



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



THE HIDDEN LIFE OF

Idolized, then harassed and scorned, this famous flier

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

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.

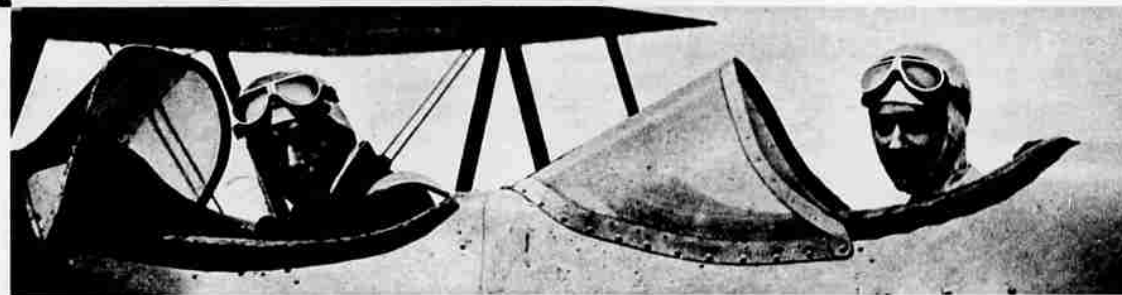
Though balding and gray, he looks a good 10 years younger than he is. There are few lines on his face. His distance vision is still acute, and his 175 pounds are well distributed as hard, lean mus-



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.



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



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.

As 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 rapid-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.