July 1986/$2.50

LIFE

AMERICA THE WONDROUS



- A SPECIAL SECTION: THE STATUE AT 100
- A TRIBUTE TO LADY LIBERTY BY GOVERNOR MARIO CUOMO
- A VISIT WITH MAYOR CLINT EASTWOOD
- A LOOK BACK AT 50 YEARS OF PATRIOTISM



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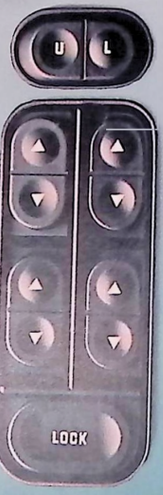
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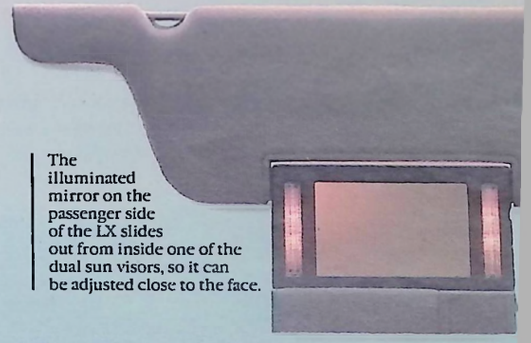


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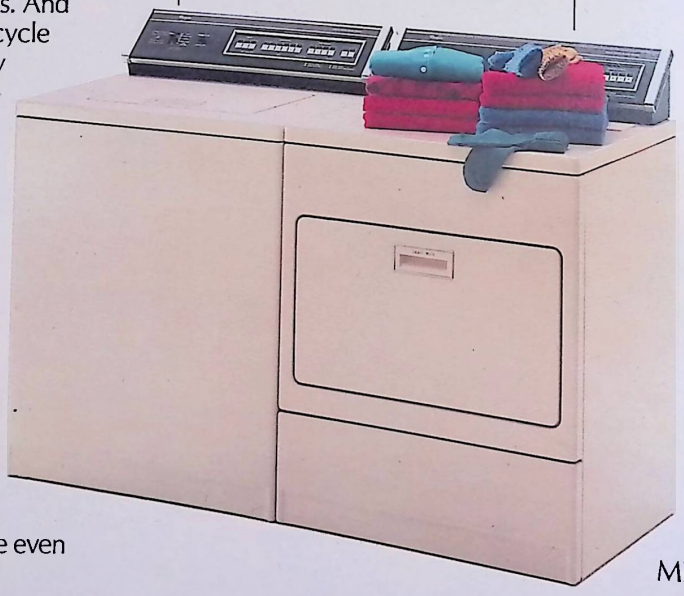
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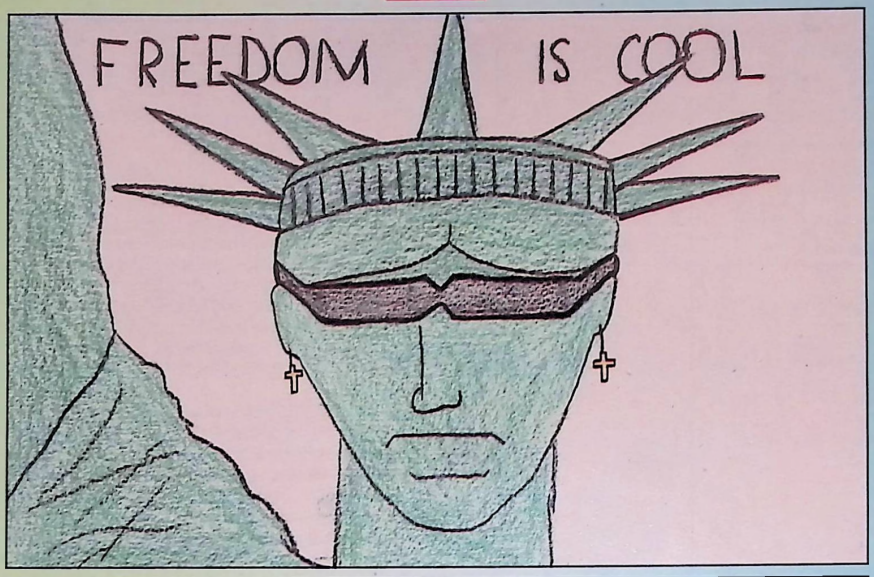
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July 1986

LIFE

Volume 9, Number 7



This trendy Lady by Craig Pacelli, 14, was selected as part of LIFE's July celebration from drawings by eighth graders at Our Lady of Mount Carmel School in Berlin, N.J.

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Picture sources are listed by page. 3: Craig Pacelli, courtesy WNET/Thirteen-Students Arts Festival, background—Fred Swanson. 24: courtesy Mario Cuomo. 27: Population density calculated by National Planning Data Corp., Ithaca, N.Y. 32: top and bottom left—from Wheeler Pictures, highest home—courtesy Colorado Historical Society. 52: copied by Christian Kempf/Musée Bartholdi-Colmar (2). 53: left—courtesy Harold A. Perris. 54: courtesy Dorothy Ragge. 55: courtesy Vincent Seyfried. 58-61, 63-65: photographs from Esto. 68: upper left—Dan Cornish/Esto. 73: illustration based on information provided by Swanke Hayden Connell Ltd., Restoration Architects. 76: money box—Moquin House Antiques, courtesy Museum of American Folk Art, Nancy Jo Fox-curator, winged man—collection of Jeffrey Eger, all the rest—courtesy MetaForm/Rathe/D&P (4). 77: matchbox, Hog remedy, *My American Blighty*—collection of Jeffrey Eger (3), Liberty tobacco, tie clip, Liberty flour, menorah, thimble, lamp, *When You Come Home*, helmet and *The Battle Song of Liberty*—courtesy MetaForm/Rathe/D&P (9), Vermot almanach, Liberty bond poster—collection of George Dembo (2), whirligig—Kathy Willner/*Statue of Liberty Being Repaired* by James Leonard, 1984, courtesy Museum of American Folk Art. 80: MetaForm/Rathe/D&P.

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THREE CHEERS FOR THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE

We had not originally intended to turn our whole July issue over to themes on the American spirit, but by last April we found we were thinking rather patriotically, and before we knew it we had a special issue on our hands.

Long ago, under the direction of assistant managing editor Mary Steinbauer, we started work on our Statue of Liberty pullout section, a 36-page salute in the center of the magazine. Last July Naomi Cutner, Eric Copage and David Craig began the first of many visits to Liberty Island to track the progress of the statue's renovation. Some never-before-published photographs of the arrival of the crated statue were uncovered. In April we asked Dmitri Kessel in France to photograph a remnant from sculptor Bartholdi's original plaster cast. (It was rather large—a four-foot ear.)

Then we invited New York Governor Mario Cuomo to be our guest columnist and, in his role of host, to add his welcome to the statue's.

A story on MIAs is included to remind us of Vietnam and to raise serious questions about our government's role when the deep feelings of its citizens collide with international issues. Rosemarie Robotham talked to the families of men who are missing in action, and her reporting reflects conflict and misunderstanding that will be hard to soothe.

We knew that Anne Fadiman's column, American Dreamer, by its very nature would explore one aspect of the American spirit—people who make their dreams happen.

Senior editor Mary Simons added a few pages to celebrate American crafts, an honored tradition now moving from our homes into the museums.

We needed a story that would take us around the country to meet a variety of Americans. Everyone was thinking big: Hands Across America; A Day in the Life of America. Well, news editor David Friend can be as grandiose as the next guy. Working with photographer Philip Jones Griffiths, Friend suggested we go for superlatives. And so we went to the limits, from North Slope Borough, Alaska, to Clewiston, Fla., for our opening story, "America, the Most. . . ."

Did we have room for First Ladies, Mary Steinbauer asked. She and reporter Doris Kinney had been assembling new portraits of the six living women who have held that difficult job. Four of them posed for us exclusively. This seemed the right time to display a gallery of these White House veterans.

What's more American than a small town and its mayor? Perhaps an ice cream cone. And so we offer you all three on a visit to newly elected Mayor Clint Eastwood in Carmel-by-the-Sea. (You're right. Actor Eastwood is not typical, but we thought you'd like to see him anyway.)

By this time picture reporter Marie Schumann and researcher Rob Brofman had LIFE Looks Back focused on 50 years of patriotism, and stars and stripes popped out everywhere.

We had room for one more story. Many of us have been tempted by the expeditions of Outward Bound, the organization that combines rugged adventure and personal discovery. Could we handle the climbing? The rafting? The togetherness? The solo part of the trip? We were glad to have senior editor Campbell Geeslin test it out for us. (Campbell certainly is fit, but on a vacation you wouldn't catch him far from a front porch and a good book.) He came back with some answers that are reassuring to the doubters, loners and urban flowers among us. The mix of old-fashioned adventuresomeness and newfangled self-improvement provided an appropriate comment on the American spirit.

Assistant picture editor Barbara Baker Burrows and picture researcher Azurea Lee Dudley, who scour the world every month to find photos for The Big Picture, came up with three compelling shots with an American angle from abroad. And for the concluding page, Just One More, they found just one more photograph of—you guessed it—the Statue of Liberty.

Judith Daniels
Managing Editor



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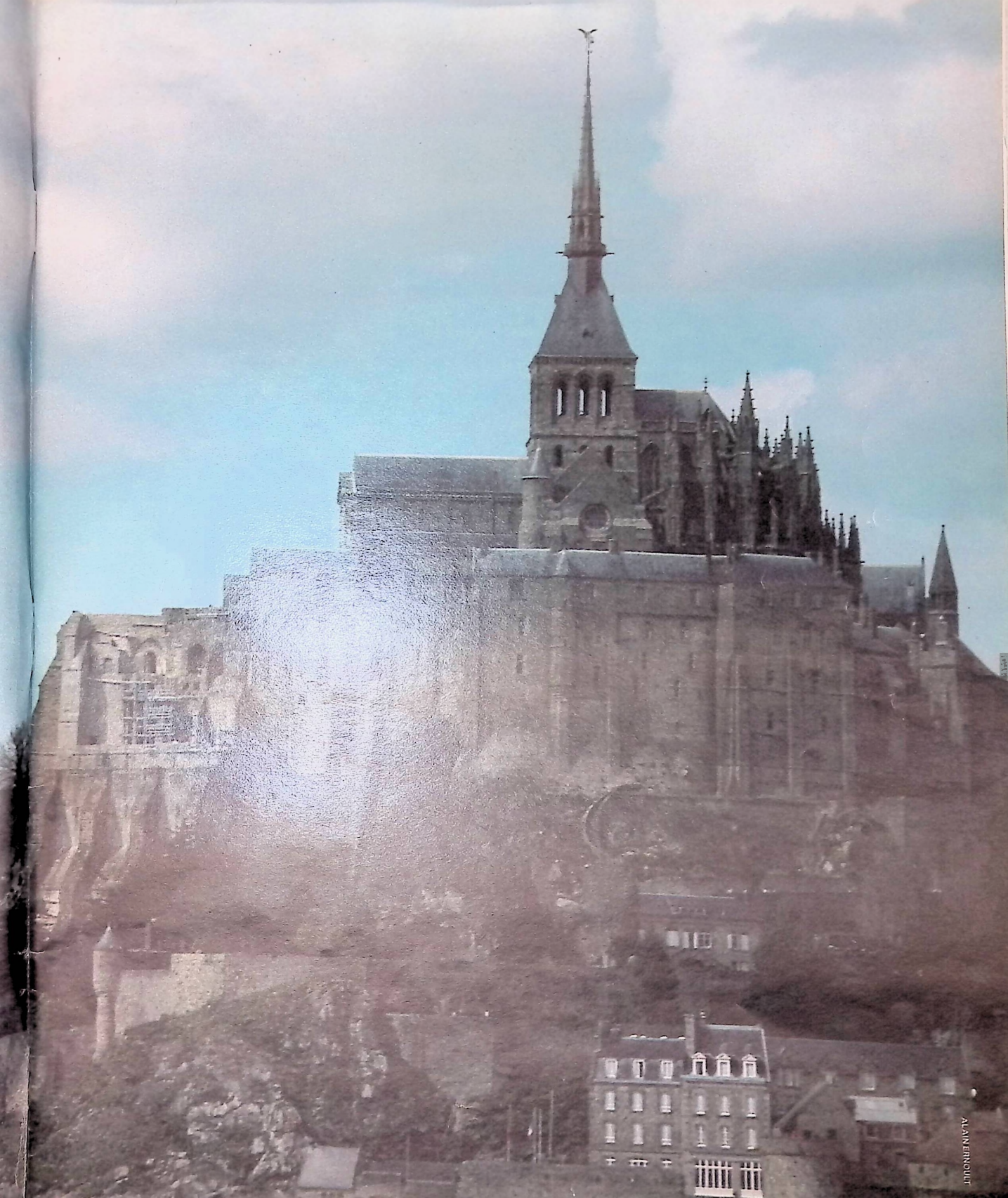


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PRACTICE SESSION FOR FRENCH TOAST

These eight Alpha jets—on a training exercise over Mont-Saint-Michel, the Gothic abbey off Normandy—will soon show their stripes above another magnificent French structure: the Statue of Liberty. To mark the grande dame's official reopening on July 5, La Patrouille de France, the elite flying team of the French air force, is scheduled to zoom overhead immediately after the Paris Boys Choir sings the French national anthem.


ALAIN ERNOUT



AN ALIAS FOR AIRMEN WHO BOMBED LIBYA

For the first time since their attack on Libya, members of The Statue of Liberty Wing—the only U.S. Air Force unit with an official nom de guerre—gather for a portrait at England's RAF base at Lakenheath. In charge of the F-111 raid were Colonels Sam Westbrook and Robert Venkus *(foreground)*. The others include the ground crew and two helmeted pilots, their name tags removed to thwart identification by terrorists.



ROCKET IS NO TREAT FOR THE DUTCH

Joined by scaffolding, a 14th century cathedral tower and a plywood mock-up of a U.S. Saturn 5 loom over Utrecht, the Netherlands. The rocket was built by the scenery department of a local TV network as part of a $390,000 Dutch-financed space exhibit. A number of frugal citizens were not too pleased with the $77,000 price tag for Saturn-cum-scaffolding. Said one, "It's a blasphemous waste!"





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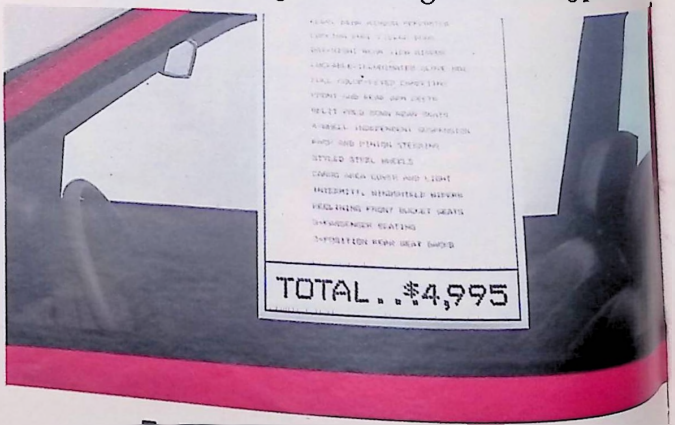
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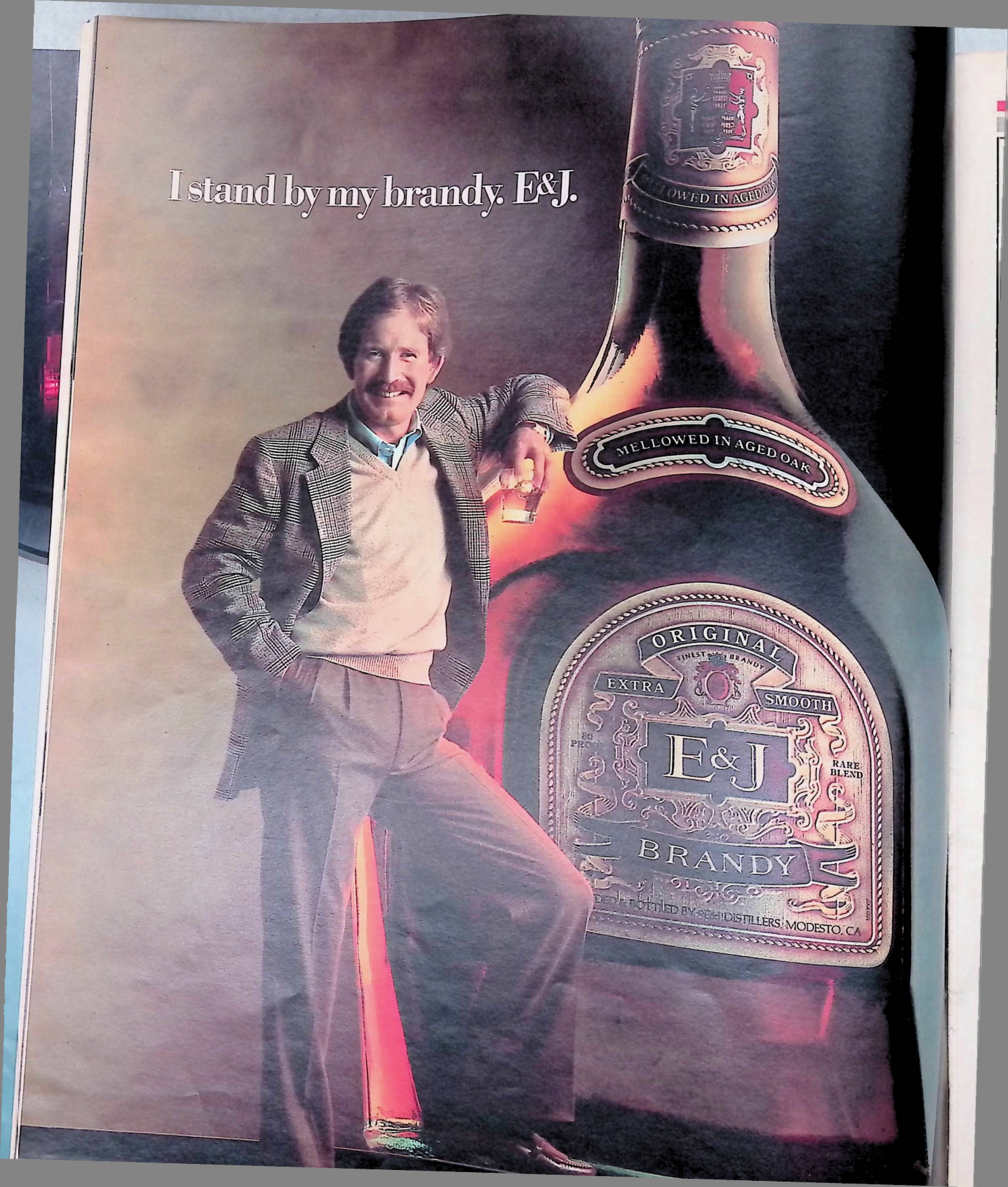
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By Anne Fadiman

GEORGE ARCHIBALD: THE CRANE MAN OF BARABOO

"See any sneakers?"

The sun is rising over a marsh northeast of Baraboo, Wis., gleaming through the mist on the patches of open water between the cattails. I see oaks and tamaracks, sedges and quackgrass. I see two coots, four mallards and a bobolink. I see a man in muddy blue jeans, wading through the thigh-deep quagmire with the surefootedness of an enormous bearded waterfowl. But as I squoosh through the ooze with the gingerly gait of an urban pigeon, I see no sneakers, not even my own.

"Sneaky *cranes*," elucidates my companion, an ornithologist named George Archibald. Archibald is the director of the International Crane Foundation in Baraboo, a center for the study and breeding of the world's 15 crane species, seven of which are currently endangered. "My aborigine guide in Australia called them sneakers because they'd sneak away from their nests so we wouldn't find their eggs."

George Archibald has watched cranes from igloos in northern Japan, from holes in the ground in Iran, from flat-bottomed skiffs in China, from planes in Botswana, and from piles of rice straw stacked between the land mines of the Korean Demilitarized Zone. His efforts in bird détente, undertaken in collaboration with ornithologists around the world, have resulted in a series of diplomatic triumphs that the United Nations may never equal. North and South Korea have cooperated in a joint feeding program for the red-crowned crane; South Africa has joined with 20 black African nations to protect the wattled crane; and the USSR, Afghanistan, India, Pakistan, China and Iran, which have probably never reached a consensus on anything in history, are discussing an agreement for the protection of the Siberian crane. In Baraboo, Archibald's primary goal is to create an international "species bank" of endangered cranes whose offspring, a few generations down the line, will be sent back overseas as soon as laws are passed to protect them from hunting and to preserve their native habitats.



ARNOLD ZANN

Archibald, 40, and a sandhill chick, age two weeks, size each other up.

Today's mission is interstate rather than international. Archibald is hunting for sandhill crane eggs, which will be raised in Florida as part of an experiment to determine if migratory behavior is learned or instinctive. The task appears to me to resemble a wild goose chase more than a wild crane chase. The only way to locate the nest that lies hidden somewhere in this 1,200-acre marsh is to catch the precise moment in the parent cranes' assiduous egg-brooding schedule, usually just after dawn, when the male and the female change guard. If anyone can do it, it is George Archibald, who has logged more than 25,000 hours in crane marshes.

"Aha!" he says. "Over there!"

As he peers through his miniature Zeiss binoculars, Archibald provides a running commentary with the breathless enthusiasm of Howard Cosell announcing a prizefight. "I see a suspicious red head. It's the female! She's been incubating the eggs all night and now she's standing up. Her neck looks just like the Loch Ness monster's. Now she's flying away! Now the male is coming in for a landing! Now he's looking at *us*, and he's off again, trying to lead us away from the nest. He's a sneaker. He thinks he can fool us. Ha!"

The two birds wheel swiftly above us, filling the marsh with a sound midway between a blues trumpet and a baying hound.

"Crane music," says Archibald. "Some species have tracheas more than five feet long, coiled inside their breastbones like French horns. Have you ever heard anything resonate like that before?"

He pauses to listen, and only when the calls fade away does he resume his progress through the muck. After nearly a quarter mile, we suddenly come upon a low, flat platform of dried cattail segments that from a yard away is completely hidden from view. In the nest lie two large, dappled, gray eggs.

Archibald holds an egg to his cheek.

"Warm," he says. "Five minutes ago it was next to its mother's breast. One hundred degrees Fahrenheit."

He holds it to his nose.

"Fresh," he says.

He holds it to his ear.

"Not yet peeping," he says.

He places it in the water.

"Look how high it floats," he says. "That means it's getting ready to hatch."

He cradles the egg in his hand.

"Gives you a funny feeling, doesn't it?" he says. "A treasure-type feeling. Like finding the crown jewels. The speckles make it look so three-dimensional I get dizzy. I feel as if I'm looking into a galaxy of stars."

Fifty years ago, the great ethologist Konrad Lorenz discovered that if young birds were "imprinted" by early exposure to humans, they believed that they, too, were human and followed their keepers wherever they went. In the opinion of several staff members at the International Crane Foundation, George Archibald developed his identification with birds through a similar process of imprinting. His earliest memory, as a child growing up in Nova Scotia, is of crawling after a mother duck and her brood of yellow ducklings at a neighbor's farm. "The light in the barnyard was green and hazy," he recalls. "I was too young to talk. All I knew is that what I most wanted in the world was to touch those ducks."

Although he was the only one of the six Archibald children who was even remotely interested in birds, his parents indulged his infatuation by buying him chickens, then ducks, geese, turkeys, pheasants and peacocks. "I felt very sorry for the chickens because they couldn't fly," he says. "So I'd carry them up the ladder to the roof of our barn and coax them off the edge. They never got hurt, but they were so stressed they never laid a single egg. I was crushed."

When George was 12, his parents gave him a 100-egg incubator, which he installed next to his bed so he could watch the hatching process from start to finish, sometimes staying up all night to nurse an egg through an obstetrical crisis. His flocks multiplied. One night, returning home from dinner with friends, the Archibalds found that a band of raccoons had raided the barn, killed most of the birds and scattered their partially eaten bodies across

the pasture. Each night for several years thereafter George recited this prayer: "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep. And if I die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take. God bless Mum, Dad and the family. And please save my birds from the raccoons."

It was after his junior year in college, while working at a game farm in Alberta, that George saw his first crane. "They had a captive sandhill there, named Sandy, of course. He looked at me in a curious manner and then he began dancing, doing the ritualized courtship dance of a crane that's ready to mate. I thought it was the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen. That was the summer I learned how to collect crane eggs out on the marsh, and whenever I saw a wild crane I'd be stunned by its grace. Everything I learned about cranes was superlative. They're the tallest bird that flies, and, next to the bar-headed goose, they fly the highest. Did you know that mountain climbers have spotted cranes flying over Mount Everest? I loved the fact that cranes mate for life, and that they symbolize fidelity in cultures all over the world. As far as I was concerned, cranes were to the other birds as men are to the apes."

While he was a graduate student at Cornell, writing a dissertation on crane calls, Archibald conceived the idea of the International Crane Foundation. He launched it in 1973 with Ronald Sauey, a fellow ornithology student whose parents volunteered to rent them their unused Wisconsin farm for $1 a year.

Today the foundation is supported entirely by private contributions and grants, including a $192,000 "Genius Award" that Archibald won in 1984 from the MacArthur Foundation. The 160-acre spread has facilities for incubating, hatching and rearing cranes, as well as freezing their semen and breeding them through artificial insemination. For the brolga cranes of Australia, there are sprinklers that simulate monsoons. For the Siberian cranes, there are 24-hour floodlights that simulate the midnight sun. For chicks that are being experimentally raised without human contact so they can be more readily returned to the wild, there are metal-beaked crane puppets that pop out of trapdoors in one-way-mirrored pens to feed their charges fortified soybean pellets.

Archibald lives six miles from the foundation in a two-room cabin with his wife, Kyoko, a stork expert who was born in Japan. They have no children. When he is not abroad doing fieldwork, he regularly attends meetings of the Baraboo Optimists Club, volunteers at a local nursing home, and rarely misses a service at the Baptist church. He considers religion a central force in his life. "I put my problems in God's hands," he says. "The same power that brought Christ back to life can bring hope to seemingly hopeless situations, like saving the most endangered family of birds on earth."

It is difficult to believe that this paragon of wholesomeness is the very same man *Time* magazine once called "the Don Juan of the Audubon set." In fact, Archibald earned this epithet not through any display of promiscuous behavior but through a long and faithful (if admittedly ardent) relationship with a whooping crane named Tex.

In 1976 Tex (who had been christened before her sex could be determined) constituted 1/75 of a species that had once numbered more than 15,000. Because of imprinting from early contact with zookeepers, she identified more closely with people than with birds and, despite the efforts of Maryland's Patuxent Wildlife Research Center to pair her with another rare whooper, she had never laid a single egg. Her amorous interests were confined to men, preferably Caucasian, dark-haired and of medium height.

Archibald fit the résumé. It occurred to him that he might be able to develop a pair bond with Tex, perform the spring courtship dances, and induce her to lay eggs fertilized by artificial insemination. Feeling both sheepish and eager, he asked to borrow Tex from Patuxent. She was dispatched to Baraboo like a mail order bride, accompanied by a card with a cartoon of a crane wearing a wedding veil, and the caption, "Congratulations, George!"

Tex and her new mate quickly set up housekeeping together. Archibald moved a cot, a sleeping bag, a card table, a chair and a typewriter into the crane's pen. After awakening at dawn to her 110-decibel calls, he spent his days reading and typing while she stalked around their grass enclosure. "Tex was a beady-eyed, domineering bird with everyone else," he says, "but with me she was a kitten. Every hour or so she'd walk up to me and purr—that's what mated cranes do—to let me know she wanted to hunt earthworms. I'd purr back and go off hunting with her. I never found any worms. She was terrific at it. She'd also give me little love pecks with her beak, and sometimes we collected nest-building materials together. A couple of times a day we danced. I'd raise my arms and jump up and down, and she'd raise her wings and bow and leap and turn and throw grass at me. She was unbelievably graceful. Three times a week I'd artificially inseminate her with fresh semen from Patuxent, carried in a picnic cooler by stewardesses who thought the whole thing was a riot. I thought it was a miracle."

Over the course of seven springs of intermittent courtship, Tex laid four eggs. The first was infertile, the second contained a deformed chick that was stillborn, the third one broke and the fourth, on June 1, 1982, became Gee Whiz. "The day he hatched," says Archibald, "was one of the finest days of my life."

Three weeks after Gee Whiz was born, Tex was killed and eaten by raccoons that had climbed over her chain-link fence, much as Archibald's pet birds had been killed two decades earlier in Nova Scotia. In whooping crane terms, her death was equivalent to wiping out the entire population of the American Midwest.

"Tex was an incredible creature," says Archibald, "and I miss her. But she left a wonderful son behind. Whizzy's just turned four, and he's a perfect crane, five feet tall and with a lovely disposition. Sometimes he and I purr together, but he's not totally imprinted and I hope one day he'll mate with a real whooper. I call him my kid."

George Archibald and I are driving along Highway 33 east of Baraboo, on the way back from our successful egg hunt. "See that gravel strip?" he says, taking his mud-encrusted boot off the accelerator. "One summer there was a sandhill crane who stood here every day for months, from dawn to dusk, like a gray ghost. We were pestered with calls at the foundation from people who thought it was one of our captive birds that had escaped. But it wasn't. It was wild. I had no idea why it was there until autumn came and I found out from a state trooper. He told me that in the spring he'd found a dead crane in the middle of the road, struck by a car, and he'd thrown it in the ditch. The cranes must have been crossing the road together from the marsh. Their pair bond was so strong that when the female died, her mate returned to the same place every day, hoping that if he just



ARNOLD ZANN

With aviculturist Claire Mirande, Archibald weighs a batch of sandhill and red-crowned crane eggs to see if they are incubating


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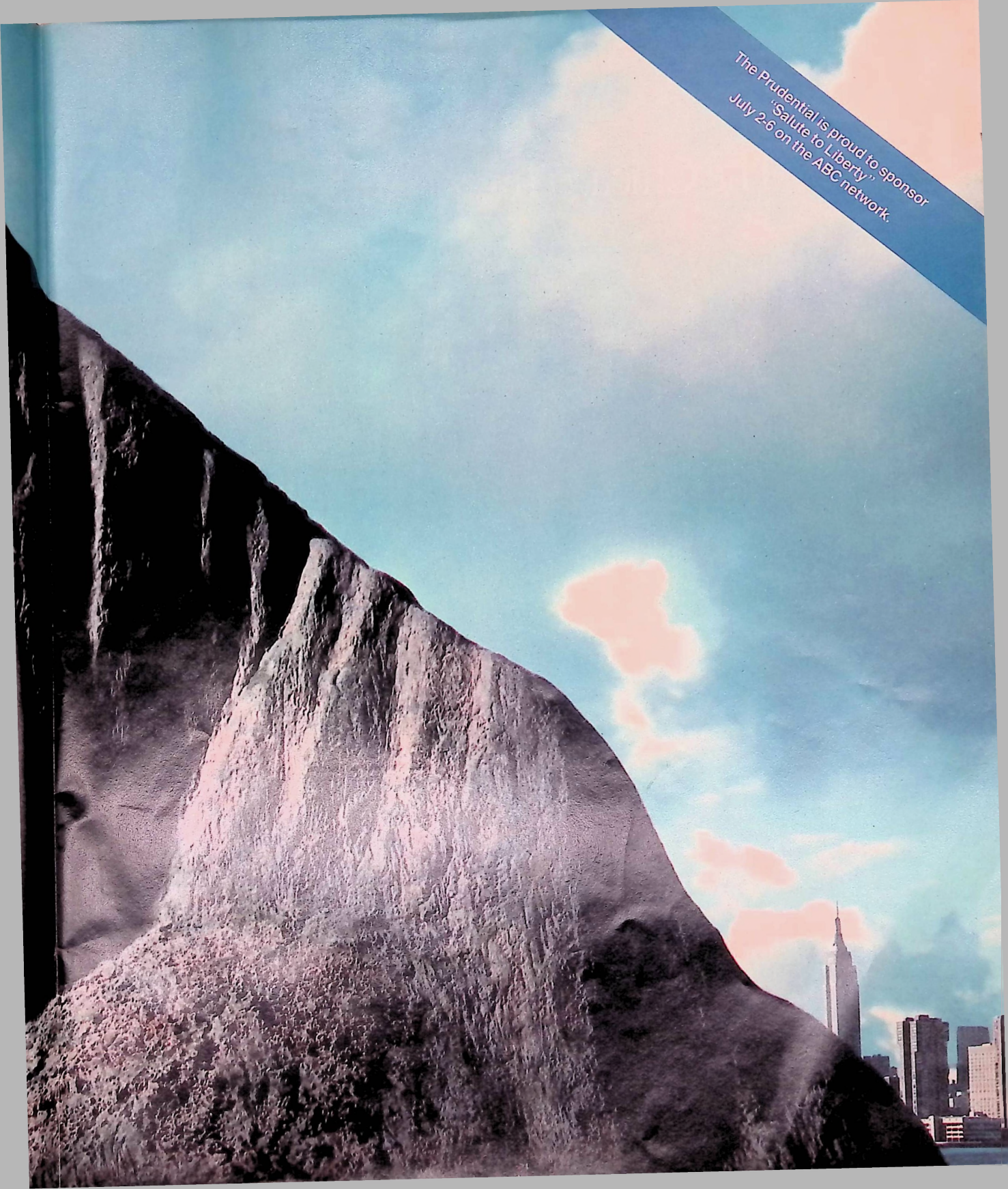
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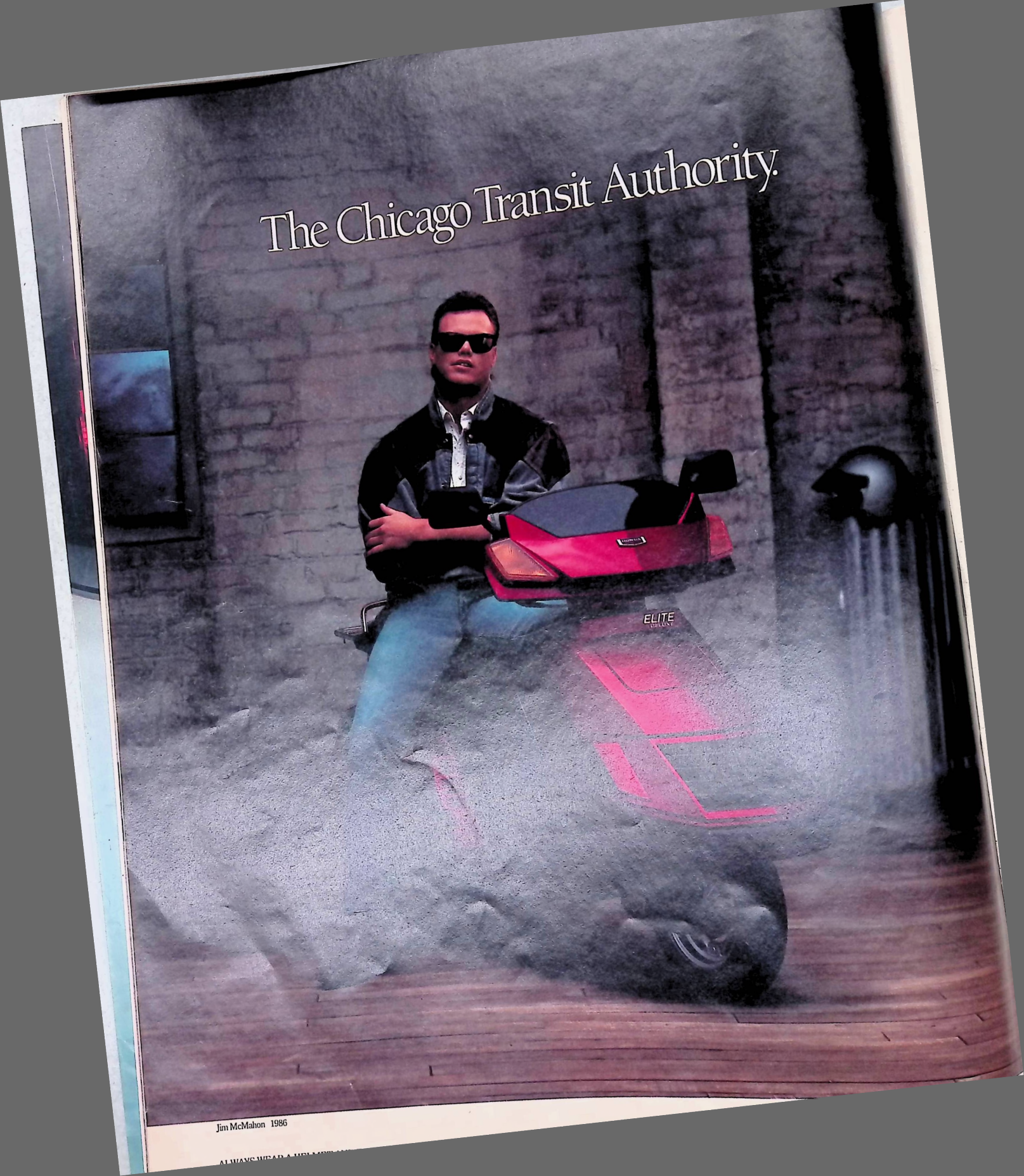
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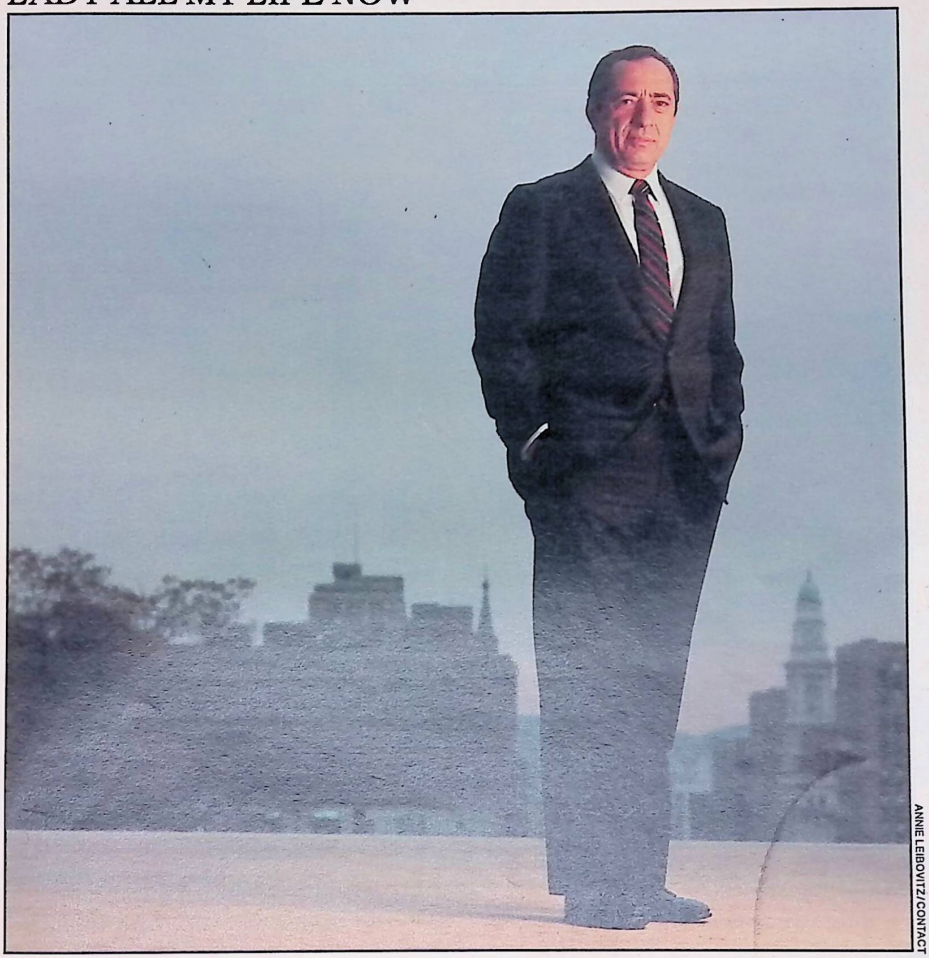
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By Mario Cuomo

'I'VE WATCHED THE LADY ALL MY LIFE NOW'



ANNIE LEIBOVITZ/CONTACT

For all visitors, New York Governor Mario Cuomo adds his welcome to that of the Statue of Liberty.

There were no skyscrapers or high rises in South Jamaica, Queens, the neighborhood where I grew up. It was plain, flat, quiet. The tenements, stores and houses were cramped together, block after block, in stolid, solid lines. It was a world of brick and concrete, except for the occasional patches of flowers or tomato plants, small pieces of carefully tended earth, reminders of the peasant life our parents had left behind.

On a summer's evening, we'd go up to the rooftops, up above the heat that shimmered on the sidewalks and turned our asphalt ball field into black ooze. The older people sat and talked while we leaned against the ledges and looked across other roofs and other ledges to the great granite towers of Manhattan. We could imagine them looming there like the walls of some medieval city.

Manhattan, the center of power and dreams—Manhattan, the imperial city—beckoned us to the land still beyond our reach, the America of college and success, of people with diplomas on their walls, of men and women rushing to catch trains to places with lawns and trees, to houses without clotheslines on their roofs.

And if we looked even harder, if we strained to glimpse where the sea met the sky, we could call up the image of the Statue of Liberty. From where we stood we could believe that the faraway light—the light that punctuated the western horizon like a star—was *her* light, the light of her torch. We could insist on believing it because once having seen the Lady, even once having climbed her stairway and seen the world from her crown, the awe that had filled us never diminished.

Our parents never paid much attention to our stargazing. They never talked much about the statue, or the first time they saw her. They had other memories—the cold, white corridors of the immigrant station on Ellis Island, the island beside the Lady's. They never spoke to their children about it: the tags on their jackets that made them feel like baggage, the condescension of those who would decide if they were good enough to be let in, or at least not quite bad enough to be kept out.

Sometimes we would see the

New York Governor Mario Cuomo, who announced recently that he will run for a second term, is guest columnist. Loudon Wainwright will be back on this page next month.

statue in the harbor in the same way we saw the statues of the saints that our parents kept beside their beds or the ones we knelt before in church. Then, in those moments, we could feel ourselves almost asking—almost praying—"Let your light be for us, Lady. Open the door for us, Lady. Let the dream be for us, too, Lady."

Years later, 19 floors above the street, in the office I worked in as a lawyer, I could sit at my desk and see the city's lights. They were closer now. The view from my Brooklyn office framed the New York skyline. Next to that window were my diplomas, parchment testaments to my education in college and law school. Beneath them was a picture of my family, five children standing in a green yard, before a house with a steeply pitched roof, a roof they'd never have to climb just to make a wish.

In that office Liberty was almost out of view, but if I pressed my face up to the glass and looked off to the right, there it was. At night, the light of her torch still stood out against the sky.

Today, I can still see the statue. My office—the Office of the Governor of New York State—is on the 57th floor of one of the two sheer steel towers of the World Trade Center. The south wall of my office is serrated with glass, five elongated panels that frame all of New York Harbor.

Off to the right is Ellis Island. With its low-slung buildings, the cupolas of its main hall lifting gently into the sky, it seems more like a casino or an amusement park than the place where millions once came with everything they possessed stuffed into broken, battered trunks or in bundles they carried on their backs.

I've tried to picture my mother there. I've tried to imagine her sitting in that hall listening for her name to be called, praying she would recognize it when it was spoken in the accents of a language she couldn't understand.

Except for the infant she carried in her arms, her first child, my mother was alone. She was in the last stages of the journey that would reunite her with her laborer husband, who had preceded her here in search of work.

I try to dream her dream. I try to see with her eyes the skyline and the statue, the lineaments of a new world. I try to feel the wild hopes she might have nursed, the hopes for her children, that in this land they might go as far as their talents would carry them, that they might possess all the promise of this place.

Her life has changed since then. Her husband is gone. Her children have children of their own, all of them living out the fulfillment of her dreams, pursuing careers in medicine, the law, the arts. Still, I find it almost impossible to grasp the reality of how and where the dream began.

Almost in the center of my view is the Statue of Liberty. The scaffolding that surrounded her for two years is gone. The torch-bearing arm, weakened by time, has been rebuilt. The torch itself has been gilded with gold leaf. The flame, brighter than ever, shines strongly, brightly in the night sky.

I've watched the Lady all my life now. I've seen her changing moods, the sunshine bathing her in light, the sea mist swirling around her pedestal, the clouds sweeping in so low that they seem to rip themselves open on her crown, their rain covering but never extinguishing the torch she holds.

For me and for millions of New Yorkers, the Statue of Liberty feels like an old friend. Her presence is familiar, constant, comforting. We feel a tremendous pride that she's stood all these years beside this Golden Door.

This summer, from every corner of this country, her children will return. And the Lady belongs to every one of them, equally. She belongs as much to Kansas as to California, as much to Texas as to Minnesota. She is America's. And so are the words inscribed on her base. They, too, belong to us all.

As much as the Lady, the poetry of Emma Lazarus embodies the promise made to our ancestors: the promise that even though they were driven here by hunger, or poverty, or the simple desire to find a better life for their children, they were welcomed.

Welcome. That's what the Lady said to the people coming up from steerage and crowding the decks for a glimpse of their new country. That's what it said to those fleeing political or religious tyrannies. That's what it says today to the planes circling above before landing at Kenne... Airport.

Despite all the times we as... people or as individuals ha... failed to live out that promise, d... spite the instances of bigotry an... hatred, because of this Lady, th... word will always echo in thi... place: *Welcome.*

From this office, I have the bes... possible view of the Lady. From here, I can see the whole drama of the harbor, the sky, the sea, the monuments made by both God and man. Soon it will be alive with ceremonies and celebrations to mark her centennial. There will be a panoply of boats, crowds, dignitaries, flags, battleships, balloons and fireworks.

Yet even today, even without that spectacle, the view is so striking, so breathtaking, that if I want to recapture the other view, the vision I tried to see as a child on a rooftop, I have to step back from the window. I have to close my eyes and concentrate until, despite all the years, it begins to come back. Until I can see the torch—the star—in the distance. Until I can remember the old aching to belong. Until I can see my father, his shoes off, his arms folded, his shirt stained with sweat, watching us as we watched the Lady, his tired, hopeful eyes telling us, Go on, children, make your wish.

It's then that I find myself asking, again in words that come almost like a prayer:

Lift your lamp, Lady.

Lift it for those you've always welcomed.

For the exile and the stranger. For the refugee and the immigrant. For all the members of the human family the world so often finds it convenient to ignore, or despise, or persecute.

And lift your lamp, Lady, for our brothers and sisters in this country. For the farmers and factory workers fighting to hold on to their dignity. For the parents struggling to give their children more than they had, more education, more opportunity, more hope. For the millions among us still without work or enough to eat or even a roof over their heads.

And lift it for us, too, Lady.

Lift it for the powerful, the comfortable, the well-fed, the well-educated, the satisfied. Remind us of who we are and where we come from and what we were taught to believe.

Don't let us forget, Lady. Remind us always as you lift your

'I can see my father, his shoes off, his arms folded, his shirt stained with sweat, watching us as we watched the Lady....'



In 1935 mother and Mario, three, visit his father (right) and a neighbor at the Cuomo store.



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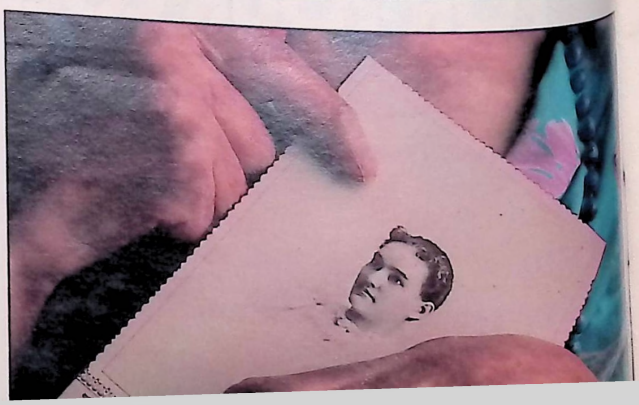
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AMERICA

SUPERLATIVELY SPEAKING, SOME

It's in our genes. The need to be the very first and biggest and best in everything—no matter what. During the past few months, LIFE has explored the United States, sampling our country's extremes, its most diverse people and places, in hopes that we might better understand the whole. As Cervantes wrote in *Don Quixote*, before there even was a U.S.A., "By a small sample, we may judge the whole piece." And so on our nation's 210th birthday, here is an admittedly arbitrary and quixotic sampler of American superlatives—a sort of America at large . . . and small . . . and deep . . . and rich . . . and poor . . . and old . . . and young.



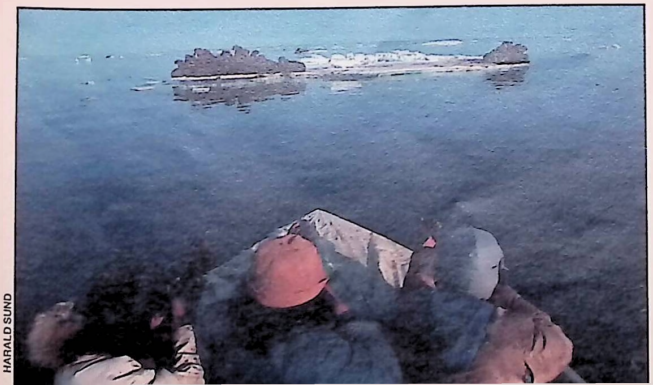
THE MOST PRODUCTIVE

The baby boom hasn't stopped in Geary County, Kans., which boasts the highest birthrate in the nation (43 births per thousand in the last census). Last year yielded 1,181 infants, and the 1986 forecast is for another bumper crop. What makes these plains so fertile? "Sex," opines one mother-to-be. "Soldiers!" says another. The county's crop of fathers is swelled by Fort Riley, where the PX does a big business in disposable diapers.



THE MOST

CIAL PEOPLE AND SURPRISING PLACES



HARALD SUND

THE OLDEST

One of her first memories is of her parents getting the news of Custer's Last Stand. Her father, a Civil War vet, told her about marching to the sea with Sherman. At 113, Mamie Keith, holding her 1890 high school graduation picture *(far left)*, is the oldest U.S. citizen. The ex-teacher lives in a Libertyville, Ill., nursing home. Her key to longevity? Says grandson Frank Underbrink, 53, "For ninety-six years, every morning Grandma drank a cup of hot water."

THE MOST SPARSELY POPULATED

With 5,600 humans spread over 90,955 square miles, North Slope Borough, Alaska, is the most thinly populated region in the country. The citizens, in fact, are outnumbered by the 200,000 walrus. This is a far cry from Manhattan's Lillian Wald housing project, where 7,000 dwell within four blocks, making it America's densest locale. At that rate, North Slope could hold nearly 23 billion people—and very few walrus.



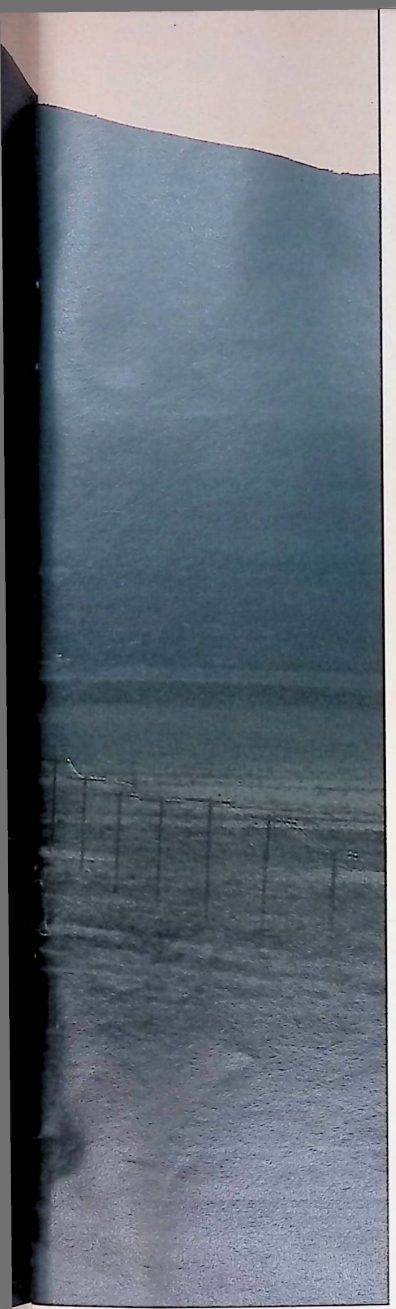
ENRICO FERORELLI/DOT

THE CUTEST

It's the oldest story in show biz. Filming a dairy commercial, the star couldn't go on; understudy Jessica Peyton (left, with mother Kathie), who'd been working since she was five months old but was still waiting for her big break, took the stage, chomped the cheese, and a star was born. Today, at three, with four TV spots and $100,000 in the bank, the Staten Island toddler may be the highest-paid baby model in the U.S.

THE LONELIEST ROAD

"It's totally empty," says an AAA counselor. "There are no points of interest. We don't recommend it." The 287-mile stretch of U.S. 50, running from Ely to Fernly, Nev., passes nine towns, two abandoned mining camps, a few gas pumps and an occasional coyote. "We warn all motorists not to drive there," says the AAA rep, "unless they're confident



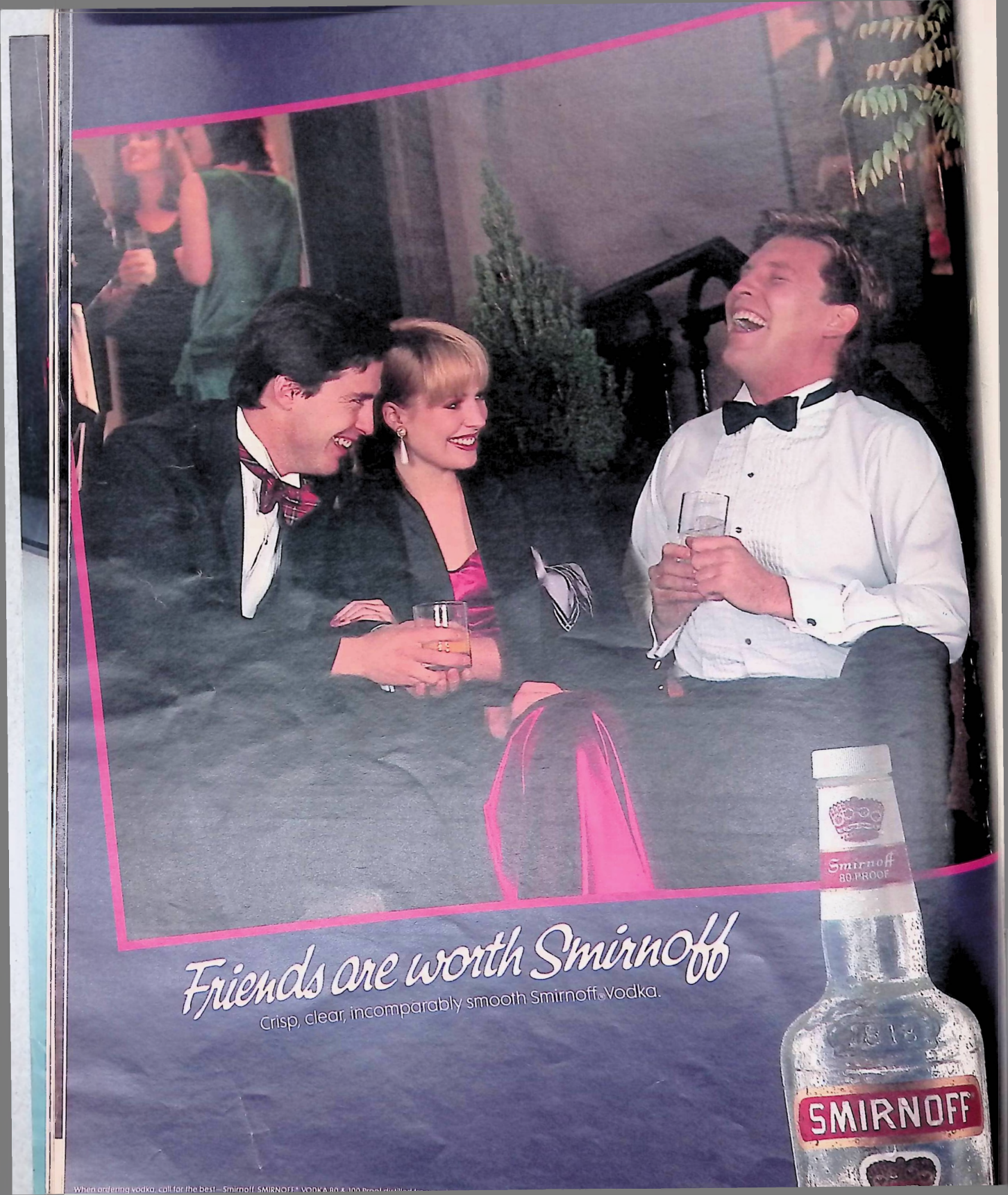
PHILIP JONES GRIFFITHS/MAGNUM



PETER MARLOW

THE MOST BANKRUPT

When the calculators finally stopped humming at real estate mogul William Stern's bankruptcy hearing, the tally was $210,160,000, making the Harvard Law School graduate the U.S. citizen deepest in debt. Recently absolved of his liability, Stern, 51, is in London starting from scratch as a "property consultant." He has a way to go to catch Sam Walton, the wealthiest man in America, who has a $2.8 billion head start.



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THE SWEETEST

Cheerleader, class president and beauty pageant queen, Joni Marie Busbee, 17, reigns as the sweetest girl in the sweetest town in America. The high school senior in Clewiston, Fla.—heart of the nation's most productive sugar region—was voted girl with the most school spirit. Says a teacher, "When everybody else says, 'We can't,' Joni says, 'We can.' " Although sitting on a throne of 30 million pounds of unrefined sweet stuff, the town's Miss Sugar admits that to stay in shape for swimsuit competitions, she substitutes Sweet 'N Low for the real thing.

THEO WESTENBERGER/SYGMA (2)

THE BRAVEST

Medal detectors strike gold when they get near Colonel George "Bud" Day, 62, America's most decorated living veteran. In three wars (WWII, Korea and Vietnam) and 34 years of service, Day earned 70 awards, including at least one of every combat medal a soldier can receive. Shot down over North Vietnam in 1967, he was imprisoned—and tortured—for five years and seven months. For his courage as a POW, he received the nation's highest award for bravery, the Congressional Medal of Honor. "Nothing has scared me since I left Hanoi," says Day, now a malpractice lawyer in Shalimar, Fla. He keeps the "gongs," as he calls them, in a dresser drawer, wearing a representative sample when giving speeches to schools and civic groups. Admits Day, "After about twenty-five medals, you run out of shoulder to put them on." ⇉





MICHAEL MELFORD (2)

THE DEEPEST

It takes 45 minutes on the "Down" elevator to get there—and the last stop is 8,335 feet below the surface of the earth. Despite the sweltering bedrock (134°F), miners at the bottom of the Homestake Mine in Lead, S.Dak.—which supplied the gold for the 1984 Olympic medals—are nonchalant about the depths to which they sink. Observes one veteran miner, as he goes for the gold, "Underground is underground."





WAYNE SORCE

THE HIGHEST

The view from the bedroom window of Healy House *(far left)* offers the highest vantage point in the highest incorporated town in America. At two miles up, "the air is like wine," boasts the Leadville, Colo., Chamber of Commerce. But life in America's loftiest city (pop. 3,300) has its down side. It leaves tourists huffing and puffing, and says one longtime resident, "I have to boil potatoes longer. But yeast does great—I never have trouble with bread rising

THE ABSOLUTE CENTER

If the United States were flat as a pancake and every citizen weighed the same, this country would balance perfectly on the bird eggs at the edge of Lynn Merrill's catfish pond, 10 miles northwest of Potosi, Mo. The Census Bureau says that this spot is the nation's population center—give or take a few yards—although at present its inhabitants are limited to five

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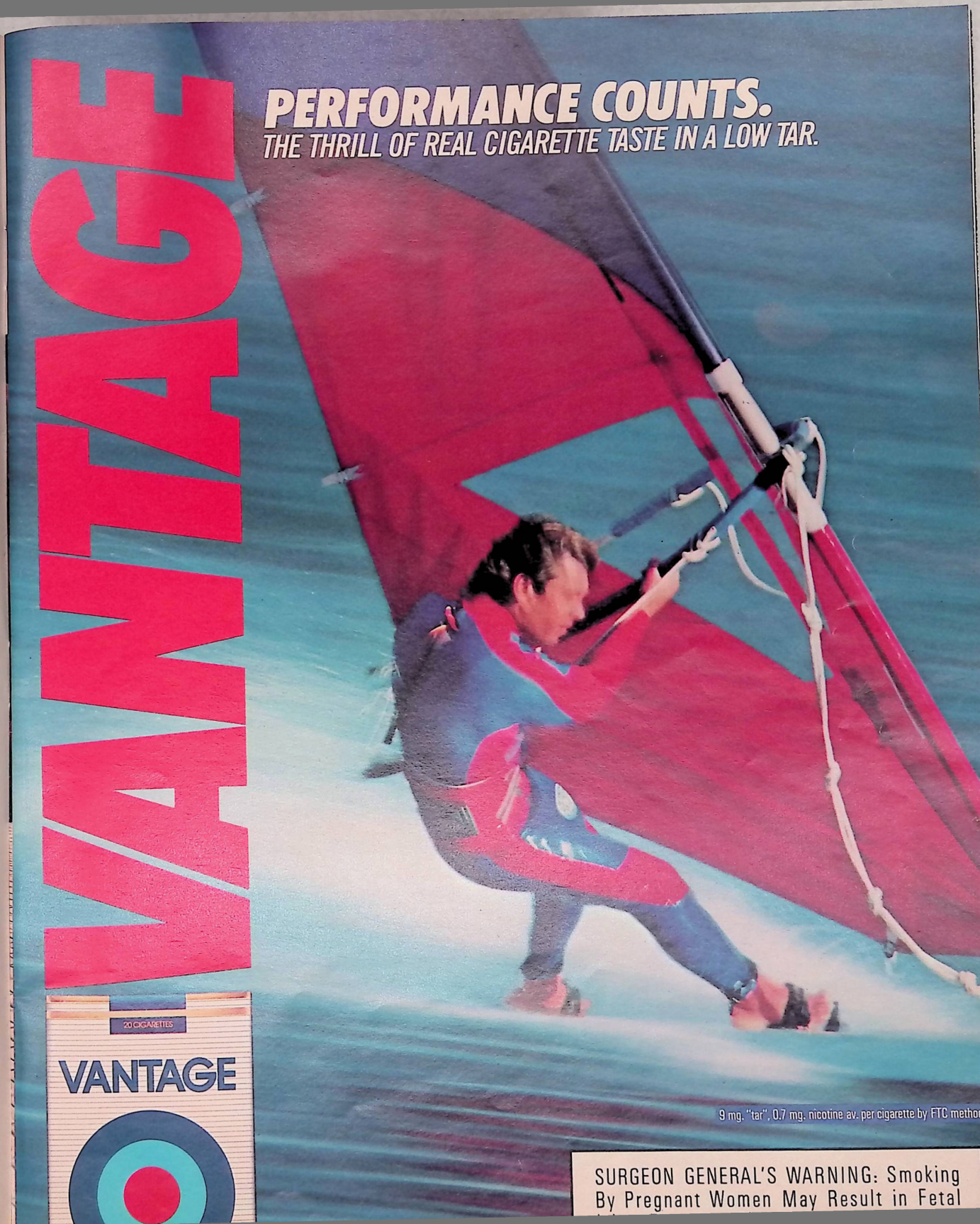
THE LONGEST-LOVING

In 1904 Teddy Roosevelt was President, the Panama Canal was started, and Oliver and Cora Lee Glenn eloped. Last November, Cora Lee, 99, and Oliver, 100, celebrated their 81st wedding anniversary, making them the longest-married couple in the country. The former postmaster and his wife share a room in an Elmore, Ala., nursing home, where they are visited by their two children, six grandchildren, 22 great-grandchildren, 25 great-greats and two great-great-greats. Their secret? "Love and a lot of luck," says Oliver.



THE OLDEST COMMUNITY

It is known as The Place That Always Was And Always Will Be. Although no one knows exactly when Acoma, N.Mex., was first settled, some claim that Acoma Indians have lived there since 1150, making it the oldest continuously inhabited town in the continental U.S. Today, 52 people live in houses of mud and straw on the 367-[illegible]. traces of "civilization" are evident: Cabbage Patch dolls, BMX bikes and Walkmans. To keep the community as traditional as possible, however, the tribal council has asked residents to remove TV antennas from their adobe roofs.♠

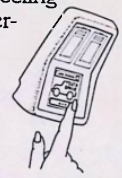

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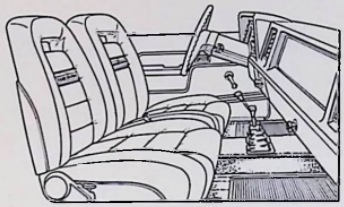


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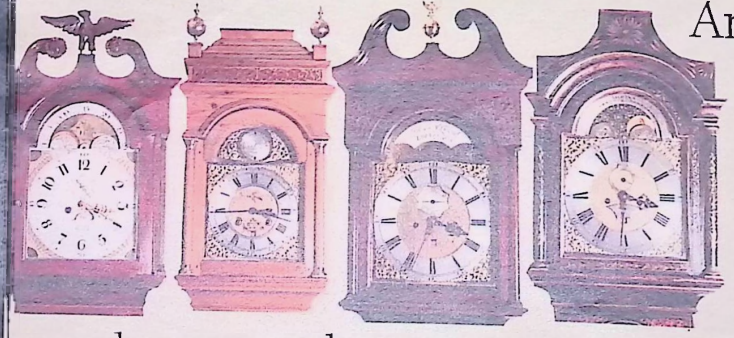


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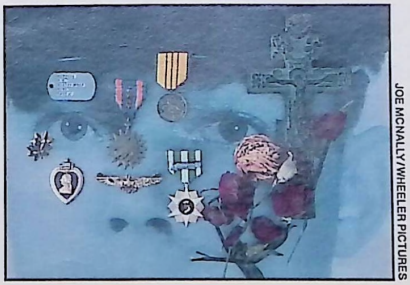
In a ceremony at the Hanoi airport, U.S. military personnel salute American casualties. It was the 17th repatriation of remains since the war ended.

STILL MISSING

THE SEARCH FOR VIETNAM'S WAR DEAD TAKES PUZZLING NEW TURNS

Last April 10, as an American honor guard stood at attention, 21 metal cases were carried onto a U.S. plane at the Hanoi airport. According to the Vietnamese government, the cases contained the bones of American servicemen lost during the war more than a dozen years ago. The remains were flown to the military's Central Identification Laboratory in Hawaii, where forensic experts are attempting to match them with names. Hanoi has turned over 136 such sets of bones, but there are 2,436 Americans still officially listed as missing in action in Southeast Asia.

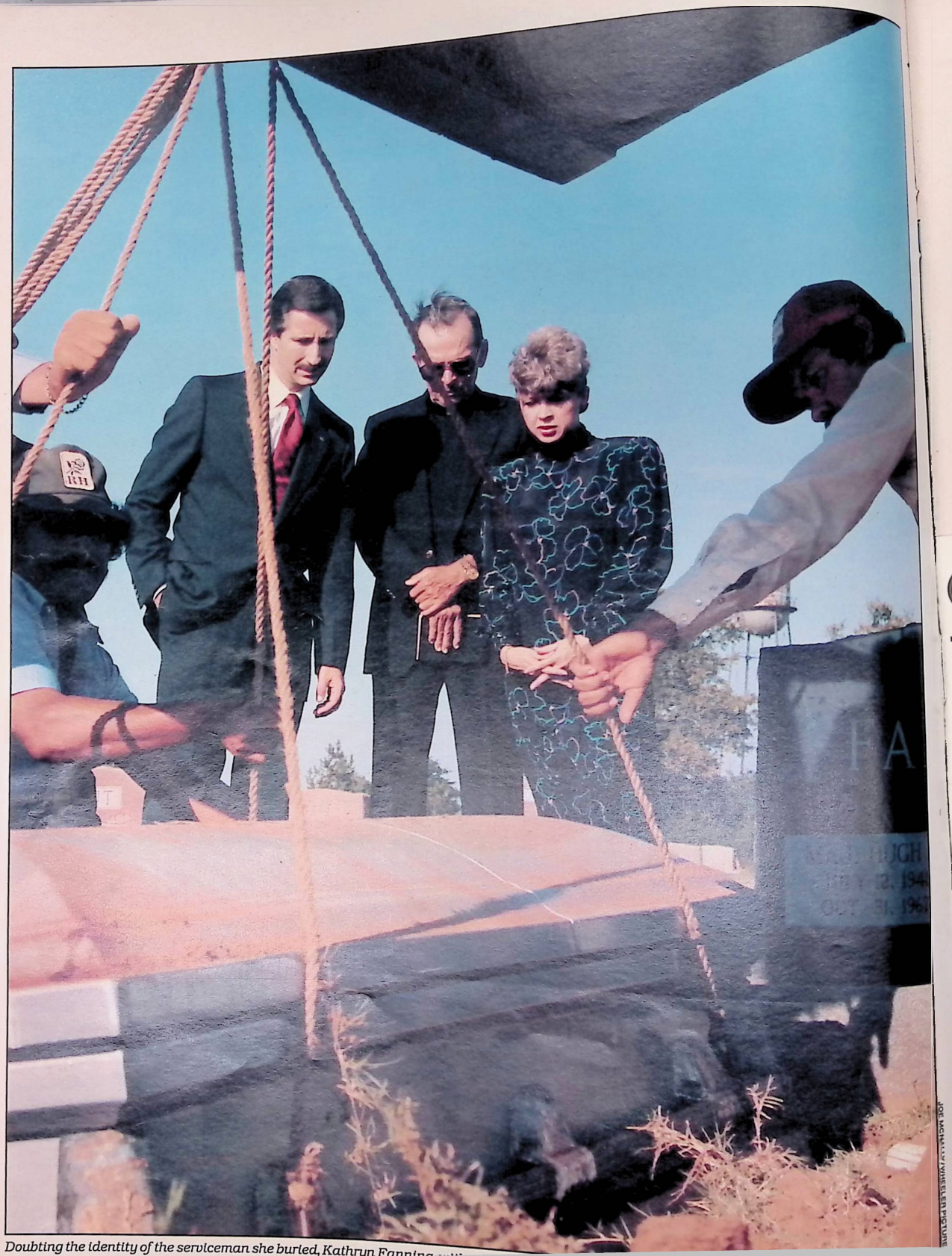
Why do Vietnam's MIAs still haunt the national conscience? Although many more men were unaccounted for in both World War II and the Korean war, the missing were not sought after with the same fervor. Perhaps it has to do with the country's need to find meaning in a lost cause. Persistent reports that POWs are still held in Vietnam keep the issue alive, as do the Rambo and Chuck Norris films. Another factor is Hanoi's recent willingness to discuss MIAs, after nearly a decade of failed diplomatic forays by the U.S. Last fall, seeking a more congenial relationship with Washington, Vietnam went so far as to agree to a joint excavation with the U.S. of a 1972 B-52 crash site near Hanoi. Only unidentifiable bone fragments were recovered, but more excavations were planned.



JOE MCNALLY/WHEELER PICTURES

Major Hugh Fanning was shot down in 1967.

Yet if the U.S. government hoped that a renewed search for remains would calm the relentless agitation by POW-MIA interest groups, it was disappointed. Many MIA relatives deeply distrust the military authorities because of what they see as an overeagerness to close the files on the missing. Some remains have been misidentified; a few families have been misinformed. Thus the findings on the latest bones, when they are made known, will inevitably be doubted by those who won't—or can't—forget.



Doubting the identity of the serviceman she buried, Kathryn Fanning

JOE MCNALLY/WHEELER PICTURE

A MARINE'S WIFE WHO CHALLENGED THE VERDICT OF THE GRAVE



Fanning examines the alleged remains of her husband: a partial pelvis, a shoulder blade, and bones from the arms, legs and hands.

On October 31, 1967, a telegram arrived for Kathryn Fanning: "I deeply regret to confirm that your husband . . . has been reported missing in action . . . downed while on a combat mission over North Vietnam."

Like many MIA wives, Kathryn, now 42, could not accept that her husband, Hugh, a Marine flier, might not come home. Often, she dreamed he was alive. She enlarged a favorite photograph to poster size and had one made for each of their three young children "so that they would recognize their father." For years Hugh's steady eyes watched over the bedrooms of Kelly, now 23, Michael, 20, and Erin, 19. "I finally took that poster down," says Michael. "My dad's eyes followed me everywhere. It got to be weird."

In 1976 another terse missive arrived at Fanning's home in Oklahoma City: For want of evidence to the contrary, her husband's status had been changed from missing to deceased. When Hugh next appeared in Kathryn's dreams, he told her, "I have a hole in my head." Then, in July 1984, she was notified that the Vietnamese had turned over his remains. "Does that mean the dental work matches Hugh's dental records?" Fanning asked the casualty officer assigned to the case. His answer, she says, was an unequivocal yes. Satisfied, the family buried the coffin.



Dr. Clyde Snow measures a tibia to determine the dead man's probable stature.

But Kathryn has always had a psychic faith in her dreams, and the image of Hugh bleeding from a head wound still plagued her. When she asked, the casualty officer told her there was no hole in the skull. Yet after finally obtaining the forensic report, Fanning discovered to her horror that no skull and teeth had been found at all. The bones—30 pieces in all—represented barely 15 percent of the bones that make up a normal adult skeleton. "I realized I didn't know *who* was buried in my husband's grave," she recalls. Fanning petitioned to have the remains exhumed. They were reexamined in Oklahoma City by forensic anthropologist Dr. Clyde Snow.

Snow reported that although the bones belonged to a young white male, there was not enough evidence to make a positive identification. The military stands by its finding, citing Hanoi's assurance that Fanning's bones were found with his copilot's at the crash site. Says Kathryn, "It would have been easier if they had told me that they didn't know for sure." She has refused to rebury the remains.

THE CASE OF THE 28 FRAGMENTS



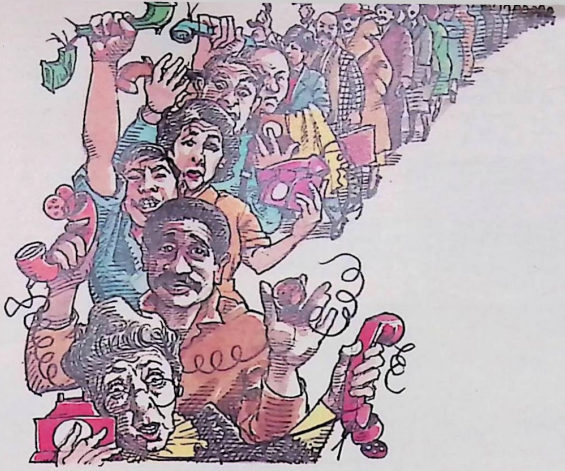
Reporters and cameramen press forward to view the bone fragments that were turned over to Donald Parker by the Air Force.

Among MIA families and veterans groups, two factions have emerged: those who accept that the U.S. is doing all it can, and a more restive group that has filed lawsuits and publicly complained about the identification procedures. One organization, the National Vietnam Veterans Coalition, held a dramatic press conference in New York last fall. Two former Green Berets charged that their superiors commanded them to shred documents proving that POWs were still alive in Southeast Asia. Jerry Dennis of Dayton, Ohio, described his shock at seeing a published photograph of his brother in a POW camp four years after the Navy had returned to his family what it said were his brother's remains. Kathryn Fanning was also there and told her story.

Then Donald Parker, 38, a bridal salon owner from Beaverton, Ore., stood up in behalf of his missing uncle, Chief Master Sergeant James Fuller. The Air Force AC-130 carrying Fuller and 15 others was shot down near Pakse, Laos, on December 21, 1972. Two men were rescued, and the remains of another were found the next day. Fuller and the rest were listed as MIA. Last year, after an American team was permitted to excavate the crash site, bone fragments were returned to each of the families, and the Air Force declared the case of the "Pakse 13" closed.

Most of the families received the remains with relief, grateful that their ordeal was over. Not so Parker. "I traveled to Oakland to stand on a runway in 100-degree heat to receive those remains," he said. "I opened the coffin myself. I did not find a body. I found a new tunic—and underneath was this." He flipped open a flat cotton sheet to reveal 28 pieces of flaking bone. Parker, who was trained as a geologist, explained that he could not accept what he had been given. He solicited the opinion of experts. The first told him the bones could not be identified. The second went even further. "The fragments are mostly human in origin, a few in doubt and one not human," wrote Dr. Michael Charney, a forensic anthropologist at Colorado State University. "Nothing can be said with any certainty as to sex, race, age at time of death, stature."

Parker wants his uncle's status to be changed back to missing and the search to be continued. "I grew up with Mr. Fuller," he said, angrily gesturing at the chips of bone before him. "I loved the man, and he is going to get more more than this from me. He is going to get more than this from his country. Dead or alive, you



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A DIFFERENT VIEW OF WAR AND DEATH



Local Vietnamese, who reportedly keep the paint fresh on this B-52 wreckage, tell tales of an aircraft shot out of the sky one morning in 1972.

The harsh fact is that most of the MIAs from the Vietnam war will never be recovered. Some were blown apart in midair, others were lost over water or scattered on unknown battlegrounds. Many of the potential search sites have been built on or farmed. A few, like the pond above in Hanoi with its American wreckage carefully preserved, are maintained by the Vietnamese as memorials to their struggle.

Differences between the two cultures complicate the issue. Many Indochinese are mystified by the Americans' reverence for physical remnants, even as they exploit it. In Laos and Thailand, there is a grisly black market in human bones and U.S. military dog tags—many of them fraudulent.

Of the MIA rumors that continually swirl



U.S. and Vietnamese diplomats met in April in Hanoi to discuss the return of remains. A few days later talks broke down.

out of the region, the most intriguing tells of a repository in Hanoi of some 400 American war dead. A Vietnamese mortician claimed he helped prepare the remains before fleeing the country. If this story is true—and the Pentagon gives it some credence—then the Vietnamese may have been parceling out the remains to win diplomatic recognition and economic aid from Washington. Hanoi insists at each repatriation that the bones were "recently found in the provinces."

Such suspicions between old enemies present the greatest obstacle to resolving the dilemma of the missing. Impatient with Washington's refusal to establish official ties until a full accounting is made, Hanoi recently sus-

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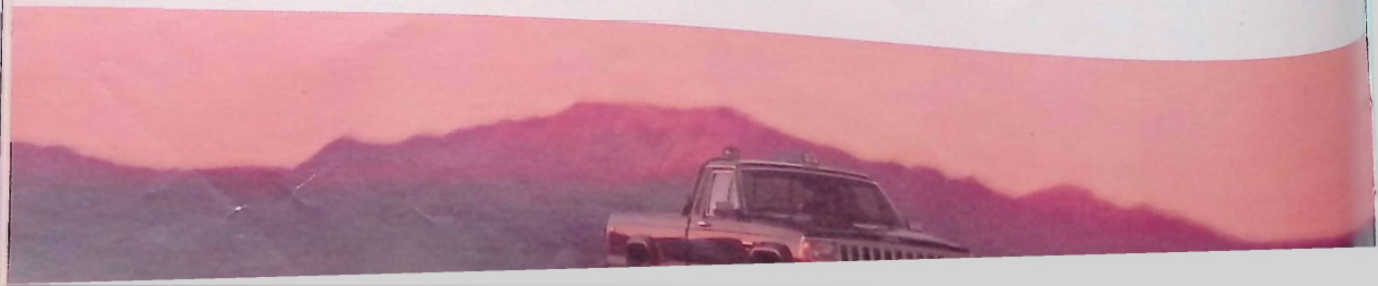
Four Wheeler of the Year.

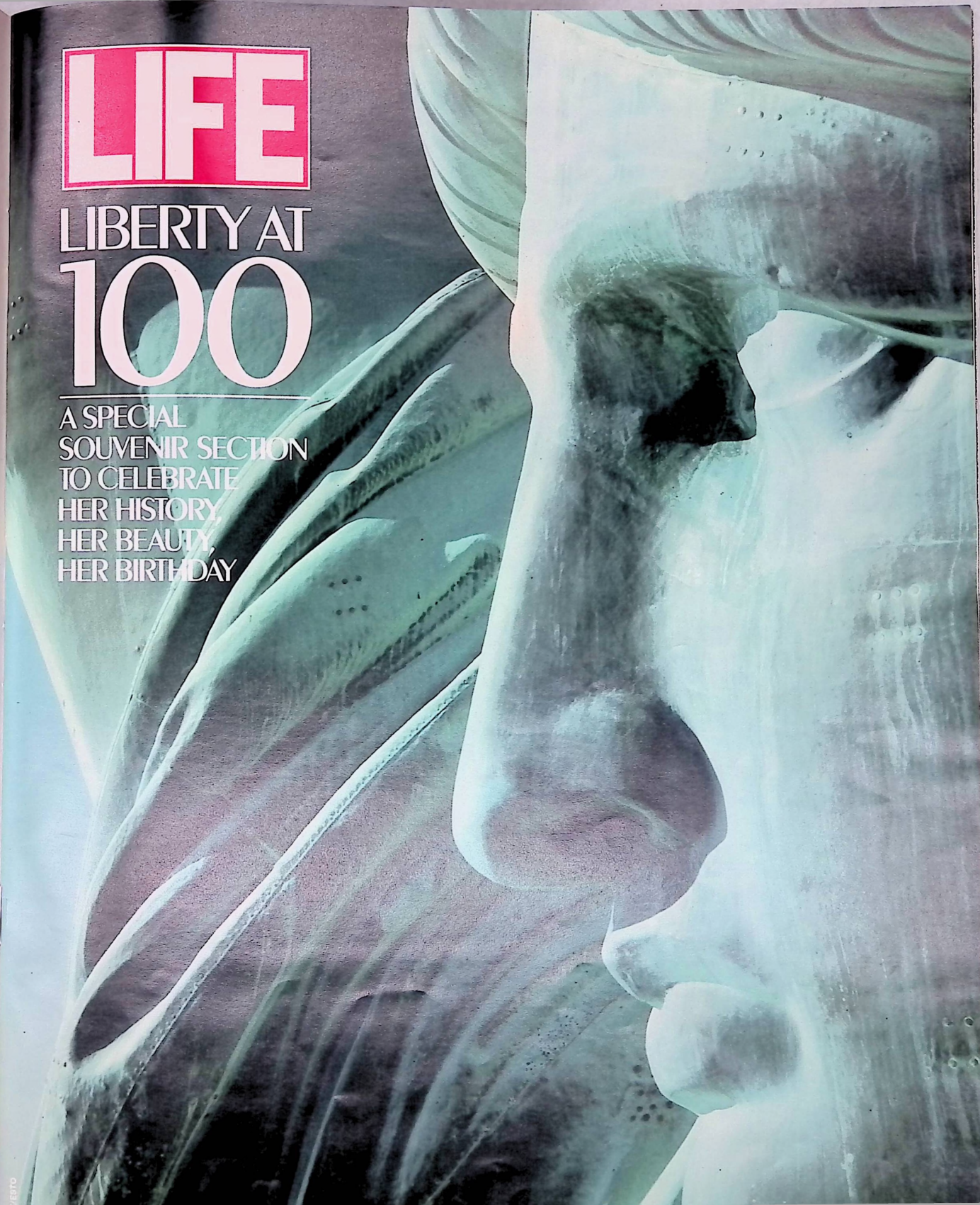
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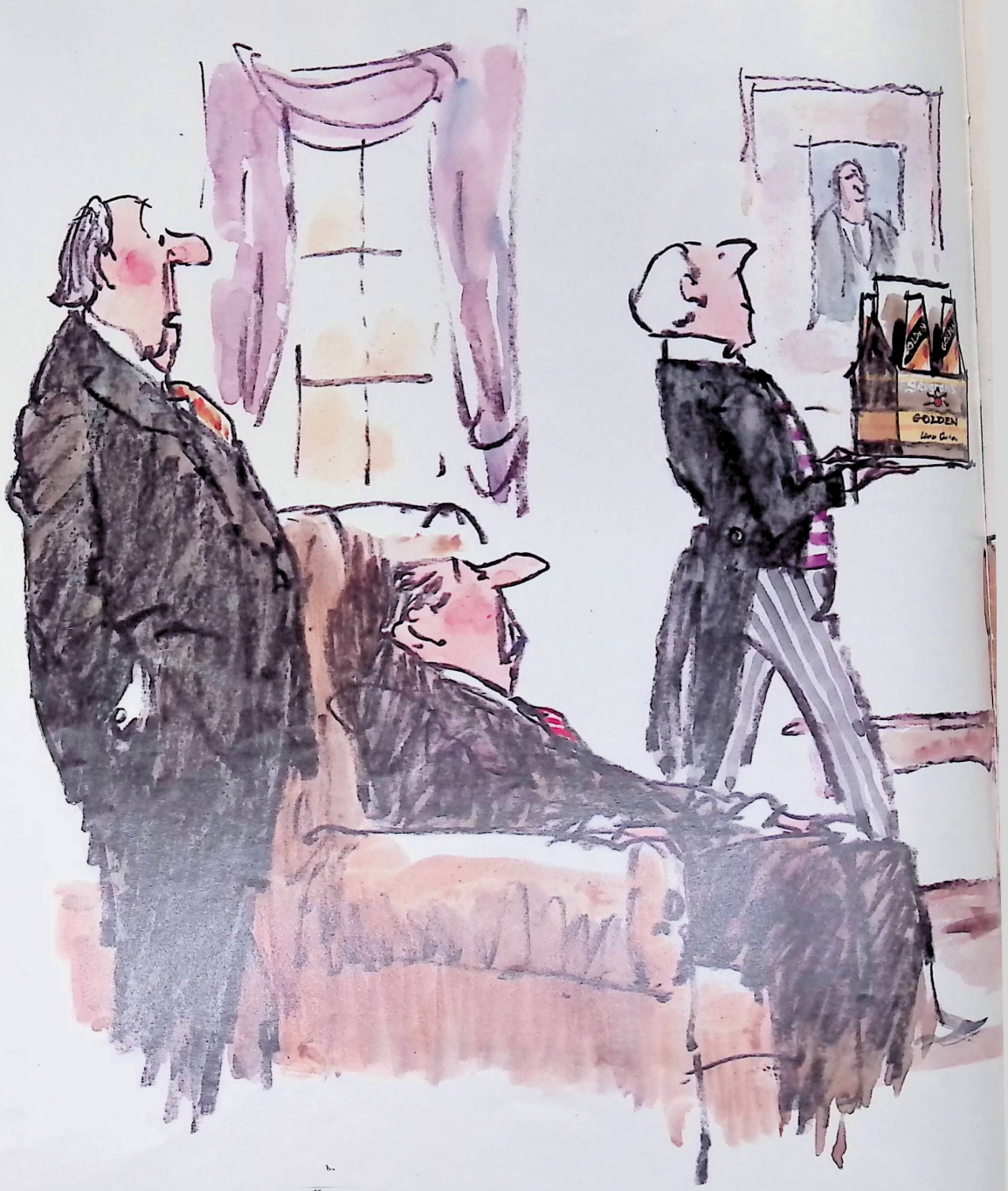


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"I fear cream sherry has had its day, Old Boy."

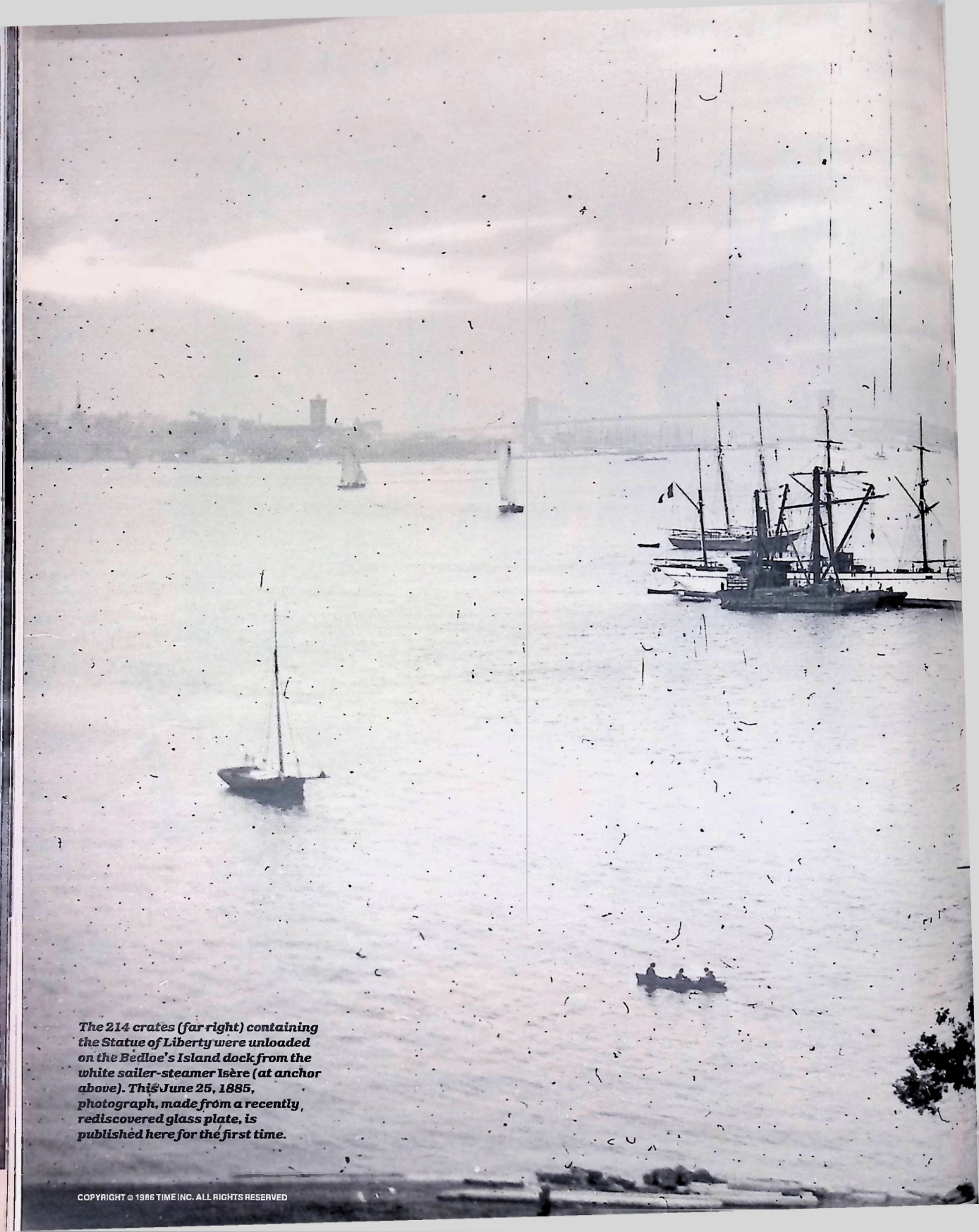
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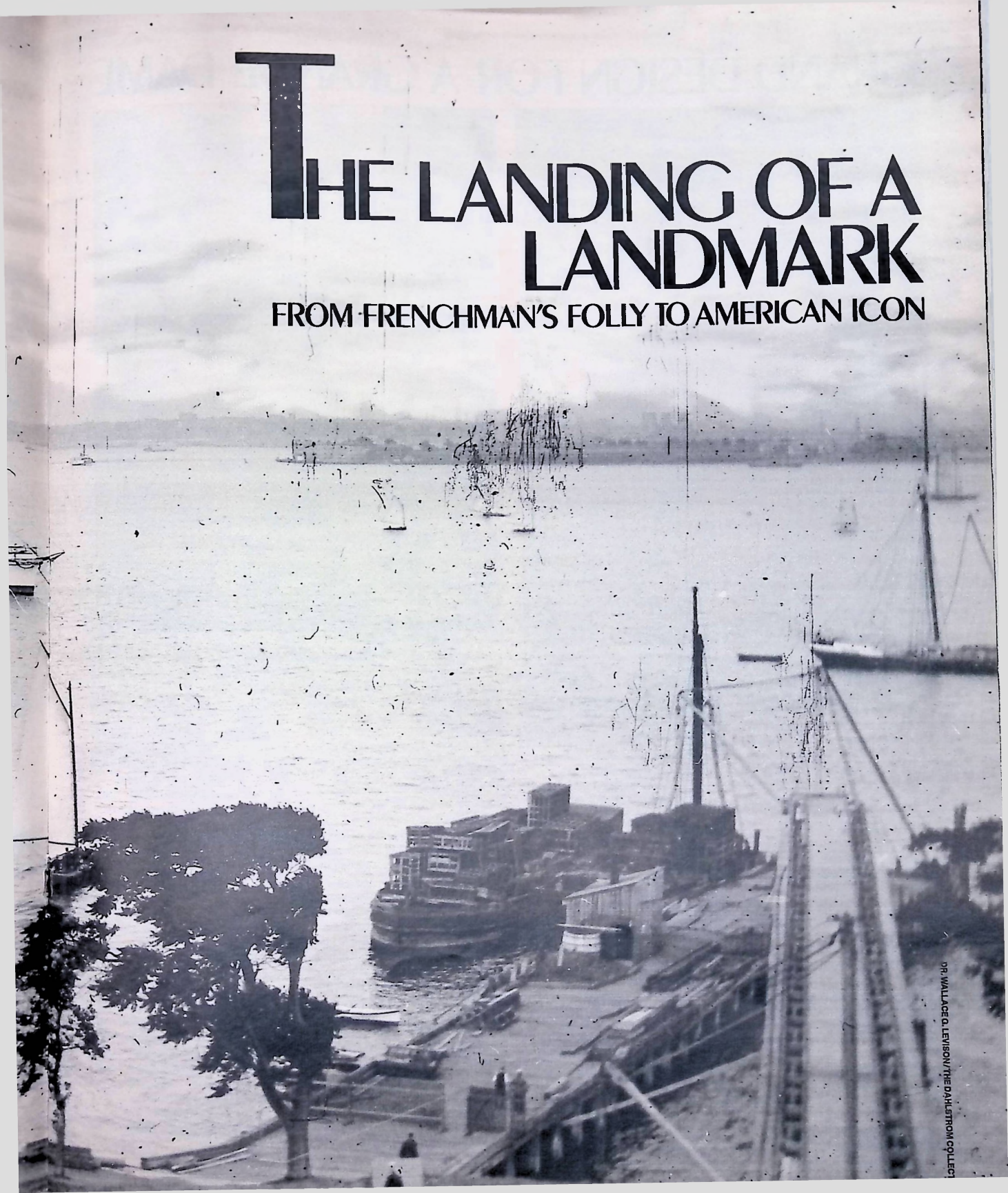


The 214 crates (far right) containing the Statue of Liberty were unloaded on the Bedloe's Island dock from the white sailer-steamer Isère *(at anchor above). This June 25, 1885, photograph, made from a recently rediscovered glass plate, is published here for the first time.*

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THE LANDING OF A LANDMARK

FROM FRENCHMAN'S FOLLY TO AMERICAN ICON

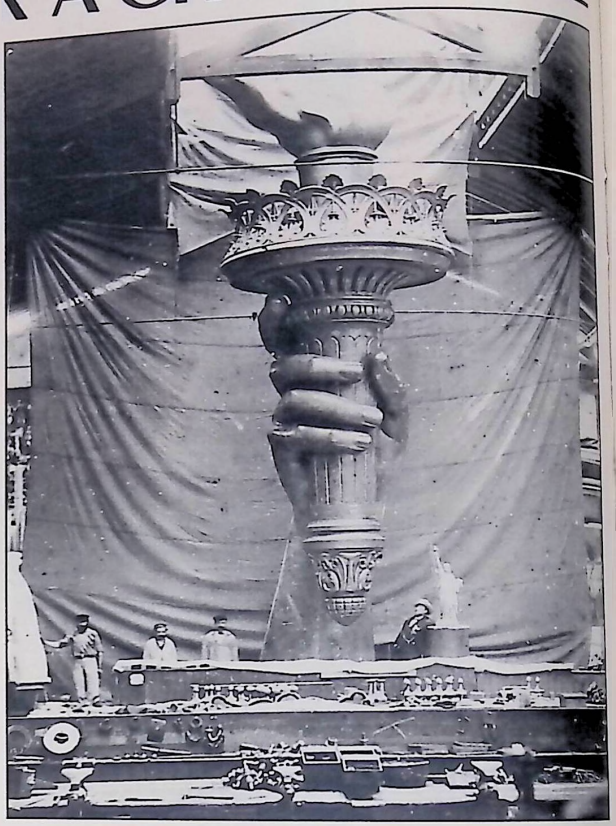


DR. WALLACE G. LEVISON/THE DAHLSTROM COLLECT

GRAND DESIGN FOR A GRANDE DAME



Frédéric Auguste Bartholdi, here in his Paris studio, was already an established sculptor when he began his monumental work.



Workmen from Gaget, Gauthier and Company display the statue's first finished part in 1876. The torch took about 10 months to complete.

The giantess stands on her tiny island as though she has been there forever. She carries a torch for America, for friendship, for freedom and hope and, it can be argued, for thinking big. For two decades the lady of liberty was little more than a grandiose notion, an improbable dream concocted at a dinner party.

No one knows what was served at that dinner in 1865, although the cuisine was certainly French, since it took place at Glatigny, a country estate near Versailles. Nor did every member of the intellectual elite who graced the board that evening go down in history. But one guest was Frédéric Auguste Bartholdi, a 31-year-old sculptor from Alsace who had been commissioned to do a bust of his host, Edouard-René de Laboulaye. Laboulaye, 54, a liberal-minded law professor at the Collège de France in Paris, was a knowledgeable Americanophile, particularly interested in the U.S. Constitution. As the men smoked in the conservatory after dinner, Laboulaye made a case for a "fraternity of feelings" between France and the U.S. "If a monument were to be built in America as a memorial to their independence, I should think it natural for it to be built by united effort, a common work of both nations," he said.



DMITRI KESSEL/MUSÉE BARTHOLDI/COLMAR

Liberty was called a remake of the artist's Progress *(left).*

The remark stuck in the mind of the young sculptor, who had been interested in monumental works since he saw the sphinx in Egypt nearly a decade before. But it was not until six years had passed that Laboulaye urged Bartholdi to pursue the idea. "Go to see that country," he told the sculptor. "Propose to our friends over there to join with us in making a monument."

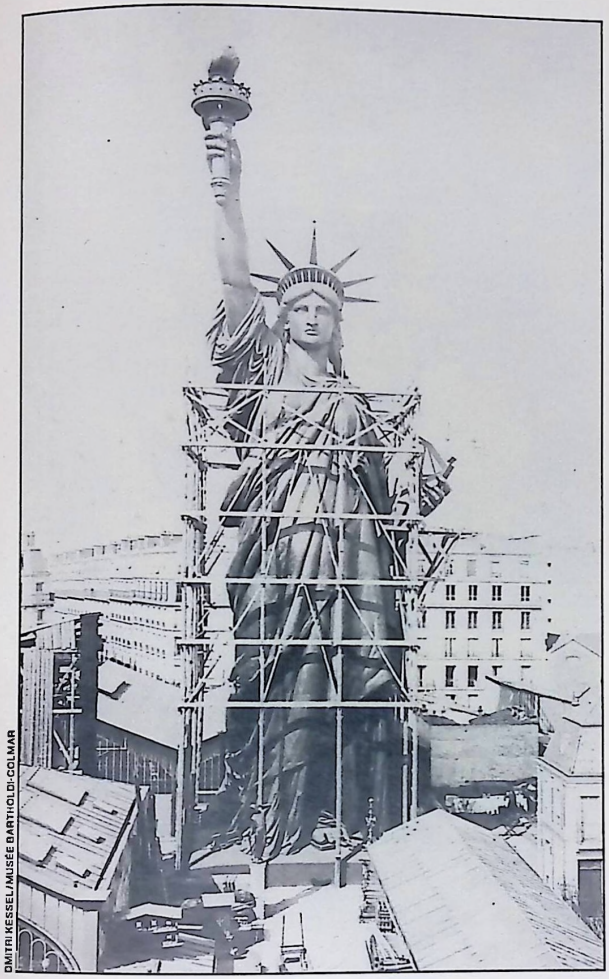
On June 21, 1871, in what he called "the pearly radiance of a beautiful morning," Bartholdi steamed into the U.S. "At the view of the harbor of New York, the definite plan was first clear to my eyes," he wrote. "It is certainly here that my statue must rise, here where people get their first view of the New World."

He sketched a [illegible] *Light to Asia*, which he had proposed as a lighthouse for the Suez Canal. He mailed the drawing to Laboulaye and informed him, "I've found an admirable spot: Bedloe's Island in the middle of the bay." For five months Bartholdi, equipped with letters of introduction to officials and art patrons, toured the nation. He met with President Ulysses S. Grant and poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, among others, to promote his project and figure out, as he said, "if the dream could become reality." There was no outpouring of practical support.

Nevertheless, back in France, Bartholdi began planning the construction of the lady he called "my American." The biggest full-figure statue then extant (the U.S.S.R. now boasts the largest one, Volgograd's *Motherland*) was a 76-foot statue of Saint Charles Borromeo in Arona, Italy. Bartholdi found that work "deplorable" and "coarse" but decided to copy its method of construction. Thin copper sheets ($^3/_{32}$ inch thick) would be shaped with a method called repoussé *(page 70)* and fastened to an internal structure of iron beams, to be designed by Alexandre Gustave Eiffel, a sympathetic engineer who found "a charm in the colossal." He would later create Paris's famous tower.

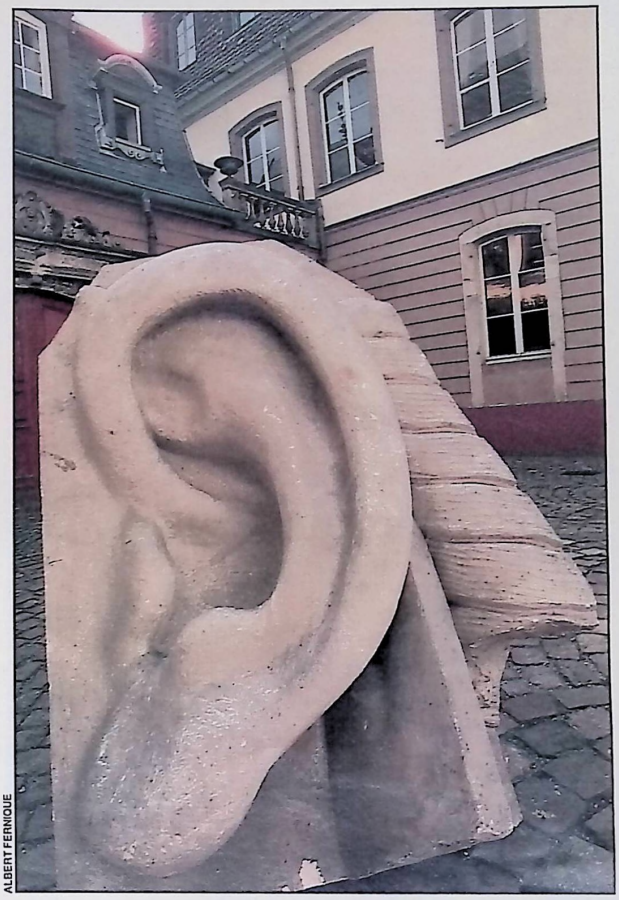
During three years in which he worked on other commissions, Bartholdi also made an untold number of drawings and models of *Liberty Enlightening the World*. The definitive four-foot model, made of clay, was finished in 1875. As his inspiration, he was rumored to have used everyone from Isabella Singer, widow of the sewing machine inventor, to future wife Jeanne-Émilie Baheux de Puysieux to a streetwalker of the Pigalle district. The most convincing story came from a French senator who told of joining Bartholdi at the opera. "I noticed an

Reporting: Naomi Cutner, David Cobb Craig



DMITRI KESSEL/MUSÉE BARTHOLDI-COLMAR

By 1884, a Sunday afternoon call on the lady was a popular excursion for Parisians, who complained when she was taken apart for shipment.



ALBERT FERNIQUE

One of two remaining plaster models of the left ear is housed in Bartholdi's birthplace in Colmar, Alsace, now a museum.

aged woman sitting in a corner," he is said to have related. "When the light fell on her face, I turned to Bartholdi and said to him, 'Why that's your model for the Statue of Liberty!' 'Yes,' he answered calmly. 'It's my mother.' "

By the American centennial year, Laboulaye was diligently trying to raise 600,000 francs, or $250,000, for the organization he named the Franco-American Union. "We shall amicably offer our American friends the statue, and they on their side will meet the expenses of the pedestal," read his appeal in two Parisian newspapers. A metals industrialist offered to provide the copper, the city of Rouen donated 500 francs, and other contributions trickled in. Then Bartholdi had a brainstorm: Why not, for a fee, offer manufacturers the right to use the symbol? The idea caught hold, and by the following year the lady was being used to shill everything from beer to Camembert cheese *(page 76)*. To encourage Americans to begin raising funds, the Union decided to send a section of the statue to the U.S.

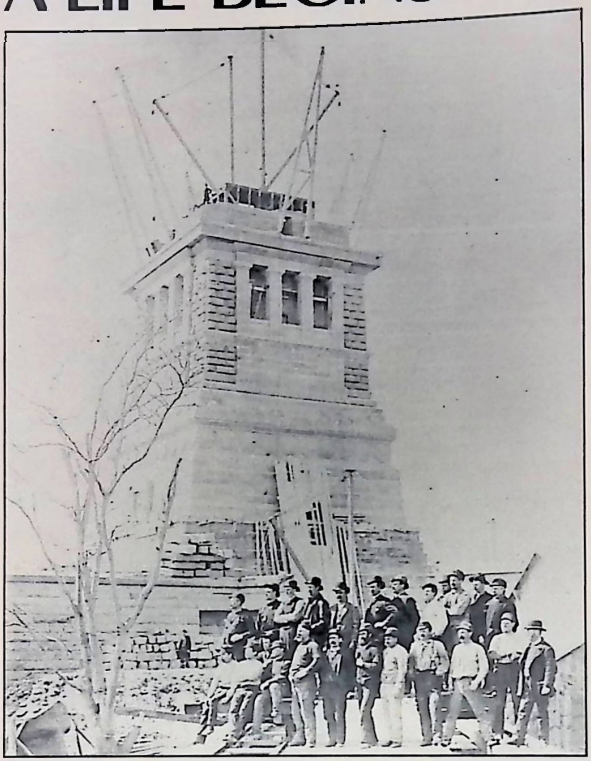
At last, construction was under way in the Parisian workshops of Gaget, Gauthier and Company. The study model had been enlarged and corrected to a 38-foot version. This was divided into segments that were then, with 9,000 measurements, enlarged four times. Lath and plaster models were used to make wood molds over which copper was hammered. In September 1876 Liberty's hand holding the torch went on display at the Philadelphia Exposition and inspired a few powerful New Yorkers to create The American Committee for the Statue of Liberty. In 1877 they petitioned for and won from Congress the Bedloe's Island site.

A year later, in Paris, the head and shoulders were displayed. Two years later, the Franco-American Union had enough money to finish the statue. Eiffel began the final phase of construction in the workshop courtyard. The torch was sent back to France, and the completed figure loomed over the 17th arrondissement, to the amazement of 300,000 visitors. On July Fourth, made to the U.S. ambassador before the gift was disassembled and shipped to its new land.

Like many another immigrant, however, the figure had no home waiting. In March of 1885, the American Committee could show a handsome design for a $250,000 pedestal from architect Richard Morris Hunt and a foundation; $100,000 was still needed. Ingrates grumbled about gift horses, pagan goddesses, revolutionaries and bad taste. One suggested that the statue be immersed upside down in Central Park's reservoir. Everyone except New Yorkers felt that New Yorkers should bear the cost.

"The dash of one millionaire merchant's pen ought to settle the matter," inveighed the statue's

THE VOYAGE ENDS, A LIFE BEGINS



supporter Joseph Pulitzer, publisher of *The World*. No one lined up. Pulitzer launched a campaign, begging, "Give something, however little. Let us hear from the people." The people—121,000 of them—gave, and each donor got his name printed in Pulitzer's paper. The crated statue waited a year, but in April 1886 the pedestal was finished. Though the process was slowed by mislabeled boxes, the lady began to grow.

The day of dedication, October 28, was foggy. The public watched from shore. The dilatory millionaires and politicians were now on hand in flotillas. Laboulaye, who had labored so long on his "treaty of friendship," had died three years earlier, but sculptor Bartholdi, in the crown awaiting a boy's signal to release the French flag covering the lady's face, said, "It is a consolation to know that this statue will exist thousands of years from now, long after our names shall have been forgotten."

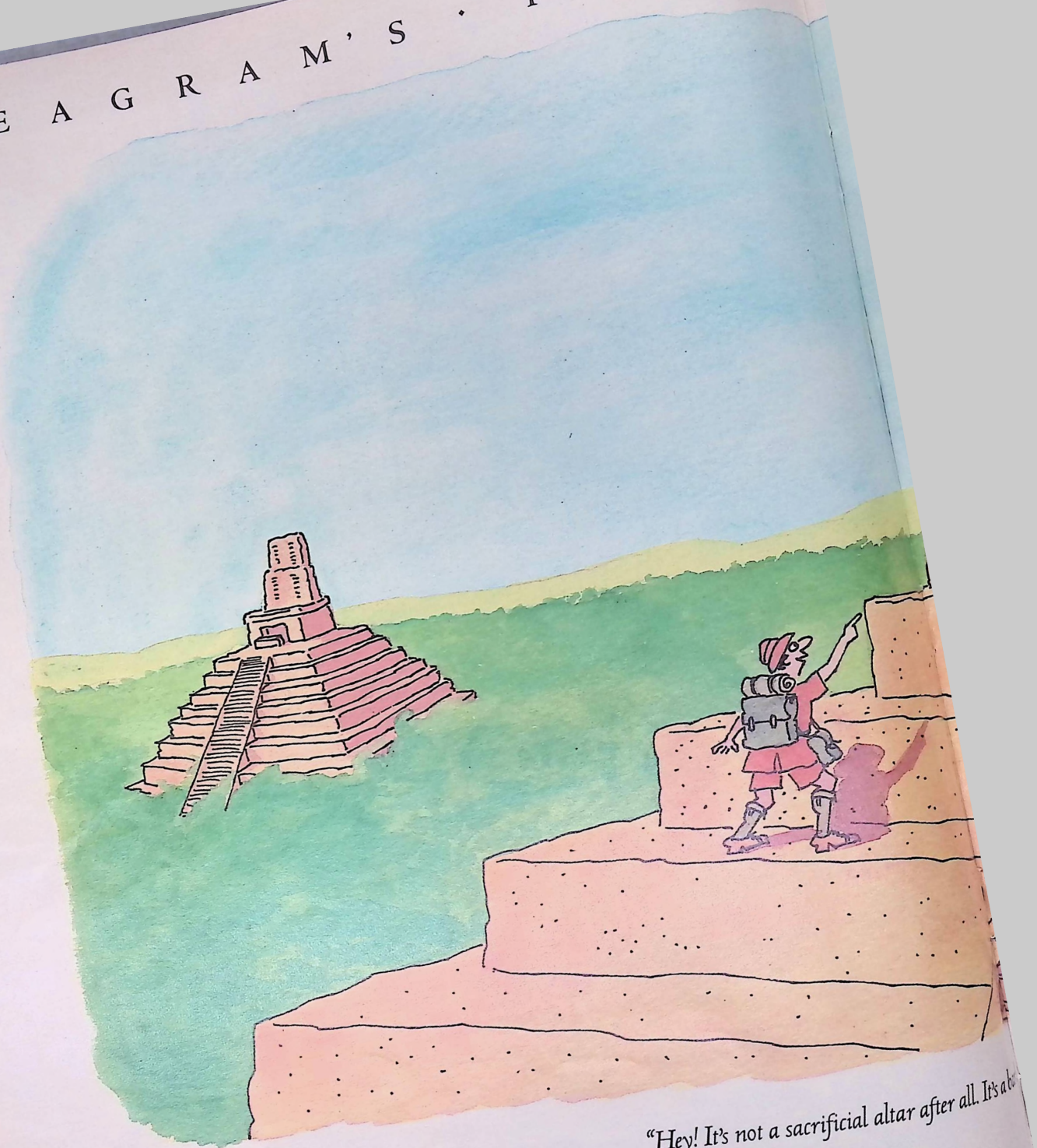
President Grover Cleveland, the ranking politician, waxed resonant: "We will not forget that Liberty has made here her home, nor shall her chosen altar be neglected." The fireworks flared. ♠

The finale to the lady's long voyage to the New World is recorded in two never-before-published photographs found by MetaForm Inc. during a search for documents to show at the Liberty exhibit. Above: American workmen display their finished pedestal, which required the largest mass of concrete ever poured, 23,500 tons. It took seven months to reassemble the statue in place, but finally, on October 28, 1886, the inaugural festivities were held (right). "Everything that floats in New York, Brooklyn or Jersey City—steamers, ferry boats, yachts—has lit its boilers for this ceremony," wrote one observer. "All are crowded to the point of being in danger of foundering, with an enthusiastic and joyous throng."

WILLIAM T. JAMES



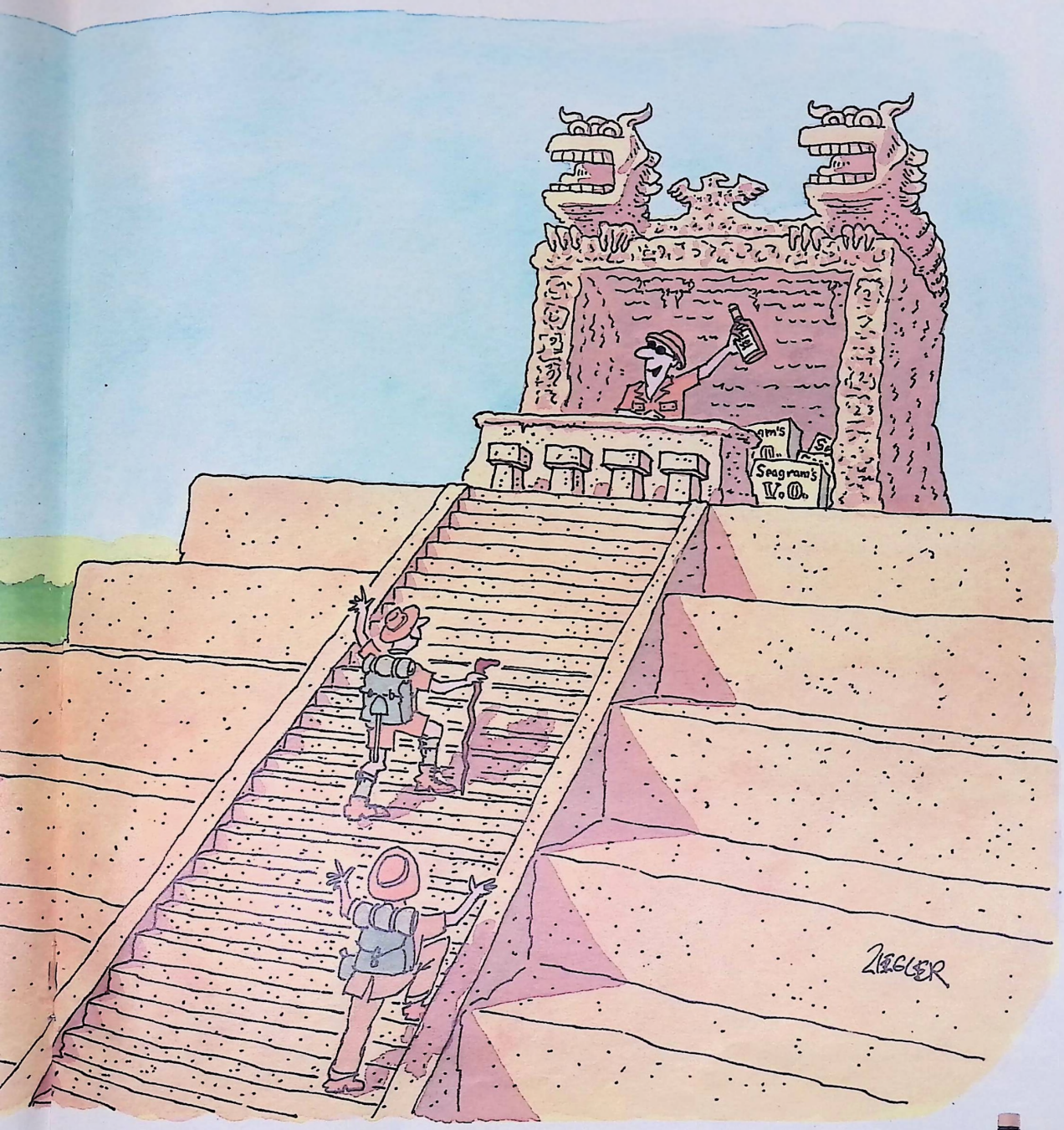
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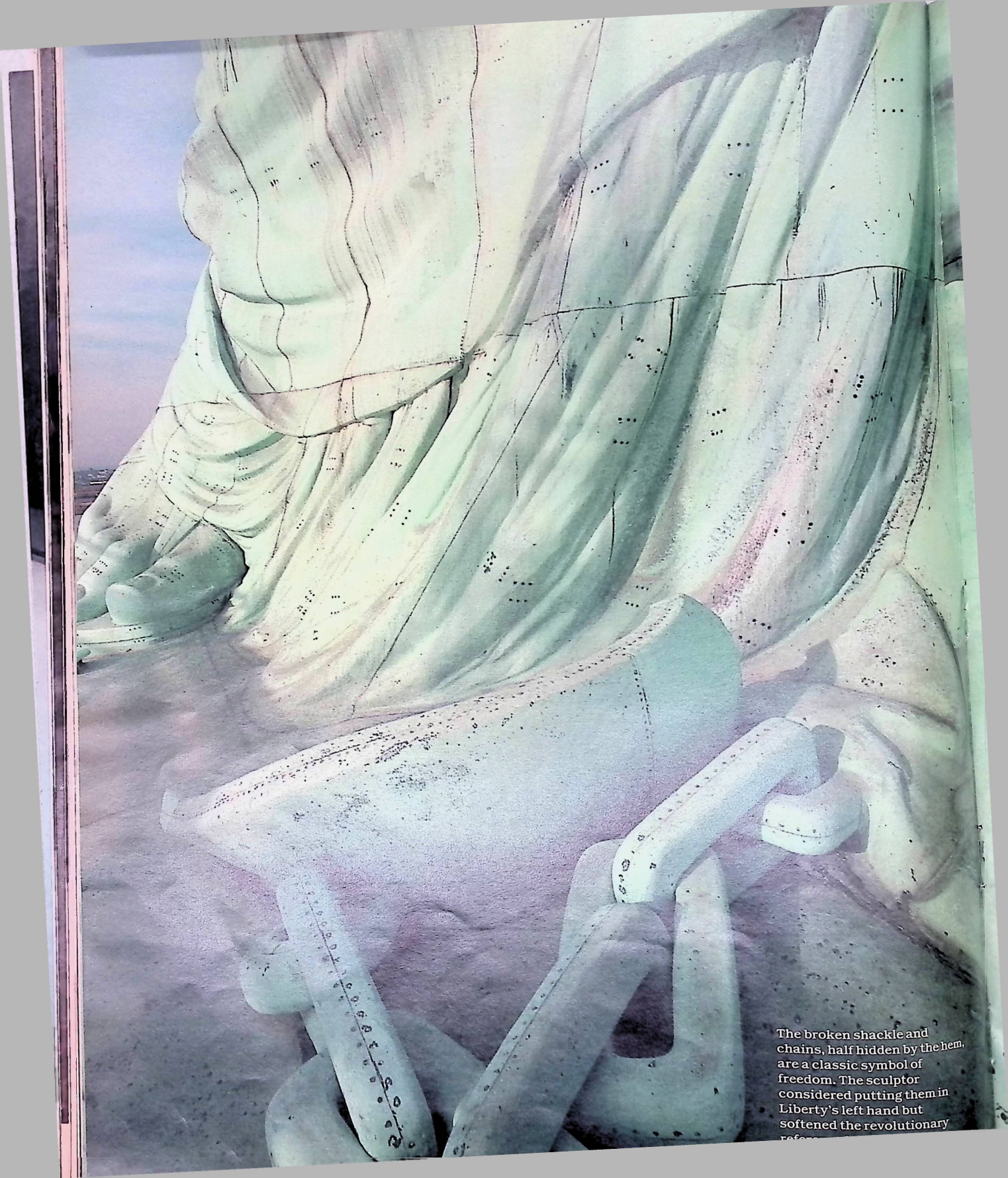


PORTRAIT OF THE LADY

O beautiful, her spacious size! The seven spikes of her diadem may represent the seas or the continents—or even the sun. Over the years, when the wind blew hard, the right arm lifted and an eight-foot ray made a dent. During the $66 million restoration, the spike was moved two inches, but the dent was left untouched.

Photography: Dan Cornish





The broken shackle and chains, half hidden by the hem, are a classic symbol of freedom. The sculptor considered putting them in Liberty's left hand but softened the revolutionary



Her tear streaks are caused by rain, and they cannot be cleaned without damaging the copper's natural, protective green surface. The only major patch is at the tip of the four-and-a-half-foot nose, where a hole for drainage had corroded.



RICHARD BERENHOLTZ

The tablet, 23 feet seven inches high, stands for the book of the law. The sculptor's friends in the French organization of Freemasons urged him to use the symbol. Inscribing the date of the Declaration of Independence was an afterthought to personalize the gift.



"Liberty lives only through Truth and Justice, Light and Law," said Edouard-René de Laboulaye, the law professor who proposed the statue. To Bartholdi the torch symbolized enlightenment, but, towering 305 feet above sea level, it was later seen as a welcoming beacon.



Here at our sea-washed,
sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch . . .
—Emma Lazarus
"The New Colossus," 1883 ♠

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KEEPERS OF THE FLAME

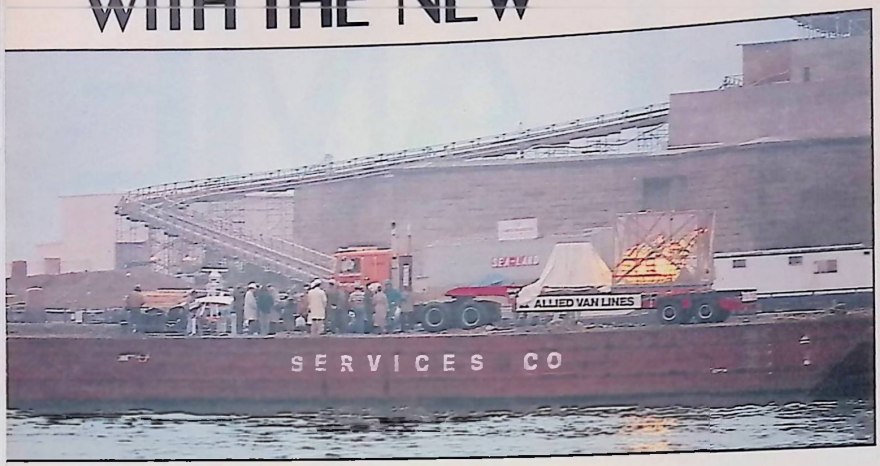
A TEAM OF FRENCH ARTISANS RECONSTRUCTS THE TORCH



HENRY GROSKINSKY

Parts of Liberty are marked by 100 years of weathering, but the torch and flame have been completely refurbished. The French workmen who brought Old World craft to New York show off their year's handiwork. "We did it out of love," says chief Serge Pascal (left). He and (from left) Philippe Wiart, Eric Deloru, Claude Royer and Pascal Rémy passed on the finished torch—and voilà.

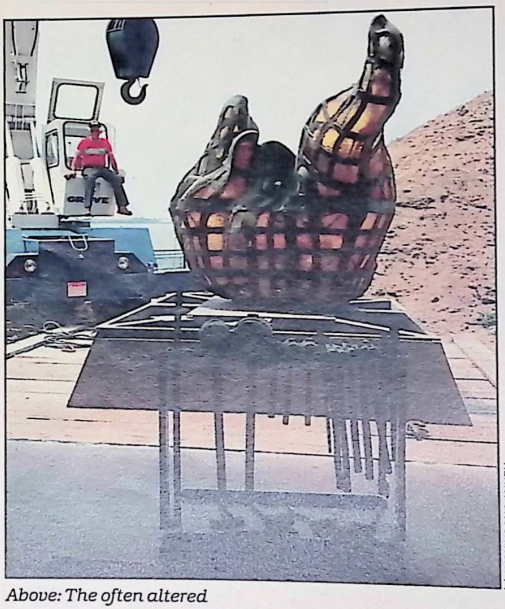
OFF WITH THE OLD, ON WITH THE NEW



Liberty Enlightening the World has always been difficult to keep lighted. Sculptor Bartholdi wanted the flame floodlit, but two weeks before the statue's opening night, his design was changed. Insisting that ships' pilots would be blinded, an engineer cut portholes in the flame and installed arc lamps inside. When a newsman saw the result, he carped that it cast "the light of a glowworm."

An octagonal skylight and band of windows added six years later didn't improve matters, and, perhaps fortunately, Bartholdi never saw the most radical change; he died in 1904. In 1916 Mount Rushmore's sculptor, Gutzon Borglum, designed a stained-glass flame *(right)*. Leaks and years of water damage convinced restorers in 1983 that the torch had to be replaced.

Historians and architects rejected the notion of remaking Borglum's "ugly teapot" in favor of carrying out Bartholdi's original concept. Then they took bids from artisans familiar with the hammered relief technique. The craftsmen of Metalliers Champenois, who redid the decorative copperwork at Versailles, were selected. The 10-man team, with assorted family members, moved into a 10-room house in Brooklyn in late 1984. On weekdays they rode the ferry to a 4,000-square-foot studio at Liberty's feet. With old photographs and measurements of the lopsided flame, the men began by making scale models. By November 1985 the statue, empty-handed for 16 months, again carried a torch, illumined, as initially planned, by lights placed on the balcony.



HENRY GROSKINSKY (3)

Above: The often altered original flame burned until July 1984. In the fall it was moved to the workshop on Liberty Island. Tools were handmade to duplicate those that had first hammered it out. Top: After workers examined the old flame, it went on the road for display until its new home in the statue's museum was ready.



From the hand-held one-twelfth-size model in the foreground, a full-scale plywood-and-plaster mock-up was constructed and, after three months of subtle resculpting



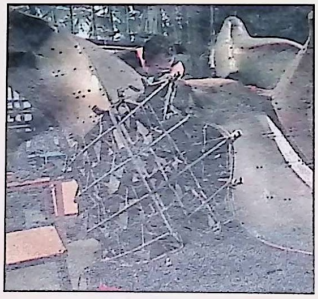
MODERN METHODS, ANCIENT ARTS



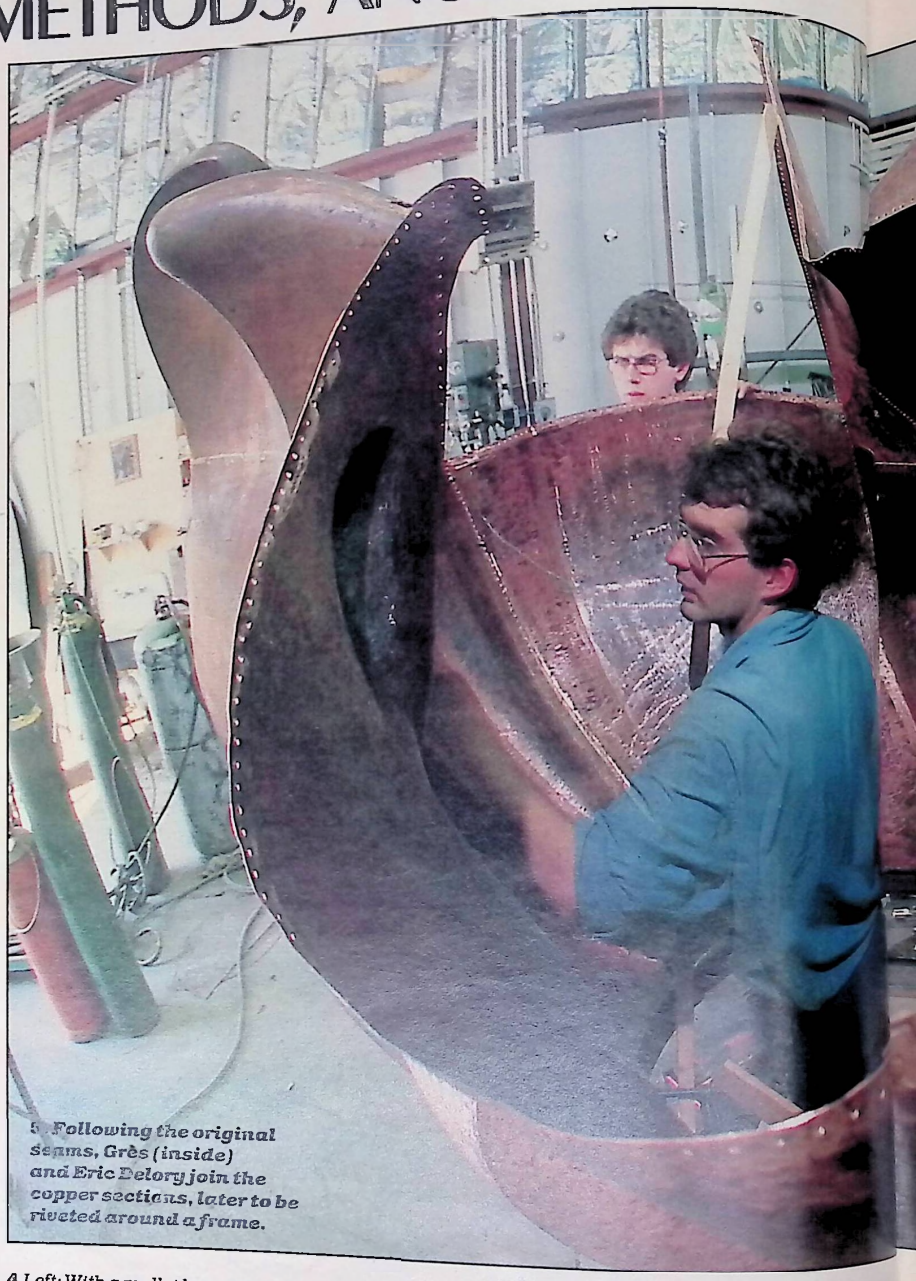
1 *In the Liberty Island workshop, Jean Wiart and Serge Pascal fit cutouts of sheet metal onto the finished life-size plaster model.*



2 *Jean-Michel Grès welds the iron sheets together into a thin armor that completely surrounds the plaster form of the flame.*



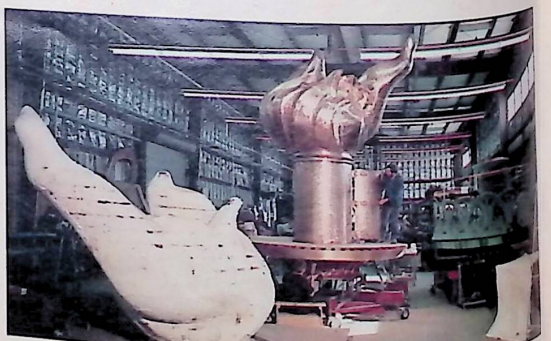
3 *Jacky Dupont solders reinforcements. Each of 23 segments was removed and the braces covered with concrete to form a mold.*



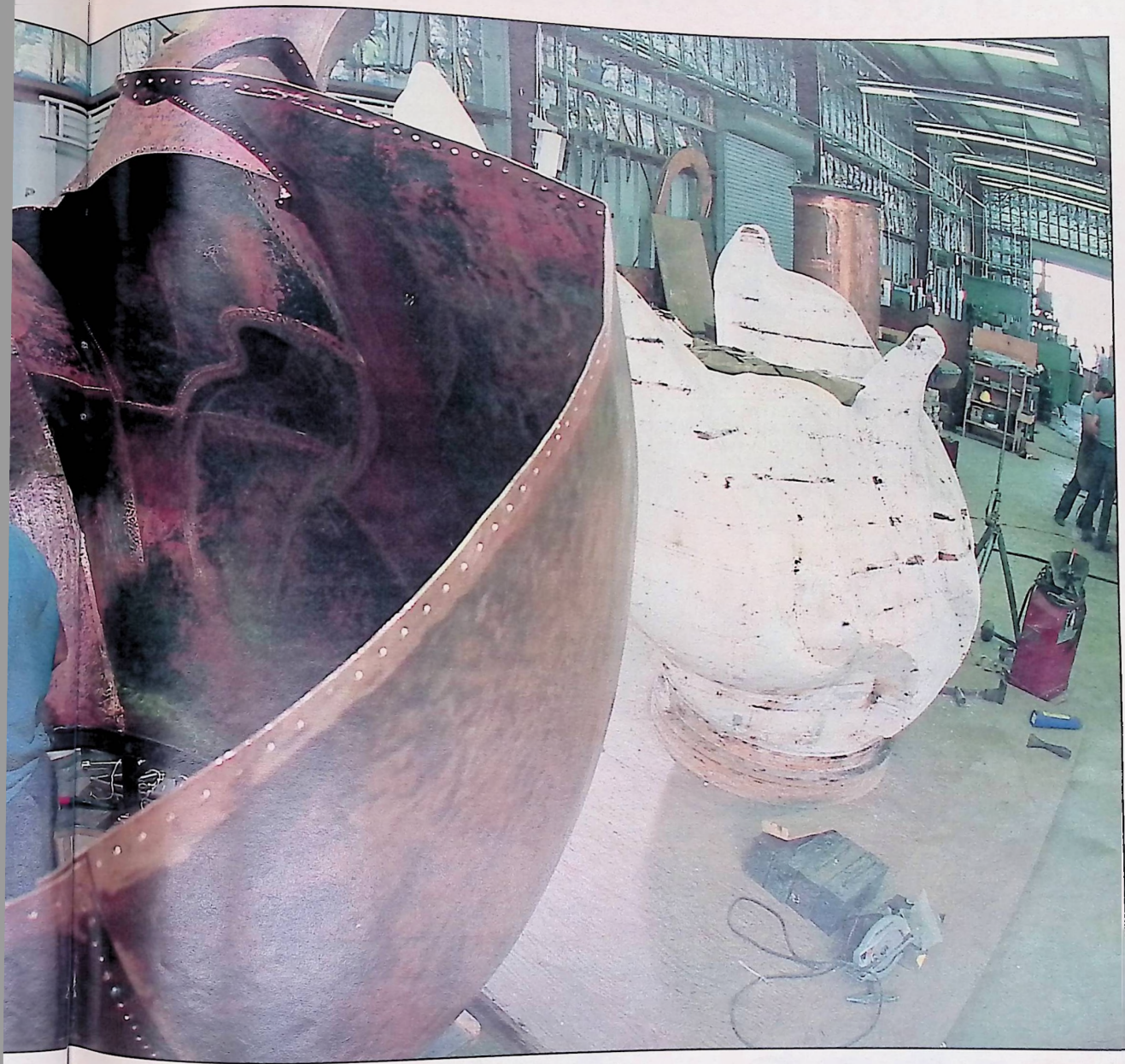
5 ***Following the original seams, Grès (inside) and Eric Delory join the copper sections, later to be riveted around a frame.***



4 *Left: With a mallet he made himself, Jean Wiart delicately hammers a sheet of copper against the mold's interior iron surface.*

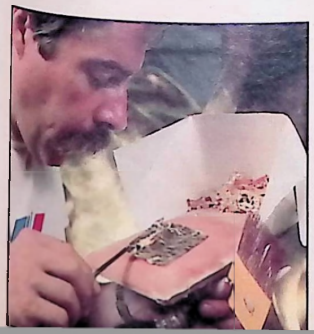


6 *Right: Pascal inspects the finished flame, drum and platform, assembled and awaiting the reconstructed balustrade.*



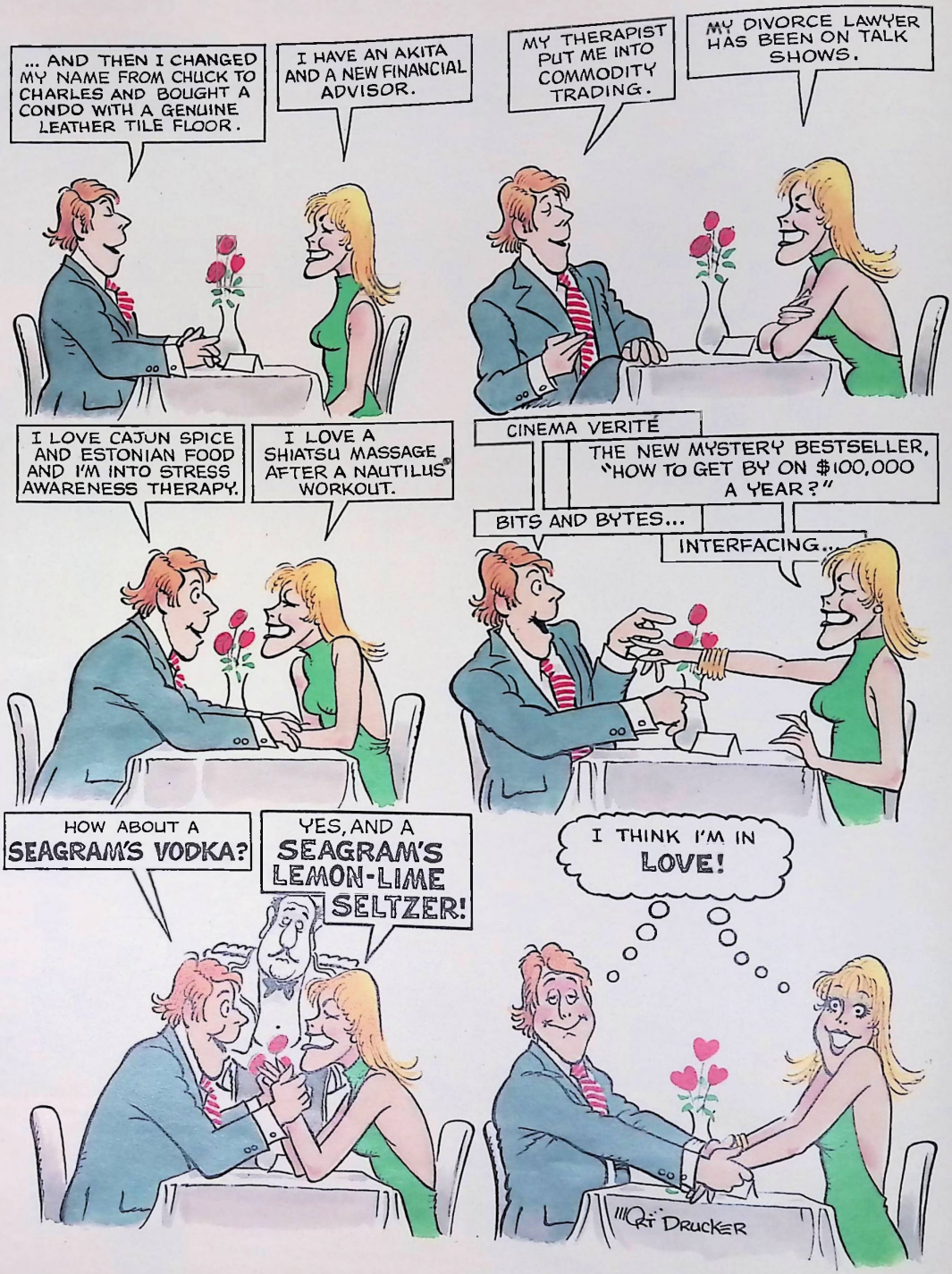
HENRY GROSKINSKY (8)







7 *Far left: A French father-and-son team gilds the flame. After priming, varnishing, sanding and applying a glue to the copper, Fabrice Gohard picks up a fragile, 3.3-inch-square leaf of 23.6-karat gold from a calfskin cushion. Then he and father Robert lightly brush the leaves onto the copper. In all, $5,000 worth of gold was used.* ♠



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NUTS AND BOLTS AND COSTS OF REPAIR

New torch, flame and spike repairs: $2 million

Metal work, including reinforcement of shoulder, new stairs (in pedestal) and a new viewing platform inside the crown: $5.3 million

VITAL STATISTICS
Statue height: 151 feet one inch
Nose length: four feet six inches
Index finger length: seven feet 11 inches
Size of fingernail: 13 inches x 10 inches
Weight: 250 tons
Waist: 35 feet
Annual visitors: two million

Water bath outside, sodium bicarbonate blasting inside, copper repairs: $1.8 million. (Leaks of the interior wash caused streaking on the skin. Also, the copper's black underlayer shows through the green patina where weather and pollution scoured the statue.)

Plumbing, ventilation and heating systems: $1.1 million

Electrical wiring and lighting: $1.8 million

Replacement of the 1,825 armature bars that tie the copper statue to its internal iron skeleton, including replacement of 12,000 rivets: $3.3 million

Caulking, waterproofing and miscellaneous construction: $3.5 million

Boat transportation, testing of materials and construction management: $6.4 million

Double-deck glass elevator, emergency elevator and entry-level elevator: $1.2 million

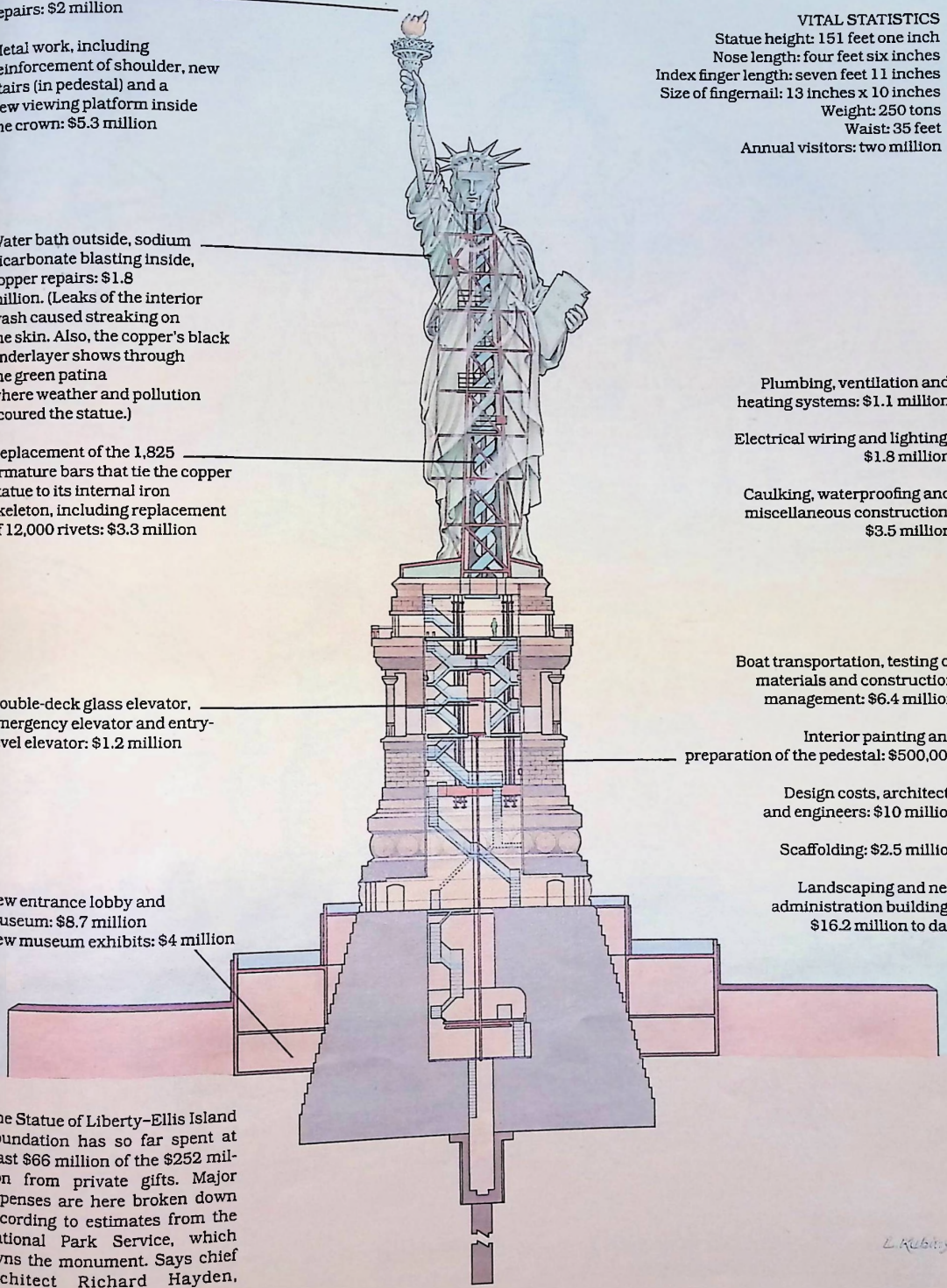
Interior painting and preparation of the pedestal: $500,000

Design costs, architects and engineers: $10 million

Scaffolding: $2.5 million

Landscaping and new administration buildings: $16.2 million to date

New entrance lobby and museum: $8.7 million
New museum exhibits: $4 million



The Statue of Liberty–Ellis Island Foundation has so far spent at least $66 million of the $252 million from private gifts. Major expenses are here broken down according to estimates from the National Park Service, which owns the monument. Says chief architect Richard Hayden, "There's no reason the statue

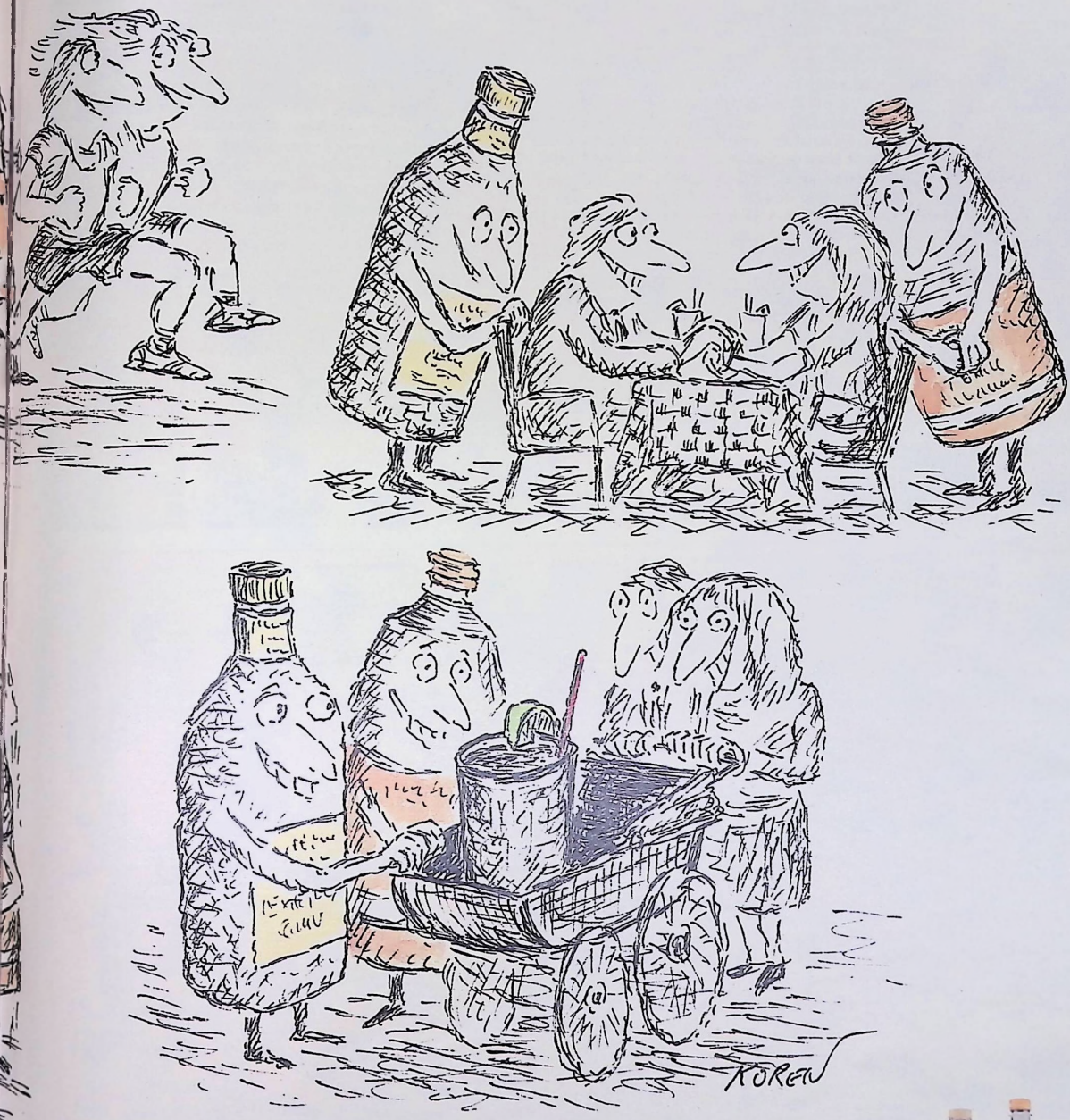
ILLUSTRATION BY LASZLO KUBINYI

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IN HER IMAGE

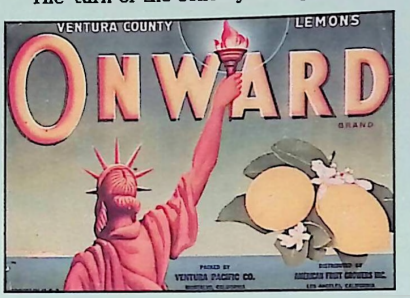
PRODUCTS WITH PROMOTIONAL PUNCH AND PATRIOTIC PITCH

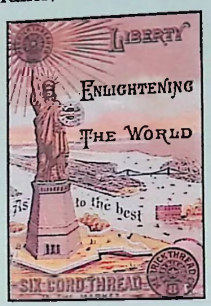
The statuesque form has been engraved on American consciousness since fund-raisers first allowed Liberty to be used as a commercial tool. In the 1880s, while a 14-inch money box *(left)* held pennies for the statue's pedestal fund, a laxative company was offering $25,000 for the right to put "CASTORIA" on the pedestal, once built. A century later, a TV deodorant ad zoomed in on the lady's armpit. The National Park Service, which can limit access to the island through permits, may dislike such inelegant uses but is no more able than the statue's sculptor was to control abuses of a symbol that has become synonymous with the United States.

The turn-of-the-century European immigrants, as many as a million a year disembarking in the shadow of the statue, began to popularize the monument, but it was World War I that invested it with patriotic power. While soldiers in the 77th "Liberty Division" fought in helmets emblazoned with her insignia *(opposite page)*, Liberty Bonds raised $15 billion at home toward the war effort. In later years cartoonists, antiwar protesters, feminists and artists like James Leonard of Millburn, N.J., whose 1984 whirligig *(opposite, bottom right)* shows the statue being restored, tapped both the aesthetic and emotional appeal of the nation's stand-in. No image-maker could have done better than time itself to make the Statue of Liberty the lady of the hour.



SCHECTER LEE







VISIONS



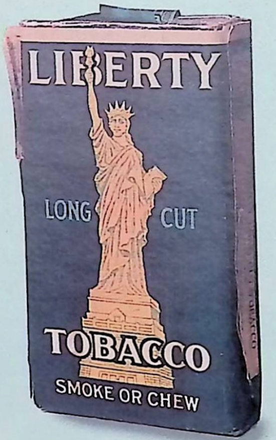


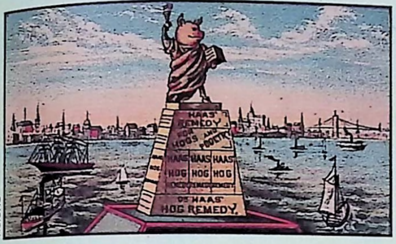
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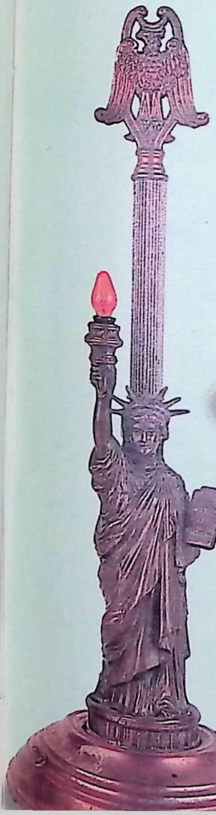






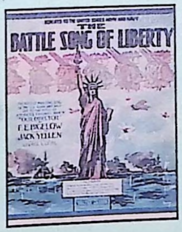
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SCHECTER LEE



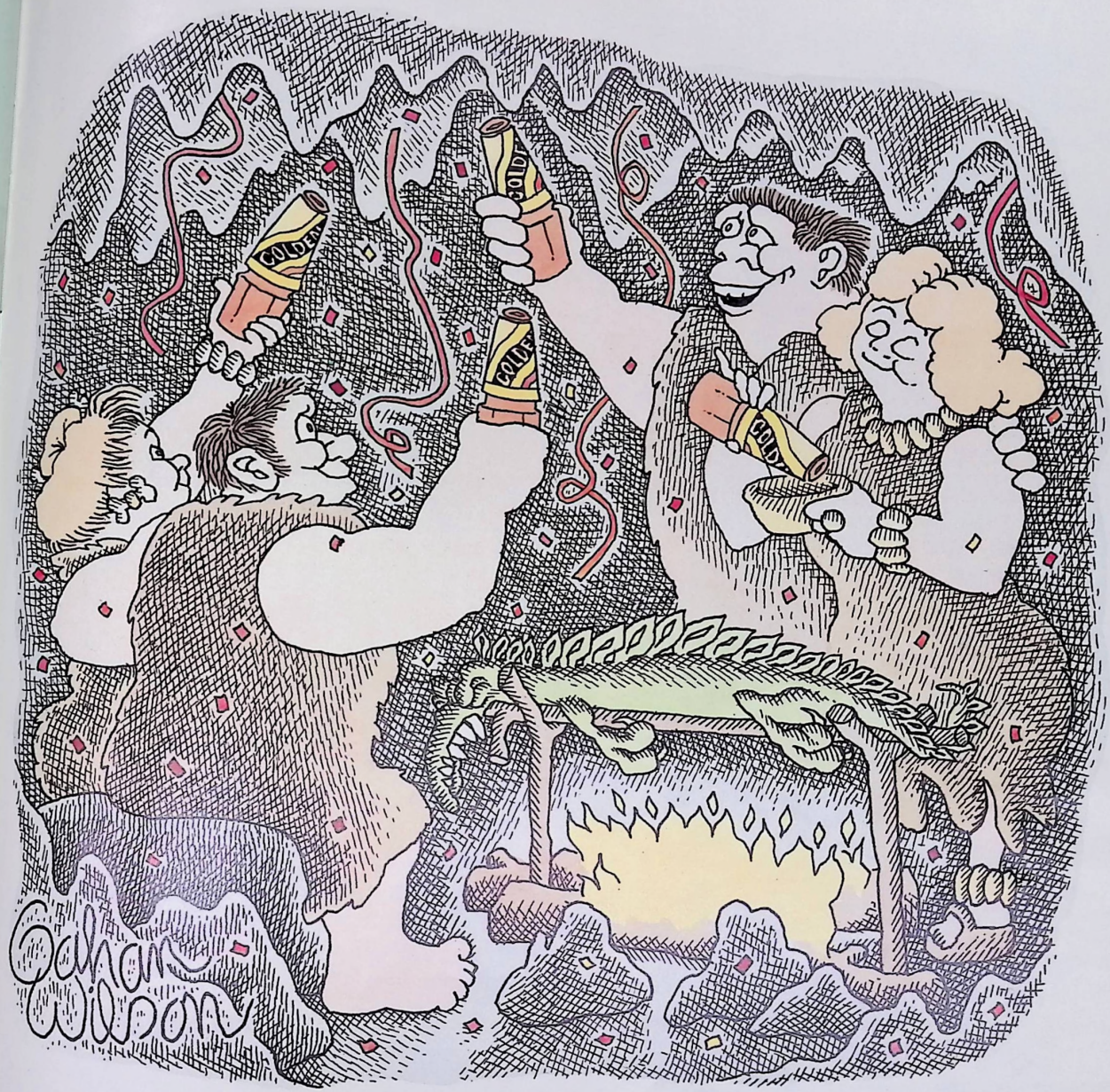


These 834 postcards are being arranged by artist Eugenia Balcells, 42, who spent five months creating Liberty, A Symbolic Puzzle *for the new museum. Most of them were collected by Michael Forster of Farmfield, N.C. The statue is the single most popular postcard subject in the U.S.*



This parade-ground salute to the all-American girl took place during World War I in a h...

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for nearly 40 years. P[illegible]

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FROM COAST TO COAST, CRAFTS ARE FLOURISHING



Forget the industrial robots. Americans, it seems, would rather work with their hands. Two out of every five of us are involved in some kind of craft, be it furniture-making, ceramics, basket-weaving or glass-blowing. "There is a satisfaction to making something with your hands that seems intimately connected with the human spirit," says director Paul Smith, whose American Craft Museum reopens this fall in New York quarters four times the size of the old space. Judging from the works on these pages from the museum's inaugural exhibit, the American spirit is more vigorous than ever. Says Smith, "If you're looking for what's new, it's right here in America."

This $2,000 neckpiece of 400 painted goose feathers is the work of K. Lee Manuel, 50, of California. She also makes feathered capes.

HENRY GROSKINSKY

BENT, TURNED, CARVED AND POLISHED

Crafts used to be easy to define: They were simple things for simple use, made by hand. Now they are that—and much more. The best craftsmen have taken their work out of the crafts fairs and put it into galleries to sell at prices normally reserved for fine art. Some craftsmen have augmented age-old methods with modern technologies. Others have begun to blur the distinction between craft and art by creating pieces that have no use, that stand on their own as pure sculpture.

When Ronald Reagan goes upstairs after a hard day in the Oval Office, he may relax in the White House's $8,000 Sam Maloof rocking chair. Maloof is a 70-year-old, self-taught furnituremaker from California who says that his



A maple rocker takes Sam Maloof about a week to make.



This $12,000 rolltop desk was created by Peter Dean, 35, of Massachusetts.

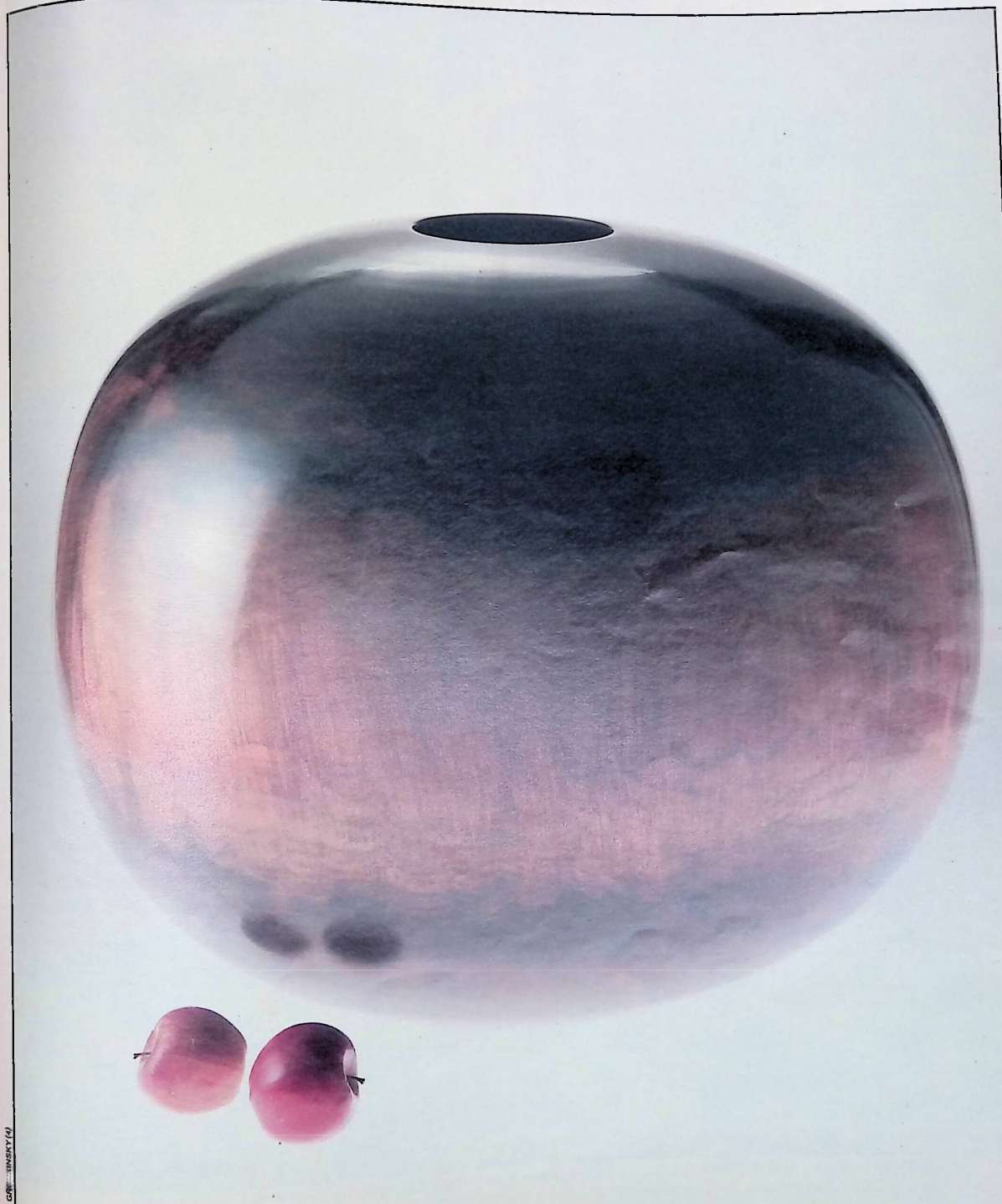


The perfume bottles, which sell for around $150 each, are made of ivory, ebony

rockers are different from others because "the seat is more sculptured, so that when you sit down, the chair sits you down too."

The work of Georgian Ed Moulthrop, also 70, says more than anyone else's about the obsessive aesthetic drive of today's craftsman. For 40 years Moulthrop, who makes his own tools, has produced essentially one thing: lathe-turned bowls—from local woods—that are meant to be looked at, not used. The bowl below at $8,500 is among the largest he has ever made. But if it is not a container, why is there a hole in the top? "There's something magical about the opening in a bowl that a craftsman has to respect," says Moulthrop, "some feeling of a connection with history."

The two-by-two-and-a-half-foot tulipwood bowl by Ed Moulthrop had to be soaked in a polyethylene solution for three months to keep it from cracking.



SIX FEET OF FIBER



HENRY GROSKINSKY

Tri-Color Arch is more than six feet tall, costs $20,000 and has Illinois artist Claire Zeisler's characteristic cascade of fibers falling to a pool on the floor. The inspiration for such work is vivid. "I had a nurse who [illegible] beautiful long-length hair."

Buckle up—together we can save lives.



1986 Mercury Sable. The shape that's attracting so much attention is actually purely practical.

Sable's sophisticated shape is unmistakable. And remarkably efficient. It actually helps the car hold the road.

As you'd expect, Sable has excellent road manners, with front-wheel drive, a 3.0-liter, multi-port fuel-injected V-6 and four-wheel independent suspension.

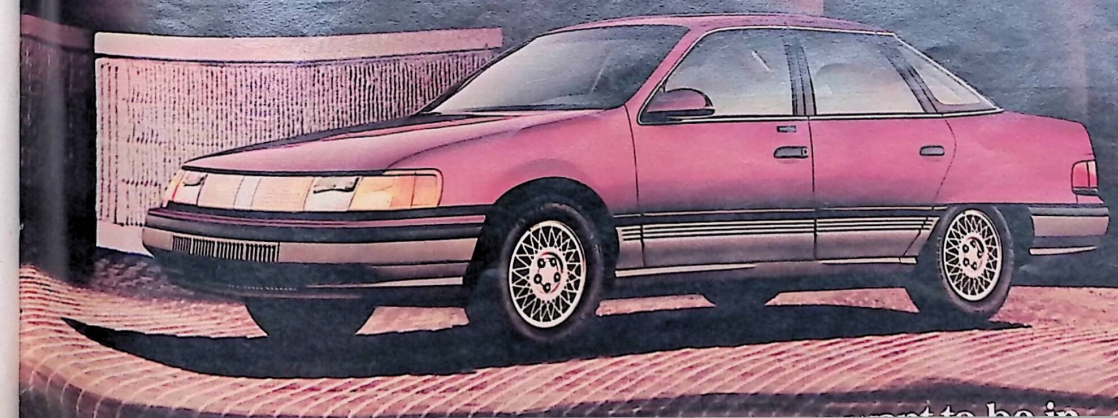
On the inside, Sable is exceptionally roomy with space for up to six adults and 18.5 cubic feet of luggage.

And Sable is protected by a three-year, unlimited-mileage powertrain warranty. $100 deductible applies after 12,000 miles. Ask to see this limited warranty at your dealer.

Who'd have guessed, a car that looks this sophisticated would turn out to be so practical?

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HENRY GROSKINSKY

DOWN THE RIO

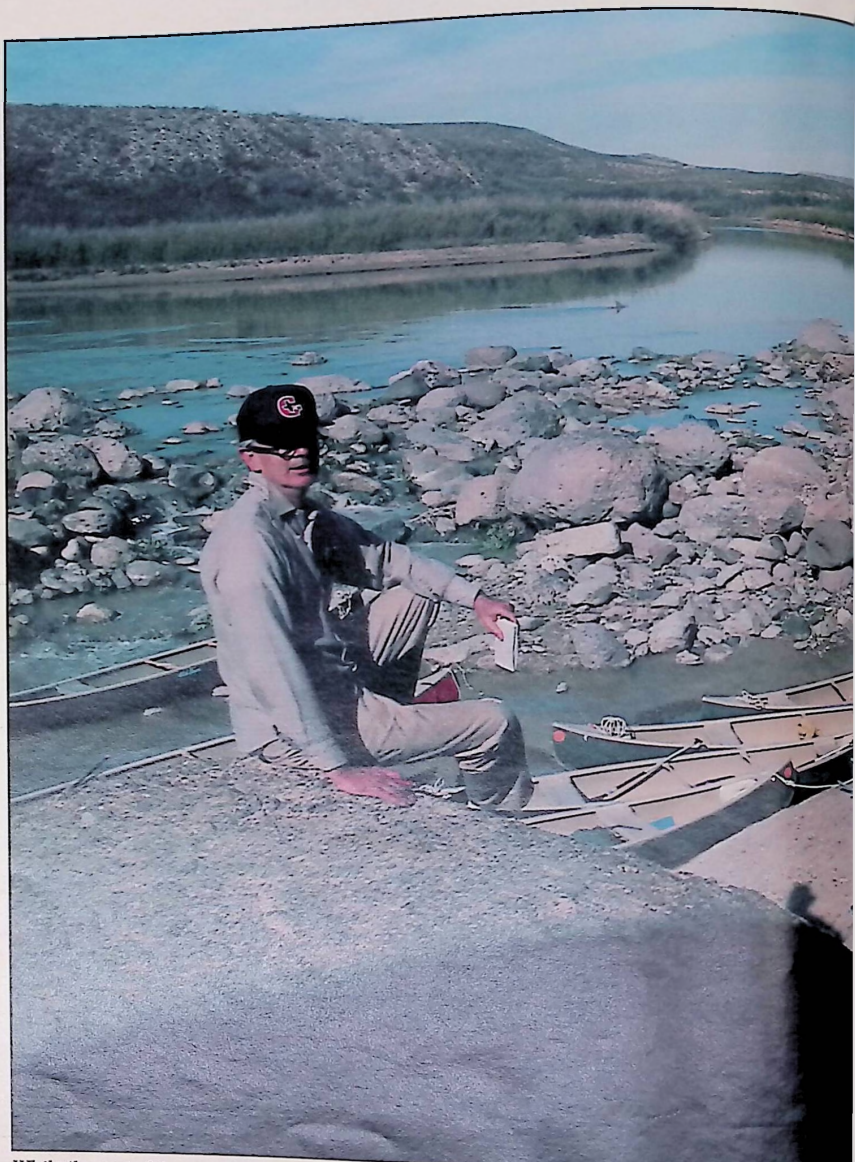
How I Flunked My (

by Campbell Geeslin

On the fourth day his canoe "dumps." That's what the instructors call turning over. The sudden immersion in the cold, foaming river is much like the shock he suffered on the day he arrived. He realized then that he had gotten into something he wasn't going to be able to handle.

He is among the dozen invited guests on this Outward Bound white-water trip down the Rio Grande. He accepted the week in Texas's Big Bend country because he had spent the first 18 years of his life in a little ranch town not far from here. He remembers with joy the summer vacations at the Mitre Peak Guest Ranch outside Alpine, where he and his parents and brothers, Emisa and Gaddis, hiked up a mountain trail to spring-fed pools. The males went swimming bare while his mother sat on a rock below, crocheting, a lookout who would start singing a hymn if anyone happened to come their way.

Now, in the canyons of Big Bend, he has been spilled out into the rapids and has lost control. The water is too shallow to swim in, too deep for wading, too swift to stand up in. He bumps along on the bruising stones, choked by the life jacket, watching the green bottom of the canoe float ahead out of reach.



While the rest of the group gets its instructions on how to handle the upcoming rapids, the writer (

Outward Bound puts 14,000 people a year through its "mentally and physically challenging courses in remote wilderness areas." Programs have been added for alcoholics, drug abusers, the mentally and physically handicapped, youngsters in trouble with the law, and business executives—men and women who are middle-aged and older.

The nonprofit organization uses its executive courses to raise funds both from the individuals and from their corporations. Most Outward Bound board members have been on week-long invitational trips like this one. My group is made up of seven businessmen, three women (one owns a gift shop, another is a therapist at a school for disturbed boys), two Outward Bound officials and two instructors. At 60, I am the oldest, but until this trip I have not thought of myself as aging at all.

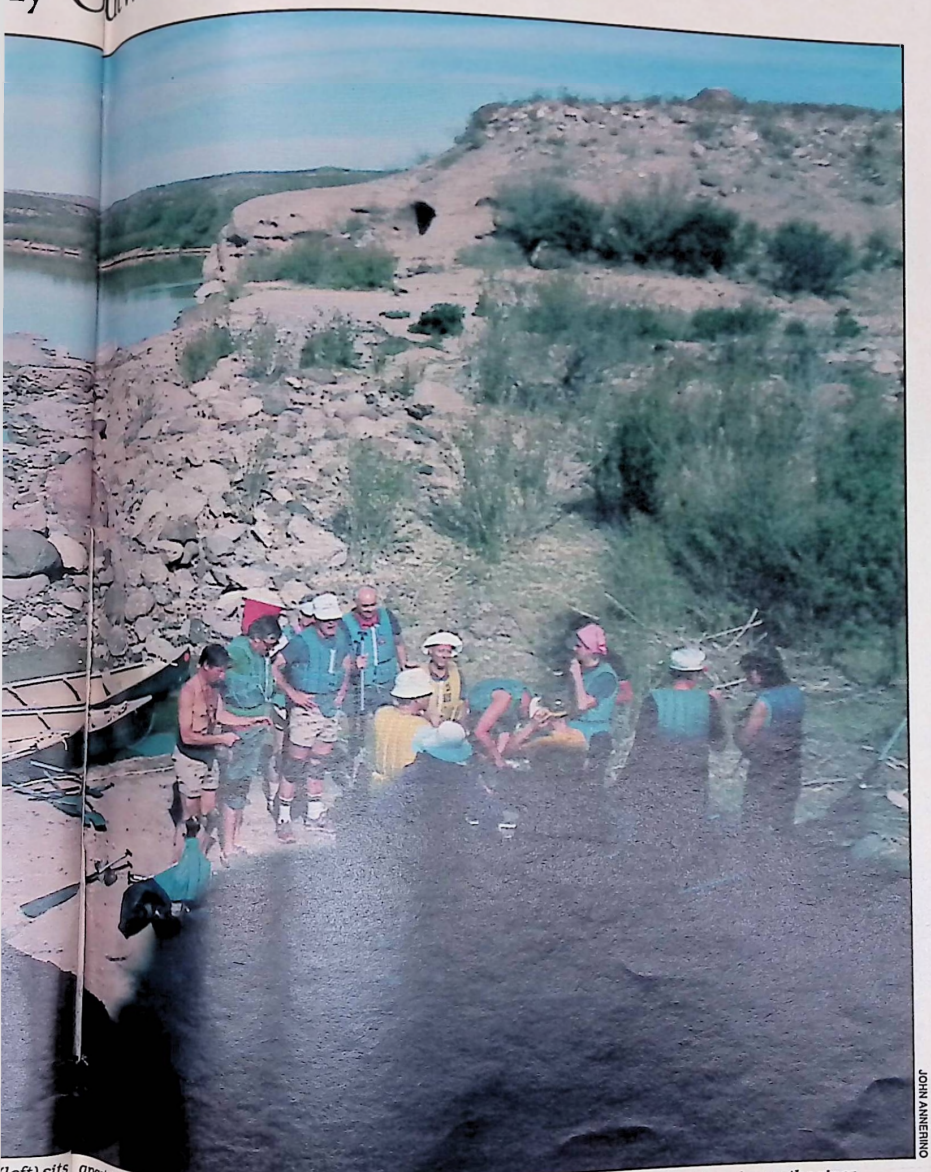
In the van from the Presidio airfield to Redford, where we will put in the canoes, the desert seems beautifully familiar to me. The colors of the earth, the plants, the unpainted buildings—all seem bleached by the harsh sun. A sign along the traffic-less highway says: "Jesus—He's the Answer."

We unload the canoes from a trailer and carry them down to a sandy embankment alongside the river. Joey Kenig, 35, a soft-spoken instructor with a permanent five o'clock shadow, explains about cooking, the equipment, possible hazards, emergency care, first aid kits, pliers, screwdrivers, repair tape. We each get a sleeping bag, stainless steel cup, bowl and spoon, along with a pencil and a thin notebook in which we are encouraged to write. We have no watches or billfolds. They have been left with our suitcases. We have only our necessities, mashed into plastic bags.

We are told that the environment of the region is so fragile that we should leave all stones and plants alone. Our cooking fires will be built in a shallow tub that we carry along for the purpose. The charred remains of each fire must be carried out of the canyon like the rest of our garbage. Outward Bound has become a fierce protector of all the wilderness areas it uses for its

O-NOT-SO-GRANDE

My Outward Bound Course



JOHN ANNERINO

(left) sits apart. He has mutinied and plans to stay behind for the day, content to let the others brave the river.

along a toilet—no human waste can be left behind.

Volunteers begin cutting up carrots and cauliflower for a salad. Someone adds jalapeño peppers to a bucket of beans being heated on the fire. Before we can eat, Priscilla McClung, 30, the other instructor, asks us to stand in a circle and hold hands while she reads a quotation from Wendell Berry, the Kentucky farmer and writer. 'Cilla has sun-bleached hair and a rippling laugh that a man would stand on his head to inspire.

He hates lining up for meals. It's like being in the Navy again. He is depressed by the need to surrender to the group. He wishes he hadn't come. He has no appetite, although all he had for lunch was a granola bar one of the Outward Bound officials handed out in the van on the way from the airport.

After dinner, we sit around the fire. We are invited to talk about why we are here. One of the women says that she has come because she is afraid of water. Others mention that they are undergoing changes in their lives, and they are looking for help. Except for the instructors, everyone is over 40 years old. One man says, "I'm an advance scout. I want my company to send all our executives on outings like this one."

The moon is only half full, but it is so bright that when he wakes he thinks it is morning. The landscape looks like an Ansel Adams photograph. He lies there in his sleeping bag and sees that the Big Dipper is where it belongs. He can never find it in the New York sky. This is his childhood sky, the one he knows best. He feels as if he hasn't had time to stargaze, not for a moment in the last 40 years.

He uses his flashlight to write in his notebook for a while, describing the arrival and the supper. When the batteries fade, he tries again to sleep. He has settled some distance from the others, but when morning comes he hears them begin to stir and cough. He gets up to dress, full of a terrible hostility.

Someone has built a fire and made coffee. People are milling around in sweaters and jackets. He doesn't drink coffee. He pours some hot water on a spoon of powdered milk and a bit of dry cereal and goes off to sit by himself to eat. The sun comes up, but the campsite is in the deep shade of a mountain wall. The river is so muddy that it is unable to reflect any of the piercing blue sky. He hadn't realized what a great need he has for privacy.

'Cilla and Joey send us out on a glassy smooth part of the river to turn over in our canoes on purpose—to see if we can swim, they say. They want us to know how cold the water is so it won't be such a shock if we dump. We have been paired up. I find myself in the stern, with Lou Appignani in the bow. He is chairman of the board of Barbizon International, Inc., the modeling school chain. The three women are partnered with men who have had some experience in canoes. The different strokes needed for paddling in white water are explained. There is so much information that I have the feeling it isn't soaking in. After careful explanations of the safest route around the rocks just ahead, we are sent down the first stretch of white water. It looks forbidding and scary, and at different points three of the canoes turn over—fortunately not mine. The instructors handle such incidents so calmly that spills seem routine.

Although he is wearing kneepads, the kneeling in the canoe and the sudden, strenuous requirements of paddling in white water are tiring. As the day wears on he gets more and more angry. Someone asks him if he is tired, and when he says yes, the instructor says, "Can

Each Day There Are More Rapids

you do a little more?" and, of course, he has to go on because of the group. By dark, he realizes that he has overextended himself. He feels dazed from the heat and sunburn. He knows that he should be helping to fix supper or setting up tarps for the night, but he is barely able to get his own gear unpacked. The meal is terrible. Someone used the Clorox bucket, which is supposed to be for sterilizing the dishes, to cook the stew in. All the salad is eaten before he gets to it.

land folded and faulted and rose up above the ocean. Erosion began. The river cut this canyon out of the rock.

There are tiny desert flowers and gnarled plants of great beauty. The rock colors are subtle, of infinite variety. A dove calls. When I was a kid we hated this land because it was too dry to grow decent grass for the cows. During the worst droughts I had to take a blowtorch to the cactus to singe off the thorns so the starving cattle could eat them. Now cacti have to be protected from tourists who want to take them home and pot them.

curious that he can be so critical and complaining while at the same time he is delighted with the sensation of this particular warm air on his skin. As soon as they are gone, he strips and wades out into the river and relives a happy memory. An instructor picks him up in the van at the end of the day. From now on, he'll be a passenger in one of the canoes.

At our first meeting, the instructors asked the group to select a word that would be used



JOHN ANNERINO

Just upstream from Santa Elena Canyon, the author got a chilling baptism. One pair of canoeists "dumped" five times in a day, a record on this trip.

We sit around the fire and John Raynolds, the president of Outward Bound, who makes me think of John Wayne, tells how in World War II a German refugee named Kurt Hahn had the idea of outdoor challenges for young men. He developed the program in England and from there it spread to the States. I have to struggle to stay awake. It's too dark to take notes.

The next morning I am struck again by the haunting splendor of this part of Texas. Some 200 million years ago the region lay under the sea. Sediments formed the basic limestone bedrock. About 100 million years later the

After brooding all through breakfast the second day, he finally screws up his courage and tells 'Cilla that he can't paddle a canoe today. At the moment it seems one of the bravest things he has ever done—never before has he just refused to go along with what is expected of him. He doesn't want to be responsible for someone else in a canoe. He decides that he doesn't like groups. He realizes that he ought to spend his old age off in a cabin someplace, away from all human contact. He climbs up on a rock above the river and watches the others get their canoes packed and in the water. It is

to call everyone together. For some reason I still don't understand, the word is reindeer. We reindeer for meals. We reindeer for calisthenics, with each person taking a turn and leading his own favorite. Sometimes the way we operate reminds me of the Japanese. We are expected to make all the decisions as a group. When someone suggests that we vote on something, 'Cilla asks us not to. We are supposed to come to a consensus.

One morning we take time out from the white water to hike to an 80-foot cliff. Using the cracks, we climb up and then rappel (lower

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JOHN ANNERINO

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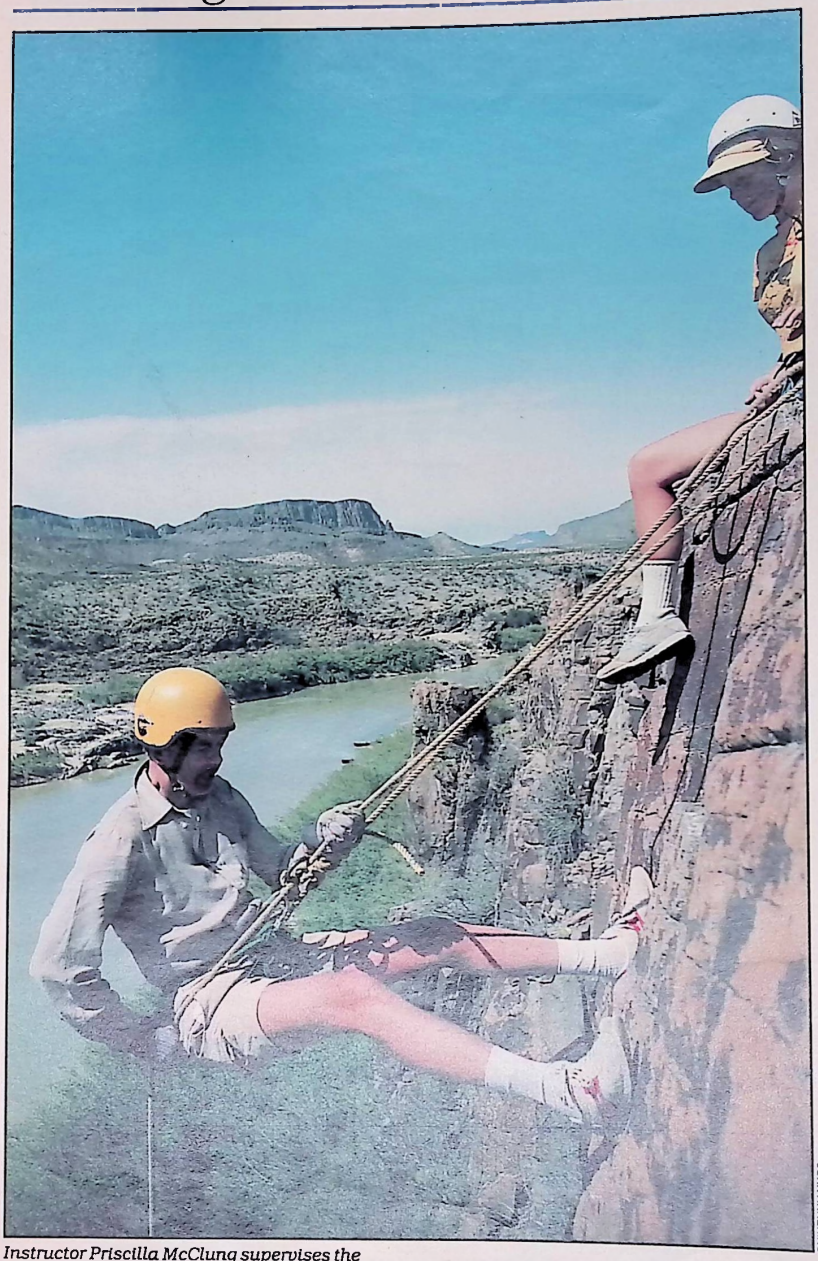


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Climbing on Rocks Is Like Playing



JOHN ANNERINO

Instructor Priscilla McClung supervises the writer's first—and last—attempt at rappelling down an 80-foot cliff. The form is terrible: The climber's back is supposed to be straight.

ourselves in a rope harness) down a sheer stone wall. The climbing is like playing, the way I did as a little boy. But it's frightening when I lean back over the cliff's edge to rappel. I am confident that 'Cilla, who is in charge of the belay lines above, will look after me. She keeps yelling down at me to straighten my back, and I want very much to please her. I wear a glove so that the rope slipping through my hand won't burn my palm. Later I see 'Cilla hug the executive from Chicago after his successful climb, and I suffer a pang of irrational jealousy.

After I get to the bottom, one of the men who is rappelling loses control and swings into a cluster of strawberry cactus. He is lowered rapidly, and we begin picking out the spines from his thigh and buttock. The pain is agonizing—I've had my share of cactus accidents—but later that day he is back paddling his canoe, cheerful as can be.

One night he is awakened by drops of rain. He knows that some of the others have put up tarps, but he has again settled as far away as possible. He decides that he will lie there and get wet rather than ask for help. He detests being dependent on anyone for anything. The shower passes.

After his spill in the river on the fourth day, he goes off to his sleeping bag early, exhausted and shaking. That night the wind blows. Sand sifts into his sleeping bag and shoes, and the clothes he has hung up on the mesquite tree over his head flap like night birds. He thinks of his mother who died on the eve of her 96th birthday. She had hated the heat and the wind and the sand that are a constant, unrelenting part of life in West Texas. He begins to cry.

The next night, our last in the wilderness, we are to take part in an Outward Bound tradition—the solo. We are in Fern Canyon, which has a large area of sand and brilliant green grass and lush trees on the Texas side of the river. We are each sent off in a different direction to spend the night out of sight and hearing of anyone else.

I find a place just below a cliff and make a kind of nest under a group of gnarled trees. I have to crawl to get inside my spot, and I feel cozy. Until this week, I haven't camped out under the stars since I was a child. Instead of a fancy nylon sleeping bag, I had a bedroll of rough quilts that my mother had made from feed sacks. But the incredible Milky Way is the same tonight as it was 40 years ago, and I feel at peace. I scratch my six-day-old beard contentedly. We have been told to write something. I write in my notebook until it is too dark to see the page.

During the night a mouse comes and scrambles around in my plastic gear bag, eating the sunflower seeds that I spilled there from my supper. It is so quiet that his feet sound like thunder on the stiff plastic. The starlight is bright. I can see his quivering little body just inches from my face. He has no fear—so I will not be afraid either. I am home.

The next morning Joey comes for me, and when we get to the camp the others have gath-



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THE NAME IS NISSAN

The Group Is Hushed, Listening

breakfast of hot biscuits and fried potatoes. Afterward we reindeer in a circle. We are expected to comment. "If I got any more spiritual, I'd evaporate," says the investment broker. Says a computer company official of his night alone: "I wrote a while and then I ate a raw potato. I watched the Milky Way. Then the owls came out and the swallows came out and had a big argument—just the way we do. I thought about the outside world." The group is hushed, listening. I realize how much I have come to like and admire this odd assortment of people. The therapist says, "I grew up outdoors, being a tomboy. During my married life I lost confidence in myself. This has been wonderful for me." Says a money expert, "These canyon walls make me feel insignificant. Mankind needs to put his life in better perspective." Says a banker, "I am a loner. I find it difficult being with people. Last night I was thinking how calm it was not having 17 guys trying to make salad at the same time." Says another of the women, a mother of four, "When you strip away all the layers and look at what's there, you may find a perfect person. He's there, just be quiet."

John Raynolds, a veteran of many mornings like this, reads a haiku he wrote during his night alone: "We pass gently by / Cliffs of geologic time, / They take no notice."

When his turn comes, he tells the group that he is sorry the mood seems so serious because he has tried to write something funny. He reads it as if it's a comic's routine, and they laugh all the way through. "I learned this week that the chaos and negative things about my life travel with me, even in the canyons of Big Bend. For me they are no different from the canyons of Manhattan.

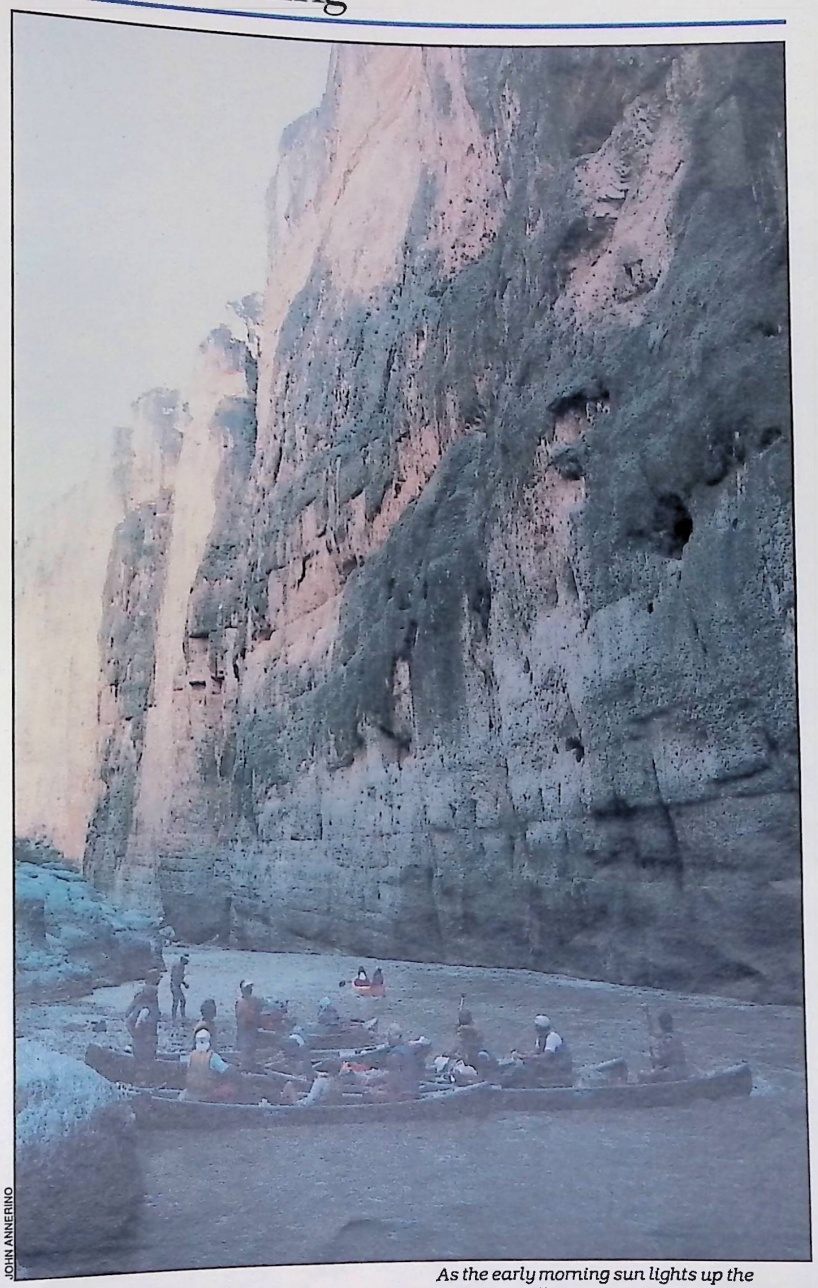
"I worried about a hundred small details—Are my clothes getting wet? Why can't I function on a bucket? Which bag has my glasses case in it? Am I running out of socks? How did I get both pairs of shoes filled with sand? Why did I think I wanted to come on this trip?

"In New York I'm struggling in a river of train tickets and luncheon dates that I'm afraid I'll forget and office meetings that I dread. My brain is roaring with white water—no matter where I go. For me, rappelling down a cliff was no worse than a trip to the dentist. The afterglow that came from putting something unpleasant behind me was just about the same.

"On this trip it became clear to me that I feel overwhelmed by the responsibilities I have for others. Here I was unwilling to accept any more of that—for another person in a canoe or anyplace else. I said no.

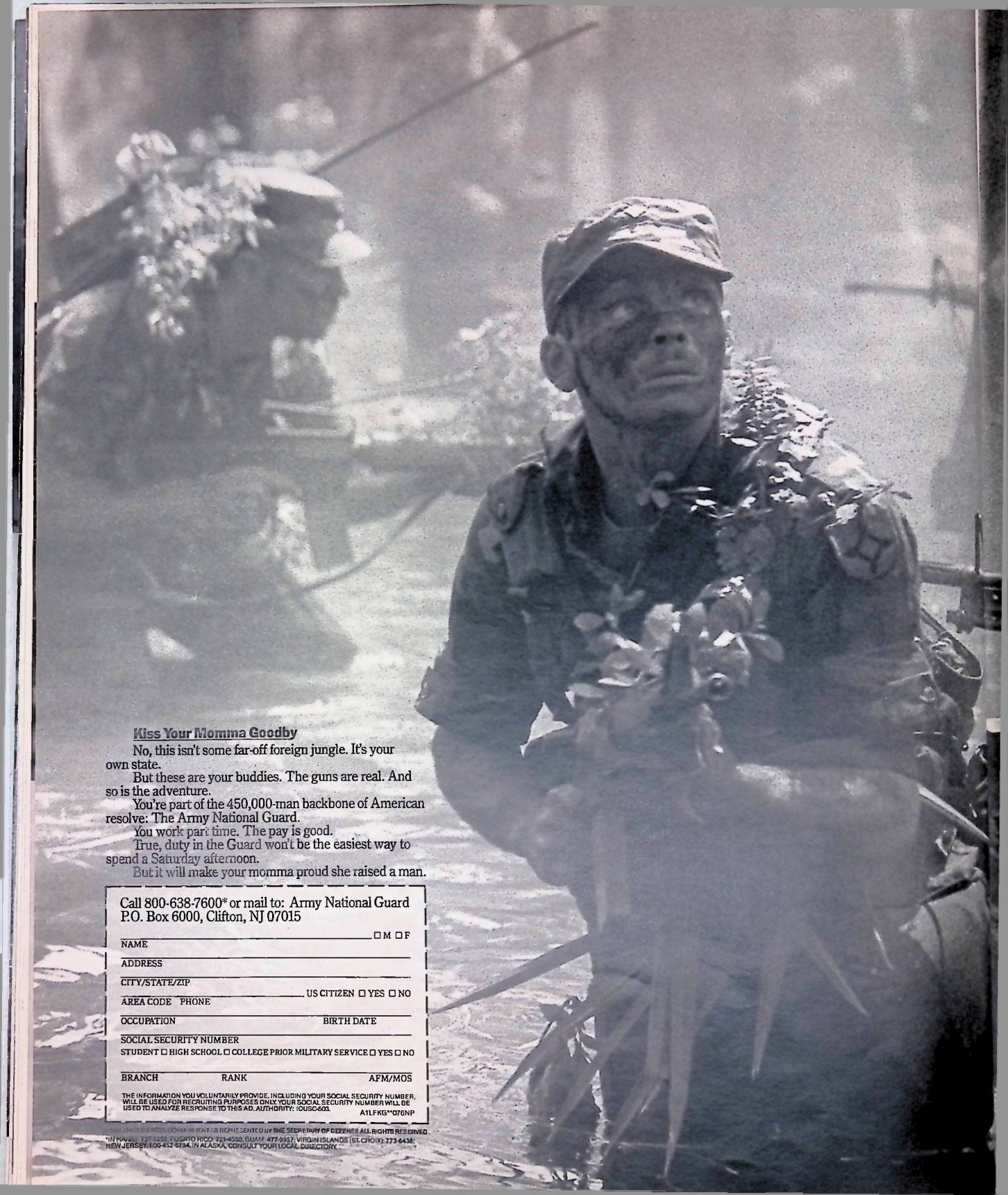
"The perfect symbol for this week's experience was the accidental dunking I took with Bart and Dean—two men I trusted absolutely to let me float along safely as a nonpaddling passenger in this microcosm of society. I was flung out into the rough water, shocked with the sudden recognition that, 'Hey, this is it once again, isn't it? This is my life.'

"Now, somehow, I've got to go home and try to find a way to climb out of that other unmanageable river—the one that I've begun to think of as the Rio-Not-So-Grande." ♠



JOHN ANNERINO

As the early morning sun lights up the Mexican cliffs, the Outward Bound group waits for a couple of vacationers to paddle by on their way into Big Bend National Park.



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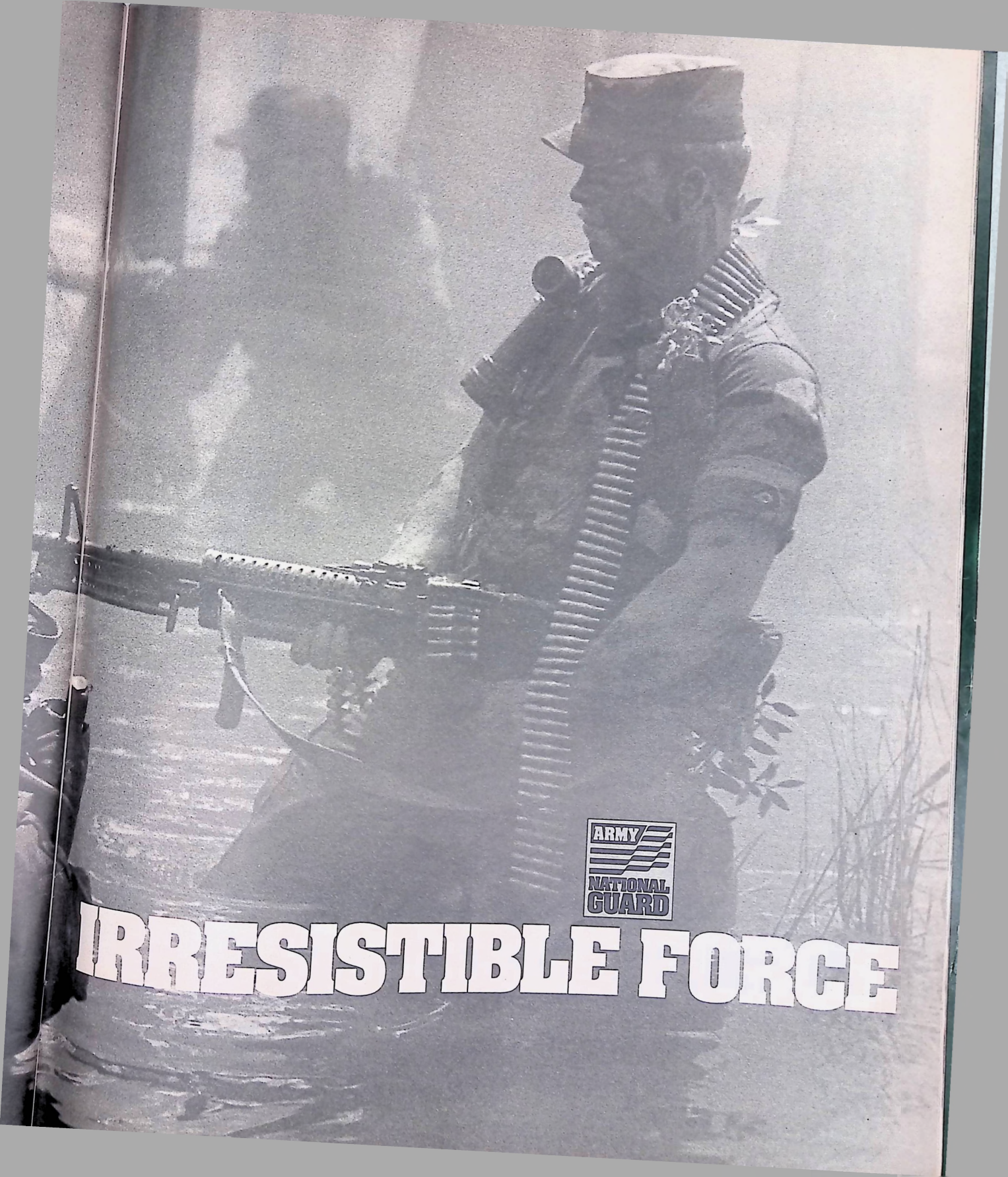
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IN QUAINT CARMEL, CLINT'S IN CHARGE

This Fourth of July there will be ice cream cones in Carmel-by-the-Sea but no fireworks along the beach. The new mayor saw to that at his first town council meeting back in May. Those changes in local policy were but two of 45 pressing pieces of business that actor-producer-director Clint Eastwood, 56, and his four council members dispatched in record (for Carmel) time. "A large agenda in the past," says Carmel's new quick draw with a gavel, "was, maybe, twenty items." In fact, if this picturesque village along the Monterey Peninsula were a movie by Eastwood, his goal would be to bring it in ahead of schedule and under budget.

Carmel isn't a movie, but it looks like a set. The haunting Monterey cypress, flowering ice plant and sweeping ocean vistas have been exerting their lure on tourists for well over a century. Clint knows that firsthand. As a GI based at nearby Fort Ord in 1951, he fell for Carmel one Saturday night. "We got off too late to go to San Francisco. One guy had a car and we drove to Monterey, hit a few pubs, then came over the hill to Carmel. I said to myself, 'If I ever have any dough, I'd like to live in this place.' "

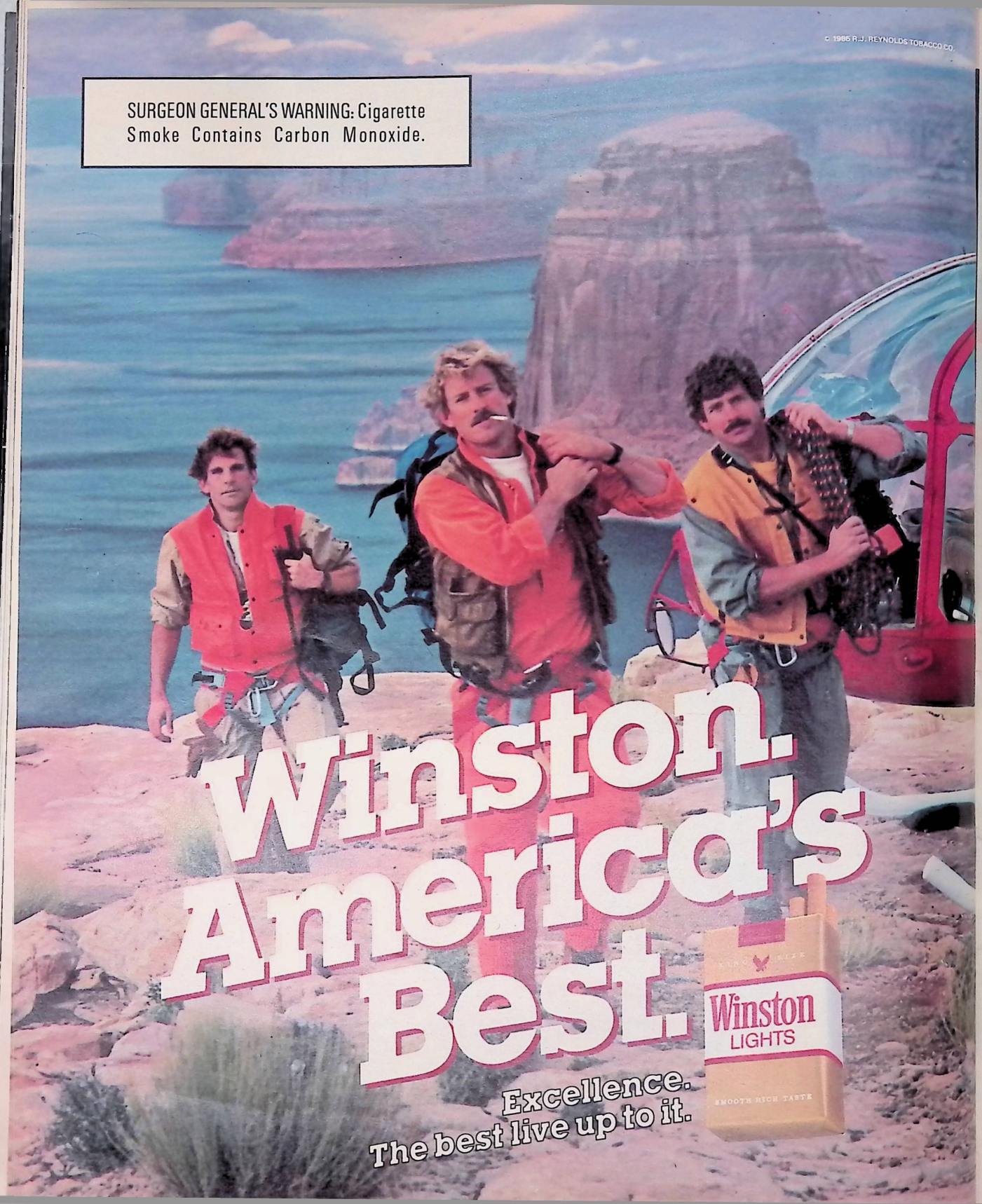


Mayor Clint Eastwood and council members Elinor Laiolo and Bob Fischer consider a plea. Opposite: Ice cream cones, including pistachio, will no longer be banned in town. Before Clint, town officials thought this basic American rite would cause littering.



Text: Paul Witteman

KEN REGAN/CAMERA 5 (2)


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ALL AROUND TOWN, SIGNS OF THE NEW TOP DOG



Clint busses Ann Marie Le as proud papa Peter, who helped police crack a burglary case, beams.



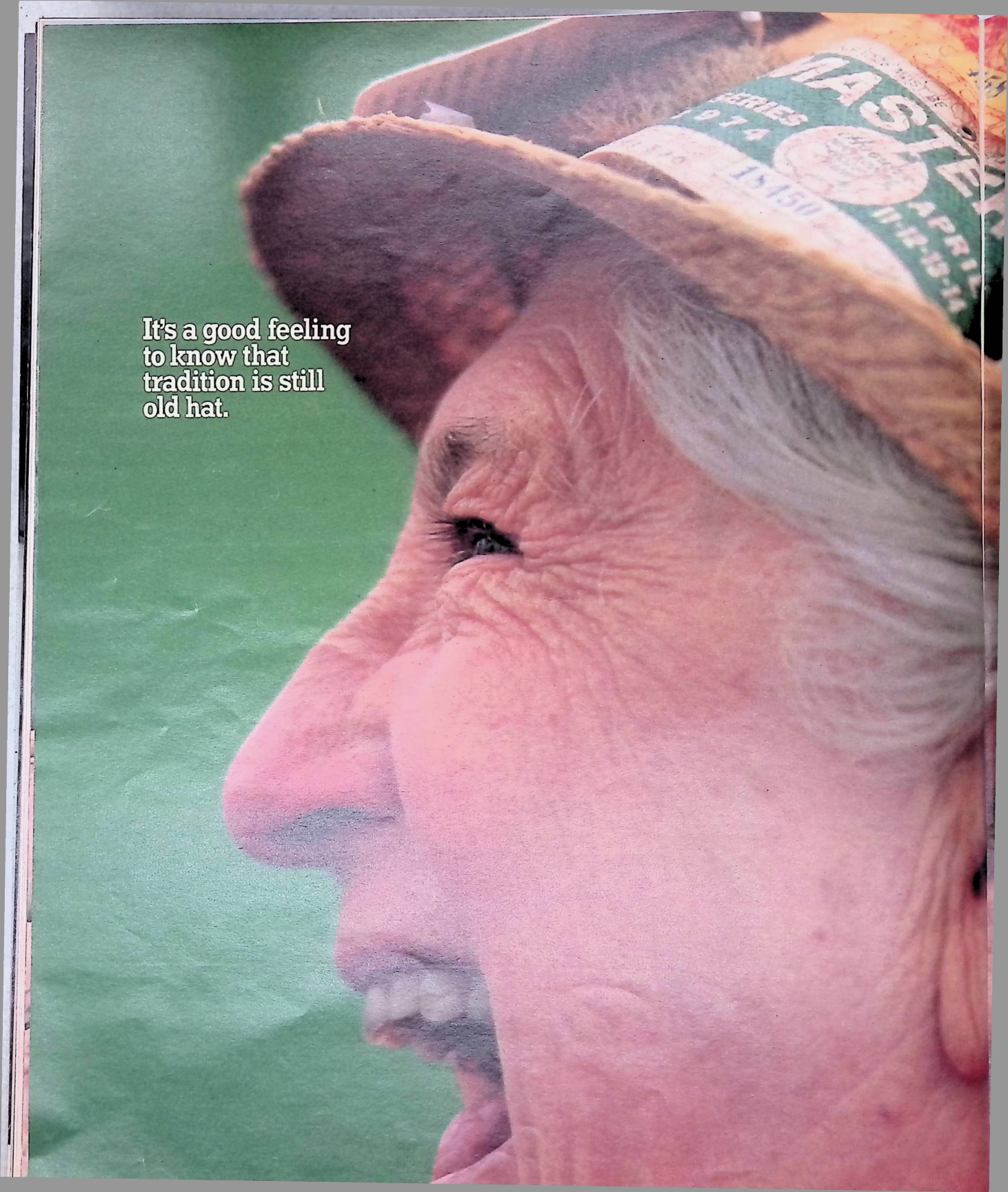
KEN REGAN/CAMERA 5 (4)

Right: Clint, who as Dirty Harry knows what a gun looks like, watches Police Chief Jack McGilvray inspect a weapon during an awards ceremony.





Far left: Carmel has 4,700 residents, but it's Clintville for T-shirt hawker Paul Laub. His new store carries a dizzying array of schlock souvenirs linked to the mayor. Near left: The Dilli Deli's sandwich sign is a puzzle. "I don't know what DeDe had in mind," says Eastwood.


It's a good feeling
to know that
tradition is still
old hat.



Photographed for Sports Illustrated by Brian Lanker. © 1986 Time Inc. All rights reserved.

TRADING HIS PRIVACY FOR A TITLE

Much has been made of Clint's run-in with the previous administration over the town's initial refusal to grant him permission to construct a commercial building, but Eastwood says he was not driven by the motivation of revenge so often associated with some of his on-screen characters. "I wanted to give something back to the town," he explains.

The price is not inconsequential. Since the 1960s, Carmel has been Eastwood's refuge from the relentless and thoughtless pursuers of celebrity who dog him. Says Bog Neimeyer, a salesman at the Carmel Camera Center, "The question tourists used to ask was, 'Where is the Hog's Breath Inn?' [a restaurant in which Clint has a part ownership]. Now they ask, 'Where is the mayor's office? Where does he live?' " To Neimeyer and other Carmelites' credit, they resolutely refuse to say.

Although Carmel and its mayor seem exotic to the almost 25,000 visitors a day who clog the narrow streets in summer, it is little different from any other small town. Meter maids write traffic tickets. Animal control officer Valorie Henderson shoos wandering dogs back to their yards. "I know most of them by name," she says. And the mayor appears at ceremonial events. At the Carmel Police Department Annual Inspection and Awards Day, Clint marched alongside Police Chief Jack McGilvray, inspecting his troops. When asked to make a few remarks, Clint stepped up and said self-effacingly, "I've had the pleasure of portraying a police officer but none so stalwart as any in this group." Eastwood paused, smiled and added, "You all have a three-day pass."

But Clint's passage from private citizen to civil servant has also changed Carmel routines. The mail now arrives at City Hall in boxes, and the phone calls to his tiny office, including one at 8:15 a.m. three times a week from Sweden, are ceaseless.

Still, Eastwood can slide in the side door at Katy's for a raspberry waffle in the morning, and no one will swoon. He pops into his favorite bar for a half pint of Bass and trades gibes with the regulars. He also waxes rhapsodic, as any good mayor does, about his town's charms. "There are a lot of things to do," says his honor, ticking off Bach and jazz festivals, a sand castle contest and quiet strolls along the beach. The privacy-loving mayor also enjoys Carmel's lack of streetlights. He says of his nocturnal walks, "Nobody recognizes me." ♠



KEN REGAN/CAMERA 5

Looking across to the links at Pebble Beach, 17 handicapper Eastwood says, "Since the last[illegible]

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FIRST LADIES

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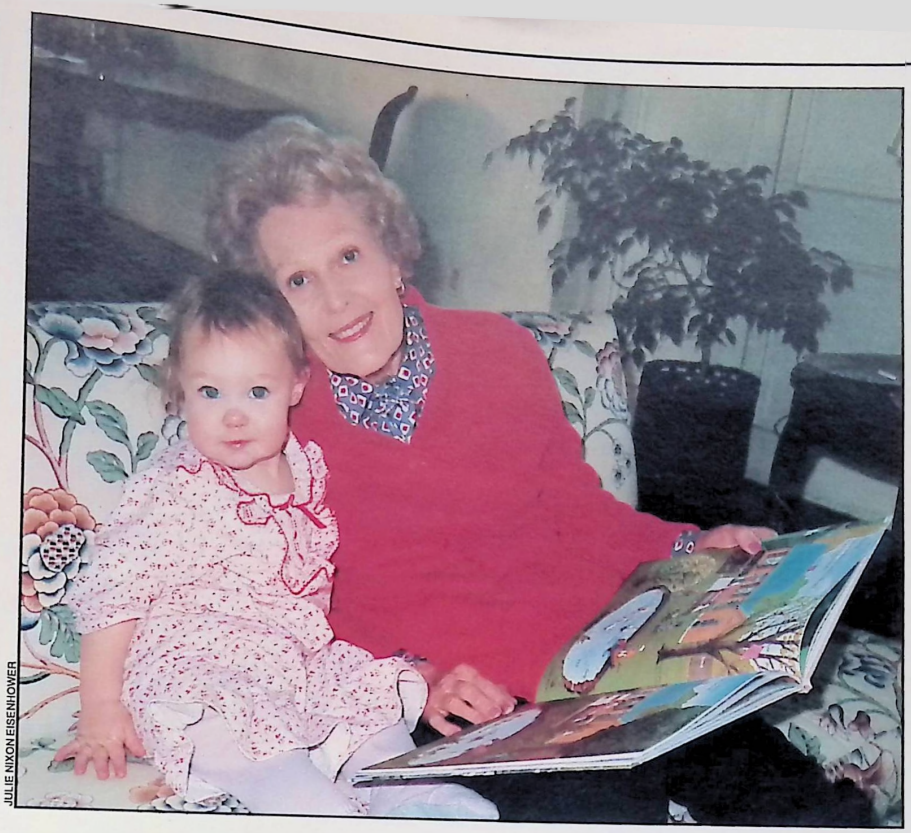
"I think I am more like a state prisoner than anything else," Martha Washington wrote to her niece in 1789. While America's first First Lady concentrated on her role as gracious hostess, her successor, Abigail Adams, became so involved in affairs of state that she was nicknamed Mrs. President. Following Eleanor Roosevelt's example, recent First Ladies have assumed growing influence as social activists and unofficial advisers to the President. On these pages, LIFE looks at our six living First Ladies—who represent the past quarter century of U.S. history—and what life after the White House has brought them.

NANCY REAGAN

After a shaky start in which her Galanos gowns, waves of hairdressers and "new china policy" earned her the sobriquet Queen Nancy, America's 36th First Lady (in the Red Room under a portrait of Angelica Van Buren) has buckled down to serious work. For her campaign against teenage drug abuse, Nancy Reagan, 64, has traveled 100,000 miles, visited 28 states and last year hosted a conference of First Ladies from 30 nations. She plans some 20 major White House dinners a year and makes an official appearance almost every day. But her main task, she often says, is "to protect Ronnie," which she has doggedly done through his skirmishes with the press, his bout with cancer and the assassination attempt. When she leaves the White House in 1989, she will be the only two-term First Lady since Mamie Eisenhower.



"Since coming home," says Rosalynn Carter, in her Plains, Ga., backyard, "we've learned to appreciate luxuries like being able to walk through the woods for



JULIE NIXON EISENHOWER

Pat Nixon, 74, reads aloud to her granddaughter Melanie, 18 months, during a recent visit to Julie Nixon Eisenhower's home. The Nixons' Saddle River, N.J., residence is equidistant from the homes of their children—Tricia Cox, in New York City, and Julie, in Berwyn, Pa.

ROSALYNN CARTER

"In the beginning it was awesome to be living in the White House," says Rosalynn Carter, 58. "Amy and I took a guidebook and walked through the rooms, matching the names with the pictures on the walls. Then we read about the former Presidents and their families. It was thrilling to realize that Mary Todd Lincoln had lived here in the same rooms while the President was in his office at the other end of the hall." Unlike Mrs. Lincoln, Rosalynn Carter did not limit herself to social amenities. She was one of the most politically active Presidents' wives in history. Focusing on the problems of the elderly and the mentally ill, she testified before a congressional committee, pushed her pet projects during working lunches with her husband, and became the first presidential wife to sit in on Cabinet meetings. "It wasn't anything different for me," says Mrs. Carter, who was dubbed the Steel Magnolia by the press. "I had always worked with Jimmy." Since returning to Plains in 1980, she has continued to speak out on human rights, and to collaborate with her husband—they are coauthoring a book tentatively titled *How to Make the Most of the Second Half of Your Life.*

PAT NIXON

"I don't think I would have chosen politics for my life," she once admitted. "It was what my husband wanted and there was a part for me to play, so I dug in and played it." If Pat Nixon was uncomfortable as First Lady, she never acknowledged it. While criticized for her remoteness—Plastic Pat, she was called—she became the most widely traveled First Lady in history. She added hundreds of paintings and antiques to the White House collection, promoted volunteerism and community self-help, and excelled at mixing with White House visitors—prime ministers and tourists alike. "She had more ways to say how lovely a woman's hat was than anybody I've ever known," observed one White House watcher. And through the Watergate debacle she showed courage, stamina and loyalty. Since leaving the White House in 1974, the Nixons have lived in San Clemente, Calif., New York City and, for the last five years, in New Jersey. In fragile health—she has suffered two strokes—Mrs. Nixon visits her two daughters and four grandchildren, tends her garden, occasionally comes into Manhattan for shopping, and guards the privacy she has sought for so long.



In the living room of her summer home in Beaver Creek, Colo., the 34th First Lady reviews blueprints for an addition to the Betty Ford Center.

BETTY FORD

She was not the first woman to be overwhelmed by becoming First Lady—in 1852, on hearing news of her husband Franklin's election, Jane Pierce fainted—but when Betty Ford was thrust into the spotlight, her candor endeared her to a nation reeling from Watergate. "I was outspoken," she admits. "But I knew that to survive, I'd have to be forthright. At that point honesty was a very sensitive subject." Since leaving the White House in 1977, Mrs. Ford has been no less frank about her successful battle against drugs and alcohol. Today, at 68, she heads the Betty Ford Center, a hospital for treating chemical dependency, near her home in Rancho Mirage, Calif. "As First Lady, you realize the responsibility you have to the country," she says. "Once you leave you don't want to



CHARLES KRUPA/AP

JACQUELINE KENNEDY ONASSIS

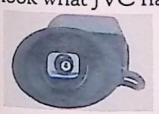
When she moved into the White House in 1961 at 31, she became the youngest First Lady since Frances Folsom, 21, married Grover Cleveland in the Blue Room 75 years earlier. While her beauty captured the American imagination, the "Jackie Look" dominated fashion, and she launched a historic restoration of the White House. Rediscovering old treasures—she rescued Lincoln's china and Monroe's flatware from the cellar—Mrs. Kennedy transformed her temporary home into a showcase for American art and antiques. When the President was assassinated in November 1963, her dignity earned the world's respect. Today she works as an editor in Manhattan, vacations on Martha's Vineyard and permits only rare sightings of her famous

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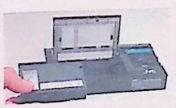


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"The First Lady is elected by only one man," says Lady Bird Johnson, reclining in a thicket of gayfeathers she has planted on the LBJ Ranch.

LADY BIRD JOHNSON

"As First Lady, I felt my main job was to establish an island of serenity where Lyndon could find surcease from the enormous burdens he shouldered," says Lady Bird Johnson, 73. "But there is also the opportunity and the podium if you care to use it."

In her five years at the White House, Mrs. Johnson did both, soothing the cyclonic, moody LBJ through the turbulent mid-'60s and championing the budding ecology movement. In her beautification campaign for the nation's public lands, Mrs. Johnson logged 200,000 miles in 40 cross-country trips. She had two million daffodils planted in the U.S. capital.

Since returning to Texas and the LBJ Ranch in 1969 (her husband died in 1973), Mrs. Johnson has been no less active, participating in events at the LBJ Library in Austin, speaking at symposia and visiting her two daughters, Lynda Robb in Virginia and Luci Turpin in Toronto, and seven grandchildren. She celebrated her 70th birthday in 1982 by launching the National Wildflower Research Center near Austin, with a donation of 60 acres and $125,000. On the ranch where she once hosted lavish barbecues for presidents and prime ministers, she now has friends in for supper and cards, oversees work on the 180 acres and walks more than a mile each morning. "You come into the White House knowing you are a temporary resident—each day a golden coin to spend," she says. "Battering as some of those days were, I'm so grateful to have lived them." ♠

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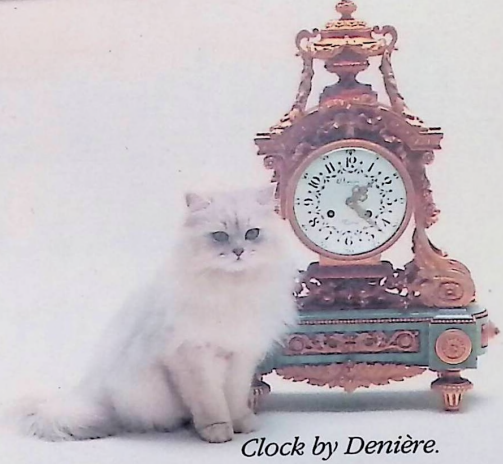
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LAND THAT WE LOVE

CHRONICLING OUR PATRIOTIC FERVOR

"By destroying democracy overseas, Hitler raised in the U.S. a tide of democratic feeling that had long lain at ebb." These words appeared in LIFE in 1940, a year that saw what the magazine called "the biggest bunting boom since the end of World War I." Another article on '40 flag sales included instructions on what *not* to do with Old Glory, such as wear it as a blouse or use it to cover anything but a casket.

Meanwhile, other signs of the "new patriotism" were noted in LIFE: All Broadway musicals began or ended with the national anthem; Hollywood bars were offering tricolor liqueurs called the Patriot, topped by an American flag stuck in a pineapple chunk. As the war wore on, LIFE ran a somber tribute to American moms: "To the nation this dark and thunderous spring, Mother's Day inevitably bore new and poignant connotations."

With the coming of peace, flag sales fell off. Still, as these pages show, the Stars and Stripes keeps turning up—from sea to shining sea and as far away as the moon.



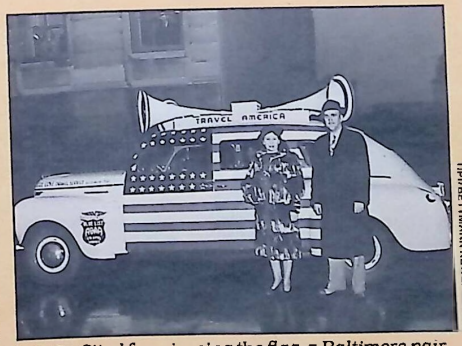
AP

'41 *Captioned "Old Glory at the Grand Canyon," this picture was part of a Fourth of July article. That day rain ended a heat wave, but, wrote* LIFE, *"there was still no peace in American hearts."*



MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

'37 *Louisville, Ky., flood victims queued up for relief at a "propaganda campaign" sign put [illegible] the National Association of Manufacturers.*



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

'40 *Cited for misusing the flag, a Baltimore pair claimed it was "a stirring ad for their travel service." Added* LIFE: *"Police thought not."*

LIFE LOOKS BACK 50 YEARS



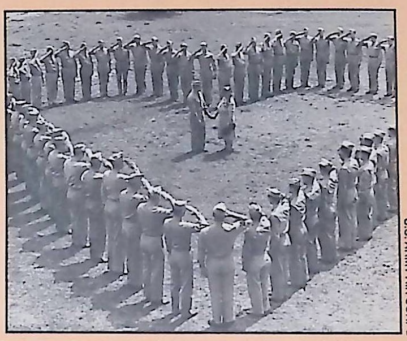
ALFRED EISENSTAEDT

'40 *In a fashion article, LIFE said that this bandanna—combining "bright colors" with "a noble utterance"—should be "triangulated and wrapped o'er the ramparts in halter style."*



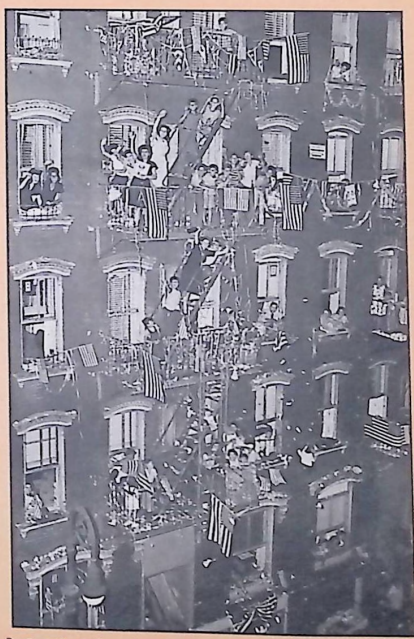
WALTER SANDERS/BLACK STAR

'40 *An employee at Annin & Co., a U.S. flagmaker, filled back orders. The company's goal was 16 million that year.*



U.S. ARMY AIR CORPS

'42 *On Mother's Day, Langley Field, Va., airmen made "a giant heart in tribute" to a visiting mom who stood with her son.*



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

'45 *A flag-bedecked New York tenement celebrated Japan's surrender.*

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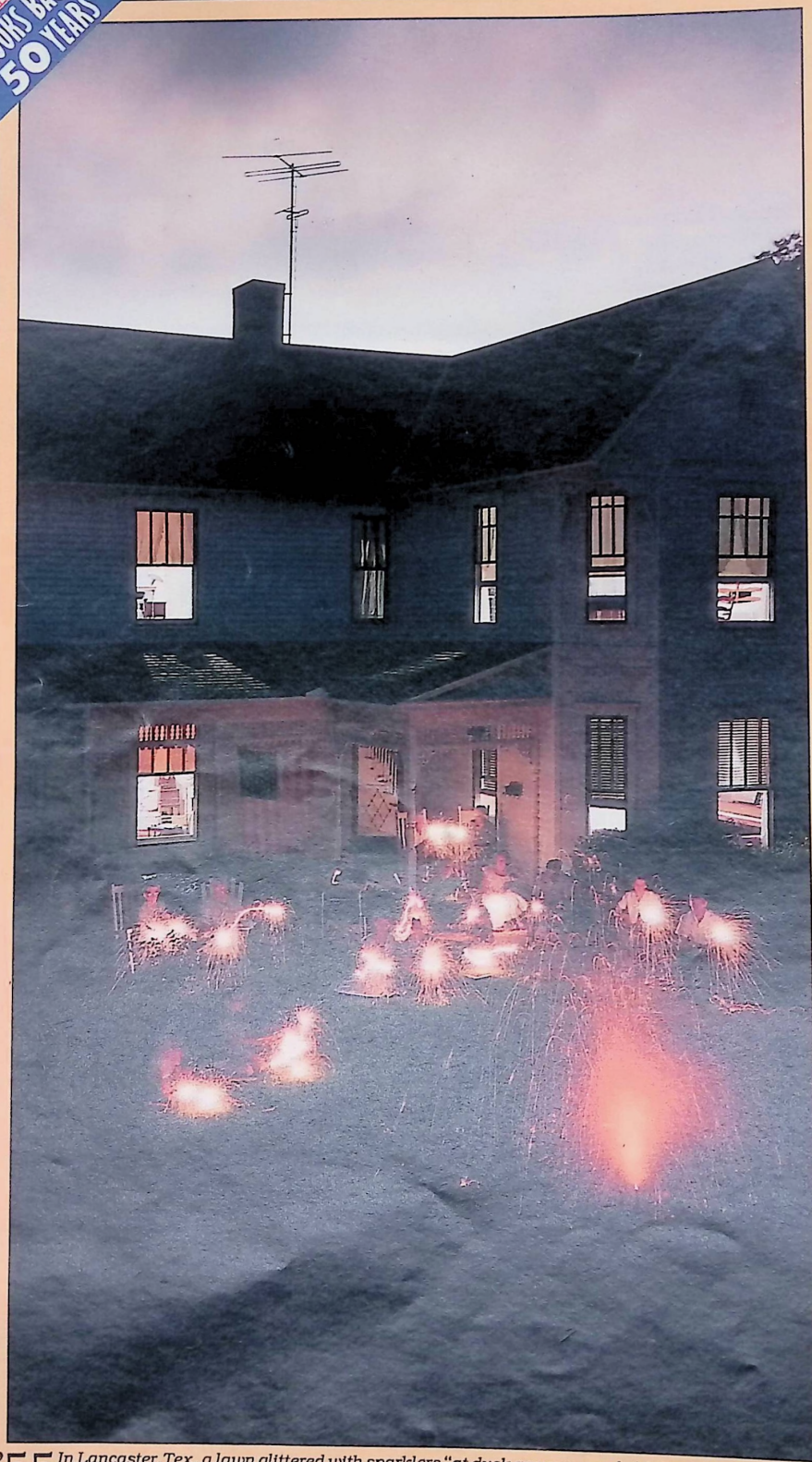
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LIFE LOOKS BACK 50 YEARS



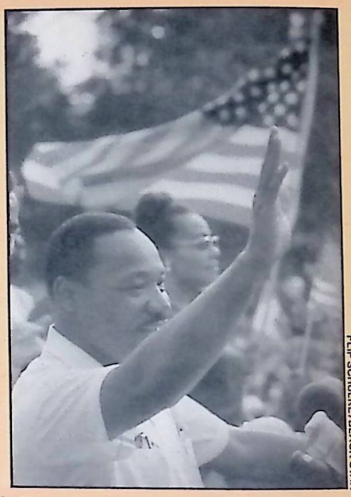
JOHN DOMINIS

'55 *In Lancaster, Tex., a lawn glittered with sparklers "at dusk as young and old take part in Rawlins family's fireworks show." The picture was part of a cover story showing that despite*



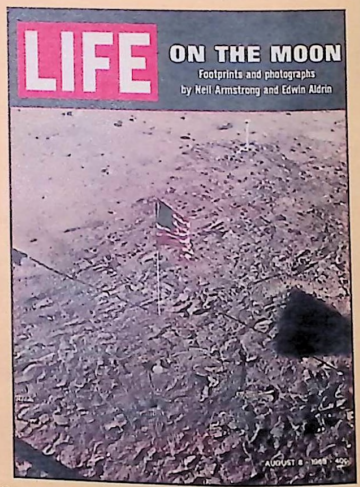
CARL MYDANS

'50 *The flag went to war with General Douglas MacArthur for the Inchon invasion.*



FLIP SCHULKE/BLACK STAR

'68 *A week after his assassination Martin Luther King Jr. was memorialized in a cover story.*



'69 *The flag planted on the moon's*

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LIFE LOOKS BACK 50 YEARS



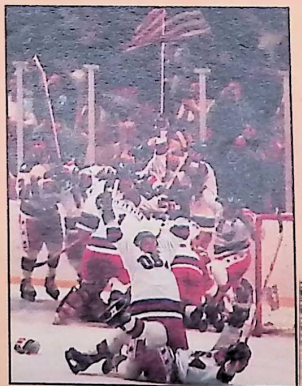
BILL STANTON/MAGNUM

'77 *In a special issue, The New Youth, LIFE noted the "fulminating reaction" that students in the '60s had against "virtually all the traditions their elders held dear." Here, "a young activist aptly portrayed the lingering spirit" of that decade at the '72 Republican Convention in Miami.*



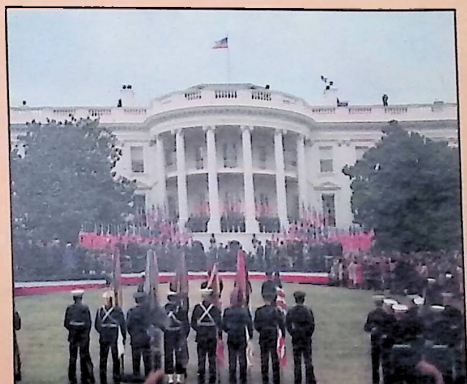
PHILIP GOULD

'77 *A winner in LIFE's Bicentennial photo contest was this portrait of a fifth-generation Texan*



HEINZ KLUETMEIER

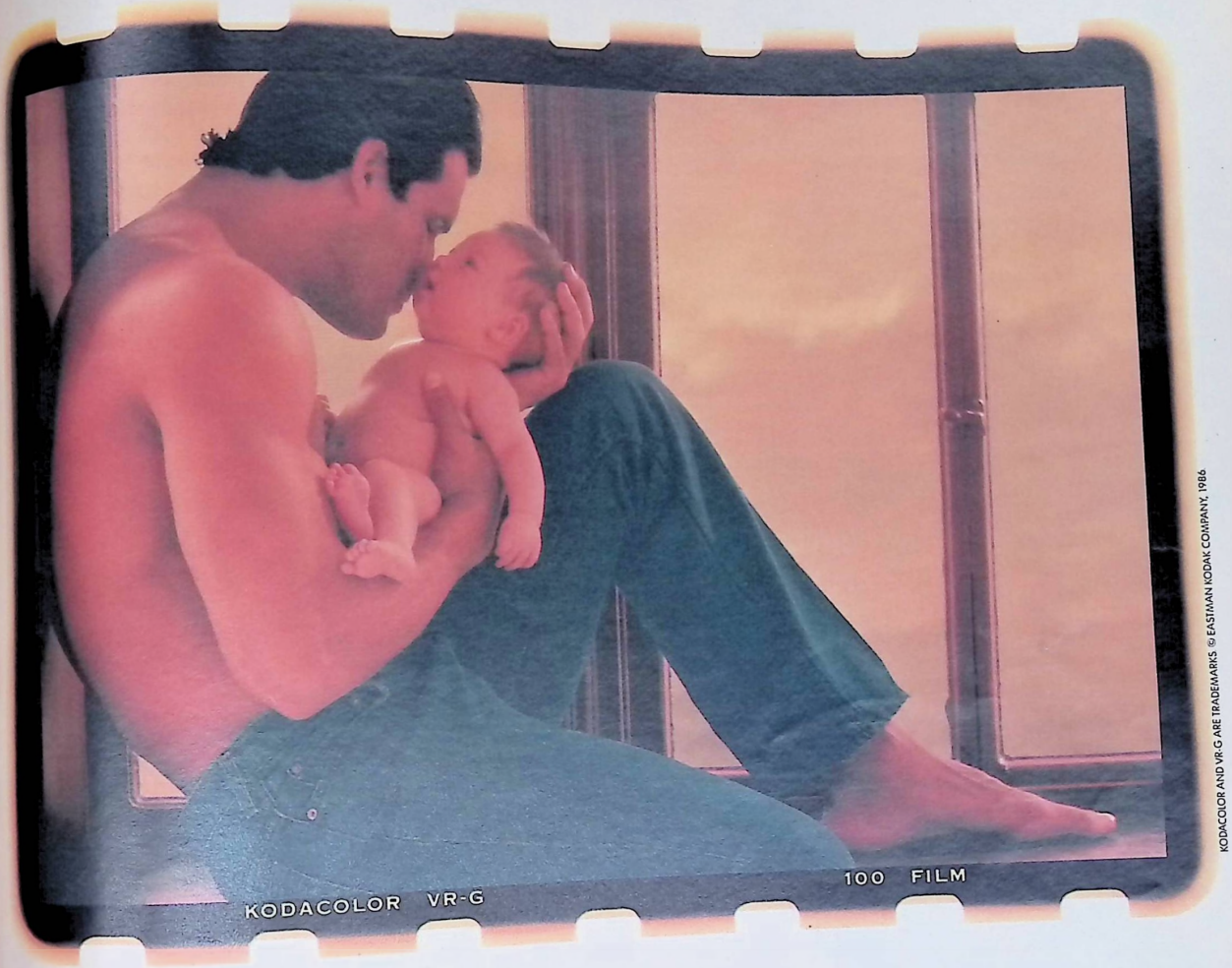
'80 *Our Olympic hockey team*



ENRICO FERORELLI/DOT

'81 *The homecoming of 52 hostages from Iran*

THE COLOR OF LIFE



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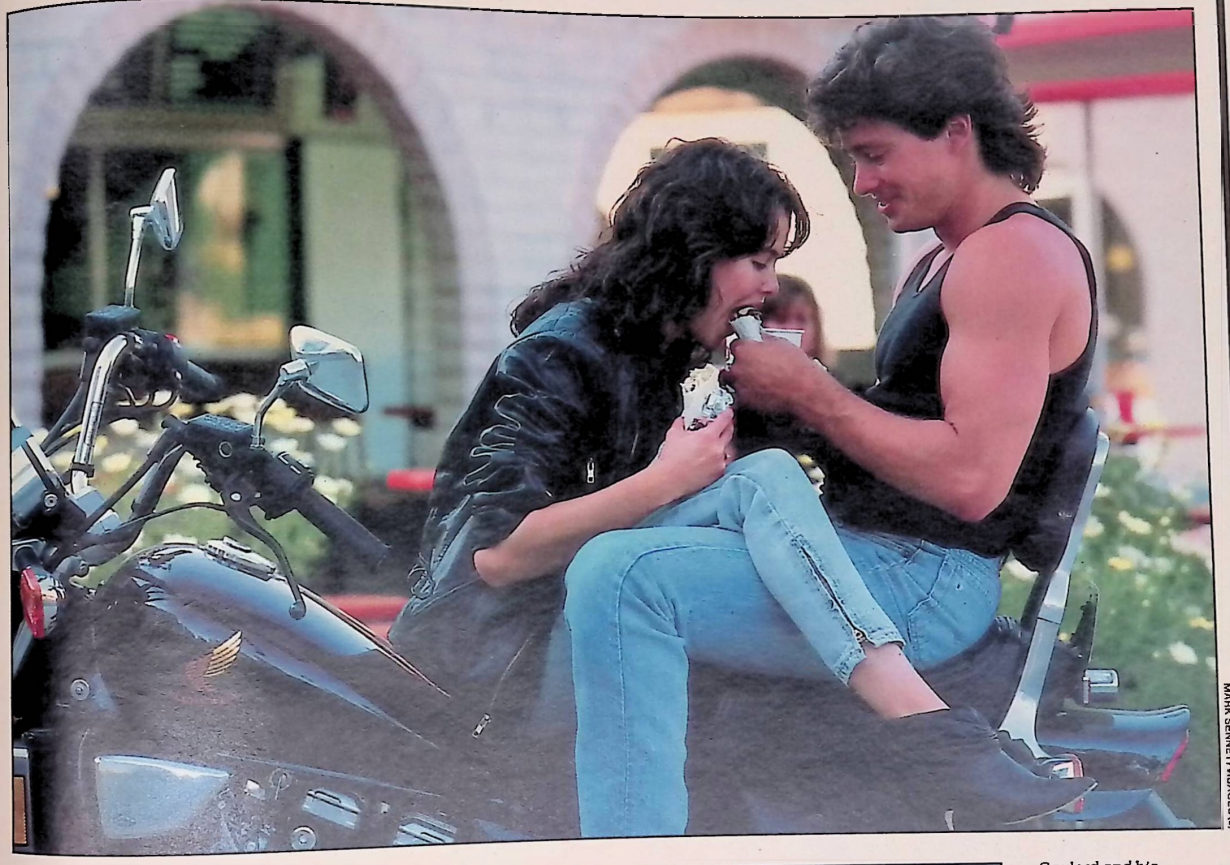
Kodak

BILL STANTON/MAGNUM



Golden guy Gaylord somersaults his buffed bod into the movies. His new film has the best aerial histrionics since that old classic The Fly.

MITCH GAYLORD, OLYMPIC GOLD MEDALIST, HOPES MOVIEGOERS WILL FIND HIS 'AMERICAN ANTHEM' GYM-DANDY



MARK SENNET/VISAGES (3)

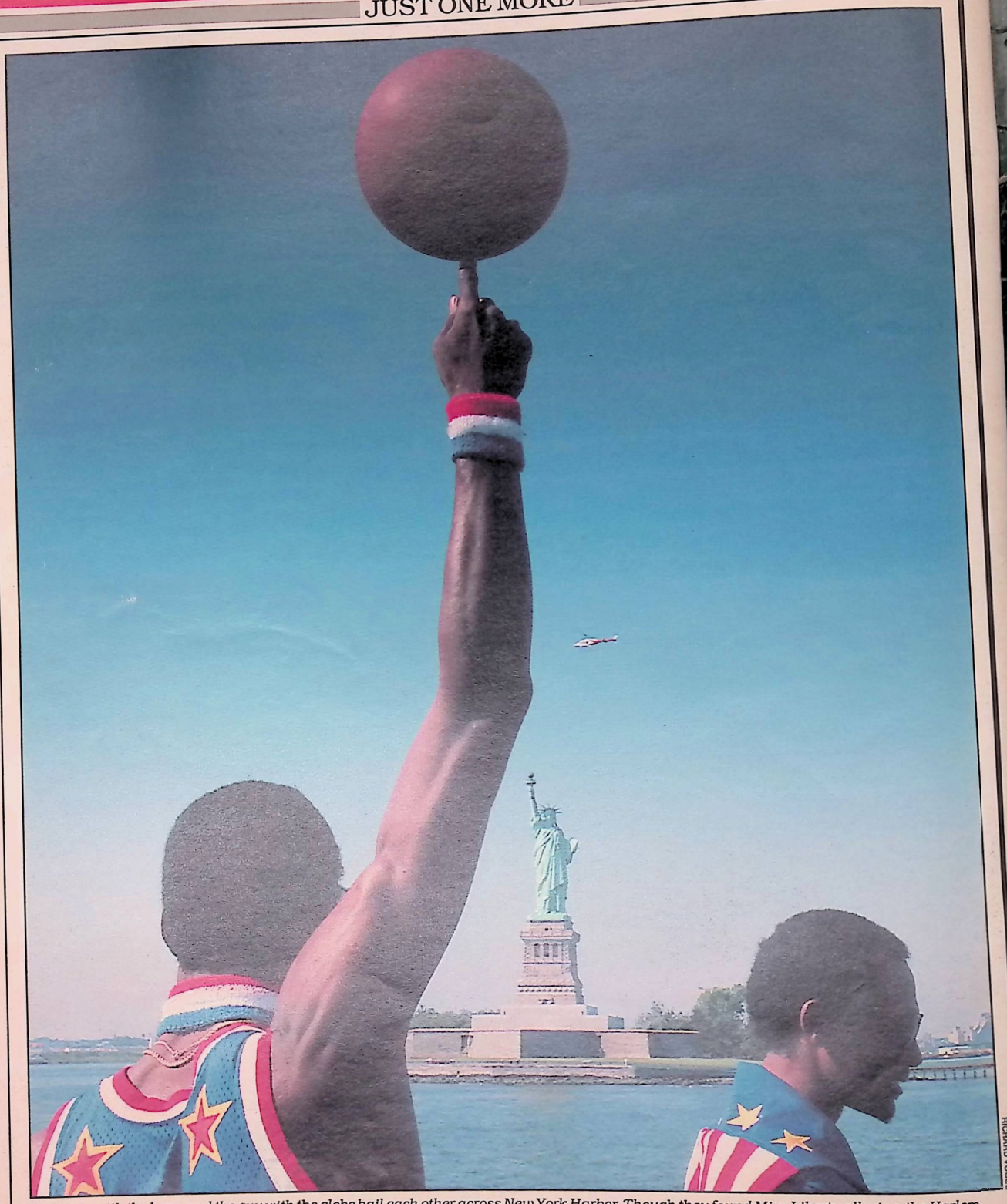
In the tradition of Olympians Johnny Weissmuller, Sonja Henie, Bob Mathias and Bruce Jenner, 1984 gold medal gymnast Mitch Gaylord has gone Hollywood. Even though he'd never had an acting lesson until last summer, Gaylord, 25, stars in his first film, *American Anthem*. Director Albert Magnoli's last movie, *Purple Rain*, also featured an '84 phenom, Prince.

Anthem is about a favorite Hollywood type—the tormented teenager who, according to Gaylord, "is struggling to make something of himself." How? Well, by training for the Olympics, just as the young Mitch did for 11 years.

Though he wasn't the only gymnast in 1984 who could fly through the air with the greatest of ease, Gaylord's dark good looks were a contrast to those of his blond teammates. Yet even if he does have a nude scene in his movie, he insists, "I don't like the idea of promoting myself as a body." He keeps his Olympic medals in a safety deposit box but claims that they are almost insignificant. "Winning the gold is a symbol," he says. "It's the feeling you remember that's important."



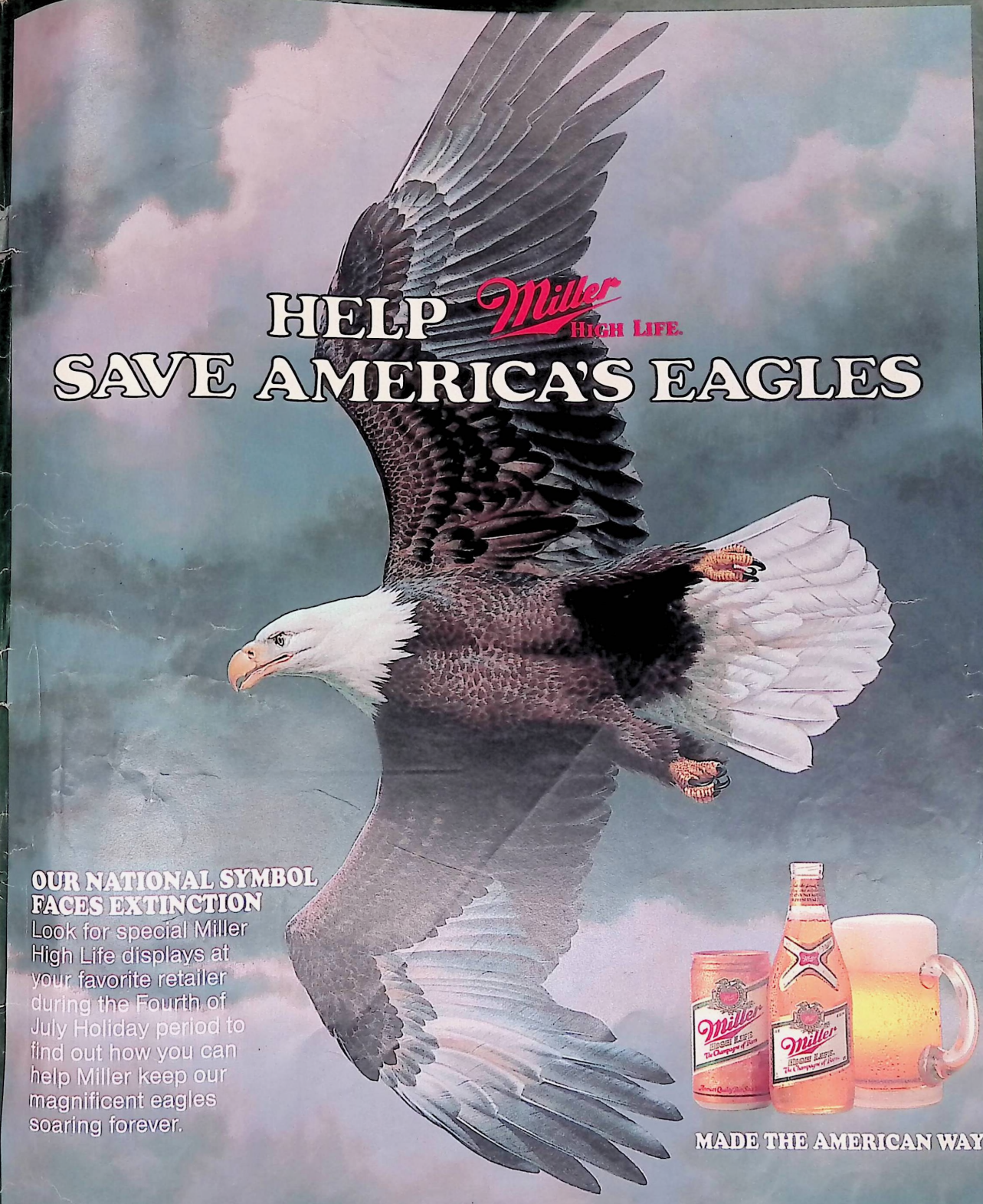
Gaylord and his girlfriend of four years, Theresa "Spunk" Campos, 22, a special education major at Arizona State, feast on their favorite fast food, Taco Bell burritos. Left: Mitch picks an air guitar on the beach in Santa Monica. He scored 10's at the Olympics but won't rate his acting. "In gymnastics," he says, "you're judged and you know exactly how you did. In a movie, you don't know until the finished product is out there." Since about half of Anthem has him up in the air, at least 50 percent will be great.



RICHARD VOGEL

The Lady with the lamp and the guy with the globe hail each other across New York Harbor. Though they found Miss Liberty alluring, the Harlem Globetrotters—a.k.a. the Clown Princes of Basketball—still dote on "Sweet Georgia Brown" and say they're not about to change their tune. ♠

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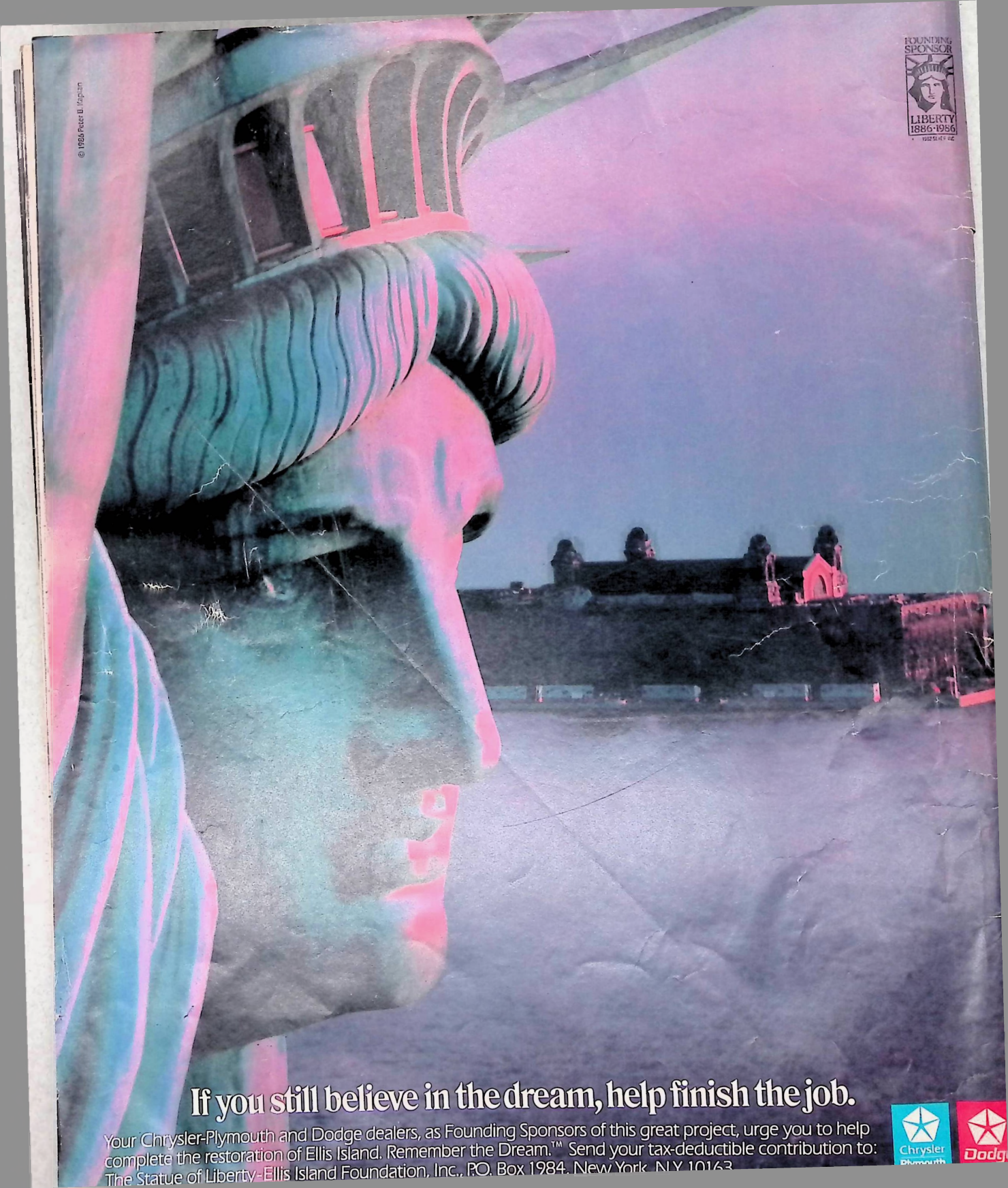
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