthetic fuel tablet which heats cans in seven minutes.

**GI Fuel Tablets**

Soldiers in the field who formerly used paraffin candles to heat their food, now use a new synthetic fuel tablet which heats cans in seven minutes.

**GI Fuel Tablets**

Soldiers in the field who formerly used paraffin candles to heat their food, now use a new synthetic fuel tablet which heats cans in seven minutes.

**GI Fuel Tablets**

Soldiers in the field who formerly used paraffin candles to heat their food, now use a new synthetic fuel tablet which heats cans in seven minutes.

**GI Fuel Tablets**

Soldiers in the field who formerly used paraffin candles to heat their food, now use a new synthetic fuel tablet which heats cans in seven minutes.

**GI Fuel Tablets**

Soldiers in the field who formerly used paraffin candles to heat their food, now use a new synthetic fuel tablet which heats cans in seven minutes.

**GI Fuel Tablets**

## Quick Relief

FROM SNIFFLY, STUFFY DISTRESS OF

### Head Colds!

SPECIAL Double-Duty Nose Drops Works Fast Right Where Trouble Is!

Instantly, relief from sniffling, sneezing distress of head colds starts to come when you put a little Va-tro-nol up each nostril. Also helps prevent many colds from developing if used in time. Just try it! Follow directions in folder.

### VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

## SNAPPY FACTS

ABOUT RUBBER

Consumption of reclaimed rubber in the United States increased more than 50 per cent from 1940 to 1943. Reclaimed rubber may frequently be used in the manufacture of the same articles from which it was reclaimed.

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

Next year will mark the thirtieth anniversary of the use of motor 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.

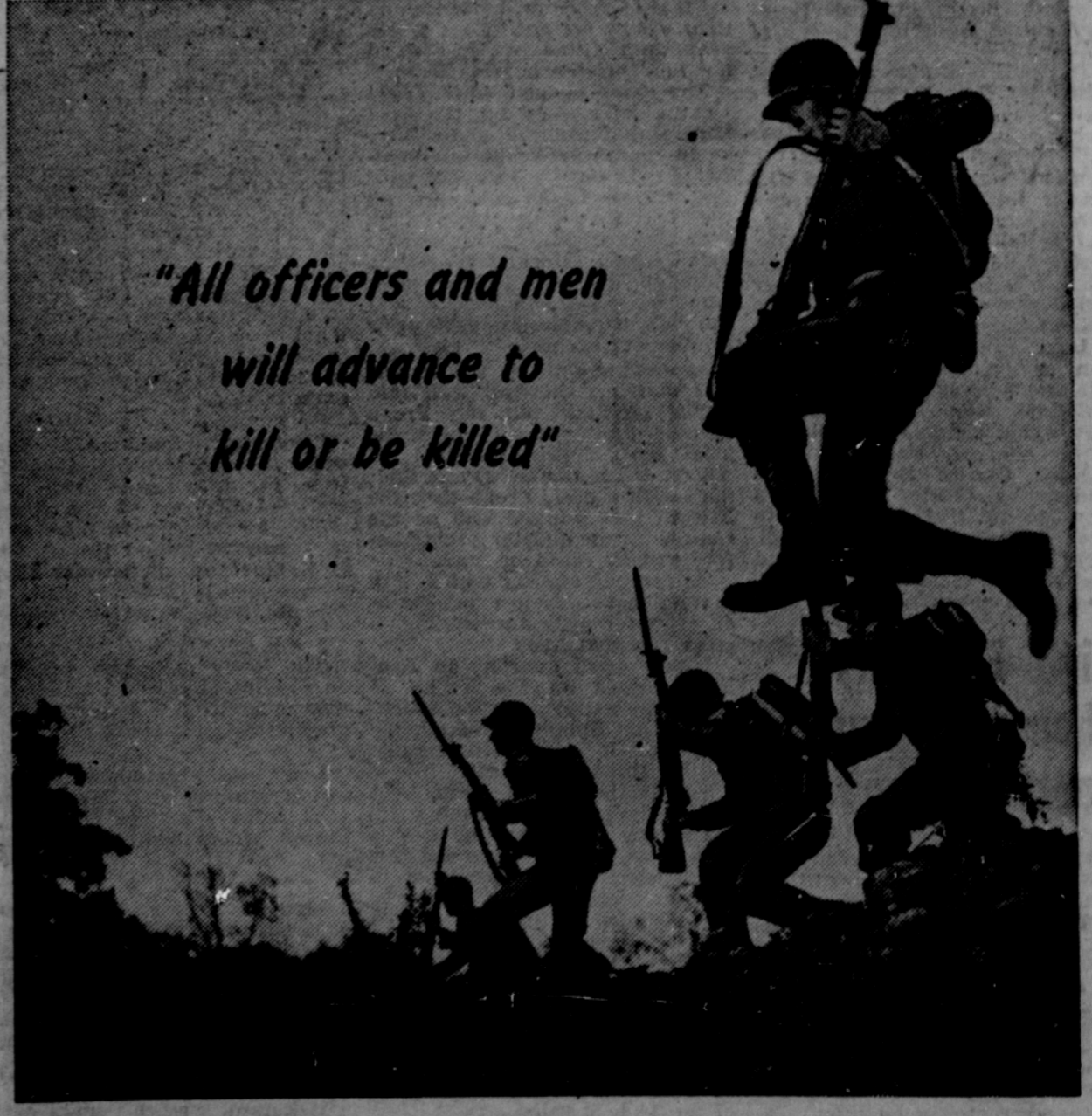
*Jerry Shaw*

*In war or peace*

## B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

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



"All officers and men will advance to kill or be killed"

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:

"I'll remember those eleven words the rest of my life." Remember? How can he forget them? They describe the climax of the Infantryman's assault—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 plain killing.

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!"