

## **Charles Lindbergh: A Journey of the Spirit**

by Jan Jacobi with Sharon Smith

I.

On a moonlit night in September 1926, as he flew the mail from St. Louis to Chicago, Charles Lindbergh conceived the idea of a nonstop flight from New York to Paris. Years later he wrote that when the thought first came to him, he was startled. Lindbergh was the chief pilot for the Robertson Aircraft Corporation, which had been awarded the contract for carrying mail between St. Louis and Chicago. On this particular September evening, he was bored. Flight conditions were too perfect: soft, enveloping evening air, no clouds or wind, no challenge for a young, adventurous aviator. His thoughts began to roam, a habit of mind he had cultivated from childhood. In a reverie he saw himself as the moon moving through the night sky, no longer bound by earthly limitations. He later would write, "I can fly on forever through space, past the mail field at Chicago, beyond the state of Illinois, over mountains, over oceans, independent of the world below."

Reality intruded. He had to check the gauges on his rattletrap, army salvage DH, the only aircraft that the financially strapped Robertson Corporation could afford. Once more his mind wandered. What if he could pilot a Wright-Bellanca, the most sophisticated craft of his day. He would be the first to fly nonstop from New York to Paris. From the moment the idea crystallized, sixty miles northeast of Peoria, Illinois, Lindbergh applied himself single-mindedly toward achieving that goal.

The story of how an unknown, twenty-five-year-old farm boy from the Midwest succeeded, when six other men—among them some of the noted aviators of the age—lost their lives, continues to inspire and uplift. Who was this young man who dared to imagine success, when others, more experienced and more celebrated, had failed? No one would have believed him capable of such an achievement. Lindbergh was the only child of mismatched parents. Shuffled from school to school, he made no friends and appeared to be a solitary, self-contained youth. He was an indifferent student. He loved machines and animals.

Into his early adulthood, Lindbergh's life had no direction. After three semesters at the University of Wisconsin–Madison, he flunked out. Adrift and acting on impulse, he decided to fulfill a childhood fascination. He went to flight school in Lincoln, Nebraska. This experience that transformed him. Biographer Scott Berg writes,—“Fifteen minutes in the air and Lindbergh was forever changed.”

He didn't fly solo until a year later, when he bought his first plane—a war surplus Jenny. From the start, Lindbergh was a talented pilot. He had superb reflexes, a cool head under pressure, and a practical, mechanical sense. He also loved the gypsy life of the aviator.

Recognizing that his training had been uneven, he enlisted in Army flying school. Military life brought discipline and procedure, and he flourished. From the initial group of 104 cadets, he graduated first in his class. Later he would report,—“Military training taught me the precision and the perfection of flying techniques.”

In the spring of 1925, Lieutenant Charles A. Lindbergh arrived in St. Louis. He had been there briefly before, and this time he returned for job possibilities. St. Louis was the center of a growing aviation community, and Major Albert Bond Lambert was the driving force. Shortly after arriving, Lindbergh was offered a plum: chief airmail pilot for Robertson Aircraft. He helped select fellow pilots for the company and began to scout the route. Service between St. Louis and Chicago was inaugurated on April 15, 1926.

One pattern from Lindbergh's past had followed him to St. Louis. He always needed a new challenge. He was in that frame of mind when he took off for Chicago a few months later on that glorious, fall afternoon. If the visionary in Lindbergh had conceived the flight, the determined, practical, and methodical side took over the following morning. He faced two serious challenges. He needed an airplane capable of making the flight, and he needed the money to pay for it. At the core of Lindbergh's concept was a daring plan. From it he never wavered, though others saw it as foolhardy if not suicidal. He would fly a single-engine plane and he would fly it alone.

Lindbergh calculated that it would cost approximately \$15,000 to make the flight, with \$10,000 budgeted for the airplane. If he would succeed, he could claim the \$25,000 Orteig Prize, a \$25,000 reward offered by hotelier Raymond Orteig for the first nonstop flight between New York and Paris. He would contribute \$2,000 of his own savings, and he would contact influential St. Louisans with an interest in flying. Earl Thompson, an insurance executive, was the first. Lindbergh writes of their first encounter, "I push the bell button at No. 1 Hortense Place, and step back on the porch to wait.... A maid shows me to the living room. Mr.

Thompson comes.... I don't seem to fit into a city parlor. It would be easier to talk on the flying field.... Now I've got to sit inside a carpeted and curtained room and believe, as well as convince another, that an airplane can take me, without landing, between New York and Paris." Thompson seemed interested in the proposition. Lindbergh's confidence in himself, and his argument that a successful flight could put St. Louis on the aviation map, won him financial support. Major Lambert was the first to back him, with a pledge of \$1,000. Harry Hall Knight and Harold Bixby were key backers who took over the details of financing the flight. Ultimately, nine other men joined Lindbergh to form the Spirit of St. Louis Organization. These men believed in the unassuming young aviator, whom they had come to know as "Slim."

Lindbergh then began the quest for an airplane. He went to New York to purchase a Wright-Bellanca. The owners toyed with the idea of selling the plane to the Spirit of St. Louis Organization, but on one condition: Charles Lindbergh could not be the pilot.

As 1926 eased into 1927, the press increasingly was drawn to the preparations that competitors made for the New York-to-Paris flight. Rene Fonck, Clarence Chamberlin, Noel Davis, and Commander Richard Byrd chose crews and tested their planes for a spring 1927 flight, the time when weather conditions over the North Atlantic would be the most favorable.

In late 1926, Lindbergh did not have a plane, and time was becoming a factor. Momentarily and uncharacteristically disheartened, he suggested to his backers that they consider a transpacific flight, but they held firm. Three other aircraft companies refused to sell him a plane. Finally he received an offer from Ryan Airlines, a relatively unknown company in San

Diego. While he was in San Diego, from February 23 until May 10, the workers at Ryan Airlines built the *Spirit of St. Louis* in record time. It was a true team effort. Lindbergh developed a close friendship with Donald Hall, the engineer at Ryan; together, they conceived the craft that would be needed for the flight, and step by step, day by day, they refined details as the plane slowly emerged. Fuel capacity was the first priority; later the *Spirit of St. Louis* would be dubbed “the flying gas tank.”

Ryan workers gave their hearts to the project. Biographer Scott Berg suggests, “The Ryan employees could literally build the plane around him—both his body and his experience—making the plane and its pilot one.” News from rival camps gave them the impetus to work overtime. While his plane was being constructed, Lindbergh plotted the course he would take to cross the North Atlantic. He would navigate by dead reckoning, which entails determining the position of an aircraft using maps and/or records and without employing celestial observation. He bought maps (currently in the Lindbergh Collection of the Missouri Historical Society) from a store in San Pedro and traced his route.

On April 28, the *Spirit of St. Louis* was ready for its first test. It performed admirably, and after further tests Lindbergh was ready to fly to New York.

When he learned his competitors already were making preparations there, Lindbergh decided to reduce the triumphal return to St. Louis would have to be a truncated stopover at Lambert Field. The *Spirit of St. Louis* hiccuped over the Arizona mountains, but Lindbergh correctly

surmised that cold air at peak altitude caused the problem; the installation of a carburetor heater in New York cured it.

After a record setting flight across the United States, Lindbergh arrived in New York to a media extravaganza. Two rivals, Commander Byrd and Clarence Chamberlin, were ready to fly. The press took them seriously but mocked Lindbergh as “the flyin’ fool.” Even if the plane could function, how could he, skeptics wondered? How could anyone stay awake for the day, night, and part of another day it would take to complete the flight? Staring straight ahead at a gas tank for thirty-six hours was more a foolish stunt than a well-conceived enterprise.

Amid the media hoopla, Lindbergh’s worried mother traveled from Detroit to New York to be sure he wasn’t making a tragic mistake. The story of mother and son made good copy, and the public began to sense it might be in the company of a future celebrity. They wanted him to carry mail for them and postmark it from Paris. Some enticed him to do commercials and lectures, and mail from friends, relatives, acquaintances, and strangers piled up in his hotel room. He had no idea this was just the beginning. Life would never be the same for this simple airmail pilot whose real desire was to promote aviation.

For a week, miserable weather idled the competitors. On his way to a Broadway show, on the night of May 19, Lindbergh received word of clearing conditions over the North Atlantic. Immediately preparations began for the flight. He returned to his hotel room for whatever sleep he could get. A friend was posted by the door as guard; just as Lindbergh felt himself easing into the first phases of sleep, the guard knocked loudly on the door, entered the room,

sat on the bed, and asked, "Slim, what am I going to do when you're gone?" After that, on the night before he would embark on the grueling ordeal of a lifetime, try as he might, he could not sleep.

## II.

At 7:30 A.M. on May 20, 1927, Lindbergh was in the cockpit of the *Spirit of St. Louis* on Roosevelt Field, poised for success or failure. During the night his rivals had not stirred. For the moment, they conceded the opportunity to him.

Would the *Spirit of St. Louis*, filled to capacity with 450 gallons of gasoline, be able to clear the telephone wires at the end of the runway? He never doubted.

The newsreels of the day show the plane lurching, waddling, and fishtailing down the runway. Lindbergh wrote, "The *Spirit of St. Louis* feels more like an overloaded truck than an airplane." But he did clear the wires by twenty feet.

The first third of the flight plan took him alternately over land and water. Long Island, New England, over the Atlantic to Nova Scotia, four hours to cross Nova Scotia, back over the Atlantic and Placentia Bay to Newfoundland.

As darkness fell, he flew down over the wharves to greet the fishermen of St. John's. Word of this Lindbergh sighting buzzed across the country. At a heavyweight fight in Yankee Stadium, the ring announcer asked forty thousand people to pray for the young aviator. Then it was out over the Atlantic for fifteen hours. He would fight the elements of ice, wind, and darkness. Halfway out he could no longer fight fatigue and he veered off course. A magnetic storm

played havoc with his compass; he believed he was heading east, but he speculated that he might make landfall anywhere along a thousand miles of European coast. Fifteen hours out over the ocean would bring serious self-doubt and mild hallucinations.

Lindbergh fought all this alone. Berg writes, "On May 20, 1927—as night fell—modern man realized nobody had ever subjected himself to so extreme a test of human courage and capability as Lindbergh. Not even Columbus sailed alone." But Lindbergh was not alone. Hundreds of thousands of people the world over waited, watched, and prayed for his safety. They stayed close to radios hoping for a report of a sighting, and activities for many people ceased as they waited to learn of Lindbergh's fate.

In the twenty-seventh hour of the flight, Lindbergh saw a seagull; he knew he was nearing land. The next sign was a fishing boat. He dove down and yelled, "Which way is Ireland?" He need not have inquired. Perhaps the most astounding detail about the flight is that after his disjointed night over the Atlantic, his landfall at Dingle Bay in Ireland was three miles off course.

From then on, the flight turned mellow. In his Pulitzer Prize-winning autobiography, *The Spirit of St. Louis*, he would write, "The *Spirit of St. Louis* is a wonderful plane. It's like a living creature, gliding along smoothly, happily, as though a successful flight means as much to it as to me, as though we shared our experiences together, each feeling beauty, life and death as keenly, each dependent on the other's loyalty. We have made this flight across the ocean, not I or it." The adrenalin pump that must have come from a successful ocean passage caused

Lindbergh's fatigue to lift. He had enough fuel to fly five hundred miles beyond Paris, so why not fly to Rome, he thought lightheartedly.

Because of a tailwind over the Atlantic, he was three hours ahead of schedule. As he approached Paris, he began to think about what would happen afterward:

What will I do after I land at Le Bourget? First, of course, I'll get the *Spirit of St. Louis* put away in some hangar. Then, I'll send a cable home, giving my time of landing. The speed I've made will surprise everyone back there.... After that, I'll find some place to spend the night. Everything else can go until morning. These arrangements would be simple enough back home. They'll be more difficult in a foreign country—in France, where I don't speak a word of French.... I'm so far ahead of schedule that I may not find anybody waiting for me on the field. But one of the pilots or mechanics will probably speak a little English.

Little did he know that by 7:00 P.M. Paris time, a crowd was forming. Lindbergh was unaware that the world was with him during his flight and would be there when he landed.

The lights of the city appeared in the distance. The time was 9:52 P.M. Lindbergh was distracted by the long string of lights that stretched for what seemed like miles. Was it a factory or some section of residences? Where was the airport? Were those floodlights shining on what looked like a field? He had never landed it in the dark before, and now he had to contend with the added problem of the extra lights. Lacking the feel for his craft that he had through most of the flight, he urged the plane down and gradually touched the ground for the first time in almost thirty-four hours. What he saw next, he never expected. Crowds of people rushed the field for the plane. He barely had the airplane stopped and the crowds shoved to get to him and to grab for the plane. His only concern at that moment was for the safety of the *Spirit of St. Louis*. But before he could say anything, he was hoisted up and carried by the crowd. From this chaotic sea of humanity, he was rescued by two French aviators who drove

him to a hangar. Officials assured him his plane would be cared for and secured. What few plans he had penciled in his little notebook were inconsequential at this time. Arrangements had been made for him to stay at the United States Embassy, and others were wiring his mother.

### III.

Once Charles Lindbergh stepped out of his plane in Paris, his life would never be the same. The obscure mail carrier became the hero of the air. Why a hero? Why did he personify the idea in 1927? He was not the first to fly across the Atlantic; his was simply a longer flight and he did it alone. Frederick Lewis Allen offers one suggestion for the world's passion for this man: A disillusioned nation fed on cheap heroics and scandal and crime was revolting against the low estimate of human nature which it had allowed itself to entertain. For years the American people had been spiritually starved.... Something the people needed, if they were to live at peace with themselves and with the world, was missing from their lives. And all at once Lindbergh provided it. Romance, chivalry, self-dedication.... Is it any wonder that the public's reception of him took on the aspects of a vast religious revival?

While Lindbergh had no concept of what awaited him at Le Bourget and what it presaged, he was perfect for the part. Modest and squeaky clean, he embraced the role as ambassador for aviation. Ironically, his naivete made him even more genuine. Lindbergh held fast to his ideals in the midst of the media and public attention accorded him.

After a whirlwind tour of Belgium and England, the *Spirit of St. Louis* was shipped back to the United States aboard the cruiser *Memphis*, and Lindbergh returned for a welcome that no other American has ever known.

His hope to return to normal after the immediate rush of attention soon was forgotten. Daniel Guggenheim urged him to make a tour of the forty-eight states to promote aviation at every stop. Requests poured in from people in all parts of the country who wanted a glimpse of the famous duo that had made the historic flight. Daniel's son, Harry, saw the opportunity to promote aviation while honoring the requests of millions:

Arrangements have just been completed under which Col. Charles A. Lindbergh will undertake a country wide airplane tour of the United States for the purpose of furthering public interest in aviation development. It will enable millions of people who have had an opportunity only to read about the Colonel's remarkable achievements to see him and his plane in action. We hope, too, that it will serve two other important ends, first, to encourage the use of our present air transport facilities for mail, express and passenger carrying purposes, aerial photography and other services, and thereby foster the growth of this means of transportation and, second, to promote the development of airports and air communication services.

Lindbergh agreed to the tour and began it July 20, only two months after his historic flight. He planned to spend at least one night in each of the forty-eight states. Unlike the New York-to-Paris flight, he did not go alone. A Department of Commerce plane, piloted by his airmail buddy Phil Love, accompanied Lindbergh.

Lindbergh spoke at each stop, but the public wanted to honor him more than they wanted to hear about aviation. They were part of an historic moment. There were parades, banquets, and receptions, and he was presented with gifts, medals, keys to cities, memberships, and offers of money. His name and image appeared everywhere. Stores in St. Louis offered customers a free model of the

*Spirit of St. Louis* with the purchase of a \$5 pair of shoes. In other cities his visit was promoted with sales and announcements that stores would be closed during his stay. Appeals were made to dress up storefronts and homes with bunting, flags, and his picture. Each city wanted to do its best to welcome and honor the American hero.

The tour of states lasted three months. In that time he flew 22,350 air miles. He visited seventy-five cities, and twenty-three of them were state capitals. He touched down eighty-two times. He was on time at every stop but one, due to fog. He attended sixty-nine banquets, paraded 1,285 miles and spoke to an average gathering of twenty thousand at stadiums, ballparks, and airfields. His accumulation of gifts and honors grew proportionately.

At the request of Dwight Morrow, the U.S. Ambassador to Mexico, Lindbergh agreed to make a tour of the Caribbean nations. Morrow believed Lindbergh could help to mend the shaky relations between the United States and Mexico. He left from Bolling Field in Washington, D.C., on December 13, 1927, flying nonstop to Mexico. Ironically, on this historic flight he lost his way. He followed the railroad tracks and finally arrived at Valbuena Airport to the cheers of a crowd of 150,000 people. He again was showered with gifts and honors, parades and banquets.

While in Mexico, Lindbergh's life changed dramatically. He met the ambassador's daughter Anne. He felt when he saw her he would eventually marry her, but Anne expected he would fall in love, but with her sister Elizabeth. She was amazed to find that he was interested in her.

She spent much of her time thinking and writing about him:

Dearest Con – I want so much to talk to you about him. He is so much sweeter than we thought and understands almost everything you give him a chance to understand. It is gratifying to have such a wonderful person not dislike you, for he has been very kind about going up and everything, but very upsetting, as at Christmas, to be face to face with a person who you think is about as wonderful as anyone could be, and is the embodiment of what you aren't in every respect. Oh, I wish I belonged to that world of action and nonintrospection—that superb, vigorous world of his and Elizabeth's.

They married May 27, 1929, at the Morrow estate, Next Day Hill, in Englewood, New Jersey, before a very small group of invited guests, mostly family. This was to keep the press from finding out and swarming over the event.

Anne writes in her diary:

Mother darling-it was so lovely, I wouldn't change one thing: the walk around the old garden; lunch (although I was too excited to eat my favorite asparagus); every single person there – darling Vernon, Amey, Aunt Maud and Dutch, Grandma sweet and smiling, Aunt Annie [Cutter] and Edith— all that lovely warm group. It was so lovely walking down the steps with Daddy into that group. I wouldn't change the dress, the veil, the flowers (columbine and larkspur), or any of it. Cutting the cake, kissing everyone! It was all perfect.”

The Lindberghs became a team for aviation. Charles taught Anne to fly, and she became an accomplished pilot. As Charles's copilot, she spent most of her time with the radio and signal operations. Together they plotted out routes for air travel at home and abroad. All the while the press stayed close by.

The press had another reason to follow them when rumors began to surface that Anne was pregnant. America's first family was expecting a child. Charles, Jr. arrived June 22, 1930, on Anne's twenty-fourth birthday.

Anne enjoyed her new role as mother, but she could not abandon flying altogether. When young Charles was only a year old, she and her husband set out to map a northwest flight, the great circle course, the shortest route to the Orient. They left July 27, 1931, from Long Island in their Lockheed Sirius. Reporters were on hand to capture another historic moment in the lives of the Lindbergh's. They returned home October 23, 1931, cutting their trip short upon hearing the news of Dwight Morrow's death. Also, Anne was homesick and ready to see her child.

The couple had received yet more gifts and honors from the nations they visited. Charles's popularity had not abated after the trip. His gifts, later given to the Missouri Historical Society, still are admired. Roughly five million people had visited the display since he loaned the first items in 1927, and many of them will appear in the MHS exhibit *Charles Lindbergh: The World's Passion for One Man*, opening May 5, 2002.

#### IV.

If Anne had felt her wedding to be perfect and the early years of her marriage blissful, what followed would bring suffering and emotional turmoil for the couple. The kidnapping, the trial of the century, the orgiastic hounding by the press, European exile, charges that Charles was a Nazi sympathizer and anti-Semitic, political controversy, and Charles's muted involvement in World War II would mark the next fifteen years of their lives. After 1945, they would seek the normalcy of suburban Connecticut to raise their five children. The impact of the kidnapping and murder of little Charles on both parents was unimaginable. If the flight and the immediate world reaction were magical moments for Charles, this was the nadir of his life. The emotional wiring of "the Lone Eagle," so evident in his childhood and young adulthood and so perfect for the conception and execution of the flight, served him poorly in this tragedy. Berg tells us that throughout the nightmare of the kidnapping, Anne never saw her husband cry; Anne felt that Charles never fully came to terms with it.

Although his expressions of emotions were rare, his compassion revealed itself in his scientific bent. In the early thirties, concerned for his sister-in-law's failing heart, he met Nobel laureate Alexis Carrel at the Rockefeller Institute in New York, and he began research on the perfusion of body organs. Over time Carrel became an intellectual and personal mentor. Berg cites an article in *Time* in which Carrel is quoted, "Lindbergh is considered.... exclusively as a flyer....

but he is much more than that. He is a great savant. Men who accomplish such things are capable of accomplishments in all domains.”

During this time Lindbergh saw more of Carrel. It was during these years that Lindbergh made his highly publicized visit to Nazi Germany. He received the medal that Anne would call “the albatross.” Lindbergh admired Nazi technology but not Nazi ideology. Carrel and Lindbergh helped Jews flee from Germany in the late 1930s. Was Lindbergh anti-Semitic? Berg, who is Jewish, is noncommittal. In her memoir, “*Under a Wing*,” Reeve Lindbergh portrays a family life in which her father gave no hint of being anti-Semitic and cautioned against prejudice in any form. In WASP Eastern establishment families, into one of which Lindbergh married, anti-Semitism often appeared in the form of jokes or casual remarks. Reeve recalls none of this. Berg, however, cites passages from Lindbergh’s writings that, from the lens of the early twenty-first century, are clearly anti-Semitic.

As war raged in Europe 1939–41, and American allies tried to counter the Nazi aggression without the help of a yet-uncommitted United States, Lindbergh took a strong anti-interventionist stance. He was influenced by his congressman father’s isolationist position on World War I and his own belief that an alliance between Nazi Germany, spineless France, and dithering England represented the best buffer against Bolshevism, the ultimate threat to western civilization. Lindbergh had resigned his military commission during the America First campaign, a movement that opposed U.S. involvement in the war. After Pearl Harbor, Lindbergh asked to be recommissioned, but Roosevelt rejected him. Despite Lindbergh’s disappointment, he volunteered his expertise to the war effort. He taught American pilots to

fly more efficiently in the South Pacific, and he flew unauthorized missions of his own. One particular experience, where he sent a Japanese airman to his death, haunted him then and beyond.

V.

That the hero would fall from grace is not such a surprise. Anne's sister Constance wrote Scott Berg that "in just fifteen years [Lindbergh] had gone from Jesus to Judas." What the media creates it also seems eager to destroy. This too may be an organic process. No one is free from blemishes, and anyone as idealized as Lindbergh would have to disappoint overzealous admirers. To his credit Lindbergh navigated this passage with his integrity intact. The adulation did not go to his head, and the vilification, while it hurt when he was misunderstood, did not embitter him.

Lindbergh's flight was "one of the magnificent achievements of the twentieth century." But when he entered the political arena, which had appealed to both his father and his father-in-law, he had to know that his strong views would alienate large groups of Americans. He was neither Jesus nor Judas, and while others may not have realized this, he did. Anne Morrow Lindbergh told Scott Berg that he could not write about Charles Lindbergh without writing about her. Daughter Reeve Lindbergh's memoir *Under a Wing* is a poignant tribute to the complex relationship that evolved between two vastly different people, Charles and Anne. At their best they nurtured and supported each other. Reeve tells us that Charles and Anne, both

writers, read to each other from their works in progress, and each valued the criticism and insight of the other.

Reeve reports that a significant discovery for her was her father's writing talent.

And yet a few minutes after I finally sat down to read *The Spirit of St. Louis*, I realized that this book wasn't about an airplane, after all.... It was a heroic tale, made to order for a storyteller, and it was told by a master storyteller, with a sense of rhythm and tension and romance and craftsmanship for which I'd never given him credit. I discovered for the first time, reading the *Spirit of St. Louis*, that my father was a writer, after all.

The Missouri Historical Society exhibit *Charles Lindbergh: The World's Passion for One Man* represents one of many attempts to celebrate the one-hundredth anniversary of Lindbergh's birth and the seventy-fifth anniversary of the flight. At this time, it is tempting to ask what still resonates about Lindbergh. When Michael Collins, the Apollo XI astronaut, served as Director of the National Museum of Air and Space in Washington, D.C, he happened across an elderly Charles Lindbergh staring up at the *Spirit of St. Louis*. Lindbergh was alone and the room was empty. Collins judiciously left the solitary gentleman to himself. What could Lindbergh have been thinking?

He gives us a clue in his *Autobiography of Values*. "After my death, the molecules of my being will return to the earth and sky. They came from the stars. I am of the stars." The enduring appeal of the flight is that Lindbergh did transcend earthly limitations. He did seem to "fly on forever.... independent of the world below," and he did it in the existential state in which each of us comes into this world and in which each of us leaves—alone.

## Bibliography

Allen, Frederick Lewis.—*Only Yesterday*. New York: Harper and Row, 1931.

Berg, Scott. *Lindbergh*. New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1998.

Clark, Kim. "Heroes: They're Hard to Find." *U.S. News and World Report*, August 20–27, 2001, 26–29.

Jacobi, Jan. "Lucky Lindy: A Vision Fulfilled." *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, May 20, 1999.

Lindbergh, Charles. *Autobiography of Values*. New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1977.

Lindbergh, Charles. *The Spirit of St. Louis*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1953.

Lindbergh, Reeve. *No More Words*. New York: Simon and Schuster, 2001.

Lindbergh, Reeve. *Under a Wing*. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1998.

Jan Jacobi teaches English and is Head of the Middle School at MICDS. He dates his interest in Lindbergh back to his mother's reminiscences of having seen Lindbergh in the 1927 ticker-tape parade in New York when she was eight years old.

Sharon Smith is Bascom Curator at MHS and curator of the exhibit *Charles Lindbergh: The World's Passion for One Man*, running from May 5, 2002, to X at the Missouri History Museum.