



Charles Lindbergh photographed in Germany after arriving in a Junkers Ju 52. Woke forces managed to change the name of the Lindbergh Terminal at Minneapolis-Saint Paul International Airport to Terminal 1 (for decades, the airport was known as Wold-Chamberlin Field in honor of Ernest Wold and Cyrus Chamberlain — two American flyers killed in the Great War. Politicians eventually decided the name was “dated” and “detracting from business potential”). Officially, it is Terminal 1-Lindbergh. The other terminal is named Terminal 2-Humphrey, named for that great American and Minnesotan... Hubert, who? It seemed opposition came from the fact that Lindbergh visited Germany numerous times and met with Nazi officials. There are those that state he may have been on a secret fact-finding mission to observe the new and growing *Luftwaffe*. The wokes objected that Lindbergh was awarded a medal by Nazi Germany. Every nation he visited awarded him medals and honors. The wokes state he was anti-semitic. He probably was. So was Henry Ford from the same time period. We haven't seen them wanting to change that name. However, the wokes are still rankled by the fact that the building is officially Terminal 1-Lindbergh and are currently attempting to get rid of that name completely. Their recommendation? Another great Minnesotan — the singer Prince.

LINDBERGH: COMBAT ACE?

THE FAMED LONE EAGLE SAW WWII AERIAL COMBAT AS A CIVILIAN.
SOME CONSPIRACY THEORISTS ALSO CLAIM HE BECAME ACE
WHILE FLYING AGAINST THE RULES OF WAR

During 1927, Charles A. Lindbergh became the toast of the world. The young champion of the skies had crossed the Atlantic by himself to the wonder and amazement of everyone. His character and reputation were untarnished. His marriage to Anne Morrow was the story of fairy tales and his goodwill jaunts around the world solidified expectations of the knight of the sky conquering every possible challenge. He would forge the miracle of aviation for the common man.

But then there was the abduction and death of their young son. The crime of the century. The recluse, avoiding contact with any reporters. Abandoning and moving out of the country. Strange stories of Lindbergh possibly conducting medical research on a child. The world erupting into another world war. Promoter of Isolationism.

Distrust of the President. Renouncing his military commission. Idolizer of Nazi Germany. Receiving a medal from Hitler, the Service Cross of the German Eagle. Skeptics around every corner. Admiration was lost, or were we all just fooled?

When America finally entered WWII, Lindbergh wanted redemption, but at the age of 40 he was no longer a young man that could re-enlist as a pilot to recapture that once shiny star. However, he could be an advisor to aviation manufacturers to improve their airplanes and production processes. That was a start, but there is no romance in a production line and there is no grit of personal resolve or mastery of the air found on the ground. Hundreds of hours of factory flight tests in Republic P-47 Thunderbolts and Ford-built Consolidated B-24 Liberators proved that he could still fly. Perhaps if he was a technical advisor in the field, he would be much closer to the action and he could at least taste from the cup of redemption.

By 1943, Lindbergh moved on to United Aircraft Corporation to assist them in improving the rate of production of F4U Corsairs for the US Navy and Marine Corps. Improving production efficiencies naturally led to combining duties as aeronautical engineer, test pilot, and instructor. To learn everything about the Corsair, Lindbergh rationalized that he must know how combat pilots could best use them. To know that, Lindbergh would have to know aerial combat.

United executives concurred and sent him to the Pacific as a technical representative, a civilian authorized to study the Corsair under combat conditions. Lindbergh felt that the only way to study a plane's performance in combat was to fly the plane in combat. To hide his real intent, Lindbergh felt that if he could bounce from base to base, squadron to squadron, he could spread the blame

among several commanders and obscure any official authorization. He would make sure that he was conveniently available when a mission was to be flown and an airplane was available for his use to conduct a few tests on the aircraft.

In May, Lindbergh bounced to Marine Corsair squadron VMF-223 on Green Island, some 200 miles east of New Guinea, where some of the hottest battles were being fought as Allied forces pushed their way toward Tokyo. He watched the squadron's pilots scrambled to their Corsairs, takeoff, and head for Rabaul — the Japanese stronghold on the island of New Britain. The Corsairs were flying cover for a B-25 raid, which was only one part of a multi-layered assault on Rabaul. One Corsair remained on the airfield. This would be Lindbergh's first combat mission on 22 May 1943. His Corsair carried 1600 rounds of ammunition.

As the first wave of Grumman TBF Avenger bombers descended on the targets at Rabaul, the sky came alive with *flak* bursts. Lindbergh's radio was vibrating with reports of the ensuing battle. As soon as the battle started, it was over. Lindbergh had not fired a shot.

The command came to clear the Corsairs' ammunition on a secondary objective — strafing. Lindbergh dove down. Fingering the trigger, he could see his tracers splatter the entire length of the roof of an oblong barracks-type building. There was no movement on the ground. He pulled back on the stick and banked toward the sea to gain altitude.

On their flight back, the Corsair squadron passed the island of the Duke of York in the channel between New Britain and New Ireland where there was a Japanese landing strip and potentially troops in the area. As the Corsairs dove down to strafe the airstrip and the surrounding huts, Lindbergh fired and flew through the debris. Upon returning to Green Island, the commanding officer was concerned that Lindbergh was to only be an observing technician and to not fire his guns. One of the other pilots in the squadron suggested that it was only target practice. Lindbergh had a newfound liking for those Marine pilots and he participated in numerous additional reconnaissance and strafing missions.

Flying the Corsair was great, but Lindbergh also advanced the technical



Lindbergh heads out for a flight in a VF-24 F4U-1 from Roi-Namur in the Marshall Islands.

capabilities of the aircraft. While on Roi Island, Lindbergh observed that the Corsairs were loaded with only a single 1000-pound bomb where the belly tank was usually hung. The crews stated that with a full load of machine gun ammunition, the aircraft were at their gross weight limit. Lindbergh knew better — he had flown the fully laden *Spirit of St. Louis* that was severely over its gross weight off the muddy strip in New York to reach Paris in 1927.

Lindbergh loaded up and took off in a Corsair with three 1000-pound bombs — first to show that it was possible. Then he did the unthinkable, after reinforcing the bomb racks, he loaded 4000 pounds of bombs. His takeoff run used the entire length of the airstrip, but he got the Corsair off the ground. He proceeded to fly through bad weather over to Wotje Island to drop the bombs on Japanese naval gun installations.

In June 1944, Lindbergh had made his way to the US Army Air Force airstrip in Dutch New Guinea. He was there to advise pilots in the 475th Fighter Group, 5th Air Force, who flew the Lockheed P-38 Lightning. Upon his arrival, Lindbergh informed commanding officer, Col. Charles MacDonald (who had 27 kills by the war's end, the third highest in the 5th AF), that he would like to learn about combat operations in the P-38. Lindbergh told MacDonald he was a representative of United and that they were considering a multi-engine fighter of their own design and would like to compare range, fire-



Charles Lindbergh with a fellow Corsair pilot.

power, and general flight characteristics against their Corsairs. MacDonald was dumbfounded... the Charles Lindbergh? But surely, Lindbergh did not have any combat credentials to be a combat pilot?

MacDonald finally recognized that he was among greatness as they discussed the facts, figures and flight characteristics of the P-38. Finally, MacDonald concluded "If you really want to know what we can do, the best way to find out is to fly with us on some missions." Lindbergh was back in the air with the hottest fighter plane in the Pacific.

The next day Lindbergh was flying in a four-ship reconnaissance flight to Jefman