

*The most wanted,
most imitated paint
in America today!*



The 100% latex

*The
Wonder Paint*

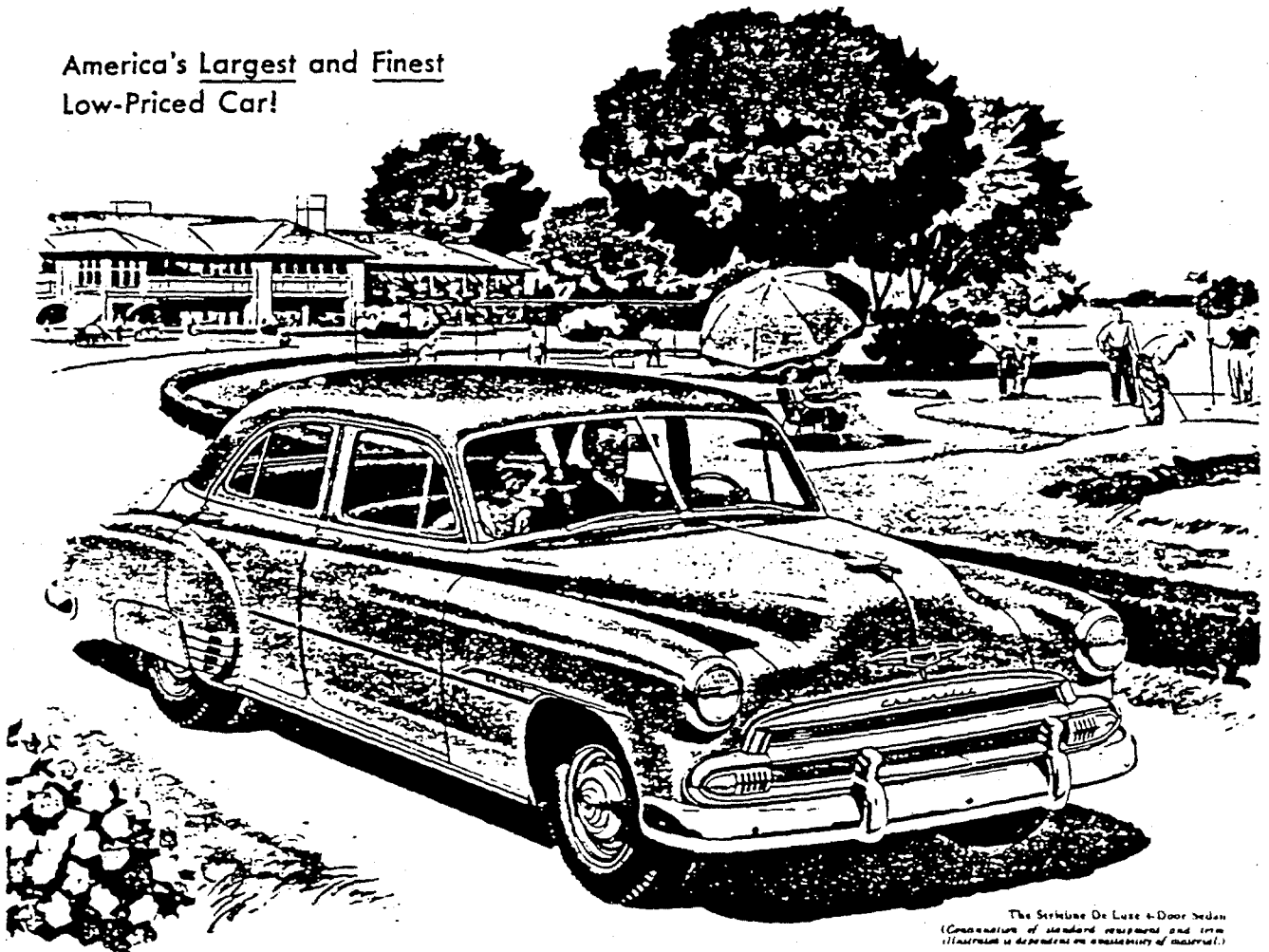
*Proved for 3 years
in millions
of homes!*



N 4075

GLD33487

America's Largest and Finest
Low-Priced Car!



The Scribble De Luxe 4-Door Sedan
(Combination of standard equipment and trim
illustration is dependent on availability of material.)

More than an automatic transmission alone . . .

it's the **POWER** *Glides* power team!

You want *more* than an automatic transmission in your next car! . . .

You want Chevrolet's *Powerglide Power Team*,* with all these highly coordinated members, for finest no-shift driving at lowest cost: (1) the Powerglide Automatic Transmission (2) trend-maker 105-h.p. Valve-in-Head Engine with Hydraulic-Hushed valve lifters and (3) EconoMiser Rear Axle.

Powerglide contributes simplest and

smoothest *no-shift driving*—without clutch pedal or gearshifting—without power steps or surges—at lowest cost.

The 105-h.p. Chevrolet Valve-in-Head engine gives you *more power* than any other engine in the entire low-price field, plus enviable Valve-in-Head efficiency, assuring greater value from every drop of fuel.

And the EconoMiser Rear Axle—a vitally important member of the team—helps to

provide traditional *Chevrolet economy* in over-all driving.

All together, this exclusive Power Team brings you finest no-shift driving and smoothest, most powerful performance—at lowest cost!

Come, prove this to your own satisfaction at your Chevrolet dealer's . . . *take the wheel and drive!* Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

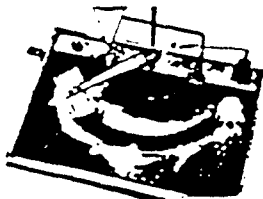
*Combination of Powerglide automatic transmission and 105-h.p. engine optional on De Luxe models at extra cost.



More people buy Chevrolets than any other car!

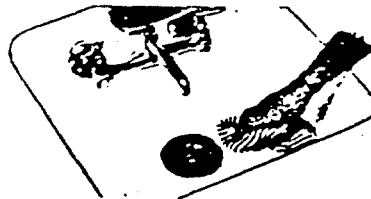
GLD3348R

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



*You could scrub it
40,000 times ...*

if you wanted to. This machine did it in rigid laboratory tests on a Spred SATIN pastel color—without impairing the color or satin-smooth surface. Spred SATIN is guaranteed washable.



*You can wash it as
easily as you wash your
kitchen sink ...*

Finger marks, ink, crayon, lipstick all come off in seconds because dirt can't cling to the tight Spred SATIN surface. And no spots or tell-tale streaks show where you washed!



*You could even pour
harsh lye on it ...*

not that you're likely to do so—but this indicates the ability of Spred SATIN to withstand all kinds of abuse in your home.

emulsion paint

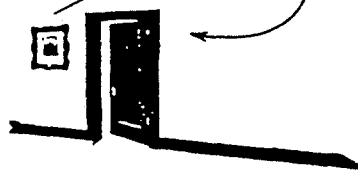


FOR WALLS...



CEILINGS...

WOODWORK



Imagine a paint film you could stretch like this! Painted on waxed paper or a waxed glass surface, allowed to dry, then stripped off—Spred SATIN is a flexible material you can fold, crumple or stretch. That flexibility comes from its 100% latex emulsion formula. In your home that means greater durability...extreme long life!

Now...your choice of 60 dramatic pastel and decorator deep colors

Besides amazing durability and washability, Spred SATIN offers you the most gorgeous satin beauty you have ever seen. And it goes on in half the time; dries in 20 minutes with no offensive odor. Paint fast or slow, with brush or roller, no laps will show—and if you miss a place, touch it up later when dry—you won't see a trace. When you're through, just wash your brush or roller in soapy water. Then hang pictures and use the room right away.



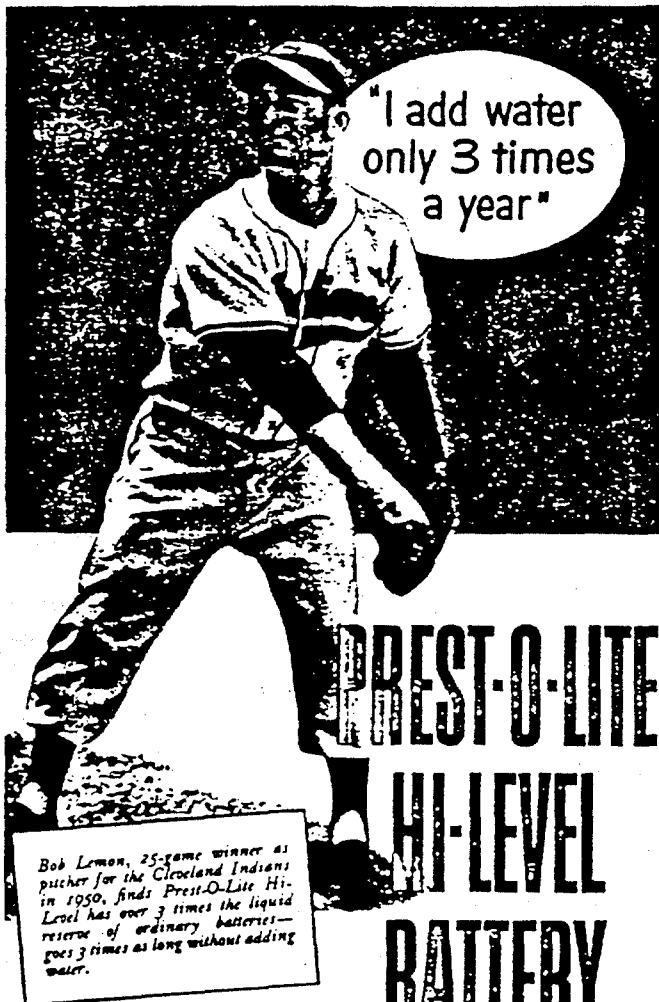
Kate Smith says "BUY SPRED SATIN"
See Spred SATIN demonstrated on the Kate Smith Hour every Friday starting September 14. Then see your dealer for your favorite color, and enjoy all the wonders of The Wonder Paint.

*Pacemaker
in Paints*

FOR EVERY
PAINTING NEED



Bob Lemon SAYS



"I add water only 3 times a year"

PREST-O-LITE
HI-LEVEL
BATTERY...

Bob Lemon, 25-game winner as pitcher for the Cleveland Indians in 1950, finds Prest-O-Lite Hi-Level has over 3 times the liquid reserve of ordinary batteries—goes 3 times as long without adding water.

needs water only 3 times a year

INSTALL a Prest-O-Lite Hi-Level Battery in your car and enjoy the comfort and convenience of this new principle of battery design. The Hi-Level Battery needs water only 3 times a year in normal car use and because of its advanced engineering design, it lasts longer, in tests conducted according to accepted life cycle standards. For quick starts and dependable service, see your Prest-O-Lite Dealer.

PREST-O-LITE BATTERY COMPANY, INC.
Tulsa 1 Okla



SEE YOUR PREST-O-LITE DEALER TODAY

TO THE STRATOSPHERE IN A GLIDER

(Continued from Page 33)

feet of it racing back toward the airport, squandering another 2000 in an almost vertical dive for an exultant loop, using what was left over for a sparrow-hawk plunge to within 200 feet of the ground. And then we went skimming along a sandy path right up to the hangar door.

"Why go to the trouble of climbing a mountain when you can let the wind do all this work for you?" It was a point of view, of course, but I was inclined to agree with Symons.

Soaring in the Wave is something of a paradox. You go down to go up. You fly your glider into the steep face slope of the Wave and then nose down in a moderate dive. You are dropping. But at the same time the air is rising faster than you fall. So up you go.

It is hard to comprehend the power of the air rushing up the face of the Wave, but an experience Symons had a while back will give some idea of it. He had been seeding clouds with his P-38 above the Sierra to harvest additional snow and rain for the water-hungry generators of California Electric Power Company. Returning, his fuel low, he found Biabop, and all the eastern half of Owens Valley as far as he could see, blotted out by a violent dust storm. Wind was tearing the valley topsoil loose and then shooting it up in an opaque, vertical curtain into the base of a long, angry cloud hanging 30,000 feet above the valley floor.

Higher still, at around 50,000 feet, floated a lenticular cloud. To Symons it had all the beauty of a life ring thrown to a drowning man. Surveying the spectacle at a bare 13,000 feet, he experimentally killed the left engine of his fighter and, as he might have done in his sailplane, edged into the face of the Wave. With only one engine running, it rose like a balloon. Then he cut the switch of his right engine.

To this day he is amazed at what happened—and riding with him in the tiny nose cabin was an equally astonished friend, Bill Partridge. In less than fifteen minutes the P-38, eight tons of metal and both propellers motionless, was up to 32,000 feet and still climbing as fast as an airliner taking off from an airport with full power.

"It was like riding a yo-yo," Symons said. "We went up and down three times between 13,000 and 30,000 feet before Biabop's weather cleared enough for me to start the engines and come in for a landing."

What is it like up in the region where a sailplane shrinks to a tiny speck in the sky and then vanishes? Fliers who have been there describe it variously. A World War II bomber pilot came down exclaiming that he'd never before really lived.

Paul MacCreedy, Jr., of San Marino, California, who was United States national soaring champion in 1948 and 1949, told me, "You feel all alone in a mighty unfriendly world."

Symons puts it this way, "When I get up there, I can't help feeling that I'm mighty close to God and a long way from everybody else."

But it takes William S. Ivana, Jr., a thirty-year-old guided-missiles engineer of La Mesa, near San Diego, to tell what a really high soaring flight is like. Last winter the Wave carried him to 42,100 feet, a new world altitude record for single-place sailplanes.

"You're awfully lonely up there, always wondering what is going to hap-

pen next," he told me. "At 9000 feet, just getting started, I ran into turbulence which shook my glider just like a dog shakes a rat. I couldn't control it. Then I got into the Wave, and it was wonderfully smooth up to 38,000, where I ran into something I still can't explain. It was a kind of rumbling vibration all through my ship; it had the sound and feel of driving a car over a bumpy road. At 42,000 I ran into turbulence that tossed my glider about as if it were a rowboat in a choppy sea."

Last March was the first time Wave pilots began to think about using the Wave as a means of elevating tourists to heights previously considered the exclusive adventure land of crack pilots. Dr. Joachim Kuettner, Germany's veteran of wave soaring, came to Biabop for a look at "the big one," and was invited by Symons to take a ride with him in his two-place soarer, the sailplane in which I flew. Two hours later

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

BLACK ROCKS, MAINE SHORE

By Daniel Langlois

There is an order in this stand—
The stark rocks that will not
retreat.

The full green armies of the land
Have placed their posts for
waves to meet.

The tide goes out and lets them
rest:

The gulls come down to crown
each head.

The kelp-strewn shoulders now
attest

To what hard buffets they have
shed.

The thundering surf knows no
detour;

It comes with salt-exploding
blast.

We have no fear, for we are sure
The guard-rocks will stand fast.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Symons and Kuettner were back on the ground, joint possessors of a new two-place international altitude record. Their barographs showed they had risen to 38,650 feet. "It's the only adventurous sport I know in which one can get so much for so little effort," Symons remarked.

Is there danger in the Wave? It is loaded with it. You can get the bends, the same that a deep-sea diver suffers, and have to come down quickly. You'll be safe from them, though, up to 30,000 feet, and may not get them even higher up. Stomach gas from an unwise meal can swell you up like a balloon. If a sailplane hasn't been specially worked over for Wave flying, the intense cold may shrink its control cables until they tear loose from their fittings. This has happened. If a plastic canopy hasn't been set to move freely in channel mountings as it shrinks with the cold, it may shatter with a cannonlike bang, exposing pilot and passenger to the deadly high freeze.

Other interesting booby traps are waiting up there. Just before sliding aboard the elevator your soarer may encounter turbulence like none ever recorded in the heart of a thunderstorm. It is interesting to realize that there

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