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The story thus far: Robert Scott, a selfmade West Point graduate, wins his wings at Kelly Field, Texas. He is sent to Panama, where his real pursuit training is begun in 2 P-125. When the war comes closer he has been instructor for several years, and fears he will get no combat flying. At the outbreak of war he pleads with many Generals asking for a chance to fight, and at last the opportunity comes. He says goodby to his wife and child and leaves for Florida, where he picks up his Flying Fortress. After some flying instruction (from a former student of his) he flys the big ship 12,000 miles to India. Here he becomes a ferry pilot flying supplies into Burma, but he does not like this job.

CHAPTER IX

We kept low to the flat country now, so that it wouldn't be silhouetted against the sky. Moreover the trees under us caused the olivedrab of the ship to blend in, making us harder to see. I thought many times that we couldn't get lower; but we kept going down until I know if the wheels had been extended we'd have been taxying.

I guess we were both a little bit nervous as we peered ahead for any little dot that would mean a Jap. Fly specks on the windshield-and you get lots of them when flying as low as we were-scared us many times. I could feel the palms of my hands sweating as the tension increased.

Finally, straight ahead, I saw a lone column of smoke and thought it was Shwebo. The Japs must already have bombed that too. We kept right on going, expecting any minute to see about eighteen Zeros on our tail. Bombs had started these fires, and where Jap bombers were. fighters could not be far away. The smoke plume grew larger and blacker as we came nearer, until we could see the glow of the fires and the licking flames. We both must have automatically concluded that the burning town was Shwebo, for without more than a glance to check the map we headed for the Southeast corner of the town, where the field was supposed to be.

Then I saw them, high overheadthree planes. But I almost sighed in relief, for they were only Jap bombers-no fighters yet. We kept on low, trying to find the field, while more bombs blasted the town. After searching for several minutes we realized that we were looking into the smoke of the wrong town, for farther South we saw another smoke column, and after checking our position by a canal to the West, we agreed that this town was Kinu and that Shwebo was ten miles South. Shwebo was burning too, and, as we learned later, had been bombed only minutes before we arrived. Jap fighters had accompanied the bombers. So once again some hand of Providence had intervened - had made us mistake Kinu for Shwebo and waste a little time circling.

Colonel Haynes saw the field at Shwebo and pulled the big transport around like a fighter, slipping her in and sitting her down like a feather-bed. We taxied over to the shade to try to partially hide the ship, and I stayed to guard the Douglas while he went to see General Stilwell. You could hear the staff officers and the soldiers yelling, and see them throwing their tin helmets in the air. Jack Belden of Life magazine told me later that they had never expected an American ship to get through, and that when the white star of the U. S. Army Air Force was identified, they had even sung "God Bless America." But to us right then, America

seemed a very, very long way off. While Colonel Haynes went for General Stilwell, I stationed the crew around the ship, and we watched the sky with Tommy guns. There was a dead feeling in the air -the smell of smoke and of human flesh from the burning town-and I expected any moment to see Jap Zeros diving on the transport. There we stood with our viritable pop-guns, waiting for Jap cannon.

Just a few minutes later a jeep drove up and C. V. Haynes jumped out, saying that most of the staff was on the way behind him but that General Stilwell wasn't going. At my look of surprise, he added that the General was going to walk outthat he refused to be evacuated by Well, for the life of me I couldn't see what face would be saved, for the British Army had gone up the road to the North, and most of the Chinese armies were also on the way out. Perhaps the General knew things that I didn't know. But I remember that Colonel Haynes and I talked it over during the minutes while we waited for the Staff to get aboard. We wanted to take General Stilwell out if we had to use force; after all, he was the Commanding General of all American forces in China, Burma, and India, and we knew he was to have a very slim chance of walking out to

India through Burma. I guess if we had captured General Stilwell and taken him back to Chungking we'd have been courtmartialed and shot. But we didn't much care what happened then anyway. Burma was falling, and there seemed to be a never-ending stream of Japs coming North. I guess we thought we had a very slim chance of ever getting out alive. After all. we'd been flying around bombed Burmese towns all morning, and when you expect to see Jap fighters any minute for hours, with you in destination and the General won't for him outside. go-things just don't much matter.

We loaded the anxious staff and took off for Calcutta, with over forty passengers. We could easily have taken from fifty to seventy, but the staff colonel whom we instructed to give the signal when the load was aboard evidently lost count, for he came up and told Colonel Haynes that all were inside.

As we crossed South-Central Burma towards the town of Chittagong, we planned to come back that night and take General Stilwell out if we had to trick him into getting aboard. We crossed the many mouths of the Ganges in one of the worst rains that I've ever seen, and soon landed in the humid heat of Calcutta. While we were reservicing for the second trip of some five hundred miles, Joplin landed from Assam, and Colonel Haynes had him unload his cargo and take off immediately for Shwebo. Once again we ourselves flew through black rain across the Ganges into Burma, but when we landed we found that all had been evacuated except wounded British and American soldiers. In the half darkness, for the night was lighted by the fires of the burning villages, we loaded them on and took them to Calcutta.

General Stilwell with a few of his staff, his ADC, Colonel Dorn, and Jack Belden, war correspondent, had gone on to the North on the long trek to India by way of the Uyu and Chindwin Rivers to the Manipur Road. For weeks no one knew where he was.

One of the officers in this last cargo handed me an itinerary that the General had given him, and I resolved to try to drop food and vitamin capsules to the party as it made its way to the West. The projected itinerary would lead them from Shwebo North to the Uyu Riv-



Gen. Archibald Wavell, who was commander-in-chief of British forces in India.

er, down that stream to the Chindwin at Homalin, then down the Chindwin to Sittaung and Tamu, and thence on the Manipur Road to Imphal. Using it, I expected to be able to contact them and drop the necessary food; Joplin and I even figured we could land on a sand bar in the Chindwin and pick them up. We planned all this out the next day as we flew back home, four hundred miles to the Northeast, transporting our first jeep into Assam by plane.

But though we began next day to fly into Burma to contact General Stilwell's party, again we found that there was many a slip 'twixt the cup, etc., even when one had an itinerary. After I'd crossed the Naga Hills in my single P-43, I would follow the Chindwin South until I came to Homalin. Then I'd turn to the East up the river, flying right down in the canyon formed by the thick jungle trees. I carried a Very pistol to identify myself, but learned that we had no air-to-ground liaison code with which to establish our identity to General Stilwell. As a substitute I decided to fire a green light, figuring that anything but red

would indicate that I was friendly. Though I saw party after party, there was no way of identifying that of the General. I marked their positions on my map, and we went back later in a transport plane and dropped food to all of them-food, medicines, and blankets. Later I dropped letters attempting to establish a code between his party and our ships, so that if he wanted us to land when he reached the Chindwin, he could signal us with a panel. We were never able to contact him, but we continued to drop food to every party of refugees we saw.

As the days stretched into weeks and no news came of General Stilwell's party, we just dropped bags of rice and medicines to all parties, whether they were led by a General or by a British sergeant. On my single-ship escort trips I noted that burning barges were floating down the Chindwin, South of Tamu. One afternoon I saw four big riverboats burning at the docks of the town where the Manipur Road began. I reported this to the British. Then, about three weeks from the day we had flown down to get the staff out of Shwebo, I met General Stilwell and his tired group at the little Tinsukia railroad station. I told him that practically all the Air

an unarmed ship, and then get to | Corps officers in Asia were waiting

That night, as we gathered at tea planter Josh Reynolds' house, we had the greatest gathering of Generals' stars that all Assam had ever seen. There was Wavell, Alexander -who made on that occasion the classic statement: "The situation in Burma is very confused"-Brereton, Naiden, Bissell, Stilwell, Hearne and Siebert. Just about everyone except General Chennault, and he was very busy getting the AVG out of Loiwing and up to Paoshan. Burma had at last fallen.

The evacuation of these Chinese armies from Burma to India and China now gave us more adventures in the A. B. C. Ferrying Command. They were scattered all over northern Burma, from West of Myitkyina, North to Shimbyang and Putao. It was our job now to drop rice, salt, and medicines to these thousands of starving soldiers. I remember that as I first saw Burma it used to look to me like the greatest hunting country in all the world, completely wild and unspoiled. And it was just that evidently there wasn't anything for even the animals to eat.

Once when it was clear enough to see the surrounding country, I was aware of a strange sight. We'd been dropping rice at Shimbyang when I saw some villages, and there again I noticed something that I realized now I'd been seeing through all the Burmese towns-white cattle, the bullocks of the East. It started me to thinking: How could people starve when there were hundreds and thousands of cattle in northern Burma?

That afternoon I got to talking over the food situation with one of the best of the ferry pilots, Capt. John Payne. He said he'd looked the field over at Putao-or Fort Hertz, as the British called it-and although it had been condemned by the British for the landing of aircraft, he could land a transport on the short runway. The entire length of that field was slightly less than one thousand feet, and if any other pilot than Joplin or Payne had made that statement I would have ignored the offer; but I knew that Payne knew what he was talking about.

. We loaded on 4200 pounds of rice to land at Fort Hertz and went over the Naga Hills to Burma. As I sat there being Long John Payne's copilot, my thoughts were on this happy-go-lucky flyer. He had been an Eastern Airlines pilot for nine years kitchen. The units may be divid-As he said, he'd let down into Atlanta so many times in the smoke and fog that the bad weather of When Johnny first joined the ferry command he came into prominence teur homecrafters to whole affair in Burma. Johnny had said, "If at first you don't succeed, give up, for no one in this country gives a damn anyway."

We got over Fort Hertz pretty quickly and circled the little cleared place on top of a hill. The single runway, if you could call it that, was just nine hundred feet long. There were tracks where ships had landed, but we found later that they had been slow RAF biplanes. There was a makeshift bridge at one end -two trees across a stream-and four markers made from dead trees which showed the other end of the "runway." Everything else was jungle. As Payne throttled the engines for the landing, he let down the wheels and said in his nonchalant

"When I say okay, give me full oven door open to permit the flaps-then if I don't hit the first ten moisture to escape and thus prefeet of that field, spill 'em, for we'll

go around again.' Well, Johnny Payne brought that heavy ship in like a master. He didn't hit the first ten feet-I honestly think he put those wheels down on the first foot of the available runway, and we had stopped at least is starting into the wood. fifty feet before we got to the other end. You ask a transport pilot if eight hundred feet isn't a damn good landing.

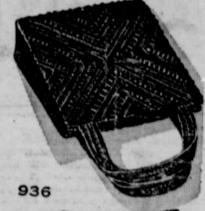
Johnny stayed back to unload the ship and guard it, for the Japs were supposed to be fairly close and we had learned that when people are in the panic of evacuation and starvation you can trust no one. I walked down the trail to contact the General of the Fifth Chinese Army. wanted to ask him if he was getting the rice, and find out why he needed rice when there were bullocks all around; I guess I really wanted to see for myself if the stories of sickness and starvation were true. What I saw and found was proof enough.

General Ho took me about three miles down the road that led to Suprabum, and I counted fifty-five bodies of soldiers who had died either of cholera or from starvation. As I walked among them, with the harsh smell of death in the air, this Chinese General told me that his soldiers had been killed trying to get bullocks from the Burmese. You see, the Burmese are Buddhists, and it is against their religion to eat meat or to see the sacred bullocks slaughtered. We must keep on dropping rice or the entire army would starve, said the General. And we kept it up, dropping over two million pounds into Burma before the armies were evacuated into India for re-equipment.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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current war conditions, slightly more time is required in filling orders for a few of the most popular pattern number Send your order to:

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So inside every prayer wheel are hundreds of tiny pieces of paper, each one bearing the prayer "Om Mani Padme Hum," which, being interpreted, means "O, the Jewel in the Lotus." Every time the wheel is spun round, all the pieces of paper rotate, so that each turn means that hundreds of fluttering pieces of paper have sent their prayer to Heaven.

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By Ruth Wyeth Spears NOTE: Pattern 270 gives a full size pat-



WHETHER you have a house of your own or whether you move often, unit book shelves are the answer to many a problem. They may be scaled to fit almost any space; you may add to them as needed and they may be shifted from one place to another according to your mood. They may start in the living room and end in the children's room or in the ed, multiplied or used in various

combinations.

You need no special skill to Burma didn't worry him much. These well proportioned shelves were designed especially for amaexemplified our feelings about the from the five-and-dime will cut the curved shelves of the end units. Because the shelves were designed by a homemaker, a simple method of constructing them with no open dust space at the bottom was worked out and special thought was given to the width and depth of shelves so that they would have the maximum usefulness and still be made of stock sizes of lumber.



After baking always leave the vent the oven from rusting.

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Keep your windows bright and clear on the inside during the winter by merely wiping them off with a soft paper napkin each week. This will remove the moist dirt and polish them at the same time.

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tern for the curved shelves of these book cases and large diagrams with dimensions of all the straight pieces. Also a com-plete list of materials required and illus-trated directions for each step in the con-struction of the units. To get this pattern enclose 15 cents with name and address

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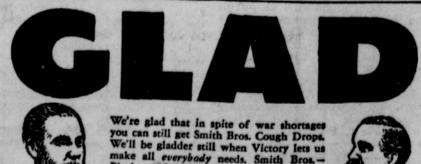
Mexico has its own way of conserving tires. Mexican motorists are required, by government regulation, to keep their cars Idle one day a week. Car owners select their "motorless day" and then must display on their windshields a sticker of a color designated for that day of the week.



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