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

The story thus far: After graduating from West Point, Robert Scott wins his wings at Kelly Field, Texas, and takes up combat flying. He has been an instructor for four years when the war breaks out, and is told he is now toe old for combat flying. After appealing to several Generals he is offered an opportunity to get into the fight. On arriving in India he is made a ferry pilot, but this does not suit Scott, who talks Gen. Chennault into giving him a Kittyhawk for combat flying. Soon he is flying over the skies of Burma and becomes known as the "one man air force." Later he is made C.O. of the 23rd Fighter Group, but he still keeps knocking Jap planes out of the

### CHAPTER XXIX

But from the patrol that had been at the Mekong and from the "probables," we knew that we had not let one Jap escape from the December 26th attempted bombing of Yeching. I felt so good I wanted to radio the General, but I waited until we checked up on those who were missing, so that I could go and tell him in person.

Our victory had not been without loss. Lieutenant Couch, who had led the rear attack on the bombers, had failed to return. His wing man had seen him pulling up over the tail of the bomber formation after shooting down one of the Japs; but they had concentrated their fire on him and had shot him down in flames. No one knew whether or not the Carolina pilot had gotten out. In the speed with which that attack had moved you didn't have time to see parachutes opening.

Another pilot, Lieutenant Mooney, had been seen to shoot one bomber down, and then, in another head-on attack, had either collided with another of the enemy or had exploded it so close to his own ship that the observing pilot had not been able to see Mooney's P-40 again.

Sending out the usual search parties, I took off into a setting sun for Kunming. My heart was heavy with the loss of two fine pilots, but there was still hope that they had gotten out. And at the same time my spirits were singing with victory.

I landed at headquarters in the dark and went to the General's house. Over the rough road that led there, my mind was on the speedy happenings since I had driven out to the ship that morning. Then I drove past the guard at the gate, who smiled and yelled, "AVG-dinghao." I called a cheerful greeting to him, for everything was good now. There was a full moon rising in the sky-a "bombing moon," the Chinese call it-and the cedar trees around the house that the Gissimo had built for the General were casting long shadows in its light.

I tossed my flying gear on bed in my room and hurried to the General. I saw "Gunboat" the houseboy coming out of the General's corner room. He said softly. "General still feel pretty bad."

General Chennault was in oed, propped up by pillows. He glanced up from a map and looked at me. "Well, Scotty," he said, "I hear there was a fight over Yeching this afternoon and I see blood on your face, so I know you made contact. What happened?"

Trying to look real stern, I told the General that nineteen Japs had come in, just as he said they would. at the same time as the day before-only this time we were higher than they and were waiting for them. "General," I said, with a tremor of pride in my voice, "we shot 'em all down."

The General was looking more like a well man every moment. He asked about our losses and I told him about the two missing pilots. He thought a minute, then started to get up.

"Scotty, if you'll look over behind you in that pretty box, you'll find a bottle of Haig & Haig, pinch bottle, that the Soong sisters sent us for Christmas. We're going to open that and celebrate."

We were celebrating when Doctor Tom Gentry came back and began to ask the General why he wasn't in bed with his fever. The General looked so happy. I guess. that Doctor took his temperature again. Then he gave me a funny "Normal," he said. "Sometimes I think if you all shot down a few Japs every day, the General would even get to where he could hear as well as he could when he was a boy in Louisiana."

The General filled his glass again and handed me the bottle. Then he raised the glass at me and said. "How!" We drank to the victory of the afternoon.

Early next day I went over again with Holloway, just in case the Jap came again. We learned that the victory had not been without cost. Lieutenant Mooney had been found dead, close to the wrecks of two burned airplanes-a Mitsubishi Japanese bomber and his P-40.

Couch had had better luck and was in the hospital. I went up to see him as soon as we assigned the "aerial umbrella" of P-40's that were going to patrol the skies for a recurrence of the Jap raids. Lieutenant Couch was badly burned but was resting easy. He told me that the bomber he had fired on had begun to smoke and he'd taken his plane in very close to make certain that the Jap burned. This had been a mistake, he knew, for the guns of three or more of the enemy had

he dove out he was on fire; the flames streaming out of his engine covered the canopy. From some reflex action he had done the wrong thing again-he'd rolled the canopy open and the flames had been sucked into the cockpit, into his face. He had already unlatched his safety belt in order to jump, and in dodging the flames he was thrown about in the pilot's compartment, though he must evidently have got the canopy closed again, for the flames were held out by the glass.

Couch went through long seconds of torture as he was thrown about in the bottom of the spinning planethe rudder pedals struck his burned face, and sharp projections hurt his shoulders and back. He struggled to his feet again, rolled the hatch back and was thrown out and away from the burning ship.

We tried the same defense to hold the advantage over the Japs if they should come again. During the first hours of the morning I flew low over the surrounding hills and saw the forest-fires set by the burning of the enemy planes that we had shot down the day before. From over one village West of Yeching, I could see the wreckage of the two ships that had flown together; the natives were standing about looking at what had come out of the skies. As I took my formation into the air and followed out the instructions the General had given me, I realized that for all practical purposes he was in the fighter with me; I was merely privileged to press the trigger and send the enemy into the ground and destruction. Yes, the General rode with me on those flights in more ways than one. If we kept following out his tactics we'd hold our ratio of twelveto-one over the Japs as we battled them in China.

None of us in China was fooling himself-we knew that what little we had accomplished against the enemy would have very small bearing on the outcome of the conflict. But under General Chennault we had made the most of what we had. We had developed fighters with an urge for combat and the aggressive spirit of battle. We had bases in China from which to attack other bases in China, that were Japanese. With more equipment we could hold our bases and we could take the bases farther East, from which we could bomb the heart of Japan.

I expect I wouldn't have been much good in combat that day if it had come, for I was doing too much thinking, and fighter pilots can do only one thing at a time. Even when I landed and walked about among the Chinese dead from the Christmas Day bombing. I just kept on thinking.

That afternoon at two o'clock I got all our ships in the sky again. I rode on Holloway's wing over the top of them all, and we watched and waited for our interceptors on the Mekong to yell, "Here they come." Nothing happened-I guess General Chennault was right again. "You destroyed their group yesterday," he had said that morning. "We've got them worried, and they'll have to wait for their long supply line around to Burma to send some more planes."

When the sun got low on the blue hills of Yunnan, I began my thinking again. There was no use fooling ourselves - the situation in China was bad. All of China that was developed at all was in the hands of the Japanese. The Jap had worked with extreme foresight in preparing

converged on his fighter, and when ! for this war, and the "heart of the octopus" was going to be hard to get at. But it could be done more easily from China-and it had to be

> I got to thinking about something that had occurred a few days before, when the Christmas season was approaching. I had just had my twelfth little Jap flag painted on the fuselage of my P-40K. Each of these represented a confirmed victory over the enemy, and my crew chief was as proud as I was. But I learned that day that some one else was sharing in that pride too.

On my way to work that day, driv- the amateur and semi-pro boys. ing from the General's house to the operations shack, I had seen a crowd of Chinese around my ship. They were sitting there silently and waiting, and I wondered at them. But the old American answer came to me-"We never can figure them out"-and I went on. As I passed by during the morning the Chinese people were still standing around my plane in the drizzling rain.

Finally I called for my crew chief and asked the meaning of the crowd. With a puzzled look, he replied that he didn't know: they had told him through an interpreter that they just wanted to sit there and wait for the pilot of the ship. I sent one of my interpreters to investigate and learned that they were really waiting for me; they had received permission from the Chinese Commandant to enter the field.

Some time later I walked over to where they were still standing in the slow rain. As I approached my ship they bowed as the Chinese do. by standing at what we would call "Attention" and nodding the head in respect. As I smiled at them-ragged children, old men and women. coolies from the fields, and several who I thought were school teachers -they raised their thumbs high towards me and yelled, "Ding-hao, ding-hao!" And they pointed with pride to my twelve flags.

The sun was going down now, even from our vantage point up there at twenty-five thousand, where Holloway and I were patrolling. We called to the other ships to land, and as we saw them go into the Lufbery circle and the rat-race that fighter pilots like to land from, Holloway rolled over and dove straight for the ground. ! started to roll with him-then I turned back for one more look at the setting sun. Down on the earth, to those earthbound creatures, the sun was down. There the shadows of the approaching out for a day's fishing toted along night covered the ground, but up enough grub to sustain life in a norhere I could see above the moun mal adult for six weeks. Boy, tains, and the sun still shone on my what sandwiches! Roast beef, lamb, fighter. I pulled almost straight up corned beef, pork and what have in the steep climb that I like to make you! That's what made fishing enbefore diving home, and looked joyable. The average fisherman into the vivid blue of the Yunnan didn't care half as much for fishing skies. Some verses were running as he did for enjoying a heavy meal through my thoughts. Against the or two without bothering about table drumming of the engine I heard my manners." own voice repeating the words of another fighter pilot, John Magee, who had died with the RAF in the battle of Britain.

"Up, up the long delirious burning

with easy grace Where never lark, or even eagle.

while with silent, lifting mind And I've trod

high untrespassed sanctity of

space.

Put out my hand, and touched the face of God."

[THE END]

# John Hersey ~

• The American major in charge of affairs in an occupied town in Italy was questioning some of the citizens of Adano. "What does this town need most?" he asked one.

"Much to eat," replied the Italian.

Another Italian said: "It needs a bell more than anything. The spirit is more important than the stomach, and that bell which the Fascists took away from Adano was our spirit."

The town got its bell.

A BELL FOR ADANO-a best seller for many months-was written by John Hersey, brilliant war correspondent for Time and Life, after covering the Sicilian campaign. The New York Times says: "It's the finest novel about American participation in the Second World War that we have seen."

Look for this thrilling and informative story-

IN THIS NEWSPAPER

BEGINNING NEXT ISSUE

### MORE MEAT FOR THE AMATEUR FISHERMAN!

The recent battle of deep sea fishermen for more ration points for meat found wide public sympathy. Nothing makes a man hungrier than fishing.

And that goes for ordinary fishermen, too. Which prompted Elmer Twitchell, the famous river, inlet and lake angler, to come out strongly today in favor of more grub for

are being put up these days for the individual small-time fisherman?" demanded Mr. Twitchell. "Not a calory in a carload!"

---"Late last autumn," Elmer continued, "the box lunches provided anglers was so lacking in nourishment that some fishermen would leap out of a boat and take any bait a fish would take. In fact, when the

"I was on a fairly crowded lake casting for bass in October. I was using a big wooden plug with a red head and white stripes. On my first cast two fishermen dove for it!"

Elmer insisted that in another instance he was using a metal spinner, and as it went by the end of a dock a fellow angler made two strikes at it.

"Amateur anglers, arise!" demanded Mr. Twitchell. "The professional fisherman ain't getting a much tougher break than we are. What does the wife put in her husband's lunch when he goes fishing these days? A jelly sandwich, six animal crackers, a stale doughnut and a little cold coffee!

"You can't fish an hour anywhere without getting hungry enough to eat a horse. That's why farmers never pasture a horse near a trout stream

tion to OPA at once. "Spring is here and the amateur angler is in a bad way," he said. "Unless he gets a little substantial food in that lunchbox he will be grabbing feather

PRIVATE PURKEY WANTS A G.I. AT THE PEACE TABLE

Dear Harriet: Like I told you some time ago am working with my pals on a sort of League of G.I. Peace Kibitzers and the thing is getting into shape fast. Of course Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin is handling things okay now at places like Yalta, but is all just expressing intensions and ideas. When the war ends and the peace delegates begin to huddle the real fighting will start and nothing will help to make them stick to their objecktives like maybe some G.I.s at the peace tables.

I don't see why there should be any opposition to G.I. representation in the peace. If there had been a free for all battle with gangsters in your street and you had to put up a tough fight would anybody tell you to scram under the bed and keep your big mouth shut while the whole question of further trouble was handled by a group of well-dressed strangers who had cleaner collars and better table manners?

insisting that the G.I.s who has been getting their noggins knocked off all through it just drop everything, put a gag in their mouths and never speak above a whisper while the whole question whether they will have to do it over again is decided by professional peacemakers who never slept in a hole full of icewater, et their meals in a snowdrift or swum every river in Africa and Europe?

## Optimism

("All eating and drinking places

Little posters on the wall You'll quote prices per highball So a man will get a feeling Bar-rooms know about a ceiling.



\_--"Have you seen those lunches that

"It's reached a point where it's snapped up in midair, not by a fish filled with feathers or kapoc. The but by fellow fishermen!" he added.

season ended they were taking artificial lures.

or bass lake.

"In normal times a man setting

Elmer began getting up a peti-I've topped the wind-swept heights lures!"

So when a war ends what is about

will be forced by OPA to display posters giving the ceiling price on beers and liquors."-News item.)

They will quote the price of beers, Ales and cocktails, it appears, So a man fair play will get When he's drinking—wanna bet?

## Easy to Make Your Upholstered Chairs

THIS pair of chairs, so much at home in a Victorian setting, would be just as appropriate in a modern room. They are comfortable too, and anyone who can nail together a box can make the wooden frame. Scrap or even old boxes will do, for this foundation part is entirely covered.

With the frame finished, the lady with needle and thread and a few tacks will probably take over. The

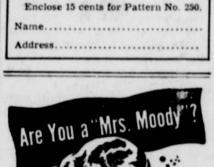


padding is easy-just cotton batting basted to muslin over the almost impossible for a fisherman to seat and back. The cushion may get his bait into the water. It's have a cotton filling or may be est is a simple covering job.

> NOTE-Pattern No. 250 gives large diagrams for all parts of the chair frame with construction steps, padding and covering clearly illustrated. A bill of materials giving lumber estimate, amount of padding and covering materials is in-cluded. To get Pattern No. 250 enclose 15 cents with name and address direct

> > MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS

Drawer 10



Low Moods Are Often

Related To Constipation Yes, depressed states and constipa-tion often go together! Take Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). Contains no chemicals, no minerals, no phenol derivatives. NR Tablets are different act different. Purely vegetable-a combination of 10 vegetable ingrediuncoated or candy coated, their action is dependable, thorough, yet gentle, as millions of NR's have proved. Get a 25¢ Convincer Eox. Caution: Take only as direct their action. Take only as direct their actions. Caution: Take only as direc

NR TO-NIGHT, TOMORROW ALRIGHT ALL-VEGETABLE LAXATIVE Natures Remedy M-TABLETS-M

ONE WORD SUGGESTION FOR ACID INDIGESTION-

# LAME, BENT OVER

Don't Let The Old Folks Suffer So

When their back muscles are too stiff and sore to straighten up without agony, and their legs are too lame to walk without suffering, rub in OINT-EASE to relieve such crippling miscries and limber up the cramping muscles. It should help them to straighten up and walk without distressing pain. Sufferers who despaired of real relief from Muscular-Rheumatic torments find that the Added Strength of the FOUR great proven analgesics in OINT-EASE rot only brings them greater relief and longer heat comfort but makes it easier to get around. Try OINT-EASE! It should bring blessed relief in many pains. NOTE: OINT-EASE is the same preparation sold as JOINT-EASE for over 40 years. For free sample write OINT-EASE 33-C St., Hallowell, Maine.

# Mother says: Relieves pain and soreness

There's good reason why PAZO ointment has been used by so many millions of sufferers from simple Piles. First, PAZO ointment soothes inflamed areas — relieves pain and itching. Second. PAZO ointment lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. Third, PAZO ointment tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. Fourth, it's easy to use. PAZO ointment's perforated Pile Pipe makes application simple, thorough. Your doctor can tell you about PAZO ointment. Get PAZO Today! At Drugstores!

**Buy War Savings Bonds** 



If you suffer from hot flashes, feel weak, nervous, highstrung, a bit blue at times—due to the functional "middle-age" period peculiar to women—try this great medicine—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. Pinkham's Compound HELPS NATURE. It's one of the best known medicines for this purpose. Follow label directions.

## CLASSIFIED DEPARTMEN

Electric Water Heaters

ELECTRIC WATER HEATERS: Save money! Buy direct. Write Jepson Electric Water Heater Co. 651 W. 89th. Dept. 18, Seattle 7, Wash.

## FOOT REMEDIES

WHY say "O, my feet!" Get book of home treatment by famous Specialist. Lift fallen arches, treat aching feet, corns, bunions, athletic foot, ingrown nails, odorous feet. Walk without tiring. \$1.06 postpaid, Satisfaction or refund. FUSON'S SPECIALTIES, Box 67, Ellensburg, Washington.

Buy War Bonds

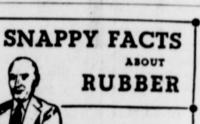
## Weren't Those Beans Wonderful?

Remember how proud you were of the beans you grew last year so plentiful, so tasty, so full of nutri-tion and goodness? Of course they were wonderful! There's nothing finer than fresh vegetables grown from Ferry's Seeds in your own

Ferry's Seeds are readily available at your favorite dealer to help you start right again this year. Have a better garden with Ferry's Seeds.

FERRY-MORSE SEED CO. San Francisco 24





One government synthetic rubber plant, operated by The B. F. Goodrich Co., in 14 months produced in synthetic rubber the equivalent to the rubber yield of approximately 14 million rubber trees during the same period.

Fourlumber companies subscribed to the cost of building a 50-mile private road for hauling logs from an Oregon forest. The road is entirely on private ground and free from all state and local regulations, and trucks can be operated thereon license-free.

Shoes made with new nonmarking synthetic rubber soles are among the new items in the rubber footwear field.

In war or peace **B.F.Goodrich** 

FIRST IN RUBBER

## DON'T GET BOYEN with CONSTIPAT

"intestinal left-overs" out of the way we cup or two of Garfield Tea, the popula herb "internal cleanser." Garfield Tea is a "cure-all," but if you want gentle relief from temporary constipation without drastic drugs, try a cup of this fragrant, 10-herb tea, as directed on package. You'll feel better, look better, work better! At all drug and bealth food stores, 100-25c-50c. FREE! SAMPLE TRIAL PACKAGE!

FOR GENTLE RELIEF FROM INTERNAL SLUGGISHNESS

Cold Preparations as directed WNU-13

Kidneys Must Work Well-

For You To Feel 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 matter that cannot stay in the blood without injury to health, there would be better understanding of why the whole system is upset when kidneys fall 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 nights, swelling.

Why not try Doan's Pille? You will be using a medicine recommended the country over. Doan's stimulate 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.