

Lindbergh Four Years After

SWINGING his car out of the Holland Tunnel, Colonel Lindbergh turned toward New York's downtown district, slowing to a crawl as we came into thicker traffic. Several times on the way from Princeton I had mentally contrasted our peaceful journey with the tumultuous parades of the United States tour in the frenzied days of 1927. Now, as we moved slowly through the crowded streets, I began to watch the faces of passing motorists, curious to see how often America's most famous airman would be recognized.

The traffic lights turned red. Colonel Lindbergh brought the car to a stop at the next corner, where there happened to be a police station. A yawning truck driver on our left gave a sleepy glance at Lindbergh's face, which was purposely shadowed by his hat, and then drowsed over his wheel, unaware of his neighbor's identity.

"If he had recognized you," I said to the colonel, "I'll bet he'd have been down here for an autograph by now."

Lindbergh laughed. "I haven't had much trouble lately," he said. "When I wear this hat, few people know me."

He broke off abruptly. A sedan had drawn up on our right. The driver was leaning out, staring at Colonel Lindbergh. In a moment it appeared that the colonel's headgear had for once lamentably failed to serve its purpose. The man reached for his door handle. I recognized the gleam in his eyes, and I could almost hear the old, familiar words I knew were coming: "Colonel, I've just got to shake your hand!"

Held Up by a Hand-Shaker

BUT as he opened his door, a policeman stepped into the street. The sedan driver hesitated, then went back to his wheel. To my surprise, the policeman came past him and walked over to the colonel's car. Passers-by halted to see if there were to be an arrest. Lindbergh had perhaps unconsciously pulled

his hat a little lower, and his hand was on the gear shift, for the traffic lights were about to change.

The bluecoat peered in at him—almost suspiciously, I thought—and there was no sign of recognition in his face. "Where you goin', buddy?" he demanded, and from his gruff tone the colonel might have been suspected of some dark crime.

I thought Lindbergh suppressed a fleeting grin. "Downtown," he answered calmly. "Why?"

"I was lookin' for a ride," grunted the officer. "But I'm goin' uptown." He seemed injured that his destination and the colonel's did not coincide.

"Sorry," said the colonel politely.

"So am I, buddy." The policeman turned away, but the man in the sedan hailed him excitedly.

"That's Lindbergh in there!" he announced in a loud voice.

The dozing truck driver awoke instantly. Pedestrians paused to stare. The policeman ran back and shot a query at the colonel:

"Say, are you really Lindbergh himself?"

The colonel nodded.

"Well, what you know about that!" said the officer. Then, hopefully: "Say, you sure you ain't goin' uptown, colonel?"

Lindbergh laughed at that. "No, I'm still going downtown. I'd be glad to give you a lift if you were going that way."

The lights were changing. Motorists farther back were getting impatient. The bluecoat looked at the lights.

"Wait till I get my buddy," he exclaimed. He dashed into the police station. The sedan driver ran across, untroubled by the fact that his empty car headed a line of irate motorists.

"Colonel, I just want to shake your hand," he blurted out.

The Colonel Keeps Moving

THE sleepy truck driver seemed about to descend from his perch. The policeman suddenly reappeared, another bluecoat at his heels. They ran for the car, while a startled group of New Yorkers gaped at

what they apparently thought to be a raid. The two policemen rode several blocks, obviously out of their way, but also obviously pleased to be riding in any direction with America's air hero. When they climbed out I looked at Colonel Lindbergh quizzically.

"I thought nobody ever recognized you when you were wearing a hat," I remarked.

He grinned. "Oh, occasionally it happens," he said. "But as long as I keep moving there isn't so much chance."

That is the essence of the matter of Colonel Lindbergh's appearances in public—if he keeps moving, he can not only drive but can walk through New York streets without attracting a crowd. He moves rapidly, and his hat changes his appearance so that few people know him at first glance. Before they have time to make certain, he is lost in the throng.

But if he stops! That is another matter, and he has learned a lesson through several surprising experiences. On one occasion he stepped from a taxicab

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PHOTO BY WIDE WORLD PHOTOS
The House Near Princeton, New Jersey, in Which Colonel Lindbergh and His Family Now Reside

By DONALD E. KEYHOE



PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

The Lindberghs in Camp, in the Mountains North of Los Angeles, Near Lebec

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in front of an office building, paused only to pay his fare, and then vanished into the building.

Only a few seconds had been consumed, but in that time a sharp-eyed newsboy had spied him. Knowing that the building had but one entrance, the newsboy began to announce to the passing crowds that Colonel Lindbergh would soon appear. In a few minutes the sidewalk was jammed. People spread out into the street, while the newsboy continued his announcement, meanwhile disposing of his papers to the throng.

A little later Colonel Lindbergh came out of the building, only to find himself surrounded by a crowd of several hundred people. He hastily started up the street, looking for a taxicab. But by now it was raining and no cabs were to be seen. The crowd fell in line behind him and hurried along.

"That was the most embarrassing thing that has happened for months," he told me later. "Here I was at the head of a procession that was growing larger all the time, and no way to escape. I felt almost like the leader in a circus parade."

Fortunately, a taxi came by just as traffic police were about to send in a hurry call for reserves to clear the street.

Recognition comes in waves or cycles, Colonel Lindbergh has found. Both he and Mrs. Lindbergh are much more likely to be identified just after a front-page news story or photograph in the metropolitan press. On certain occasions Mrs. Lindbergh has been recognized five times more frequently than usual, because of a full-length picture showing some distinctive type of attire which women could easily remember.

It is almost as difficult for Colonel Lindbergh to dine at a public restaurant now as it was in 1927. He has practically given up the idea, for invariably someone will approach him before he has been in the restaurant a full minute. Usually it will be a complete stranger, asking to shake his hand, requesting an autograph, perhaps to see what he is eating, or just to stand and stare at him. Others will follow the first person, ending all chance of a peaceful dinner.

Dressing for the Theater

Even in private clubs this same thing has happened, though as a rule Colonel Lindbergh can find privacy there. His first appearance in any store is certain to be the signal for a general, if surreptitious, inspection by the store employees. But after this first visit he can go back without finding himself the target for all eyes.

Theaters were in the same class as public restaurants until very recently, when Lindbergh hit upon a simple but very effective means of altering his appearance. When I first heard of this I was amused.

"Don't tell me you've bought a set of false whiskers," I said.

He shook his head. "Nothing as bad as that. But Mrs. Lindbergh and I both like to attend theaters once in a while, so we found a very easy way of keeping from being recognized."

Then he told me what it was. But in the same breath he added:

"Keep it a secret, or we won't be able to use it any more. And we've had too much fun to let the secret go."

Until this time the colonel had not visited a moving-picture theater in four years, since a date prior to his famous Paris flight, though he had witnessed a few private showings of pictures. As was to be expected, his first public movie was a well-known air-war drama. And unless the description of his disguise should leak out in some way, both he and Mrs. Lindbergh will quietly enjoy many performances where they would otherwise be under closest scrutiny from the moment of their entrance until their exit.

Like the matter of recognition, the colonel's mail varies and runs in cycles, being heavier when he is planning some flight or when he has been in the headlines for any reason. After the vast amount received when Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr., was born, Lindbergh's mail has decreased to about one hundred letters a day.

An Offer From a Flying Barber

One hundred letters a day—more than thirty-five thousand a year, even at this minimum rate. These letters come from all over the country, from foreign countries—sometimes the most out-of-the-way places in the world. Many are begging letters—requests couched in every style from an illiterate scrawl to phrases of educated men and women. They ask for anything from a million dollars to a five-dollar bill; though most of them do not get that low.

Then there are freak letters; though there has always been an almost complete absence of threats in the colonel's mail. One man, a barber, wrote and asked to be the colonel's personal flying barber, to go with him everywhere he went. A very questionable stock company tried to sell him stock in a "marvelous new type of airplane that would revolutionize aviation." Cranks send him impossible ideas on flying. Inventors ask him to promote their work.

But the strangest one of all yet received in the mail in 1931 was a letter from a very indignant woman. She wrote:

I am getting tired of seeing the name of Lindbergh everywhere I look. First it was "Lindbergh Flies to Paris." Nothing but Lindbergh in the newspapers—what he eats, where he goes—until you can't find anything else.

Then it was Lindbergh's engagement to Anne Morrow. All the papers filled with it—was he engaged, or wasn't he? When would they be married, and where? And so on and on. Finally Lindbergh was married. Then all this fuss over the Lindbergh baby. And as far as I'm concerned, I wish I'd never heard of the Lindberghs.

When the colonel received this letter, he thought it was the best he had seen for a long time.

"She doesn't seem to care very much for the name of Lindbergh," he observed with a grin, after he told me of the letter. "And I can't say I blame her a lot at that, after all the things that have been printed."

To handle this regular volume of mail, Colonel Lindbergh maintains an office with a secretary in New York City. When he is not busy with some projected flight or away from home on some mission, he usually spends four days a week at this office or on business in the city. At present, he ordinarily drives to and from his home near Princeton, a daily round trip of one

hundred and twelve miles, as there is no shelter at his home for the sport plane which he occasionally has used for traveling between Princeton and New York.

The use of this sport plane caused several crash stories to be printed about the colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh when they first moved to the farmhouse where they temporarily reside in New Jersey.

Ever since the Paris flight, the various press services have had standing orders to maintain contact with Lindbergh, as far as to find where he lands after he takes off from any airport in the country. This is particularly so when he refuses to give his destination—a practice by which he escapes the crowds that would otherwise be waiting for him to land.

One evening just after the Lindberghs had moved to the farmhouse near Princeton, the colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh took off in their sport ship and flew home, landing in a small field adjacent to the house. The next morning the colonel was startled to read in a morning paper that he and Mrs. Lindbergh had crashed in the Alleghany Mountains and were dead. The press service responsible for the story had failed to find any trace of Lindbergh's plane after a check-up of airports by telegraph, and had jumped to the conclusion of the crash, not knowing about the tiny landing field on the farm.

Much amused, the colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh read of their demise, which, like the story of Mark Twain's death, seemed to have been "greatly exaggerated." Oddly enough, this same story appeared twice after that, until, at last, the colonel's reappearance after three successive deaths forced that particular news service to a solution of the mystery.

Fighting for a Private Life

The four years since the Paris flight have not been easy ones for Colonel Lindbergh—especially the years 1929 and 1930, in which he was driven into a fight against the journals that sought to pry into almost every detail of his private and family life.

For a year after the transatlantic flight, Lindbergh had practically no private life at all. He lived under a terrific pressure, struggling for every moment of freedom and undergoing an intense physical and mental strain.

After the first uproarious months of acclaim, the colonel's efforts to bar his private life from the press brought some sharp criticisms from some papers.

In 1929, when the colonel married Miss Anne Morrow, the fight assumed a new trend and an even stronger purpose for Lindbergh—the purpose of creating a barrier between his home life and certain newspapers. He later decided on an inflexible policy of dealing solely with the conservative press.

The result has been the acquisition of many sincere personal friends on the one hand, and the inevitable creation of enemies on the other side of the barrier. The aviation editors and reporters of the conservative metropolitan papers can telephone Lindbergh at almost any hour and confer with him. A strong bond has grown up between them. The colonel has more than once asked the advice of these aviation writers. He respects and likes

But the reporters, editors and photographers on some newspapers are bitter on the subject of Colonel Lindbergh. Distorted stories appear in their pages. One of these was the story of Mrs. Lindbergh's nervous breakdown after the famous Easter flight in 1930.

A Great Picture Scoop

The colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh had completed a swift transcontinental flight, arriving in New York late at night. A crowd was waiting on the field, and so Mrs. Lindbergh did not alight from the plane until after the colonel had completed talking with the newspapermen. Fully half an hour after the landing she quietly entered an automobile and was driven away with the colonel.

But the next day certain newspapers published a widely circulated story to the effect that Mrs. Lindbergh had broken down from the strain of the long flight and had been all but carried into a hangar in tears. Perhaps the purpose of this story was not malicious, but as it was received and interpreted it was the cause of some unpleasant comment.

However, this was but a minor matter, compared with the activity of some papers and their representatives at the time of the birth of Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr. Bribery or attempted bribery, the planting of men as servants—these are but a few of the counts against the journals that were ready to bribe or beat advance information out of anyone they thought might possess it.

After the colonel's son was born there was an insistent demand for photographs of the child. After some time the colonel took the desired pictures himself, had a number of prints made, and at an appointed hour met representatives of the conservative papers and press services, giving each one a set of the prints. The other journals were all but insane, for this was one of the great picture scoops of the year. In the next few hours the editor of one paper was offered five thousand dollars to send one of his men out on the street with one of the precious prints in his pocket.

"You mean you'll hijack him?" demanded the editor.

"Call it what you want. You'll get your five thousand dollars."

"Nothing doing," rapped the editor, and banged down the receiver of his phone.

But these papers did not stop at that. They trailed press-service messengers to trains, and worked clever schemes which gained for some of them the coveted pictures. But their disappointment at not being included with the other papers created enmity for Lindbergh that is still exceedingly active.

The loyalty of the better papers has bound them closer than ever to Colonel Lindbergh. At the same time, he is not so bitter as might be expected in regard to the offending journals. He made a definite attempt to work with them, to the extent of giving them news releases when they were issued to other papers. But at last he found their methods of obtaining news, and the objects for which they stood, incompatible with his own ideas. There was only one course possible—a clean break.

The decision has brought him a certain relief. He knows where he stands,

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and so do the newspapers. He knows there will be attacks, more bitter because of personal feeling that may not have existed before. But Colonel Lindbergh is singularly untroubled by such attacks. He believes that they will be taken at their face value and understood by most people.

In spite of this, however, there have been two or three instances where the public has not read between the lines. One of these was the famous mud-slinging story, in which the colonel was accused of deliberately spattering an airport crowd by taxiing his plane through a dirty puddle. It has already been explained in the columns of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST that the colonel was trying to keep the whirling propeller of his plane pointed away from the crowd and that he never saw the mudhole.

An Unauthorized Ghost

Again, more recently, he has been accused of maliciously diving on a huge transport plane, frightening passengers and pilot out of their wits. This, too, was a distorted story, arising out of Lindbergh's method of signaling a passenger plane out of a danger area at the National Air Races.

The colonel's reaction to such stories is rather surprising. Most men would be disturbed. Some would be irritated, or even angry. Lindbergh takes them as a natural part of the rôle which came so unexpectedly to him in 1927, and declines to make any reply.

About a year ago, a man in Los Angeles wrote a book under Lindbergh's name, which he offered to a publisher. The book was accepted and, but for an accident, might have been printed and put on sale. I happened to have a small part in uncovering the deception, as the writer of the book had assumed my name in dealing with the publishers, stating that he was acting as the colonel's agent. When the truth became known I hurried to New York to see Lindbergh. Instead of being angry, he was quite amused at the man's audacity.

"That's a new trick," he said. "He must have planned pretty well to get as far as he did."

"It's serious business," I insisted. "The newspapers have just heard about it, and one of them has already printed a story saying that a man named Keyhoe tried to sell a fake book about Colonel Lindbergh."

Lindbergh chuckled. "That's a good one," he exclaimed. But after a moment he lifted the receiver from his telephone and called the Times and other papers in turn, carefully explaining about the impersonation.

"What are you going to do to this fellow if they catch him?" I asked, when he had finished telephoning.

"Nothing. Why should I? He hasn't hurt me. The book wasn't printed. But I wonder what it was like and where he got his material."

"I can tell you that," I said. "Part of it was from your own book. We, twisted around slightly; some was from news stories about you. And then there was a very remarkable bit about your boyhood and some tricks you played on people."

Lindbergh looked interested. "I'd like to see the manuscript," he observed. "Maybe I'd learn some things I never knew about myself."

And that was as near as he came to desiring any revenge on the impostor, though the man had forged Lindbergh's name in letters and contracts, and had

sworn to the authenticity of certain photographs purporting to be the colonel at a very tender age.

During the first great wave of enthusiasm that swept the world after Colonel Lindbergh's famous flight, there were many predictions as to what this tremendous storm of adulation would do to him. Some critics said he would soon break under the strain, others that he would lose his natural modesty and become a supreme egotist. A number prophesied that he would be dazzled by the possibilities of great fortune and would reap a rich harvest before he was forgotten. One critic several times stated that Lindbergh would make some great blunder that would make him a laughingstock. And a few dolefully predicted that he would kill himself in trying to make a reputation for flying through even the worst kinds of weather to keep on his schedule.

But Colonel Lindbergh has remained essentially the same. Instead of breaking under the strain, he has managed to decrease the strain itself, and he is in better health than at any time since 1927.

Conceit has always been foreign to his nature. He is still refusing offers that would make him the millionaire he is popularly supposed to be. For the various rumors of Lindbergh's wealth are exaggerations, nor does he receive fabulous sums from his connections in the aviation industry. Last year, for instance, he is known to have paid more money into commercial aviation than he took out in salaries.

The great blunder is yet to be made, and there is less likelihood of any such thing as time goes on, for the colonel has at last been able to relax under the decreased pressure of public life, and his natural diplomacy—taxed severely during the first two or three years—is becoming an even stronger factor in his character. With this has come a tolerance of many things which formerly caused him a very natural irritation. He can even laugh at certain attempts to impose on him, though this tolerance does not extend to the point of yielding in any of these matters.

He has come to take a very common-sense view of his fame. Fame, he believes, is a handicap except when it can be used to promote enthusiasm in some cause in which a man is wholly and sincerely interested. This is the keynote of his decisions on requests that come to him.

If granting the request will further the success of aviation, or some branch of it, Colonel Lindbergh will probably accede; unless it has some personal element which nullifies the other phase. With this rule he has been able to settle almost every question that has arisen. But there are still many schemers, promoters and self-seekers who strive to use him for their own purposes.

The Lindberghs at Home

The colonel's feeling for the public has not changed. He sincerely appreciates their tributes, though he frankly is surprised that he should still be surrounded by crowds. Just at the close of the United States tour he told me that he expected public attention to wane, so that he could soon go about without being noticed particularly. That time is yet to come.

But in his strictly private life the colonel has at last achieved the success for which he fought. In the old New Jersey farmhouse near the site of his

new home, he is enjoying a quiet, simple and happy home life—a rare luxury, and one which both he and Mrs. Lindbergh appreciate to the utmost.

Recently, on a visit to the colonel's temporary home, I gained a new and pleasing picture of him—not a picture of Colonel Lindbergh, world-famous aviation hero, but one of Charles A. Lindbergh, private citizen, happy and contented in the freedom of his own household.

He had just arrived from New York after a fifty-six-mile drive and a fairly long day in the city. I could almost feel the change that came over him as he entered his home, as though all thoughts of business and all worries of the day had dropped from his shoulders like a mantle.

Never had I seen him so completely free of that tense, on-guard manner which had necessarily grown to be a part of him on his 1927 tour of the forty-eight states, and which had remained with him long afterward. That night he seemed younger, almost boyish, and as he greeted Mrs. Lindbergh I saw more of the old likable Slim in his infectious smile than I had observed for two years in public.

The Mysterious Mystery Book

"I hope dinner is ready," the colonel said suddenly, as we stood talking before an old-fashioned fireplace. "I was working on something this noon and didn't have any lunch."

Mrs. Lindbergh smiled as the colonel looked hopefully toward the dining room.

"We have been waiting for you," she answered, and a moment later a servant announced dinner.

I had already found Mrs. Lindbergh to be a most gracious and interesting hostess. During dinner I found her not only charming but well versed on a great variety of subjects, including some of the more technical sides of aviation, which the colonel happened to mention.

Interested in the conversation, I forgot for a while that these two were the most famous young couple in America, if not in the world.

With something of a start, I remembered it later, as we sat before the wide fireplace, where a glowing log contrasted pleasantly with the gloom outside the windows. Oddly, Colonel Lindbergh struck on the note of my thoughts in his next words:

"We have been happier in the last few months than you can realize, perhaps. It has been so quiet and peaceful down here—even better than we dared hope."

Happiness, quiet and peace. It was so different from the average young couple's conception of happiness in this restless age that the words registered deeply on me. Here were two well-bred, normal young people who probably would have liked to be free to enjoy the usual public pleasures and amusements, but who had been denied those pleasures. And now they had found happiness in escape from a tumult of acclaim which most people would have been overjoyed to receive. A happiness in isolation, and a quiet content that both the Lindberghs prize because it has been so hard to gain.

I found that the colonel is moderately fond of radio music. That evening the radio was playing something in modern tempo, a staccato piece without much harmony. After a minute, Lindbergh went over and spun the dial.

"There ought to be something better than that," he observed. I waited with interest to see what he would choose,

meanwhile hoping he was not fond of crooners. He selected a waltz in pleasantly slow rhythm and then came back to his chair, stopping to poke playfully at a Scotch-terrier pup basking before the fire.

During the evening I noticed several shelves of books along the wall. Seeing a mystery novel there, I asked the colonel if he had acquired a taste for fiction of that type.

"No," he replied, "I frankly do not like mystery books. To tell the truth, I haven't read a book of fiction since before the Paris flight." He paused, glancing at Mrs. Lindbergh with a hint of mischief in his eyes. "Have you started reading thrillers?" he asked her.

She laughed and shook her head. "No, I haven't. I don't know anything about that book."

But though Lindbergh does not care especially for fiction, he has been reading scientific and historical books during his evenings at home, and of course he tries to keep up with the main developments in aviation. He is well informed on military aviation as well as commercial flying, though it is the latter in which he is mainly interested.

During the days when he does not go to New York, Colonel Lindbergh usually spends part of his time at the site of the home he is building, about six miles from his present domicile.

"We flew over a great deal of territory before we finally selected the ground where we are building," he told me. "Both Mrs. Lindbergh and I decided this site would be ideal for our purpose."

The grounds which they chose constitute a four-hundred-acre plot, part of which lies on a high ridge from which the Lindberghs will be able to look down into a wide, rolling valley. A winding road will lead through the trees to the house, which is to be built of natural stone. Several varieties of trees grow there, and in summer the country is particularly beautiful.

The new Lindbergh home will be located between, rather than near main highways and railroad lines, carrying out the colonel's desire for freedom. It will be little more than an hour's driving distance from New York, but it is more likely that he will then fly to and from the city.

"I have already selected a place for a landing field," he explained when he was showing me over the site. "It will be about fifteen hundred feet long and six hundred feet wide—large enough for ordinary use. I suppose we shall have a small hangar later, so that we can keep the sport plane here, but the big one will probably be kept in New York."

Only a Few Minutes From New York

Even with the sport ship, the colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh will be able to reach New York in a little more than twenty minutes. With the big powerful plane, capable of flying at two hundred miles an hour or more, the trip would require about ten minutes. The colonel's landing field will be within ten miles of the lighted and marked air-mail-passenger route from New York to Washington, so that he will be able to take off and find himself on the great aerial highway almost at once.

Occasionally the colonel takes a hand himself in clearing a few trees at the new home site, swinging an ax in a manner which shows that his muscles have lost none of their steeliness. Lindbergh is one of those fortunate men who keep in excellent physical condition without special effort, finding

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sufficient stimulus in the routine of life. He takes no unusual exercise, though he has been variously described as a strong lover of hiking, hunting, fishing and other sports.

Colonel Lindbergh cares little for fishing, and he has lost his desire to hunt animals, though he has done so in the past. Target practice is quite another matter. Lindbergh is naturally interested in almost anything which calls for skill of eye and hand, as well as good judgment. He is an expert shot with pistol and rifle.

"I don't care for hiking just to be hurrying along to some place," he remarked during the evening of my visit at his home. "But I do like to be out in the open, especially in woods or mountain country."

A little later that evening I noticed that the radio was playing a rather loud orchestra composition, and I began to wonder that it did not awaken the baby who was sleeping upstairs. But I learned that there was little danger from that source, for Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr., is not a nervous child. Though the Lindberghs are justly proud of their son, he is not likely to be spoiled by the "ohing" and "ahing" and overattention that might be expected to be given such a famous child. In spite of the furor of publicity that has surrounded him, he leads a normal and quiet life—so quiet that a visitor might forget for a while that there was a child in the house.

When I first saw him he was in his play yard, an attractive, healthy child just then engaged in watching the antics of the Scotch-terrier puppy which frisked around the room.

"Hello there, young fellow," I said.

He turned around in the play yard and regarded me with a look of surprise, mixed with something which I thought was not altogether flattering. Rejecting my first overtures rather indignantly, he gave me a disapproving look out of two very big blue eyes and then scornfully turned his back. But a few seconds later I caught him eying me again; still with that doubtful look.

Making Friends With Charles, Jr.

"He doesn't seem to think very much of me," I remarked to Mrs. Lindbergh, as Charles, Jr., for the third time peered at me around the edge of the tea table.

Mrs. Lindbergh looked down at him and smiled. "Oh, that is his usual manner when he sees a new face," she told me, but I was not completely reassured, though Charles, Jr., himself smiled a second later.

Afterward, I mentioned this to the colonel.

"I saw your young son," I said to him. "I think he took me for a reporter after an interview—he didn't put out any information."

Lindbergh chuckled.

During the evening I realized that the colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh both are rather successful psychologists in estimating motives, analyzing reactions, and, in general, understanding the people with whom they come in contact. I could see, too, that the colonel valued Mrs. Lindbergh's opinions highly. Until his marriage, there was no one with whom he could discuss the many troublesome and sometimes rather personal problems that he encountered in his public life. Now he has an adviser whose warm sincerity he can never doubt.

Quite aside from this, and coming as a natural result of the romance on which

his marriage was founded, Colonel Lindbergh has found an ideal companion for his almost unique position in life—a wife of rare understanding, with a well-balanced temperament and an ability to adapt herself to the difficult situation of a hero's wife without any loss of her own fine personality.

Equipped for Emergencies

One of her achievements is her unusual success in flying. Under the colonel's guidance, she learned to fly quickly. Lindbergh takes pride in her ability as a pilot and also as a navigator.

"She is a better navigator than I am," he told me. "She watches the map carefully, while I have a habit of wandering around several miles off my course. And she has enough flying time to qualify her for long hops. She could make a solo transcontinental flight right now."

On almost all their flights, Mrs. Lindbergh flies the machine at least one-third of the time. She has learned to handle even the big, powerful two-hundred-mile-an-hour plane.

"It was a little difficult at first," she admitted, when I mentioned this subject. "Especially when Charles wanted me to bank almost vertically, so that he could take some aerial photographs. But I am more accustomed to the big plane now."

When Mrs. Lindbergh first started to make transcontinental trips with the colonel, some of the newspapers humorously commented on the large amount of baggage which was being carried, contrasting it with the handful of luggage and the now-famous sandwiches which Lindbergh took on his flight to Paris. But most of this baggage is not made up of personal effects but emergency material. On all long flights, especially those over desolate and rocky country, the colonel carries emergency gear consisting of a small tent, sleeping bags, rations for fourteen days, and several camp tools. If forced down, he and Mrs. Lindbergh would be well equipped to withstand any ordinary hardships until communication could be established with civilization.

The colonel has used this emergency gear twice, though on neither occasion was he forced down. Once he found

himself far from civilization on a flight from Mexico to the United States. He selected a flat table-land and glided down. High up on this lonely plateau, miles from the nearest habitation, he erected his tent, cooked his supper and calmly went to sleep in his sleeping bag. Next morning, after cooking breakfast, he broke camp and continued the journey. That night he landed in an old plantation field in Mississippi and pitched his camp unnoticed, while newspapers all over the country began to print rumors that Colonel Lindbergh had been lost on the flight from Mexico.

The colonel has made thirty-one trips between the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts, since he first left San Diego with the Spirit of St. Louis. Mrs. Lindbergh has made eight such trips, several of which brought them into heavy fog, snow and storms. The colonel's flying time is approximately forty-two hundred hours, and will probably be close to five thousand hours by the end of 1931, while Mrs. Lindbergh will undoubtedly be the possessor of a transport license, the highest-grade license offered by the Department of Commerce.

Conditions on these longer trips are much the same as in 1927, for the news usually leaks out when the colonel plans to land at an airport along one of the transcontinental routes, and a crowd collects. Where the landing areas are well fenced, there has been no danger, but several times crowds have rushed out onto unfenced fields just as Colonel Lindbergh landed, and disaster has been narrowly avoided. For that reason the colonel tries to keep his schedule a secret whenever possible; though this is difficult, for his telephone wires are still tapped frequently and secrets have a strange way of becoming known.

Danger in the Flyers' Graveyard

On one flight when Colonel Lindbergh was traveling East, he had what most people would consider a rather close escape from a crash. He was flying above the Flyers' Graveyard—the treacherous section of the Alleghenies in Pennsylvania where so many pilots have perished in fog and storm. Low clouds forced him down close to the mountains. He saw a pass at one side and after a quick inspection, found that

it was clear at the other end, so that he could skim through it.

He started through the pass and was about midway when he suddenly saw power-wire towers on both sides of the stream which ran through the narrow canyon. The power wires themselves were not visible, but Lindbergh knew that they were ahead of him somewhere, and that they undoubtedly carried a current of extremely high voltage. Unable to discern the lines because of the general haze, he dived down toward the surface of the stream, to be sure he would pass beneath the wires, for it was too late to climb above the place where he thought they would be.

When the Eaglet Flies

To his surprise, the power lines abruptly appeared ahead of him, sagging down far below the height where he had supposed them to be. The black wires leaped out at him so swiftly that to zoom would certainly have meant to crash into them. He shoved the control stick forward and plunged into the space between the wires and the water. The deadly power lines flashed past above him, while the landing gear of the plane all but dipped into the stream. A matter of three yards in either direction and there would have been a crash. Again Lindbergh's skill and quick thinking had saved him—as it has saved not only him but others in the past four years.

Flying is still Colonel Lindbergh's favorite topic. The old, accustomed gleam comes into his eyes when he begins to talk of some project he has in mind.

"There is still some pioneering work to be done, although aviation has gone far in many of its phases," he recently said to me. "It is interesting to plan something new and then watch it work out."

"I've heard a rumor that you were going to have the Spirit of St. Louis taken out of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington on the tenth anniversary of the Paris flight," I said. "The story was that you were going to make an anniversary flight over the Capitol at Washington."

He shook his head decidedly. "The Spirit of St. Louis belongs to the museum, and I certainly don't intend any such flight."

Mentioning the famous transatlantic plane brought back memories of the days when I had seen that silver-winged ship circling over the airports of every state in the union. So much had happened since then—Lindbergh's great good-will flight to Latin America, where he had met Miss Anne Morrow; his engagement and marriage; the birth of his son, who some day would probably win his own wings.

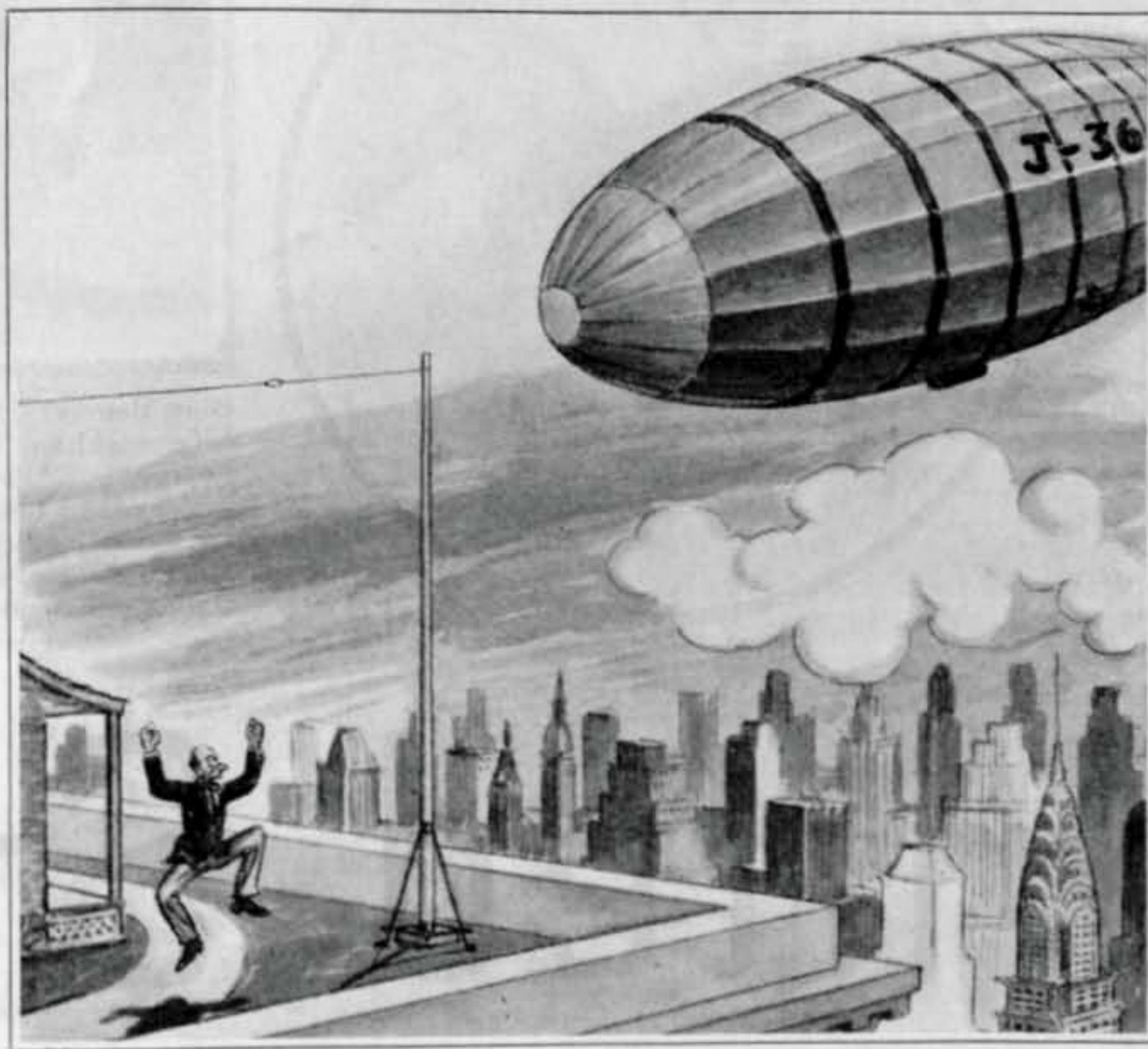
"Have you taken up your boy yet?" I asked him.

"No," he replied, "there wouldn't be any point to it, except to say that he had flown. It would be safe enough, but he wouldn't be able to appreciate it so soon."

"I suppose you will be the one to teach him to fly," I remarked.

"Maybe he will want someone who's more up-to-date at that time," said Lindbergh, laughing.

But I thought there was a little light in his face that meant otherwise. And when Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr., reaches for the throttle to take off on his first solo flight, I am sure it will be his renowned father who will give him that last bit of advice and that last encouraging pat on the shoulder before he spreads his wings.



DRAWN BY DONALD MCKEE

"Listen, You! That Isn't a Mooring Mast—it's an Aerial!"