

**GRAPHIC  
BIOGRAPHY**

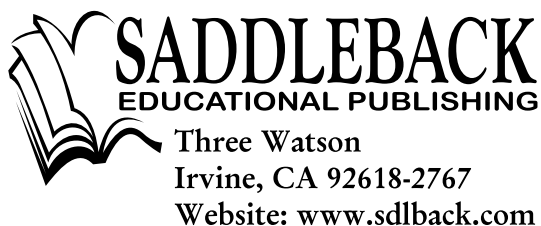
# Amelia Earhart



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# Saddleback's Graphic Biographies



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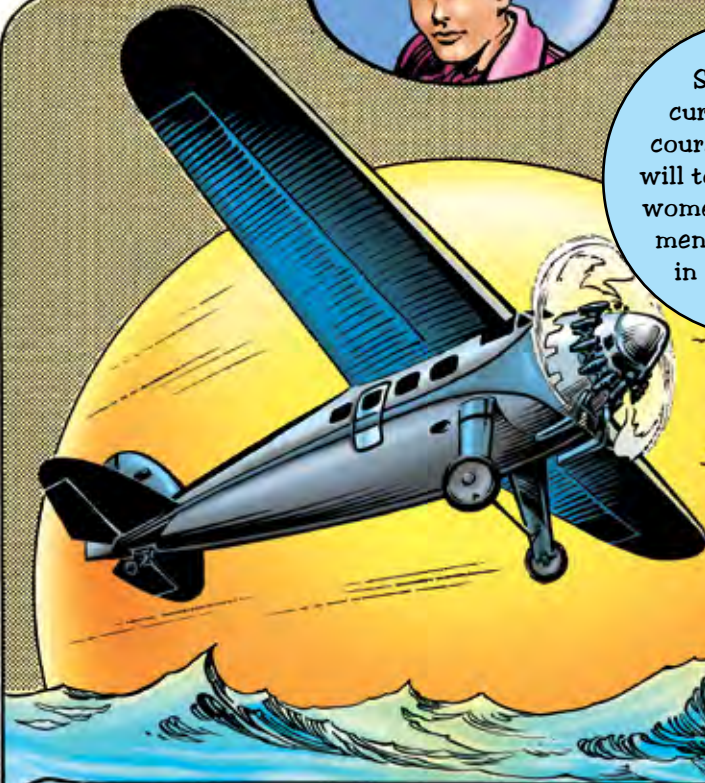
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She had curiosity, courage and the will to prove that women could equal men in flying and in life itself.



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

Looks like a storm is coming!

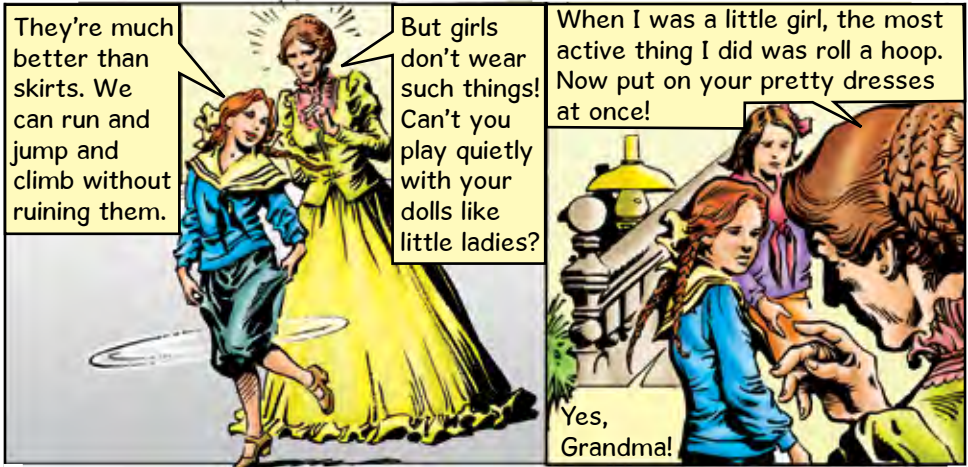
Yes, they have bad storms in Kansas.



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







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





Back in Atchison again Amelia had an idea.

I know what, let's build a roller coaster.

But, but how can we?



First we'll make a track by fastening these old boards to the shed.



For a car, I can fasten my roller skates to the bottom of this box!

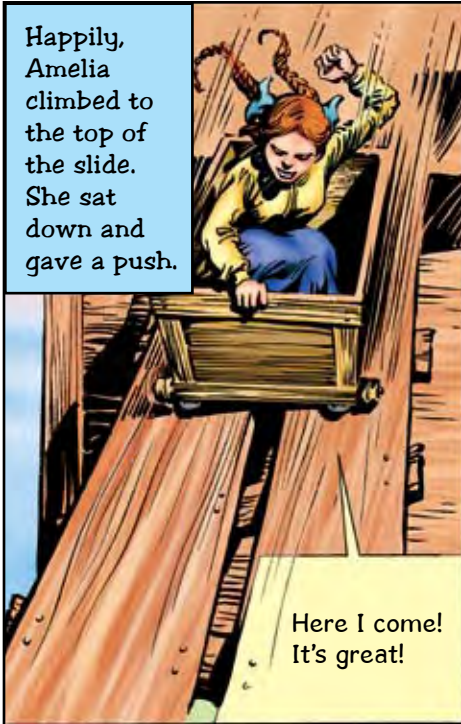


We'll draw straws for who goes first.

Oh, you go, Amelia!

You worked hardest!







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.

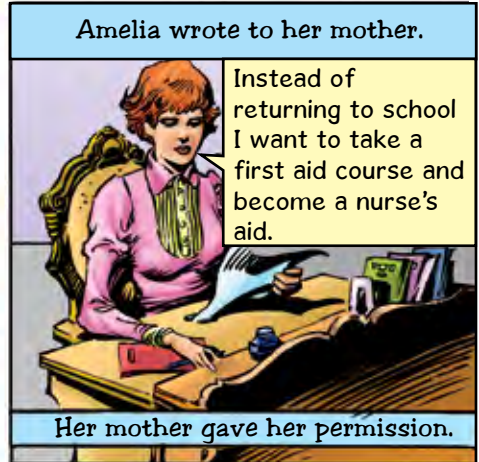
And there're real ponies over there. Can we ride ponies?

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

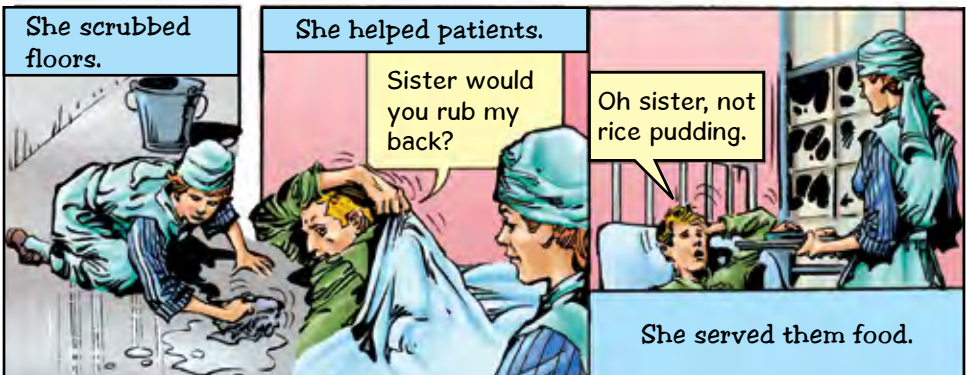
At last, he got the girls to the flying field.

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.



She worked at Spadina Military Hospital from seven in the morning until seven in the evening.





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



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

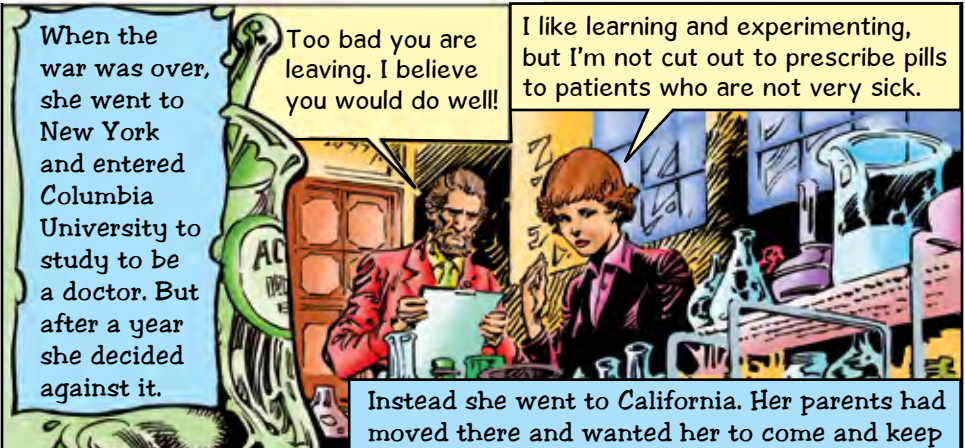


I am really sorry, but there are strict rules against it.



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!



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.

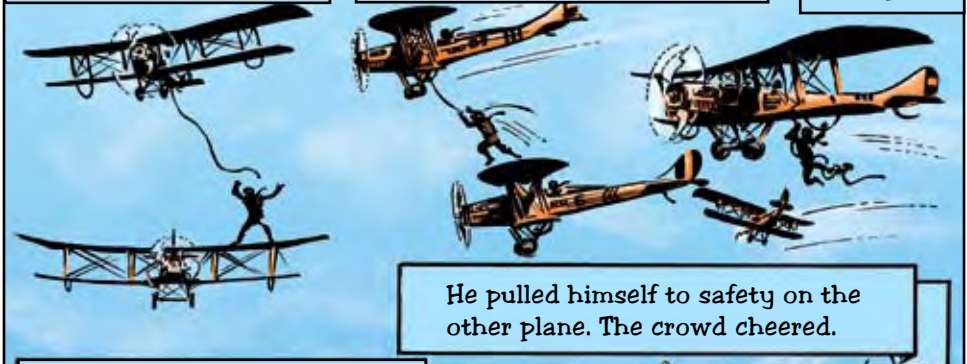


Another plane flew over, a rope hung from it.

The man reached for the rope—and missed!

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

Then, hand over hand he climbed the rope.



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.



A thousand dollars! But at least maybe I could go up for a ride?

Of course! If you have the courage, I'll arrange it.



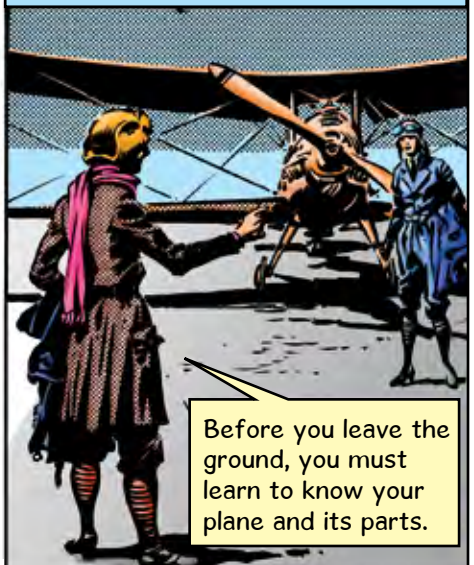
The pilot for her first flight was Frank Hawks. Later he would hold many speed records.



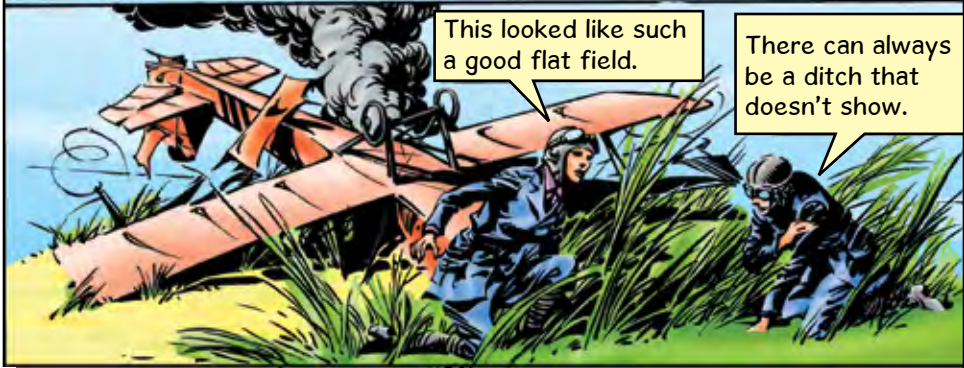
Now she knew she had to fly. To pay for it, she found a job with the telephone company.



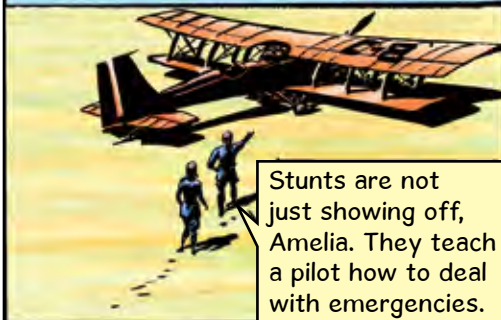
Weekends were for flying. Her instructor was Neta Snook, the first woman to graduate from the Curtiss School of Aviation.



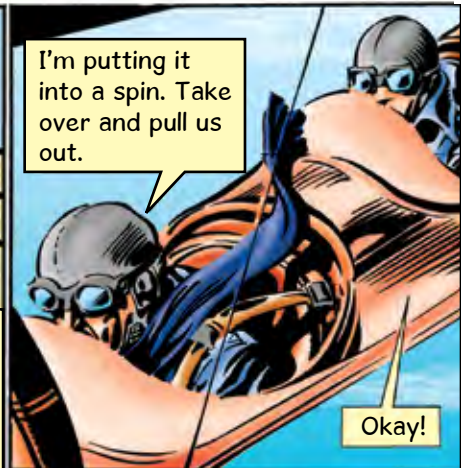
Gradually she learned to fly, sometimes the hard way. In an emergency landing, the plane flipped over.



She had advanced lessons from John Mantijo, an ex-army instructor.



I'm putting it into a spin. Take over and pull us out.



At last the great day came when she could fly solo. Alone she taxied down the field and into the air.





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.

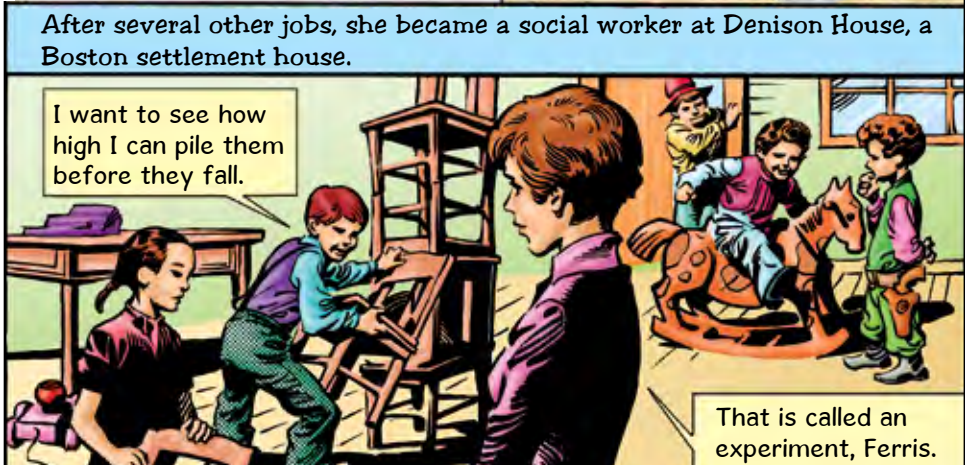
It's my sister!



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

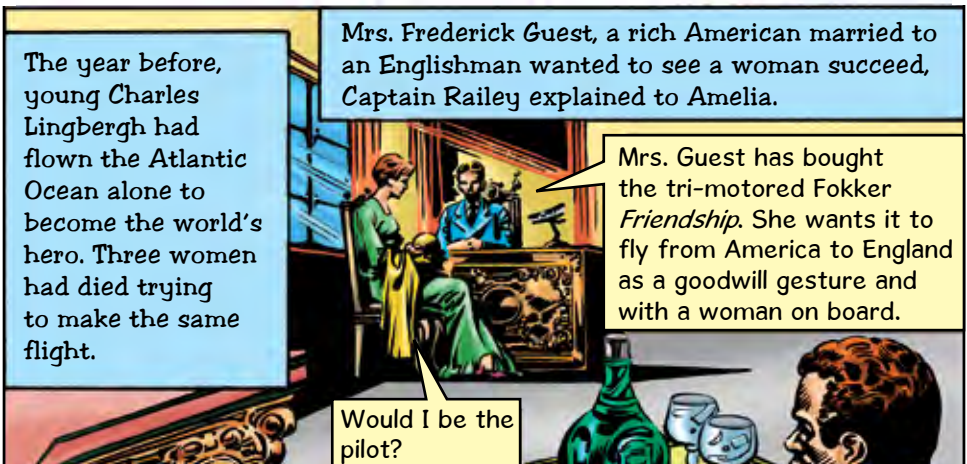
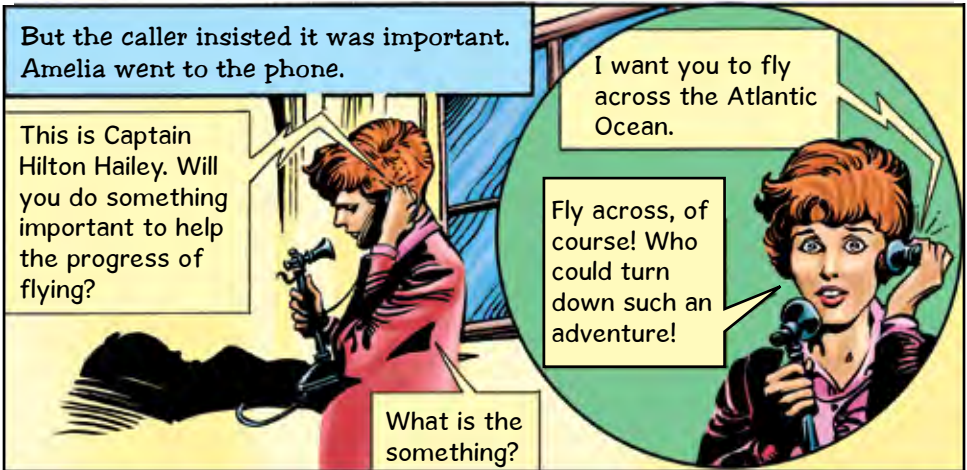
She'll never do it with only a three cylinder, sixty horse-power engine!





\* a recording barometer; automatically records on paper the variations in atmospheric pressure





No, there will be a male pilot and mechanic. It will require instrument flying.



Yes, I see.

If you are interested, you must go to New York to meet the selection committee.



I'll go at once.

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

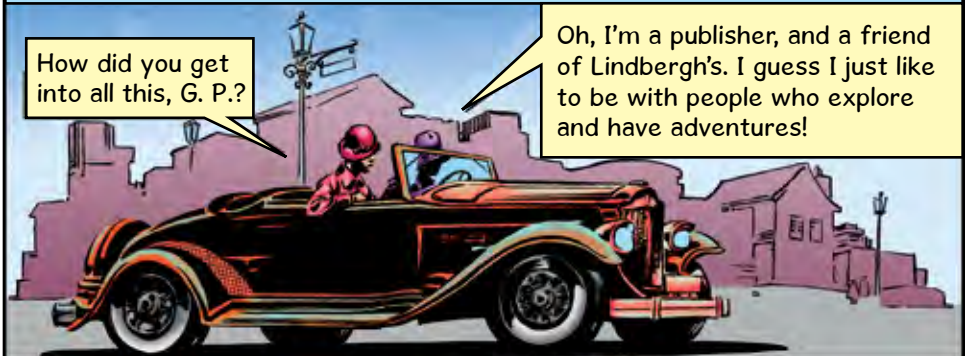
Amelia this is Bill Stultz, the pilot and Slim Gordon, the co-pilot.



And don't leave out the *Friendship*! They're fitting her with pontoons for landing on water.

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.

How did you get into all this, G. P.?



Oh, I'm a publisher, and a friend of Lindbergh's. I guess I just like to be with people who explore and have adventures!



On June 3, they flew as far as Newfoundland. Another two weeks wait there. Then on June 17, 1928, at 11 a.m., they were up, up and away.

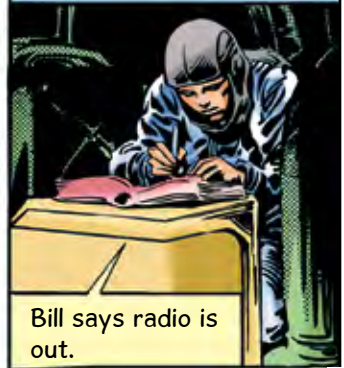


In another twenty-four hours, would they be heroes? Or would they be dead?

They ran into a storm, bucking headwinds, and heavy rain.



Amelia kept the log book.



Bill says radio is out.

They flew all day and into the night. Were they on course?

Wish we could use the radio to check. Where are we?

We better be getting somewhere!



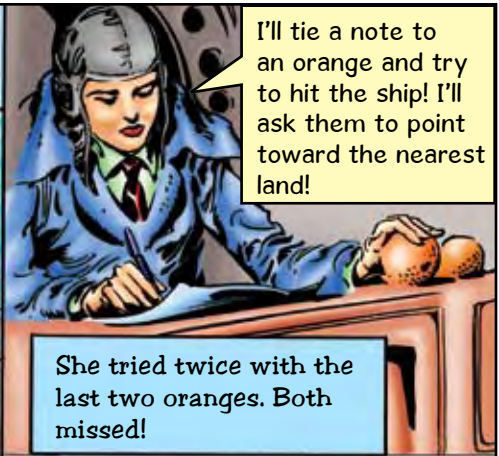
The port motor's coughing. I'll dive to try to clear it. Hold on Amelia!



At 3,000 feet they came out of fog and darkness into dawn light. There was a ship below.



I'll tie a note to an orange and try to hit the ship! I'll ask them to point toward the nearest land!



She tried twice with the last two oranges. Both missed!

By dead reckoning we should see land by now. We have enough gas left for only one hour. Do we land near the ship, or go on?



They went on. Soon there were small boats below.

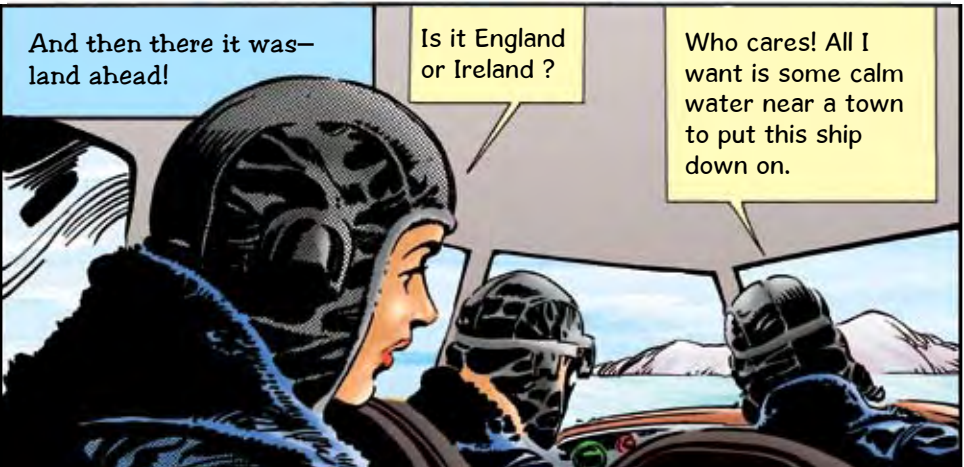


Fishing boats. The coast must be near, but which way?

And then there it was—land ahead!

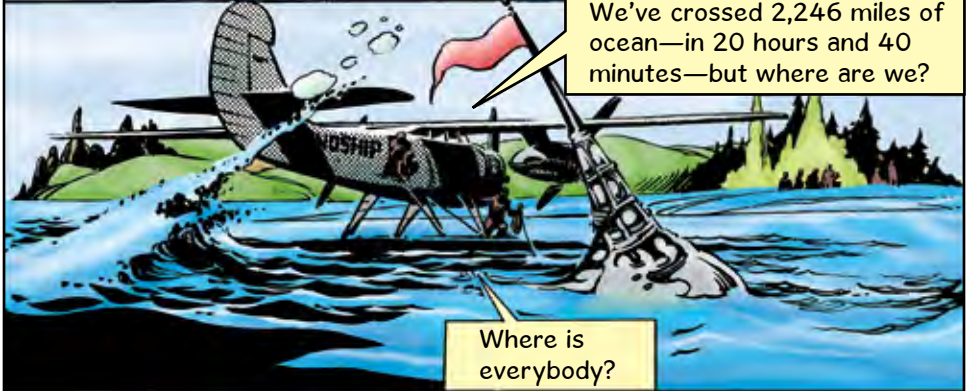
Is it England or Ireland?

Who cares! All I want is some calm water near a town to put this ship down on.





Bill made a perfect landing. Slim tied the plane to a channel buoy. Amelia waved to a man on shore.



After a while local policemen appeared.



We've just flown over from America. Where are we?

America? Welcome to Burry Port, Wales!

Soon they were made welcome on shore.

There's a great crowd of people waiting to see you, Miss.

Not me. I didn't do anything. It's Bill and Slim who deserve the credit!

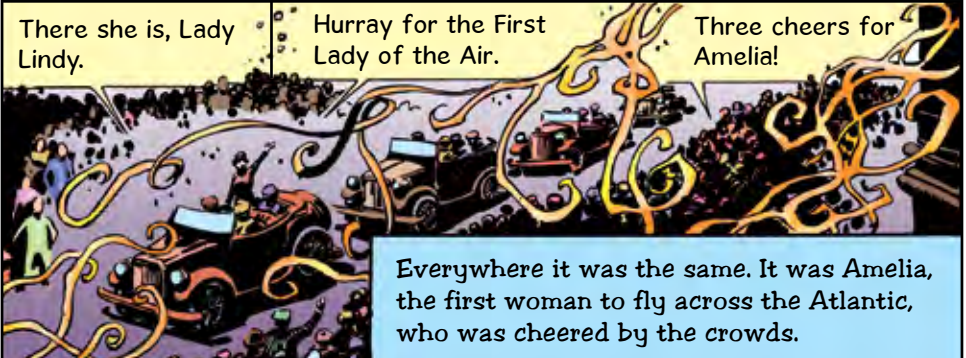


The news flashed around the world. For two weeks they were entertained and honored in England, then home, to a ticker-tape parade in New York City.

There she is, Lady Lindy.

Hurray for the First Lady of the Air.

Three cheers for Amelia!

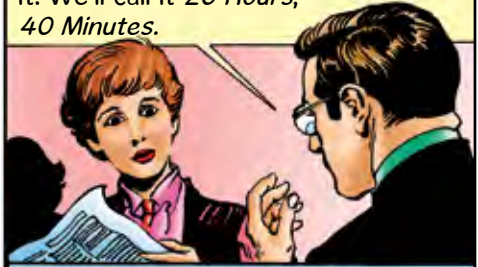


It made Amelia unhappy. She talked with George Putnam, now her adviser and manager.

I don't deserve the praise! I'll never feel happy until I do fly the Atlantic myself and alone.



But for now you must write a book about the *Friendship* flight. I'll publish it. We'll call it *20 Hours, 40 Minutes*.



The book was finished in a few weeks. Then she returned to flying.

She had bought a small plane in England. Now she would fly to the Pacific Coast in it.

It will be a series of short hops. I will stop at night to sleep and refuel.

It will be the first time a woman has flown across the U.S.



From the air one small town looked like another. There were no signs and few airports. One night when her gas running low, she landed on the main street of Hobbs, New Mexico.



But she reached California and flew home again with no serious mishaps.



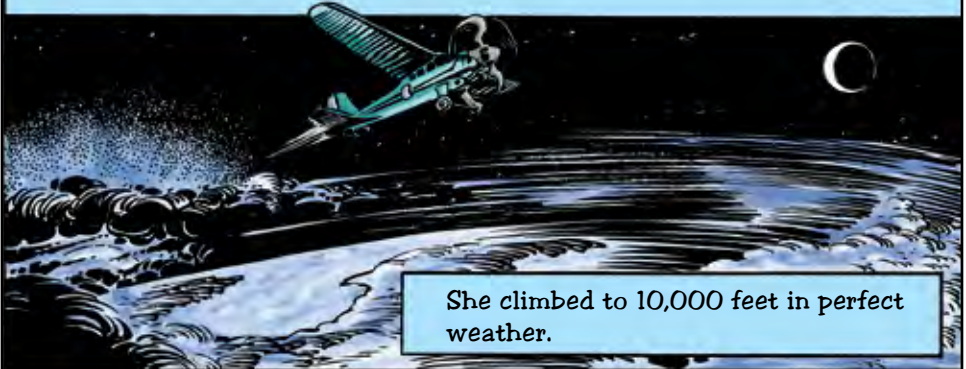
She flew in the first Women's Air Derby, wrote articles on aviation, became an official of an airline, gave many lectures, and in 1931 married George Putnam.

It was no ordinary marriage.

But I must be free to do my work and continue to fly. And you must promise to let me go in a year if we are not happy.

I promise. And instead of interfering with your career, I'll promote it!

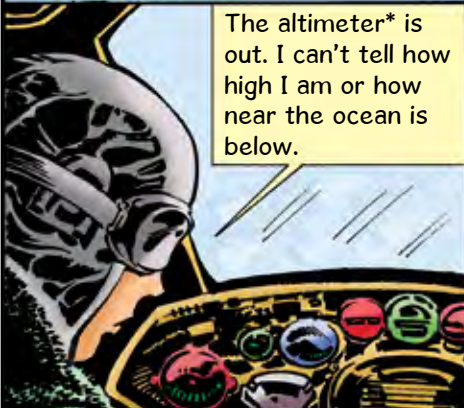
She kept working on her flying skills. She never forgot her intentions to fly the Atlantic alone. At last, about 7 p.m. on May 20, 1932, she took off from Newfoundland in her single-engined Vega.



She climbed to 10,000 feet in perfect weather.

Suddenly things went wrong.

The altimeter\* is out. I can't tell how high I am or how near the ocean is below.



All at once she was in heavy storm clouds.



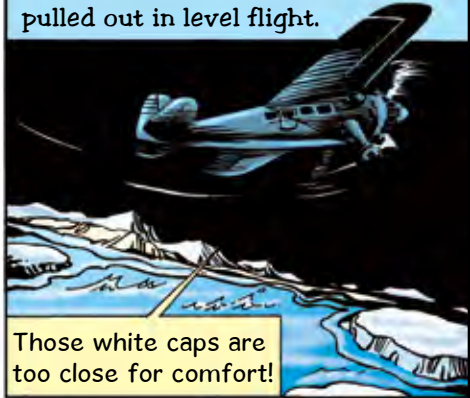
I'll try to climb above it. But too high, and the plane will ice up.

\* an instrument for measuring altitude

Ice formed on the wings. Out of control, the plane went into a spin.



It dived 3,000 feet. The ice melted in the warm lower air, and Amelia pulled out in level flight.



Those white caps are too close for comfort!

Flames shot out of a crack in the exhaust manifold. She pressed on hoping it would hold together. Dawn came and she saw land ahead, mountains and thunderclouds and a railway line.



Perhaps the railroad will lead me to a city with an airport.

Instead she found a meadow where she made a smooth landing. She had flown from America to Londonderry, Ireland, in fifteen hours, eighteen minutes.



Hello, I've come from America.

Have you now.

At last she had piloted a plane across the Atlantic alone, the first woman to do it. She was a true American heroine.



In London, the King sent his praise, and she danced with the Prince of Wales.

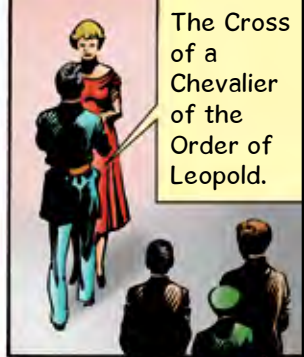


In Paris, they gave her a medal.



The Cross of the Legion of Honor, Madame!

The King of Belgium gave her another medal.



Back in America, she was entertained at the White House. And in Constitution Hall, President Hoover gave her the gold medal of the National Geographic Society.

We place her in spirit with the great pioneering women of whom every generation of Americans have looked up to.

The appreciation for the deed is out of proportion to the deed itself!



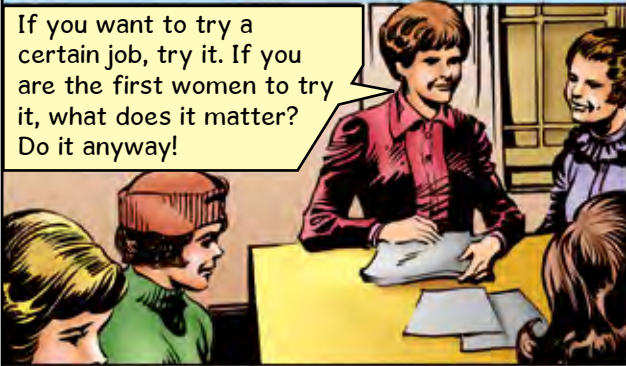
Then Amelia flew across the Pacific from Honolulu to California, the first man or woman to do so. She was the first to solo from Los Angeles to Mexico City, and from Mexico City to Newark.

At the Newark airport, she and her plane were almost mobbed by the crowd.



In 1935 she went to teach at Purdue University. She met with the female students for informal talks.

If you want to try a certain job, try it. If you are the first women to try it, what does it matter? Do it anyway!



The University raised money in a special Amelia Earhart Fund.

There is \$50,000 to buy you a new airplane, a flying laboratory.



Amelia picked a new twin engined Lockheed Electra. It had the most modern instruments. It was the largest, safest plane she had ever owned.

G.P., I want to fly around the world in it! At the equator, the longest route, the one no one has done before.

If that's what you want, I'll do all I can to help.



While Amelia studied flight charts, George arranged to have gasoline and spare parts at the far-away places where she would need them.

In March, she and her navigator Fred Noonan, flew to Hawaii. On the take-off from there, something went wrong. There was a crash.

Are you all right?



I'm all right—and I'll try again.



As soon as the plane was repaired on June 1, 1937, Amelia and Fred took off again. This time they would go the other way, flying east.



Down the coast to South America ...



Across the Atlantic to South Africa ...

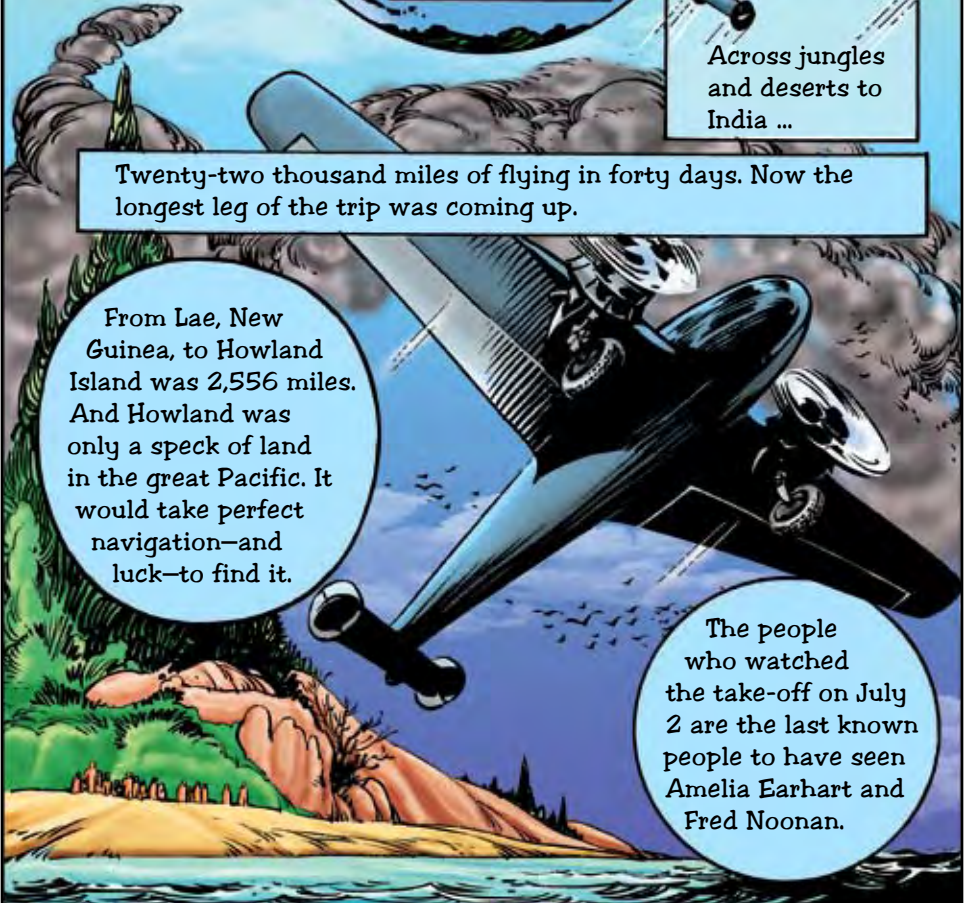


Across jungles and deserts to India ...

Twenty-two thousand miles of flying in forty days. Now the longest leg of the trip was coming up.

From Lae, New Guinea, to Howland Island was 2,556 miles. And Howland was only a speck of land in the great Pacific. It would take perfect navigation—and luck—to find it.

The people who watched the take-off on July 2 are the last known people to have seen Amelia Earhart and Fred Noonan.



The Coast Guard cutter *Itaska* was stationed at Howland to guide Amelia. All night it signaled.

*Itaska* from Earhart, about 100 miles out, please take a bearing on us and report.

Earhart from *Itaska*, we are transmitting signal constantly, please come in.

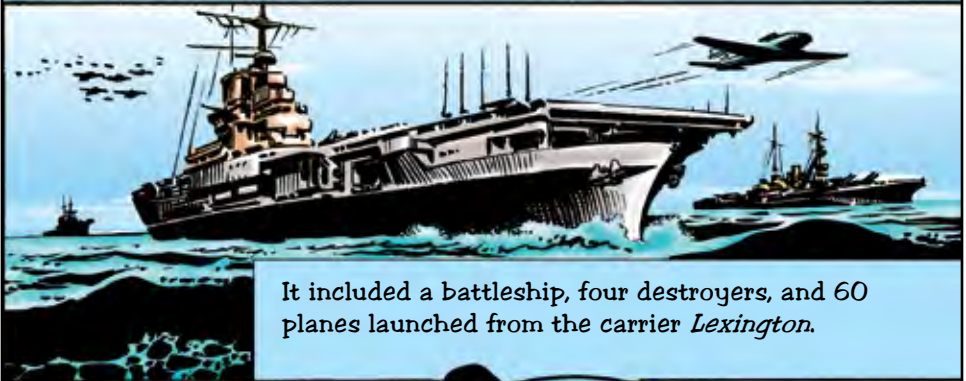


But Amelia's radio was not receiving the *Itaska's* signals. Daylight came ... and a final message.

Cannot see you. Gas is running low, unable to reach you by radio.



At 10 a.m. when her plane would have run out of gas, the United States Navy started the largest sea search in history.



It included a battleship, four destroyers, and 60 planes launched from the carrier *Lexington*.

No trace of the *Electra* or its crew was ever found. But people could not believe that Amelia Earhart was dead.



The details of her death were never known and are not important. The thirty-nine years of Amelia Earhart's life proved what one woman could achieve.

**THE  
END**





## — TITLES IN THIS SERIES —

The Beatles  
Alexander Graham Bell  
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Amelia Earhart  
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Albert Einstein  
Benjamin Franklin  
Houdini  
Thomas Jefferson  
Martin Luther King Jr.  
Abraham Lincoln  
Charles Lindbergh  
Elvis Presley  
Jackie Robinson  
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