

**LEAVES FROM THE
LOG OF A
SKY PILOT**

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Leaves from the Log of a Sky Pilot by William G. Puddefoot

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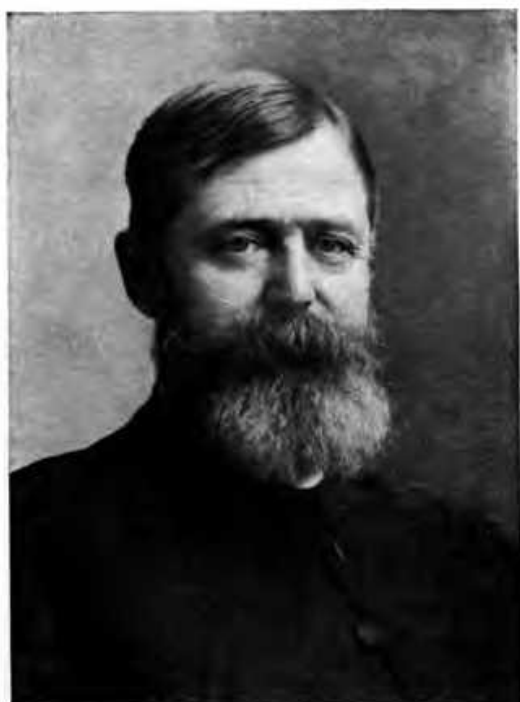
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WILLIAM G. PUDDEFOOT

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William George Puddefoot

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BY
WILLIAM G. PUDDEFOOT



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TO MY WIFE
WITHOUT WHOSE HELP THESE PAGES
WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN
WRITTEN

AN INTRODUCTION

BY REV. JOSEPH B. CLARK, D. D.

WHEN it so happens that a man, in whom the elements of intellect, individuality and vision have happily mixed, can be prompted to tell the story of his life,—and that life a winning struggle against headwinds and cross-currents,—the result is almost certain to be a human document of more than ordinary charm and value.

Such is the man and such his story which a friend of more than thirty years is privileged to introduce to the reader—even though fully aware that any introduction of William George Puddefoot to the reading public is an act of pure supererogation.

Readers who have listened to Mr. Puddefoot on the platform will discover at once that he writes very much as he talks—with the same overmastering rush and glow that are so captivating to an audience, and they will not be sorry to find themselves yielding to the same “joy of motion” which they felt in listening to his spoken words.

As to the literary style of this life story it is all sufficing to say it is “Puddefoot’s own,” and, as such, possesses a double charm; the charm

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of transparent simplicity that no art could better, since "Simplicity is the highest art"—and the added charm of a winsome personality, which, unconsciously to its owner, breathes from every page, and is as inseparable from the story, as the perfume of a rose from its flower.

In common parlance, Mr. Puddefoot is regarded as "a self-made man." A more accurate statement would be "a self-developed man," and few men have received from the past a more generous equipment of materials and tools for self-development.

From his mother ("the most Christlike woman I have ever known," says her son) he derives his deep spiritual instincts. From his father, a liberal in politics and religion, the only disciple of Cobden and Bright in a village of Tories, he inherits his breadth of view, his scorn of traditions outgrown, and his fearless advocacy of what he believes to be true. His passionate love of debate is known of all, and it is no surprise to learn that his paternal grandmother, a rank Tory, would sit up in her sick bed until midnight, in her eightieth year, battling the errors of her radical son; while, as to the author's humorous temperament, one has only to study the mirth-provoking features of his maternal grandfather, the astronomer, to detect the source of the Puddefoot humor. From this store of inherited instincts and qualities, Puddefoot has developed, along the line of least resistance, the man we