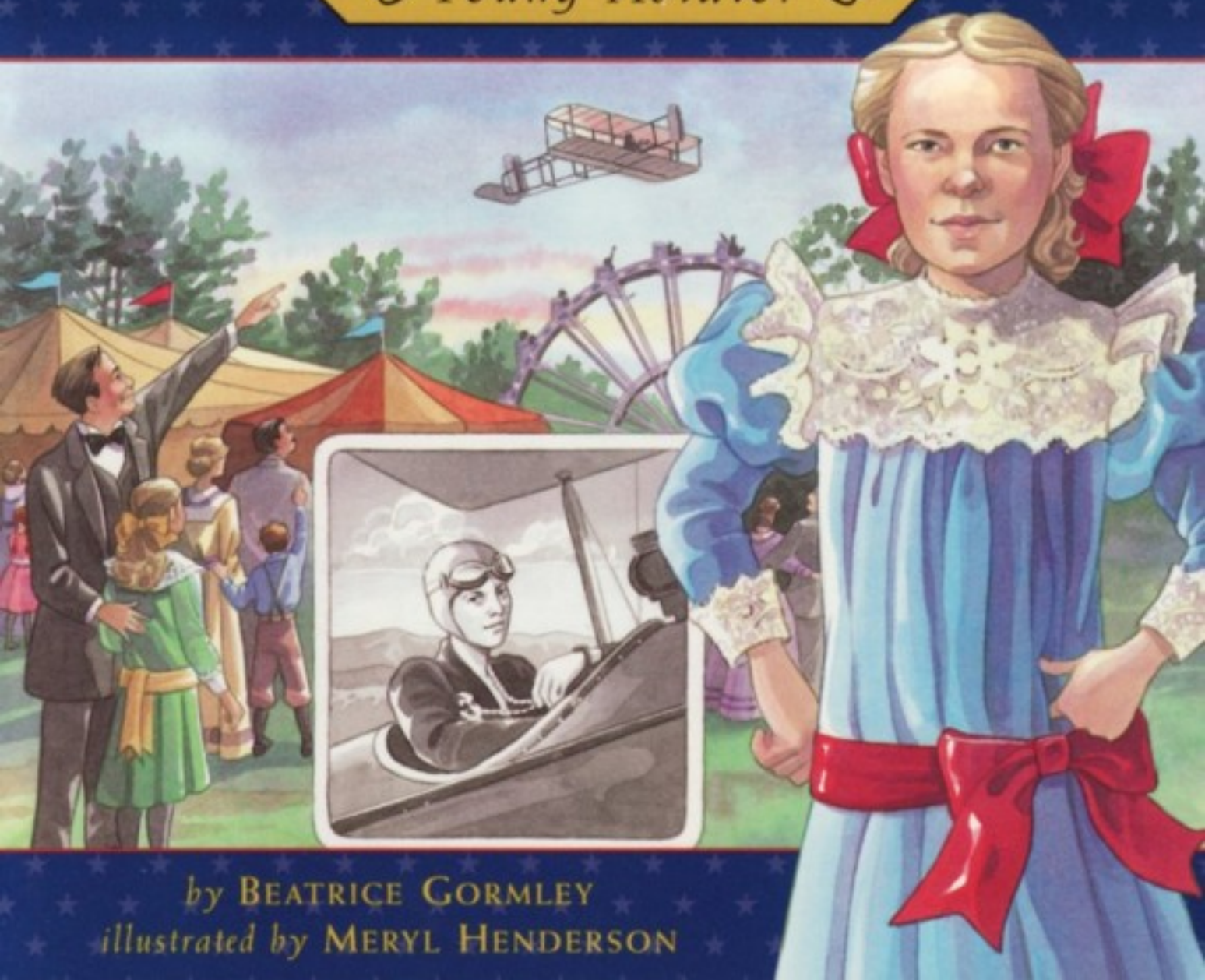


Childhood of Famous Americans



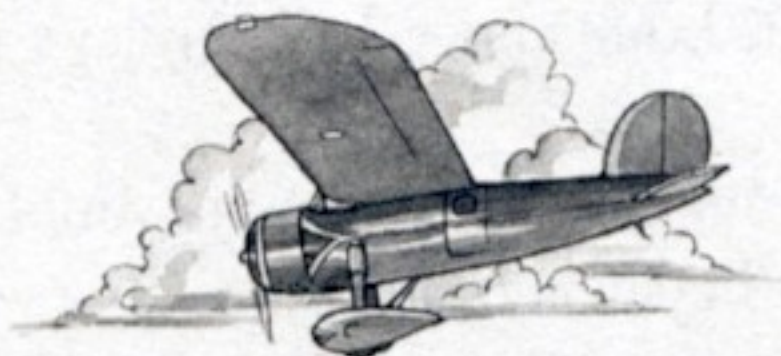
# AMELIA EARHART

Young Aviator



by BEATRICE GORMLEY  
illustrated by MERYL HENDERSON

# Up in the Sky



One morning in the late spring of 1904, a girl with long blond braids leaned out the window of a train in the Kansas City railroad station.

“All aboard!” shouted the conductor from the platform. The last passengers hurried to climb into the cars. Porters in uniforms boosted the last trunks into the baggage car.

“We’re already aboard,” called seven-year-old Millie Earhart. The yellow bows on the ends of her braids brushed the side of the railroad car. “We’re going to the World’s Fair in St. Louis!”

Millie often rode the train from Kansas City, where the Earharts lived, to Grandma's house in Atchison. But that was just a short trip of an hour and a half. Today's trip was special.

The train ride to St. Louis would take all day, and they would stay there for a week. On their trips from Kansas City to Atchison, the Earharts always sat on hard wooden seats. But the seats in their Pullman car on this train were as soft and comfortable as the armchairs in the library at Grandma's house.

Millie (Amelia) sat next to her father, Edwin Earhart. In the two facing seats sat her mother, Amy Earhart, a pretty, slender woman, and Millie's younger sister, Pidge (Muriel). Like Millie, Pidge had big bows—green ones—on her braids. The girls both wore ruffled dresses of dotted swiss, long black stockings, and high-button shoes.

Unpinning her hat with the wide upturned brim, Mrs. Earhart handed it to her husband.

“Thank you, Edwin.” Her delicate-featured face was beaming.

Smiling back with a little bow, Mr. Earhart put her hat and his own jaunty straw boater in the overhead rack. His wife pulled off her gloves, patted her upswept shiny brown hair, and settled the long skirts of her traveling dress.

“Meet me in St. Louie, Amy,” Mr. Earhart sang to his wife. He was handsome, his dark straight hair slicked down with pomade. He wore a light summer suit and a silver watch chain across his vest.

“Dad,” said Pidge seriously, “*Amy* doesn’t rhyme with *Louie*.” Silly four-and-a-half-year-old Pidge! Millie grinned at her father, and he winked back. Dad knew that Millie knew he was having fun with a popular song, “Meet Me in St. Louis, Louis.”

Just for a moment, Millie wondered why Grandma didn’t think this trip was a good idea. The day before yesterday, Mother had