

10 December 1971



Mr. H. Manning
Box 670
180 Central Park South
New York, New York 10019

Dear Mr. Manning:

This is in reply to your letter of November 19th addressed to Mrs. Odium. She is so fed up with all of the fiction that has been poured out dealing with Amelia Earhart's last flight that she reads none of the books or articles, but does turn the correspondence over to me.

She is quite sincere in saying that she has not read "Winged Legend" nor had she ever even heard of it until your earlier letter. You urge her to read it if she has not already done so. I would at least like to read it, but I don't know from your letter how to go about getting it. Your letter indicates it was written by J. P. Putnam who was Amelia Earhart's husband, but he has been dead for many years. There was a book publishing concern which carried the Putnam name but whether it carried "G.P." ahead of it or not I don't know.

If you have the book, would you be good enough to tell me the name and address of the publisher and the year in which it was published. Then I will send for it and will read not only Pages 172, 173 and 193, as you suggest, but also the whole book. It must be a very old book. George Putnam did quite a bit of writing in his day and I think probably wrote most of the book attributed to Amelia Earhart entitled "My Last Flight".

Thank you for letting me know how I can go about getting this book.

Sincerely,

Floyd B. Odium

COPY OF HANDWRITTEN LETTER

RF
2.3.01

November 19, 1971



Mrs. F. Odlum,

If you are sincere in saying you have not read "Winged Legend" by G.P. Putnam in New York, I urge you to do so.

You will find on page 172 and 173 the derogatory quotes verbatim which hold me up to ridicule. There is no reason whatever for you to make these statements. I resent particularly this one on page 193, "Captain Manning- - - - had missed Los Angeles by 200 miles." I was not on this "Tryout." You should know that as you were on the scene at Los Angeles where I made mine. I was never out "200 miles" afloat or in the air.

I maintain therefore my feeling and attitude is justified. I will pursue the matter further.

Mr. Manning
Box 670
180 Central Park So.
New York, New York 10019

185 Central Park So
New York City



11/19/71

Mr. F. D. Ham

Dear Madam - If you are sincere
in saying you have not read
"Winged Legend" by G. P. Putnam
in 1949. I urge you to do so.

You will find on Page 172
and 173 the derogatory quotes
verbatim which hold me up
to ridicule. There is no

reason whatever for you to
make these statements. I
resent particularly this one on Page 193
"Captain Manning - - - had missed
Los Angeles by 200 miles. I was
not on this 'tripout'. You should
know that as you were on the

Scene at L.A. when I made
mine. I was never out 100
miles "afloat or in the air."

I maintain therefore my
feeling and attitude is
justified. I will pursue
the matter further.
H. Manning

1 December 1971



Mr. Robert W. Townsley
5939 Almaden Lane
Oakland, California 94611

Dear Mr. Townsley:

This previous correspondence with you goes back to 1968 and all of the files for this earlier period are inactive but are in storage. That is why I found nothing. There is a file on Amelia Earhart which has some correspondence with various people but nothing with you. Some day if I am well enough I will go through the earlier files in storage and if I find what you are looking for I will send it to you. Otherwise, you must consider it as out of circulation for good.

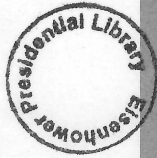
Somebody recently sent to us the Pellegrino book but I haven't read it yet. I sent it to my wife who is in a hospital in Albuquerque and whether she has read it or not I don't know but she has a decided distaste for any of the writings about Amelia Earhart's last flight.

Sincerely,

Floyd B. Odium

ROBERT W. TOWNSLEY

5939 ALMADEN LANE • OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA 94611 • PHONE 654-4688



M E S S A G E

R E P L Y

TO

Jacqueline Cochran/Floyd Cochran
Cochran-Oddum Ranch

Indio, Calif. 92201

DATE

10-17-70

As per your earlier offer, if you have no further interest or need of the photostat of the earlier portion of my analysis of the Earhart flight may I have it? Only one other copy remains but and it was heavily used for the benefit of another and long lost, but the product was stopped in time. Please also let me know if this was ever shown loaned to another or copied or the contents and idea conveyed to another and if so, to whom, when & where. I am concerned as a forthcoming Polk's book may have data secured from me against my will and knowledge indirectly it not directly.

What was your opinion on the Kloos book on AE? Heard Edson is seeing. I was very agitated over false remarks made of me (and you). Any comment on the Polk's flight? First she flew over Howland.

BY

Robert W. Townsley

DATE

27 Nov. 1971

Mr. Oddum

Am very surprised you couldn't find any record of correspondence as per your letter of month ago. As copies of part show - we had quite an extended period of correspondence, and once I think you even phoned the house while I was away. Hope you can find the microfilm or photo reprints made & send as promised. The Kellogg book came out - more odd claims about what happened to AE & still interests they flew over Howland.

SIGNED

Robert W. Townsley

DETACH AND FILE FOR FOLLOW-UP

COCHRAN-ODLUM RANCH
INDIO, CALIFORNIA

27th April 1968



Dr. Robert W. Townsley
5939 Almaden Lane
Oakland, Calif. 94611

Dear Dr. Townsley:

This is in answer to your letter of April 11th concerning the last flight of Amelia Earhart.

I don't have anything personal that belonged to Amelia and therefore cannot be of help to you in that respect.

I have also checked facts as best I was able to, by talks with some of the people on the Itasca and at least one of the search pilots. It is my opinion that Amelia and Noonan reached their destination but could not see the small island because of a haze in the air. There was some faulty radio transmission and the plane, I think, started to criss-cross, and was northwest of Howland Island but not too far away when it ran out of fuel and went down, after floating for a considerable period.

I have not read the book that was published on this subject about a year ago, but I know in general what it says, and I don't believe Amelia was taken into custody and was either shot or died of dysentery.

I myself, during those days at least, had some abilities in the field of extra sensory perception, but I don't really believe in that myself. And I frankly don't think anything by way of proof as to Amelia's last flight will be obtained by such means. I saw the notes of seances that two or three different mediums held at the time, and they all gave different stories.

I would be very interested in reading your thirty-page report and supplements. If you are running short of copies I will send them back to you promptly.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Jacqueline Cochran".
Jacqueline Cochran

COCHRAN-ODLUM RANCH
INDIO, CALIFORNIA



September 4, 1968

Mr. Robert W. Townsley
5939 Almaden Lane
Oakland, California 94611

Dear Mr. Townsley:

My secretary tells me that she weighed the envelope before it was mailed and sent it airmail and put 10¢ airmail stamps for each ounce, which she understands is the correct postage. However, I am enclosing 24¢ in stamps to correct for any error and to make you whole. I cannot find the clip you mentioned, but we have something probably just about like it, and I am sending it to you by separate cover.

I have received today your additional 3 sheets having photostated them for Miss Cochran.

The man in the East who is working on this Amelia Earhart disappearance is Donald Kothera, 11315 Brunswick Avenue, Garfield Heights, Ohio 44125.

Sincerely,

Floyd B. Odium

Enclosure

COCHRAN-ODLUM RANCH
INDIO, CALIFORNIA

November 6, 1968



Mr. Robert W. Townsley
5939 Almaden Lane
Oakland, California 94611

Dear Mr. Townsley:

Miss Cochran has handed me your card to her dated November 1st.

She has not shown your material to anyone and does not intend to do so. On the other hand, she is not going to be able to even read it before January. So, if you would feel more secure about the whole thing, the photocopy of the material you sent on can be returned and the whole thing forgotten. I know she feels that you have gone into many technical things as to which her judgment would not be good, particularly as it relates to equipment, engine and instruments that existed more than 30 years ago. Miss Cochran believes that Amelia and Noonan reached Howland Island but could not see it for the haze in the air, and eventually had to ditch after fanning out and trying to get their position fixed by communication between the plane and the Itasca. Noonan was not poured into the plane because he and Amelia had spent the day before cruising the countryside in an automobile. Amelia knew how to fly dead reckoning, but there would be no point in doing so, nor would there be point in using the automatic pilot except sparingly from time to time. Miss Cochran believes they went down in the ocean not too far West by Northwest of Howland, and there is nothing to any of these stories about landing on a reef or an island or being in Saipan.

Sincerely,


Floyd B. Odum

11 November 1971



Mr. Harry Manning
Room 670
180 Central Park South
New York, New York 10019

Dear Mr. Manning:

Your letter of November 1st to me seems to indicate that you must have me mixed up with someone else. I have never written anything called "Winged Legend" and I have never heard even of such a book or who the author might be.

I know that several books and articles have been written about Amelia Earhart's disappearance but I have never read any of them and I have refused to discuss Amelia Earhart's flight or disappearance with any of the authors, or near authors, who have contacted me. I haven't written anything about Amelia Earhart myself in nearly twenty years and I have been thoroughly familiar with the fact that Fred Noonan was her navigator on this last flight. It is my belief that the plane was not more than forty or fifty miles from Howland Island when it ran out of gas and went down.

It is possible that you are the Manning who was Captain of an ocean-going vessel. If so, Amelia had the highest regard for you.

Sincerely,

Jacqueline Cochran

MEMORANDUM



To: JC

Date

From: AT

Subject: Copy of hand written letter from Harry Manning

Dear Madam -

In reference to "Winged Legend" statement re - "off course 200 miles" - I was not on that flight. It was (looks like Noon or Moon). I was never off course 200 miles in my life. My test flight was highly successful.

In re - my ability and qualifications I state that I had my own plane for 10 years back East. I was also a licensed radio operator as well as a licensed navigator. Let me assure you that had I been the navigator I would have found "Howland" without difficulty.

I shall pursue the matter further since you publicly held me up to ridicule and (I think he means degradation).

Harry Manning



11/1/71

180 Central Park South
New York City 10019

Mr. F. Odum
Orlando, Fla.

Dear Mr. Odum - In reference to
"Winged Legend" statement re
"of course 700 miles" - I
was not on that flight. It was
Moon. I was never off course
700 miles in my life. My test
flight was highly successful.
In re - my ability and qualifications
I state that I had my own plane
for 10 years back East. I was also
a licensed Radio Operator as well as
a licensed Navigator.

Let me assure you that had
I been the Navigator I would have
found "Howland" without difficulty.
I shall pursue the matter
further since you publicly held me
up to ridicule and denigration.
Harry Manning

PHONE MEMO

To Miss Cochran

From Mrs. Berg

Date 28 Oct. 1971 Hour 3:30 pm

Message: Your phone conversation with Florence
Casara (sp?), Cleveland, Ohio, this date:

Mrs. Casara had talked to FBO about the Amelia Earhart affair. Her husband was one of a group of men who went to Saipan, and brought back remains of Amelia and Fred Noonan.

Is trying to locate Viola Gentry.

Do you remember anything about Dr. Barnhart, the dental hygienist. Dr. Dewey's records were caught in a flood. Asks about A.E. dental work.



28 October 1971

Mr. Robert W. Townsley
5939 Almaden Lane
Oakland, California 94611

Dear Mr. Townsley:

We have searched our files, and we find no record of any correspondence with you, or any data you may have sent to us concerning Amelia Earhart.

You may be sure that if you sent any data, it was not submitted to anyone else, either verbally or as a copy of what you sent.

When you refer to the Klaas book on Amelia Earhart, I am not sure which book you are referring to. Miss Cochran has read none of these several books, and I have read only one or two. If the book you refer to is the one that had Amelia Earhart still alive, and stated that Miss Cochran had gotten her out of Japan, we thought less than nothing of the book.

I don't know what you mean by the "Poll" flight, but maybe you are referring to a flight by some English woman, in a light plane, supposedly over the north pole. I don't know enough about this flight to have any comments.

If you will send me a copy of a letter you presumably think was sent to me earlier, I will again see if we can chase something down in our files.

Sincerely,

Floyd B. Odlum



Copy handwritten note from Robert W. Townsley, Oakland, Cal.,
of October 17th, 1971

Jacqueline Cochran/Floyd Odlum

As per your earlier offer, if you have no further interest or need of the photostat of the earlier portion of my analysis of the Earhart flight, may I have it? Only one other copy remains out, and it was nearly used for the benefit of another and to my loss, but the project was stopped in time.

Please also let me know if this was ever shown, loaned to another or copied, or the contents and idea conveyed to another and, if so, to whom, when and where. I am concerned as a forthcoming Pellegrino book may have data secured from me, against my will and knowledge, indirectly if not directly.

What was your opinion on the Klaas book on AE? Heard _____ is suing. I was very angered over false remarks made of me (and you). Any comment on the Poll flight? Think she flew over Howland?

/s/ Robert W. Townsley



ROBERT W. TOWNSLEY

5939 ALMADEN LANE • OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA 94611 • PHONE 654-4608

M E S S A G E

R E P L Y

TO

Jacqueline Cochran/Floyd Adams
Cochran-Adams Ranch

Indio, Cal. 92201

DATE

10-17-74

As per your earlier offer, if you have no further interest or need of the photostats of the earlier portion of my analysis & the Earhart flight map I have it. Only one other copy remains but and it was heavily used for the benefit of another and to my loss, but the producer was stopped in time. Please also let me know if this was ever shown loaned to another or copied or the contents and idea conveyed to another and if so to whom, when & where. I am concerned as a forthcoming Pellegreno book may have data secured from me against my will and knowledge indirectly if not directly. What was your opinion on the Klaes book on AF? Heard Adams is suing. I was very angered over false remarks made of me (and you). Any comments on the Pellegreno flight? Hope she flew over Howland.

BY

Robert W. Townsley

SIGNED

INSTRUCTIONS TO SENDER:

1. KEEP YELLOW COPY. 2. SEND WHITE AND PINK COPIES WITH CARBON INTACT.

INSTRUCTIONS TO RECEIVER:

1. WRITE REPLY. 2. DETACH STUB, KEEP PINK COPY, RETURN WHITE COPY TO SENDER.



15 July 1971



Mr. Robert M. Stanley
65 Southmoor Drive
Denver, Colorado 80220

Dear Bob:

Since writing you the other day about the book that Mr. Safford is writing on Amelia Earhart I have read Jackie's chapter on Amelia.

In my letter to you I think I said it was her opinion that Amelia crashed about 35 miles west by northwest of Howland Island. I see that in her chapter she has put this distance at about 60 miles so you can assume that the crash site was somewhere between 35 and 60 miles west by northwest of Howland.

I think you also said something in your letter, or Safford did, about Ruth Nichols. Ruth Nichols never made any trans ocean or, in Jackie's opinion, any other great outstanding flights. She had ambition that exceeded her abilities in Jackie's opinion. She tried to beat Amelia on a flight across the ocean but crashed in Newfoundland and was severely injured and by the time she got well Amelia had already done the trick.

Sincerely,

Floyd B. Odlum

13 July 1971



Mr. Robert M. Stanley
65 Southmoor Drive
Denver, Colorado 80220

Dear Bob:

I have your letter of July 7th and its enclosures, being the facsimile of Mr. Safford's Preface and Chapter One plus a letter from him to you. Your introduction shows you have great ability as a writer and it is my regret that you are not the author in this case.

It is good to know that you hold Mr. Safford in such high esteem. It would seem that the world ought to be about running out of books on Amelia Earhart and if there is one more to be written I am glad it is to be authored by a man of the caliber of Safford who will stick to the facts and not distort them or go into the realm of pure fiction.

Jackie has never read any of the books written on Amelia Earhart's disappearance but knows generally about their contents. She is sure as to what happened and, therefore, placed no confidence whatsoever in what was being said. The latest book, of course, was the worst of all which I think charged that she had brought Amelia Earhart out of Japan and that we were supporting her in retirement in New Jersey.

In line with what I have said above, Jackie would not be interested in reading Safford's manuscript. Indeed, at the request of others she has finally consented to bring her book "Stars At Noon" (1953) down to date. The primary reason for doing so is because more things happened to her by way of flying and otherwise after 1953 than before that date. In the second place, if her story was good for the youth at that time it is doubly needed now. Naturally, the book will not be complete without a chapter on Amelia Earhart, their friendship and her last flight. That chapter has already been written. Probably, Jackie, among all the people now living, knows more than any about Amelia's plans, worries and frustrations. Jackie also knew about her less than good radio facilities. She knew why Amelia made the last flight and, among other things, she knew why Amelia changed navigators from Manning to Noonan.

Mr. Robert M. Stanley

-2-

13 July 1971



I am a little surprised when Safford says that in connection with Jackie's relationship to Amelia he has not mentioned E.S.P. because the reference to it in Jackie's book was so vague. E.S.P. is a very vague subject, as to which most people have a woeful lack of knowledge, and that is apparently also true of Safford. You either have E.S.P. or you don't. Jackie had it to a very high degree but she was embarrassed about the whole thing and if I had not practically forced her to do so she would not even have mentioned it in her book but she had worked with Amelia for more than a year. Amelia, George Putnam and I were the only ones who knew about this. Anytime she wanted to during this year or year and a half she could tell me where Amelia was and what she was doing. Jackie did not work at this often because she disliked the whole idea, but over the period she did locate Amelia dozens of times, and always when she tried and there was never a failure. It was usually after a conscious effort on her part although on two or three occasions something would come through automatically to her such, for example, as a fire Amelia had in one of her engines. Amelia and I were, of course, completely convinced that Jackie could locate her which was the whole point of the work together. It is apparent that Putnam thought so too because he immediately contacted Jackie when Amelia failed to show up at Howland Island.

Safford has apparently requested Jackie's estimation of the location of the crash of the Electra. We made notes at the time but they have all disappeared and everything now depends on memory. My best memory is that she thought Amelia crashed about 35 miles north by northwest of Howland Island in an area that was cloudy and somewhat stormy at the time. Apparently the weather in other directions from Howland was clear and even for 20 miles west of Howland the smoke from the Itaska could have been seen.

There is a mention in Jackie's new chapter on Amelia of the station finder that was apparently put on Howland Island. This will be eliminated because of what Safford had to do with these station finders. It would seem pretty ridiculous, in any event, for the authorities to go to the trouble of putting the station finder on the island and not letting Amelia know about it.

Sincerely,

Floyd B. Odlum

ROBERT M. STANLEY

65 SOUTHMOOR DRIVE
DENVER, COLORADO 80220

7 July 1971



Mr. Floyd Odlum
Cochran-Odlum Ranch
Indio, California 92201

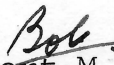
Dear Floyd:

My introduction to his book and a facsimile of Larry Safford's Preface and Chapter 1, plus his recent letter, should suffice to apprise you that I hold his diligent research of Amelia Earhart's last flight in the highest esteem.

Although I do not yet have Captain Safford's authorization to let you read his entire manuscript, I am sure that upon request he would be happy to have you and/or Jackie review it. It is still in rather rough form and could stand a little polish here and there but it is impressive in its thoroughness.

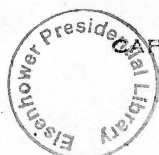
I regret I did not find an opportunity of paying my respects and renewing acquaintances at the last banquet of the Society of Experimental Test Pilots but hope that I may have the opportunity again some day of chatting with you.

Cordially yours,


Robert M. Stanley

Enclosures: Letter of L. Safford
My Introduction to his forthcoming book
Preface to Safford's Book
Chapter 1 of Safford's Book

RMS:cs



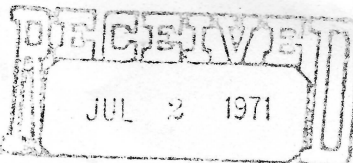
CAPTAIN LAURANCE FRYE SAFFORD, USN

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

~~WASHINGTON XXXXXXXXXXXX~~

P.O. BOX 126

Blue Hill, Maine, 04614



June 29, 1971

Dear Bob -

I realize that I have not acknowledged the cartoon of Jesse James, which tickled Ruth and myself, nor written to you since the middle of May. Last week, however, I mailed you a copy of the July DOWN East, containing an article about Mrs. Safford. Also I sent you today, under separate cover, the first draft of the PREFACE of my book: I would appreciate comment and criticism.

I am enclosing a copy of my new Chapter 1 plus a revised Table of Contents. If you think it advisable, you may send copies of these plus your INTRODUCTION to the Odlums. I would like "Jacky" to see what I have written about her and get her OK for it. I have not mentioned the ESP episode because the reference to it in her own book was so vague. It would be interesting to know how her estimates of the location of the crash of the ELECTRA agree with mine.

If Miss Cochran would care to send you (or me) anything over her own signature which could be used in my book, it would be greatly appreciated. Anything from a paragraph or two up to a full chapter could be worked in as a FOREWORD or an EPILOG. Even a single sentence which might be used on the dust-cover as an endorsement to the book would be highly welcome. I would be very glad to send her the complete manuscript before it is published, but the rest of the book is being revised and retyped - not to change what I have said but the way in which I have said it. I am devoting the entire summer to it, trying to profit by the criticisms of yourself and others.

As you will note, I am beginning to get mastery over my new electric typewriter, although it sometimes throws me like a skittish horse. I understand that Ann Pellgren and Fred Goerner are writing books which may be published in the near future. Otherwise no news!

Do you by any chance have an aerial photograph of Howland Island? Bill Polhemus has let me down on this. And do you know if Ruth Nichols ever made a world flight, as one of the books claimed?

Cordially,

Larry
L. F. Safford



INTRODUCTION

As a small boy playing Cowboys and Indians in the sand hill country of western Oklahoma, my sole bid for distinction lay in my claim of kinship to "Uncle Jesse". Because my great, great grandmother James had relatives living in Missouri, this seemed clear-cut proof that I was related to Jesse James. To a small boy, such things are important.

Even the more credulous of my playmates didn't take me very seriously. They and their parents did, however, always bring to my attention the numerous newspaper articles of that era announcing ever anew somebody's "discovery" of the real, living Jesse James. They all bore a similar theme: the assassinated victim wasn't Jesse at all. The assassin collecting the Dead-or-Alive reward had perpetrated a hoax. The real Jesse had escaped and gone underground. If one were to believe all of these numerous reports, there must have been quite a number of Jesse Jameses, living simultaneously in a variety of places.

When a famous person disappears, there are always people who come forward, each with a motive of his own, to claim that he and he alone has a solution to the "mystery" of the disappearance. Similarly, there seems to be an eternally replenished body of people who prefer their history served up with lots of spice and bizarre overtones.

I have never met the author. How I came into his orbit, he has never revealed. I have never written a magazine article or book about Amelia Earhart and for years considered her loss at sea but another page in the chapters of aviation history marked in its adolescent years by hazardous flights

across our great oceans. It has been only in the last decade that I have become vocal in denouncing those whose flamboyant public utterances have completely flouted fact and ignored reason. Perhaps in doing so, I may have achieved some limited notoriety as a public scold, as a self-righteous protector of truth against the heresies of sensationalism. Whatever his reasons, Captain Safford started a year ago a correspondence which has been, to me, most enlightening as I watched his story of Amelia Earhart unfold, supported by a wealth of documentation that frequently is tedious to wade through, but is so overwhelmingly comprehensive in its factual content as to leave no doubt whatsoever as to her fate and the geographical location of the spot where she met her end.

I never met Amelia Earhart. I knew about her only the things one learned by watching her progress in the newspapers. I followed with interest her final flight around the world, including its first false start in the opposite direction. Any such flight is hazardous, spanning as it must the vast reaches of open ocean but, considering the ten years of intervening progress, it seemed to me that her flight around the world was not significantly more hazardous than that of Lindbergh's flight across the Atlantic from New York to Paris. There was, of course, one obvious difference. It would have been difficult for Lindbergh to have missed the continent of Europe so long as his plane kept flying on course. To find a tiny dot in the mid-Pacific, as Miss Earhart must do at Howland Island to refuel, presented a navigation problem vastly more difficult and rendered the safety of her flight highly precarious. She carried with her a renowned navigator who had made a name for himself in the infant days of Pan American Airways' pioneering flights across the Pacific. It is one thing, however, to find a heavily populated island, like the Hawaiian group which are hubs of commerce and have populations served by powerful radio stations, and a totally different matter of finding an uninhabited islet so small as to be virtually a

speck of sand in the vast ocean expanse. It was, therefore, obvious to any knowledgeable person that crossing the Pacific near the equator presented a truly formidable challenge. Amelia Earhart apparently thrived on challenge.

My own involvement in Amelia Earhart's final eastbound flight from Lae, New Guinea, derives from the fact that I was one of some 80 Naval aviators who scoured that restless sea for a week, looking for any sign of wreckage or survivors which might lead to the rescue of Miss Earhart and Fred Noonan.

As page after page of manuscript began flowing toward me, I realized that Captain Safford's research into Amelia's last flight was becoming rather monumental in its scope. My respect for his seemingly tireless efforts continued to grow. It was only after about the sixth month of manuscript reading that I stumbled on to an awareness of the author's formidable accomplishments in a similar field of research during his career as a Naval Intelligence Officer. While reading a lengthy book describing in detail the success of the United States in breaking the German and Japanese codes, the name Safford kept recurring. My curiosity aroused, I dug further and discovered to my delight that a Laurance Frye Safford had graduated from the U. S. Naval Academy in 1916 and shortly thereafter, while on tours of duty in the Orient, began his climb to fame as a man ultimately awarded \$100,000 by a grateful Congress for his leading the team that successfully broke the Japanese code and helped immeasurably in our winning of World War II. Confronted by me with my surmise that the author was in fact the famous Navy cryptographer, the author acknowledged that he was responsible for our decoding all of Japan's diplomatic and military communications throughout World War II.

Although all of Amelia Earhart's communications were in plain English, were straightforward, and were certainly not intended to be cryptic, the recent maneuverings of various sensationalists who have written best sellers



That some of the sensational journalism of the past decade could have been fitted by such research seems manifest.



Ensign Safford first went to sea in 1916 and within a year began his long career in cryptography. In 1924, he was assigned to organize the Navy's first cryptoanalysis project. By 1930, 50 people were employed in cryptography, with Commander Safford heading the research desk concerned essentially with breaking the codes of foreign nations. By 1941, the group had grown to about 600 persons and Safford was already at work inventing ciphering machines and decoders. In his 37 years of active duty, Captain Safford produced 35 separate inventions for the U. S. Navy, all related to the field of cryptography. Even before World War II, he had invented the electric ciphering machine described by the U. S. Senate as: "-- considered by many to be the most important cryptographic apparatus ever invented and regarded as the father of all subsequent electric ciphering machines." He also invented the combined ciphering machine which allowed the U.S. and British to exchange secret messages; messages which were never deciphered, either by the Germans or the Japanese in World War II. Throughout that war, he was chief of the security section of the Communications Division of the Office of Naval Operations. As such, his testimony was sought and given during the Pearl Harbor investigation.

Admiral Radford, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, high-lighted the significance of Captain Safford's cryptography work when he testified before the Senate Judiciary Committee: "Those in high command in the Navy all knew that Captain Safford's efforts were of immeasurable help to them in making command decisions during World War II - decisions on which hung success or failure in battle." In recommending him for the Legion of Merit, Secretary James Forrestal caused the President of the United States to say: "For exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding

Cryptoanalysis is a painstaking and tedious job. It entails an endless cross-comparison of communications into which have been injected deliberately misleading information and confusion. Breaking a secret code requires endless drudgery guided by flashes of intuitive insight, out of which emerges the thread and fabric of a message's true content.

Codes apply to communications. Since its invention, communication has made heavy use of radio. Early in his career, Captain Safford became a radio expert, keeping continually abreast of the advances of radio from its early usage during World War I, and continuing during the years between the great wars. He is able, therefore, to judge with authority the shortcomings and inadequacies of Miss Earhart's communications and her knowledge of radio communications. He notes accurately the tragedy of her misplaced trust in a scientific device about which she knew so little.

It would be unfair and probably inaccurate to allege that all the sensational books written during the past decade claiming to solve the "mystery" of Amelia's disappearance, were written either through avarice or malice. It is not necessary that we attempt to assess motives. The important thing is to unravel the factual content of these various publications. As the years go by, fact begins to fade in our memory. Fiction, through repetition, begins to dominate our consciousness. After a time, fact and fiction become so intertwined that we know not whom to believe, or what to believe, and history becomes colored by the opinions and prejudices of him who has proven most persuasive. Into this jungle of half-truths and deception, this never-never land of fact-fantasy has strode this towering giant bringing to bear his life-long talent for deciphering the seemingly unintelligible, and translating its hidden messages into words that ordinary people can understand. In doing so, he has demolished the myths and half-truths on which has been built the reputations and personal gain of certain authors who pander to that



find me and tap me on the shoulder when a call came to send the U.S.S. Lexington to the South Seas looking for the renowned Amelia.



The U.S.S. Lexington, one of three aircraft carriers of the U. S. Fleet, had been sent to Santa Barbara to help that city celebrate the 4th of July. Most of the Naval Aviators at San Diego were scattered far and wide for the long 4th-of-July weekend. When Miss Earhart failed to arrive at Howland Island, the U. S. Navy with humanitarian motives decided to go looking for her. The Lexington was ordered to up anchor, reprovision, and take on board a full complement of aircraft based at San Diego and start off across the Pacific. After nearly ramming a freighter in a fog, she anchored off Long Beach and took aboard sufficient provisions for the high speed dash to Howland and the long days of search which lay ahead. In the meanwhile the radio stations of the Los Angeles-San Diego area issued pleas for the aviators of flight squadrons at San Diego to return to their squadrons and prepare to leave aboard the Lexington to search for Amelia.

In 1937, ours was a biplane Navy. It was also a Navy most of whose airplanes lacked radios of even the most primitive sort. Congressional appropriations were skimpy, we were eternally starved for gasoline, and operated airplanes that, even in those days, were antiques of a by-gone era. What little radio communication there was used Morse code, radiated from a long wire unreeled to trail behind the aircraft. Only the more senior officers rated radio-equipped airplanes, and even they did not communicate directly; they passed their written messages to a radioman sitting in the rear seat who sent and received all communications by key. Until the Earhart flight, I had never flown an airplane equipped with any sort of a radio, and during the Earhart flight I cannot recall a single instance in which an airplane in my group either sent or received a single message. Aircraft radio in those days was in its earliest infancy. Small wonder that Amelia Earhart knew so little about it.

ascribing to her sinister motives, ascribing to the Japanese sinister behavior, and creating an elaborate web of fantasy have sown in the fertile grounds of public gullibility so many seeds of confusion, distortion, and unvarnished lies, that the sleuthing of a trained cryptanalyst seems heaven-sent in disentangling fact from fantasy, truth from untruth concerning the last hours of a simple but ambitious girl from Kansas whose restless pursuit of fame led her to tackle one challenge too many.

One of the pleasant privileges accorded him who writes book introductions is the opportunity to bring to public attention those praiseworthy accomplishments which a truly modest author generally refrains from parading for public view. Because there is to me a direct connection between proven expertise in the field of diplomatic intelligence and the expertise required to unravel the tangled skein of Earhart folklore, I think it appropriate that I turn up the volume control as modest Captain Safford himself would never do, to let you hear a little bit about the author himself. In his highly specialized field of cryptanalysis, he looms as a giant to whom there has been no equal. That the United States Congress felt the same way is evident from their having awarded him \$100,000 in gratitude for his outstanding contribution to our country's safety. This was a Congressional action without precedent and is convincing testimonial as to the greatness of this man.

Now nearing 80 years of age, he works, since his retirement, as a research specialist in the Library of Congress. Therein, he has access to all of the files and records our government maintains of happenings, both large and small, which have appeared on the American scene. This includes the communications of Amelia Earhart and of the Navy, Coast Guard, and other government agencies participating in the planning of her final flight and the search that accompanied it. That these files are voluminous, you can judge as you read his book. That these files have been thoroughly searched is self-evident.

services to the Government of the United States as Assistant Director of Naval Communications for Cryptographic Research from March, 1942, to September, 1945. A dynamic leader combining strong purpose and creative imagination with a profound knowledge of mechanical and electrical science, Captain Safford was the driving force behind the development of the perfected general cipher and call-sign cipher machines which today give the United States Navy the finest system of encipherment in the world. By his devotion to the tasks of rendering the Navy's dispatch communications safe from analysis by the enemy and of perfecting the operational characteristics of cryptographic aids to achieve greater reliability and speed, Captain Safford contributed essentially to the successful prosecution of the war."

Those of you who have seen the excellent motion picture "Tora Tora Tora," those of you who remember and have first-hand knowledge of the days preceding Pearl Harbor, and those of you who have read books on the subject know that this country's behavior at the highest levels in the days before Pearl Harbor was incredible. By inviting Japan to strike the first blow, we suffered the disaster of Pearl Harbor and the lengthy war that was its aftermath. Without debating whether war with Japan was inevitable, it certainly was inevitable that there would be a Board of Investigation to attempt to assess blame for the disaster which ruined the careers of two highly placed military officers of the ranks of Admiral and General. That he testified unwaveringly to the true extent of our knowledge of the upcoming Japanese attack is a testimonial to his courage and honesty, calling a spade a spade, regardless of the personal consequences. His outspoken testimony at the Pearl Harbor investigations earned him life-long enemies and, perhaps, an equal number of admiring friends. Captain Safford was never promoted to Admiral, and was retired in 1953 after 37 years continuous service, most of it in the field of communications intelligence.

segment of the public whose craving for soap opera fables overshadows their powers to discriminate between the ludicrous and the obvious. It seems that millions will ever prefer a folklore peopled by heroes and heroines garbed in romanticized costume. To cloak Amelia Earhart in the disguise of a Mata Hari and send her to a despised death beheaded by a Japanese executioner seems to lend to her memory an aura far more colorful and accords her a niche in the Valhalla of American mythology far more secure than her merely drowning at sea as a direct consequence of her own frailties of judgment. Such is the stuff of which legends are built.

You well may ask what gives me the right to denounce the numerous authors whose flamboyant accounts of Amelia's last flight have been painstakingly demolished by Captain Safford's research. My right of denunciation derives from the fact that I was personally there, on-the-spot, had complete access to all of the facts concerning her last hours as she approached Howland Island, and am intimately familiar with both the geography and July's prevailing weather in that vicinity. Furthermore, I have retained in my possession my copy of the official Navy report summarizing all known facts concerning Amelia's last flight, all of her communications, and all of the various searches which took place in the 17 days following her loss at sea. If there are experts having specialized knowledge as to her final hours, I consider myself one of them.

After graduating from the Navy's Pensacola Flight Training School, wearing the gold wings of a Naval Aviator, I was assigned to the Pacific Fleet as pilot of a dive bombing squadron based at San Diego. Then in my mid-twenties with a burning ambition to become an airplane designer. I kept alive my engineering skills during my four year stint with the Navy by designing and building a sleek, high-performance sailplane which subsequently established a number of American records. Weekends invariably found me diligently building my dream ship and it was, therefore, easy for the Navy to

My squadron at that time was assigned to the U.S.S. Ranger, a tiny carrier that seemed toylike compared to the mighty Lex. We felt a certain disdain toward the pilots who had seemingly a full airport to land on compared to the size of our own postage stamp flight deck.

Lexington arrived off San Diego a little before noon. San Diego harbor was not deep enough for so big a vessel, requiring that all personnel, other than pilots, and all squadron equipment had to be dragged by barge out to the open ocean for loading aboard. We pilots were detained by foggy weather until late afternoon when visibility lifted enough through the haze to permit the Lexington to start receiving airplanes. This was the first time that many of us had ever landed aboard so big an aircraft carrier and we were full of excitement, anticipating the days that lay ahead. We were delayed until almost darkness because one pilot, probably hoping to be left behind, claimed he could not lower his tail hook. Probably for disciplinary reasons, our departure was delayed until the errant hook was trained to lower properly and the final tired biplane came safely aboard. Finally in the dusk of an approaching storm, we started charging off full tilt for Hawaii.

Half the crew were seasick the first three days as we bore on through the storm. One aviator became seriously ill, was transferred to a destroyer, and returned to San Diego. Dawn found all of our escort destroyers hopelessly beyond the horizon astern wallowing through heavy seas, unable to keep up. One destroyer burned out an engine in a game effort at playing follow-the-leader, and had to limp back to the mainland for repair. Faced with these realities, the Lexington slowed down her high speed dash to a rate more in keeping with that attainable by other ships of the Fleet. Departing San Diego the 4th of July, we arrived at Lahaina Roads about noon four days later averaging 23.5 knot, our destroyers proceeding on to Pearl Harbor, leaving us to await further fuel.

We were the first of a group of Naval Aviators recruited from civilian life, but given the same flight training as received by all officers who chose an aviation career. Deprived of the indoctrination ingrained into a midshipman during his four years at Annapolis, we lacked their reverence for Naval infallibility, or the awe of gold braid which distinguished our fellow officers. In fact, as Aviation Cadets, we were not really officers, nor were we ratings. Neither fish nor fowl, our title and status were a continual source of puzzlement to the Annapolis graduate. We ate in the Officers' Mess and danced at the Officers' Club, but we were not entrusted with Navy code books, couldn't sign for official messages, and couldn't even fly from the ship to shore unless we were "led" by an Annapolis graduate, regardless of his navigational or piloting talents. Understandably, we developed a sensitive awareness toward bits of tarnish on the Navy halo.



We were, for instance, amused that two or three hours were sacrificed to a supposedly balky tail hook that refused to lower. For the life of us, we couldn't understand why the Navy sent destroyers all the way from the California coast to Hawaii, when Pearl Harbor had duplicate destroyers coming out of their ears. We considered it hilarious that our arrival at Hawaii had been delayed due to our having to slow down so the California-based destroyers could catch up. We were astonished upon arrival at Lahaina Roads to find there were no means of refueling us and that the tanker Ramapo plodding toward Guam couldn't be turned around to come back to Lahaina until some big wheel in Washington had returned to his desk Tuesday after the 4th of July weekend. Most of all did we fail to understand why we were kept aboard ship and denied shore liberty during the long wait. Then, as now, youth was ever-quick to criticize their betters.

Hers was originally laid down as the keel of a battle cruiser. But under the terms of the Washington Arms Treaty, the U.S.S. Lexington was

battered, small book on whaling published in 1841. We had no other maps, no charts, no information of any sort, other than this one ancient volume written by some whaler a century before.



The whaling book listed reefs, shoals, islands, and atolls in a choice of locations. For instance, an island might be shown in bold outline as reported by a whaler in 1790, and shown some 20 miles distant in dotted outline, as reported by some different whaling expedition in, say, 1820. We could, of course, speculate as to which of them might be the more accurate, or, alternatively, that there was little probability that either one was correct. Here we were on the biggest fighting ship in the world, faced with the need of high speed during plane launch and retrieval, without knowing what reefs might be beneath us, or how close to the surface they might be. Needless to say, there was a fair measure of apprehension. With it went the knowledge that the loss of the U.S.S. Lexington would cut our nation's carrier strength approximately in half.

During the week we were thereabouts, the weather followed an unvarying pattern. A strong east wind created high waves and white caps. Frequent rain showers of locally great intensity dotted the horizon in all directions. The sea was flecked with white caps and wind streaks, effectively masking any debris, had there been any. The rain showers were too dense to fly through, but were small enough they could be flown around. Morning, noon, and night, the weather pattern never varied. It was not stormy; merely the normal weather pattern of that part of the Pacific. In her circumnavigation of the globe following Amelia Earhart's exact route, Ann Pellegrino 30 years later reported identical weather in the Howland vicinity, substantiating my belief that the weather I described is the weather that prevailed during Amelia's approach.

Mine was the ninth plane launched the afternoon of 13 July, some 25 miles southwest of Howland Island. As I made rendezvous with my group leader, I looked down in astonishment to find the Lexington sitting dead in the water, surrounded by a vast expanse of white foam. Knowing the paucity of information which our whaling book gave us, I feared the worst. Without the benefit of radio communications, all we could do was circle and deliberate as to what we should do next. Eventually, after what seemed to us a long time, the Lexington again got underway and began moving all planes forward to clear the landing area to bring us back aboard. Once accomplished, we were signaled to land, still totally in the dark as to what had happened. It makes an amusing story.

Mindful of the rapid shallowing of the water as we approached the island, the Junior Officer off the Deck was panic-stricken when, glancing at the ship's fathometer, he discovered it unwinding rapidly to zero. The Officer of the Deck, fearful of running aground on an uncharted reef, called for full speed astern, a thing seldom done at high forward speed. As the commotion eventually subsided, the Lexington lay still in the water, surrounded by an awesome expanse of white foam, beat up by her churning propellers in a frantic effort to kill her forward way. A methodical examination revealed that nothing was leaking. Her only casualty was a blown fuse in the fathometer circuit which chose that particular time and place and that particular emotional atmosphere to give up the ghost and send out its false alarm. The episode clearly indicates, however, how insecure we felt in our complete ignorance of the geography of that part of the world.

In our six days of diligent search, the weather never varied. Ours was a continuing routine of dodging rain squalls, beneath any one of which could have been Amelia Earhart and Fred Noonan, were they still alive and afloat in a rubber raft. The texture of the ocean during our week of search was so turbulent, so flecked with foam, and so changing in its lighting patterns



more the need for rehearsal, for testing, re-testing, and exhaustively pursuing all possible avenues of failure. Mute testimony to the efficacy of such policy is the outstanding success of the NASA's Apollo program. For every successful Apollo launch, there have been countless rehearsals and count-downs, until every item of the routine has been demonstrated as letter perfect. Such are the ingredients of success. Such is, however, the cautious path seldom followed by persons possessing an adventurous temperament. Miss Earhart had courage. She was intelligent. She knew the hazards and risks ahead of her. Had she been cautious, she would never have attempted the trip. Had she been even slightly cautious, she would have taken more precautions to insure that her arrival at Howland Island had some reasonable hope of benefitting from the meager radio facilities afforded by the Coast Guard Cutter ITASCA. It is obvious that she didn't understand radio. It is tragic that she had never discussed her plans or assigned roles to the captains of any of the vessels along her route, or the shore stations who heard her talk but were unable to reply. The fate she met seems almost foreordained when one considers the enormous hazards and her negligible efforts to rehearse even slightly her communications techniques with the people who were the guardians of her only chance of finding Howland Island.

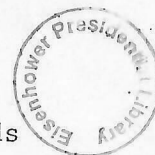


With the rendering of its summary report, the Navy had, I thought, written the final chapter in the career of Amelia Earhart. There seemed to be not one shred of reason to doubt that she was lost at sea, probably very close to Howland Island, as a direct consequence of running out of fuel before finding the tiny speck which was her destination. I viewed with tolerant pity the Hollywood thriller which came out during World War II casting her in the role of a spy, a rather inept one at that. My scorn and contempt is boundless, however, for those sensationalists of recent years whose lurid writings have cast doubt on the motives and integrity of a gallant lady whose adventurous spirit led her to take risks that were beyond the technology of her day.

detour in the darkness. Remember, this was 1937. Mid-air refueling didn't exist, radar didn't exist, electronic snooping had never been dreamed of. It is incredible to assume that an intelligent person could have been persuaded to undertake a mission which yielded so little hope of providing any useful information, and whose attempt would so drastically diminish the chances of success which already were miniscule.

As I outgrew my childhood, I left behind my need to lean on Uncle Jesse as my claim to fame. Regrettably, not all of us leave our childhoods behind us. Amelia's disappearance still seems to be the Uncle Jesse, the touchstone of celebrity which attracts a scattering of escapists with insufficient talent for the writing of good fiction, whose thirst for publicity causes each new Amelia story to be even more ludicrous than its predecessor. So long as there are sufficient souls whose humdrum lives leave them starved and thirsting for the vicarious adventure of the soap opera, there will always be entertainers who slake such thirst. Whether it be in such fields as astrology, numerology, flying saucers, Loch Ness monsters, or Abominable Snowmen, there will be Pied Pipers with a following who believe their every utterance. We should, however, keep in focus that these people are entertainers, however misguided might be their sincerity. It is only when the memory of such a nice lady as Amelia Earhart gets distorted that we rise to her defense and attempt to relegate back to the world of fiction the works of certain misguided writers whose talents seem better suited for the concoction of Who-dun-its.

In seeming to poke fun at the Navy, I have set down the impressions held by us restless youngsters of that time. Then, as now, I have always held a tremendous respect for this fine organization and my occasional jibe is meant to be good-humored.



modified to become an aircraft carrier. To provide a flight deck, all of her superstructure was moved to the starboard side, establishing a design pattern which endures to this day. To balance her lopsided appearance, oil tanks were predominantly on the port side. After receiving nearly a million gallons of oil from the Ramapo plus 11,000 gallons of aviation gasoline (one week's supply of almost continuous flying for 80 airplanes; less than half the amount used today by a jet transport on a single flight crossing the Pacific), we were ready to head off for Howland. Counting 27 hours waiting for fuel, it was seven days after Miss Earhart's disappearance.

By virtue of her lopsided tank arrangements and the heavy fuel load she carried, the Lex was listing heavily as we left Kealaikahiki Channel and the Hawaiian Islands disappeared astern in the late afternoon of 9 July, 1937. It is doubtful if ever, before, or since, she carried such a heavy load of fuel and supplies.

Though we savored the air of gallantry, none of us harbored any illusions about the prospects of our finding a drifting landplane, even should it remain afloat for the seven days that had intervened and the more days that were yet to come before we could be on station, actually searching. In a humanitarian sense, we were doing our duty, but in a practical sense we knew that it was probably futile.

It was on the 11th day that we started our search.


Because my addiction to engineering was well-known, it was only natural that the search commander tapped me on the shoulder to assist in the preparation of the search plans. I was given the total of all charts and maps aboard this, the largest of all vessels of the U. S. Fleet, in order that I might prepare my search charts. I was incredulous when I discovered that the total information in our possession was that contained in a dog-eared,

We passed within 5 miles of Howland Island, but none of the search party ever saw the Island, since we were not searching by air that close; others had already done so, and our assignment lay further northwest. Nevertheless, from 5 miles away, the island could not be seen from the bridge of the U.S.S. Lexington; it was probably hidden by a rain shower.

Howland Island itself, as described by the 1841 whaling book and as confirmed by later visitors, is about 1/2 mile wide and less than 3 miles long with its highest elevation 8 ft. above sea level. Although a similar island, Baker, some 20 miles distant is Howland's companion, neither of them are part of an archipelago and, hence, they present microscopic targets for a navigator to find.

On the 11th day since her disappearance, we started our search. We pilots flew almost 8 hours each day, doing our conscientious best to try to spot any living thing, or debris, that might be on the troubled waters below. We flew at approximately 80 knots at 700 feet, each airplane carrying a pilot and observer, and were responsible for a path 1/2 mile wide each side of our own course as we systematically combed the ocean to the northwest of Howland, the area we considered the most probable in the event she were adrift, either on the floating airplane (itself an improbability), or a rubber raft. One must recognize that after 11 days, she could have drifted a long, long ways. One must also recognize that we could not predict with accuracy the direction she might have drifted during that time. Thus, with each succeeding day, the area we would have to cover increased, proportionately diminishing our chances of ever finding her.

As we approached Howland Island, the ocean depth, as recorded on our fathometer, abruptly diminished, indicating that Howland was, perhaps, the peak of a tremendous submarine mountain. Our whaling book gave us little confidence but that this mountain might be only barely submerged, ready to rip us apart, should parts of it lay too near the surface.



that it would have been a major miracle to have seen the tiny speck of two humans in a boat against such a textured background. We can never say with certainty that there was no survivor in the area that we searched. We can never guarantee that there was no debris. We can state with conviction, however, that every aviator on the search conscientiously did his best to scour the ocean in hopes of finding them, possibly even still alive. Even today, with radar and other tools, it is highly doubtful that we could have done much better.

On the seventh day, we headed home. We had covered over 150,000 square miles of empty ocean, during which time we saw not so much as a reef, an island, an atoll, or any living thing other than the ubiquitous albatross. We flew over areas where our whaling book had predicted reefs without seeing any. We flew a schedule that took advantage of almost all daylight hours. We flew until our dwindling fuel supply made it imperative that we start for home and report our conclusion that Miss Earhart and Noonan were lost at sea. That was my opinion at the time. Nothing that has been published since that date has, in any way, altered that conclusion.

We returned to San Diego via Honolulu and felt cheated that we were not rewarded with at least a few hours of recreation on Waikiki. Such are the ponderous gears of government bureaucracy that on our way home, our Captain had to ask for permission (which was denied him) to increase our speed by about 2 revolutions per minute of the Lexington's propellers so that we would arrive off San Diego with enough daylight to fly ashore. We youngster cadets noticed quite a few more hitherto unnoticed blemishes on the Navy halo as we waited all night just off shore following a full month at sea, after performing an exercise that had proved seemingly so futile.

In my long career of aviation technology, I have learned to value highly the rewards derived from rehearsal. The more complicated a task, the

She deserves a better place in our memories than the sordid role of spy, or of a fugitive now living who seeks, for unknown reasons, to hide her past.

There are those who claim that hers was a flight of espionage. That she sought God-knows-what sort of intelligence that might be gleaned by flying at night over certain Japanese mandate islands of the mid-Pacific. That she sacrificed whatever miniscule chance she had of reaching Howland Island by wide excursions from her normal course, to seek in total darkness intelligence of dubious nature that might be of value to undisclosed but sinister branches of our government. Even were we to assume, for purposes of argument, that her open and frank nature were to be captured by such devious and arcane attractions, it was technically impossible for her to have accomplished such an assignment.

The design and operation of aircraft is a profession as rigid and as exacting as law, medicine, chemistry, or astronomy. After over 40 continuous years in this profession, I know my trade exceedingly well and feel that I speak with authority when I pronounce it flatly impossible that a Lockheed Electra of any vintage could take off from the small airport at Lae, New Guinea and fly a distance as great as that which would have been required for her to do espionage en route from Lae to Howland Island. It was nip and tuck whether she could even get the airplane off the ground with her heavy fuel load, and by flying in the most efficient possible direct course, her chances of reaching Howland Island before her fuel supply gave out were, indeed, thin. To have detoured far to the north to fly at night over Truk, Ponape, Kwajelain, Majuro or any of the other Japanese mandate islands would have entailed a speed beyond the capability of her airplane, would have entailed a fuel consumption far beyond her tank capacity and would, in short, have been a physical, technical impossibility. This judgment completely disregards the question of what conceivable value could be derived from such a

Captain Safford's research efforts, tedious though they have been, will be amply rewarded if his book can succeed in refuting the printed idiocies which deny Amelia Earhart and Fred Noonan their honored place in the history of aviation among those adventurers who have tried the impossible, frequently with success. Their gallantry and courage deserve that we accord them the simplicity of truth. Both the author and his subject deserve our respect.

L. F. Safford

FLIGHT INTO YESTERDAY

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Chapter	TITLE	Remarks
-	INTRODUCTION (by Bob Stanley)	OK.
-	PREFACE PREFACE (by the author)	Not yet written OK
1	* FRONT PAGE NEWS	New chapter
2	HOWLAND ISLAND	Old Chapter 3
3	RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH	Old Chapter 4
4	THE ITASCA'S SEARCH	Old Chapter 7
5	OTHER EARHART SEARCHES	Old Chapter 8
6	SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY	Old Chapter 12
7	BATTLE OF THE BOOKS	Old Chapter 1
8	AERIAL NAVIGATION	Old Chapter 5
9	RADIO COMMUNICATIONS	Old Chapter 6
10	ADMIRAL NIMITZ AND FRED GOERNER	Old Chapter 9
11	THE EARHART GRAVESITE	Old Chapter 10
12	MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA	Old Chapter 11
-	APPENDIX (To be enlarged by removing long quotations from the text.)	Extra copies not available
-	XIXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX ILLUSTRATIONS	Same as before
-	BIBLIOGRAPHY	Extra not typed



PREFACE

PLANT MANAGER'S OFFICE

Belonging to the same generation, my interest in Amelia Earhart dates back to 1928 and her first transatlantic flight. Her Oakland-to-Honolulu flight in March 1937 afforded me the chance for competitive test of two different experimental types of Navy high-frequency direction finders ^{was} ~~was~~ a third type in actual use by the Pan American Airways. (Unfortunately the test could not be carried out because both sets of Navy D/Fs were disabled at the time: see Exhibits and in the Appendix.) Then, when Amelia disappeared in July 1937, I heard and believed the rumors and "inside stories" which circulated in Washington.

My interest in AE was renewed in 1967 when I read a book named Daughter of the Sky, in which it was stated, "A high-frequency direction finder had been obtained from the Navy and installed on Howland". Now it so happened that in 1937 the Navy's high-frequency direction finders were under my cognizance, and I had no recollection of any such installation. My opposite number in the Bureau of Engineering (Capt. E.N. Dingley, USNR) was unable to throw any light on the subject, yet there were a dozen references to a "Navy emergency direction finder" on Howland Island in another book called The Search for Amelia Earhart. My curiosity being aroused, I decided to solve this enigma and write a technical article for the Naval Institute.

After studying the Earhart literature in the Library of Congress, I turned to the source-material in the National Archives. My correspondance had been quite limited, compared with Paul Briand and Fred Goerner, and mostly with Bob Stanley, Frank Holbrook, Col. Polhemus, Gen. Thorpe, Ann Pellegrino, Blanche Moyes, and Muriel Earhart Morrissey.



capitalization of ship-names: this is to distinguish them from place-names and personal-names, and because ordinary typewriters have UPPER-CASE letters but not Italics. The second noticeable feature

1 is that messages are in upper-case letters, entirely: this is because "telegraph typewriters" have no lower-case letters.

The third thing which will interest and possibly irritate the reader is the extensive use of abbreviations, not to be mysterious or arcane, but simply to save time and effort. For example, Commander-in-Chief United States Fleet is boiled down to CINCUSx - in conversation as well as in message texts and written communications. COMDESRONTWO is quite a mouthful, but much shorter than Commander Destroyer Squadron Two. The same goes for COMSFEDIV and Commander San Francisco Division. Direction finder becomes D/F and high-frequency direction finder becomes "huff-duff", and is spelled HF/DFV. AE and GP were used among the Putnams, themselves. Other writers have used abbreviations, without explanation or definition, and we will follow their example, taking for granted that the reader will understand. The same applies to technical terms, which are necessary for clarity.

There are two matters which may confuse the reader just as they have some of the writers, namely - Times and Mileages. There are two systems of mileage: "land" or "statute" miles of 5280 feet, appearing throughout Chapter 1; and "nautivcal" or "geographical" miles of 6080 feet in 1937 and now corrected to 6078 feet. The nautical mile is used by all navigators, even in countries using the metric system, because it is equal to one minute (1/60)degree) of latitude and also equal to one minute of longitude at the Equator.



GMT - Greenwich Mean Time - from 0000 to 2400, the day commencing when the Mean Sun crosses the meridian of Greenwich (London). The British and "Commonwealth" Navies were using GMT in 1937. The U.S. Navy had used GMT up through World War I. Unfortunately, some writers have used GMT when they meant GCT, a discrepancy of twelve hours. HMS Achilles used GMT correctly; the others did not.

Zone Time - expressed as plus if West or Minus if East of Greenwich and a number representing the difference in hours between the meridian of Greenwich (Zone Zero) and the central meridian of the Time-Zone. The hours ran from 0000 to 2400, with local noon at 1200. The time zones were normally in integral hours, but Honolulu and Howland were on the Half-hour.

	Zone
PST - Pacific Standard Time	-xZone plus 8.
Honolulu Time -	Zone plus 10 $\frac{1}{2}$.
HST - Howland Standard Time -	Zone plus 11 $\frac{1}{2}$.

(HST could also have meant Hawaiian or Honolulu Time, but fortunately was not so used.)

Sydney Time -	Zone minus 10.
Iae Time xxxxxxxxxx	Zone minus 10.
Nauru Time -	Zone minus 11.

Zone plus or minus 12 - rarely used because of ambiguity.

To eliminate confusion so far as practicable, we will use GCT throughout except where activity is confined to a small area, in which case we will use the local zone time, identifying it in every case.



By the time I had solved the mystery of the "Navy" D/F on Howland, several other mysteries had been discovered. And by the time these had been unravelled, not only did I have enough material for a book, but I was discarding the less important information to keep the book within reasonable size. The general public, in fact most of the authors of Earhart literature, have no conception of how much authentic information concerning AE's attempted world flight reposes in the National Archives. ^(See Exhibit 1) And that is not all, because there are scattered bits, not found in the Archives, owned by the Library of Congress, the Naval Historical Library, the Roosevelt Memorial Library, Purdue University Library, and elsewhere.

My research brought to light much material bearing on AE's disappearance which has never been published, or which is not readily available. Some of it has gone into the text of this book. Other documents were much too long, or would have made the text too long, if all of them had been included. Some of this new-found information could be discarded without regrets but the rest had to be salvaged: the happy solution seemed to be an appendix. The University of Chicago Press warns, "The appendix should not be a repository for odds and ends of the author's research that he was unable to work into his text". In many cases, however, this appendix proved to be the repository for matter which had been deleted from the text.

Of necessity, many Navy and Coast Guard messages and reports have been quoted. For this reason, and to insure uniformity, Navy/Coast Guard style has been used throughout

the ^{book} ~~text~~. The first thing which may strike the reader is the

Ship's positions are computed and plotted in degrees and minutes of latitude and longitude: kilometers are just as messy as land miles where navigation is concerned.

A "knot" is a speed of one nautical mile per hour. (The expression "knots per hour" is technically erroneous unless it refers to "acceleration".) A mile per hour (mph) normally refers to land vehicles and land-planes, and always means land-miles per hour. Col. Polhemus navigated the 1967 Earhart Memorial Flight in terms of knots and nautical miles. Amelia Earhart always thought and wrote in terms of mph and land miles. Fred Noonan had to navigate in knots and nautical miles, and then translate them into mph and land miles for AE's benefit. One writer got confused and gave the figures for knots and nautical miles but labelled them mph and (land) miles. To avoid confusion, the word "mile" will mean "nautical mile" throughout Chapters 2 to 12 and the Appendix.

The matter of Time can be even more confusing, because so many systems of time were used during the Earhart flight and search. These times are defined as follows:-

GCT - Greenwich Civil Time - from 0000 to 2400, the day commencing when the fictitious "Mean Sun" crosses to 180th Meridian (International Date Line). GCT was in use

by the U.S. Navy in 1937. It took the Navy twenty years to educate the Army to the fact that the world is round and that GCT should be used in all communications. One of the

few benefits resulting from the Earhart flight was world-wide agreement to use GCT exclusively for Distress Communications.

Because most of our information concerning certain phases of the Flight and the Search comes from radio messages, these are quoted in full, either in the text or in the appendix. I have resisted the suggestion to "edit" these dispatches for easier reading, replacing spelled-out punctuation with punctuation marks, replacing spelled out numbers with numerals, adding extra spaces between sentences, and "clarifying" ambiguous phraseology or "summarizing" the contents in a few words. In a definitive work such as this, the reader is entitled to uncontaminated evidence. He must realize that a spelled-out number is better than a numeral which may be incorrect due to telegraphic garbles. He should identify himself with the Addressee, burdened with responsibility, who is trying to puzzle out what the Originator intended to say. If the message seems ambiguous, pity the poor soul who had to take action on it. If redundant punctuation irritates, think how it bugged others (Navy, Coast Guard, and civilian) in 1937. The three distinct message styles/are annoying but unavoidable. The Navy messages were characterized by brevity, clarity, and absence of punctuation: the others by the opposite. The worst idiosyncrasy, the pernicious use of "STOP" in place of "PERIOD", was fortunately limited to a few messages.

Despite the extensive bibliography on Amelia Earhart, and because of certain books published within the past decade, several questions linger on:-

First, why in the name of common sense was the flight routed via Howland Island?

Second, with Amelia's experience and skill as an aviator and with Fred's experience and reputation as a navigator, how could they have missed Howland?

Third, what was the fate of the missing flyers?

Fourth, was Amelia on a spy mission?

Fifth, were Amelia and ^{the}Fred really captured by the Japanese?

It is the purpose of this book to answer these questions, to substitute fact for fiction, to introduce new evidence, and to replace opinions with authentic information. I have not distorted the evidence, Procrustean fashion, to fit a preconceived theory. In fact, I have reversed my own opinions completely, ~~and~~, because at one time I ~~had~~ believed that Amelia had been on a spy mission and that she had been shot down or otherwise captured by the Japanese as she flew over their Mandated Islands.

Because of my assigned duties during forty-one years of active Naval service, I became an expert in Navigation (ten years at sea as Navigator of submarines, minesweeper~~s~~ and destroyer) and in Radio Communications (twenty years experience). From 1936 through 1941 all the Navy's high-frequency direction finders (used for Intelligence purposes) were under my cognizance and also the coastal intermediate-frequency D/Fs (used for Navigation) until July 1941 when they were turned over to the Coast Guard and integrated with the radio-beacons. I knew personally all but three of the naval officers involved in the Earhart Flight as well as one of the Coast Guard officers (Radio Electrician "Tony" Anthony) and one of the officers aboard HMS ACHILLES (Lt. Cdr. Peter Dawnay).

I was aboard a destroyer performing plane-guard duty for the NC-4 transatlantic flight in 1919, and on another for the Dole Flight (Pineapple Derby) in 1927. I was present at the scene of the crash of the dirigible AKRON and missed seeing the MAON crash by less than an hour. I know from personal



FLIGHT INTO YESTERDAY

Chapter 1

Front Page News

Like previous flights, I am undertaking this one solely because I want to, and because I feel that women now and then have to do things to show what women can do.

Amelia Earhart to President Roosevelt

EARHART DOWN IN PACIFIC OCEAN

AMELIA FEARED LOST

Banner Headlines blazoned the late-editions of July 2nd and early-editions of July 3rd, 1937. Her navigator, Captain Fred Noonan was named also, but emphasis was on "Lady Lindy". Occasionally the probable location, Howland Island, and the plane-guard ships were mentioned.

Amelia Earhart ^{had been} ~~was~~ front page news for ten years. She had burst like a meteor from obscurity to world-wide fame on June 18, 1928 when the tri-motored Fokker monoplane, FRIENDSHIP, completed a transatlantic flight from Newfoundland to Burry Port, Wales, barely a year after Lindbergh's historic solo from New York to Paris. Although a licensed pilot with over 500 hours solo to her credit, AE had been only a passenger, "a sack of potatoes" in her own words. However, she received



flying boat, THE CHINA CLIPPER, which inaugurated transpacific air service between San Francisco and China, via Honolulu, Midway, Wake Island, Guam, and Manila. After this he served as instructor in navigation for Pan American pilots and navigators. He was noted in aviation circles for his skill and knowledge in aerial navigation and for his ability to drink other flyers under the table. Although forty-four years old, Fred had remained a bachelor until 1937, so he left a bride behind him when he set out to circle the globe with Amelia.



Amelia's career had been even more spectacular. In 1929 she entered the first Women's Air Race, popularly known as the "Powder Puff Derby", from Santa Monica to Cleveland and finished in third place, beating Blanche Noyes by a mere two seconds. Louise Thaden, the winner, got the headlines but Amelia was on the front page again. In June 1930 AE set a women's record of 175 mph over a 100 kilometer course in her own Lockheed VEGA, powered by a 420 HP Wasp-junior engine, and made another record over the same course, the same day, with a payload of 500 KG. On February 7, 1931 Miss Earhart became the bride of George P. Putnam, owner of G.P. Putnam's Sons Publishing Company, but was still referred to by her maiden name. Her next exploit was to fly an autogiro, advertising the Beechnut Packing Company, in which she made an altitude record (which still stands) of 18,451 feet, and on April 8, 1931 became the first person to make a transcontinental flight in this unlikely contraption. Amelia also tried costume-designing for a while and invented, or at least sponsored, Amelia Earhart Lightweight Airplane Luggage. By

L. F. Safford

5

to serve as ^{aviation} ~~an~~ editor on the Cosmopolitan, and thirteen magazine articles, /and to help organize the "Ninety-Nines" (limited to licensed women pilots) and to serve as their first president. On June 2, 1935 Amelia Earhart was appointed to the faculty of Purdue University as Counselor in Careers for Women and Adviser in Aeronautics. (Purdue had its own completely equipped flying field.) AE was in residence at Purdue one month each school year, living in one of the women's dormitories, and was known as "the flying professor". Her warmth, understanding, and enthusiasm made her a favorite with the co-eds. This association proved to be a lucky one for Amelia because it lead to the Purdue Research Foundation, aided by Vincent Bendix, J.K. Lilly, and other friends and admirers, presenting her an eightypethousand dollar airship at a time when the country was still suffering from the Great Depression. It was this plane that was down in the ocean, near Howland Is.

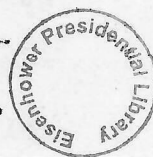


On July 24, 1936, Amelia's thirty-ninth birthday, the Lockheed Aircraft Company delivered to her the new, twin-engine, all-metal, low-wing monoplane known as the ELECTRA. It had a wing-spread of 55 feet and a length slightly less. It weighed 10,500 pounds in designed full-load condition. Its ten passenger seats had been replaced by extra fuel tanks of one thousand gallons capacity, in the rear of which a "navigator's compartment" had been built. Amelia called it her "flying laboratory" but we will refer to it as the ELECTRA, capitalizing the entire name as the Navy and Coast Guard do for ships.

Accompanied by her technical advisor and test pilot, Paul Mantz, Amelia flew the ELECTRA up and down the Pacific coast, breaking-in the ship and searching for weaknesses or deficiencies

but Dewey was killed in an air-crash in 1935. Blanche was invited to Amelia's California home and lived with AE and GP about six months until she recovered from her shock and decided to keep on flying instead of returning to the stage. (Amelia's compassion was repaid two years later. After her Luke ~~Wright~~ Field crackup in March 1937 she was taken in by Jacqueline Cochran while the ELECTRA was being repaired. Moreover, "Jacky" put on ice whatever plans she had made and gave Amelia a clear shot at the world flight.)

The original plans and preparations for AE's world flight were complete and satisfactory on the whole. GP had arranged with the Standard Oil Company to spot fuel, lubricants and engine spare parts at some thirty planned and alternative stopping places along the projected track. GP had also arranged through the State Department for the necessary permission to fly over numerous foreign countries. A man who professed to be a ^{"consultant"} "navigation in navigation" was engaged to prepare special strip-maps covering the route to be flown. The Navy and Coast Guard had agreed to provide three plane-guard ships between New Guinea and Hawaii. Mr. William T. Miller, Chief of Airways Division of the Department of Commerce, had agreed to make arrangements for handling AE's radio communications when between Honolulu and Australia, and otherwise act as Mr. Putnam's personal representative for the Pacific legs of the flight. Pan American Airways would handle her communications between Oakland and Honolulu, and between Natal and Oakland, and also make its terminal facilities available to the ELECTRA. Last, but not least,



later Mokapu Point by Morse and was given excellent radio bearings from the PanAm direction finders at these stations.

Amelia's greatest thrill on this hop came from navigating the ELECTRA for the final two hundred miles by means of her own rotating-loop direction finder. Due to a strong tail-wind, the ELECTRA had to slow to an air-speed of 120 mph during the final portion of the flight in order to arrive after sunrise. Regardless of Amelia's reputation for fearlessness, she was cautious enough not to risk a night landing on an unfamiliar airport. Despite this slow-down, AE made the 2410 land miles in 15 hours and 47 minutes, as compared with 18 hours and 16 minutes in her VEGA.

Bad storms prevented departure for Howland on the day of her arrival. At dawn on March 19th, Amelia, Harry, and Fred attempted to take-off from Luke Field. The plane was lighter by about three hundred pounds than when it left Oakland. Halfway down the long runway, when almost airborne, the right landing-gear collapsed and the ELECTRA ground-looped. Amelia cut the ignition-switch to prevent fire: it was neither the first time nor the last that her presence of mind and quick reaction had saved her in such emergency. The literature suggests that a tire may have blown but AE's own estimate of landing-gear failure seems more probable. The landing-gear did fail, ten weeks later, but this time the ELECTRA was at rest and no harm resulted. The ship really was a mess after this crackup; right wing crumpled and propellers bent, but the precious engines were not seriously damaged. The Army Air Force announced that it was unlawful for the Army



repairs and final decision deferred until afterwards. If the flight was successful the leg from Oakland would be counted as part of the world-flight and public announcement would be made just prior to departure from Miami. AE, GP, Fred and "Bo" McKneely (mechanic) made the flight from Oakland to Miami. Captain Manning's furlough had expired and he had gone back to sea. At daybreak on June 1, 1937 AE and Fred took-off from Miami for San Juan; the world flight was officially "on".

It is not the purpose of this book to describe in detail the portion of the flight between Miami and New Guinea. The story is well told in the biographies of Amelia Earhart, but best of all in her third and uncompleted book, Last Flight. There are, however, certain incidents which have a bearing on the failure to find Howland; these will be discussed in due course. The month which elapsed between departure from Miami and arrival at Lae can be summarized as one of hardship, danger, frustration, and fatigue. Amelia and Fred were exhausted, mentally as well as physically, by the time they reached New Guinea. Killing time while delayed by bad weather, engine overhaul, and repairs to instruments was as trying as combatting the headwinds which plagued them. AE found that flying through a monsoon was impossible so she had to return to her starting point and fly over it.

At Lae, Amelia found "more of the same". She was delayed two days because of unfavorable weather (or because Fred was "under the weather"), trying to get a time-tick to determine chronometer-error, and awaiting up-to-date ^{weather} forecasts from Pearl Harbor. And from Lae she radioed back to the S

States the last installment of Last Flight.



The desire for publicity, they urge to see their names in print, was the cause of many sour notes in the Barhart chronicle. There were, for example, the fake distress-calls which were reported. Then there were people who had been in some way connected with the flight who sounded-off in the press, after it was too late to do any good; Paul Wantz, Clarence Williams, and Carl Allen, for instance. Last, but not least, there were the cheap politicians, editors, news-casters, and other nit-pickers who condemned Amelia for her "stunt flight" and the U.S. Navy for "wasting millions in a search which would not have been undertaken for some poor fisherman."



experience how rapidly the ocean can swallow a disabled aircraft, leaving no visible trace.

I therefore submit that I am uniquely qualified to set the record straight, to expose the hoaxes, and "to tell it like it was", as well as to give Amelia's side of the story.

more publicity than Wilmer Stutz (pilot), Lou Gordon (mechanic), or Mrs. Frederick Guest (owner) who had yielded to pleas of family and friends and permitted Amelia to replace her as the first woman to fly the Atlantic Ocean.

With characteristic honesty and determination, Amelia vowed to make the flight herself, some day, and earn the praise she had received. She did it, too, flying from New Foundland to Ireland on May 20-21, 1932, five years to the day from Lindbergh's flight, the first woman to solo across the Atlantic. Now the honors she received were really deserved: a full list appears as Exhibits to in the Appendix. Amelia literally "walked with crowds yet kept her virtue", to quote Kipling, and "talked with kings nor lost the common touch". She had written an entire book about her "sack of potatoes" flight but her solo flight was compressed into one chapter of her second book.

Fred Noonan was by no means an unknown character. When quite a boy he had gone to sea and had "rounded the Horn" on seven occasions, the first three in sail. He held a master's license for ocean-going vessels of unlimited tonnage, a license as a Mississippi River pilot, and a pilot's license for transport planes. His twenty-two years at sea included surviving three torpedoings in World War I and making two spectacular rescues. After Captain Noonan deserted the sea for the air, he joined Pan American Airways in 1930, first serving as manager of the airport at Port-au-Prince and later as inspector of all PanAm airports. Fred made the front page in November 1935, when he served as navigator of the four-motor

1932 Amelia Earhart Putnam was the best known living woman and probably the most loved and admired by her own generation and the ~~one~~ immediately following. No generation-gap here!

AE's solo flight across the Atlantic in 1932 marked the mid-point in her public career. A bare three months after this, she set a woman's non-stop speed record from Los Angeles to Newark, flying the 2448 miles in 19 hours and 5 minutes. In July 1933 AE lowered this mark to 17 hours and 7½ minutes. In late 1934 Amelia traded her beaten-up VEGA for a brand new VEGA but retained the Wasp-senior engine with which she had flown the Atlantic. On January 11-12, 1935 she made a solo flight from Honolulu to Oakland, a distance of 2408 miles in 18 hours and 15 minutes: this was the first West-East flight between these points, the first such flight successfully completed by a woman, and the fastest time yet.. This was followed, a few weeks later, by long non-stop flights from Los Angeles to Mexico City (at the request of the Mexican Government) and from thence to Newark. It was while crossing the Gulf of Mexico during this last-named flight that AE conceived the idea of exchanging her single-engine VEGA for a twin-engine ELECTRA. And with the larger plane came the dream of a flight around the world.

It was not her flying exploits alone that kept Amelia Earhart in the public eye. As vice-president and public relations officer of Transcontinental Air Transport, she flew from town to town giving lectures on the convenience and safety of air travel and making extravagant predictions which somehow came true. She also found time to write three books

which must be corrected before setting out upon a world flight, and getting essential data on fuel consumption. In August 1936 she flew to New York, with Helen Rickey as copilot, to enter the Bendix Trophy Race from coast-to-coast. She was forced out of the race by trouble in the fuel-lines: until this time she had high hopes because she undoubtedly flew the fastest plane in the race. AE's disappointment was mitigated by the fact that two other women won the race, Louise Thaden (pilot) and Blanche Noyes (copilot), beating all the men in this, the first unrestricted, race. (Two years later, this race was won by another woman who had raced in the first, Jacqueline Cochran.)

In February 1937 Amelia flew to New York again to pick up her navigator, Captain Harry Manning on whose ship she had returned after her FRIENDSHIP flight, to have certain modifications made to her radio transmitter by the Bell Telephone Laboratories, and to announce to the Press her intention of flying around the world at the Equator. This would be the longest continuous flight ever attempted and the most hazardous.

There had been successful world flights before this. The Army Air Corps had done it once and Wiley Post twice, losing his life on a third attempt. A small group of American women pilots, all close personal friends, were itching to add their own names to this select list. Ruth Nichols had big plans and great expectations but would not be ready until 1938. Blanche and Dewey Noyes were counting on making the flight as a wife-and-husband team (like the Lindberghs)

the ELECTRA would have two capable navigators, Harry Manning and Fred Noonan, both merchant marine captains. Both were qualified aircraft pilots and capable of acting as copilot.

The Earhart literature does not make it clear why or how Fred Noonan came to be signed on as assistant navigator, to go as far as Howland Island and return by Coast Guard cutter. The only logical reason was to free Capt. Manning for full-time duty as radio operator so long as Fred was aboard. Manning was a fairly good radio operator, in addition to his many other qualifications, and capable of sending and receiving Morse code up to fifteen words per minute. Her friends warned Amelia against Fred's fondness for the bottle, but her father whom she dearly loved had been an alcoholic and she was unduly sympathetic in this respect.

AE had not counted on taking a fourth person on the flight. Paul Mantz went along as a hitch-hiker, almost a stow-away, to join his fiancee in Honolulu. Paul earned his passage by serving as copilot.

Departure from Oakland was held up by a week of heavy rains, but the ELECTRA finally took-off at 4:37 p.m. on March 17, 1937. Earlier that afternoon, AE had witnessed two PanAm CLIPPERS take-off, one bound for Honolulu^{and China,} and the other for New Zealand. A couple of hours out, AE overtook and passed Ed Musick's CLIPPER and obtained a photograph.

This was the first time that either pilot had sighted another aircraft at sea. The flight to Honolulu was probably the least exciting ocean flight that AE ever made. The weather was good and the moon was out. Harry worked Oakland and

to repair either the plane or the engines so all were shipped back to Burbank, and Lockheed handled the job. During the rebuilding of the ELECTRA, certain alterations were made. Some strengthened or improved the ship for the next attempt; others had the opposite effect, and a couple of necessary corrections of obvious deficiencies were neglected.

Amelia wanted a second try that year and GP agreed. She was determined to retain her unofficial title as "First Lady of the Air". She would have no competition for the rest of 1937, but 1938 would be a different story. The weather was getting increasingly unfavorable as summer approached but there would be just time enough to get in a flight if repairs could be made with sufficient rapidity. Meanwhile, she studied the weather situation with the aid of a weather expert and decided to reverse the direction of her flight.

From the vantage point of hind-sight, it would have been better if Amelia had adhered to her original route although her decision seemed correct at the time. The West-East courses introduced two new factors which constantly operated against her. First, the most dangerous and difficult leg (Lae to Howland) would have to be flown when both pilot and navigator would be fatigued from twenty thousand miles of flying. Second, the ELECTRA would be bucking prevailing head-winds instead of being aided by tail-winds.

To reduce risks so far as possible, Amelia decided to make a test-flight to Miami without publicity. If anything went wrong the plane would be taken back to Burbank for further

The ELECTRA's take-off from Miami was front-page news, the same as her take-off from Oakland, her arrival at Honolulu, and her Luke Field crash. Amelia Earhart was in competition with other front-page stories; civil war in Spain, a big steel strike in the U.S. and "wars and rumors of wars" in Asia. After the first week the Earhart flight began to slip back to the second or third page, and eventually to the fourth or fifth page. There was little news-value in a report that her departure had been delayed by bad weather. What a difference her disappearance made! It has been categorized as "one of the ten most news-worthy events of the ~~century~~ ^{Century}". It took the Japanese invasion of China and realization that the chances of her rescue were negligible to get her off the front page.

Most of Amelia Earhart's publicity was natural and unavoidable. She was a world figure and always good copy. However, some of her flights and other acts really were publicity stunts, into which she had been pushed by her husband or which she had undertaken to "liberate her down-brodden sisters" from male domination and exploitation. Unfortunately, some of the things done by Amelia could be misconstrued, and always were by cynics and critics. A particular case, for which she was badly maligned, was her endorsement of a Lucky Strike cigarette advertisement (she did not smoke, herself) so she could send the fifteen hundred dollars fee to Admiral Byrd to help finance his Antarctic Expedition. By strange coincidence, Richard B. Black (who figures prominently in this book) was a member of the Byrd Expedition and served with distinction as a member of the Ice Party.

18 November 1970

Messrs. Joe Klaas
and Joseph Gervais
McGraw-Hill Book Company
330 West 42nd Street
New York, New York 10036



Dear Messrs. Klaas and Gervais:

It's already too late for me to make any plans to be at the County Museum of Natural History on the 18th, to hear your important new evidence dealing with Amelia Earhart.

How could I confirm or deny, prove or disprove any of the conclusions in your book, not having seen the book. I have only read what the newspapers have had to say, and what one radio station and one television station had to say. From this, I judge that you're really dealing in fiction.

Sincerely,

Floyd B. Odum

McGRAW-HILL BOOK COMPANY

330 WEST 42ND STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) - 971-2485 OR 3493

Public Information and Publicity Department

November 11, 1970

Mr. Floyd Odlum
Odlum-Cochran Ranch
Indio, California

Dear Mr. Odlum:

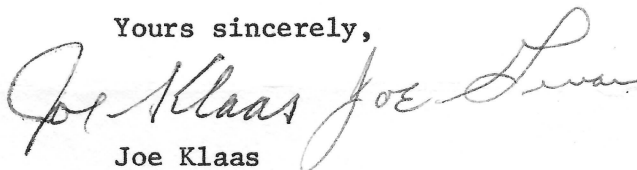
Wednesday, November 18, 1970 at 8 pm in the main auditorium of the Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History, we will be presenting important new evidence from our investigation into what happened to Amelia Earhart. You are most welcome to attend this meeting of the Historical Society of Southern California.

We hope you will wish to take this opportunity before a gathering of objective and distinguished historians to either confirm or deny and prove or disprove any of the conclusions suggested by the evidence as presented in our book, Amelia Earhart Lives.

On our continuing quest for truth, we would like very much to meet you in Los Angeles on the 18th.

Please come.

Yours sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Joe Klaas". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the printed name of the signatory.

Joe Klaas
Joseph Gervais



16 November 1970

Mr. Russell E. Belous, President
Historical Society of Southern California
Lummis House
200 East Avenue 43
Los Angeles, California 90031



Dear Mr. Belous:

Neither Mrs. Odlum (Jacqueline Cochran) nor I will be able to attend the meeting of The Historical Society on November 18th. Miss Cochran will be in India at this time, attending the annual Conference of the Federation Aeronautique Internationale.

We haven't read the book, "Amelia Earhart Lives," but we are completely satisfied that this is not true. We don't believe the author of such fiction has the necessary information to make a presentation of the kind you mention.

Amelia Earhart was a close friend of ours, and we are satisfied that her plane went down into the Pacific Ocean when she missed her destination at Howland Island, and ran out of fuel.

Sincerely,

Floyd B. Odlum

FOUNDED NOVEMBER 1, 1883
INCORPORATED FEBRUARY 13, 1891



ANNUALS, 1884-1934
QUARTERLIES, SINCE 1935

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
LUMMIS HOUSE

200 East Avenue 43 • Los Angeles, California 90031
Telephone 222-0546

November 9, 1970



Mr. & Mrs. Floyd Odium
Odium-Cochran Ranch
Indio, California

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Odium:

Joe Klaas, author of Amelia Earhart Lives, and Major Joseph Gervais whose investigation is the basis for the book, will be appearing at an open meeting of the Historical Society of Southern California. I am happy, at their suggestion, to invite you to attend this meeting in the main auditorium of the Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History at 8 p.m. on Wednesday, November 18, 1970.

As one who has been associated with Amelia Earhart, you will be welcome to make any statement at that time that will help the impartial scholars of history who will be present to correctly assess her role in the history of our country and the world.

Please join us for a most interesting evening on November 18th.

Sincerely yours,

Russell E. Belous

Russell E. Belous,
President
Historical Society of
Southern California

January 29, 1970



Mr. Thomas E. Devine
86 Isadore Street
West Haven, Connecticut 06516

Dear Mr. Devine:

This is in answer to your letter of January 10. I was interested in your written material about the fate of Amelia Earhart although I never have had any doubt as to what happened. That is because I had complete confidence in what my wife had to say at the time based on extrasensory perception.

The plain truth is that she got lost en route and missed her destination. The mystery is why Fred Noonan did not have her turn back for Lae when he found that he was not getting any fixes on the stars and they still had fuel enough to get back. It is apparent that Amelia's receiving radio was not working and that they had probably flown most of the night on dead reckoning hoping to get a fix at sunrise.

I don't believe for a minute that they landed at the airfield on the island of Saipan. In the first place, if you must believe that they reached the vicinity of Howland Island, then circled and then flew up and down and north and south, I think you will have to conclude that they did not have enough fuel to go on to Saipan. Furthermore, if that plane had been sitting at Saipan for seven years, the corrosion from the sea air would have literally eaten it up and it could not have been in flying condition in 1944. Your statement that Forrestal, the Secretary of the Navy, was there is beyond my belief. In any event, the records in Washington would definitely prove or disprove that he was at any particular spot on that particular date.

You have given a lot of time to a study of this last flight and its supposed consequences, but the authorities in Washington, Amelia's husband, Amelia's sister, all seemed to be convinced that she went down at sea not too far away from Howland Island

Mr. Thomas E. Devine
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when she ran out of gas.

Best wishes,

Sincerely,

Floyd B. Odium



January 10, 1970

Mr. Floyd Odlum
Cochran-Odlum Ranch
P. O. Box FFF
Indio, California 92201

Dear Mr. Odlum:

Apparently, you also appear interested in the fate of Amelia Earhart and Fred Noonan, Mrs. Odlum has reported that you have read my manuscript more carefully, and Miss Amy Lo previously wrote that perhaps you would submit your points of view.

I would be most receptive to your individual remarks, and look forward to hearing from you at your earliest convenience.

Sincerely,

Thomas E. Devine
86 Isadore St.
West Haven Conn 06516