

WHISTLED LIKE A BIRD

*The Untold Story of
Dorothy Putnam,
George Putnam,
and Amelia Earhart*



SALLY PUTNAM CHAPMAN

WITH STEPHANIE MANSFIELD

Copyright

Grateful acknowledgment is given for permission to reprint the following:

Lyric excerpts of “Blue Skies” by Irving Berlin on [page 66](#) © Copyright 1927 by Irving Berlin. © Copyright Renewed. International Copyright Secured. Used by Permission. All Rights Reserved.

Poems “To Dorothy” and “A House in a Hammock” from *Floridays* by Don Blanding, published by Florida Classics Library. Copyright 1941 by Don Blanding. Copyright Renewed 1969 by Security-Fin National Bank. All Rights Reserved. Used with permission of Florida Classics Library.

Photograph of Amelia Earhart at the Double Dee ranch from Jim Dunrud. Used with permission.

1940 photograph of Junie, Dorothy, and David at Immokolee and 1944 photograph of George Weymouth owned by George Weymouth. Used with permission of the owner’s sister, Barbara McCallister.

Copyright © 1997 by Sally Putnam Chapman
All rights reserved.

Warner Books, Inc.
Hachette Book Group
237 Park Avenue
New York, NY 10017

Visit our website at www.HachetteBookGroup.com

First eBook Edition: September 2009

ISBN: 978-0-7595-2497-2

This book is dedicated to the memory
of my parents, Nilla and David Putnam,
and my sister, Binney.

And to my husband,
Jack

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

As long as I can remember I have wanted to write this book, but often questioned whether I, a nonprofessional writer, could overcome the difficulties long enough to complete the task on my own. In the beginning I considered hiring a collaborator to assist me, but ultimately I realized that no one else could write my grandmother's story but me; so after two years I finished my book. But writing this story was only the beginning. Many talented people have been involved in its creation, and I can honestly say that the privilege of making these new friends has been my greatest reward.

Ben Forkner, my friend and scholar from Angiers, France, offered his editorial eye during the first draft. Shrinking the Atlantic Ocean was a bear at times, but we managed it. Thank you, Ben. I share the smooth and tight finished product with Stephanie Mansfield. For several months we pruned and reshaped my manuscript. It wasn't always easy cutting words and changing style, but Stephanie is a skilled professional and I am grateful for her editing.

Acknowledging a ghost is a helpless endeavor, but I want to thank my grandmother Dorothy Binney Palmer. Though her spirit is all that remains, she continues to live through her diaries. Four months after her death in 1982 I ventured into Tibet, where the first few lines of this book were written. Though I was still grieving, the mystical setting at the top of the world inspired me to begin this memoir.

Larry Kirshbaum of Warner Books first read my proposal and listened to my story two years ago. It was Larry's infectious enthusiasm that launched me headlong into the greatest challenge of my life. His guidance and brilliant attention to structure and clarity led me to the conclusion of *Whistled Like a Bird*. I could not have survived this wild adventure without him. Also to Mari C. Okuda at Warner Books, my deep appreciation for her compassion and able assistance. Not only is she an artist, but a sensitive and bold professional. To Ann Adelman, who copyedited my manuscript, thank you. Her astute discoveries were the finishing touches my story needed.

A few friends read the manuscript in progress and made helpful comments. Most notably, Anne Wilder, a writing legend in her own time. Her guidance and support from the first chapter forward were priceless. Also my love and gratitude to Olive and Pete Peterson. Their biased but fresh comments nudged me back on course from time to time. To Elaine Harrison and Bob Rodman, my very special flying friends, thanks for taking the time to read and comment on my early efforts. To Laura Evans, tentmate, soulmate, and inspiration; she has been with me over the long haul, and knows from experience the trials of writing a book. I am grateful for her empathy and friendship. A warm thanks to Kathy Weymouth without whom I would never have had the pleasure of meeting the wonderful Weymouth family. Her kindness has touched me deeply.

Since 1976, when I first began to research my family's history, a number of people contributed their knowledge through interviews and letters. Their decisive quotes have enriched the narrative. Others associated with my family over the years have opened doors and their hearts to my ambitious undertaking. I am indebted to them for their willingness to share: Janet Baldwin, George G. Barnard, Sheldon Bart, Nancy Bignell, Jerry Coe, Allen Dennison, Jim and Joan Dunrud, Tom duPont, Frank Fee, Patti Hobbs, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Holley, Jerome Lawrence, Robert Lee, Anne M. Lindbergh, Charles S. Lovell, Mary S. Lovell, Barbara McCallister, Muriel E. Morrissey, Claudia M. Oaks, Whitney O'Keeffe, Eric Paisley, Charles Palmer, John A. Pope, Patsy Raudenbush, George Rieveschl

Jr., Lee Rodgers, Arthur O. Sulzberger, Jr., Louise M. Thaden, Bradford Washburn, Theodore M. Wassmer, Fay Gillis Wells, and Joan and Dean Young.

Closer to home, my thanks to Sherlock and to my assistant, Lyn Lane, who cheerfully took the many handwritten drafts and made them a home inside my computer. In addition, at Immokolee there are two special people whose responsibilities have quadrupled in order to take up my slack; Ralph and Mary Jane Paul. In the midst of chaos, they made peace and comfort. I am grateful for their tireless help and devotion.

My extended Putnam family blessed me with information. To my brothers, David (the real writer in the family) and Doug Putnam, and to my sister-in-law Jan, they all know the story too well. Doug's clippings, letters, photos, and more recently, diaries, are a golden thread that bind this book. Sadly, Mom and Dad are not here to read this labor of love, but their lifetime of patience and guidance shared in the birth of *Whistled Like a Bird*. Nor is my sister, Binney, here today, but her unsurpassed encouragement became the foundation from which my story grew. Thank you for the little silver fish Binney. To Nilla Childs, Jane Portman, Dolly Dudley, and Sally Thompson, Binney's darling daughters, my love and respect.

To Uncle George and Marie Putnam, their incomparable firsthand recollections helped me paint an accurate portrait: my sincere gratitude. To Cynthia Putnam Trefelner, my appreciation for sharing the missing pieces of our grandmother's life and the collection of family photographs. Her encouragement and Immokolee's first gift of daisies will long be remembered. To my cousin and dear friend Tad Girdler, it was like old times again, thank you for the memories.

And last but not least, I owe my deepest gratitude to Margaret "Peg" Lewis, my grandfather George Palmer Putnam's widow. Her tireless energy and dedication to my story plus her sharp memory and wealth of facts became mine for the asking. From the bottom of my heart, Peg, I thank you. This book could not have been written without her undying assistance.

I feel as though I have been seeking answers forever. During the long journey, I have been supported by my family. Most of the time my dedication to *Whistled Like a Bird* has left little of me to give back to them. Their patience and never-ending love forgave my long absences and enabled me to complete this book. John and Alex; David, Phoebe, Alexa, and Christina; Steve, Liz, Steven, William, and Maggie: I love you all.

Lastly, to my partner and husband, Jack. For years he watched me curled with Dofry's diaries, sometimes laughing, other times making notes; and many times he left me alone to cry, but he was always there. For two years Jack was "Mr. Mom," and rarely enjoyed a homecooked meal. He held our family together and became my secretary and chauffeur. In all honesty, *Whistled Like a Bird* could not have flown without him.

—Sally Putnam Chapman

Contents

[Copyright](#)

[ACKNOWLEDGMENTS](#)

[INTRODUCTION](#)

[PART ONE 1888–1927](#)

[1 FRIENDS](#)

[2 A PRELUDE TO DOROTHY](#)

[3 TROUBLED WATERS](#)

[PART TWO 1927–1928](#)

[4 THE PUBLISHER’S WIFE](#)

[5 A SPIRIT OF ADVENTURING](#)

[6 THE TUTOR](#)

[PART THREE 1928–1929](#)

[7 THE FLYER](#)

[8 THE FRIENDSHIP](#)

[9 G.W. AND A.E.](#)

[10 “LIGHT LOVE”](#)

[11 DEAD RECKONING](#)

[12 A CONGRESSIONAL HERO](#)

[13 THE PASSENGER](#)

[PART FOUR 1930–1982](#)

[14 AN ORANGE GROVE FOR A GARDEN](#)

[15 AMELIA AND GEORGE PUTNAM](#)

[16 TORN OUT PAGES](#)

[17 NILLA'S DREAM](#)

[18 TRANSITIONS](#)

[19 ONCE MORE FOR LOVE](#)

[20 THE LEGACY](#)

[MEMORANDA](#)

[BIBLIOGRAPHY AND ADDITIONAL SOURCES](#)

INTRODUCTION

I have waited twenty years to write this story.

My grandmother Dorothy Binney Putnam's life had always seemed so ideal, without pain or hardship—I thought.

All of that changed, however, when—at the age of eighty-two—she entrusted me with her private diaries, ten 3 by 5 leather-bound books, spanning the years 1907–61. “These are for you, Sally,” she told me. “You have always wanted the family history, and my place in it. I believe you are ready for them, dear.” Fighting back a rush of tears, I lowered my head and felt her hand against my face. “Yes, dear, you may use these diaries in your book.” The yellowed pages revealed a strong, cursive script, even though the indigo ink was often smudged, bleeding through to the other side. Amid her words, I discovered four-leaf clovers, notes, and faded photographs. It was a treasure trove of intimate memories and observations, which has become the heartbeat of *Whistled Like a Bird*. Excerpts from the diaries appear in italics throughout the text.

Simply put, she was the most remarkable person I have ever known.

The journals—complete with her own secret codes, which I later deciphered—began while she was a college student and detailed her private reflections, including the time of her highly visible marriage to America's most powerful publisher, George Palmer Putnam; her friendship with the world's most celebrated heroine, Amelia Mary Earhart; and her passionate love affair with a younger man, which ultimately gave her the strength to end her troubled sixteen-year marriage. In questioning her marital commitment, she wrote: “*Love—Why is it there are so many men who consider love outside the bonds of matrimony the privilege of the male only? There are so many.*” However, while the world was aware of George and Amelia, my grandmother led a deeply private life.

Her thoughts remained within her heart and her diary. Few outsiders realized that in the midst of the record-breaking events achieved by Amelia Earhart, there had developed a poignant love story between Dorothy and George Wey-mouth, a student at Yale University who was nineteen years younger.

At the same time, Amelia Earhart and my grandfather George Putnam had fallen in love, and “Dofry”—the nickname we called our grandmother—chose not to fight for her husband.

Years before Dofry was willing to share the truth with the world, she wrote a brief note to me, saying: “I refused to be the workhorse in the background any longer, and besides, there was another woman in the background. A.E.”

Dofry was a sensuous woman, and I remember her eyes as blue and clear as a hot Florida sky. Her figure was statuesque, her stately stride bold. But it was her words that pulled you in like a warm embrace. She had the same seductive effect on men and women alike.

She married four times and was fearless in her pursuit of passion, yet surprisingly insecure.

Fortunately for Dofry, she was a woman of means. Her father had invented the Crayola crayon, so she was not dependent on any man for her own financial security or identity.

In releasing George Putnam to Amelia Earhart, my grandmother embarked on her own flight to freedom. And while the world was showering the boyish-looking aviatrix with fame, my grandmother was equally heroic for the times. What I had never known about Dofry growing up was her fierce struggle for independence. Her pursuit of fulfillment was a risky endeavor in its own way, and an

uncelebrated flight from the home-and-garden security she had treasured.

~~As a child, I was fascinated by Amelia and her relationship with our family. She had given my father his first flying lessons and the image of Amelia the aviator was etched in my girlhood vision. I was a freckle-faced, towheaded tomboy who climbed trees rather than practiced the piano. Small wonder—it was the famous flyer who was my idol.~~

Toward the end of the war, I recall my dad buzzing our house in a B-25 bomber, waving his wings. When I reached sixteen and learned to fly, I did the same thing to him, in a small yellow Piper Cub. My flying career ended, however, when I left home for college. Before long, marriage and family replaced my wild lust for the sky. Yet still today the mystery of flight causes me to look up at the sound of a plane.

Although “Grandpa George” is portrayed by biographers as a dour, insensitive promoter, interested only in pursuing his career, I remember him as a magical storyteller, who fished with me on the Indian River and climbed to the top of my rickety treehouse. He died when I was thirteen, so I was too young to know of his feelings for my grandmother. But I know now, from reading her private diaries, how deeply he loved her and how wrenching their divorce was, despite the public perception that Amelia Earhart had stolen him away from her. This was simply not the truth. In fact, quite the opposite; Amelia gave Dofry the excuse she needed.

I decided to write this book when my grandmother was still alive. Many years before her death, we spoke openly about my intentions. We talked for hours on the open loggia, she in her hammock and I seated on a blue wooden stool. I marveled at her willingness to respond, the directness in her eyes when my questions strayed into painful territories. To Dofry, I had finally come of age and was a companion more than a granddaughter. To her, I was a woman who could empathize with her past.

It wasn't until my husband, Jack, and I bought and renovated her historic Florida home, Immokolee, that *Whistled Like a Bird* began to unfold. I can feel her presence within these walls. By entrusting me with her diaries, there was an implicit understanding that her story would be told; and the house came to life again, so did my grandparents and their dazzling array of friends and lovers.

Amelia may have inspired my dreams as a child, but it was my grandmother who led me back as an adult to Immokolee, “my home place.”

—Sally Putnam Chapman

“No bird soars too high, if he soars with his own wings.”

—WILLIAM BLAKE

PART ONE



1888-1927

Life.
— And so, on with the
voyage of our lives,
a voyage that we
make in general by
dead reckoning,
for we have scant
time to take an
altitude - - - - -



Life.

*And so, on with the voyage or our lives, a voyage
that we make in general by dead reckoning, for we
have scant time to take an altitude....*

D.B.P.



FRIENDS

I OFTEN DREAM I AM FLYING.

My grandmother must have felt she was dreaming that hot August day in 1928 when, seated behind her close friend Amelia Earhart, she rose up from the ground at Bowman Field on the wings of a small Avro Avian airplane. In one way, the two adventurers had much in common. In another, they were light-years apart. I love the one photo taken just minutes before they took to the sky, my grandmother standing confidently next to the silver biplane. She was a beautiful woman, tall and slim. On that day she was relaxed and radiant, her face lit up with the thrill of the impending flight.

Amelia was wearing goggles, as she peered down from the open cockpit. A silk scarf circled her long neck. A waif of a woman, both boyish and feminine, she was proudly waiting to share her skills with the elegant Dorothy Binney Putnam.

I can imagine the deafening roar of the plane's engine; the sensation of being pulled from the seat with each banking turn. My grandmother must have clutched the sides in anticipation, but she was a fearless woman, and like Amelia, addicted to risk.

They had met two months earlier when my grandfather George Palmer Putnam asked my grandmother to join him in Boston to await the departure of Amelia's historic flight in the *Friendship* across the Atlantic. The thirty-one-year-old flyer had soared into worldwide fame by becoming the first woman to fly the Atlantic on June 18, 1928. During the following six weeks she was a house guest at the Putnam home in Rye, where she was to write a book about her daring exploit. The first typed draft was finished just the night before her morning flight with my grandmother, making their joint airborne adventure a special celebration.

Speeding toward the airfield down an almost deserted road, they could taste the salty air wafting in from Long Island Sound. Dorothy had put the top down on her new yellow roadster before leaving home. She had been driving her own car for years, almost always a convertible, and loved the feeling of power and freedom, for she lived in a time when well-bred young women were afforded few outlets for such pleasure.

The pair of tousle-haired dreamers racing toward excitement were lively portraits of Americana. Dorothy, at the age of forty, was five foot ten, blessed with a strong, athletic figure and intelligent blue eyes. Amelia, at five nine, was more willowy. Both had cropped hair, as was the latest fashion, and were fond of loose-fitting, flowing drop-waist dresses and cloche hats.

These spirited young women were living proof of the thrill-seeking 1920s. Dorothy had flown many times before, but this would be the first time she had flown in Amelia's Avro Avian. However, that was not the only thing on her mind this glorious day.

Her high-profile marriage was beginning to unravel.

As far as she was concerned, it was hardly a passionate union, and over the past few years she and George Putnam had inexplicably drifted in opposite directions. "*Oh, for years, it's been so antagonistic. I can't imagine looking at him with longing or desire. And yet I am passionate and*

demonstrative. Why, oh why should I want another's touch and embrace!"

George Palmer Putnam—of G. P. Putnam's Sons publishing house—was acting as agent and publisher for the young flying celebrity. Dorothy sensed that George had fallen for Amelia's youthful charm and carefree good looks, a suspicion that raised a mixture of jealousy and relief. For she herself had fallen passionately in love with her son's tutor over a year ago. She and the younger man had been able to keep the affair secret, but the strain of leading a double life was beginning to wear on her.

On this day, the exhilaration of flight masked any uncertainty she felt about her future. The flight at dawn was a memorable occasion. Riding in the open cockpit with the sun's first rays warming her face, Dorothy wore a windblown grin. Peering down through airtight goggles, the two flyers studied the patchwork of farms and pastures below, passing directly over the rooftop and gardens of Dorothy Rye home, the very house where only an hour before they had shared a cup of hot chocolate.

Dorothy describes the scene in her private diary:

AUGUST 17, 1928 Took my first flight in a small plane in Amelia's "Avro Avian" her English Moth plane which Lady Heath flew from South Africa to London. A small silver darning needle, with a glinting blue back. G.P. and A.E. off canoeing for hours after their time at field. I met Larry G. [Gould, noted geologist and family friend] and went to beach for a swim, tea, etc. In p.m. after dinner, Larry read Amelia's manuscript in studio while I played the piano. She's practically done a whole book in one month—with Fitz [Fitzhugh Green, writer and assistant to George] and G.P. helping.

After landing, Dorothy and Amelia drove back to Rye, their silk scarves streaming in the wind. Amelia left the house with George to go canoeing and to discuss the finished manuscript, while Dorothy took her younger son, George Junior ("Junie"), to the beach for a picnic and an afternoon swim. They all met again later in the day and continued to discuss Amelia's book.

George Putnam was an exacting publisher, not satisfied with simply printing and releasing a book and his name had become synonymous with marketing genius. Only months before, he had published Lindbergh's *We*. The book sold over 600,000 copies and helped the lanky, handsome pilot become financially successful. George was hoping to repeat Lindy's literary success with Amelia's story.

That evening, Dorothy was exhausted, but she spent an hour at the piano playing the latest show tunes for the usual group of writers and artists who congregated at the publisher's home. Finally, she left her music and wandered off to bed. An hour later, Amelia made her way to Dorothy's bedroom.

"Dottie," Amelia whispered. "I want to dedicate my book to you."

My grandmother was half asleep and unable to show her surprise or gratitude, but months later, she recorded the scene in her diary and wondered if there might have been an underlying reason, other than friendship, for such a gesture:

"I'd like to dedicate my book to you, Dottie, if you think it's good enough, and if you don't, I won't. But I'd like to." This was a surprise, does she really want to? Or was it a sop to me because she monopolized George all summer? She's deep and silent, one phase or her life all hidden.

Dorothy lay awake for hours after Amelia left the room. It was an odd expression of insecurity on her friend's part. She worried in the dark, wondering about the relationship between Amelia and her husband. She had begun to question whether it was entirely professional. George had a reputation for turning explorers into writers and becoming intimately involved in their lives, and Amelia was no

exception.

Still, Dorothy and Amelia had formed their own bond, and my grandmother enjoyed the companionship of this celebrated young pioneer who almost overnight had become the most famous woman in the world. Both women considered themselves feminists and welcomed the chance to engage in spirited debates: about the future of women in business, politics, and especially aviation.

They had shared many experiences such as that morning's flight and were equally independent and strong-willed. Dorothy, more socially adept than Amelia, had become a mentor of sorts, and they often shopped together in nearby Stamford, with Mrs. Putnam assisting Amelia in selecting a wardrobe for her endless speaking engagements. Self-assured and self-sufficient, Dorothy was everything Amelia had aspired to.

Amelia, on the other hand, had something Dorothy envied: Independence. Amelia's image as the modern woman forced Dorothy to reassess her own unclaimed life.

AUGUST 1, 1928 *The days seem to flit by without my accomplishing anything! No practicing, no books to speak of—nothing. Am I ambitionless? Lazy?—a “waster”? Inwardly I wish to accomplish much or at least contribute something of me to what others do!—to help. Yet days pass and I seem idle, ineffective, almost useless.*



Dorothy was the product of two strong-minded parents. Her mother, Mrs. Alice Binney, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Stead, was born in London on July 8, 1866. Highly cultivated in the arts, Alice had benefited from a traditional English education and was a college graduate, an unusual accomplishment for a woman at the time.

Dorothy's father, Edwin Binney, was born in Scrub Oak, New York, on November 24, 1866, to Joseph Walker Binney and Annie Elizabeth Conklin Binney. Though Edwin's formal schooling ended with high school, he was brilliantly inventive. At the age of fifteen, he was hired as a bookkeeper for his father's company, the Peekskill Chemical Works; and at seventeen he joined a paint concern in Springfield, Massachusetts, as a traveling salesman. When Edwin turned nineteen, his father retired, handing over the company to his son. Shortly thereafter, Edwin and his cousin Harold Smith changed the name to Binney & Smith. The new firm specialized in carbon black made from natural gas. Edwin was instrumental in organizing the Columbian Carbon Company, a firm that later became the largest producer of natural gas in the world. At this point, the family had modest means.

Shortly after Dorothy's birth on July 20, 1888, the Binneys moved to the country, some fifty miles from New York City. They discovered a beautiful stretch of rocky beach on Long Island Sound, in Sound Beach (later renamed Old Greenwich), Connecticut. The land they purchased had been farmland and people could not understand why anyone would want to establish a residence in such a desolate part of the country, or as close to the shore as they had chosen. At that time, the family could only afford to build a one-room house, but with the clever use of an extended curtain, one room became two. The square, peaked-roof cottage was surrounded by pastures, punctuated by stone walls to scramble across before reaching the water's edge. There were apple orchards nearby and lush hillsides leading to the secret hollows of Laddin's Rock Farm.

In 1890, after the birth of a second daughter, Helen, they hoisted the building up on rollers and moved it closer to the massive gray rocks that jutted out of the Sound. With the birth of their third daughter, Mary, in 1892, a two-story wing was added. Over the years, the family home (Rocklyn)

expanded into an impressive vine-covered estate. A conspicuous lighthouse, about a mile out from the beach, would become the famous turnaround point for Dorothy, who as a youngster swam out and back effortlessly. The seaside was a private playground for all the Binney children, and diving into its chilly waters was as comfortable to them as the sandy beaches were to their Florida cousins who often came to visit.

When the fourth and last child of the family, Edwin Binney, Jr. ("June"), was born in 1899, Dorothy finally welcomed the baby brother she had always wanted. Eleven years apart, June and his oldest sister, Dolly, shared many childhood adventures together.

Dorothy's parents took opposite sides on the subject of child rearing. Edwin raised Dorothy and his sisters with the belief that nothing they desired was beyond their reach. In contrast, her mother was more demanding and more critical. I remember as a young girl my grandmother's lingering sadness as she recalled her mother's heartless remark, "Dolly, dear, because you are not a particularly pretty child, you must strive harder than most to accomplish something with your life. For girls without beauty must rely on assets other than a pretty face in order to make their way in the world."

Though my grandmother blossomed into a beautiful woman, she was burdened by this early insecurity and would spend her life struggling to overcome her lack of self-esteem.

Closely supervised by their mother, Dorothy and her two sisters spent their first three years in a private one-room schoolhouse near Rocklyn. On many mornings, before the school bell rang, the girls walked two miles to the train with their father and then back again. My grandmother's earliest brush with nature began there, as she listened to her father identifying the birdsongs they heard along the way.

In 1903, Edwin Binney invented what would eventually become one of the most recognizable products of American ingenuity: the Crayola crayon. Little known to historians, it was his wife, Alice, who thought of the name for the now-legendary coloring sticks. As a schoolteacher, she had a trusted sense of what would excite and stimulate a child's imagination. Binney & Smith had already developed black crayon markers from carbon black when Alice asked her husband to create them in colors.

One evening at the dinner table Edwin announced that he had developed the oil markers for her. She suggested combining the French word *craie*, for "chalk," and *ola*, from the Latin root for "oil." The family company first marketed its crayons at five cents a box, which included eight sticks of brilliant colors. They were produced in a small stone mill; at night, workers carried them to private homes, where they were labeled by hand. (The employees referred to the different homes by color: Blue crayons were labeled in what was known as "the blue house," reds in "the red house," and so on.)

The Binneys were now quite financially prosperous. In the ninth grade, Dorothy transferred to the Catherine Aiken School in Stamford, Connecticut, where she graduated in 1906 with honors. She entered Wellesley College, on the outskirts of Boston, and proved exceptionally skilled in music, theater, and swimming, which immediately set her apart from most of the other girls. She said later she chose the college because it was the only one with a women's crew team. Her college diaries reflect an exuberant person armed with a wide range of athletic and scholastic achievements. "*First crew practice. Oh, my shoulders ache!*" At the same time, she was never at a loss for male or female companionship. "*No social meeting last night; walked. Basketball. Kate and I maids at a man party of 18 down at Shakespeare House. Fussed to death! Prize to man who could make us smile!*" Over the course of four years, Dorothy exhibited the joys and concerns of every student away from home. "*Glee Club and it was simply splendid. College Hall never looked more attractive than with myriads of men floating about.*"

My grandmother's earliest diaries exude a passionate love affair with the outdoors, and with birds in particular. *"Interesting lecture on birds in Zoology this morning. Math, German, English. Gym. Fudge. Worked. Bed early."* She never ceased to appreciate wildlife, and later taught me to recognize the songs of birds before I had learned to identify them by sight. *"Saw some new birds today—the oriole, among others."*

Binney vacations were spent at home, or in Carthage, North Carolina, where the family owned a pre—Civil War plantation, Binneywood. The children also traveled to Paris and London to visit relatives. From the time Dorothy learned to walk, her father Edwin (or "Bub," as he was known to his children) had taken her along on camping trips. He passed on his skills of setting up camp, and the art of both salt- and freshwater fishing. "With us," Dorothy recalled, "there was no generation gap. He taught me to fish when I was two; when I was four, he said I was old enough to bait my own hook, and when I was six, he said, 'You're old enough to take the fish off the hook by yourself.'"

Bub's gentle guidance gave his daughter an unusual confidence in the wild. From the family's backwoods North Carolina retreat over the Christmas holidays in 1908, Dorothy pursued a typical, lively swirl of winter activities: *"'Binneywood,' N.C.—Up at dawn to go wild turkey hunting. Home at nine, then chopped trees, then quail hunting—good luck. Made fudge and sipped chocolate by fire."* And on another winter day: *"A bully long horseback ride. Dressed in p.m. Roasted peanuts. Mother read Kipling aloud to us. Made hot drink, rough-housed."*

During her four years at Wellesley, she was also known as an overachiever. *"This afternoon I tried out for the part of Demetrius in the Shakespeare Society June play. In p.m. the Glee and Mandolin Clubs gave a concert at 'Denison House' in town."* The Boston settlement house would reappear twenty years later in an ironic coincidence. It was where Amelia Earhart was working as a teacher when she was asked to fly across the Atlantic. The day after Dorothy's visit to Denison House, she continued to anguish over the underprivileged children: *"Have not yet got over my heartache from seeing those poor little street waifs last night. A Springy day, early flowers and a robin! Tried again for my part."*



At the end of my grandmother's sophomore year in 1908, she and several friends from college traveled across the country by train to join a Sierra Club outing for a two-month camping trip. *"Left Boston, 10:30 a.m. for trip West. Russian nobleman and a lot of fellows on the car."* The goal was to climb to the summit of Mount Whitney, the highest peak in the continental United States at 14,495 feet. *"The mountains and oh, how wonderful, the deep canyons and gorges, high snowy peaks and big trees. Hot at Sacramento. Arrived on time."*

George Palmer Putnam had joined the Sierra Club outing as one of several guides for Dorothy's group. He was an impressive figure, dark-haired and ruggedly handsome. He also was a young man with aspirations. At twenty-one he was already working in San Francisco as a writer and reporter, having moved to the West after completing a year at Harvard. He later transferred to the University of California at Berkeley, but stayed only one term.

Given all that is known and has been written about my grandfather, it is not surprising that the young George Putnam was in a place where few of his college contemporaries in the East would have ventured. He was born in Rye, New York, on September 7, 1887, to one of the great publishing dynasties of America. His parents, John Bishop and Frances Faulkner Putnam, created an intellectual atmosphere, and exposed their son to a rich and literate boyhood. George's pure pleasure in the wood

and open air are reflected in the colorful tales described within the pages of his own books. A voracious reader and a shy student at the Gunnery School, George viewed himself as nonathletic, and later recalled: “Most of my small activities, I realize in retrospect, were lonely.”

Though he was guaranteed a career in publishing, he had a restless soul. At the tender age of eleven, as the Spanish-American War was brewing, George was looking for a way to help raise money for the Red Cross. He later recalled the episode:

Being then all of eleven years old, and son and grandson of a publisher, it seemed high time I published something. Which I told father. “A book?” he asked discreetly. I had not thought of that. “No. A newspaper.” Father said we would discuss it after dinner. We did. The upshot, creation of labors during the months that followed, was *The Will O’ the Wisp*, a paper “published semi-occasionally,” its slogan said. The little paper was a financial and possibly a literary success. Under the circumstances the trades-people took advertising space, although the butcher with whom Mother did not deal would have none of it, with a profanity which in retrospect compels me to admit was justified. I delivered a net profit of eighty-six dollars to the Red Cross. And my name had been on an editorial masthead.

It’s no wonder the Wild West of stagecoaches and frontier towns seduced him as a young man. As he explained in his autobiography, *Wide Margins*, academia could not satisfy his aspirations: “Following the Berkeley college term I set out to seek my fortune. Exactly that. There I was, an easterner in the far reaches of the roaring west. I wanted to hear it roar.” An expert outdoorsman and fly fisherman, George had struck out on his own and was the perfect choice to be a Sierra Club guide.

Shortly after the trip began, Dorothy and George became inseparable. On July 1, 1908, she writes: “Up at 3 a.m.—35 mile stage ride, 8 mile walk. Putnam with me most of the time—I like him!”

And on July 7: “Made my ‘bed’ in early a.m. Then all afternoon fishing upstream with George Putnam. Caught a trout 2–3/8 lb., the record. Our own little campfire in the evening.” Breakfast was served at sunrise, followed by a bathe in the nearest stream before the group headed off for the great Mount Whitney.

One morning, several newcomers joined the group, among them the legendary John Muir. The indefatigable naturalist and walker of the wild woods had become a one-man force determined to preserve America’s wilderness. Muir was largely responsible for the establishment of the Sequoia and Yosemite National Parks, and was the founder of the Sierra Club. He was a leathery seventy-year-old when he joined my grandmother’s group. In a letter she wrote to me sixty years later, Dorothy recalled her encounter with the great spokesman:

John Muir the great explorer, naturalist, joined us (on donkey-back, with Chinese boy on foot). Because I was (probably) the youngest member in the big Sierra Club group (19 yrs), Muir took a “shine” to me, and always along the trail (if he saw me) he urged me to stop “to have a cup of tea with him.” And the Chinese boy would brew it on a little fire (two tin cups). Stupid me, though I didn’t realize till years later what a *marvelous* experience it was for me just to have *John Muir* urge me to “visit” with him.

Approaching the initial stage of their climb, Dorothy was stunned to learn that a girl in another group had fallen to her death. She decided to make the ascent anyway. Wearing a long skirt and petticoat, with boots laced to the knee, she staggered breathless to the summit with her new beau, George Palmer Putnam. “Started ascent of Whitney—U.S.’s highest mountain—by moonlight. Reached

top at 9 a.m.—lunched there. Glorious view over Owens Valley.” In a letter to me, she recorded the difficulties encountered during her final ascent:

The Whitney Trip; bled at the nose at 10,000 feet, staggered and couldn't breathe, etc. It shook me a bit, yet I continued with 4 men, the only ones of a big mountain crowd who'd been approaching, mile by mile, entirely on foot for over three weeks! Enough. It was a staggering and frightening event, adventure. Plenty.

On July 20, 1908, Dorothy had much to celebrate, including her twentieth birthday: “*Twenty years old today and oh, such a day. Fourteen of us had lunch down on an island in the Kern Valley. There were gifts and cakes. Ladies night at campfire.*” And the following day: “*Fished down river with George Putnam. Bully trout lunch on a pine isle. Arrived late at Coyote Creek where ten of us camped overnight. Two rattlesnakes.*”

Returning home to Connecticut for the rest of the summer, she boasted to her family and friends about the “swell fella” she had met. Coincidentally, she had learned that the Putnam home in Rye, New York, was a few miles from where she had been raised. But George was bent on a life in California and Dorothy was still two years shy of graduation. Young Putnam managed to court his new lady friend by returning east whenever he could, and during the Christmas holidays he joined the family at their North Carolina retreat. George was a skilled marksman, which impressed Dorothy. “*U at dawn, George and me for ‘blind’ in Cockle-bends Marsh, Shot my first duck, a redhead! After lunch over to ocean with George all afternoon....*”

Returning to college, Dorothy continued to date other men while faithfully corresponding with George. “*Letters almost every day from G.P.P. History for quiz, a whopper.*” Almost as frequent as his letters were the red roses delivered to her dormitory. “*My picture in Boston paper, as ‘Star in Wellesley Jr. Play.’ Exciting day, everyone congratulating me. Flowers and letter from G.P....*”

A high profile on campus prompted a glowing article in her hometown newspaper. “Miss Dorothy Binney, of Sound Beach, Excels in Swimming, as Vocalist and Has Histrionic Ability”:

Miss Binney is a versatile girl. She excels in outdoor sports, is accomplished in music and the more homely arts. Among the treasures she carried to Wellesley with her were medals won during the summer in swimming races at the water sports of the Stamford Yacht Club and the Riverside Yacht Club. She rows admirably, plays basketball well enough to be twice center on the college team, holds her own at tennis and golf and drives and rides skillfully

She has taken up music seriously and her strong contralto voice is heard frequently in solo parts in the college chapel. She was elected leader of the Glee Club for the year 1909–1910. Last season she was a great success as John Hale in the dramatization of “The Trail of the Lonesome Pine” made by members of the junior class. In the annual Shakespearian production of commencement week last June Miss Binney appeared as Ferdinand in “The Tempest.”

Dorothy pushed her body to greater extremes and adopted an almost masculine sense for competition. “*In p.m. won cup first prize in Ladies 50 yd. Dash at Rye Yacht Club after cheering of a big crowd. Yesterday rescued a drowning man—stranger.*” Music had become her soul's companion and she had an extraordinary talent for whistling while she played piano. Not only could she whistle the latest show tunes, but Dorothy possessed an unusual gift: People remarked that she whistled like a bird. She was not shy about it, often drawing stares when she could be heard across campus whistling

the precise notes of her favorite songbirds. “*Glorious warm day to make anyone happy! Saw 2 orioles and a grosbeak on the hill behind the house. A Whistling Quartet.*”

She had also developed an early fascination with airplanes: already flying meant freedom and escape. “*Off to aviation meet. Had a splendid day—saw 2 Wright biplanes go 1,500 feet up and Latham in his monoplane.*” In my grandmother’s scrapbook, there is a photograph of Orville Wright flying overhead in his simple, almost toylike airplane, the *Flyer*.

Yet despite all her activities, personal relationships were very much on her mind. In 1909, during Dorothy’s junior year in college, her younger sister Helen married Allan Kitchel. For several months after her sister’s marriage, Dorothy pondered her own future, and painfully described her deepest insecurity. “*I wish someone would love me.*”

Dorothy was aware of George’s undemonstrative persona, but hoped that with her influence, he would loosen up a bit. There was an element of suitability about George Putnam, and the two families saw their relationship as a convenient social merger. Not surprisingly, the two-year courtship resulted in his proposal of marriage. In truth, George was desperately in love with the accomplished young college student, though she was not a total believer in the engagement. “*A strenuous letter from George, and two apologies in next mail. So, do I love him enough to wear his ring? Oh, heavens. Why this?*” At this early stage in their relationship, my grandmother had already begun to question her love for George. Perhaps her eagerness to leave home was in part responsible for her willingness to marry

A PRELUDE TO DOROTHY

JANUARY 8, 1910 Chapel. Letters from George and Mother. Senior play trials and with my accustomed nerve I tried leading man! Wrote George I would be engaged to him! Symphony. Mischa Elman played violin.

JUNE 21, 1910 Commencement Day! And I'm a "B.A." at last! Class supper at Somerset Hotel. Serenade. Dead tired, bed!

DOROTHY ANNOUNCED HER UPCOMING marriage to her family and friends, and shared one last Christmas holiday with George in North Carolina as Miss Binney: "George off alone, quiet day in house. Glorious moon. Wrote many letters announcing my engagement. Ahem!" The following day, she had another bout of uncertainty: "Feeling bumsky! Discouraged and scared, so stayed at camp..." Dorothy still could not believe, given her mother's cruel edict and the power it held over her, that she was worthy of becoming anyone's bride, let alone the wife of a famous publishing heir.

On December 21, the young couple made the announcement of their engagement to George's parents. "Stamford in a.m. to hairdressers. Ahem! After lunch Mr. and Mrs. Putnam called to see their new daughter-in-law elect. Quiet evening. They are extremely cordial."

For Christmas Eve, the Binneys, their financial and social position much enhanced thanks to the success of Crayola crayons, held a dinner dance in their daughter's honor at Rocklyn: "Hairdressers. Town with George, to lunch with his nice Dad and brother, Bob at National Arts Club. Theatre, saw 'Concert,' then home and big dance to announce engagement!" On December 29, 1910, a feature story appeared on the front page of the Stamford newspaper tracing the history of the intrepid romantics:

Cupid Shot Arrows at Mountain Climbers. Result is Engagement of Miss Binney of Sound Beach to Mr. Putnam of Oregon.—Linking as it will two substantial families of social prominence, the announcement is of wide interest. A pretty bit of romance gives an added interest. The engagement is the culmination of a romance that began in 1908 in distant California on the slopes of Mount Whitney, perhaps the loftiest mountain in the United States. Miss Binney and Mr. Putnam first met as members of a mountain climbing party there. While they toiled up the lofty mountain, Cupid was busy.

During the ten-month engagement period, George was living in Bend, Oregon, where he had purchased the weekly newspaper, the *Bend Bulletin*. He was its editor, publisher, and regular columnist on environmental and political issues. Aside from his work, his thoughts were occupied by his bride-to-be. Local residents remember that the "boy" editor kept a life-size photograph of his Mount Whitney girlfriend thumbtacked to the back of his closet door.

His father and his uncle (known as "the Major" of the Putnam clan) had urged him to return to Ne

York and join the family publishing business. But George, somewhat of a rebel, was determined to succeed on his own, and no amount of family pressure could pull him back.

Though Dorothy and her fiancé were miles apart, they managed to design their first house and buy furniture to be shipped out west later by train. The task, however thrilling, left Dorothy rather overwhelmed: *“Shopped, Oh, how I want George to see some of the beautiful rugs and furniture. Wrote long letter to George about our house plans, etc. Plumb scared!”*

While waiting for George to return to New York, Dorothy was becoming better acquainted with her parents: *“I went thro’ Knickerbocker Press with Mr. Putnam. Very interesting despite rain, etc.”* A lengthy honeymoon was planned—to Central America—and she prepared eagerly for both the trip and her wedding: *“Cut rag carpet strips, etc. Saw Mother, Mary and Helen. Bought material for my wedding dress! Hand embroidered crepe de chine, Japanese. Wrote George, am crazy about him!”*

As the date for the wedding neared and Dorothy’s dreams of an independent life came closer to reality, she was clearly now enjoying the prospect of becoming Mrs. George Putnam.

OCTOBER 9, 1911 *George and Helen to city with Mary in auto. Mother to Equal Suffrage Meeting in Rye. Hairdresser. After quiet dinner, Mother, Bub, George and I planned wedding, caterers. Money, etc.*

The ceremony was held on October 26, 1911, at Dorothy’s family home in Sound Beach. The elaborate affair was catered by the legendary Delmonico’s, with four hundred and fifty guests seated beneath a white canvas tent anchored to the sloping lawn beside Long Island Sound. Dorothy had chosen her youngest sister as maid of honor. *“7:19 p.m. wedding with red-red roses. Mary as Maid of Honor. A clean ‘get away.’”*

After the wedding, crates of silver, Dorothy’s delicate trousseau, winter clothes, odd pieces of furniture, and the essential grand piano were all packed and loaded onto a train for the cross-country journey to their remote destination in Oregon, a world removed from the elite enclaves of Sound Beach, Connecticut, and Rye, New York.

On November 18, Mr. and Mrs. George Palmer Putnam sailed out of New York Harbor for Panama. The honeymoon to remote villages of Central America would reflect their unconventional lifestyle, and would also launch George’s career as an author and newspaper correspondent. Their mutual sense of curiosity was a powerful bond.

My grandmother was as much in her element, embarking on an unfamiliar journey, as her adventurous husband. How ecstatic she must have felt, for at last she was on her own. *“Sailed for Panama. Eight of us to lunch at Flemish Room. Then the ship with many there to say goodbye. Our deck cabin full of fruit and candy and my red roses. Cold and clear.”*

The extended honeymoon was an opportunity for George to visit Panama, Costa Rica, and Guatemala, and it provided the material for his first book, *The Southland of North America*. His new wife was an enthusiastic collaborator. She insisted upon reading and typing her husband’s daily page while he studied the Panama Canal project, taking notes and photos. He and Dorothy were shown Panama’s dense interior by its president, Don Pablo Arosemena. They met other political leaders on the trip, thanks to George’s family connections, for the Putnam name was a passport around the world.

NOVEMBER 18, 1911 *Sat in Cathedral Plaza all a.m. while George had interviews with Arosemena and the leader of the “Outs.” Read a book and studied Spanish. Dinner at Club—Bailey, Close and Arosemena. Walk in Plaza.*

DECEMBER 2, 1911 *On tug at 9 a.m. for 22 mile rough voyage to Porto Bello where we rambled thro' old Spanish ruins of forts, cloister, etc.—cemetery. Saw Black Christ in church. At 4 went out in President's coach with Bailey and Arosemena. In p.m. a picnic—lovely ride in moonlight to Tobago. Read copy for George.*

The unconventional couple celebrated their marriage again in Guatemala by toasting each other from the misty summit of Mount Acatenango. Though the climb represented a physical accomplishment for both, it was also a sentimental reminder of their first days on Mount Whitney. *“Awfully stiff and aching in every joint from that terrific climb down 6,000 feet yesterday. By 12:30 p.m. were again in our saddles on 18 mile ride down to Antigua. A glorious day, with sunlight on orchids and flowers. George rubbed my stiff body, supper, bath, bed.”*

In studying my grandmother's diaries, I find there is little mention of intimacies in contrast to the detailed accounts of endless meetings with various dignitaries. In many ways the honeymoon appears to have been more of an extended business trip than a passionate interlude.

On February 25, 1912, the Putnams steamed into San Francisco, boarded a train for Portland, and finally arrived at the western settlement of Bend, Oregon. *“Took 11 a.m. train for home. Delayed two hours landslide. All day sky rather cloudy but glorious country. Bend 10 p.m. ‘Pinelyn’! Oh, Oh, our home!”* The newly built brown-shingled bungalow, Pinelyn, was filled with George's friends and neighbors, who had provided an extravagant feast for the exhausted couple's first night in town. The next day came very quickly. *“Up early and plowed right into mountains of crates and furniture. Morris Lara helped all afternoon—with Steinway grand piano! Finally got bed, bath and kitchen rooms habitable then had tea, To dinner at Lara's. Home by 10. Chill.”*

Dorothy was never far from her piano, despite the tedious task of unpacking. *“Busy with ‘pots and pans’ for most of day. Wrote Grandma Faulkner. Played my beautiful grand piano for half an hour.”* She quickly established Pinelyn as a social center. Her dinner parties were soon the talk of the small town, where she orchestrated her soirées with musical acts and dancing. In typical Binney fashion, the Putnam parties required costumes and often prepared skits were attached to the invitations. Away from her parents, Dorothy had come into her own. For the time being she was completely fulfilled.

The *Bend Bulletin* was thriving mainly because George Putnam, too, had found his calling. As publisher and editor, he thrust himself into the center of every issue, such as town expansion, county division, irrigation, and the coming of the railroad. Almost overnight he transformed the newspaper into an independent forum for the progressive voices of central Oregon. Even as a young man, he was recognized for his outspoken opinions, and by the end of the couple's first year in Bend he was appointed mayor of the frontier town. (The mayor-elect had fallen from a second-story window to his death, and George was chosen as his replacement by the town's councilmen.)

In *Wide Margins*, George's autobiography, he characteristically downplayed the obstacles he faced in order to bring Bend (a town of six hundred residents) into a post-frontier life of civility:

The little community, for the moment, was in my lap. I tried to do right by it. A reasonably thorough housecleaning was had. We presented a shining face to the outer world, though perhaps the back of the civic neck hasn't been scrubbed too thoroughly. Mostly, the dubious ladies went, what gambling remained became orderly and unobtrusive. The saloons found wisdom in keeping strict hours and discouraging drunkenness. Rough stuff was frowned upon. Toughs who wanted to fight were beaten up and sent on their way.

Dorothy was deliriously happy. Her husband was a far more tender and affectionate man than she had imagined on the honeymoon. This was clearly one of the happiest cycles of my grandmother's life. Her diary is alive with passion and excitement. And she described her contentment openly in one letter to her mother:

Dear Mother... my mighty big thin husband seems to love me more all the time. As a matter of fact he's much sillier over me now than when we were first married. And does any number of dear thoughtful things for me.... Yes, next summer, I hope we can both go unencumbered! Then too, I want you to know him *married*. Oh, Mother, I'm glad he was decent and good always! And each day I am prouder of my own insistence on that matter. To think that *I* mean all to *him*, that he does to *me*. It's truly wonderful, and makes me so happy. He's good to me in every way, too. And indeed it is *he* "who has controlled the situation" thus far, even more than I. Of that, though I've told you before. No, I want a little more play and then my babies. If one comes however, I shan't brood and worry! D.

Dorothy's reputation as a socially prominent young heiress had preceded her to Bend. She was quickly anointed the town's civic and cultural leader, and began raising funds for cancer—an unusual activity for 1912, when the disease was barely known. "*Benefit, Moving Picture show for a ranch woman with cancer.*" In a scrapbook photograph she is pictured among a group of volunteers dressed in white uniforms, sewing bandages for Red Cross hospitals.

By now, Oregon was debating whether to give women the vote. Dorothy took it upon herself to champion the fight, recruiting a prominent spokeswoman from the East to make the arduous journey to Bend to speak to the local women. "*Went to train to meet Mrs. Ehrgott, prominent woman suffrage speaker who is to lecture here.*" And a day later: "*Another meeting in a.m., the question is a moral one from religious point of view. 18 guests for 'tea' in afternoon to meet Mrs. Ehrgott. Won 'em all over!*"

The two most important men in Dorothy's life, her father and her husband, were both outspoken supporters of women's rights. George's mother in fact was a leading suffragette. The *Rye Chronicle* recalled Frances Putnam's fight for suffrage in 1911: "A branch of the Equal Franchise League embracing the whole town of Rye was formed here with Mrs. John B. Putnam as president." The editor commented somewhat smugly, "Frankly, this paper has not taken the movement seriously yet..." He little knew what was to come.

On December 3, 1912, Dorothy claimed the honor of being the second woman to cast her vote in Oregon's historic election. (The wife of the governor had voted first.) A newspaper clipping reported that Dorothy rushed across the continent from Connecticut, where she was visiting her family, to vote in the election. She was equally thrilled by the news that George had been reelected mayor of Bend by such a large margin: "*Election Day! And Oregon Women voted! 360+ votes altogether, at Bend, and 112 were women. George re-elected by big majority!!*"

On the national level, Woodrow Wilson defeated William Howard Taft for the presidency. George was unimpressed. The mayor and publisher of Bend wrote: "National politics is a diversion, a duty, and a nuisance. In its acute form and triple character it is now behind us for another four years...."



The couple's first child was born at their house on May 20, 1913: David Binney Putnam arrived at 1:15 A.M., a strapping nine pounds eight ounces. Attending was Dr. U. C. Coe, the local physician.

sample content of Whistled Like a Bird: The Untold Story of Dorothy Putnam, George Putnam, and Amelia Earhart

- [click Supernatural: Rite of Passage](#)
- [download Get It Ripe: A Fresh Take on Vegan Cooking and Living pdf](#)
- [download The Beast & the Sovereign, Volume 1 \(The Seminars of Jacques Derrida\) pdf, azw \(kindle\)](#)
- [**Fresh & Fermented: 85 Delicious Ways to Make Fermented Carrots, Kraut, and Kimchi Part of Every Meal pdf, azw \(kindle\)**](#)
- [**read online Marketing**](#)

- <http://redbuffalodesign.com/ebooks/Central-Asia--6th-Edition-.pdf>
- <http://sidenoter.com/?ebooks/The-Darkest-Colors--House-of-Fallamhain--Book-1-.pdf>
- <http://unpluggedtv.com/lib/Esquire--UK---April-2015-.pdf>
- <http://drmurphreesnewsletters.com/library/Fresh---Fermented--85-Delicious-Ways-to-Make-Fermented-Carrots--Kraut--and-Kimchi-Part-of-Every-Meal.pdf>
- <http://toko-gumilar.com/books/Marketing.pdf>