LEONARD MOSLEY

LINDBERGH

A BIOGRAPHY

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FOREWORD

In the winter of 1934–35 I was broadening a youthful mind, if hardly elevating it, by working as a replacement reporter and editorial handyman for the New York *Daily Mirror*. It is too long a story to explain how an eighteen-year-old Briton from the English provinces had got himself associated with this raucous American tabloid at one of the shrillest moments of its career, except to mention that it involved a cattle-boat trip from Manchester to Canada, jobs on the Montreal *Star* and backstage at Minsky's Forty-second Street burlesque theater, and an introduction to the *Mirror*'s editor by an amiable Irish aristocrat named Viscount (Valentine) Castlerosse. I bring it up here simply to show why, when the *Daily Mirror* moved a considerable portion of its staff to Flemington, New Jersey, at the beginning of January 1935, to cover the trial of Bruno Richard Hauptmann for the murder of the Lindbergh baby, I was a member of the team, and thus saw Charles Augustus Lindbergh in the flesh for the first time. Thereafter, it always seemed as if I were running into him or following in his footsteps.

Not only to young Americans was Charles Lindbergh the greatest hero of the nineteen twenties and thirties. In Britain, too, we pinned his picture over our beds and made fretwork models of the *Spirit of St. Louis*. I remember that in 1927, the year of the famous nonstop flight from New York to Paris, we were living in a Manchester suburb not far away from a great newspaperman of the day, C. P. Scott, owner-editor of the *Manchester Guardian*. I often used to see him cycling to his office in Cross Street, a tweedy, gray-bearded, patriarchal figure, and never failed to tip my school cap to him and say, "Hello, Mr. Scott." One day he hopped off his bike and asked me who I was and what I planned to do when I grew up.

"I'd like to be a great journalist like you, sir," I said.

He then asked me whether I had ever been in a newspaper office, and when I said no, he told me to report to the *Guardian* offices a couple of days hence, and he would arrange to have me shown over. The date fixed was May 22, 1927, which, as it turned out, was the day after Lindbergh's arrival in Paris. Even the staid editorial offices of the *Guardian* were in a tizzy over the reports flowing in from Paris—his hysterical reception by the crowd, detailed accounts of his flight, his first press conferences.

I came away clutching an early edition of the *Guardian* on which Scott had written: "For Leonard Mosley. Perhaps you too will have an article in the *Manchester Guardian* one day." When I got home I wrote in my journal: "Lindbergh has flown the Atlantic. I have been to the *Manchester Guardian*. An auspicious event for both of us."

After that, I always felt I had a sort of family interest in him, and I started a clippings book about his travels and activities, as if I were charting the progress of a hero who was also a favorite brother. I vicariously shared his triumphs and suffered with him over his experiences with public and the press. Among the thousands of letters which were written to him after the kidnaping of his child was one from me and twenty-five of my schoolmates.

To see him in person in court at Flemington, New Jersey, was an emotional experience for me, and what I saw raised him even higher in my estimation. It was part of my job to slip into the courthouse several times during the day to pick up copy from my seniors reporting the trial. He was always there, towering physically and symbolically over all the other performers and spectators at this execrable circus, a rock of rectitude and solidity in a seething, bubbling sea of hysteria and cheap sensation.

I had thought that when I first saw him there, it would be pity that I felt for him in his sorrow. I found myself admiring him, instead. To pity him would have been to insult him. Here was a man to be saluted for his courage, for he was manifestly a man who would always bear what came to him with greater dignity and fortitude than most other men.

Shortly after the end of the trial, I sailed back to England aboard the liner *Berengaria* and discovered that, quite by accident, I was a fellow passenger with Betty Gow, the young Scots girl who had been the Lindbergh baby's nurse. She had been bullied and browbeaten during the trial by the ineffable Edward J. Reilly, chief attorney for the defense, and was in a condition of considerable distress as a result of her ordeal. There followed one of those short, shipboard friendships which was re-

warding for both of us, I think (I had my own problems). She knew I had been at the trial and was probably the only person aboard who knew what it had been like, and we talked as two people who have shared a harrowing experience (because I, too, had been profoundly shocked at what I had seen going on in a supposed tribunal of law and justice).

She talked to me about her life with the Lindberghs, and I remember something she said, in her quiet, soft, melodious Scottish voice.

"Colonel Lindbergh is the most honest man I have ever met," she said. "Do you know, he cannot tell a lie, even if he knows the truth is going to hurt—and even if the person he hurts is very close to him? He just has to tell the truth, and he expects other people to tell the truth to him. It would never occur to him that anyone would ever lie to him. He once caught one of Mrs. Lindbergh's aunts telling a tall story, and when he taxed her with it, she said, 'But I was just fibbing, Colonel.' 'Aunt Agnes,' he said, 'there are no such things as fibs, only lies.' She looked quite crushed, poor lady."

I thought of those words in 1938 and 1939. By that time, I was in Germany as a correspondent and was following with some apprehension Charles Lindbergh's visits there. We heard in various roundabout ways what the Nazis were telling the famous flier. Did he realize that they were lying to him? When my friend, Paul Stehlin, who was then an air intelligence officer at the French embassy in Berlin, told me that Lindbergh was happy about the Anglo-French capitulation at Munich and that, later, with war only weeks away, he was trying to promote a Franco-German aircraft deal, I said that what he was probably doing was double-bluffing the Nazis. Stehlin shook his head, but I stayed optimistic.

I flew into Paris from Germany in 1945 just about the time when Charles Lindbergh arrived there with the U. S. Naval Technical Mission, and my office asked me to check the rumors that he was in the city. If so, would I contact him and ask him how Paris in the aftermath of World War II compared with the capital which he had known in 1927. I eventually heard from General Mark Clark (I had been a correspondent with the U. S. Fifth Army, which Clark commanded, in Italy) that he and Lindbergh were lunching that day with Ambassador Jefferson Caffery at the American embassy, and I was there when Lindbergh came in. War correspondents still wore uniforms in Germany in those days, and I had brought no change of clothing with me to France, and I guess it was because he thought I belonged to the military that he stopped and listened to me when I went up and spoke to him. But when he realized I was a newspaperman, the smile disap-

peared from his face, and he said brusquely, "I have absolutely nothing constructive I could say."

He was about to pass on when his glance caught the paratrooper's wings I was wearing, and in a slightly more amiable tone he asked where I had dropped. I said I had gone in with British 6th Airborne parachutists into Normandy on D day, June 6, 1944. He asked what height we had dropped at, and I said 250 feet. He grinned then, and said that was a sight too low for his liking. He preferred to have height to float around in.

"Not if the air's full of bullets and flak," I said.

He laughed. "I guess not," he said. He reached out his hand, and I shook it. "Glad to have met you. Sorry I can't help you." He passed on. He hadn't asked my name.

I didn't see him during his tour of Germany, but when I went to see Willy Messerschmitt, who built the Me109s, 110s, and 262s for the Nazi Luftwaffe, he said that Lindbergh had been to see him a couple of days before and had given him chocolate, coffee, and cigarettes.

"He is a great gentleman," he said. "He made me feel like a human being again." He paused, and then added: "Do you know, I think he hates the Russians more than we do."

In the postwar years, I still kept tag on Charles Lindbergh's progress. I suppose I had always known in my bones that I would one day write his life story, and what had begun as a youthful fan's souvenir book was now building up into a kind of dossier. Items of this kind found their way into it:

> Cannes, August —, 1973. Had dinner last night at Dolly's villa. Sitting across from me was Sir Charles Wheeler, who sees a lot of the Aubrey Morgans (she's Anne Morrow Lindbergh's sister) in Wales. He said last time he dined there Lindbergh was visiting. Seemed very morose and worried about something. Sir Charles asked him about Nixon, and practically had his head snapped off. Lindbergh said he never talked American politics with Englishmen. He was later told that Lindbergh still feels very constrained when he comes to Britain. Even after all these years, he fears someone will attack him (verbally or physically?) over his behavior toward England in WW2.

Or:

> New York, Feb. 1970. Curious experience today. I came

into Grand Central Station and suddenly had a feeling that there was someone near me that I knew. When I looked around, I saw Charles Lindbergh staring into a bookshop window, but when I came closer to him I realized that he was not looking at the books, but was using the reflection of the light on the window to watch the people behind him hurrying by. He looks a lot older than when I saw him a couple of years ago. He looked slightly annoyed by something, which, I'm told, he does a lot these days, but God, he's still handsome and you can still see the shape of that tall, vital kid we once knew underneath the aging. While I was covertly watching him, with the sort of rueful, mixed emotions I have for him nowadays, I felt the wind of Anne Morrow L.'s passing as she rushed up to him. "Oh, my!" I heard her say. "I know someone who's going to be good and mad. I'm sorry I'm late, Charles." She was wearing a purple suit, a deeper purple sort of jersey, red shoes, and handbag. She nearly always wears purple. Come to think of it, whenever I've seen her, she never wears anything else! He looked down at her, and then the irritated expression cleared and he smiled at her. The smile hasn't changed! They went off—toward the New Haven R.R., I expect.

I practically decided then and there that it was about time I got down to writing about Charles Lindbergh. If he was getting into my bones to the extent that I sensed when he was around, the moment had arrived. But since there were other projects in hand, it was not until 1973 that the dossier on Charles Lindbergh moved to the front of my files. He and it have been with me ever since. On August 26, 1974, the day he died, I was in a small plane flying toward the Eiffel Tower and then turning toward Le Bourget airfield, in imitation of his 1927 flight. News was just coming in from Hawaii as we drove back into Paris in the summer twilight.

"The French people will be very sad," said my companion, a young French pilot. "He was a great hero to them. That flight was a sort of link between us and America, you know, and despite everything, I don't think it has been broken." We drove on in silence, and then he said, "Something went wrong with him later, didn't it? Not just that terrible kidnaping, I mean. Other things. What happened?"

I told him he would have to wait for this book to find out.

At the end of this book, the reader will find a bibliographical essay

giving in detail the sources consulted for this biography, the journeys made, the friends and associates to whom I have talked. Here I would like to say how grateful I am to the editors of the New York *Times*, and in particular to my old friend and colleague, James L. Greenfield, for allowing me the facilities of their splendid organization during the researches into Charles Lindbergh's background. I would also like to single out for special thanks Mr. Nigel Nicolson for giving me free access to his father's unpublished diaries and letters and for interrupting his many pursuits to entertain me on two occasions at Sissinghurst Castle; Mr. Tom Harrisson, of the World Wild Life Fund, for his help and hospitality in England, Brussels, and the South of France; and finally, my editor, John Ware, for proving such an amiable godfather to this creation.

Prologue:
The Wound Reopened

On the afternoon of November 4, 1966, Charles Augustus Lindbergh left his office in the Pan American Building in New York City and took the elevator down to Grand Central Station. He had decided to catch an early train home to Darien, Connecticut, not simply to avoid the Friday afternoon rush to the suburbs, but because he wished this to be as long a weekend break as he could possibly make it. It would be his first at home for several months and he knew that his wife, Anne, was growing rueful about his increasing absences. Once upon a time they had flown the world together; now he flew alone. "Charles only touches base now and then," she wrote to a friend. "He is, I think, on his fourth or fifth trip around the world this year. (Someone suggested I should keep in touch with him by satellite.)"

It was true that not even professional air pilots covered much more mileage in the course of an average year than Charles A. Lindbergh. As director and technical consultant of Pan American World Airways he rode with the company's crews on continuing trips to Europe, Asia, and South America. He sat in conference with airways experts and government officials in Washington, London, Paris, and Tokyo. This was only a portion of his manifold activities, which included ecology, wildlife, and conservation, as well as aeronautics, and took him on a variety of missions to every part of the globe.

Once recently he had told his wife that he was "needed" in the Pacific but that it would only be a short trip.

"A month?" she asked tentatively.

"Oh no," he had answered cheerfully. "Just Hawaii and the Philippines—and then back round the world the other way."

In a letter to a friend recounting the conversation, Anne Morrow Lindbergh added "!!?!" by way of personal comment.

Now he was back in the United States for at least five days, and resolved to spend as many of them as possible with his wife in the house on the Tokeneke Trail, near Darien, where the Lindberghs had established themselves in the months following the end of World War II. The house was on Scott's Cove, looking out toward Long Island Sound, and they had come to it in search of the seclusion they had been seeking for most of their life together, and for a refuge in which to recover from the wounds (admittedly some of them self-inflicted) which they had suffered in the years preceding and the months immediately following the outbreak of World War II. It had proved to be a home and an environment which had brought them peace after an era of shared fear, tragedy, misery, resentment, hostility, rancor, hate, and pain. The scars from their wounds were still there, but the ache seemed to have gone, and they were savoring the sweetness of it.

That afternoon of November 4, 1966, an observer watching Charles Lindbergh march across the Grand Central concourse toward the gates of the New Haven Railroad might have had trouble guessing his age. He was, in fact, sixty-four. The lean body and the brisk, long stride were those of someone very much younger, but the used, lined face and the off-white cropped hair, peeping below a trilby hat, seemed to belong to a man at least in his upper sixties. On the other hand, when he paused to allow a luggage-laden old black woman to go past him, and smiled at her as she thanked him, he suddenly looked positively boyish.

In times gone by the loping stride and the transforming smile would have betrayed his identity to the crowd at once, and brought them surging around him, to slap him on the back, to demand his autograph, to shout at him: "Hiya, Lindy!" At that time he was the greatest hero America and the rest of the civilized world had ever known, and he was a fugitive from the perfervid adulation that came with his status. By his solo flight across the Atlantic in 1927 he had not simply been the first man to link New York with Paris in a nonstop flight; he had single-handedly christened and launched the air age. And the people of the world, instinctively sensing that in a decade of stunts and innovations this was something of immeasurably wider significance, had heaped upon him adulation and honors that a prophet had never before received in his lifetime.

But from that moment on, it went badly wrong. The hero worship turned sour. The hero became disenchanted. Intrusions upon the private life of himself and his wife culminated in the kidnaping and murder of their baby, and in his heart he blamed the excesses of the

American press and the hysteria of the American people for it. Finally, when the war in Europe between the democracies and the Nazis threatened to involve the United States, he emerged from his unhappy seclusion to preach a strident isolationism, a policy of coldhearted expediency, which seemed to many of his fellow countrymen to play into the hands of the dictators. He was charged with dangerous defeatism by his President, accused of racialism by his former admirers, and, when war finally came to the United States in 1941, arbitrarily prevented by the Administration from flying and fighting for his country.

For the once-shining hero, it was a sort of squalid demise. He was consigned to obscurity, and not the kind for which he had been searching. America can be rough with a loser, and Lindbergh had chosen the wrong side and lost. But it was really worse than that, because there were insults and humiliations associated with his disappearance from the public scene that this proud and stubborn man must have found hard to bear. At a moment when he wanted nothing better than to fight, and, if necessary, die for his country, he was kept hanging around the corridors of government in Washington while the Administration took its time in deciding whether he could be accorded the privilege of donning a United States uniform. If he had publicly begged for a military job, no doubt one would have been accorded him—but beg he would not. So the most experienced flier in the nation was banned from the Armed Forces. There were the pinpricks, too. His name was removed from the mountains, the streets, and the airlines which had once been named after him. It could hardly be expunged from the hall of fame, because the feat which had won him a place there was an irremovable bench mark on the history of flight. But otherwise, for much of the civilized world, Charles Augustus Lindbergh was banished and in disgrace.

There were many decent people who, while recognizing his unique qualities as an airman, hoped that they would never have to hear or read about him again, and swore they would never forgive or forget.

But this was 1966, and a quarter of a century had gone by. If you had told the group of Yale students jostling up the aisle that the long lean man on the commuter's train to New Haven had once been called everything from "Copperhead" to "Nazi," it is doubtful if they would have believed you. If they knew Lindbergh at all, they knew him as a friend of the earth, a passionate devotee of conservation, a crusader against ecological barbarism—and how could those activities be reconciled with the appeasement of history's most barbaric tyrant?

As for official Washington, it had long since completed the process of rehabilitation. As far back as 1954, President Eisenhower had given him back his uniform and promoted him in the U. S. Air Force to the rank of brigadier general. The Kennedys and the Johnsons invited him to White House dinners. His autobiography had won the Pulitzer Prize and earned him more than a million dollars. And if he was no longer mobbed by adulating crowds, as he had been in the twenties and thirties, he was now regarded with admiration and respect.

It was all behind him, the black period of his fall from grace, either forgiven or forgotten. And if Charles Augustus Lindbergh still resented what had been done to him and still believed that history would one day vindicate the stand he had taken in 1941 (for, as will be seen, he hadn't changed a single one of his tenaciously held opinions), that could wait until after he was dead. In the meantime, he was content that it was all in the past and, as far as he knew, forgotten. No one thought any more about that wounding period of his life except his wife and himself, and then only when something rubbed against their scars. The idea that someone was about to rip the wounds open again—someone whom his wife admired and he respected—was a possibility that did not occur to him.

He got off the train at Darien, picked up his Volkswagen in the parking lot, and drove through the anonymous entrance of 21 Tokeneke Trail around five in the evening. There was a book pouch among his pile of mail, and when he opened it he saw that the volume inside had been sent to him by the publishers at the request of its author and editor. It was the Atheneum edition of *Diaries and Letters, 1930–39*, by Harold Nicolson, edited by his son, Nigel Nicolson. It had recently been published and he had heard about it. He took it with him to his study and looked forward to going through it that evening. He did not know it then, but he might just as well have been holding a hand grenade, for it was a book that was going to shatter both his weekend and his complacency.

Sir Harold Nicolson was an old friend of Anne Lindbergh's family, the Morrows. In 1966 he was in his eightieth year and his dotage, but in early times he had been famous both in his native England and in the United States as a biographer, essayist, diplomat, and raconteur. His biography of his father, Lord Carnock, an urbane Victorian diplomat, and his study of Lord Curzon, a famous turn-of-the-century foreign secretary, were expertly observed and richly anecdotal accounts of two very different members of Britain's political aristocracy. His wit, his easy flow of conversation, his social, diplomatic, political, and literary con-

nections made him much in demand at all the best London dinner tables and Bloomsbury *soirées.* In many ways, he was the worst kind of snob, with a barely concealed contempt for those unfortunate people who were, in his son's phrase, "outside the elite": "Businessmen, for example, the humbler type of schoolmaster or clergyman, most women, actors, most Americans, Jews, all coloured or Levantine peoples, and the great mass of the middle and working classes."

But otherwise, in the society column sense of the term, he knew "everybody." A glance through the letter C in the index of his diaries reveals the names of King Carol of Romania, Lord Castlerosse, Lord Cecil, Austen and Neville Chamberlain, "Chips" Channon, G. K. Chesterton, Winston Churchill, Count Ciano, René Clair, Sir Kenneth Clark, Lady Diana Cooper, Lord Cranborne, and Lady Emerald Cunard, all celebrities of the day, some of them famous hosts and hostesses eager for him to adorn their tables, others his fellow guests.

The twenties and the thirties were the years when the doings of British society received a surprising amount of attention in the American press, and Nicolson was a favored speaker on the American lecture circuit, where the ladies liked to gather to hear him talk about royalty, the aristocracy, and literary celebrities. It did not seem to matter—it even seemed to add a certain zest to the occasion—that his manner was distinctly patronizing; and of course they could not know that he wrote disparaging things about them in his diaries and in his letters home.

One of the matrons who attended and enjoyed Harold Nicolson's lectures was Mrs. Elizabeth Dwight Morrow, widow of the late Dwight Morrow, a well-known American diplomat and statesman. Morrow had died suddenly in 1931 at the apogee of his career, just at the moment when a move was gaining strength to have him nominated as Republican candidate for President against Franklin D. Roosevelt in the elections of 1932. Elizabeth Dwight Morrow was not the sort of woman to indulge in sterile mourning, and she was already busily engaged in social welfare and cultural activities by the time she listened to Nicolson's lectures in 1933. But she did feel that her husband deserved to have his diplomatic achievements recognized and that the American public should know what sort of a man they had lost. She had therefore begun looking around for a worthy writer to do Dwight Morrow's biography, and after reading Harold Nicolson's books she decided that she had found him.

Through an emissary of the international bankers J. P. Morgan and Company, among whose partners Dwight Morrow had been numbered, Nicolson was contacted and a proposition was made, and, after an initial show of diffidence, accepted. In truth, the English writer, despite

his nationality, was a wise choice to write Morrow's life. Nicolson had moved in the same diplomatic circles in which Morrow had secured some of his most notable triumphs and had even, during the London Naval Conference of 1930, sat with him at the same negotiating table. The book he subsequently wrote turned out to be a good one and was well received in the United States.

To research it, Nicolson was invited to be the guest of the Morrow family at their homes at Englewood, New Jersey; North Haven, Maine; and Cuernavaca, Mexico; and he visited all three in 1934 and 1935. Since Charles and Anne Lindbergh were living with Elizabeth Dwight Morrow at the time, he saw a good deal of them, and the period when they were in each other's company happened to be one of the most traumatic in the lives of the young couple. During part of the time a man named Bruno Richard Hauptmann was on trial for the kidnaping and murder of their first child, and Lindbergh was in the courtroom day after day. Nicolson was with them both at the moment when Hauptmann was found guilty and sentenced to die in the electric chair.

Later, when the Lindberghs decided to leave the United States (at the end of 1935), it was Harold Nicolson who found them a refuge in the Weald of Kent, in England, where they could live their lives unmolested; and it was from this base that they began to visit Nazi Germany on the fact-finding trips that were to have such a profound effect upon their political outlook.

Charles Lindbergh was well aware that Harold Nicolson was both a diarist and a copious letter writer. Now that his journals had been published, he would hardly have been human if he had not been curious to discover what the English writer had said about himself, his wife, his family, and his in-laws. After supper that evening, with Anne Morrow Lindbergh waiting with some anxiety on his comments, he settled down to read. For more than one reason, she was extremely nervous about the nature of her husband's reaction. For one thing, she knew that he was a passionately meticulous reader, a believer in literal accuracy, unforgiving of the most trivial mistake or exaggeration.

> On one occasion I urged General Lindbergh to read one of the more than twenty books that had been written about him [wrote William Jovanovich, his publisher]. It was a sympathetic biography that I thought to be unusually free of melodramatic revelations and conclusions. Soon afterwards I received from him a document of seventy-six typewritten pages in which he listed inaccuracies of the book. . . .

How would her father's biographer measure up to her husband's stringent standards?

Almost at once, he pounced upon an exaggeration and denounced it. A few pages further on, and he announced first one error and then, reading rapidly on, another. It was now plain from his exclamations and the expression on his face that Nicolson's journals were, for him, full of irritating and annoying mistakes.

That, at least, was his reaction until he reached page 343 of the book, and then his face went stony. He passed the volume across to his wife, gestured for her to read, and then walked out of the room. He did not come back for a long time, and then only to announce, in a tone of voice she knew only too well, that he was writing at once to Harold Nicolson.

There are two entries on page 343 of the Nicolson *Diaries and Letters*. It was the second and longer of the two which had caught Lindbergh's attention and profoundly disturbed him. It was dated May 22, 1938. This was the time when most people in Europe were beginning to believe that a war between the democracies and Nazi Germany was inevitable, and that Britain and France would soon be fighting. Hitler's armies had occupied Austria, and the Nazi dictator was now threatening the small democratic republic of Czechoslovakia, to whose aid France was pledged to come in the event of an attack. France in turn was Britain's ally and her wars were bound to be Britain's.

It was also the period when Charles and Anne Lindbergh were tenants of the Nicolsons at Long Barn, the farmhouse in the Weald of Kent, not far from Sissinghurst Castle, where Harold Nicolson lived with his wife, Vita Sackville-West, the novelist, and their two sons, Ben and Nigel. The Lindberghs had recently returned from Germany, where they had been warmly welcomed by the Nazis, honored by Adolf Hitler, backslapped by Hermann Göring, and taken on a grand tour of the German Air Force and the factories constructing the planes to reinforce its power. They had been much impressed, both by the planes and by the people. When they returned to England, they hastened to give voice to their impressions, and to their fears for England should a war with Germany come. Since Harold Nicolson was at this time a Member of Parliament and had good connections at Westminster, it seemed to the Lindberghs important that they let him know how they felt. They went to see him, and he recorded the visit this way:

DIARY. 22nd May, 1938

Charles and Anne Lindbergh and Mrs. Morrow [she was on a visit to Britain with her youngest daughter, Constance]

come over from Long Barn. Lindbergh is most pessimistic. He says we cannot possibly fight since we should certainly be beaten. The German Air Force is ten times superior to that of Russia, France and Great Britain put together. Our defences are simply futile and the barrage-balloons a mere waste of money. He thinks we should just give way and then make an alliance with Germany. To a certain extent his views can be discounted, (a) because he naturally believes that aeroplanes will be the determinant factor in war; and (b) because he believes in the Nazi theology, all tied up with his hatred of degeneracy and his hatred of democracy as represented by the free Press and the American public. But even when one makes these discounts, the fact remains that he is probably right in saying that we are outmastered in the air.

Victor Cazalet (a fellow M.P. and near neighbor) comes over and we sit on Sissinghurst Crescent in utter gloom. The Germans may force Henlein (leader of the pro-Nazis in Czechoslovakia) to increase his terms to the point where the Czechs cannot possibly accept, and will then intervene. That brings in France, and we shall be faced with the alternative of abandoning France or having a disastrous war.

The news bulletin in the evening is slightly more reassuring. "We have had," the announcer said, "a perfect summer day." True, it is that it has been cloudless and that the sun has poured itself upon the azaleas and the irises. But on the whole it has been the most anxious and unhappy day that I can remember.

On the morning of Saturday, November 5, 1966, Charles Lindbergh drove into Darien and posted a registered letter to Mr. Harold Nicolson at Sissinghurst Castle. (He did not appear to know that he was now Sir Harold Nicolson, nor did he realize that he was old and enfeebled.) The exact contents of this and subsequent letters will not be quoted here because, although Mr. Nigel Nicolson has given consent for his side of the correspondence to be used, Mrs. Anne Morrow Lindbergh has put an embargo on her husband's letters. Suffice to say that the letter was short, sharp, and threatening, and ended by saying that the writer was taking advice and would communicate further.

On November 7, 1966, Lindbergh wrote again, once more to "Mr." Harold Nicolson, complaining bitterly about the "errors" which he felt had been made in *Diaries and Letters*. For instance, why had Nicolson quoted him as saying that German air power was ten times greater than