



The colossus of Bedloe's Island, 225 tons of copper and iron, towers 300 feet above New York Harbor. A French gift, it was dedicated in 1886.



Anna McManus removing lipsticked initials from interior of the statue. A cage recently erected around the spiral stairway forestalls many scribbling vandals.

Lighted by a system of incandescent and mercury vapor lamps, the torch is a beacon to approaching ships. Here a workman replaces wind-smashed bulb.



# THE LADY WE CAN'T AFFORD TO FORGET

By *BLAKE EHRlich*

We haven't done right by Miss Liberty. So the tall goddess still stands amid unsightly clutter, instead of the beautiful bower designed for her. And she brings in more cash than she costs us!

**T**HE sleek luxury liners are back from the wars now bearing their cargoes of returning movie stars and arriving diplomats, whose pictures in the papers look a lot different from those of home-coming troops or war brides or refugees. But there is one moment when almost all of them are exactly alike, when it stops mattering—if only for a second—exactly who they are. This is the moment when they get their first view of the Statue of Liberty.

In another second Miss Diana La Dore will again be a reigning celebrity and Mrs. Prochnick will resume her anxiety about her DP's passport, but for a moment—There's that lifting smell of the shore and the first craning sight of the green-gray smudge—land! Then, after the shrilling of the tugs, there are the towers of Manhattan, glittering and singing up into the sky—New York! And then, in midstream, at the foot of the skyscrapers—Miss Liberty! And that's the moment. America! Home!

Somehow, this piece of sculpture seems to say what all the quadrillions of words have tried to say about America. To the world, its form has come to symbolize the hopes, promises, rewards and contradictions which are our country. And it has a special significance now.

I felt all this as I came home again from Europe recently, and after I'd got settled, I took the ferry out to Bedloe's Island to visit the Lady With the Lamp. About 600,000 others had the same idea this record year, and almost as many in preceding years. Of the millions who have made the visit in the last five years, including many world leaders, probably the best remembered by the staff is a girl who came one winter's day.

It was a nasty cold day. No visitors on the first boat, except one girl. She stayed outside the statue, leaning against the pedestal parapet. She didn't look well, and a guide asked her if she felt all right. She said yes, yes, of course, but she looked kind of queer and the guide stayed on. They talked about the bad morning and she said she was worried about it. Her husband, a science technician, had just taken off for England, where V-1 bombing was at its peak. The weather over the Atlantic must have been foul. She'd been up all night. Obviously, she'd done a lot of crying too.

"I've been waiting since early morning for the ferry to bring me here," she said. "I just wanted to remind myself why he had to go."

The Statue of Liberty is, from a purely statistical point of view, a 225-ton assemblage of copper and iron, reaching 300 feet ten inches above sea level on a twelve-acre diamond-shaped island. The figure's index finger is eight feet long, her waist thirty-five feet thick. According to the guidebook, the statue is a "gift from the French people to the people of the United States, commemorating the alliance of the two nations during the American Revolution in achieving the independence of the United States, and attests their abiding friendship." The statue portrays Liberty as a woman stepping from broken shackles. In her right hand is held aloft the torch of Freedom, and in the left is a tablet representing the Declaration of Independence and inscribed, in block letters and Roman numerals, "July 4, 1776." (Continued on Page 90)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK ROSS



Owing to lack of funds, blemishes such as this deface 10 of the island's 12 acres. It would cost about \$1,000,000 to complete the landscaping as originally planned.



In summer as many as 6000 tourists come here daily. Last year Miss Liberty drew 100,000 more sight-seers than Yellowstone Park, 200,000 more than Grand Canyon.

Having taken the elevator to the foot of the figure, these visitors trudged up 12 stories to the head. They are gazing through windows that comprise the jewels of the crown.



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The site, Bedloe's Island, has belonged to the Indians, the Dutch, the British, Isaac Bedloe, New York City, New York State and the United States. It has been the location for a farm, a smallpox hospital, a quarantine station, a dump, a harbor-defense fort, a signal-corps radio station, a military-police post, and was used from 1793 to 1796 as a hospital base for the French fleet.

The idea for a monument to international friendship originated with Édouard Laboulaye, a French historian of our Civil War, who founded the Franco-American Union for public fund raising. He transmitted his enthusiasm to the French citizenry, who responded generously with the necessary funds, and to sculptor Frédéric Auguste Bartholdi, who immediately set sail for America to select a site. The statue was supposed to be a 100th-anniversary present, on July 4, 1876, but Congress didn't authorize President Hayes to set aside land for it until a year later. The French compromised by sending over the right arm, holding the torch, for the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. By the time the whole statue had been completed, we had not yet subscribed enough money to pay for a pedestal on which to place it.

Joseph Pulitzer, fiery publisher of the New York World, blew up. In a furious newspaper campaign he roared about public indifference, and soon others began to echo him. In a matter of five months the fund was full, and a year later, after completion of the pedestal, the monument was dedicated, October 28, 1886.

Liberty is made of copper plates three thirty-seconds of an inch thick, hung on an iron skeleton designed by Gustave Eiffel, who engineered the tower which is the principal landmark of Paris. Bartholdi's original clay model was about ten feet high. From this he built up a thirty-six-foot plaster figure, which was then marked off into sections. Each portion was again painstakingly enlarged, finally to the full 152 feet, and carpenters made exact wooden patterns, section by section. Artisans hammered the copper plates into shape on the wood forms.

Awaiting completion of the pedestal, the outermost of the piled-up plates weathered and turned green, while the sections underneath stayed a ruddy copper brown. At the dedication the goddess wore what any South Pacific veteran would now recognize as a jungle camouflage suit, splotted with brown and green. President Grover Cleveland and the French ambassador headed the list of top-hatted dignitaries at the ceremonies. Sculptor Bartholdi was also there on the bunting-draped platform for the dedication of the statue to which he had devoted ten years of his life. The mighty lady towered above them, but behind her most of the island was crowded with a jumble of squat sheds and tin-roofed barracks of the Army post. The statue stood as its sculptor had dreamed, but the rest of his plan for a monument had not been carried out. It has not been carried out to this day.

Bartholdi's 1874 sketches show Bedloe's Island terraced and landscaped into a little jewel box for the statue. Although the statue itself, having first been maintained as an aid to navigation under the jurisdiction of the Light-

house Board, was proclaimed a national monument in 1924, the major portion of Bedloe's Island was used as an Army post until 1937, when the National Park Service took over. In the ten years the Park Service has been the island's custodian, lack of funds has prevented opening more of the grounds to the public.

A visit to the statue may disappoint you today. Of the two acres not forbidden to the public, almost all the area is occupied by the base of the statue. What it doesn't stand on, you can. The cluttered remainder of the island will continue to spoil the scene until \$1,000,000 can be found to finish the plan.

There's no indication that this particular \$1,000,000, or any part of it, will be forthcoming from an economy-plagued Congress, which slashed the

National Park budget by three fifths this year. If this were a commercial enterprise, improvement could be financed with profits, for earnings derived from concession licenses and elevator fares generally exceed its \$65,000 share of the Park Service fund. But the Government maintains it isn't in the business of making profits, and all collected moneys go to the Treasury's General Fund, instead of reverting to the Park Service.

The service has scheduled the improvements in \$5000 units, but since the cost of one unit is almost enough to pay unemployment benefits to five veterans for a year, the Government has remained unmoved by the embarrassed pleas of the statue's superintendent, Charles S. Marshall.

After those alterations are made, the ferry will swing around the end of the

island, giving visitors a fine front view of the monument, and land at a smart new concrete pier on the Jersey side. From here, the tourist will walk up a wide, tree-shaded avenue to the real entrance of Fort Eleazer D. Wood, which forms the base of the statue. There'll be plenty of room to sit in the shade. The peak-season crowds will be able to walk all over twelve acres instead of one another. The whole effect is expected to be dignified and restful.

That certainly is not the way it is now. The day I paid my respects to the goddess was one of the last for big summer crowds. At Battery Park, on Manhattan's lower tip, I paid the sixty-cent fare—a twenty-five-cent increase over prewar rates—and was swept aboard the three-deck ferry Liberty by the rush of my fellow passengers. They were exactly the sort of people who should visit the Statue of Liberty. They exclaimed to one another in the twangs and drawls of every section of the nation. There was a UN delegate wearing a turban, and a convention delegate wearing a fez. There were Chinese, Japanese, Hindus and Negroes.

The one-and-a-half-mile ferry ride through the heavy harbor traffic is an exciting business. We dashed past eighteen ships—from launches to liners. There were bells, whistles, sea gulls and a receding sky line, and it all seemed like the harbor leg of an ocean voyage. All the while, the skyscrapers diminished and the statue loomed larger.

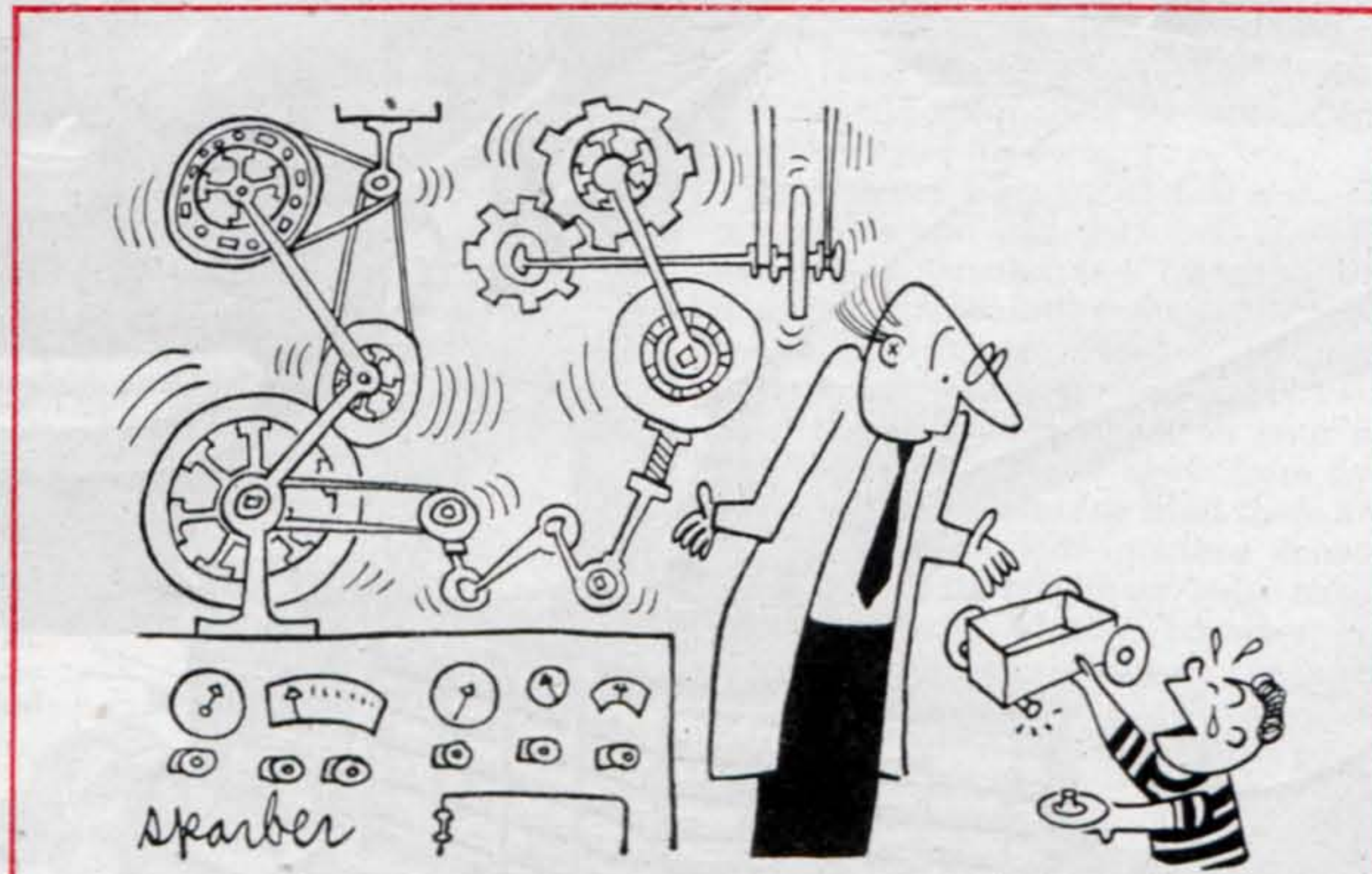
After twelve minutes of this exhilaration, we crowded off onto an unpainted plank pier and were solemnly tabulated by a uniformed man with a counting machine. At the end of the pier, steps led, not to the statue entrance, but to a hot-dog stand with striped umbrellas over the tables. Sandwiched beside the hot dogs is a tiny building labeled "Museum"; scattered pictures of Bartholdi and his work hung on the walls around a souvenir shop, a shoe-shine concession and a phone booth.

The base of the statue is 136-year-old Fort Wood, built in the shape of an eleven-pointed star. The fort has an unblemished record—never struck by an enemy shell, never surrendered never, as a matter of fact, attacked. Through one of its sally ports, a sort of military emergency door, the visitor follows a brick tunnel up through the twenty-foot-thick walls to the pedestal. From here, for a nickel, an elevator will carry you the ten flights through the pedestal to the foot of the statue. Those who climb the figure itself do so on foot—twelve stories on a narrow iron spiral stairway. There are crossovers at the levels of four and eight stories for those who want to come down.

Around the iron spiral is an iron cage, placed there early this year, not to protect the visitors, but to protect the statue. Tourists used to clamber across beams and braces and scrawl their names on the statue's interior. Now, as you ascend, you can look through the wire net and see—but not touch—the voluminous reverse folds and contours of Liberty's copper robes. At the top of the climb are twenty-five windows, the jewels of her crown.

There's also a close view of the torch, circled by a balcony big enough to hold a dozen persons—a dozen lean persons. Liberty's good right arm is twelve feet wide at its broadest point, but its narrow spots aren't wide enough for, say, Interior Secretary Krug, should he care to shinny up the forty-two-foot ladder.

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## The Marvelous We Do at Once; The Ordinary, That's Tougher

WONDERS are a dime a dozen these days. We all talk glibly about such remarkable developments as atomic power and jet propulsion, television, radar and interplanetary rocket travel. Is there a chance that, in all this talk about the spectacular and the superscientific, we are forgetting the commonplace and the simple? We are—if we can't answer most of the following questions.

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1. You know, of course, that the newer type of broadcasting is "FM," standing for "Frequency Modulation." But what's the ordinary kind, describing the radio set you have had around the house for years?
2. This should be simple. Your height would be measured in meters and centimeters if this country used the metric system. Instead, it is measured in inches, feet or yards. What's the name for that system?
3. The year that is an exception, coming only one time in four, is a leap year. But what's the ordinary kind, three times as common?
4. You can talk intelligently about cosmic rays, X rays, death rays and gamma rays. But what kind of rays do your radiators give off at home?
5. Many thousands of years ago you might have lived in the Paleozoic Age or maybe the Mesozoic Age. What age do you live in now?
6. Pilots often "fly by instrument," relying on the wonderful gadgets provided by modern science. But what do you call it when a pilot flies the more common way?
7. You undoubtedly know about "fluorescent light." What is the more ordinary light, such as you may have all over the house?
8. Nobody could fool you on the location of the stratosphere, way up beyond the weather. But what is the Old Home Sphere, such as you're in now?
9. We all prattle familiarly of men and women who are neurotic, these anxious days. What's the correct adjective for those who are neither insane nor neurotic, and free from mental disorders, even as you and I?

—B. F. CASLON.

The official story is that the torch has "been closed to the public for many years," but it turns out it may never have been open at all. Recently, a Mrs. Flannagan, whose first name the Park Service is mortified not to have caught, visited the island. Her husband was appointed lighthouse keeper there in 1892, she said, and the torch wasn't open then.

The beacon isn't the only part of the monument hung with Keep Off signs. There are also the old guardhouse cells in the fort. Their iron-studded oak doors close on windowless, four-foot-wide rooms. On the inner jamb of one is carved, "Drunk again, by hell!" The cells provide a dandy place to store spare electric-light bulbs. The tourists are all gone from the island by nightfall, when the lights come on. Illumined by batteries of lights blazing from the eleven star points of the fort, the statue is an impressive spectacle. As a work of art, Bartholdi's masterpiece has not compelled much admiration. But as a gleaming symbol in the darkened harbor, it has the power to evoke deep emotion.

First attempts at floodlighting the dull copper surfaces, with the equipment of the time, failed in the nineteenth century. But by 1916, when the copper had weathered to an even green, and technical devices had improved, it worked pretty well. These lights were a source of gratification to Joseph Pulitzer, who had raised the money for them through another campaign in the old World. A couple of years ago the Westinghouse Corporation installed a new system of mixed incandescent and green mercury-vapor lamps to bring out the green sheen and create a flame effect in the torch. The cost was paid by the company's experimental account. Now proved and accepted, the floodlights are run at Government expense. The flames, however, are still under experiment, so Westinghouse continues to carry the torch.

Electricity bills average about \$450 a month. The phone bill constitutes another household expense. If you dial REctor 2-1286, a female voice will answer, "Hello; Statue of Liberty." This will not be the statue speaking, but secretary Minnie Stein, one of the monument's twenty-three employees. These people, whose salaries range from around \$1000 for janitors to \$2020 for guides, are also a considerable budget expense.

Watching the crowds—as many as 6000 persons a day during the heavy August season—answering their questions and restoring lost property and mislaid offspring can be a grueling business. The day I was there, three men were out sick, primarily from exhaustion. Their absence naturally piled

more work on those remaining. And these days there is a smaller staff to carry an increased work load. The public's questions, no matter how intelligent, sound inane after the thousandth time. By the end of September, innocent inquiries are likely to elicit some surly answers.

Seven guides and their families live on the island, and their green-gray brick houses are part of the unmonumental clutter which keeps the public restricted to the statue corner of Bedloe's. The guides are somewhat restricted, too—if they don't want to live there, they can quit the service.

It's not bad, they say, in summer, with cool breezes and a good view, but in the cold months when the breezes become howling winds and the water gets rough and the fog closes in and the air vibrates with the myriad harbor warning signals, it is not ideal. No matter what the season, they cannot get a doctor to come out to the place. After the last ferry—five P.M. in winter, seven in summer—the only transportation is water taxi, an expensive proposition on a salary of \$2020 a year. It works out pretty adventurously for the island's two school-age youngsters, though; they have to leave before the ferry's first run, so every morning at 8:15 a water taxi calls for them, and, books in hand, they chug across the bay. The ferry was hooting at the pier when I fell into conversation with a young man who wore an Army discharge button. He was Japanese.

"First visit to the statue?" I asked.

"No," he said. "I was here yesterday too. I've only got three days. Got to get back tomorrow."

He was from Milwaukee, a student at Marquette. His outfit had been trained out in that area, and then shipped to the New York zone for overseas embarkation.

"I thought that would be my chance to see the Statue of Liberty. We didn't get out of camp into New York before we sailed, though, and when we shipped out, it was from down the bay somewhere, or maybe Brooklyn. Anyhow, there was a blackout and it was night, and we were kept below decks. Just didn't have a chance.

"Well, when we got orders to come home from the ETO, I thought sure this time I'd see the Statue of Liberty. I was really excited; it would have meant more this time. Because, you know, whether you've seen the statue or not, overseas you never forget about her. But the Army landed us at Norfolk. Then separation center and home and school. But I finally made it. I've had a good long look."

I told him his story might be good for this article, and I asked his name.

"It's Joe," he said, and grinned. "Just put me down as Joe." THE END