

RESCUE IN A MILLION.

"Lucky Jim" is what his brother airmen called Captain Stevenson...Probably, right now, just about the luckiest man alive. His wife, Harlene, thinks so. Two-year-old Baby Beth gurgled her opinion. Jim Stevenson baled out in mid-Atlantic 400 miles off the Azores. One week later he was wishing wife and baby good-bye for the day, as usual. On the near-fatal day his fuel system failed at 42,000 feet. He radioed air-sea rescue came down to ten thousand, then baled out. His base at Woodford flew their jet Voodoo fighters as usual, wondering if they'd ever see him again. Stevenson's not superstitious, but it happened on his 15th Atlantic crossing.

What a welcome his fellow pilots now gave him. They knew from air-sea rescue that a plane had dropped a raft for him, but not till later that he was picked up by a Norwegian freighter. Squadron Commander, Lt-Col. Simpson, congratulated him heartily on his wonderful escape. And as this American air base has a lot to do, a new jet was assigned to Jim Stevenson, and he resumed duty as if nothing had happened. The really amazing part about his rescue was that he was right off normal shipping routes when he baled out. What his feelings were when after four hours, "in the drink" the freighter Sungran sighted his flare, Captain Stevenson will always remember.