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In Pursuit of Charles Lindbergh

(A Review of *LINDBERGH* by A. Scott Berg)

by Raymond H. Fredette 30 - 43

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ANYTHING INVOLVING CHARLES LINDBERGH USUALLY BEGINS VERY SIMPLY, ONLY TO BECOME EVENTUALLY VERY COMPLICATED

Lindbergh. By A. Scott Berg. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1998. Photographs. Notes. Sources. Index. Pp. 628. \$30.00.

Like Howard Hughes's famed flying boat, the *Spruce Goose*, A. Scott Berg's biography of Charles Lindbergh is big, expensive—garnering a million dollar advance—and has received much media attention. On its first and only flight, Hughes's plywood wonder flew only one mile and barely rose out of the water in the harbor of Long Beach, California, in 1947, too late for service in World War II. While enjoying a considerably better run—sixteen weeks on the *New York Times* best sellers list—Berg's biography hardly soars with its revelations about Lindbergh. Readers seeking new information will find it to be peripheral to the three central events of his life: his solo, nonstop flight to Paris; the kidnap-murder of his firstborn son; and his controversial role as an opponent of American intervention in World War II, before the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor dramatically ended the debate.

Ironically, the readers most likely to be drawn to this book, the aviation enthusiasts, are apt to be the most disappointed. Considering the millions of words that have been written about the Lindberghs, such a finding is hardly surprising. Lindbergh himself authored six autobiographical books, including two about the Paris flight and his 1,000-page *Wartime Journals*, covering the period 1938–1945. Anne Morrow Lindbergh has more than matched her husband's output with thirteen titles. These include two books about their joint flights to Asia and around the Atlantic Rim in the 1930s, as well as five volumes of her diaries and letters written during the years 1922–1944.

In 1986, Perry D. Lockett, associate professor of English at the Air Force Academy, published a bio-bibliography of Charles Lindbergh. Lockett devotes twenty-eight pages just to list the materials about his subject, a compilation, he notes, that "is by necessity, limited in scope."¹ Since it was prepared, at least three more biographies of the Lindberghs, including Berg's, have appeared. More recently, Reeve Lindbergh has written about the family in a work thinly disguised as fiction,² as well as a book of reminiscences as the youngest offspring of the celebrated couple.³

However much has been written about the Lindberghs, prospective readers of the Berg biog-

raphy have every reason to expect that there is still much more to be revealed. The blurb on the book's dust jacket introduces Berg as "the first and only writer to have been given unrestricted access to the massive Lindbergh archives—more than two thousand boxes of personal papers, including reams of unpublished letters and diaries." Even after conceding the promotional purposes of jacket blurbs, such a claim does not quite hit the mark.

Less than a year after Lindbergh died in 1974, it was announced that Brendan Gill, the late author and longtime drama critic of the *New Yorker* magazine was "to prepare a 100,000-word life of Charles A. Lindbergh.... Mr. Gill will work 'under the direction' of Anne Morrow Lindbergh." The editor of the biography further disclosed that she had "placed her husband's archives, consisting of thousands of letters, memorabilia and other material, at Mr. Gill's disposal. She is also giving Mr. Gill her own recollections of her husband and will write a foreword...."⁴

After tackling the archives at Yale with the aid of a research assistant, Gill declared "that Lindbergh was a pack rat. He saved absolutely everything anyone ever sent to him, everything." Probably because, unlike Berg, he did not have nine years to spend on his Lindbergh project, Gill also had some second thoughts about its scope. "None of Yale's hoard is vital for my book," he added. "I'm confining myself to the 1927 flight."⁵ Gill completed his well-illustrated work, *Lindbergh Alone*, without the foreword promised by Anne Lindbergh.⁶

In 1993, the reviewer of a new biography of the Lindberghs by Joyce Milton⁷ noted parenthetically that Anne Lindbergh had "chosen A. Scott Berg as her authorized biographer."⁸ He responded with a letter stating, "That is not accurate." While Mrs. Lindbergh had given him "unrestricted access to her papers," he explained, it was only "so that I can write *his* biography. She is, of course, an essential part of that story; but he is my subject."⁹ At this point, it should perhaps be noted that anything involving Charles Lindbergh usually begins very simply, only to become eventually very complicated.

Berg's disclaimer aside, he went well beyond "my subject" to produce a dual biography of both Charles and Anne. He also provides considerable background data on their respective families, going back in time as far as the available infor-

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The aircraft "The Spirit of St. Louis," in which Lindbergh crossed the Atlantic Ocean alone.

FORAGING THROUGH THE ANCESTRAL CLOSETS OF THE LINDBERGHs, THE LODGES, AND THE LANDS, BERG BRINGS FORTH AN ASSORTMENT OF FAMILY SKELETONS

mation would take him. He begins with Lindbergh's paternal grandfather, who was born in Sweden in 1808. We learn that some of Charles's forebears on his mother's side sided with the Loyalists in the American Revolution and that his grandfather, Dr. Charles H. Land, an eminent dentist, was "abandoned as a teenager by his father."

After foraging through the ancestral closets of the Lindberghs, the Lodges, and the Lands, Berg brings forth an assortment of family skeletons which, in his words, "included financial malfeasance, flight from justice, bigamy, illegitimacy, melancholia, manic depression, alcoholism, grievous generational conflicts, and wanton abandonment of families."¹⁰

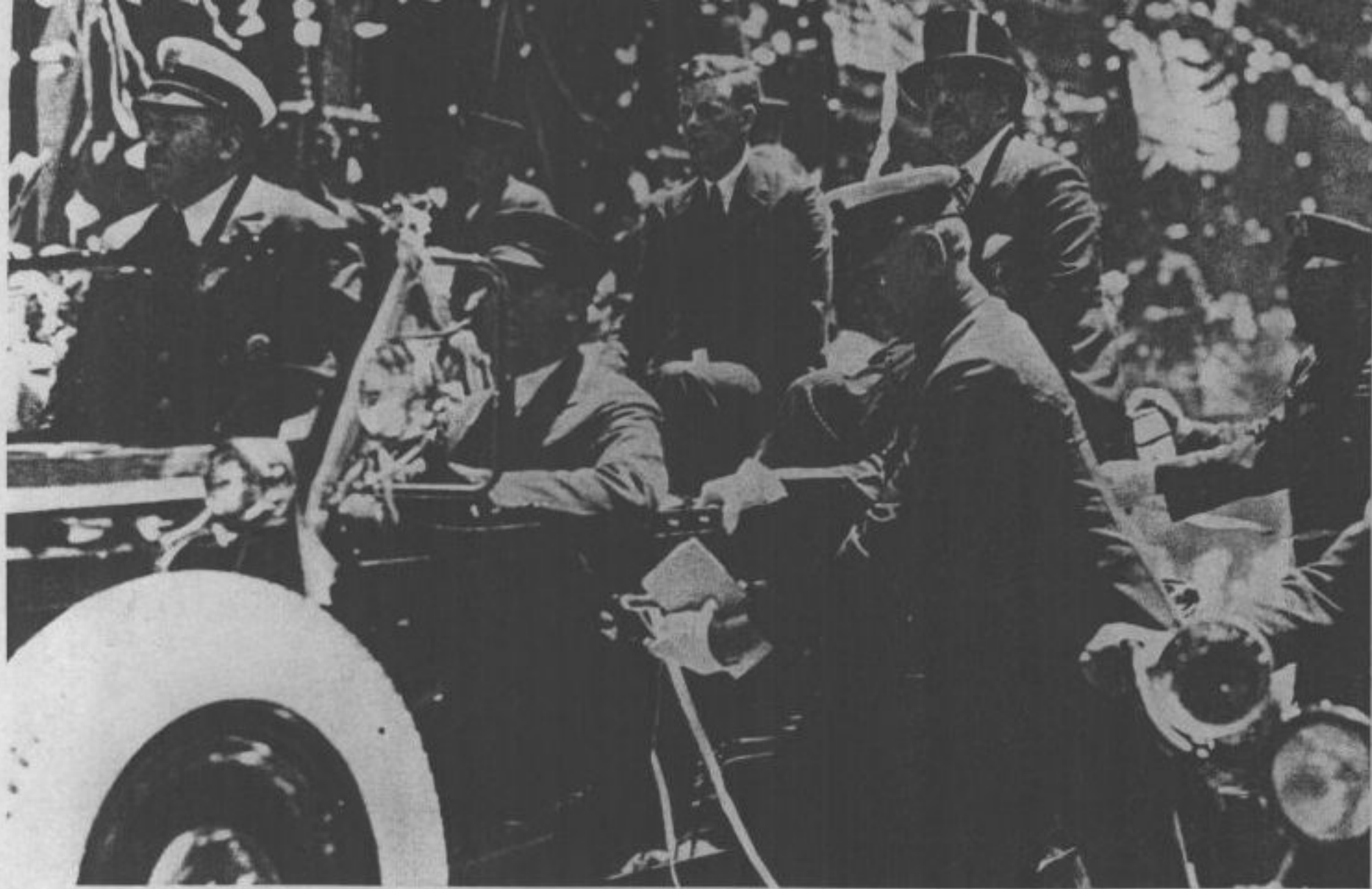
The all-knowing biographer then jumps to the startling conclusion that Lindbergh, "for all his fascination with detail," was unaware of his dark origins because he "never examined his family history closely enough."¹¹ In truth, Lindbergh was not only very aware, but he also encouraged and financed, in part, the research that yielded these findings, which were kept under wraps by the Minnesota Historical Society for decades until Berg came along to reveal them to the

world.¹² It is little wonder that Lindbergh himself often said, "I don't want to lay my life out on a platter for public consumption."¹³

Berg approaches Lindbergh and his accomplishments with awe, and a hero worship that harkens back to the time the flight to Paris was made. Celebrated as that feat was, much has happened in the intervening seventy years that provides some historical context in which its lasting significance may be evaluated. Yet Berg portrays Lindbergh and his flight as if he had just read old newspapers, echoing many of the same accolades heard around the world in 1927.

Writing about Lindbergh "alone in the cosmos" midway across the Atlantic, Berg sees him "in the unique position of overshadowing every other living hero.... Nobody had ever subjected himself to so extreme a test of human courage and capability as Lindbergh. Not even Columbus sailed alone."¹⁴ No, but Sir Francis Chichester did at age sixty-five, sailing around the world unaccompanied in a forty-foot sail boat, traveling more than half the distance without a port of call.¹⁵

Berg's assessment of Lindbergh's role in commercial aviation after the Paris flight is no less laudatory. In his view, "nobody did more to



Lindbergh received a hero's welcome upon his return to America. (Photo courtesy of Yale University Library.)

AFTER HIS FLIGHT TO PARIS, LINDBERGH WAS UNQUESTIONABLY THE LODESTAR OF AMERICAN AVIATION IN THE PUBLIC MIND

advance that cause than Charles Lindbergh. In the two years after...few aspects of American aviation went without (his) advice or assistance.... Most of his suggestions became the standard for aviation in the United States and, subsequently, round the world."¹⁶

When Lindbergh landed at Le Bourget in 1927, he did so at the most celebrated airport in Europe. Comparable to the French air terminal were Croydon, outside of London, whose facilities included a hotel, and Tempelhof at Berlin, then considered the busiest air hub in the world. Most of the European capitals and many major cities were linked by scheduled air service "at a time when there wasn't a single airport worthy of the name in the entire United States."¹⁷

After his flight to Paris, Lindbergh was unquestionably the lodestar of American aviation in the public mind, but Gore Vidal does not quite agree with Berg, whom he regards as not being "particularly good on the early days of aviation." As writers, both are comparable to a degree, at least in their propensity for literary Americana, except that Vidal is the son of Eugene Vidal, a prominent figure in early civil aviation. "By 1928," Gore Vidal writes, "Lindbergh and Gene

were involved in the first transcontinental airline.... Lindbergh...settled for being a publicist for commercial aviation in general and TAT (Transcontinental Air Transport, later TWA) in particular. 'But what did he do?' I once asked my father. 'He let us use his name. The Lindbergh line we called ourselves. Then he visited all around the country, sometimes checking out sites for landing fields. But then we all... those of us who were pilots... did that. We'd also taken on Amelia Earhart. We called her Assistant Traffic Manager. But, basically, it was all public relations. Everyone in the world wanted to look at those two.'"¹⁸

While overstating Lindbergh's contribution to aviation shortly after his Paris flight, Berg also completely overlooks the important part played by Dwight Morrow, his future father-in-law, in this sphere. In Berg's biography, we learn much about Morrow's early impoverished years, his marriage to Elizabeth Reeve Cutter from Ohio, their children, including Anne and a mentally ill son, and the mansion he built in New Jersey after he had made his millions as a partner with the J. P. Morgan banking firm. We are told about the landscaping of the estate, the cost of the furni-

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ture, and a housewarming attended by nearly 1,000 people.

Perhaps fearful of boring his readers, Berg does not recount how Calvin Coolidge called on Morrow, his Amherst College classmate, to head his President's Aircraft Board. Better known as the Morrow Board, its task was to recommend aviation policy and determine the best use of aircraft in national defense. Coolidge signed the resulting legislation, the Air Commerce Act of 1926, into law exactly one year to the day before Lindbergh took off for Paris. With its regulatory provisions, the act had set the stage for American growth in the air, which Lindbergh's timely transatlantic flight so dramatically popularized.¹⁹ As Lindbergh himself modestly acknowledged, he was only "a match lighting the bonfire."

If Berg seems uncertain in his treatment of Lindbergh's early flying years, he more than makes up for it in his presentation of the kidnapping. In what appears to be a misguided sense of drama, he devotes nearly one hundred pages to the crime, from the March night in 1932, when the unobserved kidnapper slipped into the nursery of the sleeping Lindbergh baby to the execution of Bruno Richard Hauptmann "at 8:44 P.M. on Friday, April 3, 1936."

Admittedly, Berg's account of the oft-told story is skillfully and interestingly written, but he provides no discernibly new information. He is convinced that Hauptmann committed the crime, as was Joyce Milton, who wrote at even greater length about it in her dual Lindbergh biography. Her efforts at least seemed justified by her thorough research of FBI files,²⁰ leaving Berg with precious little not previously published to uncover, as well as in the restricted Lindbergh archives.²¹

In view of the many books written solely about the kidnapping, Berg's detailed retelling is all the more puzzling. To compress Lindbergh's multifaceted life into a single volume is a challenge to any biographer, even without having to contend with "the crime of the century." Berg himself admits to having had to pare down a 2,000-page first draft to less than 600 pages for publication.²²

One would expect Berg, with his Hollywood background, to allocate more pages than he has, slightly less than three, to the filming of *The Spirit of St. Louis*, the motion picture based on Lindbergh's book about his flight. After all, biographers of Billy Wilder, who was involved in the production of some fifty films, devote as many as eleven pages alone to the one he made about Lindbergh. For some reason, Berg barely explores Wilder's woes and frustrations as writer and director of his "worst movie."²³

"I was not allowed to deviate even one inch from the book," he told one of his biographers about his dealings with Lindbergh. "I could not delve into his private life.... When we talked about the script, he gave his opinions in a very short yes or no, or I don't think so. It was not my happiest experience."²⁴ Yet, as another Wilder biographer points out, "Billy blamed himself: 'I

succeeded with some good moments, but I wasn't able to depict the character. That's what was lacking—the exploration of a character."²⁵

Berg, who never met Lindbergh, hardly can be expected to accomplish what Wilder failed to do. In his biography, Lindbergh is a life-sized cardboard cutout who does not quite interact with the cast of characters in his life story. Instead, he is talked about and discussed like the person who is late in arriving at some chatty social affair. In fact, Lindbergh never quite makes it to the party in this book.

Fortunately for Berg, he was given access to Anne Lindbergh's diaries, which have been only partly published. But the picture Berg reveals of Lindbergh as an inconsiderate and absentee husband will be disconcerting to his admirers as well as discordant with his public image as a hero. Berg unstintingly provides much information, but fails to reconcile his subject's puzzling behavior so at odds with the clear, logical thinking he demonstrated in many other respects.

A critical essay about Berg's first book, a biography of Maxwell Perkins, the editor of Fitzgerald, Hemingway, and Thomas Wolfe, suggests some similarity to his consideration of Lindbergh:

*In the course of almost eight years of work, Berg went through tens of thousands of letters, interviewed scores of people—and rarely paused to think. Why was Perkins such an unhappy man? Did the tensions and contradictions in his personality make him peculiarly receptive to certain authors? What does his career tell us about the decade in which he scored his greatest successes?*²⁶

Berg's lack of insight and contextual awareness becomes particularly apparent as he grapples with the charge that Lindbergh was anti-Semitic, an indictment heard to this day whenever his name comes up. While acknowledging the deletion of "substantive" passages from his subject's diaries before publication, Berg nevertheless pronounces them free of "any overt denigration of Jews." Lindbergh's problem arose, he believes, when in "writing about (them as) a single tribe, he was segregating them in his mind from the rest of the nation; and to that extent he was, like many of his countrymen, anti-Semitic." Whatever this may mean, Lindbergh, "in his mind," would certainly insist that such was not the case.

Berg cites one example of an omitted diary passage in which Lindbergh comments on the Jewish passengers aboard the ship on which he was returning home from Europe in April 1939. "Imagine the United States," he decries, "taking in these Jews in addition to those we already have. There are too many in places like New York already."

Damaging as this may seem, Berg insists that "Lindbergh was not singling out Jews for persecution; indeed, he could just as easily have written the same about an other minority. But it is



Lindbergh during his visit to Germany. (Photo courtesy of Yale University Library.)

IN 1939, NO ONE KNEW WHAT LINDBERGH WAS WRITING IN HIS DIARY

difficult to imagine his making the same comment about White Anglo-Saxon Protestants.²⁷ It is just as difficult to conceive of "any other minority" facing the predicament of the Jews as they desperately sought to escape from the Nazis, while they still could, in 1939.

Berg could have made a much better case for his subject being "like many of his countrymen," if he had recalled another ship that sailed from Germany soon after Lindbergh predicted in his diary that, "This present immigration will have its reaction."

The ocean liner, ironically called the *St. Louis*, departed in May 1939 with over 900 Jewish refugees for Cuba where they planned to stay until they could enter the United States under the German quota. Reacting to rising anti-Semitism on the island, Cuban authorities declared their landing certificates invalid and ordered the ship out of Havana harbor.

The American response was limited to dis-

patching a Coast Guard cutter to prevent refugees from reaching shore if they jumped overboard as the *St. Louis* hovered off the Florida coast near Miami. The passengers made a desperate appeal by telegram to President Franklin Roosevelt but received no reply. After idling for more than a week, the ship sailed back to Europe with its human cargo.

In 1939, no one knew what Lindbergh was writing in his diary. The controversy then swirling about him had to do with a report he had made the previous year on the strength of the German *Luftwaffe*, an estimate that was more right than wrong, and his acceptance of a German medal at the American embassy in Berlin at the hand of Field Marshal Hermann Goering. Berg pays scant attention to the report—the *Luftwaffe* is not listed by name in the book's index—but he dutifully relates the medal presentation much as Lindbergh describes it in his *Wartime Journals*, and the attacks that followed because he did not return it.²⁸

Berg's assessment of Lindbergh and the Jews lacks focus because the real brouhaha over the issue did not occur for two and a half-years, and until nearly fifty pages later in his book. As he covers the intervening period, we read about Anne Lindbergh's weekend infatuation with the French writer and pilot, Antoine de St. Exupery, and Lindbergh's five-month service with the U.S. Army Air Corps, which he considered very important as his contribution to American preparedness. In his account of both, Berg gives only slightly more attention to Anne practicing her "rusty French" with the future author of *The Little Prince* than he does to Charles's tour of duty.

Many aspects of Lindbergh's life are not clearly defined and analyzed because Berg writes about them chronologically rather than concentrating on them topically. Some of his chapters tend to be too long, and all have literary titles more appropriate for a novel than a biography. They provide no indication of the time period covered and only hint at their contents.

Within chapters, Berg expands, accordion style, the more interesting episodes, and contracts those he feels will be of less appeal to the general reader. As a result, some of the people who were close to Lindbergh through much of his life are noted only in passing, or not at all.³⁰

Berg is very adept in making smooth transitions between disparate episodes, resulting in a narrative which is pleasurable to read in this age of computer written books. With his detailed descriptions, sometimes of things of little import, such as a 250-word picture of a trailer Henry Ford gave to Lindbergh, Berg is, if anything, a novelist who has found his plot in the life of his subject. As he remarked recently about the challenges of biography, "it really does boil down to who's got a good story."³⁰

Indeed, Lindbergh's story with its dramatic twists and turns does seem more fictional than factual. With the outbreak of war in the fall of

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1939, Lindbergh severed his association with the Air Corps to speak out against America's involvement in what he maintained was a purely European conflict. With only slight variations in his theme of nonintervention, he campaigned throughout the country on his own at the start, and later as the leading spokesman of the isolationist movement, America First.³¹

Less than three months before the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, Lindbergh's crusade took him to Des Moines, Iowa, where he raised an accusing finger at the Roosevelt administration, the British, and the Jews as the "war agitators." Other than the kidnapping, the Des Moines speech turned out to be the most publicized event of Lindbergh's life since his flight to Paris. Recalling his landing at Le Bourget, Berg writes: "And in that instant, everything changed—for both the pilot and the planet."³² He could well have applied the same hyperbole to this other "bonfire" Lindbergh had lit with his ill-advised speech, but Berg seems more inclined to dampen than fan the flames.

He relates the drafting of the speech, drawing on Anne Lindbergh's diary to show how she tried desperately to dissuade her husband from mentioning "the Jews at all." He also cites the offending paragraphs verbatim but with the barest commentary: "Lindbergh had bent backwards to be kind about the Jews; but in suggesting the American Jews were 'other' people and that their interests were not American, he implied exclusion, thus undermining the very foundation of the United States."³³

Berg's interpretation is not much different from Anne Lindbergh's own views: "No one minds his naming the British or the Administration. But to name 'Jew' is un-American[sic]—even if it is done without hate or bitterness, or even criticism. Why? Because it is segregating them as a group, setting the ground for anti-Semitism."³⁴

Berg never entertains the question: why did Lindbergh make that speech? Certainly, merely naming the "war agitators" would not reduce their role and influence in the debate over American intervention. Was Lindbergh reliving the campaign against U.S. entry into World War I waged by his father, and who just as unwisely had attacked the Catholic Church as a foreign threat to American institutions? Was Lindbergh so politically naive that he could not foresee the public relations disaster his speech would inflict on the very cause he was espousing?

"It would be difficult to exaggerate the magnitude of the explosion which was set off by this speech," writes Wayne Cole, the foremost authority on the America First Committee.³⁵ Lindbergh was denounced editorially throughout the country, and his critics came from every spectrum of American society. Seven hundred Protestant churchmen endorsed a declaration of principle against the speech. In Boston, sixty-four prominent citizens, including educators, church and labor leaders, public officials, and businessmen

signed an open letter taking Lindbergh to task for failing to mention in his speech those Americans with roots in the German-occupied countries of Europe "who hate Nazism as much as the Jews."³⁶

Lindbergh's speeches created further difficulties for him when he called on Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson shortly after the attack on Pearl Harbor to see if he "could be of assistance to the Air Corps." Berg describes the exchange that followed as one in which "Stimson replied in diplomatic double talk until Lindbergh pressed him to talk turkey."³⁷

Lindbergh, in a lengthy diary entry, writes about Stimson doubting he had changed his "views...about the war.... He spoke about my advocating an *alliance* with Germany and about my *antagonism* to China!" In denying both notions, Lindbergh was willing to concede that either the seventy-four-year-old Stimson's "memory or his information was very confused in regard to what I had said."³⁸

Although writing under no such handicap, Berg takes Stimson to task for being wrong about "two opinions Lindbergh had never espoused."³⁹ Yet, on the preceding page of his book, Berg quotes his subject as saying only a few weeks earlier how it was "unfortunate that the white race was divided in this war." The remark and others attributed to Lindbergh, at a post-Pearl Harbor gathering of American Firsters, revived media criticism. As Berg further notes, Lindbergh, according to one account, still believed "Germany should have been appeased and tied to us as an ally against Japan and China."⁴⁰

Stimson evidently had been reading some of the newspaper and radio reports about Lindbergh. Going back to late 1939, the war secretary may have even read an article in which Lindbergh extolled aviation as "a tool specially shaped for Western hands...which permits the White race to live at all in a pressing sea of Yellow, Black, and Brown." Proclaiming the "Western nations are again at war,...our civilization depends on a united strength among ourselves...on an English fleet, a German air force, a French army, an American nation standing together."⁴¹

Berg carefully summarizes the entire piece, noting Lindbergh was paid \$2,500 for it by the *Reader's Digest*, which "was proud to publish it." But he says nothing about the faulty reasoning and racism behind the article, or what led Lindbergh to write it other than "his Olympian view of the earth—in which populations of continents appeared to him as masses of people."⁴² Nor does Berg make any connection with Lindbergh's notions of the earth and Stimson's encounter with him.

The war secretary firmly told Lindbergh he could not serve as an officer because of his "lack of faith in our cause as he had shown in his speeches." Turning to the private sector, Lindbergh fought the war as a "tech rep," including fifty com-

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bat missions with units of the U.S. Marine Corps and the U.S. Army Air Forces in the Pacific.

Berg never questions, much less explains, how Lindbergh managed to do this as a civilian. He merely paraphrases his subject's account in the *Wartime Journals* to the effect that he was "told he could proceed" overseas by a Marine brigadier general who had taken "the matter up with his superiors." After that, "Lindbergh kept defining the duties of his singular job."⁴³

When it becomes fully known, the story of Lindbergh's private war will attest to the hero worship of the officers he dealt with, and the charm, even cunning, of his nonconfrontational approach to getting his way. He lived practically his entire life according to his own rules, rather than those of the world around him. Even from his distant perspective, Berg is not immune from the abiding glow of his subject's fame.

Lindbergh did not see his commission in the U.S. Air Force restored until nearly ten years after the war ended. Closer attention to regulations in this instance caused the delay, although Berg's account would seem to indicate otherwise. According to an interview he conducted, the reason Lindbergh was made a brigadier general in the reserves was to bolster the image of then Air Force Secretary Harold Talbott. It seems the secretary was concerned about how he would be "remembered by the American people." Berg quotes the interviewee, Talbott's director of information, then Colonel Robert Lee Scott, Jr., as advising him to make Lindbergh, renowned as he was for his flight to Paris, a general. Once that public relations gambit had been acted upon, Berg adds that President Dwight D. Eisenhower "seemed only too pleased to announce the appointment."⁴⁴

Scott's story is a good one, but there is more to it than Berg may know from that interview alone. Shortly after President Roosevelt died, a campaign spearheaded by Robert E. Wood, who had headed the America First Committee, was launched to restore Lindbergh as a colonel in the reserves. The response of the Air Force to his appeals over several years was the same. Lindbergh himself had to initiate the process by applying for a reserve commission, but he declined to do so.⁴⁵

Wood, at one point, even suggested, "Can not this be done without Lindbergh making an application?" Later, he asked Secretary of the Air Force Stuart Symington to "consistently advise" him, as he understood that the matter "was to be put up to the President." While Harry Truman was still in office, new legislation was passed in 1952, authorizing the secretary of the air force to recommend reserve commissions even for persons who did not seek them. In the process, Talbott promoted Lindbergh to the rank of brigadier general. He graciously accepted the honor, but without enthusiasm because he felt he had more freedom of action as a civilian.⁴⁶

No sooner was he sworn in by Talbott in April

1954, Lindbergh was asked by the secretary to serve on a five-member commission charged with locating a permanent site for the newly created U.S. Air Force Academy. When the commission failed to reach a unanimous agreement, the decision devolved on Talbott, who settled on Colorado Springs. Berg cites a telegram from Frank Lloyd Wright to Lindbergh complimenting him on his "eye for a site," thereby creating the impression that the choice had been Lindbergh's. Although he went along with the mountain location, Lindbergh's first choice was Hamilton Field in California. He hated to see Colorado ranchers having to give up their land for the construction of the academy.

Lindbergh's concern hinted at his next and final field of endeavor, which was conservation. "There was no clear break in my military activities," he later observed. "These activities just tapered off. One thing which took me away from the military was the bases. Air bases were as dull as could be, and to get away from an air base, particularly overseas, was very difficult. I felt I could work more effectively in conservation with Pan Am."⁴⁷

As one looks back on Lindbergh's life, a profile of him as an espouser of causes clearly emerges. The evolution of his character and values as he championed these causes is perhaps most strikingly illustrated by his often quoted statement that, "If I had to choose, I'd rather have birds than airplanes."

What led this icon of American aviation to ponder such a choice, even if only philosophically? What was his underlying motivation as he crusaded under one banner or another, at times at great personal cost to himself and his family? Certainly, he was not seeking high political office, some prestigious post with the military, or greater wealth than he already had. Having experienced fame in its most corrosive and often irrational form, Lindbergh developed a protective shell into which he retreated, giving rise to much of the lore about him and his so-called mystique.

In reading Berg's biography, one is not quite certain what his *fix* is on Lindbergh, except that he was a very famous man. Berg is particularly drawn to honors and ceremonies, as in the case of a lavishly detailed two-page account he gives of a White House dinner the Lindberghs attended at the invitation of President and Mrs. John F. Kennedy.

The first lady, we read, "swept into the room in a long stiff pink gown, bare-shouldered, her hair done up high with a diamond star."⁴⁸ Yet, earlier in the book, the President's father, Joseph P. Kennedy, Roosevelt's ambassador to Great Britain, who embroiled Lindbergh in deep controversy with his estimate of German air strength at the time of the Munich crisis, receives only a few cursory mentions.

The value of Berg's biography as history would have been enhanced had he done more research of outside sources, especially other people's papers and letters beyond those Lindbergh chose

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BERG'S
BIOGRAPHY

to preserve in his archives. In a sense, he wrote his own life through Berg, whose affinity for his subject is almost surreal. "He left messages to me, his future biographer," Berg confesses. "He would write on a letter, 'Do not believe this man. What this letter says is not true. Please see my diaries or Anne's diaries.' At times I thought he was trying to control me from the grave.... I thought he was trying to shift my thinking to his way of thinking. But in every case I found him to be a truth-teller."⁴⁹

Truth, like beauty, evidently lies in the eye of the beholder. When it comes to Lindbergh, Berg seems to concede as much when he expounds on the deletions made from his diaries prior to their publication. "Without realizing that some of his comments were anti-Semitic," writes Berg, "he intuitively deleted many of them. His admiration for Germany's accomplishments got soft-pedaled."⁵⁰

Lindbergh undoubtedly would make even more deletions were he alive to read Berg's book. He would not take kindly to some of his biographer's hit-and-run comments, which, lacking further explanation, might well have been best left unsaid. Berg notes, in passing, his eldest daughter's "history of unstable love affairs," and that his mother was "chemically unbalanced."⁵¹ And although his wife's illicit romance with the family doctor is recounted at some length, one still does not quite know what to make of it.

In an interview with Berg, Katherine Hepburn, who had the same doctor, exculpates the middle-aged lovers because "they were both too respectable to do anything about their feelings." With a slam-dunk, Berg pronounces "Miss Hepburn...wrong," but one somehow senses that, "intuitively," she was right.

On the surface, the evidence against "these two longing souls" seem damnable enough. Berg quotes snippets from the doctor's "little yellow notes" (actually only three during 1956 and one in 1958 are cited), but nothing Anne may have written in return. Then, he further notes, Anne rented an apartment in New York, where they "had quiet dinners and martinis as well as the occasional breakfast they might host for their most intimate friends." Does one invite friends over, however intimate, when having an affair?

"Anne," writes Berg, "divulged her adultery only to her sister and a handful of confidants." The sister, Constance, now deceased, is not directly quoted, and the confidants are not identified. Berg offers further confirmation in the form of an "unopened letter," which the eldest daughter, also called Anne and also now deceased, happened to come across while home from college. Thinking it was addressed to her, she proceeded to read what she described as "obviously a love letter." Her father, she told Berg, either did not know what was going on or "never chose to know. He knew that Mother loved him and would never leave him." Two years after it began, Anne Lindbergh "tamped her affair...down

to a warm friendship."⁵² Although it must have been awkward at times, the good doctor kept administering to the family over the years until Lindbergh's last illness.

As Lindbergh nears death, he finally comes to life in Berg's biography. In the last fifteen pages or so, Berg movingly relates, through the eyes of the immediate family and a few close friends, Lindbergh's battle with terminal cancer. As he always did, he retained control of his destiny to the inevitable end. Lindbergh was flown to Hawaii to die, where he was buried precisely as he directed.

Berg ends his well-told story at the graveyard, without summing up his subject's life. For all the information he provides, much of which will seem new to anyone born after 1950, very little is resolved about the enigmatic Lindbergh, who is left stranded in a historical nether world. After his flight, Berg proclaims early in his book "Charles Lindbergh became the most celebrated living person ever to walk the earth."⁵³ But now that he is of the earth, as well as "of the stars," where does Lindbergh stand today as one of the most famous Americans of this century? An eminent scholar, Daniel J. Boorstin, has pronounced Lindbergh "an authentic hero," who "became degraded into a celebrity."⁵⁴ Boorstin's point is well taken, but it falls on Berg, who knows so much more about his subject, to make a more comprehensive judgment.

How does Lindbergh and his achievements compare, one might ask, with those of the inventive Igor Sikorski, the daring "Jimmy" Doolittle, or the self-effacing Neil Armstrong? Why is it that "the most celebrated living person ever to walk the earth," now deceased for a quarter-century, is so much more celebrated, at least by the media, than the man who first walked on the moon? Berg makes little attempt to rank Lindbergh among his aviation contemporaries. Perhaps it is too much to ask, even unfair to mention, of a biographer who praises the P-47 Thunderbolt as "the most effective bomber escort plane in the European Theater" during World War II.⁵⁵

Somewhat sardonically, Berg makes due mention of Amelia Earhart for her solo Atlantic crossing exactly five years after the first, and then drops a Lindbergh joke about her making "a very good landing—once."⁵⁶ Ironically, the legend of Amelia Earhart lives on not because of her solo Atlantic flight, the first by a woman, but because of the mystery surrounding her disappearance without a trace over the Pacific.

Lindbergh, for his part, consciously strived to be esteemed for more than the flight that made him famous. As a consequence of his ever expanding interests, he sought renewal through a restless pursuit of goals in fields other than aviation. Berg gives all due credit to his subject for his achievements as an engineer, scientist, and conservationist after being much impressed by the materials he found in his archives.⁵⁷

What remains unclear is how Lindbergh

WHILE IT PRESENTS NEW DETAILS ABOUT HIM, PRIMARILY ABOUT HIS DOMESTIC LIFE, THIS BIOGRAPHY IS NOT THE LAST WORD ON LINDBERGH

accomplished all this, beginning only five years after being dropped during his sophomore year at the University of Wisconsin. A consideration of Lindbergh's education beyond this point is nowhere to be found in Berg's book. However unbecoming it may be for a popular biography, a pertinent chapter would have helped to explain how Lindbergh acquired some of his ideas and expertise beyond aviation.

Aside from reading many weighty books, Lindbergh was in contact with literally a *Who's Who* of prominent and powerful figures of his era. With the exception of discussions of his friendship with Alexis Carrel, very little has been written in biographies of Lindbergh, including Berg's, about the intellectual interplay he had with some of these notables which, for better or for worse, contributed to his development.

If they are mentioned at all, usually it is only to underscore Lindbergh's fame, making him, in effect, a celebrity's celebrity, a status he neither sought nor enjoyed. Shying away from the lime-light, Lindbergh did all he could to avoid becoming a caricature of himself. But he constantly read about himself and saw images from his past, nearly always recreated and projected by people who did not know him. As he often remarked, he was no longer that boy who had flown to Paris. But those who really knew him would agree that when he died, Lindbergh was pretty much the same man he would have been had he never left Minnesota to fly a Jenny. That is why, perhaps, he asked to be buried in his work clothes and a Hudson Bay blanket, and not a flight suit.

Berg's biography is the first major work about Charles Lindbergh, and to a good extent Anne Lindbergh, written and published with unprecedented access to their papers.⁵⁸ It is well-written and contains much interesting information. Some of it is gratuitously presented to the neglect of significant but less dramatic topics, perhaps because of the page limits of a one-volume work. The general reader will find it engrossing and will finish it quite convinced that it includes all there is to know about Lindbergh. This is not the case. While it presents new details about him, primarily about his domestic life, this biography is not the last word on Lindbergh.

Given Berg's unique access to his subject's files and family, it would not seem unfair to call his work, as was his biography of Maxwell Perkins, "a compendium of lost opportunities." And, as in the case of that earlier work, Berg has again shaped "his painstaking researches to fit an all too familiar pattern."⁵⁹

In a 1948 anthology of news reporters' most memorable dispatches, the opening sentence of an introduction to two accounts about Lindbergh reads: "The Lindbergh story will be done some day in its bright and grim entirety by a historian, let us hope, informed, unprejudiced and sensitive to all its drama."⁶⁰

A. Scott Berg, a skilled raconteur, amply demonstrates in his book that he is not totally lacking in these qualities; but, alas, he is not a historian,⁶¹ and Charles Lindbergh, the celebrity, is alive and well, and selling. ■

NOTES

1. Perry D. Luckett, *Charles A. Lindbergh: A Bibliography* (Westport, Conn.: Greenwood Press, 1986), pp. 97-124.
2. Reeve Lindbergh, *The Names of the Mountains* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1992).
3. Reeve Lindbergh, *Under a Wing* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1998).
4. *The New York Times*, July 12, 1975.
5. *The Washington Post*, Feb. 29, 1976.
6. Brendan Gill, *Lindbergh Alone* (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1977). A reference to Gill or his book is nowhere to be found in Berg's biography.
7. Joyce Milton, *Loss of Eden* (New York: Harper Collins, 1993).
8. Ellen Chesler, "Better Above Than Below," Book Review, *The New York Times*, Mar. 7, 1993, p. 14.
9. A. Scott Berg, "The Subject is Charles," Book Review, *The New York Times*, Mar. 28, 1993.
10. A. Scott Berg, *Lindbergh* (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1998), p. 27.
11. *Ibid.*
12. Research into the Lindbergh family background was initiated in the mid-1930s by Dr. Grace Nute, a curator at the Minnesota Historical Society. Lindbergh himself wrote to family members urging them to cooperate with Dr. Nute. He also financed her research travels to California, England, and Sweden. Later, Lindbergh endorsed Dr. Nute as being "exceptionally well qualified" to write a biography of his father, then deceased. He assured his mother that Dr. Nute would not "enter

- deeply into the intimacies of family life," but his half-sister, Eva, adamantly opposed the project. Lindbergh finally managed, not long before his death, to have a biography of his father written. The author, Bruce Larson, limited the scope of his work to a political biography of the elder Lindbergh, who served ten years as a member of the House of Representatives. See Bruce L. Larson, *Lindbergh of Minnesota* (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1973).
13. Charles A. Lindbergh, letter to the reviewer, Dec. 4, 1972.
14. Berg, *Lindbergh*, p. 120.
15. Also a pilot, Chichester made several record flights, including the first solo flight from New Zealand to Japan.
16. Berg, *Lindbergh*, pp. 188-89.
17. Martin Greif, *The Airport Book* (New York: Mayflower Books, 1979), p. 57.
18. Gore Vidal, "The Eagle is Grounded," *Times Literary Supplement*, Oct. 30, 1998, p. 4.
19. The Air Commerce Act called for the licensing of pilots, the certification of aircraft and the creation of airways and air navigation facilities. One of Lindbergh's jobs in the summer of 1926, other than flying the mail, was to locate sites ten miles apart on leased farmland for the erection of light beacons on the airway between St. Louis and Chicago. Lindbergh was also one of the early pilots to receive a license, No. 69, shortly before he flew to Paris. The Morrow Board was also a factor in the passage of the Air Corps Act, which became law on July 2,

1926. It established the position of assistant secretary of war for air and the U.S. Army Air Service became the U.S. Army Air Corps. On his triumphant return from France in 1927, Lindbergh was awarded a new decoration created by the act, the Distinguished Flying Cross (DFC). Lindbergh, notes Berg (p. 154), received the first such medal, which is correct insofar as it was the first presented. The first airmen to be actually awarded the DFC were Capt. Ira Eaker and the other participants in the Pan American Goodwill Flight, on their return to Bolling Field on May 2, 1927. At the time, approval of the design of the medal was pending and none had been struck. A little over a month later, Lindbergh was on his way home from France aboard a U.S. Navy cruiser. The approval process was rushed to completion so that the first medal was available for presentation to him by President Coolidge.
20. Denied access to the Lindbergh papers for her biography, Milton researched several alternate sources, including the FBI's CALNAP files of some 300,000 pages on the kidnapping.
21. A total of twenty-five books, including two novels, have been published over the years about the Lindbergh kidnapping. Four of these books, some questioning Hauptmann's guilt, appeared after Berg began his biography. Of the ten boxes of records on the kidnapping at Yale University, nine contain the transcript of the Hauptmann trial.
22. Berg, "Slices of Americana," Book World, *The Washington Post*, Nov. 1, 1998, p. 11.
23. Nonetheless, in what seems to be a documentation overkill, Berg lists his sources on the making of the film as follows: fifteen letters and one telegram from the Lindbergh archives; two books, including a biography of Wilder by Maurice Zolotow, *Billy Wilder in Hollywood* (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1977), while ignoring two other very recent Wilder biographies, listed below; and two interviews, one each with Wilder and James Stewart, who played Lindbergh. Whatever information they may have provided, Berg quotes neither of them on the making of the film. He does relate Wilder's comical story about what the headlines would read if he crashed while flying with Lindbergh, an anecdote that Zolotow recounts in his book (pp. 193-94).
24. Kevin Lally, *Wilder Times* (New York: Henry Holt, 1996), pp. 247-55.
25. Ed Sikov, *On Sunset Boulevard* (New York: Hyperion, 1998), pp. 372-83.
26. Kenneth S. Lynn, "The Strange Unhappy Life of Max Perkins," *The Air-Line to Seattle* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1983), p. 95.
27. Berg, *Lindbergh*, pp. 385-86.
28. Berg, *Lindbergh*, pp. 374-75, 384. The only consideration Berg, a stickler for chronology, gives to the impact of Lindbergh's estimate of German air strength at the time of the Munich crisis, the so-called "phony figures" allegedly fed to him by the Nazis, is in terms of Walter Winchell's canard of a column that appeared some months later. In his sources, Berg cites Cajus Bekker, *The Luftwaffe War Diaries* (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, 1968), p. 376, which provides German aircraft production figures by year and types, but he does not use the information in his book.
29. Among them are Harlan "Bud" Gurney, "his closest friend," who knew Lindbergh for over fifty years and who has only seven page references in the index; C. B. Allen, longtime journalist who wrote many articles about Lindbergh and remained in touch with him until his death, one reference. Not mentioned at all is Martin Engstrom, hardware store owner in Little Falls and a surrogate father to Lindbergh, where he was a youth trying to manage the family farm. However, his pet dog during this period has five references, and his motorcycle, four references. By contrast, Betty Gow, the nurse of the kidnapped Lindbergh baby, whom Berg interviewed at the age of eighty-nine, has fourteen page references.
30. Berg and Alice Echols, "The Most Exquisite Clay Feet," *The New York Times Magazine*, Feb. 28, 1999, p. 26. Citing the overriding importance of a "good story" in a biography, Berg dismisses his discussion of celebrities and heroes with Echols, the biographer of Janis Joplin, as "talking pretty all evening."
31. For a comprehensive account, see Wayne S. Cole, *Charles A. Lindbergh and the Battle Against American Intervention in World War II* (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1974). Cole, a history professor, wrote his study with Lindbergh's full cooperation and "unrestricted access" to his "personal letters and papers relating to his noninterventionist effort."
32. Berg, *Lindbergh*, p. 5.
33. *Ibid.*, p. 427.
34. Anne Morrow Lindbergh *War Within and Without* (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1980), p. 223.
35. Wayne S. Cole, *America First: The Battle Against Intervention 1940-1941* (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1953), p. 145.
36. *Boston Herald*, Sep. 20, 1941.
37. Berg, *Lindbergh*, p. 435. It would seem highly unlikely that Stimson used "diplomatic double-talk" in his meeting with Lindbergh. A good friend of Dwight Morrow, Lindbergh's father-in-law, Stimson knew the family well, which is probably why he agreed to see Lindbergh in the first place. He certainly did not have to.
38. Charles A. Lindbergh, *The Wartime Journals of Charles A. Lindbergh* (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1970), p. 580.
39. Berg, *Lindbergh*, p. 436. Berg tends not to question anything Lindbergh writes in his diaries, which ultimately were intended as a defense and vindication of his views. In this instance, Berg could easily have checked Stimson's own diaries, which are available at the Yale University Library, where he spent two years researching the Lindbergh papers.
40. *Ibid.*, p. 435.
41. Charles A. Lindbergh, "Aviation, Geography, and Race," *Reader's Digest*, Nov. 1939.
42. Berg, *Lindbergh*, pp. 394-95.
43. *Ibid.*, pp. 448-49.
44. *Ibid.*, pp. 487-88. Berg obtained this story from ninety-year-old Brig. Gen. Robert L. Scott, Jr., USAF (Ret.). A combat ace and commander of the famed Flying Tigers in World War II, Scott is the author of *God Is My Copilot*.
45. Wood, known as "General," for his service in World War I, was president of Sears, Roebuck and Co. In his efforts to have Lindbergh reinstated, he corresponded with Generals Arnold, Eaker, and Spaatz, as well as Air Force Secretary Symington. At one point, General Spaatz, then Air Force Chief of Staff, replied to Wood that he was willing to have all the forms prepared and all Lindbergh had to do was "to sign on the dotted line."
46. Lindbergh undoubtedly felt a sense of vindication in having the commission he had resigned following Roosevelt's attack on him in early 1941 restored. But aside from this satisfaction, he attached little importance to his status as a reserve general. His appointment, he once remarked, "was not such a great thing. There are a lot of brigadier generals." Conversation with the reviewer, Dec. 7, 1971.
47. Conversation with the reviewer, Dec. 10, 1973.
48. Berg, *Lindbergh*, pp. 516-17. Although not mentioned in Berg's book, the Lindberghs also attended another dinner at the White House on Jan. 28, 1972, as guests of President Richard Nixon. The evening before Lindbergh called the reviewer at his home. He never said a word about the dinner, but he evidently had the White House in mind. During the conversation, he recalled President

Herbert Hoover and his 1932 campaign against Roosevelt. "Hoover realized he was in danger of losing," Lindbergh said, "and he asked me if I would be willing to go on active duty and fly him around on his campaign." He added that he "got out of this nicely" because he did not want to get involved in politics. Conversation with the reviewer, Jan. 27, 1972.

49. David Margolick, "In Search of Lindbergh," *Vanity Fair*, Sep. 1998, p. 238. In influencing future biographers, Lindbergh would hardly resort to writing little notes. After spending over twenty years researching his papers, the reviewer recalls seeing only one such notation. On a letter from a person he particularly disdained, Lindbergh wrote, "This man is no friend of mine." What Berg evidently has in mind is the Lindbergh papers at the Missouri Historical Society in St. Louis. Esther B. Mueller, the curator of that collection for many years, was devoted to Lindbergh. Whenever she read anything she thought was inaccurate or reflected unfavorably on Lindbergh, she would pencil in such comments as "Not Accurate," or "Keep This as Proof of Erroneous Writing." The papers she so annotated were mostly news clippings and magazine articles.

50. Berg, *Lindbergh*, p. 545.

51. *Ibid.*, pp. 515 and 498. Gill, who devotes a good portion of his brief book to Lindbergh's early years, had a different view of his mother. "Just because she wore her hat in the classroom while teaching," he said, "that doesn't mean that she was crazy." Conversation with the reviewer, Aug. 6, 1977. Lindbergh's relationship with his mother, Evangeline, was in some respects closer than it was with his wife. He was devoted to her welfare and corresponded with her throughout her lifetime. He quite frequently made trips with the children, but without Anne, to visit her in Detroit. Yet, oddly enough, Evangeline virtually disappears in Berg's book after Lindbergh's marriage. After 1929, one finds only five page references to her in the index.

52. *Ibid.*, pp. 506-9. Berg seems intent on making the most of Anne Lindbergh's affair, but provides no evidence of having discussed it with her. Although he cites five entries from her diary for this period, the only pertinent line he quotes pertains to the apartment she rented "for seeing people and a place to escape for the night." Berg also cites a letter from Anne to her sister, but quotes only six words, "there are no accidents in Psychiatry," suggesting she may have been in therapy. In another letter to her sister, she complains about being "badly mated" with Charles, but her doctor "lover" is never mentioned in any of Berg's quotations. He evidently satisfied her needs at a time when Anne Lindbergh seemed close to the breaking point. The question is, were they psychological or physical, or both? Although in a different context, her daughter, Reeve, appears to provide a conclusive answer. Her mother, she writes, "has an innate, immediately perceivable bodily reserve. One kisses her lightly, hugs her softly, with the understanding that it is imperative to leave the intimacy of her physical space, and of her body, inviolate. This has always been true." Lindbergh, *Under a Wing*, p. 49. The reviewer, who has made several overnight, unchaperoned visits with Anne Lindbergh at her home after her husband's death, readily agrees with Reeve, as well as Miss Hepburn. Yet, one would like to believe she did have a true love affair because she was a lonely woman. As she once remarked, "You know I'm tough. You know the man I married?" Conversation with the reviewer, Sep. 22, 1982.

53. Berg, *Lindbergh*, p. 6.

54. Daniel J. Boorstin, *The Image* (New York: Atheneum, 1961), pp. 66-67.

55. Berg, *Lindbergh*, pp. 447-48.

56. *Ibid.*, p. 278.

57. Of his research, Berg writes: "I excavated whole rows

of boxes which detailed Lindbergh's work in ecology and conservation, aviation and rocketry, anthropology and archaeology, business and industry, government and politics." Book World, *The Washington Post*, Nov. 1, 1998, p. 10.

58. The Charles Lindbergh papers at Yale University are undeniably impressive, more especially for their sheer volume. The correspondence files, while indispensable to a biographer, contain many letters of a social nature, and very few have material of a critical or controversial nature beyond what one finds in published sources. While revealing in their totality, the Lindbergh correspondence has to be closely studied and collated with pertinent information obtained through outside research in other manuscript collections to fill in the gaps. The collection fills over 500 boxes. Roughly one-third contain draft manuscripts of Lindbergh's published works, maps, technical reports, transcripts, bills and receipts, cancelled checks, and other items.

59. Lynn, "Max Perkins," p. 95.

60. Ward Greene, *Star Reporters* (New York: Random House, 1948), p. 352.

61. Readers interested in the historiography of Lindbergh and his era will be disappointed, if not bewildered, by the way Berg presents the documentation for his book. All manner of sources, books, articles, diaries, letters, and interviews are arranged in the approximate chronological order they were consulted or quoted in the writing of the narrative. There are no separate listings of sources by type. While it is unusual not to find a bibliography, select or otherwise, in a work of this scope, it is perhaps too much to expect of a biographer who dismisses all previous books about his subject as "quite terrible cut-and-paste jobs based on press clippings." Berg may not have examined some of them very closely. One of the earlier biographies (Kenneth S. Davis, *The Hero*, Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, 1959) includes an 80-page bibliographical essay in which the sources are discussed and interpreted. Davis, a meticulous researcher, later undertook to write a five-volume biography of Franklin Roosevelt, four of which have been published. Another biography, which Lindbergh preferred as being fairer (Walter S. Ross, *The Last Hero*, New York: Harper & Row, 1968; Revised Edition, 1976), is noteworthy for a half-dozen or so interviews with persons who were highly knowledgeable about Lindbergh, but were unavailable to Berg because of their death. Ross's acknowledgments in the later edition of his book include Anne Lindbergh and her daughters, Anne and Reeve. While footnotes are not in vogue for trade books, one would at least expect notes with page citations to readily identify sources and/or quoted material. Instead, sources are simply listed for blocks of pages under subheadings that do not appear in the narrative. Similarly, the only practical way to identify persons interviewed by Berg is to check the names listed in the acknowledgments. To determine interview dates, one has to scan, line by line, forty-one pages of sources listed in a highly abbreviated form. The format all but defies the scrutiny of source materials. Equally confusing is the way Berg cites the material drawn from Lindbergh's diary, and in the case of Anne Lindbergh, her diaries and letters. Because previously published diary entries and letters cited by Berg are also listed in their manuscript form, i.e., Diary, considerable "double-dipping" in his documentation occurs. It would have been much simpler if a published diary entry, or letter, had been listed under the pertinent book title, e.g., *Wartime Journals*, with a page citation. If unpublished, either entirely or in part, a quoted entry should have been listed under Diary with the date. It would then be readily apparent how much, or how little, of the "reams of unpublished letters and diaries" made available to Berg, was actually quoted or otherwise used in the writing of his book.