

Youthful Pioneers Carry on Conquest of Skies

Will Future Generations Soar About On Huge, Bat-Like Wings?

By Richard W. Emery

THERE'S a kid named Bobbie Cooper who wants to be the youngest transport pilot in the world. He has the blue blood of American pioneers percolating hotly in his veins, but to start at the real beginning of his story we have to go away back beyond America and Europe and ancient Egypt to a rocky hilltop of prehistoric times.

Along that hilltop stumbled a man. He dropped his heavy bundle. With the back of his hairy hand he struck sweat from a face more ape-like than human. He looked up. Swiftly winging overhead were grey geese, honking, driving like the ind. The man in tiger skin dropped his club. Open mouthed, eyes glittering, with the sudden fire of imagination burning in his heart, he watched—and wished. He was the first of all men to wish for wings!

Now that craving for the means of flight has tortured poor earthbound man ever since that day. The ancient Egyptians dreamed of flying and on marble tombs they carved pictures of winged horses. The Greeks and Romans worshipped flight. They gave wings to their gods as next-best thing to flying. Old Archimedes, putting over his arithmetic and philosophy, even managed to invent the screw propeller, which for many a century afterwards remained forgotten.

Inspiration, thrills—and death. Those came to men who dared imitate the birds. Up through the ages men who speculated on flimsy contraptions built of feathers and sticks fluttered to violent end and were called madmen. Always there was some other madman to try again.

Such a man, some fifty years ago, was Otto Lillenthal, bat-man of Germany. He spread his glider's hideous wings and flew 2,000 times. The superstitious called him a devil. Then in 1896 he fell to his death.

TWO American brothers read about his fall. Wilbur and Orville Wright began to tinker mysteriously at Kitty Hawk in North Carolina.

Over all the civilized world a whisper spread. What was happening? What did it mean? A clumsy pinfeathered goosling, man was fluttering his new wings. That old wish of the man in tiger skin—for the first time it was coming true!

All that, of course, must seem to have little to do with Bobbie Cooper, who is only 16 years old. He wasn't even born until after the World War, which was the thing that speeded aviation more than anything else could have done. War gave a purpose to flying. In four awful years

man learned more about flight than he had in all the aching, dreary ages back to that gnarled traveler of the tiger skin. But the improvements in flying came from dreamers like that prehistoric first-wisher.

It was wings they wanted! It was the thrill of flying with the swift wild geese, strong and free above the earth! If war came, that was incidental. If air commerce came, that too was but chance. Little related to the big problem of matching pinions with the geese and gulls, the humming bird and the hawk.

Inspiring them were visions of a whole new world to conquer and to explore. America's western wilderness had long since been changed into a pleasant land of ranches and cities. Speakers at school graduation ceremonies were choking more and more with embarrassment over naming some new frontier for conquest by the callow and the hopeful. Not once did they even consider the windy, cloud-filled wilderness awaiting overhead.

NOW we're getting to the story about Bobbie. His story is important because Bobbie is like a lot of other blue-blooded youngsters who have heard their grandparents tell about the "good old days" when the West was full of cockleburrs and whooping Indians.

Bobbie's great-grandparents, Samuel and Sarah Halstead, married young and headed west in an ox-drawn wagon. Theirs was the sport of primitive living—and they never would have called it sport. Now that those old days are misty, great Grandma Halstead has talked about them to her great grandson. While baking cookies she has stopped many a time long enough to tell him about being a pioneer. There were thrills and adventure in the day of the westward caravan.

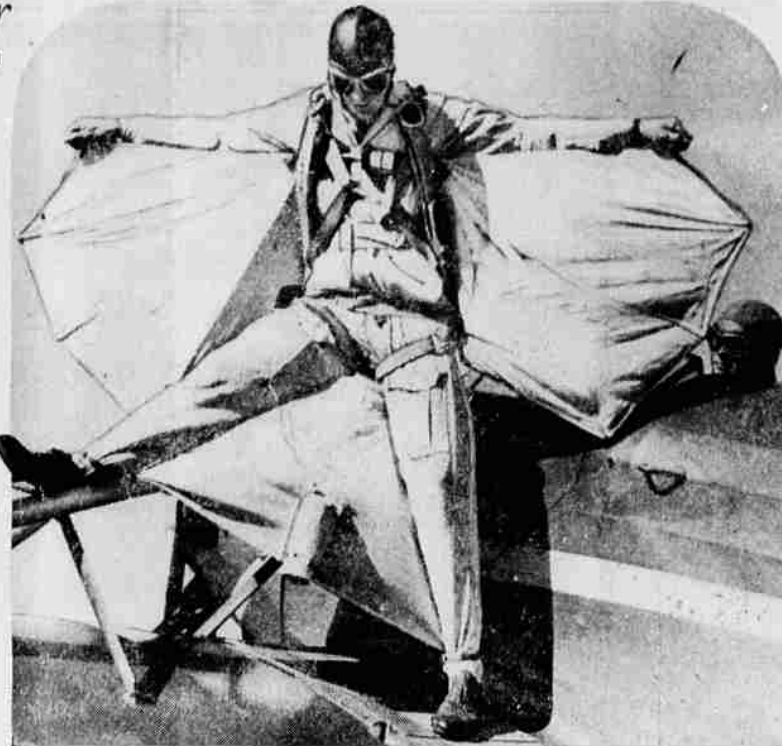
"But can't I be a pioneer too, grandma?" Bobbie asked on one such occasion, when he was so young he had to stand tiptoe to see into the cookie oven.

Great Grandma Halstead wiped her glasses on her apron.

"Well, Bobbie," she said, closing the door of the oven in her little kitchen at Lomita, California, "I don't know just where you'll go pioneering, but I guess you'll find a place."

Like many another youngster given the same answer by just such a cookie-baking great grandmother, Bobbie munched cookies until his cheeks looked like a chipmunk's and he puckered his forehead and ran outdoors. That afternoon he built a beautiful airplane out of an applebox, an ironing board and a broom.

"I'm gonna be a pilot," he announced.



Clem Sohn, the sensational modern "bat man," is pictured as he prepares to leap from a plane flying 3,000 feet above the earth. By manipulating the wings of his strange flying suit, he is able to glide safely to earth.

"That's fine, Bobbie," said Grandma. "And I'll be your very first passenger."

When Bobbie was eight and old enough to really start for the frontier, he wore no moccasins or buckskin shirt and carried no rifle. He wore overalls and tennis shoes and he began to spend his spare time at Daugherty Field, an airport near his home. There were plenty of other kids there. Every day he was just one of a dozen dusty boys, some barefooted, most of them in overalls, watching, listening, gulping every scrap of air-gossip, plane-talk and mechanic's conjecture.

BOBBIE grew tall, rangy, silent, self-sure but not cocky, determined, exact, thorough—or at least that's what a lanky mechanic who knows him says he did. The day Bobbie got his first job at a hangar was a bigger day for him than any Christmas or July Fourth. The lanky mechanic said to him:

"Say, lookahere, kid! Like to make a nickel? Just take this broom and sweep out every day."

To his old pioneering great grandmother Bobbie confided of the trust which had been placed in him. From that great day onward, lovingly behind his broom Bobbie pushed dust and sawdust over the grease spots on the hangar floor. While he swept he listened to the pilots and mechanics like a youngster of covered wagon days listening to the scouts and wagon drivers. He loved the smell of gasoline and oil, lacquer and spruce and rubber. The thundering of Army and Navy planes overhead gave him thrills and gooseflesh. Transport ships droned messages to him of the open sky and stars impossibly beyond the earth. Little private cabin planes like pretty beetles whirled above Bobbie and his broom.

Some of the other kids of his old gang were now sweeping other hangars. A new batch of barefoot listeners had come. One afternoon the

tallest pilot of all the airport gave Bobbie a job dusting off his plane every day in exchange for flying lessons.

"Dust keeps getting on my ship," the pilot said, looking up at a plane doing a wing-over. "Swap you some flying lessons for a little cleaning up, huh?"

The clattering on the floor was Bobbie's broom. He swayed, and the reason he couldn't answer was that he was gasping like a stranded herring. Finally he said "Goosh," thinking mostly of great Grandma Halstead.

THAT first spin down the field, with the wind rushing in his face, and the sudden feeling of smooth ascent higher, higher, higher over the field and the hangars and highway until the city lay below unimportant as a toy village, gave Bobbie what man has been envisioning since the day of our tiger-skin traveler. It was the thrill of speeding like the swift gray goose, strong and free.

Later at the hangar Bobbie said something about pioneers and frontiers. The pilot smiled at him.

"Don't worry about that, son," said the pilot. "Did you ever read about Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin? He was only a Union soldier in the American Civil War. He got a bright idea from watching a balloon, and he went back home and built the first balloon that would fly by itself."

"Ever hear about Alberto Santos Dumont? He flew around the Eiffel Tower in 1901. And Louis Bleriot? He flew across the English channel in 1909. Talk about pioneers and frontiers! Those boys were the real goods. But they just barely started."

"Look at old Magellan. He sailed a boat around the world before anybody else did. That was a pretty good stunt for a sailor. What's keeping somebody from flying non-stop around the world? That's a frontier to shoot at, son. You boys are the ones who'll have to do it. You'll have to build the plane and you'll have to fly it. Sure!"

A few weeks ago Bobbie—Robert Leland Cooper, age 16—unrolled the most important brand-new document in the world. It was his license as a private pilot. Three days later he was bundling great Grandma Halstead, 86 years old, into the front cockpit of his two-seater biplane in front of the hangar at Daugherty Field. He tightened her goggles.

Now it wasn't enormously important that the biplane thundered down the field, climbed and disappeared into a haze above which Grandma Halstead got her first awesome sight of a cloud-wrapped world. It wasn't even particularly important that she was smiling grimly and feeling tears in her goggles until she couldn't even see the clouds.

The big thing about it was that young Pilot Cooper, who as we have said is typical of all the young fliers who will carry man's wings to greater triumphs, was feeling the fire of imagination burning in his heart. He was thinking just then of that sore-boned hairy traveler of the prehistoric hilltop who first yearned for flight.

UNDER-SEAS EXPLOITS

of HANK SIEMER
MASTER DIVER

YOU DIVERS MUST RUN INTO ALL KINDS OF TICKLY SPOTS, MR. SIEMER

YES, I REMEMBER THE TIME THE LEVIATHAN RAN AFOUL OF A PIPE LINE

WE HIT SOMETHING!

HER CRACKED HULL HAD TO BE FIXED QUICK. I GOT THE JOB. IT MEANT WORKING 25 FEET BELOW THE WATER LINE ON A SWAYING STAGE. I STAYED DOWN IN THE COLD MURKY DEPTHS AND KEPT WORKING TILL SHE DIDN'T LEAK ANOTHER DROP

HERE'S HOW HANK PATCHED THE SHIP UNDER WATER

ANOTHER TIME I WAS WORKING ON AN INTAKE TUNNEL. THERE WAS MUD ALL AROUND ME

SUDDENLY I WAS BURIED ALIVE IN A MUD SLIDE! MY LIFE LINE WAS USELESS... I JETTED MY WAY OUT WITH MY HOSE... AND, BELIEVE ME, I WAS SURE GLAD TO GET OUT OF THAT MUD BATH

AND ONCE I WAS ATTACKED BY A MONSTER FISH... HIS STILETTO TEETH WOULD HAVE RIPPED UP MY DIVING SUIT LIKE PAPER. FORTUNATELY I HAD A HAMMER... THE UGLY BRUTE CAME STRAIGHT FOR ME

I MET HIM WITH A WHACK ON THE HEAD THAT STUNNED HIM FOR A MOMENT. I HAD TO REACH THE TOP BEFORE HE REVIVED

SO I SHUT OFF MY EXHAUST VALVE, BLEW UP MY SUIT LIKE A BALLOON, CAST OFF MY CHEST WEIGHTS, AND POPPED UP TO THE SURFACE AT EXPRESS SPEED

I LIKE TO SEE A MAN EAT AS HEARTILY AS YOU DO, AND YOU SEEM TO ENJOY YOUR CAMELS SO MUCH TOO!

ME AND FOOD GET ALONG SWELL TOGETHER AS LONG AS I HAVE CAMELS TO HELP MY DIGESTION. SMOKING CAMELS AND EATING IS A NATURAL TIE-UP

TRUSTWORTHY NERVES AND GOOD DIGESTION ARE A DIVER'S MAINSTAY. I'LL HAND IT TO CAMELS FOR MAKING FOOD TASTE BETTER AND DIGEST BETTER, AND I'M HERE TO SAY THAT CAMELS NEVER GET ON MY NERVES. CAMELS SET ME RIGHT! ANY TIME ANYWHERE

ENJOY SMOKING AND GOOD DIGESTION TOO

MAKE CAMEL YOUR CIGARETTE. CAMELS ARE MILD BEYOND WORDS—CHEERING—REFRESHING—FINE-FLAVORED. WHEN YOU ENJOY CAMELS AT MEAL-TIME, DIGESTION IS STIMULATED—ALKALINITY IS INCREASED—AND A SENSE OF WELL-BEING IS FOSTERED. CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—TURKISH AND DOMESTIC—THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND.

(SIGNED) R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

For Digestion's Sake—Smoke Camels