



The Lindbergh of today is able to lead a normal if lonely life, unrecognized by the once-adoring public.

AT SCOTT'S COVE, in a section of Darien, Conn., just off Long Island Sound, a large rambling house built in modified Tudor style is hidden from passers-by by tall trees. Three acres behind it, which have been permitted to grow wildly, intensify the sense of isolation.

To this ordinary suburb, the family which has lived in this house since 1946 seems a mystery. The children all have gone to public schools and mingle freely in the community. But neither the husband nor wife takes part in the Darien social or community life. The man of the house greets nobody, and the wife, though pleasant to everybody, is pleasant in a distant, shy way. Says one neighbor: "She seems to tiptoe rather than to walk."

Neighbors note, too, that the family has an unlisted telephone number and that their children, when questioned, don't seem to know what work their father does. And, while Darien shopkeepers talk of visits to their stores by such local celebrities as film star Madeleine Carroll and Lt. Gen. Leslie Groves, they do not talk of the residents of this house.

But celebrities they are. Perhaps more than any other couple, they have been adored and idolized by the public—and, at the same time, vilified and harassed. For they are Charles A. Lindbergh and Anne Morrow Lindbergh.

He is the same Charles A. Lindbergh who, on a rain-soaked morning in 1927, took off from Roosevelt Field, N. Y., to make history's first nonstop solo transoceanic flight.

"Why this isolation?" the neighbors ask. The answer lies both in Charles and Anne Lindbergh's own natures and in the circumstances of their lives. Even as a high-school lad in Little Falls, Minn., Charles was regarded as a boy apart—one who was more interested in mechanical things and in courting danger than in human beings. And Anne



THE HIDDEN LIFE OF Idolized, then harassed and scorned, this famous flier

Lindbergh's classmates at Smith College remember her as "a shy girl of most unusual charm."

The famous flight that made him a public hero only deepened Charles' wish to be alone. His marriage, in the spring of 1929, to Anne Morrow, daughter of Dwight D. Morrow, then ambassador to Mexico, was an ordeal by publicity. As the young couple honeymooned in a boat, they were pursued by newsmen and cameramen who followed in launches and by airplane. At one time, their small craft was rocked for seven hours by the wash of a photographer's circling speedboat.

THE COUPLE sought many retreats. First, there was a home in Hopewell, a remote mountainous part of New Jersey where, instead of finding peace, they met tragedy. A hostile outside world, in the person of Bruno Richard Hauptmann, intruded and kidnaped their first-born son on March 1, 1932. For nine terrible weeks, the couple lived alternately in hope and despair, only to learn that Charles, Jr., had been murdered.

Next was a retreat to Long Barn in Kent, England, a 14th-century home where the couple fled with Jon, their second son, born only a few months after the kidnaping.

Later the Lindberghs' separateness became even deeper when, at the request of the U. S. military attaché in Berlin, Lindbergh visited prewar Germany. He toured German air centers, accepted a medal from Nazi air chief Göring, and made statements interpreted at home as pro-Nazi.

Returning to the United States, the Lindberghs met with a cool welcome. Nearly all their former friends held aloof from them.

Since that time, Lt. Gen. Albert C. Wedemeyer has made public the fact that Lindbergh had secured valuable information for the U. S. during his unpopular German visit and, though he opposed U. S.

entry into the war, made a significant contribution in combat flying and as a consultant to aircraft manufacturers. Because he served his country, yet was treated by friends as a traitor, Lindbergh retreated even further within himself than before. And his wife retreated with him.

At Darien, however, where the Lindberghs have lived for 13 years, they have found a source of solace and strength. Old wounds have healed, and their five children—Jon, 27, Land, 22, Anne, 19, Scott, 17, and Reeve, 14—have matured.

This retreat is different from previous ones. For one thing, the fame that plagued them has receded. A measure of its ebb is the fact that in 1957 a movie of Lindbergh's flight, "The Spirit of St. Louis," was a box-office failure. In 1959, too, the eclipse of his fame was clear when "The Hero," a biography of him, fell short of the best-seller lists.

As fame has receded, the Lindberghs have lifted the ban they once had on visiting. Special friends come to dinner. And they, in turn, visit special friends. But among Darien people, the visitors are few. The postmaster seems to be the Lindberghs' only local dinner guest. He has become a friend because he is protector of the Lindberghs' isolation. Together, in the postmaster's office, the two men regularly return 98 percent of the mail addressed to Lindbergh—without opening it.

FROM HIS Darien home, Lindbergh, who will be 58 next Thursday, sets out many mornings like any other commuting husband and father for the nearby railroad station. He is a consultant to Pan American Airways, a general in the U. S. Army, and currently is engaged in a top-secret project.

Though balding and gray, he looks a good 10 years younger than he is. There are few lines on his face. His distance vision is still acute, and his 175 pounds are well distributed as hard, lean mus-