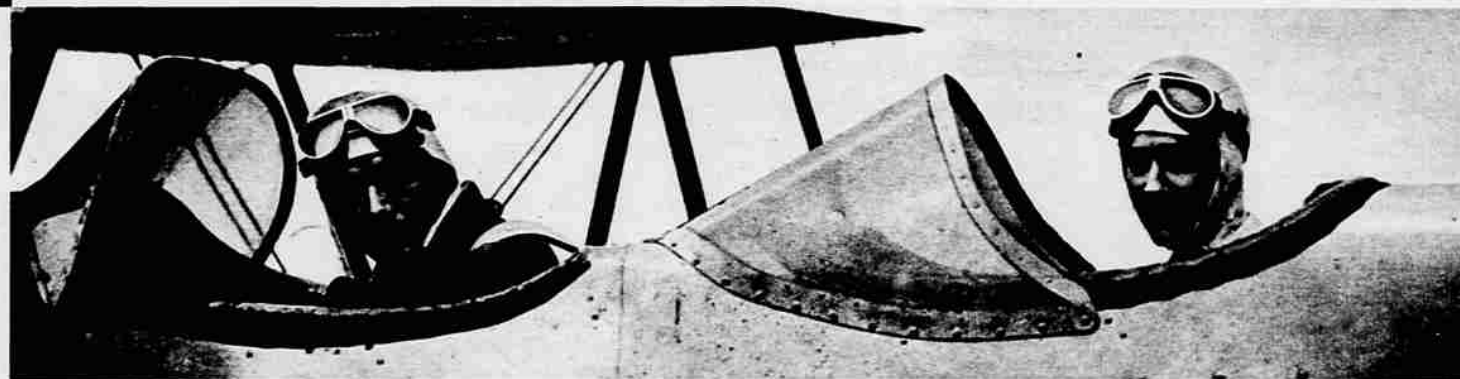




Colonel Lindbergh enters the court for the 1935 trial of Bruno Hauptmann, the man who kidnaped and murdered his first-born child.

The Lindbergh residence in Darien, Connecticut (left). Here, Anne and Charles have reared their five children to be highly self-reliant individuals. Jon (above) is their oldest and has the most independent spirit of all. The young Lindberghs (right) began married life in 1929, just 2 years after Charles' historic flight. It was the beginning of a struggle for privacy that culminated in tragedy.



# THE LINDBERGHs

By FLORA RHETA SCHREIBER

led his family into seclusion years ago; here is a glimpse of how they live today

cle over a tall, erect frame. On the train—as in town—he speaks to nobody. And nobody pays any attention to him.

From the Darien house, the two youngest Lindbergh children also leave for school each weekday morning. Reeve, a light-haired and fair-skinned girl (all the Lindbergh children are fair-complexioned), takes the school bus for Darien Junior High School where she is a ninth-grade student, makes excellent grades, and is president of the student council. Scott heads for Darien High School where he is a senior and manages the basketball team.

Her husband and children gone, Anne Lindbergh, now 53, is left at home like any other housewife, to supervise the household with its two servants. She sometimes drives into town for marketing.

When she does, she greets people. Or, if the occasion demands, she will visit the children's schools for a play or a parent-teacher conference. But as one principal put it, "She seems only to be doing her minimal parental duty in a shy way."

Shy to the world, Anne and Charles Lindbergh are open and giving to each other. The farther they have retreated from others, the closer they have become to each other. "Their marriage," says a friend, "remains today, after all the tragedy and troubles, as happy and inspiring a relationship as I have ever seen."

Theirs is a modern marriage, with the wife a fully equal partner. Anne Lindbergh has flown with her husband on survey flights and has been his partner in aerial explorations. She has qualified for a first-class glider pilot's license. She did her husband's camera work and became navigator, radio operator, and copilot on his long flights.

Yet she has played the woman's role, too. Before they were married, he told her that he wanted a large family, a dozen children or so. Laughingly, she agreed. She thought that children would soften

him and make a dent in the armor with which he shielded himself. The winter before their baby was kidnaped, she thought she saw a thawing in her husband. It had been a winter of great happiness for them. But with spring came the tragedy and an end to the thaw.

Tragedy, however, also gave Lindbergh new dimensions of thought and feeling. Slowly he moved toward sharing his wife's attitude of philosophical brooding. As a youth, his thoughts had revolved around planes and engines. He himself has said, "Science was more important to me than either God or man." But the companionship of Anne, personal tragedy, and years of intensive study have changed him. Today, grimly aware of the powerful and diabolical forces that science can unleash, he has developed a deep need for personal religion.

**A**S FOR the children, the Lindberghs have encouraged them to be themselves, to place value on acts of daring and accomplishment, on nature and one's inner self, rather than on material things.

The Lindberghs also have encouraged their children to be self-reliant. To this end the children attended public schools, not the private ones which the family could easily afford. Even when young, the children were expected to earn their own spending money. Both Jon and Land, the two older boys, used to earn spending money by operating lobster pots off the Darien shores. Once, when a storm blew up, Jon, then only 10, was stranded. He didn't return home for two days. "Didn't your parents worry?" a friend asked him. His self-assured answer was, "They knew that I knew what to do."

His parents, fearing that the death of their first child would cause them to overprotect Jon, had disciplined not only him but themselves to unsentimental toughness.

At home with the children, the Lindberghs have

stressed such simple pleasures as picnics, feeding the birds, playing in the yard, walking in the woods, and gathering around a big fire for games, music, and conversation. From the time the children were very young, Lindbergh has talked with them about nature—the sky, stars, animals. He has enjoyed skiing, sledding, swimming, and skin diving with them.

Anne, who is 19, is a sophomore at Radcliffe College. She plays the flute, solves complicated math problems, and writes poetry. She possesses a rare gift for putting persons at ease.

Land, now 22, who was born in England during the years of his parents' retreat to Long Barn, is a student at Colorado College. He enjoys rapids-shooting. His idea of a vacation is to ride the white water of Colorado's wild Cataract Canyon.

Jon, now 27, works for a scientific firm in San Diego, Calif. He was scientific adviser for a movie called "Underwater Warrior" and has established his own reputation for daring as an explorer of underground caves, as a mountain climber, and as a promising marine biologist. He is married to Barbara Helen Robbins, daughter of a mining engineer, whom he met when they were students at Stanford University in Palo Alto, Calif.

During the ceremony itself, at the moment of the exchange of rings, Reeve, the youngest of the Lindberghs, came up with a bouquet. Lindbergh later told the Rev. Walter D. Waggoner, who officiated at the ceremony, that he has always been deeply pleased by the warm attachment between his eldest and youngest children.

For Jon, marriage ended four years of living in a tent some six miles from the Stanford campus in the Los Trancos woods. The small tent was to the son what the large house beyond the trees in Darien is to the father and mother—a retreat and a sanctuary; a source of solace and of strength; a symbol of a cherished privacy.