

PIONEERS NOW AND THEN—Above, left, is an artist's concept of the Boeing 733, proposed as the U.S. supersonic transport (SST) which will make the 3,600-mile New York-Paris flight in two hours, quite a contrast to the Spirit of St. Louis, above, right, Ryan monoplane in which Charles A. Lindbergh flew from New York to Paris in 33½ hours 40 years ago this month. The picture here is shown with Lindbergh at the controls on a test flight over San Diego earlier in May 1927. The daring young aviators of the 1920s set many records, but Lindbergh was the first to fly from New York to Paris solo nonstop. Perhaps equally important with the new record was the fact that he focused world attention on the skies and flying's possibilities. At the right, Lindbergh, in nonflying dress, stands beside his plane shortly before his lonely flight.

Lindbergh's Heritage

By RALPH DIGHTON

Associated Press Writer

The radio barks out a bulletin:

"A tiny rocket ship shot into space today on history's first solo flight to the moon. The craft, so overloaded with fuel it had trouble getting off, carries no radio and there has been no direct word from the pilot on his progress."

Sound fantastic?

Perhaps—but it was only 40 years ago that the world was electrified by a feat then as daring as a maverick moon shot would be today.

On the morning of May 20, 1927, Charles A. Lindbergh headed out over the Atlantic in a fragile monoplane sluggish with extra gasoline. He landed 33½ hours later in Paris, the first man to make a nonstop solo transatlantic flight.

Lindbergh became a national hero over-

strated the tremendous potential of aviation, great changes came about.

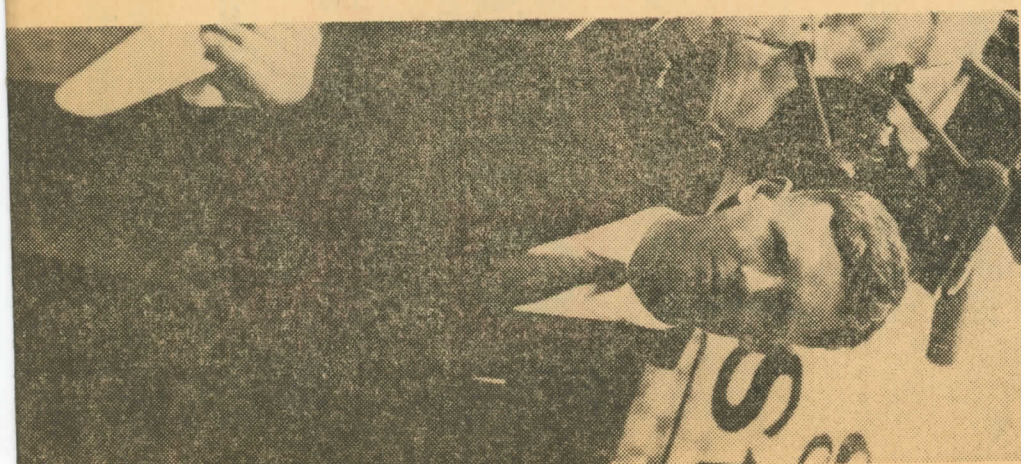
Landing gear were retracted to lessen wind resistance. Engines no longer carried the weight of liquids to cool them; they utilized the cold air through which they flew. Improved fuels and design increased the engines' power, and they could haul the weight of metal skins needed for better streamlining.

By the early 1930s the airplane had evolved into a fairly safe, reasonably economical vehicle, and it began to move people and goods in quantity. The Boeing 247 in 1933 and the Douglas DC series, starting in 1934, made flight a comfortable mode of travel for the first time. With sound-proofed cabins against the roar of twin engines, they opened a new era of transportation.

The end of the war disrupted aviation industries for a time, but soon they were busy again. Boeing built the swept-wing, eight-jet B52 bomber, then the KC135, an aerial tanker to refuel small craft in flight and give them ocean-spanning range.

Four-jet passenger liners, mainly the Boeing 707 and the Douglas DC8, brought unprecedented comfort and speed to the civilian world of flying. Now the continents were only hours apart.

Aircraft production spurred, and by 1957 was the largest single manufacturing effort in the United States, employing more than 900,000 people. Besides the jets, military and civilian, there were now the helicopters. First used in the Korean War, they came of full military age in Vietnam, where thousands are in use as gunships, troop transports, rescue ships. In civilian dress they were finding a hundred uses in trans-



the limelight through his own wishes, his name ranks among the greats of manned flight.

From this vantage point in time it is apparent that "Lucky Lindy" did more than set a distance mark—records were falling fast in those days. His true distinction lies in the fact that he turned the world's eyes to the skies more than any man before him.

From Lindbergh's adventure sprang a public enthusiasm for flight that has led to ever greater projects, culminating today in a vast undertaking to vault men to the moon.

Now, little more than half a life span later, transatlantic flight is routine. Lindbergh's 122-mile-an-hour speed has been quintupled by 150-passenger jet liners, and just ahead are supersonic transports that will cover in two hours the 3,600-mile route that took him a day and a half.

A prototype of these SSTs, the huge XB-70A bomber, has already pioneered their 2,000 m.p.h. cruising speeds. Rocket planes from the X-1 to the X-15 have gradually pushed atmospheric flight to more than 4,200 m.p.h.—six times the velocity of sound.

BEYOND THE ATMOSPHERE, IN cramped one- and two-man capsules, U.S. astronauts have racked up more than 2,000 man-hours whirling around the earth at nearly 18,000 m.p.h. They are practicing for three-day jaunts across the quarter-million miles to the moon.

In 40 years man has progressed to a point where hopping from continent to continent is tame; now he is ready to leap the void between celestial bodies. The transition wasn't easy.

Step by slow step, man had to forge a whole new science. Lindbergh's Spirit of St. Louis, although far advanced beyond the box-kite contraptions in which he learned to fly, was still only a wood-and-metal skeleton covered with fabric. Then, as he and other daredevils of the late 1920s demon-

propeller planes appeared, enabling regular transoceanic flights. You could fly around the world in four days in a business suit, looking only a little rumpled when you got home.

When World War II erupted, both civil and military aviation went global. Britain staggered under the first assaults of German bombers, recovered and, with the help of U.S. air power, launched a round-the-clock battering of Hitler's industrial centers. B-17 Flying Fortresses and B-24 Liberators and British Lancasters fought through flak and enemy fighters with enough bombs to level whole cities.

In the Pacific, Japanese bombers all but wiped out the U.S. battleship fleet at Pearl Harbor. But they missed the U.S. aircraft carriers, and the carriers spearheaded the American drive across the Pacific to Japan. B-29 bombers, flying from bases in the Marianas, destroyed Japan's cities. Then in one week in August 1945 Hiroshima and Nagasaki nearly perished in the birth of the atomic age. Those atom bombs were delivered by four-engine, propeller-driven B-29s.

Halfway around the world, German and British designers were developing vehicles that would give atomic might incredible speed and range: jet engines and rockets.

The first jet-powered plane was the German Heinkel HE178, flown Aug. 27, 1939. In May 1941 the British flew their first Gloster jet. The first U.S. jet, a Bell XP-59A, flew Oct. 1, 1942, at Edward Air Force Base, Calif.

By the end of the war the Germans had 1,300 ME262 twin-jet fighters, but they came too late to affect the outcome. Also too late were Germany's V-1 buzzbomb, an unmanned jet plane with a 2,000-pound warhead which appeared in 1944, and the V-2 ballistic rocket, which a year later began vaulting 60 miles into the air and striking targets 200 miles away. These were the forerunners of nuclear-armed intercontinental missiles.

With civilian jets, the number of passengers soared. From a mere 6,000 a year in Lindbergh's day, the total zoomed to 100 million in 1966, in the United States alone.

Meantime, a purely research craft, the rocket-driven X-15, explored the problems of flight at 4,200 m.p.h. and 350,000 feet above the fringes of the atmosphere and more than halfway to orbital heights.

On the Edwards AFB dry lake bed in California, even stranger craft are being tested. Wingless half-bullet shapes, called lifting bodies, are being readied to conquer the problem of maneuverability in returning from space. These vehicles, called the M2F2 and the HL10, are forerunners of space ferries that someday will be able to land at any point on earth from any point in orbit. Current versions are gliders but future models will have jets to enable them to change course on the way down.

BUT IT'S NOT ALL CLEAR SAILING IN the air age. Forty years after Lindbergh the problems include crowded airways, crowded airports and noise. Today's multimillion-dollar airports are a far cry from the days of the cow pasture landings, but in the skies above them 80 planes may be stacked up waiting to land. And in the tower, harried controllers try to get them all down safely, and don't always succeed.

Lindbergh's own role in aviation over the past four decades is hazy—he granted few interviews in 20 years. It is known, however, that the onetime parachutist and stunt flier has played a significant part.

Two years after his historic flight he joined Pan American World Airways as a consultant, pioneering in the early air routes to Europe and the Orient. Early in World War II he improved the range of the twin-boomed P-38 fighter by flying it the way he pushed his Ryan monoplane across the Atlantic—increasing the blade angle to give the propellers more bite and reducing engine r.p.m. to lower fuel consumption. The Air

Force credited him with boosting the range from 1,500 to 2,000 miles.

Although a civilian, he flew more than 500 combat missions in the Pacific, twice shooting down Japanese planes in dogfights.

As consultant to Pan American—the currently is on the board of directors—Lindbergh has had a voice in selecting almost every one of the 30-odd types of craft Pan Am has purchased.

There is evidence that Lindbergh's influence has also extended to rockets and missiles. As a consultant to the Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics, he is credited with a major part in the fund's support of the pioneer rocket expert, Robert H. Goddard. And, as a consultant to the Air Force—he holds a general's commission—he was on the committee that approved the first American intercontinental missile, the Atlas, which later was the booster for Mercury astronaut flights.

For those and other yet-unfold services, two nations are preparing to honor this living legend, now 65 and semi-retired.

At the instigation of the U.S. Department of Commerce, a replica of the "Spirit of St. Louis," will take part in the 1967 Paris air show.

Transported by cargo plane to an airport near Paris, the replica, flown by movie stunt flier Frank Tallman, will take to the air May 21, circle the Eiffel Tower and land at Le Bourget Airfield just as the original did in 1927.



The Clean Hero

"Lucky Lindy" is dead at 72.

Charles Lindbergh was the recipient of the most hysterical outburst of hero worship in the history of the United States. His short and modest speech at the American Embassy in Paris was committed to a phonograph record and sold by the hundreds of thousands. A warship was sent to fetch him home. His Broadway ticker-tape parade was a record-breaker. Everywhere he went, to his great exasperation, enormous crowds gathered.

His fame brought him a charming wife and a host of rich job offers. His notoriety attracted a kidnaper who murdered his infant son.

Following in the footsteps of his father, an obscure but radical-pacifist Minnesota congressman, Lindbergh opposed American participation in foreign wars. He lost much of his popularity when, on the eve of World War II, he ventured the wise guess that as things stood Hitler could probably knock the daylights out of the British and French.

But he came back slowly into public esteem when he joined wholeheartedly in the struggle after we were involved, and he helped set up the trans-Pacific air routes. In calculated anonymity he spent the rest of his life in various scientific pursuits.

Lindbergh's great adventure 47 years

ago was an un-foolhardy effort to achieve a foolhardy end. He made no basic miscalculation as did the Italian, Francisco de Pinedo, when the latter's plane, overloaded with fuel, refused to leave the runway and ended in a funeral pyre.

Lindbergh had honed his little Ryan to as close to mechanical perfection as he could get it. Provided his engine would keep turning, he knew he had safety tolerances—thin but enough. Totally without radio aids, he carefully read the waves and the cloud shadows to establish drift and speed. His landfall was amazingly accurate.

No man ever deserved all that adulation, but Lindbergh was a deserving hero in an age when America was going overboard for heroes—Babe Ruth, Gertrude Ederle, Bill Tilden, Red Grange, Bobby Jones, Helen Wills. In contrast to the sports luminaries, Lindbergh had the guts to put his life on the line, and the cleverness to tilt the odds in his favor.

His was a young man's stunt in search of fame, and even if the fame later turned to ashes in his mouth, it was a clean fame. He was a better hero than Sinatra, a better hero than the Beatles. America was psychologically healthier in those now-dim days when the entire nation went ape over "the Lone Eagle."

gh Seen as Key Man Aviation Industry

frenzy with which Lindbergh was greeted when his small plane landed in that city in 1927, ending the first solo transatlantic flight.

BUT AT HOME, HE WAS remembered mostly as a publicity-shy hero with deep concern for aviation and the environment.

President Ford praised Lindbergh as "one of America's all-time heroes" whose place in history was assured after his solo flight.

"In later years, his life was darkened by tragedy and colored by political controversy. But, in both public and private life, Gen. Lindbergh always remained a brave, sincere patriot . . . The courage and dar-

ing of his feat will never be forgotten," Ford said.

Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey, D-Minn., proposed the nation name after Lindbergh the National Air and Space Museum now being built in Washington.

JOHN GLENN, THE FIRST American astronaut to orbit the earth, called Lindbergh's flight in 1927 "the catalyst that set in motion the massive system of intercontinental air travel we accept as commonplace today."

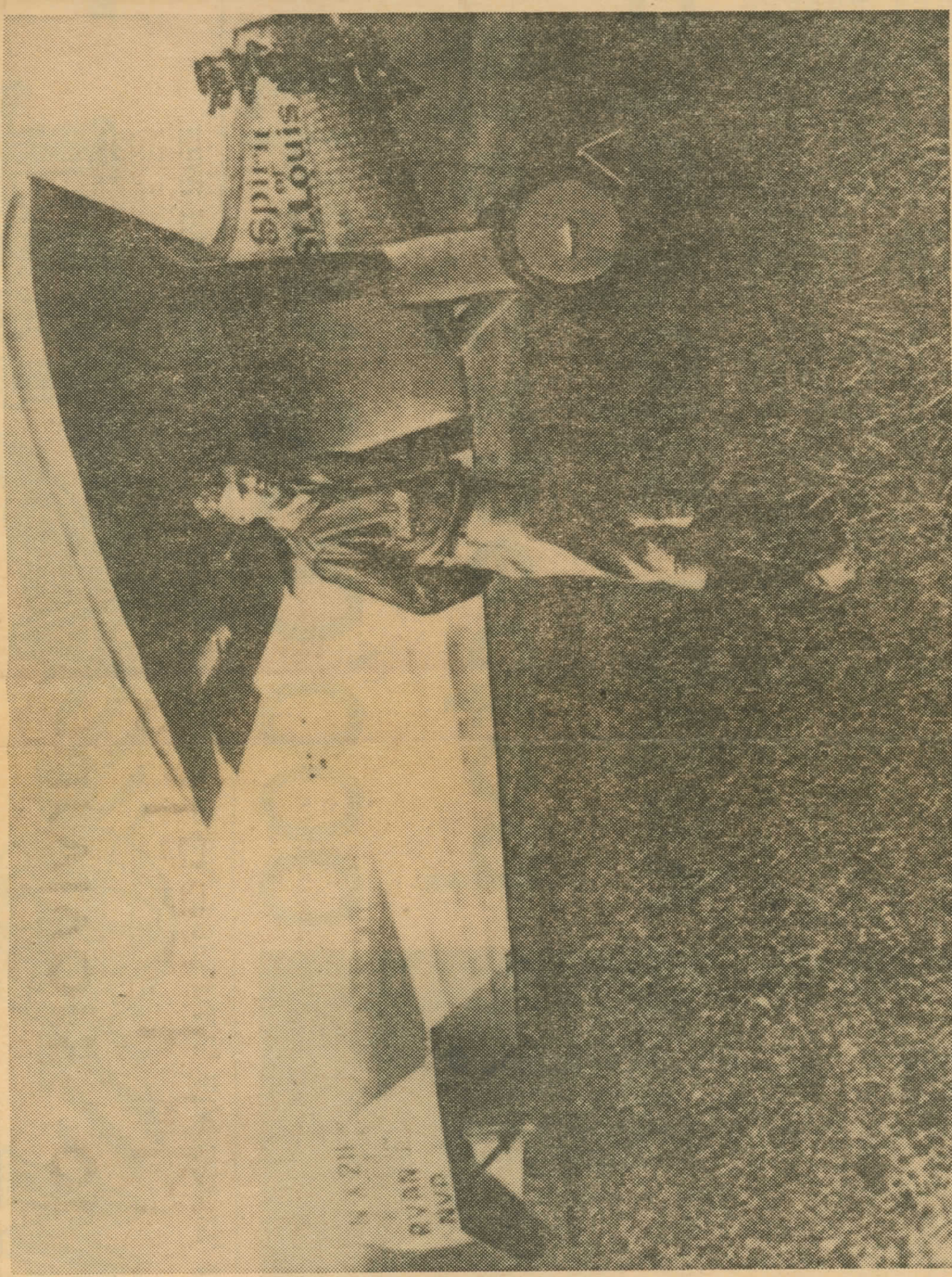
Harry J. Grey, a contemporary who became chairman and president of United Aircraft Corp., said that to the nation in the 1920s, Lindbergh "epitomized the glamor of the decade."

"But he was the antithesis of that glamor," Grey said. "To his scientific mind there was nothing foolhardy about the flight. It was not a search for adventure or thrill, but a proof of the future of aviation."

T. CLAUDE RYAN, founder of Teledyne-Ryan and general manager of the project which built the "Spirit of St. Louis" in 60 days, said Lindbergh's flight to Paris in the plane was "the trigger that caused it (aviation) to change completely. It was the opening milestone for commercial aviation."

And Juan D. Trippe, former chairman and a founder of Pan American World Airways, recalled his firm's long association with Lindbergh.

"I was privileged to work closely with him for 45 years in a mutual effort to link our country with the other nations of the world," Trippe said. He called Lindbergh's death "a sad moment for the entire avi-



The Spirit of St. Louis

Charles A. Lindbergh is shown in the 1927 file photo of his plane, The Spirit of St. Louis, with which he made the first solo day.

crossing of the Atlantic from West to East

—Associated Press WIREPHOTO

'Lone Eagle' Buried in Simple Rites

KIPAHULU, Hawaii (UPI) — It was a simple ceremony for an aviation legend.

"We are here in these few moments to honor the life of Charles A. Lindbergh," the minister said softly.

The words of the Rev. John Pincher carried through the tiny missionary church, muffling the singing of birds and the pounding of Pacific surf on the tropical isle of Maui where

the "Lone Eagle" chose to live his final hours.

Behind an altar decorated with colorful Hawaiian leis, the minister Tuesday eulogized Lindbergh in a memorial service that included readings from various religious scriptures and the chanting of native songs.

MEANWHILE, tributes poured in from around the world for Lindbergh, who in

1927 flew the Atlantic solo in the "Spirit of St. Louis" to open a new air age and become an aviation hero idolized by millions. The 72-year-old flyer died of cancer Monday and was buried nine hours later in a graveyard behind the town's only church, a wood and coral mortar structure which he helped reconstruct.

"Charles wanted to be buried in the most beautiful place in the world. He'd flown everywhere, but this was it," said Sam Pryor, who was among a handful of close friends and relatives who attended the memorial ceremony.

Pryor, a vice president of Pan American Airways and

one of Lindbergh's closest friends, said he was moved by the service because it was what the aviator would have wanted.

"It was so simple — it was almost spiritual," he said.

Lindbergh: From Obscure

If public attention glared on Lindbergh during the hunt for the plane.

NY Times Service (c)
In Paris at 10:22 p.m. on May 21, 1927, Charles Augustus Lindbergh, a one-time central Minnesota farm boy, became an international celebrity. A fame enveloped the 25-year-old American that was to last him for the remainder of his life, transforming him in a frenzied instant from an obscure aviator into a historical figure.

The consequences of this fame were to exhilarate him, to involve him in profound grief, to engage him in fierce controversy, to turn him into an embittered fugitive from the public, to accentuate his individualism to the point where he became a loner, to give him a special sense of his own importance, to allow him to play an enormous role in the growth of commercial aviation as well as to be a figure in missile and space technology, to give him influence in military affairs, and to raise a significant voice for conservation, a concern that marked his older years.

Paris Landing

All these things were touched off when a former stunt flier and air mail pilot touched down the wheels of his small and delicate monoplane, the Spirit of St. Louis, on the tarmac of Le Bourget 33½ hours after having lifted the craft off Roosevelt Field in New York.

Thousands—no one knows how many—trampled through fences and over guards to surround the silvery plane and to acclaim, in a wild outburst of emotion, the first man to fly the Atlantic nonstop from the United States to Europe—a feat that was equivalent in the public mind then to the first human step on the moon 42 years later. Icarus had at last succeeded, a daring man alone had attained the unattainable.

WHAT ENHANCED the feat for many was that Lindbergh was a tall, handsome bachelor with a becoming smile, an errant lock of blond hair over his forehead and a pleasing outward modesty and guilelessness. He was the flawless Le Cid, the gleaming Galahad, Lrank Merriwell in the flesh.

Paris swirled out over the civilized world. Banner headlines heralded the event, and such a staid paper as the New York Times carried the news of the Paris landing in three lines of large type eight columns wide. Medals galore were bestowed on Lindbergh.

He was gushed over, adulated, worshiped, feted in France, Belgium and Britain. President Calvin Coolidge sent the Cruiser Memphis, flagship of the United States European fleet, to bring him and the Spirit of St. Louis back to the United States. And already a captain in the United States Officers Reserve Corps, Lindbergh was jumped to a full colonel.

As the cruiser steamed up Chesapeake Bay, it was met by four destroyers, two Army blimps and 40 airplanes from the Army, Navy and Marine Corps. Debarking at Washington in a civilian's blue serge suit, Lindbergh was glorified by the President, who said the transatlantic flight was "the same story of valor and victory by a son of the people that shines through every page of American history."

The panoplied Washington reception, which was topped by an award—the first in the nation's history—of the Distinguished Flying Cross, was followed by an even noisier outpouring in New York, where four million people spilled into the streets.

ONCE HE conceived the notion of the flight, with characteristic energy, he began to elaborate the details. He helped design the plane to his specifications, calculating every ounce that went into it. He laid out his route. Every foreseeable circumstance was checked out.

One of the attractions for the Paris flight was a \$25,000 prize for which there were several competitors. Among them Clarence Chamberlain and Adm. Richard Byrd. Lindbergh, though was confident he could be first and successful. He was motivated, he told this writer in later years, by a desire to improve his standing as a pilot as well as by an eagerness to win the prize.

And although there was great interest in him before

take-off time (his hope and that of his rivals to fly the Atlantic had excited wide newspaper coverage), Lindbergh had not calculated the response to his achievement, the degree to which he would be lionized or the extent to which he would be regarded as public property, especially by reporters and photographers, who he came quickly to detest.

Overwhelmed, without precedents to guide him, pressed by dizzying demands on his time, Lindbergh was happy to accept an invitation from Harry Guggenheim, a very rich and very conservative financier who was connected with the Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the promotion of aeronautics, to escape for a while to his Long Island estate.

'Saved From Wolves'

The invitation was at the suggestion of Dwight Morrow, the Morgan banker, who told Guggenheim, "Harry, almost everyone in the country is after this young fellow, trying to exploit him. Isn't there something you and the fund can do, to save him from the wolves?"

At Falaise, the Guggenheim castle, which was perhaps the most opulent private home he had stayed in, the aviator was able to catch his breath for three weeks and rewrite the ghost-written manuscript that became the book "We." He also retained Henry Breckinridge, a conservative Wall Street lawyer, to help handle his affairs.

AFTER LINDBERGH made his good-will flights around the country and to Latin America in the Spirit of St. Louis, his friends saw to it that he got a job in keeping with his interest in aviation and his status. The position was as an adviser in both Pan American World Airways and the predecessor of Trans World Airlines in laying out transatlantic, transcontinental and Caribbean air routes for the commercial aviation that his Paris flight had done so much to popularize.

The conservative views Lindbergh later articulated, the remarks about Jews that proved so startling when he was opposing American entry into World War II, his poor

in every possible way, for they will be among the first to feel its consequences. Tolerance is a virtue that depends upon peace and strength. A few far-sighted Jewish people realize this and stand opposed to intervention. But the majority still do not. Their greatest danger to their country lies in their large ownership and influence in our motion pictures, our press, our radio and our government."

The speech evoked a nationwide outcry. Lindbergh, it was said, had not only impugned the patriotism of American Jews, but also had used the word "race," a word many Jews considered both pejorative and inaccurate. Lindbergh never withdrew his remarks, which he considered statements of "obvious fact."

"The violence of the reaction to my naming these groups was significant and extremely interesting," he said 25 years later. "In hindsight, I would not change my action."

LINDBERGH'S unmalicious obtuseness about the Jews was matched by an adamant stubbornness on other matters. These together sometimes cast him in an unfavorable public light.

One example of his unwillingness to concede he might have acted unwisely involved the Service Cross of the German Eagle, a civilian medal that was awarded him in 1938 by Herman Goering, the Nazi leader, "at the direction" of Hitler. The presentation, a surprise to Lindbergh, was made at a stag dinner in the home of the American ambassador to Berlin and was, he was told, in recognition of his services to aviation, especially his 1927 flight.

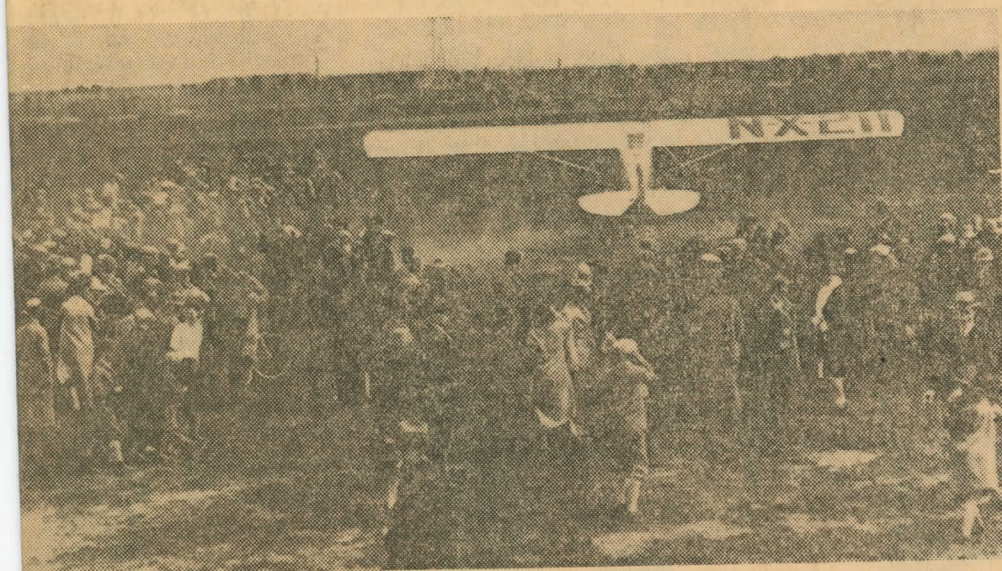
'The Albatross'

The award was reported briefly in the newspapers and stirred little criticism. However, the night of the award Mrs. Lindbergh told her husband that it was "the albatross," and she urged him to return it. Lindbergh took the position then and later that to do so would affront the ambassador and Goering, as well, who was technically his host in Germany.

Although he never wore the

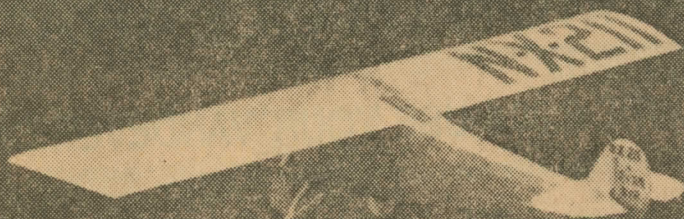
TULSA, OKLAHOMA

Security to World Fame



BEFORE TAKEOFF—Charles A. Lindbergh taxis the "Spirit of St. Louis" into the wind for final test flight before the takeoff of his

successful Paris flight. The final takeoff was in the early morning hours before a crowd not much larger than this. (AP Wirephotos)



IN FLIGHT—A few minutes from Roosevelt Field on his historic flight, Lindbergh was

spotted in his plane by another ship. Note power lines and trees below.

his son, it positively poured down on him with the arrest and trial of Bruno Richard Hauptmann, a Bronx carpenter, in 1934. The trial, which Lindbergh attended daily, was reported with diligence and sensationalism. Lindbergh received up to 100,000 letters a week, and the Hopewell estate, which he had long since left, was overrun with curiosity seekers, one of whom dug up and lugged off the earth where the baby was found buried.

After a six-week trial, in which a web of circumstantial evidence was woven about Hauptmann, he was found guilty and executed. Although there were doubts (Hauptmann, the German-born father of a son about the age of Lindbergh's son, denied he was guilty), Lindbergh was satisfied that "Hauptmann did the thing."

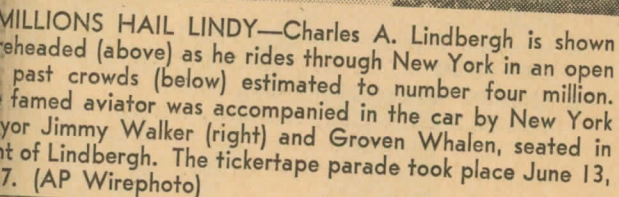
Meanwhile, there were new threats to kidnap Lindbergh's second son, Jon, and the family was living an abnormal existence. Lindbergh was telling friends that Americans exhibited "a morbid curiosity over crimes and murder trials" and lacked "respect for law, or the rights of others." Against this background, Lindbergh took his family to England to seek a safe, secluded residence away from "the tremendous public hysteria" that surrounded him in the United States.

ONE RESULT of the case was passage of the so-called Lindbergh Law, which made kidnapping a federal crime. Part of the statute was ruled unconstitutional in 1967.

During World War II the flier had at least one very close brush with death in a dogfight near Biak Island. He described this and other episodes in "The Wartime Journals," and they constitute the best writing in the book.

'Quiet Years'

For more than 15 years after the war Lindbergh virtually disappeared from the news. He was a member of Army Ordnance's CHORE project at the University of Chicago; he was consultant to the Secretary of the Air Force; he took part in the reorganization of the Strategic Air Command; and he was a member



leased during his last week in office, said the former president volunteered his help if it was ever needed.

"If the time ever comes, I will be glad to do what I can for you — if there's ever anything I can do for you, let me know," the congressman quoted Nixon saying.

"That's when I said, 'Mr. Nixon, I'm of the opinion that before many years have passed this country will have a sounding man just a few weeks ago was the most wonderful man in the world.'"

"You know, that's what I told Jackie (Nixon's) tone of sadness," he said, "I hung up I told Jackie (Nixon's) tone of sadness."

"His (Nixon's) tone was shaken."

Kuykendall said the comment hung up.

"Then he said, 'That's for that,' and hung up."

use for your expertise in perience;

Nixon Asks Congressional Supporter

TUESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1974

prevalent among his friends, which he absorbed over the years. An engineer and aviator of genius, he was, however, not an intellectual, nor a consistent reader, nor a social analyst. He subconsciously took on the philosophic coloration of his predominantly white, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant, elitist milieu.

Leadership Advocate

The assumption of this elitism accounted for his conviction that "America should lead the world in the development of flight," that "a conflict between English and German groups of nations would (be) a fratricidal war," that race was a valid judgment concept and that to accomplish an objective one should deal with "the top people." It also accounted for what many people thought was his anti-semitism.

Lindbergh did not regard himself as an anti-semitic. Indeed, he was shocked a couple of years ago when this writer put the question to him bluntly. "Good God, no," he responded, citing his fondness for Jews he had known or dealt with. Nor did he condone the Nazi treatment of German Jews, much less Hitler's genocidal policies. On the other hand, he accepted as fact that American Jewish groups were among those promoting United States involvement in World War II.

HE VOICED these views in a speech in Des Moines, Sept. 11, 1943. After asserting those groups responsible for seeking American "entanglement in European affairs" were "the British, the Jewish and the Roosevelt administration," he went on to say:

"It is not difficult to understand why Jewish people desire the overthrow of Nazi Germany. The persecution they suffered in Germany would be sufficient to make bitter enemies of any race. No person with a sense of the dignity of mankind can condone the persecution the Jewish race suffered in Germany.

"But no person of honesty and vision can look on their pro-war policy here today without seeing the dangers involved in such a policy, but for us and for them.

"Instead of agitating for war, the Jewish groups in this country should be opposing it

KUYKENDALL, who called for Nixon to either resign or be impeached after the dam-

Louis, along with other awards and trophies), it became an issue when he opposed American war involvement. It led, among other things, to his being called a Fascist sympathiser, particularly when he declined a suggestion in 1942 to repudiate it; and the medal plagued his reputation for the rest of his life.

He disdained the criticism, however, saying:

"Personally, I am not at all concerned about any damage that may have been done to my reputation by the presentation of the medal.

"I FELT the throwing back of the medal was like taking part in a child's spitting contest. If I must fight, I'll fight; but I prefer not to spit at my enemy beforehand. Also, I felt Goering had given me the medal with good intent and in friendship. Regardless of how much I disagreed with him about other things, or later on I did not want to throw it back in his face."

Born in Detroit

Lindbergh's life, like his personality, was full of shadows and enigmas. Born Feb. 4, 1902, in Detroit, he was the son of C. A. Lindbergh, a prosperous Little Falls, Minn., lawyer and land speculator, and his second wife. Evangeline Lodge Land. The elder Lindbergh's first wife had died, leaving him two daughters. Charles Augustus Lindbergh Jr., was born in Detroit because his mother's uncle was a physician there. He was returned to Little Falls six weeks later and lived in that small town, the center of a farming and timbering community, with few interruptions until he was 18.

His paternal antecedents were Swedes, who changed their name from Mansons to Lindbergh when they emigrated from Sweden. They had a history of independence and vigor. The Lands, of Irish and English background, arrived in the United States shortly after 1812. Lindbergh's maternal grandfather was C. H. Land, a dentist and inventor. Both Dr. Land and C. A. Lindbergh were strong advocates of free inquiry and individual initiative, and both impressed on young Charles the merits of personal independence.

UNE, TULSA, OKLAHOMA



ARRIVAL IN PARIS — Officials form a fence to contain the crowd at the Paris airport after Lindbergh's landmark arrival in

1927. In the background is the "Spirit of St. Louis."

CHARLES' WORLD was jolted when his father was elected to the House of Representatives, where he served from 1907 to 1917. He went to Washington, his first venture into a metropolis, and disliked it. About that time, his mother and father ceased living together, although for appearance's sake there was no legal separation and both parents took care to give the child a sense of security.

Apart from saying that the separation was "a tragic situation" for his parents, Lindbergh shut his lips about the situation and shied from talking about the psychic hurts that he bore. He was equally aciturn on other personal matters.

The future aviator's interest in flying was sparked in, 1908 or 1909, when, one day, he heard a buzzing in the sky and limbed out of a dormer window onto the roof of his home to witness a frail biplane skimming through the clouds.

Studied Engineering

In World War I, Lindbergh operated the family farm, leaving it in the fall of 1920 to study engineering at the University of Wisconsin. His grades were poor and he left after a year and a half, but not before learning how to shoot quarters out of the outstretched fingers of his friends at 50 feet with a rifle.

From Wisconsin, he motorcycled to the Nebraska Aircraft Corporation in Lincoln, which was then producing an airplane and giving flying lessons to promote the product. "I can still smell the odor of kope (cellulose acetate or nitrate) that permeated each breath," he said years later in recalling his first close-up view of an aircraft.

LINDBERGH took his first flight April 9, 1922. In succeeding months he learned to fly, to wing-walk and to parachute. Of equal importance, he absorbed all there was to know about the planes of that day and the various styles of flying. And he made friends with

fliers who passed through Lincoln and with Harlan A. (Bud) Gurney, with whom, among others, he barnstormed over the Midwest. Called Slim by his friends because of his lithe, gangling body and 6-foot-2½-inch height, Lindbergh was billed to the public as "Daredevil" Lindbergh for his stunt feats.

First Plane

However, he did not solo until April 1923, when he purchased his first plane, a Jeny, in Georgia. Shortly afterward he began to earn his living as a flier by taking up passengers in various towns at \$5 a ride. It was all seat-of-the-pants flying and Lindbergh gloried in it; but he gave it up to enlist in the Army in March 1924, so he could attend the Army flying school at Brooks Field, San Antonio. For the first time, he found some joy in textbooks and classes.

Indeed, he was graduated as the top man in his class, and was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Army Air Service Reserve in March 1925. He was by this time an accomplished flier. He spent some time as an air circus stunt flier at county fairs and the like before being hired by the Robertson Aircraft Co. of St. Louis as the chief pilot on the mail run to Chicago. He made the first run in April 1926. It was the only paycheck job in the normal sense of the word that he ever held.

In many ways, Lindbergh's life was a series of responses to imperatives. When he became convinced that he "ought" to do something — he ought to oppose entry into World War II, he ought to speak out for conservation — he reacted with vigor and dispatch. And virtually immediately he began to plan the details of the trip — getting financial backing, getting a specially designed plane, mapping the route, eliminating any chance of failure.

ULTIMATELY, he persuaded a group of St. Louis businessmen to put up \$15,000, which was one reason why the plane was called the Spirit of St. Louis. After many wracking incidents, the Ryan Co., with Lindbergh's help, designed and built a craft tailored for him and the Wright Co. built an engine of 223

For several years after the Paris flight, Lindbergh lived in the glare of publicity and popping camera flashbulbs. The public would not let him alone. "I recall stepping out of a building on Wall Street, and having almost everyone on the street turn and follow me," he said. He was regarded as a sort of oracle, and his opinion was solicited on every conceivable subject.

He was, moreover, linked falsely in the press, with a number of girls. His interest, however, was in Anne Spencer Morrow, the beautiful blue-eyed daughter of Dwight Morrow, then ambassador to Mexico. The couple met in Mexico City at Christmastime in 1927, when Miss Morrow, then a Smith student, went there for the holidays. They were married in a private ceremony in the Morrow home in New Jersey on May 27, 1929.

The marriage was a union of opposites. Sensitive, retiring, a poet, Mrs. Lindbergh wanted nothing so much as a life of peace and quiet. Seldom codling her, her husband proved hyperactive, happy as a nomad who was rarely at home for long periods. Yet despite some moments of tension, the marriage was an enduring and affectionate one.

Kidnaping

THEIR FIRST child, Charles Augustus III, was born June 24, 1930. Twenty months later, when Mrs. Lindbergh was pregnant with her second child, the baby was kidnapped from his nursery crib in his parents' home in Hopewell, N.J. The date was March 1, 1932. On May 12 the baby's body was found in a shallow grave not far from the house.

In between, there was a bizarre hunt for the child that included payment of a \$50,000 ransom at a cemetery in the Bronx and a cast of characters that ranged from Dr. John F. (Jafsie) Condon, a school principal, to Gaston B. Means, a swindler. There were false leads and sensations galore, through all of which Lindbergh bore himself with great public stoicism.

His private emotions were never disclosed, and about the only references that he made in later years to the kidnaping and murder were fleeting mentions of "that New Jersey business."

In 1954, he was promoted a brigadier general in the Air Force Reserve.

In Africa, in 1964, he found an interest that was to occupy his last years and to bring him out of his public reticence and reclusiveness. The issue was conservation.

"LYING UNDER an acacia tree with the sounds of the dawn around me," he recalled, "I realized more clearly the facts that man should never overlook; that the construction of an airplane, for instance, is simple when compared to the evolutionary achievement of a bird; that airplanes depend on an advanced civilization, and that where civilization is most advanced few birds exist. And I realized that if I had to choose, I would rather have birds than airplanes."

He concluded, "I ought to do something."

That imperative, which unfolded slowly, led him to activity in conservation organizations, to having a large hand in saving the humpback and the blue whales, to concern for endangered species and to public advocacy of steps to save the world's environment.

Lindbergh said that he had unveiled himself because he thought the cause of conservation so urgent. "I have had enough publicity for 15 lives," he said, "and I seek no more of it, but where I can accomplish a purpose I will do things I otherwise abhor."

This was, perhaps, the ultimate enigma of his life; for beneath his outer coating was a man who kept more to himself (and perhaps to his wife) than he ever gave to the public.

Lindbergh had six children: Charles, who was killed; Jon, Land, Anne, Scott and Reeve, all of whose middle names were Morrow. He also had 10 grandchildren.

to become a lynch mob, said and warned his colleagues in loose in the House chamber Tenn., who once displayed Rep. Dan Kuykendall, I carcasses?" people want to pick th Monday, "Do you think th sional supporters by telephone tors, asked one of his congres pressed by Watergate prosecu Nixon, indicating he is being FORMER President Richard MEMPHIS, Tenn. (UPI) -

Do People

Lindbergh Friends Mourn in Hawaii

HANA, Hawaii (P) — Family and friends gathered in this isolated tropical retreat Tuesday for a memorial service for Charles A. Lindbergh the aviation pioneer who was the first to fly alone across the Atlantic.

"Knowing you're going to die within a few days is an unnerving experience," said Dr. Milton M. Howell, Lindbergh's personal physician and close friend. "But it gave the general time to fulfill his last wish."

See "Charles A. Lindbergh" on A-12

Learning he had lost his battle with cancer, the 72-year-old aviator who won worldwide fame with his "Lone Eagle" flight from New York to Paris in 1927, decided that his last remaining days would be spent at his home here.

THE MEMORIAL SERVICE was held at the Kipahulu Hawaiian church, where funeral services and burial were held Monday afternoon less than eight hours after his death.

Tributes to the famed aviator continued to flow in and Lindbergh's achievements were honored at Le Bourget airport in Paris and at Lindbergh Field in San Diego, Calif.

Hana and the surrounding area is a sleepy community of about 800 persons. It is on a remote corner of the island of Maui, southeast of Honolulu.

LINDBERGH DISCOVERED this part of the world because of his longtime close friend, Samuel Pryor, a retired Pan American World Airways executive who has a large ranch here. Pryor sold him five acres of oceanside property where Lindbergh built a comfortable home, complete with no electricity.

The Lindberghs usually spent about four months a year here.

Despite fame and fortune, Lindbergh was a simple man—and loved to live a simple, private life.

"Everyone knew who he was, whether they knew him personally or not," said a Hawaiian woman who attended the funeral.

"He was sweet and gentle, he was nice," said the woman, who asked not to be identified.

that opens at 3 p.m. The area is too remote to accept television signals.

THERE ALSO ARE NO street addresses here. The lone postman knows where everyone lives "and so you don't need an address," said one local woman.

When you ask here where Lindbergh died, you are told "at Puuiki," a district about three miles south of the town. Everyone knows this means it was at the home of retired DuPont executive Ed Peachin.

The Hana area has remained virtually unchanged in the past half century, and one reason is the area's inaccessibility.

A nine-passenger airplane lands at the tiny airport daily.

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Charles A. Lindbergh

AT A LATER time, daring airmen would fly non-stop around the world and, eventually, to the moon and beyond. But in all the history of modern man's love affair with the flying machine, nothing would ever quite equal the pure romance, excitement and universal pride of that single moment during the night of May 20, 1927.

The scene was Paris' Le Bourget Airport. It was 10:21 p.m. An awkward-looking airplane touched down between two rows of automobile lights, and a crowd of thousands rushed in to welcome the pilot, a tall, skinny young man named LINDBERGH.

There would be other international heroes who would capture the world's imagination. But the kind of adulation that was to overwhelm CHARLES A. LINDBERGH would always be unique.

For one thing, LUCKY LINDY's accomplishment was single-handed—one man against the elements and the long odds. Later deeds—the conquest of the moon, for instance—would require equal skill and courage, but could not be remotely seen as the ex-

clusive deed of one man or even a few men.

LINDBERGH not only flew the SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS, he helped design it and build it and found sponsors for the flight himself. But the main reason for the public acclaim of THE LONE EAGLE was the person himself. He came across as the handsome, straightforward but reserved gentleman—the All-American Man.

In subsequent years, the tragic kidnapping and death of a small son would send LINDBERGH into a self-imposed isolation from the public. He would also later in life be embarrassed by his misjudgement of Nazi Germany's strength and intentions in the early stages of World War II. But to the end, he never rested on his early accomplishment.

During his final years, LINDBERGH gave much of his time to an international crusade to protect the natural environment. In a different and less exciting way, this effort was just as important as his solo flight across the Atlantic.

LINDBERGH's death at the age of 72 removes from the scene not only an international hero but a useful citizen of the world.

Wings of the Wind



THE LONE EAGLE HEADS HOME.

Doctor Describes 'Lone Eagle's' Last Days

Lindbergh Unafraid of Dying

KIPAHULU, Hawaii (UPI) — Charles A. Lindbergh told his physician that, while he often feared death while making pioneering flights, he was not afraid when he knew that he was dying.

"This time, I am not apprehensive or frightened," Lindbergh told Dr. Milton Howell shortly before he died Monday.

Howell was a close friend to the famed aviator and the only doctor near the Hawaiian village where Lindbergh spent his final days.

HOWELL SAID HE AND the "Lone Eagle" discussed his incurable cancer and Lindbergh told him, "I want to die simply, at home with my family."

Howell said Lindbergh told him he had often been afraid of death during his many dan-

gerous flights, but that he approached his death from cancer calmly.

"He and his family fully understood I didn't have, or plan to move in, complicated pulmonary ventilators and that sort of intensive care equipment," Howell said.

"He wanted no heroic emergency measures taken. At the most, we could have extended his life for two or three days of absolute misery."

Lindbergh was tired and weak after a long journey from New York to the island of Maui a week before his death, Howell said, but for four days began to feel better and eat again.

Howell said he mainly ate eggs, meat and bread and drank water. He slept a lot, Howell said.

During the last three days, however, Lindbergh became

weaker, suffered from shortness of breath and increasing malaise, but was in very little pain.

Howell said he administered sedatives, pain killers and antibiotics, to ward off infection.

Howell said they discussed whether Lindbergh should sign a form stating that he had au-

thorized the physician to take "no therapeutic measures" to prolong his life, but decided "it would not be necessary, so we settled in principle with a handshake on the matter."

Howell said he saw Lindbergh two or three times a day, and spent the last night with him.

Two nurses were with him constantly. His wife and sons also were at the little yellow cottage on a cliff overlooking the Pacific.

Howell said Lindbergh lapsed into unconsciousness, then became weaker and "his respiration ceased."

Howell said that the issue of whether emergency measures should be taken to prolong life with complex equipment "is a no-man's-land in medicine right now. A lot of work has got to be done on who makes these decisions."

Lindbergh's Film Stand-In Pilot on Trip

NEW YORK (AP) — United Airlines pilot William J. Picune of Mahwah, N.J., once played a stand-in for Charles A. Lindbergh in some flying scenes for the biographical movie "The Spirit of St. Louis."

By chance, he also was the pilot of the flight which took the dying aviation pioneer on a stretcher to Honolulu Aug. 18, eight days before he died at his home in Hana, Maui.

"Lindbergh was on the left side so he could see out the window," Picune said. "I asked him if he would like me to circle the island of Maui. He said, 'Oh, no, captain. I don't want to inconvenience the other passengers'."

'Lindy' to be lauded

NY Times Service (c)

The 50th anniversary of the first solo nonstop transAtlantic flight will be commemorated in St. Louis from May 20 to 22 with a riverfront celebration in honor of Charles Lindbergh, the 25-year-old aviation instructor who left New York at 7:52 a.m. on May 20, 1927, and arrived in Paris 33½ hours later.

Earlier that year, a group of St. Louis citizens had given the pilot a check for \$15,000 to buy the airplane, which Lindbergh named the Spirit of St. Louis. A replica of the plane is on display in the International Wing of Lambert St. Louis International Airport.

Also on view in St. Louis, in the Jefferson Memorial Building in Forest Park, is a collection of trophies and

souvenirs that Lindbergh received from throughout the world after his historic flight. They may be viewed without charge.

The American Jewish Congress, which suspended its program of group tours to Mexico after that country in 1975 supported a United Nations resolution equating Zionism with racism, has decided to resume its travel program south of the border.

In announcing plans to resume the tours in October, Rabbi Arthur Hertzberg said, "In our judgment, the accession to the presidency of Jose Lopez Portillo marks the beginning of a new era not only in Mexico's relations with the United States, but also with the Jews of this country and with the people of Israel."

Other magazines in Tulsa that have specialized markets reaching across the nation include "Proofs" and the "National Beauty News."

"Proofs" is part of the Petroleum Publishing Company chain. The most interesting thing about the magazine is its name, which defies logical explanation since the magazine isn't even remotely connected to the word proof in any of its meanings.

It caters to dealers in dental supplies and to the sales and marketing personnel of dental manufacturers, who wait with breathless eagerness every month to learn who's been transferred where, when trade meetings are being held and other such titillating stuff.

THE MAGAZINE HAS a circulation of 7,600 and is sold across the U.S. and Canada. The origin of the magazine and the exact date it was started is lost but the present publishers place its beginning around 1917 in Pittsburgh. It was moved to Tulsa in 1970 when Petroleum Publishing, publisher of the "Oil and Gas Journal" here, bought it and two other dental magazines.

Lindbergh is resting in the land he loved

The Providence Journal ©

KIPAHULU, Maui, Hawaii — The visitors who come here come quietly, solemnly. That is just as well, for Charles A. Lindbergh, in life, shunned notoriety. And he loved the unspoiled land — wild, untrammeled. All his later years were devoted to conservation.

The path to the little Congregational churchyard where he is buried starts at a green farm gate. There is no access by car and the walk to the headland where his grave lies 1,000 feet above the sea takes about a quarter of an hour.

The way is rocky and coconut-strewn. Like as not, a ripe coconut will tumble as one passes. Horses graze in a neighboring field. Lichens and speckled ferns sprout from the black stone wall separating field from pathway. A knotty banyan puts down new roots at the church door.

IT WAS HERE in Kipahulu that Lindbergh asked to come to spend his final months.

He always had loved the solitude here, the white caps of the Pacific, the wind in the plum trees, the green pastures and black and gold sands that stud this largely undiscovered

coast. He said there was no more beautiful place on earth.

He had learned about Kipahulu from a fellow Pan American Airlines executive, had visited and then quickly built his own house. His privacy was respected and his friends were the farmers.

"Charles A. Lindbergh

Born Michigan 1902

Died Maui 1974

If I take the wings of the morning
and dwell in the uttermost parts sea
... C.A.L."

There is no other marking on the flat gravestone redened with juice from the plum tree that tosses overhead. Pebbles from riverbeds surround the stone. Up a way from it, Henry K., Mary Ann and George K. Kaelahea are buried and Havolok Opiopio, who only lived from 1909 to 1910. Graves are simple in Hawaii, like as not just a rectangle of stones that the family has collected.

IN THE WHITEWASHED stone Palapala Hoomau Congregational Church where the great aviator sometimes worshiped, the Bible is in Hawaiian. There is a plain wooden cross, an organ that is in disrepair, green pews. Nothing elegant.

Lindbergh's Imperishable Feat

By GEORGE F. WILL

WASHINGTON — IN 1926 A YOUNG poet expressed her, and the day's, yearning for something magical:

Everything today has been heavy and brown.

Bring me a unicorn to ride about the town.

The next year the poet and the world met Charles Lindbergh. The poet would soon be Anne Morrow Lindbergh.

It is 50 years since the day — May 21, 1929 — the silvery Spirit of St. Louis landed in Paris, 33 hours from Long Island's muddy Roosevelt Field. Lindbergh's flight is a still snapshot in the memory of a passing generation.

Nostalgia is a distorting lens, and the 1920s are bathed in the soft glow of remembered radiance. But the decade has a hard, unlovely dimension. Frederick Lewis Allen called the period "the ballyhoo years" given to "crazes" for the Charleston, Mah-Jongg, crossword puzzles, Florida real estate, flagpole sitting and marathon dances. And news became entertainment.

In 1925 Floyd Collins, trapped in a Kentucky Cave, took 18 days to die. By the time he did, there was a tent city of journalists at the mouth of the cave, churning out copy for a mesmerized world. That summer millions of words poured through the transatlantic cable from Dayton, Tennessee, scene of the Scopes trial.

Lindbergh's flight was the first elevating spectacle of the "wired world." Most fame is an artifact, a perishable consumer product. Lindbergh's fame was different because he was different.

IN A DAY WHEN A SENATOR (Charles Curtis, R-Kan.) could endorse Lucky Strike Cigarettes, Lindbergh did not commit testimonials or movies. He was a craftsman whose craft — aviation — was an end in itself. It was a "vocation" in a semi-religious sense.

Antoine de Saint Exupery, author of "Wind, Sand and Stars" and "Night Flight," disappeared during a flight in 1944. He has been called "the Joseph Conrad of the air." Conrad used ships and the sea for voyages through the inner man. Saint Exupery, like another brilliant writer on aviation, Charles Lindbergh, was moved to mysticism by access to the sky.

But one striking thing about the literature of the air is that there is so lit-

tle of it, compared with the literature of the sea. It was over in a blink of an eye, that moment when aviation stirred the modern imagination.

Aviation was transformed from reckless to routine in Lindbergh's lifetime. Today the riskiest part of air travel is the drive to the airport, and airlines use a barrage of stimuli to protect passengers from ennui.

The marvels of science have made science seem less marvelous. And as mankind's capacity for awe contracts, mankind is diminished. Consider one of the most remarkable features of the public mind today — the vanishing interest in space exploration. The average American is so jaded that he is unmoved by the idea of exploring beyond the thin atmosphere of this tiny cinder that orbits in a corner of a solar system in the whirl of the universe.

LINDBERGH WAS BORN IN 1902, two years before Kitty Hawk. As a child in Minnesota, automobiles were less familiar to him than were his grandmother's recollections of the Sioux uprising of 1862.

Having experienced the compression of time, and having come to question that pace and directions of change, Lindbergh became a student of man's pre-history, flying to primitive regions in advanced planes. A schoolmate asked one of Lindbergh's children: "Didn't your father discover America?" Well, no, he didn't, exactly. But he was a catalyst of the nation's rediscovery, in a frivolous decade, of old virtues, including bravery, solitary discipline, and applied knowledge.

Lindbergh died in 1974. He is buried in a grave cut from rock in Maui, Hawaii. His epitaph reads, "If I take the winds of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea . . ."

Maui is about as far away as America gets from Roosevelt Field, which is now a shopping center.

In Brendan Gills new illustrated essay, "Lindbergh Alone," the last photograph is a stunning snapshot of young Charles, alone on a raft, probably on the Minnesota headwaters of the Mississippi. Several hundred miles South, the Father of Waters flows past Hannibal, Missouri. There, another boy, and the American imagination, set out on a raft. That image of American adventure is recurrent, and thus imperishable.

DEAR ABBY/ABIGAIL VAN BUREN

Who Saw Lindy Land in Paris?

DEAR ABBY: I wonder if perhaps I am the only living American who was in Paris the night that Charles Lindbergh arrived in 1927. I was a lad of 17 at the time.

My later brother-in-law, Global Zobel, and I were at Auteil, watching Bill Tilden and Bill Johnston play Brugnon and Borotra for the doubles championship of France, when newsboys began hawking "extras" announcing that "Lindberger" had been sighted flying over Ireland. A mass exodus from the stands took place, with everyone grabbing taxis to go to Bourget Airport. To this day, I don't know who won the tennis match—or if it was even finished.

The boulevard to Bourget was jammed with taxis 10 abreast. In those days, the Paris taxi had a sliding panel in the roof. Everyone had acquired a bottle of something good, inasmuch as the traffic moved very slowly, bottles were passed from cab to cab celebrating the unshaking achievement. We tried to get to within a mile of the field. It was around 10 p.m., and we saw Lindbergh set a flare over the airfield to show where he was and how Paris went mad for the next days. There was dancing in the streets, and restaurants gave free food and liquor to

I would be very interested to know if there are any other Americans still around who shared this experience.

—JOHN ZUCKERMAN,
Stockton, Calif.