

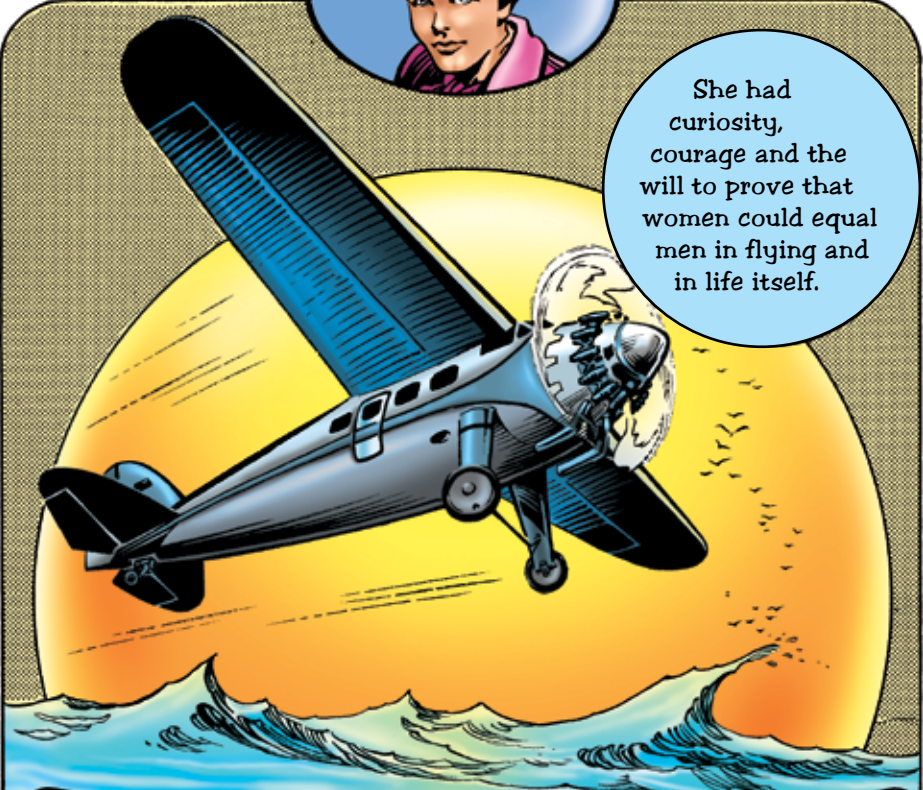
**GRAPHIC  
BIOGRAPHY**

# Amelia Earhart





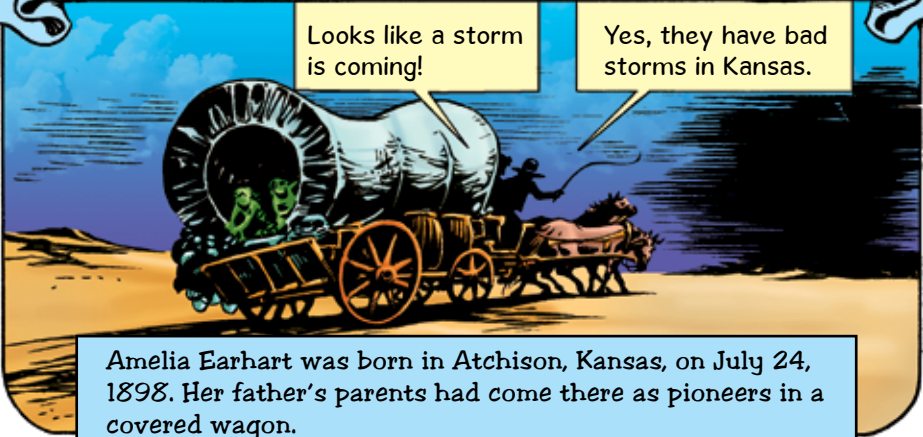
She had curiosity, courage and the will to prove that women could equal men in flying and in life itself.



She was Amelia Earhart, aviation pioneer, the first women in history to fly the Atlantic Ocean as a passenger then alone in her own small single engined airplane.

Looks like a storm is coming!

Yes, they have bad storms in Kansas.



Amelia Earhart was born in Atchison, Kansas, on July 24, 1898. Her father's parents had come there as pioneers in a covered wagon.





When her mother's mother, Grandma Otis arrived, there were still many Native Americans.

Don't worry they're friendly. They are just curious.

I know, but they frighten me!



Amelia liked to hear stories about them.

I wish I'd been a pioneer with Indians and covered wagons.

In every age there are pioneers, Amelia, and new worlds to explore!



Amelia's father was a railroad lawyer and traveled a lot. She and her sister, Muriel, spent much of their time with their Otis grandparents.

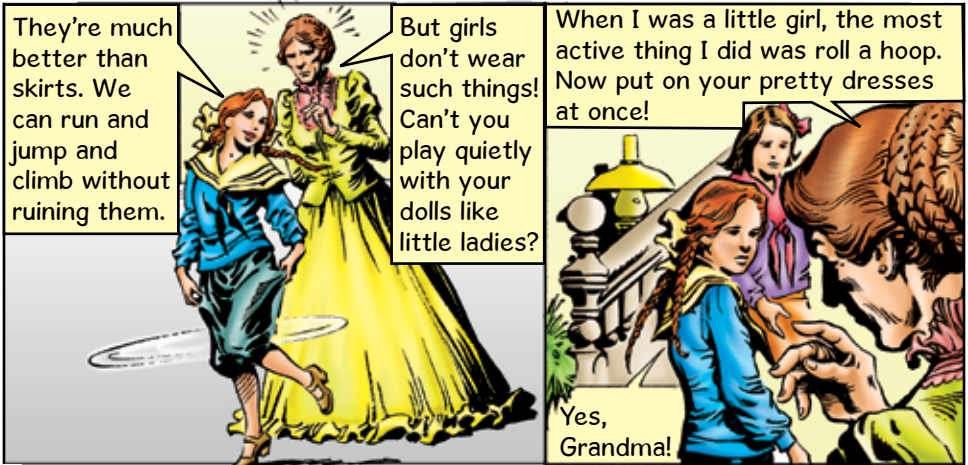
Atchison, next stop!

We're almost there. I can hardly wait to see!



They loved Grandma and Grandpa Otis and their big white house—but sometimes there were problems.

They're bloomers, Grandma! Mother sent them.



They're much better than skirts. We can run and jump and climb without ruining them.

But girls don't wear such things! Can't you play quietly with your dolls like little ladies?

When I was a little girl, the most active thing I did was roll a hoop. Now put on your pretty dresses at once!

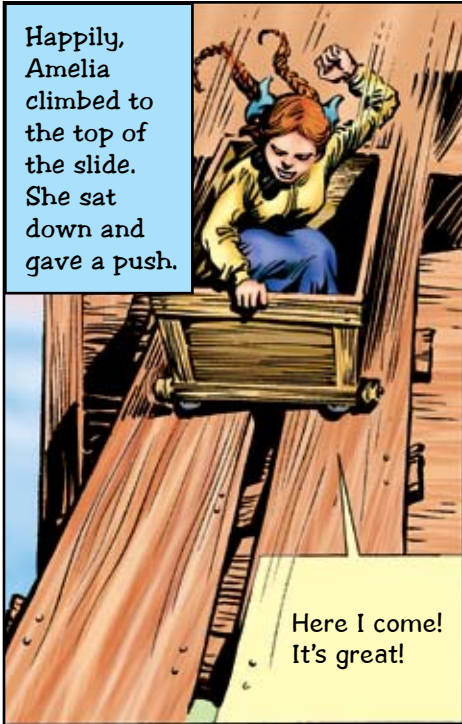
Yes, Grandma!

As a special treat, their father took them to the St. Louis World's Fair. They rode on roller coasters.



I'm flying! It's wonderful.





Happily, Amelia climbed to the top of the slide. She sat down and gave a push.

Here I come!  
It's great!



At the end of the track the car hit the ground and stopped. Amelia somersaulted through the air.

Ooooooo!  
Look out!



Oh, Amelia!  
Are you hurt?

Of course not, see what's wrong? The track must come out farther at the bottom. Let's fix it!



But *Grandma* put a stop to that.

That's dangerous! I'll have it taken down at once! Why did you do such a thing, Amelia?

For fun, Grandma! It was wonderful!

One of the things Amelia enjoyed most was reading Grandpa's books. Many were adventure stories.

Reading is a nice, lady-like occupation.

Why shouldn't girls explore and have adventures? Someday I will!



One thing makes me mad though. The heroes are always boys or men!



In 1908 when Amelia was ten years old, her father took the girls to the Iowa State Fair.

Please Papa, one more ride.

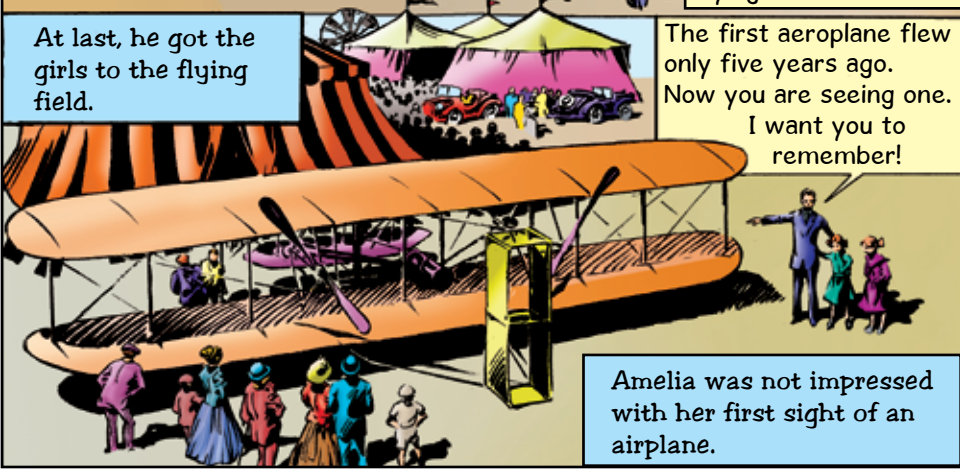
And there're real ponies over there. Can we ride ponies?



But girls, there's something I want you to see—a wonderful new invention—a flying machine!

At last, he got the girls to the flying field.

The first aeroplane flew only five years ago. Now you are seeing one. I want you to remember!



Amelia was not impressed with her first sight of an airplane.



When she was off duty, a friend took her to the airfield where the Royal Air Corps was trained.



So that's what flying can be! So beautiful, so graceful.



Oh, Captain Spaulding, I want to fly! Could you take me up with you?



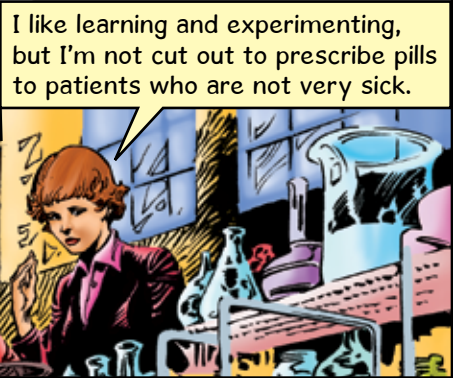
I am really sorry, but there are strict rules against it.

I'm sorry too, but someday I will fly!

When the war was over, she went to New York and entered Columbia University to study to be a doctor. But after a year she decided against it.



Too bad you are leaving. I believe you would do well!



I like learning and experimenting, but I'm not cut out to prescribe pills to patients who are not very sick.

Instead she went to California. Her parents had moved there and wanted her to come and keep them company.

Soon after, her father took her to an air show. As the crowd gasped, a man balanced on the wing of the plane.

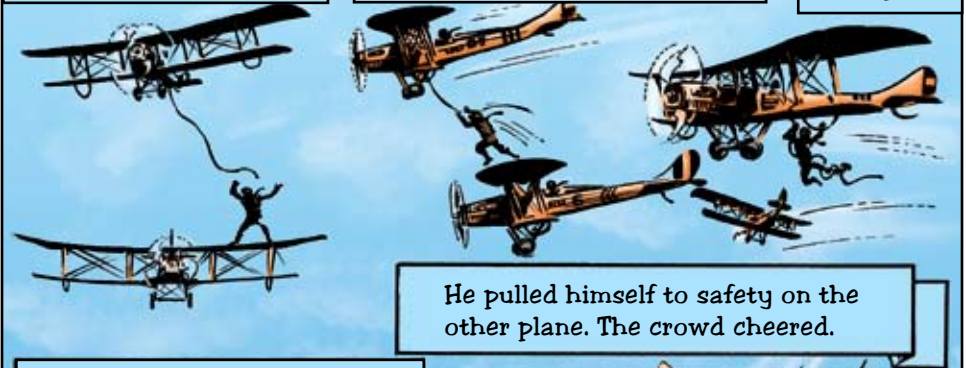


Another plane flew over, a rope hung from it.

Then, hand over hand he climbed the rope.

The man reached for the rope—and missed!

Again! The rope was just above his head. He jumped.



He pulled himself to safety on the other plane. The crowd cheered.

Amelia watched happily as planes looped and dived and spun in the air.



Oh, papa, how much does it cost to learn to fly?

About a thousand dollars, somebody told me.



For her twenty-fourth birthday, on July 24, 1922, her parents and Muriel helped her buy a small yellow biplane.

It's exactly what I wanted—light enough so I can pick up the tail and turn it around myself!



That October she gave them tickets to an air show at Rogers Field.

Ladies and gentlemen, Miss Amelia Earhart in her Kinner Canary is about to try for a new women's altitude record.

It's my sister!



Amelia zoomed up and away until her little plane was only a speck in the sky.

She'll never do it with only a three cylinder, sixty horse-power engine!

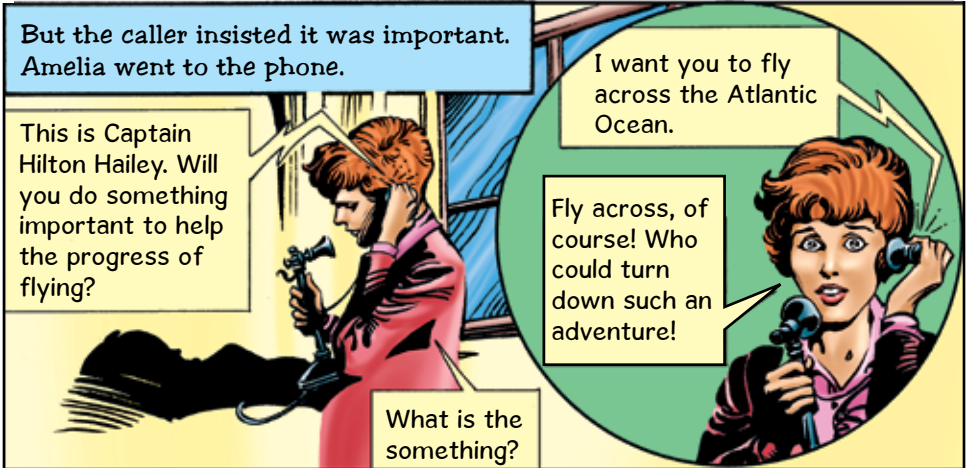




One day in April 1928, she was rehearsing children for a play.

Telephone call, Miss Earhart.

Tell them to call back. I'm busy.



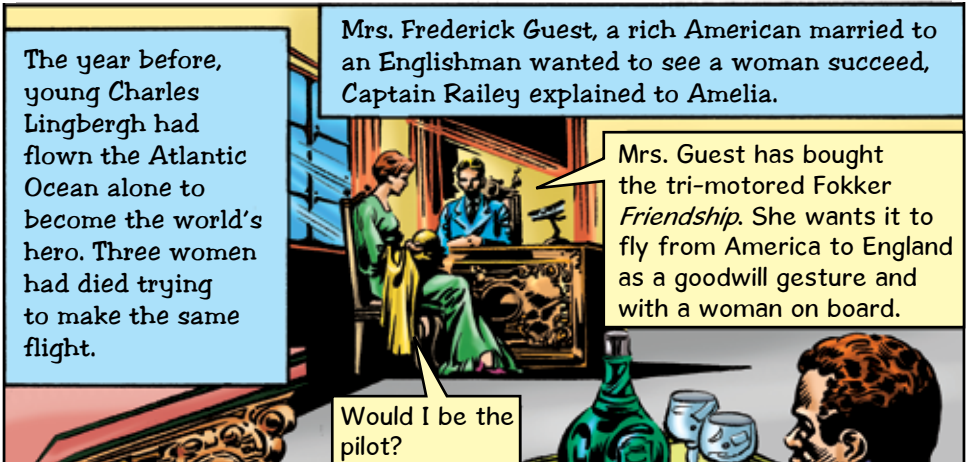
But the caller insisted it was important. Amelia went to the phone.

This is Captain Hilton Hailey. Will you do something important to help the progress of flying?

I want you to fly across the Atlantic Ocean.

Fly across, of course! Who could turn down such an adventure!

What is the something?



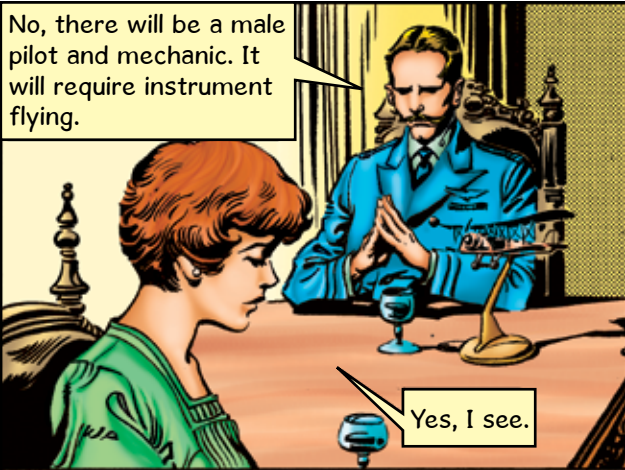
The year before, young Charles Lingbergh had flown the Atlantic Ocean alone to become the world's hero. Three women had died trying to make the same flight.

Mrs. Frederick Guest, a rich American married to an Englishman wanted to see a woman succeed, Captain Railey explained to Amelia.

Mrs. Guest has bought the tri-motored Fokker *Friendship*. She wants it to fly from America to England as a goodwill gesture and with a woman on board.

Would I be the pilot?





The committee soon decided they had found the right girl in Amelia. She returned to Boston to meet the crew and the plane.



They had to wait several weeks for the right weather. George Palmer Putnam, one of the men in charge, entertained Amelia to make the time pass more quickly.

