



MEN of ---

They Float Through The Air

IT HAS BEEN A THRILLING SUMMER FOR THE DAUNTLESS CLOUD-HOPPERS WHO RIDE THE UPPER AIR ON SILENT WINGS.

IN JUNE, 27-YEAR-OLD TED BALLAK WAS TOWED UP 16,500 FEET IN HIS SAILPLANE "DOVE OF PEACE" AT STURGEON BAY, WIS., AND CUT LOOSE TO SOAR 54 MILES ACROSS LAKE MICHIGAN AND A WORLD'S RECORD FOR MOTORLESS FLIGHT OVER WATER. THE TEMPERATURE WENT AS LOW AS 16 BELOW ZERO. "WE'LL BE MAKING IT ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN 20 YEARS," HE SAYS.

Dove of Peace Ted Ballak

AT ELMIRA, N.Y. UNO FISHER, PULLED THE FIRST BAIL-OUT IN THE 10-YEAR HISTORY OF THE NATIONAL SOARING CONTESTS. CAUGHT IN THE RUSHING THERMALS OF A DENSE CUMULO-NIMBUS CLOUD, HE WAS SUCKED UPWARD AT 40 FEET A SECOND AND FEARING DISASTER, STEPPED OVER THE SIDE. HE DROPPED 1,000 FEET BLIND BEFORE PULLING HIS RIP CORD, LEST HE AND HIS CHUTE BE CAUGHT IN THE TREACHEROUS UPDRAFT.

A True Story in Pictures Every Week



DARING

by Brooke Allen

DICK RANDOLPH, AKRON PILOT, CRASHED WITH HIS SHIP INTO A CROWD NEAR PARIS. SIX PEOPLE WERE INJURED BUT HE WAS ONLY SHAKEN UP. HE DIED OF A HEART ATTACK A MONTH LATER WHILE WORKING ON A NEW SHIP.

LIEUTENANT ROBERT M. STANLEY, BLIND FLYING INSTRUCTOR, SOARED TO A NEW ALTITUDE RECORD OF 17,264 FEET WHERE HIS INSTRUMENTS FROZE; AND WAS FORCED TO BAIL OUT WHEN A WING FELL OFF. HE LANDED IN A TREE. STANLEY WAS THE FIRST AMERICAN TO WIN THE GOLDEN C, ONE OF SOARING'S MOST COVETED AWARDS.

Lieut.
Stanley

CAPTAIN PETER RIEDEL, AIR ATTACHE AT THE GERMAN EMBASSY IN WASHINGTON, ROSE FOR A 10-MINUTE OBSERVATION FLIGHT AT WINSLOW, ARIZ.--AND LANDED IN A PASTURE NUMBERED WITH GOLD 8 HOURS LATER AND 300 MILES AWAY. HE HAD COMPLETED THE FIRST NON-STOP SAIL-PLANE FLIGHT OVER THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE. HE HAD BEEN LOST MOST OF THE TIME!

Coming Soon: Alice Gibson—Parachute Queen

Warden Bait

By JIM KJELGAARD
Author of "Crying Hound", "I,
Said The Sparrow," etc.

One thing about dogs is, they never seem to understand anything about the law. And vice versa. . .

THE COLD water of Mugger Creek washed the color from the bottom twelve inches of his blue jeans as Wayne McCloud plastered his lean body against a two-ton boulder at the foot of a quiet pool.

A whip-like fishing rod, from the tip ferrule of which dangled six feet of line and three feet of gossamer leader, was in his right hand. Wayne took a grasshopper from the beer bottle that was jammed into his hip pocket, and put it on the hook at the end of the leader.

Expertly he flicked the grasshopper to the riffles at the head of the pool. Kicking and struggling, it floated gently down; and when it reached the center a little ripple broke the water. Wayne struck, and lifted out a four-inch trout.

With wet hands he worked the hook out of its mouth and dropped the little fish back into the water. Then he opened the cover of the creel that swung at his shoulder and looked at the three ten-inch rainbows there. Frowning, he impaled the hook in the cork butt of the rod and started back downstream.

Fifty feet down a police dog leaped from a little bunch of evergreens, seized Wayne's leg in jaws that pinched gently, and leaped away again with his front quarters plastered to the ground and his hind quarters in the air. Tail wagging furiously, tongue drooling from happy mouth, he barked, inviting Wayne to play.

"You, Wolf," a voice said. "Come here, Wolf."



A fine buck came to the edge of the cutover and ran on. The baying of the hound became clearer, more distinct

Wayne looked up in apparent surprise, though he had known that Lem Knowles and Mike Devere had been following him since he had started fishing. Lem was the local warden. Mike was his Dabbit Run deputy.

"How do, Lem," Wayne said, overly cordial. "How do, Mike."

The dog, one ear foolishly askew over his eye, was off at a mad gallop toward a gray squirrel that showed itself for an instant on a fallen log.

Having plenty of speed, but lacking in control, the dog struck a stump, fell over it, and tumbled end over end three times