

LINDBERGH A STUBBORN YOUNG MAN OF STRANGE IDEAS BECOMES A LEADER OF WARTIME OPPOSITION

by ROGER BUTTERFIELD

A few nights before Charles and Anne Lindbergh sailed for England in December 1935, one of the flier's oldest friends was sitting with them in the Morrow home in Englewood, N. J. The convicted kidnaper and murderer of their son, Bruno Hauptmann, had not yet gone to the electric chair and already they were worried about their second child, Jon, then 3. In the fall an automobile with a Hearst newspaper photographer had crowded the Morrow family car to the curb in an effort to "steal" a picture of Jon. Lindbergh explained they were going abroad to avoid such incidents and forget what they could of the past. He went on talking, for a long time, about the U. S.

"We Americans are a primitive people," he said, as his listener now recalls the conversation. "We do not have discipline. Our moral standards are low. It shows up in the private lives of people we know—their drinking and behavior with women. It shows in the newspapers, the morbid curiosity over crimes and murder trials.

Americans seem to have little respect for law, or the rights of others."

England, Lindbergh continued, had been described to him as the most law-abiding country on earth, and he was going there for the "protection" of his family. But the U. S., he concluded gloomily, had "terrible times ahead."

This belief is still strong in Lindbergh, though it has never been stated in his speeches. He has told more than one close friend that participation in the war against Hitler is sure to cause an internal explosion, a bloody revolution in America. Organized labor, he predicts, will pull in one direction and profiteering capital in the other, splitting the country in two. But it is our national morale that arouses his blackest pessimism. American defeats and the death in battle or by drowning of "millions" of young American soldiers will be followed, he has said to friends, by upheavals of great violence in the nation. He is especially concerned with the effect such disasters would have on Jews in the U. S. He believes Jews will be blamed for

American entry into the war and will suffer for it. If that happens, he has said, the anti-Jewish outbreaks that will occur here will surpass those in Nazi Germany, for Americans are "more violent" than Germans.

Yet Lindbergh is not anti-Semitic. In personal conversation he has expressed indignation over the German treatment of Jews in Europe. But he has never condemned the persecutions publicly, in any of the 18 speeches and articles he has written on world affairs since September 1939. Several friends and associates have pleaded with him to do so, and he has invariably refused. His usual answer is, "I must be neutral." In dinner-table conversations he sometimes goes further. "Look here," he said to one who raised this subject, "Germany since the last war has been going through a revolution. Compared with the Russian and Spanish revolutions, or even our own Civil War which might have been called a revolution, this German affair has been pretty orderly."

"Orderly" is a favorite Lindbergh word in discussing Germany. Others are "discipline" and "efficiency." In the same way, "corrupt" crops up frequently when he is talking about France, and "stupid" when he speaks of Britain.

That Britain has already lost the war, and is only prolonging her own and the world's agony by continuing to fight, is an axiom with Lindbergh. He predicted British defeat when the war started, and proclaimed it after the fall of France. In June 1940 he is said to have privately informed several U. S. Senators that England could survive 30 to 60 days "at the most." He was wrong about this, but he has since repeated publicly that even military intervention by the U. S. cannot win the war for Britain.

The kind of "negotiated peace" he wants

Many persons are curious about the "negotiated peace" that Lindbergh tirelessly advocates in speeches and private conversation. To a few of his friends, Lindbergh has outlined the

kind of peace which he believes could still be "negotiated." Roughly, its provisions are:

Hitler would let Britain and its empire remain intact, except for possible adjustments in the Mediterranean and former German colonies.

Germany would retain and strengthen its control over all of Europe.

Russia would be relegated to Asia, once and for all.

The U. S., if it took any part in the negotiations, would guarantee to remain within and defend its own hemisphere.

Lindbergh has also expressed the hope that eventually Britain, a Germanized Europe and the U. S. would find themselves co-operating in a mutual "White" front against the more numerous but less skilful races of the world—Yellow, Brown and Black. "Here you have two cousins fighting each other," he told a friend recently, "two great nations—the Germans and the English. One of them wants to drag in another cousin—America. But that opens up the entire

world to the Russians and the Japs, and they are another breed entirely—they are the Asiatics."

The vision of barbaric hordes from Asia overrunning the Western nations in the manner of Germanic tribes attacking ancient Rome occurs regularly in Lindbergh's writing and conversation. In an article which he wrote in 1939 for *Reader's Digest* ("Aviation, Geography and Race"), he stated it clearly: "It is time for us to build our White ramparts again. . . . It is our turn to guard our heritage from Mongol and Persian and Moor." Aviation, he continued, "is a tool specially shaped for Western hands . . . another barrier between the teeming millions of Asia and the Grecian inheritance of Europe." In a later article (*Atlantic Monthly*, March 1940) he pictured Germany as the "essential" guardian of the eastern border of European civilization. "She alone," he wrote, "can either dam the Asiatic hordes or form the spearhead of their penetration into Europe."

To his friends Lindbergh has expressed indifference over the war in China—a war between



Lindbergh collection of 4,000 gifts and trophies is exhibited in Jefferson Memorial, St. Louis. Besides medals, it includes eight bottles of gin, big bag of coffee beans and punkah (Indian fan).



The trophy room has been visited by more than 5,000,000 people, as many as 15,000 in a single day. The sales of souvenir postcards have soared since Lindbergh began making speeches.



Lindbergh sits alone on the platform at an America First rally. To his followers he is a remote, unreachable leader. Lindbergh does not enjoy speaking but is getting used to it. When facing

an audience he grips his manuscript tightly with both hands, rarely relaxes even for applause but is learning to smile. At right are Novelist Kathleen Norris and Senator David L. Walsh.

yellow men, in his view, being as harmless to American interests as a war between white men is dangerous. Nor would he have any misgivings about an all-out war by the U. S. against Japan, providing Germany and Europe were not involved. Such a war, he has said, would be entirely "practical"—we could easily win it.

Lindbergh is no pacifist, and he is quite unsentimental in his opposition to the present war. "He could stand seeing a million Americans killed, even in Brazil, if that was necessary to defend this hemisphere," a close friend said recently. And Lindbergh himself has drawn the line over which he would permit no foreign soldier to step. The line, excluding Dakar, the Azores and Cape Verde Islands, runs between Iceland and Greenland. "If Greenland is invaded, I would fight," he has said.

Lindbergh still likes to tell his friends that he is only one private U. S. citizen advising others, but he is enough of a realist to know this cannot be true. His name is already a worldwide weapon of war. In Germany, Italy, Spain his every word is seized upon to encourage the totalitarian peoples and discomfit their enemies. Translations of his speeches turn up as Nazi propaganda in Ecuador and Nicaragua. It was no Oriental caprice when Japanese warplanes recently dumped excerpts from a Lindbergh speech on Chungking, along with incendiaries and high explosives. Lindbergh's opinions, public and private, have become as significant as bombs.

Without him the isolationist movement in the U. S. would probably still be split in ineffective fragments. The magic of his legendary name, the appeal of his personality, the sincerity with which he comes before the microphone, have persuaded millions of Americans who were only half-persuaded before that there is no reason for the U. S. to fight or fear Hitler. But their effect has not stopped there. Even Lindbergh's closest colleagues in the America First Committee have expressed amazement at the semi-hysterical response which his merest gesture provokes at crowded rallies. At Madison Square Garden, for instance, the audience cheered when Lindbergh took out a handkerchief to wipe his forehead. One of his associates describes these manifestations as "führer-worship."

Like Hitler, Roosevelt, Huey Long

Another man who recently spoke from the same platform with Lindbergh and who has had considerable political experience said: "Men are symbols, whether they want to be or not. At Madison Square Garden the applause for Lindbergh and for Wheeler was about the same in volume—but in quality it was entirely different. Lindbergh evokes a fervor, a tension, such as an ambitious politician would give anything to arouse. Hitler has the same thing; Roosevelt has it sometimes; Huey Long used to get it, and Coughlin, occasionally. I know Lindbergh doesn't seek it especially, and does nothing to stir it, but it is there."

Among most of Lindbergh's friends it is an stir it, but it is there."

Among most of Lindbergh's friends it is an accepted fact that he will take a more active part in politics, in or out of war. They say he will be "forced into it," to prove that he has been right; that consciously or unconsciously he knows he must remain "in the forefront." People who have worked with Lindbergh in America First find that he has lost much of his nervousness at speaking to large audiences, that he is mastering his gestures, and appears less awkward on the platform. He smiles more often in response to applause. He has become used to wild shouts of "Lindy for President." He still

grips his manuscript and sets his jaw until knuckles and lips are almost white, while waiting his turn to speak—but that is the outward sign of his determination. He is also learning how to please.

The transformation of the crowd-hating, publicity-shy Lindbergh of tradition into what amounts to a wartime Leader of the Opposition has occurred so gradually that Lindbergh himself has scarcely been aware of it. When he left the U. S. to live abroad in 1935 he planned to continue the medical experiments that had brought him fame as co-inventor of the "mechanical heart," to fly—mostly for pleasure, and to raise his family in privacy. His first home was in a tiny village in Kent, and there he found the relaxing atmosphere, the "letdown" he badly needed. Early in 1936, when he was in England, he received word from Major (now Lieutenant Colonel) Truman Smith, the U. S. military attaché in Berlin, that Reichsmarshal Hermann Göring would like to invite him to Germany. Smith urged him to accept the invitation, as a means of ascertaining information which would be useful to the American Army. Lindbergh agreed, and soon afterward a formal invitation from Göring arrived. The beefy boss of the Luftwaffe proudly played the role of official host after Lindbergh arrived in Germany.

With such a sponsor it was easy for Lindbergh to see all that was going on. He flew his own plane over large areas of Germany, counting the many new airdromes being laid out. He visited training centers and laboratories, airfields and factories where Messerschmitts and Heinkels were rolling off the lines. He made his own estimate of German warplane production—upward of 20,000 a year—based on a careful count he kept of inspection benches in the factories he saw. At all times he was accompanied by an American military attaché. He was a guest at Göring's Potsdam Palace, where he looked over the Marshal's photograph albums—filled with pictures of military airfields.

Unlike the British, who did not talk about themselves, the Nazis loved to do so. Moreover, they had good reason for talking. They were building the most powerful air force in the world. If the world knew this, it might save them a good deal of fighting. There is no doubt that Göring and his aides regarded Lindbergh as a missionary who would spread the word that the Luftwaffe was invincible, and they gave him every opportunity to convince himself.

Lindbergh was convinced. He returned to London filled with excitement and alarm. He obtained an audience with Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin and described what he had seen. For her own safety, he argued, England must greatly increase her air force. Baldwin was affable and indifferent. He changed the subject. This was exactly the same kind of warning that had been dinned into his ears ever since Hitler took power. Churchill made a speech about German airpower almost every month, and Baldwin despised Churchill. Certainly he wouldn't change his mind for a visiting American aviator. Churchill. Certainly he wouldn't change his mind for a visiting American aviator.

Lindbergh emerged from this session in a state of cold rage. Ever since he has maintained that British officialdom is hopelessly stupid, a condition he now attributes to the last war, when the "best brains" of England were lost in battle. In 1938, after he had prepared a report for the U. S. State Department on the status of European aviation, Ambassador Kennedy suggested that he again talk to English Cabinet members. Lindbergh did so unwillingly and got little thanks for his pains. At a luncheon with members of Parliament, Lindbergh offered his opinion that

the Russian Air Force, on which British public opinion was then counting heavily, was extremely weak. This opinion "leaked" to the London newspapers, which advised Lindbergh to go home to America. Instead, Lindbergh let it be known that he would live that winter in Berlin.

The true story of the German medal

Then came Munich. Soon afterward, the new American Ambassador to Berlin, Hugh Wilson, planned a dinner to get acquainted with Nazi bigwigs he had not met. He was especially anxious for Göring to come, and asked Lindbergh to attend, rightly believing that this would make Göring's acceptance certain. Göring arrived after all the other guests and went directly to Lindbergh, who was standing with other guests. "In the name of the Führer," he said, and handed Lindbergh a small box. This contained a medal—the Service Cross of the Order of the German Eagle with Star—one of the highest decorations of the Reich.

For reasons which even his best friends have not understood, Lindbergh has never undertaken to explain publicly this celebrated presentation, which was quite understandable and harmless in itself. His refusal to talk about the medal has magnified its importance out of all proportion. His later actions regarding it have also been curious. All of the other 118 medals which he has received—including a British Air Force Cross presented by King George V in person, and the Distinguished Flying Cross bestowed by President Coolidge in 1927—are publicly displayed in the famous collection of Lindbergh trophies of the Missouri Historical Society in St. Louis. But the Göring medal has never been exhibited. Lindbergh's friends have never seen it, and no picture of it is available. It is assumed to be in the vault of a St. Louis bank.

Lindbergh's decision to live in Berlin in the winter of 1938-39 came at an unfortunate time. It was the winter of the terrible anti-Jewish purges. His friends argued and pleaded, pointing out that the move would have a permanent effect on Lindbergh's reputation in America. Finally, and reluctantly, he gave up the idea. In April 1939, with war clouds black over Europe, he returned to the U. S. to take up active service in the U. S. Army Air Corps.

His four months in the Army

Lindbergh's four-month tour of duty in 1939 constitutes his only active service in the U. S. Army aside from his training as an Air Corps cadet in 1924-25. In 1927, as one of the honors given for his transatlantic flight, he had been made a colonel in the Reserve by President Coolidge. This rank was more of a handicap than a help to Lindbergh in establishing Army contacts. Other colonels were 25 to 30 years older, while the young officers of his own generation stood in awe of such an exalted rank.

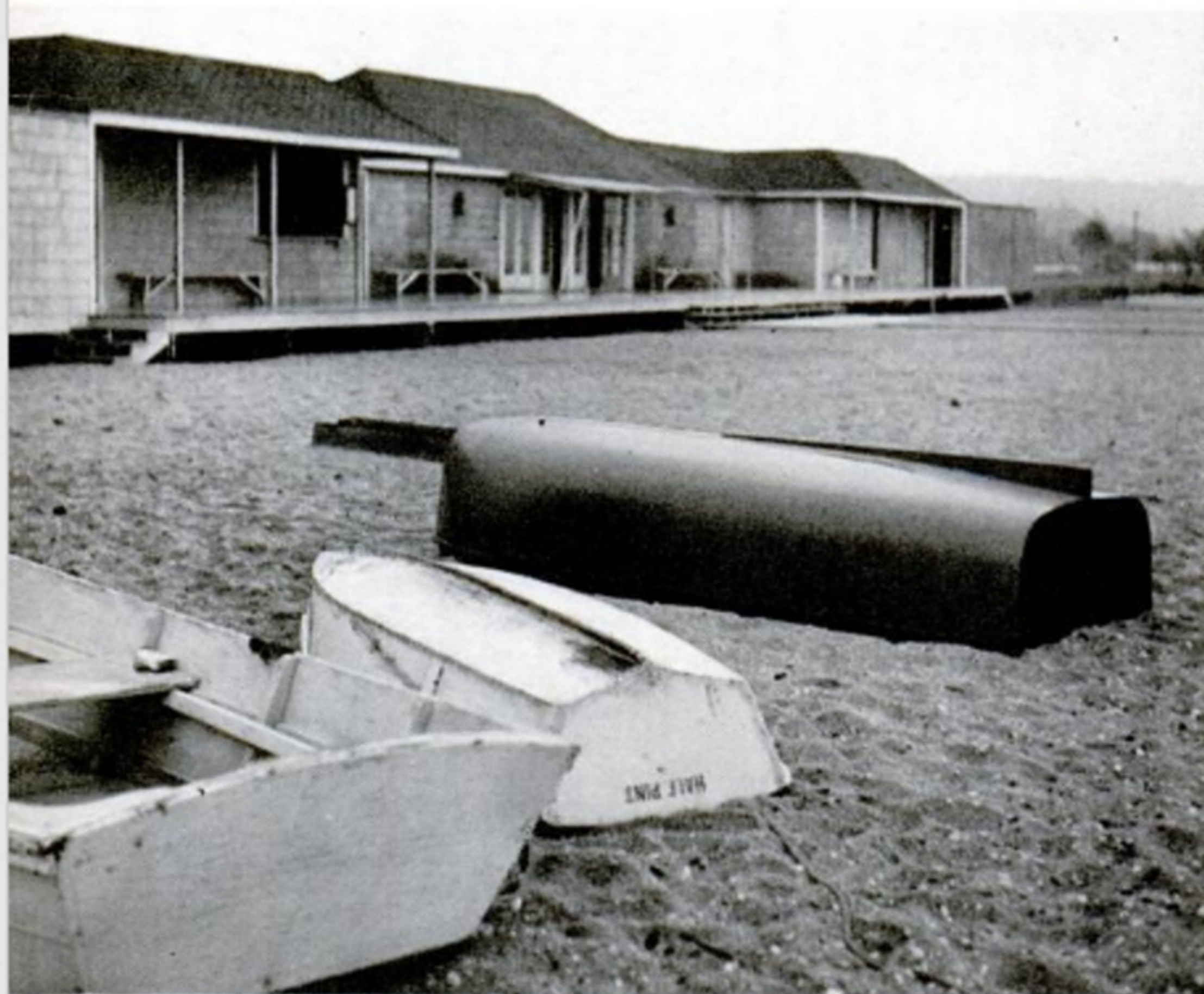
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Even in 1939, when he was 37, Lindbergh found more congenial companions among the junior officers who were testing new pursuit-plane designs in the Army's big flying laboratory at Wright Field. He spent much of his active service there, working on plans and models for such new Army planes as Bell's Airacobra, P-39, which is just now coming into large-scale production. He served on the Army's Pursuit and Observation Boards, which say the final word on planes of those types. He was less interested in bombers, being known in the Air Corps as a pilot of small planes.

Lindbergh's knowledge of European aviation



The Lindberghs' home is this handsome Manor House on Lloyds Neck, Long Island, rented from Mrs. Willis Delano Wood, owner of nearby mansion, Fort Hill. Lindbergh uses one front room, paneled in old wood, for his office and study, occasionally writes outdoors in a garden house.



Plain but exclusive Lloyds Neck Bath Club is used by Lindbergh children. Lindbergh swims from private beach of Mrs. Wood farther up the Neck. His favorite swim is around lighthouse a quarter mile out (below), which other Lloyds Neckers consider dangerous because of the strong tides.



LINDBERGH (continued)

was eagerly sought by his Air Corps associates of this period. They found him especially well informed on the strength of German planes, as compared with the woeful weaknesses of the French and Russian. He also discussed English planes, some of which he had flown, but what he said at the time did not prepare American airmen for the amazing performance of the Royal Air Force in warding off German invasion a year later. Today Lindbergh says, privately, that the British have done "a remarkable job" in the air, but insists that their courage has only postponed the day of final destruction. The Luftwaffe, he declares, can win any all-out war it chooses to wage, and, for him, "The invasion hasn't started yet."

One evening in July 1939, after Lindbergh had completed his tour and returned to Washington to write his report, he was sitting at dinner in the Washington home of William R. Castle, who had been Herbert Hoover's Undersecretary of State. Castle had met the Lindberghs when they came to the State Department to arrange their "North to the Orient" flight in 1931. He had been a member of a conservative clique of career diplomats who dominated U. S. foreign policy before Roosevelt entered office and have opposed most of Roosevelt's policies since. The only other man at the dinner table that evening was young Fulton Lewis Jr., a former Washington reporter who was building up a reputation as a radio news commentator. Castle had phoned Lewis suggesting he come to dinner and meet Lindbergh. Lewis was naturally delighted.

Lindbergh, as was customary with him, talked a good deal about Europe, recounted his German and English experiences, and discussed, in less detail, his just-completed inspection of American airpower. At the time, it should be remembered, he was still a figure of mystery to the American public—a man who was believed to hate public appearances worse than death. But young Lewis, listening and watching, realized that Lindbergh "had something on his chest." Taking the bull by the horns, as he said later, he made a suggestion:

"Colonel, I am going on vacation and a number of prominent people are going to fill in for me as guest commentators on the air. Why don't you take over for an evening and tell the American people how you feel about things?"

Instead of a curt negative, which Lewis rather expected, Lindbergh smiled and considered the suggestion for a full minute. "I don't believe I could do that," he said, finally. "But I'd like a rain check on the invitation."

That was in July 1939. Events moved swiftly to a stunning climax in Europe. The British-Polish treaty was signed, and Chamberlain issued stern warnings to Germany. Hitler replied with threats. To many Americans it looked like another Munich crisis, but on Sept. 1 the German Air Force went into action, smashing Polish cities and armies. Two days later came the declarations of war by Great Britain and France. In the U. S. President Roosevelt announced that Americans should be neutral in act, but that no one could expect them to remain neutral in thought. On a hot September Sunday, Fulton Lewis was called to a telephone several miles from his farm in Maryland.

"This is Charles Lindbergh speaking," said the voice on the wire. "I want to talk to you about the radio broadcast you suggested."

One broadcast makes him a leader

The first Lindbergh broadcast, which Lewis hurriedly arranged through Washington's WOL on Sept. 15, was a national sensation. It was heard by as many millions as ordinarily listen to a Presidential address, and drew a greater volume of mail than any other broadcast ever made from a Washington station. In the capital it stirred consternation among the friends of Britain and enemies of Hitler, unrestrained joy among the isolationists. It was clear, concise and calm in tone. In it, Lindbergh emerged for the first time as an expert in military and political science. It was hopeless, he said, for America to think of solving Europe's internal enmities, and so we must forget them. We must carry on "Western" civilization in this country while it bled to death in Europe. "The German genius for science and education, the English genius for government and commerce, the French genius for living and the understanding of life. . . . Here in America they can be blended together to form the greatest genius of all." To enter the war, on the other hand, would cost "a million men, possibly several million—the best of American youth."

The first Lindbergh speech contained nothing that was not being said at the time by other advocates of strict neutrality. But it was Lindbergh's emergence as champion of a cause, his personal appearance, so charged with recollections of heroism and tragedy, that thrilled people more than his words. At once he became the foremost figure in the anti-war cause.

Castle and Fulton Lewis were among a host of candidates for the honor of "ghosting" this first speech. The fact is that Lindbergh wrote it himself, at great cost of time and effort, as he has written all those that followed—"sweating it out" in longhand first, and revising through weary days and nights. The only person who regularly hears and reads what he writes is his wife whose literary style is too well known to be mistaken for his in any

respect. Occasionally she suggests a turn of phrase that he can use. This was the case with the celebrated "We must be as impersonal as a surgeon with his knife" sentence in this first address. Commentators seized upon this as typical of Lindbergh's thinking (which it is) but the phrase itself was suggested by Anne.

Isolationist Senators and neutrality advocates like Castle urged Lindbergh to follow up his first address with another, making specific suggestions for action. So on Oct. 13, as Hitler and Stalin were dividing up Poland, Lindbergh returned to WOL in Washington. He proposed a definite neutrality program with four points: 1) an embargo on offensive weapons and munitions; 2) unrestricted sale of purely defensive armaments; 3) prohibition of American shipping from the European danger zones; 4) refusal of credit to warring nations.

This constituted a new and, for Lindbergh, curiously sentimental suggestion—that the U. S. should sell "defensive" and refuse to sell "offensive" weapons. As a "clear-cut case," Lindbergh pointed to "the bombing plane and the anti-aircraft gun. . . ." "I do not want to see American bombers dropping bombs which will kill and mutilate European children, even if they are not flown by American pilots," he continued. "But I am perfectly willing to see American anti-aircraft guns shooting American shells at invading bombers over any European country."

At this time, as Lindbergh had reason to know, the most pressing need of Britain and France was for bombing planes; Germany had plenty of them. Moreover, as Lindbergh was to say again and again, the one effective defense against air attack is a strong air force, including plenty of bombers. The anti-aircraft gun had already proven relatively ineffective in stopping big attacks. In spite of these facts, Lindbergh stuck to this idea and repeated it in speeches in the spring of 1940. In this, as in other instances, his "neutrality" seemed to weigh heavily in favor of Germany. From the military standpoint, his attempt to distinguish between "offensive" and "defensive" weapons has proved futile and naive.

The uneasy winter watch on the Maginot Line had set in. In November came the Russian attack on Finland, with its long stalemates and harrowing attrition. During the winter Lindbergh completed a longer article for the *Atlantic Monthly*, which appeared in March. This contained a rounded explanation of his philosophy of the war. The new era of science, he wrote, had created a new world in which "the rights of men and nations must be readjusted to coincide with their . . . strength." If not readjusted peacefully, "they will be readjusted by force." He went on to discuss might and right. "In periods of satisfaction, 'right' becomes associated with law, while in periods of strife it becomes an ally of force. . . ." Germany, as "a strong people dissatisfied with its position," had turned to "that primeval 'right' of force." "Why," he asked, "should that be shocking to us?"

On May 19, one day before the retreat toward Dunkirk, Lindbergh made his third radio appeal. Previously he had spoken as a student of history and race, a philosopher of war, author of a neutrality program—but he had made only brief reference to what was generally considered his specialty—aviation. Now he was ready to discuss "The Air Defense of America."

It was apparent at once that he was striving to convince Americans that they could never be the victims of the air menace which he had advertised so assiduously in Europe. At the time he spoke the Luftwaffe dive bombers were engaged in their most spectacular feats; parachutists had recently dropped on Holland; air attacks had demoralized the French Army, and great aerial combats were beginning over England. All was occurring just as Lindbergh had predicted. Now, having been proven right on the threat of German airpower to Europe, Lindbergh must prove that the same threat meant nothing to the U. S. "The power of aviation," he began, "has been greatly underrated in the past. Now, we must be careful not to overrate this power in the excitement of reaction."

The debate on air danger

So, Lindbergh set about minimizing the danger of air attack to America. "Let us not be confused by this talk of invasion by European aircraft," he said. "It is true that bombing planes can be built with sufficient range to cross the Atlantic and return. They can be built either in America or Europe. . . . But the cost is high, the target large, and the military effectiveness low. . . . As long as American nations work together, as long as we maintain reasonable defense forces, there will be no invasion by foreign aircraft. . . ." Testifying on the Lease-Lend Bill, he went even further. "An air invasion across the ocean is, I believe, absolutely impossible at this time or in any predictable future."

Men like Grover Loening and Major Alexander P. Seversky have publicly taken issue with Lindbergh on this point. Practical plane builders believe that within five years there will be military aircraft with a range of 25,000 miles—capable of completely circumnavigating the globe. The future air traffic of the world, says Seversky, will crisscross America on its way from continent to continent, and every part of the country will be "completely open for commerce or for destructive onslaught." Under such conditions "oceans will be just so many Skagerraks." Lindbergh, Seversky

suggests, is the victim of "frozen tactical thinking of the past" and has acquired the same "Maginot Line mentality" that he found so painful among the French.

Officers of the U. S. Army Air Corps, of course, cannot enter into such a controversy. But in the opinion of some of the highest of them, Lindbergh is as stubborn and obtuse about admitting an air threat to the U. S. as Stanley Baldwin was in recognizing the same threat to London.

While Lindbergh still held rank as a Reserve officer he refrained from criticism of the U. S. Army Air Corps. But in April, after President Roosevelt had referred to him as a "Copperhead" and defeatist, he resigned from the Army. Shortly afterward he told an audience in St. Louis: "Our total air force in the U. S. today, including both Army and Navy, both modern and obsolescent types, is not more than Germany can produce in a few weeks. . . . We have . . . made a desperate attempt to improve the performance of American fighting planes without taking the time to design and build completely new types. . . . We put liquid-cooled engines in planes that had been designed for air-cooled engines. . . . We began mass production with untried types. We attempted to furnish England and France with airplanes at the same time we were expanding our own air forces. . . . The performance of some of our vital types of service aircraft [is] inadequate."

Of these comments, General George H. Brett, head of the Air Corps, says: "So far as production is concerned, Lindbergh knows nothing. He has not kept himself informed on that score. As regards performance his ideas are based entirely on his knowledge of two years ago. Certain of his statements are half-truths. We did put liquid-cooled engines in the P-40's [Curtiss-Wright, called Tomahawks in England] that were originally designed for air-cooled radial engines, but that is only part of the story. These planes were redesigned for the new type engine, and supplied an important link in developing newer and better planes."

"Yes, we ordered 30 of the B-24's [Consolidated bombers] before we ever saw the plane; we bought 300 of the B-26 medium bombers before we saw them, before Martin even built one. It's one of the best planes we have, it can outrun any pursuit plane now fighting in Europe. Little more than a year ago we were handed the job of building a force of around 5,500 planes into 50,000. Naturally we couldn't do things the old, slow way."

Lindbergh has maintained only irregular contact with military aviation in the U. S. since September 1939. He has not visited, for instance, the giant bomber factories in Southern California, or the busy Grumman and Republic plants near his Long Island home since the defense program began. Throughout the anxious years of 1940 and 1941, when American airpower was at last beginning to grow to something comparable with the strength of the nation, the nation's most famous aviator was making speeches. His only significant action, so far as the Army was concerned, was to resign.

Since the war broke out in September 1939, Lindbergh has made 15 major addresses—two in 1939, five in 1940 and eight so far in 1941—and has testified before the Senate and the House Foreign Affairs Committees. His carefully worded statement before the House Committee on the aviation defense of America was overshadowed in interest by certain unprepared statements which he made in answer to questions. It did not make any difference, he said, whether Germany or England won the war—he wanted "neither side" to win. But he was certain that Britain could not win, and that the U. S. was only prolonging bloodshed on both sides by attempting to save her.

These statements were typical of the Lindbergh that began to emerge as the war over entering the war became more violent. At first he had appeared calm, judicious, poised, and wholly objective. But beginning in the summer of 1940 a new note began to appear. It was bitter, contentious, and at times demagogic. He talked of leaders who had "lost their influence" by "dabbling in European affairs." The trend toward war, which he recognized as growing stronger, was being directed by "an organized minority" and a press "flooded with propaganda." He catered to the England-haters: "When I saw the wealth of the British Empire, I felt that the rich had grown too rich"; and to the Roosevelt-haters: "It is Roosevelt himself who advocates world dominion." Whole sections of his speeches became angry tirades against "college presidents" and "idealists." Democracy, he told an audience in Minneapolis, "doesn't exist today, even in our own country." Since Roosevelt and Willkie had agreed on foreign policy in the election of 1940, the election was not honest and we the people must now "impose our will upon the Government in Washington." He stirred antagonisms with such remarks as: "A refugee who steps from the gangplank and advocates war is acclaimed as a defender of freedom. A native-born American who opposes war is called a fifth columnist."

Neutrality toward all nations but one

His description of events leading up to the outbreak of war took on an outlandish air: "The interventionists of England and France persuaded their countries to intervene in a war between Germany and Poland. They first encouraged Poland to fight, and then they shouted that England and France must defend Poland in order to defend themselves."

The Lindbergh picture of Europe as presented in his speeches became a land-

Cooling Refreshment

5¢

Nesbitt's
CALIFORNIA
ORANGE

THE
FOUNTAIN
FAVORITE
FOR YEARS



Lindbergh was born in this stone house at 1120 West Forest Ave., Detroit, Mich.



Bronze plaque on wall attracts few visitors. House, once handsome, is now in cheap, noisy neighborhood.



Tin "Lindy's Birthplace" sign on front porch attracts rooms-for-rent prospects.

LINDBERGH (continued)

scape peopled by foolish idealists, and ambitious politicians bent on war at any cost—all of them living in England, France and Poland. In none of the 18 speeches and articles that Lindbergh has written on the subject has there appeared any argument against German participation in war, or any suggestion that Germany should have followed any other course but war. When this is pointed out to Lindbergh he sets his jaw and repeats, "I intend to be neutral." Lindbergh's neutrality, as far as his speeches, writings and much of his conversation is concerned, appears to extend to only one country. That country is not the U. S., whose course he condemns often enough. It is Nazi Germany.

On May 29 Lindbergh told a Philadelphia audience: "If we say our frontier lies on the Rhine, they [the Germans] can say theirs lies on the Mississippi." A few days before, in an interview which appeared after Lindbergh spoke, Adolf Hitler told LIFE's Correspondent John Cudahy that he had not yet heard "anybody in Germany say the Mississippi River was a German frontier." This coincidence, like many that have occurred in Lindbergh's speeches, appears to have been a result of parallel thinking. There is nothing on the record or available as evidence to show that Lindbergh deliberately follows the Nazi Party line or has any contacts today with German leaders or agents.

Perhaps, as one friend has suggested, Lindbergh appears pro-Nazi because practically everyone else is so anti-Nazi. There are other factors that have built up a stiff-necked and resentful stubbornness on Lindbergh's part. He has been the object of cruel attacks. His feud with Roosevelt, which runs back many years before the war issue, has made him hypersensitive to statements from the White House. Lindbergh, says a friend, has a deep conviction that Roosevelt is a glib, hypocritical and deceitful politician, while it is no secret in Washington that Roosevelt considers Lindbergh a defeatist and potential Quisling. (During the 1940 campaign, however, Lindbergh was describing the conversation of some Republican Long Islanders at dinner and exploded to a friend: "Damn it, I'm almost convinced I should vote for Roosevelt." He didn't, though.) Lindbergh has also been called a "leader of Fascist youth," an "ex-hero," a "sulky knight in shining pewter." The "Copperhead" epithet bestowed by Roosevelt has been seized by young America Firsters, who have organized "Copperhead Clubs" in several cities. They parade at rallies with "Copperhead" banners and signs. Lindbergh has been seen to wince at this. Streets named after Lindbergh have been changed; monuments marking events in his early flying career have been toppled; he has been refused halls in which to speak. Much of this he expected to face, but it has strengthened his conviction that Americans are primitive and lack discipline.

Efforts to build an anti-war front

Almost from the day he returned to America, Lindbergh has worked tirelessly behind the scenes to create an organization that would enforce American neutrality. His first radio address urged that such a group be formed at once. During the winter of 1939-40 he met frequently with leaders of various anti-war societies, but found none that suited his purpose. The peace movement during this period was dominated by noisy "Mothers" societies and professional pacifists. Lindbergh correctly saw that they would never arouse strong national support.

In May 1940, Lindbergh received a letter from Orland Kay ("O. K.") Armstrong, a writer and Legionnaire from Missouri, describing Armstrong's efforts to line up the American Legion for non-intervention. Soon afterward the two men got together for dinner at the Engineers' Club, at 32 West 40th St., Manhattan, where Lindbergh makes many of his appointments in the city. During June and July they met again several times—in Washington, New York, and at Lindbergh's home on Lloyds Neck, Long Island, where Anne Lindbergh joined in the discussion. Armstrong decided to give all his time to the cause and embarked on a speaking tour of State Legion conventions. He sent out invitations for a general conference on non-intervention in Washington, using Legion stationery. This led to a storm of protest, and at the Boston national convention Armstrong was repudiated by the Legion.

In August, Lindbergh went to Chicago and spoke at Soldier Field under the auspices of another organization, the Citizens' Keep America Out of War Committee headed by Avery Brundage. This Chicago mass meeting was widely advertised by "Einheitsfront," which included the pro-Nazi German organizations of Chicago. Lindbergh, however, never became a member of this organization.

O. K. Armstrong finally arranged a general conference of peace and neutrality advocates in Washington for Oct. 20-21, out of which grew the No Foreign War Committee. Lindbergh attended and made a brief dinner speech. He agreed to make some public speeches for the new committee, and the first one was planned for St. Louis.

At this time it was thought that an outstanding Midwestern editor, to counterbalance William Allen White of the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies, should be chosen permanent chairman of the new group. Armstrong proposed Verne Marshall, of the Cedar Rapids Gazette. Returning to New York, he called a conference in the apartment of Douglas M. Stewart, co-publisher of *Scribner's Commentator*. Lindbergh attended. He was asked whom he wanted as chairman but said, "I'll leave that up to the others." Finally Marshall, whom Lindbergh had already met, was agreed upon.

On Dec. 11 Marshall took full charge of the No Foreign War campaign. It soon became apparent that



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LINDBERGH (continued)

Marshall intended to stage a lively crusade. He called press conferences and issued statements almost daily. Finally, on Dec. 30, he met reporters for a memorable session at the National Press Club in Washington, during which he disclosed that the late William R. Davis, "mystery" man involved in Nazi oil deals with Mexico, was a principal backer of the committee. Armstrong hurried to New York from St. Louis, where he had been arranging Lindbergh's scheduled speech. He and Lindbergh and Stewart held some hurried conferences, the result of which was that Lindbergh canceled his plans to speak, issued a curt statement disowning Marshall, and the No Foreign War Committee soon dropped out of the papers.

This collapse was a severe blow to Lindbergh, though he had avoided direct membership on the committee and so was not closely associated with it in the public mind. Naturally he was even more gun-shy than usual when another organization came along to ask his help.

This was the America First Committee, headed by General Robert E. Wood, Chairman of the Board of Sears, Roebuck, and already firmly rooted in Chicago, reputed capital of U. S. isolationism. Negotiations toward obtaining Lindbergh's membership on the Committee were begun early this year, and followed up by General Wood in several trips to New York. Not until April 17, however, did Lindbergh go to Chicago and publicly announce he had joined America First. This was followed by an immediate upsurge in membership. On April 23, Lindbergh spoke under America First auspices in New York, and the next day 3,000 new members sent in cards. He has since spoken, on the average of once every two weeks—in St. Louis, Minneapolis, New York again, Philadelphia, Hollywood and San Francisco. He invariably draws enormous overflow crowds, which invariably lose interest in the proceedings after he has finished talking. At San Francisco on July 1, for instance, more than half the audience walked out on Idaho's Senator D. Worth Clark, who followed on the platform.

From the start America First has worked hard, and usually with great success, to avoid a Fascist or Red tinge. When Lindbergh spoke at Madison Square Garden in May, Joe McWilliams, the notorious Christian Mobilizer, displayed himself prominently in the audience, posing for photographs with obvious glee. Backstage John T. Flynn, chairman of the New York Chapter, exploded: "I'm going to let that ----- have it!" "Good idea, but don't be too violent," cautioned Lindbergh. Flynn stepped onto the stage and announced: "We don't want McWilliams here and we are asking him to get out." Most of the audience applauded.

For the rank and file of America First, Lindbergh is a legendary figure. They see him only at huge rallies, where he is rushed on stage and off again, surrounded by guards. Recently national headquarters announced that henceforth chapters showing the largest gain in membership would have the next Lindbergh speech—as a kind of prize. Lindbergh has made a single visit to the central New York office at 515 Madison Ave., and two or three to the Chicago offices. Generally, however, his contacts with the organization are through a few leaders, like Flynn and General Wood. When he retires to his home on the Long Island North Shore to write and rest, he is as remote from the average member as Hitler in Berchtesgaden.

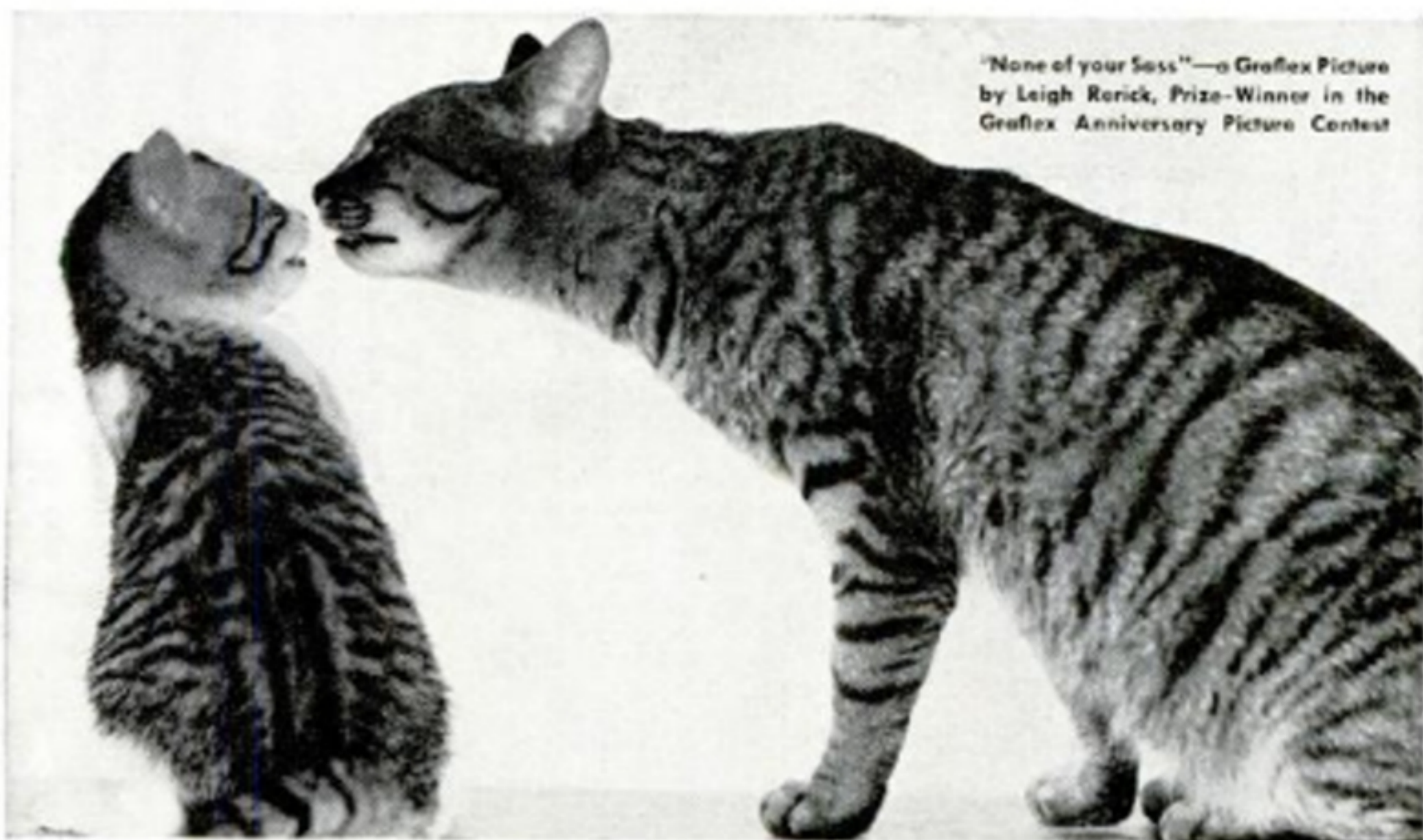
The Lindberghs at home

Lloyds Neck, where the Lindberghs have lived since they returned to the U. S. in 1939, is a gourd-shaped protuberance of land linked to Long Island by a narrow causeway, about 3 miles north of Huntington. It was suggested to them by Thelma Lee, wife of a Washington lawyer and an old friend of Anne. Anne liked it at once—"It is so much like England." This particular section of the North Shore was once famed for its huge estates (Otto Kahn, Ogden Mills), and is still largely populated by wealthy Wall Street brokers and corporation lawyers. (Secretary Stimson lives nearby, in West Hills.) Its older houses are straight white clapboard in the New England style, but its lush fields are much like Old England. In the afternoon uniformed nurses wheel their pram loads along the country roads, past grazing horses and Jersey cattle.

Mrs. Willis Delano Wood, the Lindberghs' landlady, rents her gatehouse, boathouse and half a dozen cottages and farmhouses to young New Yorkers who can afford a home overlooking the gray-blue waters of Long Island Sound. The Lindberghs occupy what is known as the Manor House, an old and lovely farmhouse built in Colonial times and once used as headquarters by Benjamin Thompson (Count Rumford), the celebrated Tory leader who has recently been lionized by Kenneth Roberts in *Oliver Wiswell*.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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Senator Oliver P. Loganberry is the role portrayed by Victor Moore above. At left, Mr. Moore in his dressing room. He says: "Taking off make-up is hard on my skin. I can't risk further irritation from shaving cream. I always get Williams—it's gentle as a spring breeze!"



LINDBERGH (continued)

The house overlooks the paved road leading into the Neck, and a marshy salt-water bay where scores of humble Brooklynites keep a summer fleet of rowboats and small motorboats. It is surrounded by a thick hedge and there is a brick-terraced flower garden extending from a screened side porch, which is heavily shaded by wisteria. There is no mailbox, as at other houses on the Neck, and the Lindberghs' name is not listed on a directory posted across from their drive. Visitors have little chance of catching a glimpse of them at home. Their outdoor hours in summer are spent at the private beach of Mrs. Wood a half mile away, which is accessible only to residents. A big black police dog, Thor, roams the grounds. There are wire cages in the sheds behind the house for the rabbits and goat that Jon, 8, and Land, 4, are raising, and further up the hill behind the house, a pair of shaggy ponies graze in tall grass.

Most of the Lindberghs' neighbors are young, recently married couples. The place teems with children. Recently Anne told a friend: "When I can't sleep at night, I count the neighbors' children." At last count there were 29, including the Lindberghs' youngest, Anne Spencer, born in October 1940. The older Lindbergh boy, and most of the others, attends the white stone Lloyd Harbor public school a mile inland. The Lloyd Harbor police maintain two watch boxes on the only automobile road leading to the Neck, and patrol the road constantly by auto and motorcycle, but there is no attempt to halt visitors. Scores of motorists drive past the Lindbergh home every Sunday afternoon without realizing it.

Lindbergh works long hours on his speeches, sometimes having lunch and supper brought to his desk. When not writing he spends a good deal of time with his sons and neighboring children. He talks to them about nature—the sky, and stars, and animals. In winter he skis and sleds with them, and in warm weather he swims every day. His usual swim is a half mile out and around an old lighthouse. None of the other Lloyds Neckers ever venture out so far, as the tides are considered dangerous. Lindbergh takes pride in this accomplishment.

In cold weather he frequently takes long solitary walks, along the northern shore, which is dotted with some of the biggest boulders on Long Island. He flies frequently at the Aviation Country Club of Long Island at nearby Hicksville, where some of the wealthiest private fliers in the country keep their planes. Lindbergh recently bought a Monocoupe but in making long speaking trips, he uses the regular airlines.

He has kept himself in perfect trim with walks and exercise. When he is on a speaking trip he finds it difficult to eat until after his speech. Then he sometimes indulges in a midnight snack (as at Los Angeles) of chicken à la king, a favorite dish, topped off with a banana.

He has had little time for mechanical tinkering or medical experiments in the last two years. Last winter, however, two friends called on him and found every radiator in the house supporting a large panful of water, out of which dangled a wet Turkish towel which was dripping into another pan below. At first they thought this might have something to do with the baby crying upstairs, but Lindbergh sheepishly reassured them. The house was overly dry, he said, and he had worked out this scheme to humidify the air. The towel and drip pan below were to test how much water actually got into the atmosphere.

The Lindberghs live comfortably but not pretentiously by Long Island standards. They have a "couple," and a chambermaid and a nurse, besides two secretaries, one of whom, Christine Gawn, handles Lindbergh's enormous mail. Lindbergh still has part of the small fortune he made from writing and giving technical advice in the years after his flight, while his wife is independently well-to-do. In the past year his income from writing has been around \$3,000, which probably paid his expenses for speaking engagements.

Lindbergh and his wife's book

Lindbergh does not often discuss his wife's celebrated book, *The Wave of the Future*, and it is a question among her friends as to how much of it he agrees with. The book is written in a poetic, almost mystical style which clouds its meaning, and this is directly counter to Lindbergh's personal taste. His comments have suggested that he, like many others, does not fully understand it. However, Anne is the one person whose advice he trusts most completely, and most often accepts. And she has made desperate efforts to reconcile her own personal feelings (which are warmly pro-English) with his fatalistic inclination toward Germany and totalitarianism.

Lindbergh is on friendly terms with his neighbors. Some of them call him "Charles," and he sometimes buttonholes them for lengthy discussions of his views. Until this summer he has been a member of



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the small local Bath Club, using it mostly for the children. But he takes little part in the easygoing social life of the Neckers, among whom sailboating, dropping in for cocktails and late dinner parties are popular. As often happens with the Lindberghs, people who see them have the feeling that they are "lonely," especially since many of their old friends definitely disagree with their present activities.

Colonel Henry Breckinridge, Lindbergh's attorney for many years, is actively opposing him; Harry Guggenheim, who sponsored Lindbergh's goodwill flight around the U. S. in 1927, disagrees with him and hasn't seen him for a long time. Recently a woman friend of Anne cornered Thomas Lamont at a dinner party and asked the former partner of Anne's father: "Why don't you go and see the Lindberghs sometime—they're lonesome." "I have nothing to do with them," Lamont replied.

To replace friends like these, the Lindberghs have been going to dinner with America First associates like Norman Thomas and John T. Flynn. On their travels they stay at the homes of other America Firsters—General Wood, Kathleen Norris. Among the isolationist Senators and Congressmen, the only one that Lindbergh knows well is Shipstead, an old friend of his father. He had never met Burt Wheeler until last winter, and they have seen each other only once since. He sees Bob LaFollette and Bennett Clark somewhat more often.

In Washington, where the Administration is highly Lindbergh-conscious, his name is a danger signal to many of his old friends. Admiral Jerry Land, chairman of the Maritime Commission, is a cousin of Lindbergh's mother, and used to put the young flier up on many visits to the capital. But recently when a mutual friend mentioned Lindbergh he exploded: "I just can't talk about him any more. I think he's gotten into bad hands and he's all wrong." Lieut. Col. Truman Smith, Lindbergh's companion in Berlin, is under special orders not to discuss Lindbergh with anybody, and not to discuss military matters with Lindbergh.

There has been no open break with Anne's family, though Mrs. Dwight Morrow, her mother, is active in organizing aid to Britain and China, and Anne's English brother-in-law, Aubrey Morgan, is actually assistant to the Director General of the British information services in Manhattan. (Morgan has engaged in friendly arguments with Lindbergh and jokingly points to their relationship as "eternal refutation of the invincibility of British propaganda.") Recently Anne remarked at a dinner party, "Charles at least has the memory of his father with him. I'm entirely alone."

The heritage of his father

Lindbergh's father, Charles Augustus Sr., was a successful lawyer in the Minnesota town of Little Falls when he was elected to Congress in 1906. He was convinced that the whole American economy was a conspiracy against the Midwest farmer, and as time went on he became a bitter and rancorous partisan of farm legislation. When the World War came, he saw it entirely as another Wall Street scheme, and wrote a dozen speeches about the "exploiters" and "Wall Street speculators" who directed "the inner circle" for war. Plates of a book edition of these speeches, entitled *Your Country At War*, were seized and broken by Federal agents, but it was republished in 1934. There is nothing in it that remotely resembles the younger Lindbergh's arguments against war. However, the example of his father's "martyrdom"—he was mobbed and stoned by "patriots" while making an unsuccessful campaign for Governor of Minnesota in 1918—did make a strong impression on Lindbergh. He believes that his father has been vindicated since his death in 1924, and expects himself to be. "In ten or 15 years people will understand what I am doing now," he has said to friends.

Leaders of the America First Committee are agreed that its activities will cease immediately when Congress officially declares the U.S. at war. ("But not just because the President commits an act of war.") General Wood in a speech has taken his stand alongside Stephen Decatur—"Our country, in her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be in the right: but our country, right or wrong"—and has said he would again offer his services to the Army. Lindbergh too, his friends say, will volunteer, but in Washington the impression is definite that President Roosevelt will not allow him to hold important rank again. As one of Roosevelt's intimates has said: "You can't have an officer leading men who thinks we're licked before we start—that's all there is to that."

At that point Lindbergh will be face to face with the great decision of his career—whether to become the popular leader of all the forces of discontent and disagreement, or to retire into a silent "martyrdom" and await the vindication he believes is certain. Those who know him best are convinced he has gone so far that now he can only make one choice—the first.

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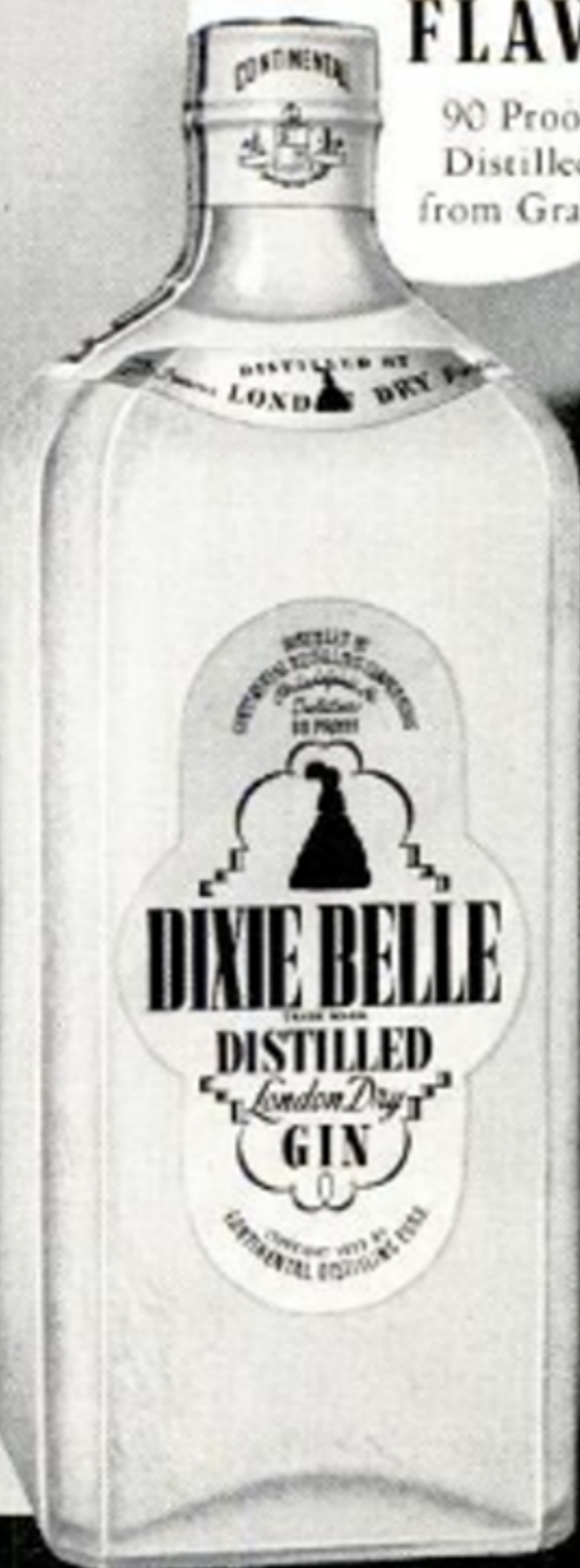
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