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THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

October 9, 1987

MEMORANDUM FOR TOM GRISCOM
COLIN POWELL
JIM HOOLEY ✓

FROM: FREDERICK J. RYAN, JR. *fr*

SUBJECT: Gorbachev Invitation to the New York Stock Exchange

John Phelan, Chairman of the New York Stock Exchange, called me today to say that the Soviet Ambassador to the United Nations had visited the Stock Exchange. At the conclusion of the visit, the Soviets suggested that the Stock Exchange extend a formal invitation for Gorbachev to visit the Stock Exchange.

Phelan called to inform us that the Stock Exchange will be extending an invitation.

Box 38
Wiesbaden Military Community
APO New York 09457

President Ronald Reagan
1600 Pennsylvania Ave. N.W.
Washington, DC 20500

Dear Mr. President:

Permit me to submit a modest suggestion for improving Gorbachev's itinerary during his expected visit to the U.S.:

Take the man on a tour of the steel mill -- I believe it is Weirton Steel in West Virginia -- which is owned by the mill's own workers.

It would be interesting to see a Communist's reaction when faced with the indisputable proof that it is our free-enterprise, free-market economy which really permits the workers to own the means of production -- and not the Communist system, which has raped its workers for decades on the pretext of doing that.

Chances are, of course, that such a tour would make little impression on Gorbachev. He already knows he's raping the workers.

However, the world-wide news coverage the visit would be sure to get might have a salutary educational effect on millions around the world who are still being seduced by Marxism's high-sounding rhetoric. That even includes ordinary people in the U.S.S.R., who would be let in on the facts by Voice of America and the other channels by which the truth sneaks through to them.

Yours truly,

Harry F. Noyes III

Harry F. Noyes III

MID SOUTH

7940 WOODRUFF COURT • RAVENSWORTH BUSINESS CENTER • SPRINGFIELD • VA 22151 • (703) 321-8500

October 20, 1987

The Honorable Ronald Reagan
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue
Washington, DC 20500

Dear Mr. President:

I am writing as President and part owner of Mid South; and more importantly, as a citizen participating in the American Dream, ownership of a company.

In 1985 Mid South became a 100% employee-owned ESOP. We were the first ESOP to be wholly bank-financed and 100% leveraged. We are considered by ESOP experts to be a model.

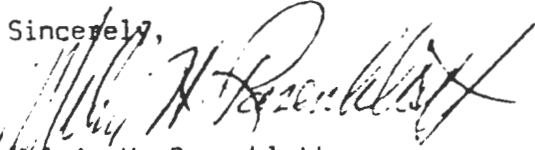
On August 3, 1987, I was privileged to attend the White House briefing given by Ambassador Middendorf on the Presidential Task Force on Project Economic Justice. I was so pleased and moved by your remarks that I consider that meeting to be one of the highlights of my professional life.

Mr. President, you have been a great supporter of the ESOP as an antidote to world-wide communism and socialism. Mr. Gorbachev is looking for reforms to overcome certain problems in his country.

I would like to invite you and Mr. Gorbachev to visit our successful ESOP company. You will be able to see, feel, and touch the very essence of why and how this can work throughout the world.

We welcome your visit; and look forward to being of assistance in whatever capacity you may require.

Sincerely,



Melvin H. Rosenblatt
President

MHR:cg

VII. AGRICULTURE

JOHN R. BLOCK
President

July 31, 1986

General Secretary Gorbachev
General Secretary of the CPSU
The Kremlin
Moscow U.S.S.R.

Dear Mr. General Secretary:

I write this letter to you to formally extend to you an invitation to visit my farm in Illinois should you come to the United States.

I served as Secretary of Agriculture for President Reagan from 1981 thru 1985. I have been to the Soviet Union on three occasions. The first was in 1980 when I led a People to People delegation to your country. In 1983, I was there to sign the grain agreement between the United States and the Soviet Union. And in 1985, I visited your country at the invitation of the Minister of Agriculture Mesyats. Minister Mesyats was a guest at my farm in 1984. President Mitterrand of France was on my farm in 1984 also.

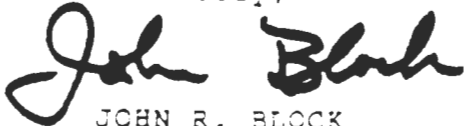
The Block Farm is a family farm with both my father and son active in the operation. We produce hogs, corn, and soybeans on 1400 hectars. I would be happy to arrange a farm tour, a meeting with agriculture leaders and a whole hog Bar-B-Q.

The farm is within driving distance to John Deere headquarters farm equipment company. You know Dwayne Andreas. His company, Archer Daniels Midland, a soybean and corn processing business, is also in Illinois. You might like to visit one or both of these companies. Their chief executive offices have sent invitations to you.

July 31, 1947

I have long been a champion for the cause of trade and cooperation between our countries. I want you to come to the United States. The people of the United States want you to come. And, I hope that you will see fit to accept my sincere invitation.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "John Block". The signature is written in black ink and is positioned above the typed name and title.

JOHN R. BLOCK
President

Copy to: Soviet Ambassador Yuri Dubinin

721 FEDERAL BUILDING
210 WALNUT STREET
DES MOINES, IA 50309
(515) 284-4890

United States Senate

CHARLES E. GRASSLEY

208 FEDERAL BUILDING
101 1ST STREET S.E.
CEDAR RAPIDS, IA 52401
(319) 399-2555

210 WATERLOO BUILDING
511 COMMERCIAL STREET
WATERLOO, IA 50701
(319) 232-6657

116 FEDERAL BUILDING
131 E. 4TH STREET
DAVENPORT, IA 52801
(319) 322-4331

October 1, 1987

General Secretary Michael Gorbachev
The Kremlin
Moscow, U.S.S.R.

Dear General Secretary Gorbachev:

I understand that you are interested in touring the United States to learn more about our nation in conjunction with your scheduled trip to the United States for the U.S.-U.S.S.R. summit later this year.

I am writing to invite you to visit the state of Iowa when you come to the United States.

As I am sure you know, Iowa is one of the leading agricultural states in America. If you want to learn more about America's farming community, Iowa is the place. The people of Iowa are very interested in the issues of peace and the control of nuclear arms. I think your time would be well spent in my state.

If I can be of any assistance to you personally in arranging for this trip, please do not hesitate to contact me directly or through the Soviet embassy in Washington.

Please give serious consideration to this request. I hope to see you in Iowa!

Sincerely,

Charles E. Grassley
United States Senator

CEG/jb

Committee Assignments:
APPROPRIATIONS
BUDGET
JUDICIARY
SPECIAL COMMITTEE ON AGING



GROEN *Rose* CO., INC.

1170 MORE RANCH RD
SANTA BARBARA, CA 93111
PHONE (805) 967-2411

LW
MK
SW

August 25, 1987

Mr. Fred Ryan
Director of Presidential Schedules
Room 182, OEOB
The White House
Washington, D. C. 20500

Dear Mr. Ryan,

With a great deal of interest I read of the impending visit of Mikhail S. Gorbachev to the United States in September and was particularly pleased to read that his tentative itinerary included the Santa Barbara area.

I would like to extend an invitation to President Reagan and Mr. Gorbachev to visit our family business in Santa Barbara which encompasses a unique form of agriculture--commercial rose growing.

The Groen Rose Co. has been in business since 1910 when my father founded the company as one of the first commercial flower growers in the state of California. Our small farm of 20 acres has 300,000 square feet of greenhouses which contain more than 150,000 rose plants. We are located on the bluff overlooking the Pacific Ocean, very close to the campus of the University of California. The Santa Barbara Airport and Coast Highway #101 are just five minutes away.

It would be our pleasure to show this type of agriculture to Mr. Gorbachev. It would be a very unusual experience for him as few such farms exist in Russia. Do remember that the rose was declared our national flower in 1986!

Paul Nielsen, General Manager, or I can be reached at 805-067-2411.

Sincerely,

Sylvia Groen Foltz
Sylvia Groen Foltz
Vice President

ALTABCO
FOODS INC.

ATTACHMENT VII. D.

P.O. BOX 1758 • SANTA MARIA, CA 93456 • 805-928-4414

August 24, 1987

The Honorable Robert J. Lagomarsino
U. S. House of Representatives
104 E. Boone Street, Room E
Santa Maria, CA 93456

Dear Congressman Lagomarsino:

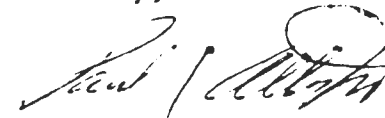
It has come to our attention that within the next four months Premier Gorbachev of the U.S.S.R. will be visiting Los Angeles and going to the Silicon Valley to visit computer companies. It is my understanding that it has been suggested that he visit a food processing plant and look at an agricultural area.

I would like to suggest that Premier Gorbachev visit our agricultural area here in the Santa Maria Valley and tour our facility. In addition to having one of the most modern frozen vegetable plants in California, our plant is also located right in the middle of the agricultural area. Our plant should be in full operation and producing at this time and the fields should be full with crops.

We would certainly welcome anyone from your office to visit our plant and talk to us about Premier Gorbachev' trip. Also we would welcome anyone from your office who would only be interested in touring our facility. We employ about 400 people and all our employees are interested in the agricultural and food processing economics of today's business.

Thank you for taking the time to read this letter. I look forward to hearing your response.

Sincerely,



Paul J. Altorfer
President

PJA/mw

VIII. HIGH TECHNOLOGY/
THE FUTURE



John Sculley
Chairman and
Chief Executive Officer

September 14, 1987

General Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev
Staraya Plashchad'4
Moscow, Union of Soviet Socialist Republics 103132

Dear Mr. General Secretary:

I would like to extend an invitation to you to visit Apple Computer in Silicon Valley. We propose a tour of our automated Macintosh Factory which is one of the most advanced manufacturing facilities in the world for assembly of personal computers. It is in this factory that Macintosh Computers are used to control the robotic stations that assemble other Macintosh Computers.

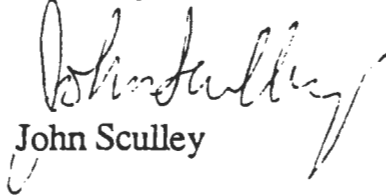
At a time when attention is focused on technologies which threaten our very existence, personal computers offer a dramatic alternative future direction for high technology. Our vision for Apple is to expand people's potential by providing them with extraordinary tools for learning and personal productivity.

Personal computers are a technology largely created by a new generation and no company in the world better symbolizes the excitement of this new technology than Apple Computer. The average age of all of our employees worldwide is still only 29 years. Apple people are motivated by the vision to change the world by creating tools for individuals which in turn will help change how people work, learn, think and communicate. We are the leading computer in schools in the U.S. and have established broad acceptance by some of the most prestigious universities in the world with our Macintosh Computer.

Apple is a company which is different in many ways from the giant corporations of industrial America. We are known for our innovation, uncompromising high quality of our products and extremely high worker morale. It is on these strengths we have built a company which is successfully competing with some of the largest and most successful computer corporations in the world.

Our Apple workers would be extremely honored to have you and your party visit us in Silicon Valley. If such a visit is possible, we will of course need to comply with all requirements of our U.S. government. It is my hope that the U.S. government will look upon a visit by you to Apple with enthusiasm and pride at what a new generation of Americans are attempting to create for the world.

Best regards,



John Sculley

JS/nsb

COPY

THE FOUNDATION FOR

ATTACHMENT IX. A.

A NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION

Registered September 30, 1980 #200911

RECEIVED *MR*
Sw

OCT 10 1987

SCHEDULING
OFFICE

October 7, 1987

Frederick J. Ryan Jr.
Director of Presidential Appointments & Scheduling
Director of Private Sector Initiatives
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue
Washington, D.C. 20501

Dear Mr. Ryan,

Thank you again for your kind response to my previous correspondence. However, "here I come again."

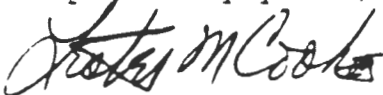
In November, history will be made during the summit meeting with General Secretary Gorbachev and President Reagan.

To immortalize the event and create a symbol of "The Beginning of the Beginning," we seek permission to film the two heads of State shaking hands. The filming would be for a 3-dimensional hologram. We would have everything set up in advance, and the photography time required would be approximately five to eight minutes.

These holograms will be distributed to museums and educational institutions throughout the world.

A similar request is simultaneously being mailed to General Secretary Gorbachev.

Respectfully yours,



Lester M. Cook III

Sherry Wheatley Sacno, Inc. 214 First Avenue North St. Petersburg, Florida 33701 (813) 821-7865

October 7, 1987

Frederick J. Ryan
Director of Presidential Appointments
and Scheduling
The White House
Washington, D.C. 20500

RECEIVED

OCT 13 1987 MR
SW

SCHEDULING
OFFICE

Dear Mr. Ryan:

In a way, blind people are privileged in that they feel things before they can see them. For those of us with sight, sometimes we miss the feeling that goes with what we have seen. Regardless of who we are, whenever we add a new dimension to our experiences, they become more alive and more meaningful.

With the upcoming summit, between President Reagan and General Secretary Gorbachev, we have an opportunity to have this meeting take a permanent shape and form.

Willa Shalit, known throughout the country as the leading Life Caster, would like to cast this moment in permanent history by creating a sculpture of the handshake between these two world leaders.

An image of peace is intangible and idealistic. The thought of our world living together in a permanent harmonious peacetime is very moving, even to the most cynical individuals. We want to add a third dimension to this idea of peace, so people can see it and feel it, so it can be a part of their lives.

Willa Shalit adds this third dimension. Through her expression of exact images created by casting masks of faces, she has captured the inner spirit of the magic that makes people powerful.

Willa has cast President Reagan, as well as Richard Nixon, Jimmy Carter and George Bush, you may remember her. The process takes no more than five minutes and it does not require any special clothes or setting, since there is no clean up necessary.

The casting can be made to fit into the schedules of these two men; we are willing to come to Washington, or wherever the summit will be, and wait for the best time to cast. We feel both men will want this moment savored and documented permanently considering the archival significance of this historic meeting.

It is our intention to unveil the first cast of the handshake at the Winter Festival in Moscow in December, and we would return to the United States and have a second unveiling, perhaps for the President in the Oval Office, or if he would like, we could do it at the National Museum in Washington. After the unveilings, we would like to include the piece in the many "touch exhibits" Willa arranges for the Blind.

We would handle the world press coverage for this event to insure the maximum impact of the creation of this sculpture throughout the world.

I am enclosing a press kit which describes some of Willa's work. The brochures show a detailed description of the casting process, with which President Reagan is familiar.

Mr. Ryan, I am sure you can understand the impact of what this cast would represent. Aside from the obvious benefit of "showing" such a moment to the blind, we are actually creating a universal symbol from which all the people in the world will be impacted.

We look forward to your favorable reply, and working with you in arranging the best time.

Sincerely,



Sherry Wheatley Sacino
Soviet/American Representative
Willa/Shalit Life Casting

cc: George Bush
Armand Hammer
William F. Buckley
Richard Nixon
Jack F. Matlock, Jr.
H.E. Yuriy Vladimirovich Dubinin
Representative Bill Young
Representative Michael Bilirakis
Representative Connie Mack
Representative Andy Ireland
Governor Bob Martinez

V... ..
20 DISTRICT, MINNESOTA

106 CANNON BUILDING
WASHINGTON, DC 20515
(202) 225-2331

P.O. Box 279
NEW ULM, MN 56073
(507) 354-6400

919 SOUTH 1ST STREET
WILLMAR, MN 56201
(612) 235-6820

P.O. Box 1214
MARSHALL, MN 56258
(507) 532-9611

ATTACHMENT IX. C.

TIONS

MITTEE

Congress of the United States
House of Representatives
Washington, DC 20515

July 30, 1987

William Ball
Assistant for Legislative Affairs
The White House
Washington, D.C. 20500

Dear Mr. Ball:

I am writing in regards to a possible visit to the U.S. by Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev this year, in particular, the State Dinner that may be scheduled as part of the visit's related activities. I would like to recommend that Rabbi Milton Balkany be considered as a guest to this Dinner. I believe the Rabbi's long-standing commitment to the Republican party, and his active participation in maintaining public awareness of the issues concerning the Jewish community, makes him an appropriate guest to this occasion.

Currently, Rabbi Balkany is the principal of the Baisyakov school in Brooklyn, New York. He is a member of the National Republican Senatorial Trust and has been a long-time supporter of Republican Senatorial candidates. In addition, he has been a strong proponent of Republican policies and has worked hard in support of President Reagan. This past year, Rabbi Balkany was Vice-chair to the President's Dinner. I believe his presence would be particularly appropriate in light of his involvement in issues that concern the Jewish community, including Soviet Jewry.

I appreciate your attention to this matter and would be happy to talk with you further, should you have any questions or comments.

Sincerely,


Vin Weber
Member of Congress

X. INVITATION TO
RAISA GORBACHEV

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SANTA BARBARA



BERKELEY • DAVIS • IRVINE • LOS ANGELES • RIVERSIDE • SAN DIEGO • SAN FRANCISCO

SANTA BARBARA • SANTA CRUZ

DEPARTMENT OF SOCIOLOGY

SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA 93106

19 October 1987

Handwritten signature

The President of the United States
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue
Washington D.C., 20004

Dear Mr. President:

We have invited Raisa Gorbachev, herself a trained sociologist, to visit the Department of Sociology at the University of California, Santa Barbara, during her visit to California this November. I am enclosing correspondence relevant to this invitation and hope that you will look favorably upon it.

We send our regards to the First Lady, and hope for her speedy recovery.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Harvey Molotch".

Harvey Molotch
Professor and Chair

HM/klf



Litten

360 North Crescent Drive Beverly Hills, California 90210 213 859-5905

Col. Barney Oldfield, USAF (Ret)
Consultant

September 21, 1987

Dear President Ron:

Mission accomplished! In your letter of Sept. 8th, before the arrival of the Foreign Minister with some General Secretary responses, you suggested I "soften up" one of his principal Ministers, Mikhail Schkabardnya, As I had known him for some years, I made jokes about my instructions from you, and he said he had arrived "softened up" and that he was eager, too. In his time with us, he saw several areas of cooperation with which we were at ease -- and then when I turned to Frank Wells people at the Walt Disney Company, the bells really began to ring.

Because he's the Minister of Instrument Building, Means of Automation & Control Systems, I asked them if they would do something for him which they do so reluctantly that perhaps no more than 100 people get to do it -- not only experience the attractions as all Disneyland patrons do, but to be taken "behind the scenes" to see the instruments and computers which make it go. We had been on the premises less than an hour, and at lunch in Club 33, Park Manager John Gora arranged for Director of Maintenance Bob Nichols to sit with us to answer questions -- and the Minister broached the subject of a Disneyland, Moscow, along the lines of the other offshore operations in Japan and France! To heck with ping-pong diplomacy, how about in the Apollo - Soyuz space cooperative tradition, a little hand-holding of Mickey Mouse with the Matryoshka Doll? It seemed such a painless, but great, extraordinary international or foreign relations symbolism thing with a profit attached that I thought I would tell you as an at-ease moment conversation piece.

Schkabardnya, who has known him many years, says the General Secretary is a very sentimental man, truly wants to better and provide diversions relating to life's enjoyment, a people-oriented man. I gather one of the things he was instructed to explore, and brief the GS about, was Disneyland. So if it comes up, or you would wish to bring it up, it might be very productive. Since we have both known show-biz, and are proud of having been a part of it, it would seem to me that something like this could be of fantastic worth in international relations and the "new atmosphere". He wanted his picture taken with the Marilyn Monroe poster at the Chinese theater, and I took him by the Westwood Memorial Park cemetery where she is -- so we've made a real "insider" out of him

I would say he left California with his colleagues as a delegation enthralled! Perhaps since he has expressed the GS personal interest in Disneyland you and Nancy might want to join them as "tour guides for the day". For the next eight weeks the daily parade has a "State Fair" theme, the kind of thing that country boys like you and me can relate to. He had an agronomist with him and I told him since he was acting as the interpreter,

we "had spared no expense" to set up this special spectacle for him. He kept clapping his hands and telling me about all the kids he knew that he wished he had been able to bring with him.

Tell Nancy to buy a new straw hat and come join you and the GS and his Raisa. I told Schkabardnya that there are all kinds of summits -- your kind, the Schultz Shevardnadze type, and his with Mickey Mouse, but that his kind were the most fun. He agreed.

Best wishes always,

A handwritten signature, possibly "Gorbachev", written in dark ink. The signature is stylized and somewhat cursive, with a long horizontal stroke at the end.

President Ronald Reagan,
The White House,
1600 Pennsylvania Ave., NW
Washington, DC 20500

DON MISCHER PRODUCTIONS

9350
Wilshire Boulevard
Suite 328
Beverly Hills California
90212
213 276 2093

September 28, 1987

The Honorable Ronald Reagan
President of the United States
The White House
Washington, D.C. 20500

Dear Mr. President:

In anticipation of Mr. Gorbachev's upcoming visit to the United States and in light of our cultural agreement with the Soviet Union, we would like to propose a live primetime television event, a gala evening of entertainment in celebration of this historic occasion.

For several months we have been developing an entertainment special which would originate simultaneously from the United States and the Soviet Union by means of the spacebridge format. Now, with Mr. Gorbachev's visit to the United States, such a cultural co-venture would certainly highlight this unique meeting and outwardly demonstrate the cohesive artistic efforts of both nations.

We already have had discussions with Gostelradio concerning such a gala evening and they have been very supportive of this idea. We have also received a commitment from ABC to televise this special.

With you and Mr. Gorbachev in attendance, this event could originate from either coast of the United States, wherever this historic meeting takes place. For instance, this event could originate from the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C. or the Shubert Theatre in Los Angeles if Mr. Gorbachev will be visiting the West Coast.

The Honorable Ronald Reagan
September 28, 1987
Page Two

Our goal is two hours of pure entertainment. Utilizing the spacebridge format, which incorporates the simultaneous transmission of images via large screen hook-ups here and in the Soviet Union, we would be able to present a distinguished array of artists of both nations, the finest entertainers from every area of the arts.

Some of the performances would be expressly designed to make the best use of the creative potential of the spacebridge technique. American and Soviet artists would have their first opportunity to perform together while on separate stages. The spacebridge will also have an important impact on the audiences of the two theatrical arenas as well as the viewing public of both nations as everyone will get to see and hear what is actually happening on both stages at the same time.

As a television packager, I have had the opportunity to produce and direct many event specials over the years, but I am particularly excited at the prospect of being involved in this event because of its historical and cultural significance.

I have enclosed a professional biography, but may I mention that as the producer and director of the Barbara Walters specials, I had the pleasure of working with you on the Thanksgiving special taped at your ranch in Santa Barbara in 1981 and then with Mrs. Reagan on her segment for the Barbara Walters specials the following year. In addition, I have directed "The Kennedy Center Honors" for nine years. As my biography reflects, I have an extensive background in variety television, having won Emmys for "The Kennedy Center Honors", "Motown 25", "Baryshnikov By Tharp", "Motown Returns to the Apollo", "The 1987 Tony Awards", among others.

I will be joined in this venture by Mr. Kim Spencer and Mr. David Hoffman of Internews who have been involved in many spacebridges, including the recent Congressbridge on ABC as well as one devoted to the memory of Samantha Smith and one with Phil Donahue.

The Honorable Ronald Reagan
September 28, 1987
Page Three

Thank you in advance for your consideration of this proposal. I sincerely hope that such a television event will be of interest to you and will have your support. I look forward to your comments.

Respectfully yours,



Don Mischer

DM:ws

Enclosure

cc: Mr. Charles Wick
Director
United States Information Agency

ALL WASHINGTON, DC PROPOSALS



THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS

WASHINGTON, D.C. 20540

October 9, 1987

Handwritten note:
 ✓
 Excellent
 is an
 excellent
 call

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

Recently over lunch with Charles Wick, I discussed with him what I think could be an exciting and important part of the summit hospitality for First Secretary Gorbachev if it comes off later this Fall.

I would suggest that we have a major celebratory dinner in the Great Hall of the Library of Congress that could follow-up and fill in some of the spare time that would be left over from a formal state dinner that the President, no doubt, would have. I made this suggestion for the following reasons.

1) Both Secretary Gorbachev and Mrs. Gorbachev are university graduates who have written theses that are deposited in libraries. Association with a scholarly center would compliment the new professional educated classes which he represents and seeks to speak for. (It is in our interest to encourage this class--and Secretary Gorbachev's association with it.)

2) This would be a perfect occasion to involve the Congress. The Library of Congress is on Capitol Hill--yet a kind of neutral scholarly turf which would provide a good opportunity to bring in the Legislative and the Executive as well as the Judicial branches since the Supreme Court is also right next door.

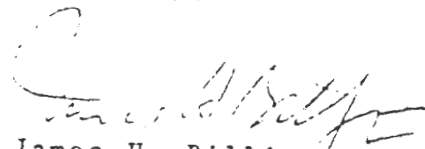
3) We could arrange a walk-through--showing some of the new information technologies as well as the way in which our free government operates in close cooperation with a wide open library--perhaps subtly illustrating for Secretary Gorbachev some of the implications of the kind of democratization process that he has been talking about.

4) This is a beautiful old fashioned building of a kind that is familiar to the Russians and which they like very much. The fact that it also contains the largest Russian library outside of Russia would be appealing. Moreover, people like Armand Hammer and Averell Harriman who have played an important role in the development of Soviet-American relations have given their papers to the Library, and they or their relatives might be included.

I would like to enlist your support in having such a dinner and I would be happy to discuss this with you at any time. We could do some special things also (or instead) just with Mrs. Gorbachev, since she is on the Board of the Cultural Fund, a new organization over there.

I have also written to Senators Byrd and Dole to enlist Congressional support for such an event.

Sincerely,



James H. Billington
The Librarian of Congress

The Honorable
Selwa Roosevelt
Chief of Protocol
U.S. Department of State
Washington, DC 20520

XIII. PEOPLE & MAGAZINE
ARTICLES

DEAR MR. GORBACHEV: THIS IS AMERICA

Readers across the nation invite the Soviet leader to come down from the summit and have a home-cooked meal, meet their pet snakes, see Mom play softball . . .



With a U.S. summit meeting proposed for 1986 between President Reagan and Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev, PEOPLE asked readers last March to pick the Russian visitor's itinerary. What places and people should he see in America once his talks at the top are finished and his time is all his own? We got 6,351 answers, an astonishing number considering that all required thought and the effort of writing a letter. They came from every state and Canada. The greatest number (1,189) came from beloved and maligned California, with New York and Ohio next; the greatest number per capita came from Alaska and Utah. But the most remarkable thing about these letters is their tone: They are personal, rich in

hope and often ingenuous, as though the writers were addressing postcards not to the chief of a superpower in an age of potential destruction but to somebody just like them. They invite him to church, to bowl, to have lasagna. They think he looks like their grandfather or his wife looks like their wife, and they ask him, if he decides to come to their house, to call first. Few are angry or negative. And most carry a down-to-earth combination of patriotism, pride and friendliness—a mix unimaginable in the days of the Cold War, just a decade or two ago. Ask the world's biggest Commie to dinner? They say, "You bet! Come on over! Look at this!" They say, specifically, "Take a look at:"

High Rock Park in Beacon Falls, Conn. For some breathtaking scenery. Deep, mossy woods, graduated heights with small waterfalls at intervals—gorgeous! After our walk, you'll dine on my Bar-B-Q, the best this side of Dixie, bar none. At this time we'll have a nice chat about God. Then, if I like you enough, I'll let you hold my two pet boa constrictors—who, by the way, are excellent judges of character!

(Vicki Lee Pelletier, Naugatuck, Conn.)

Lexington, Ky.—a city where morning dew glistens on grass that is blue. Will you spend a day with a gracious Southern lady, Mr. General Secretary? Lexington extends her hand.

(Susan Esenbock Johns, Waukesha, Wis.)



Share a warm Georgia autumn day with my family and me. We will travel down our country dirt road to reach the most peaceful, beautiful, tranquil place on earth. God is visibly present with the river flowing gently, carrying lovely colored leaves to the folks around the bend. We will picnic by the calm lake where the fish silently invite a line. We will walk in the grassy pasture and show you where our house will someday be situated and where our son's tree house will hover over the river and where our daughters have said they want to be married.

(Larry & Pat Hill, Jonesboro, Ga.)

About 8 percent of the letters are from kids. You know about kids. They tend

"From the mountains to the prairies, all right here!" Terry McCarthy wrote Gorbachev (at right with Ralsa in Paris), asking him to Billings, Mont. "And I'll cook!"

to be lovable, honest, trusting and free of guile. Sometimes, they seem quite wise:

We thought that it would be neat if the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. got in one huge snowball fight instead of a nuclear war. There's no toxic waste!

(Jennifer Lucas, Ridgecrest, Calif.)

Would you please come visit America, and we promise not to bomb Russia while you are gone, okay?

(Connie Wilson, Dayton, Ohio)

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On the Ohio River, Ruth Bagby beams aboard the *Mark Twain* riverboat as her beloved 'Delta Kings' do their stuff.

I am too young to hate, and you've never tried to hurt me anyway so my house is your house.

(Audrey Kerr, Bronx, N.Y.)

Visit my mother's softball game, because she wants you to see her play. I would like you to go bowling with me to see how I bowl.

(Lindsay A. Yull, Denville, N.J.)

You can stay at Mr. [Walter] Annenberg's estate, if permission is granted. We can discuss recent conflicting topics. As I am almost 16, I wish to voice my opinion on these topics. As you have listened to the adults of the country, it's time to listen to us, the younger

generation. Because we are just as important as they are.

(Traci Sexton, Palm Springs, Calif.)

The adults, naturally, write differently, but not very differently. They want the head of the Soviet Union to know their families and the people they know. They want him to meet Don Johnson, some Las Vegas showgirls, Bruce Springsteen, bikers, Mickey Mouse, Clint Eastwood, Ronald McDonald, Bill Cosby, Madonna, Dr. Ruth, the Ohio State Band, Shamu the whale, the Amish, a bride, the families of the space-shuttle victims, their neighbors, Mr. Rogers ("who has his finger on the pulse of America") and:

Very quietly and with dignity, Samantha Smith's mother.

(Ginny Seab, Toledo, Ohio)

My granddaughter, Tara Revell. She is 3 years old. She is why I so desperately want peace between our nations. I want her to have a granddaughter someday, too.

(Jan Hottle, Lenexa, Kans.)

The people at the Deaf-Blind Service Center. When you meet a deaf-blind American, you are truly seeing all this country stands for and holds dear: independence, determination, pride in oneself and one's country, truth, honesty, love and trust. To meet any one



of these citizens is to meet a true American.

(Lori Tipton, Seattle)

Our readers also want Gorbachev to see the places they think represent America, and there are a great many such places: Disney World and Disneyland, the Statue of Liberty, the St. Louis Gateway Arch, the Vietnam Memorial, a Burger King, the USS Constitution, the Liberty Bell, Yellowstone Park, a sports event, a shopping mall. And:

Kinnelon, N.J., a small residential town where the boys like to fish and hunt, the girls like to shop and dance. It's certainly not the most exciting vaca-



Jan Hottle calls Lenexa, Kans. "the heartland of America," and its biggest draw for Gorby, she feels, is granddaughter Tara.

Pilot Bud Tryon, Barbara, a Los Altos, Calif. councilwoman, and daughter Deanna join hands around the redwood they love.



tion spot, but it's an awfully nice place to grow up in. P.S. I'm only 14, I hope this is still valid.

(Melissa Schwartz)

Dubois, Wyo., where God spends His vacation. We have wooden sidewalks and old Western atmosphere and hospitality.

(Pauline Ralston)

Sun City, Ariz. We are Senior Citizens but young at heart, adjustable, hard working, compassionate and daring.

(Jessie B. Dypka)

Las Vegas. I was 14 when we arrived in 1962 and as a European, found it to be a vast contrast. As time went by, I grew to understand and then love these warm, honest people. Americans love people. They open their hearts and homes to foreigners. Let them embrace you as they have me.

(Hilary Green)

Queens, N.Y. Because of all the bad publicity we are getting lately, the people of Queens could use some lifting of spirits.

(Josephine Calace, Bayside, N.Y.)

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Montana—the “Big Sky Country” where the U.S. wheat is grown, people take time to say hello, and prejudice does not exist.

(Terry McCarthy, Billings, Mont.)

Maharishi International University in Fairfield, Iowa, the home of the Golden Domes where the meditators regularly practice transcendental meditation and levitation. There are 3,000 meditators here.

(MIU Student Body)

Quiet flows the Jacuzzi! at the L.A. home of Dan and Maggie Keatinge (below), who want Gorbachev to try their floating supper with margaritas. Linda Beane of Stoneham, Mass. (right) has bigger waters in mind: “We’ll wade out to Salt Island and dig in the tidal flats,” she promises.

My home, my family and my church. Okay, so you don’t go to church—how about just listening to my church choir singing in a public place?

(Karen McCauley, Jacksonville, Fla.)

A baseball game. When we get back home you and I could sit on the porch and smoke up a cigar and bull— about what a great game [Dwight] Gooden pitched.

(Richard L. Mazarella, White Plains, N.Y.)



The magnificent, nearly 2,000-year-old “Methuselah Redwood.”

(Mr. and Mrs. E.C. Tryon and Deanna, Los Altos Hills, Calif.)

Please! Come to Boston! But let’s skip the city. We’ll stop in at my dad’s bakery in Stoneham, for a fresh honey-dipped donut. Then we’ll gas up the limos, pack a big picnic basket, and drive to Gloucester. There we’ll dig for clams on the sandbar, collect periwinkles, and look for hermit crabs. Next we’ll head to Rockport to browse at our leisure the art galleries and boutiques. We’ll stop at the country store for penny candy (I recommend the licorice whips) and birch beer. By then we’ll be tired and hungry so we’ll drive to Ipswich and have lobster-in-the-rough or steamed clams in butter. I promise you, Mr. Gorbachev, after a day like this, you’ll feel peaceful for a long, long time.

(Linda Beane, Stoneham, Mass.)

A short concert by the ‘Delta Kings,’ a barbershop chorus from Cincinnati, while riding down the Ohio on a riverboat.

(Ruth O. Bagby, Bethel, Ohio)

Lunch and a round of golf at the Plainfield Country Club. Remember to bring loud Russian golf pants.

(L.Y. Andrews, Scotch Plains, N.J.)

But do you know the place our readers most want Gorbachev to visit? Can you imagine the one, simple place above all they think he should see? Home:

I make a great lasagna! I asked my teenage son to write this, but you know how kids are.

(Elizabeth LoPresti, Rochester, Mich.)

Our block parties. Everyone is asked to bring a dish (if you plan on coming please say if you would prefer bringing an appetizer or a salad). If you pick the



right weekend we may be able to get you a couple of Steeler tickets for Sunday.

(A.G. Noble, Wexford, Pa.)

My humble home. I will not offer you political talk for I am not interested in politics, but rather in people. I will not offer you riches for my husband and I have struggled for everything we have. The only thing I will offer is friendship and a dinner like my Puerto Rican mother taught me to make. And lastly, I will sit and listen as you describe what Moscow looks like in the winter.

(Mrs. Migdalia Perine, Rialto, Calif.)

An average home of a log truck driver and his deaf wife (human service worker) who have raised six children and have 12 grandchildren. We are people who have struggled and live ordinary lives and are part of the true spirit, peace loving people of America. Our



community is supposed to be one of the most troubled economically, but we feel rich in the quality of our lives. (Mary & Lonnie Ladyman, Olivehurst, Calif.)

And the people they most want him to meet are themselves:

I have been a housewife, law student, farmer and manufacturer. I'm related to Pocahontas, Sam Houston and Mark Twain. How American can you get?

(Martha Pickell, Katy, Texas)

I am a single parent. Do you have any in Russia?

(Jennifer Pinard, Ocala, Fla.)

Lunch with me and my friends. But let me warn you—don't eat the beef stew.

(Mike Wigglesworth, Natick, Mass.)

I served in Vietnam Aug. 1966 - Aug. 1967 and happily came back in one

piece both mentally and physically. I have also had opportunity to travel and meet people, and 99 percent of them are good and just want the best for their families. I know you do too.

(Bob & Nina Dixon & family, Tucson, Ariz.)

A typical California family for an evening of margaritas and nachos while soaking in our Jacuzzi.

(Maggie Keatinge, Los Angeles)

I am a hairdresser at "The Best Little Hair House" in Hyde Park. Come in for a free All-American haircut.

(Mrs. Dawn Haselkamp, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.)

Hope to see you and the missus soon.

(Betty Kletcher, Chicago)

No R.S.V.P. is expected. Just knock on the door.

(Charles and Joanne Spitaliere, Wading River, N.Y.)

Actually, it's still not clear that Mr. Gorbachev is coming to this country at all, let alone that he will knock on the Spitalieres' door. American officials suggest that the leaders may delay their summit until next year. But in their special way, these letters make a good case for meetings, and out of them all, one from a child especially sticks in the mind. "If you could visit my state and see how we really live, maybe you would realize we are a lot alike," it reads. And then it is signed:

"Just me, Gavin.

Gavin Thompson, Raleigh, Ill."

It would seem fitting if Gavin got back a couple of nice letters signed,

"Just me, Mikhail"

and

"Just me, Ron."

Next Week

PEOPLE visits some of those who wrote us and the places they want Gorbachev to see.

YOU MUSTN'T MISS LAS VEGAS, MIKHAIL

by Alan Richman

A casino showgirl's home, a California surfing beach, a Sioux reservation—these aren't the usual scheduled stops for a visiting Soviet Premier. They are, however, some of the places suggested when we asked readers last March where they thought Mikhail Gorbachev should go to learn about America after the summit with President Reagan. We received replies from 6,351 of you and last week reported

on visits to a few of the people and places east of the Mississippi. This week our journey—our travel guide for a first-time Soviet guest, really—moves west. We've learned a lot about what our country's like in the course of our odyssey, and we think Mr. Gorbachev would, too. It's dazzlingly varied, often beautiful, seldom perfect, and sometimes, as in Cedar Falls, quite something indeed.

Cedar Falls, Iowa

This is how an American family is made:

The first kid comes naturally. While Jim Swarbrick is in Vietnam, Jody Swarbrick gives birth to a son. Eight months later, at the Waterloo, Iowa airport, Jim sees Eric for the first time. It is an omen.

"I met every one of my kids at the airport," he says, 16 kids later.

After Eric, Jody has four miscarriages. They decide to adopt an American child, but the first dies before arriving, and the second has a 16-year-old father who wants a motorcycle in exchange.

Jim and Jody then decide to adopt a Vietnamese orphan. A child is promised them via airlift from Saigon, but the C-5A crashes, and the child they have never seen is dead. "I remember that morning, sitting there in tears," Jody says.

They learn of an agency in Oklahoma that arranges Korean adoptions, and a year later Tori arrives. She is 5 months old, weighs 10 lbs. and suffers from hearing loss, malnutrition and impetigo. Not until she is 4 years old does hair grow on her head. They like her a lot.

Today, Tori is 10 years old, cute and very, very opinionated. "She's a mini-Gorbachev, a dictator," says her brother Eric, 15.

Jim and Jody decide to adopt two more Korean kids. The agency tells

them about sisters—Maggie, 3, and Kari, 10 months, the older child described as "a sweet, outgoing little girl who loves her sister dearly."

"Maggie was the nastiest kid I ever met in my whole life," Jody recalls. "She got off the plane and glared at me. At home, she'd grab her little sister by the ear and drag her across the room. She broke Tori's arm. Honest to God, the first American sentence out of that kid's mouth was, 'Don't tell me what to do—you're not my mother.'"

Today, Maggie giggles when reminded of her brutal past. She is 11, beautiful, patient and "one of our nicest," Jody marvels.

Jody and Jim next decide to adopt a boy, a Korean child of Eric's age. "I was complaining that all I was getting was sisters," he says. The agency warns them that orphaned boys of that age lie, cheat, swear, run wild in the streets.

Off the plane come Luke, 9, and Andy, 7, two desperadoes from Seoul. They bow to their new parents.

The Swarbricks are learning that kids don't come as advertised.

Everybody is happy except Andy, who wants a brother his age. So they adopt Jason, who has mild cerebral palsy, and devise physical therapy for him: He must pick up everything on the floor with his bad hand.

Today the floors are neat, and Jason plays cello in the school orchestra.

Joey, 6, comes next, their first seriously ill child. They are told that he is

retarded, which they never believe, and has cerebral palsy, which turns out to be muscular dystrophy. Joey learns to walk, attends kindergarten, hardly ever misses an episode of *Kung Fu Theater*. He is told of his impending death, and he makes a will, listing what he wants with him: a Bible, a picture of Jesus, a piece of bubble gum, his underwear, his shoes, his socks and his karate suit.

Joey dies at home when he is 9.

Before that occurs, Jenna joins the family. She has lived in a hospital in Seoul for seven years, one leg crippled from polio. She is 12, and her wish is to become a nurse. At the hospital, she has been told repeatedly that because of her handicap, she cannot.

Today she says, "When I came to the U.S., my parents asked me what I wanted to be. I told them a nurse and they said, 'Why not a doctor?'"

She is 17 now, just out of 10th grade, and plans to attend the University of Iowa Medical School.

The Swarbricks are not through: more twins, Zachary and Noah, one healthy and one with cerebral palsy; Channon, 3, who walks off the plane hollering at Jim and Jody not to touch his precious shoes; Tyler, a Filipino rejected by two families for behavioral problems, including throwing rocks at ducks; and four more babies—Molli, Sunni, Emili and Brock. The total now is 15 Oriental kids plus Eric, who says, "They think I'm Oriental and they're not. They think I'm the strange one."



The Swarbricks add new kids even faster than Jim can build new bedrooms. Says Tori, 10: "It's not crowded. It only looks it."

They live in the suburbs of Waterloo in a house with four dogs, three bathrooms, one washing machine and 27 Cabbage Patch Kids. Jim earns \$37,000 a year as finance manager for Friedley Lincoln-Mercury in Cedar Falls, repairs golf clubs on the side and takes Jody out to dinner once a month.

Meals at home are not to be missed when Luke, now 15, cooks his Korean specialties, but they are legendarily bad when Jenna is at the stove. "I tell her when she's a doctor, her husband will cook," Jody explains. The adults and older children take their meals in the dining room, while the younger children sit off by themselves in the kitchen. Allowing 10 kids, ages 2 to 12, to eat without supervision in most

households results in casualties, not conversation, but here they chat away like members of a Princeton University eating club. One afternoon the discussion concerned small children, and a visitor contributed a very disconcerting comment.

"You know," he said, "I don't have any children."

"Too bad," said Channon, now 5, his face stricken with sympathy.

"You can make some," advised Zachary, just turned 4.

Little about Jim and Jody quite explains the extraordinary workings of this household. After Jim hurt his knee in Vietnam, he spent a lot of recuperative time feeding babies at an orphanage outside Da Nang, which might ac-

count for his love of kids. After Noah arrived Jody spent a year trying to get him to smile, which says something about her patience. She finally despaired, began crying, and that made Noah laugh.

Says Eric: "It's hard giving everyone equal attention, and they try. That's all I can ask or hope of them."

Huntington Beach, Calif.

The beach is back, along with the killer wave and the killer bod. Bumper stickers on cars read, "Life's a Beach?" and in Southern California, the surfer is supreme once again.

"I've known some surfers," says Karen Ayotte, 23. "I used to go out with

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one. He was so dumb that when we double-dated I'd tell my friends to ignore him if he started talking. I met him in a doughnut shop, where he worked the graveyard shift so he could come to the beach and surf all day."

"I think," says her roommate, Sandy Bertagnolli, 23, "they have too much sand packed in their heads."

Hey, you don't have to read to be a surfer; you only have to ride. Here in Huntington Beach, where the major cultural attraction is a bronze statue of a surfer, the classic surfing man of the '60s has returned to prominence. "If you're a surfer, you're in," says one 18-year-old guy who isn't one. "You walk around, you see great-looking girls with ugly surfers." Another advantage of the surfing life is that it doesn't cost much to do nothing all day.

"In the winter months, five or six guys can get a four-bedroom beach house for \$1,200, get money from their parents, live comfortably," says John Finney, 22, a student at the University of California-Irvine. "Things change in summer. The \$1,200 house becomes a \$2,400 house."

You mean . . .

"They have to get a job."

Bummer, man.

People who live outside Southern California have an incorrect impression of beach life: They believe that the good times end at sundown. This misconception is prevalent among Easterners, because their beaches are so restrictive even the tide doesn't come in without a permit. Huntington Beach allows campfires, drinking, ball playing and roasting hot dogs on straightened coat hangers—one of the great American culinary pleasures.

Karen would like Gorbachev to visit Huntington Beach with Raisa and spread a blanket on the sand. However, he should be advised that to come here without a tan is social suicide. "Life here is about how beautiful everyone is," Karen says, "and it's like a big competition at the beach, worrying about being too white or too fat." Yet even with all these worries, she finds life here better than life in the East. That, she says with a shudder, is mostly "waiting in the snow for a school bus."

Palm Desert, Calif.

Morgan Hess owns a tuxedo, although he is hardly ever invited to par-



Karen Ayotte's comforting words: "Someone on the beach always looks worse than you."

ties where he needs one. "We hear about the \$5,000 benefits where George Burns gets up to speak, but we can't afford to go," he says.

This is the California desert, a part of America that democracy forgot. In the valley towns of Indian Wells, Palm Desert, Rancho Mirage, La Quinta and Palm Springs—about two hours from Los Angeles—are the estates, golf courses and condos of America's moneyed nobility. This is the land of gate-guarded communities and surveillance cameras, of restrictive country clubs and private roads. Bob Hope lives here, a fact commemorated by Bob Hope Drive. Frank Sinatra lives on Frank Sinatra Drive.

"There is a big dividing line here between the haves and the have-nots," says Morgan. "I don't take anything away from the haves; most of them worked very hard for it. But occasion-

ally the rest of us do have that twinge of jealousy."

Morgan is a partner in a two-seat beauty salon called Hair We Are. If the name Morgan Hess seems oddly familiar, it is because two of his clients are writers for *Dynasty*, and several years ago they gave an obscure detective that name.

Morgan came here 24 years ago and was so taken with the clean air and the stark, surrounding mountains that he decided never to live anywhere else. To an outsider, the charms are elusive: You might see Cesar Romero in the checkout line at Lucky's, and you don't want to miss the annual Indio date festival, but otherwise there isn't much to do except drink and play golf.

Just about everybody here plays, although Morgan boasts, "I've never picked up a club." He says golf is the curse of his existence, that women call

desperately for last-minute appointments and then cancel because the appointments conflict with their tee-off times. Just about everybody who plays also drinks, which is understandable. "You need a drink so you can talk about your score," says Lois Brown, a Hair We Are customer.

Occasionally one of Morgan's customers will invite him to one of those formal galas that never begin until Walter Annenberg is seated, and then he takes his '70s tuxedo out of the dry-cleaner's bag. The tuxedo is chocolate brown with brown velvet lapels, and he wears it with a beige shirt festooned with brown velvet-tipped ruffles. The wealthy people never come up to him to say how nice he looks. They come up and say, "What time does your band start playing?"

Las Vegas, Nev.

Nearly 17 years ago, Debbie Lee had a dream. "It's probably stupid to still think about it," she says.

As a youngster growing up in Las Vegas, Debbie was dazzled by the bright lights. Not the spotlights of casino showrooms, but the fluorescent lights of office buildings. "I always wanted to be a secretary," she admits.

She received awards in high school for her typing and shorthand. Her secretarial career was about to begin. Then someone came along and changed everything.

"Someone told my mother about an audition at the Tropicana," she says. "She got me a leotard and high heels, and I got the job."

You only have to see Debbie Lee to realize that mother knew best. She is 5'10" and has been a showgirl at the Tropicana Hotel since 1969, except for a three-month retirement that "had me climbing the walls." By unofficial estimates, only one Las Vegas showgirl has ever put in more time, and Debbie should break that record this year. She would like it known, however, that even if she becomes America's longest-running showgirl, at age 35, she is not America's oldest showgirl.

As a member of the Tropicana's Folies Bergere, she earns about \$500 a week for appearing stately, graceful and topless. The producer of the show, Larry Lee, 38, seems satisfied with her work onstage, but finds her argumen-

tative at other times, sort of a backstage lawyer. "We've had big, big fights," says Debbie, who is married to Larry Lee.

Debbie and Larry reside in the suburbs of Las Vegas, an ordinary life, Debbie says, "although I hate to destroy anyone's illusions." The third member of the household is her daughter from a previous marriage, Jennifer Freyman, 13, who says it's wonderful having a showgirl for a mother, "because all your friends think you're pretty neat."

The family routine is set. At about 2 a.m., after they get home from work, Debbie makes dinner. After that, if Debbie thinks Larry has been picking on her friends, they fight.

"Larry doesn't understand what goes on backstage the way I do," she says.

"I'm the ogre," he groans.

"I stay out of it," says Jennifer. "I'm usually sleeping when they fight, unless they wake me up."

The invitation to Gorbachev comes from Debbie, who thinks he should meet the Tropicana showgirls and see that they're "middle-class people working hard, six days a week." Soon, Debbie may become even more of a middle-class working woman because she keeps fantasizing about the wonderful world of secretarial work.

"It's a whole different world out there," she sighs.

Perryton, Texas

Way up in the Texas Panhandle, eight miles from Oklahoma, lives 14-year-old Roy Montgomery III. He's 5'2", 110 lbs., has hands as tough as

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Debbie Lee often goes shopping between shows while in makeup. "It's embarrassing," she admits.



Morgan Hess, 41, leads a "boring but happy" life as part of Palm Desert's younger generation. "This is God's waiting room," he says.

hardscrabble, plays cornerback for the junior high football team and knows what it means to be a Texan. "You stand up for what you believe is right," he says.

On a Thursday not so long ago, he had to fight a fellow named Scott at his school just to see who was tougher. "Everybody thought I was foolin' around until I hauled off and hit him," Roy says. The next day, he felt obligated to fight Joe, another acquaintance, during lunch period. "He romped all over me," Roy admits. That encouraged the defeated Scott to try again, which wasn't the best idea Scott ever had. "He got his butt whipped again," Roy says.

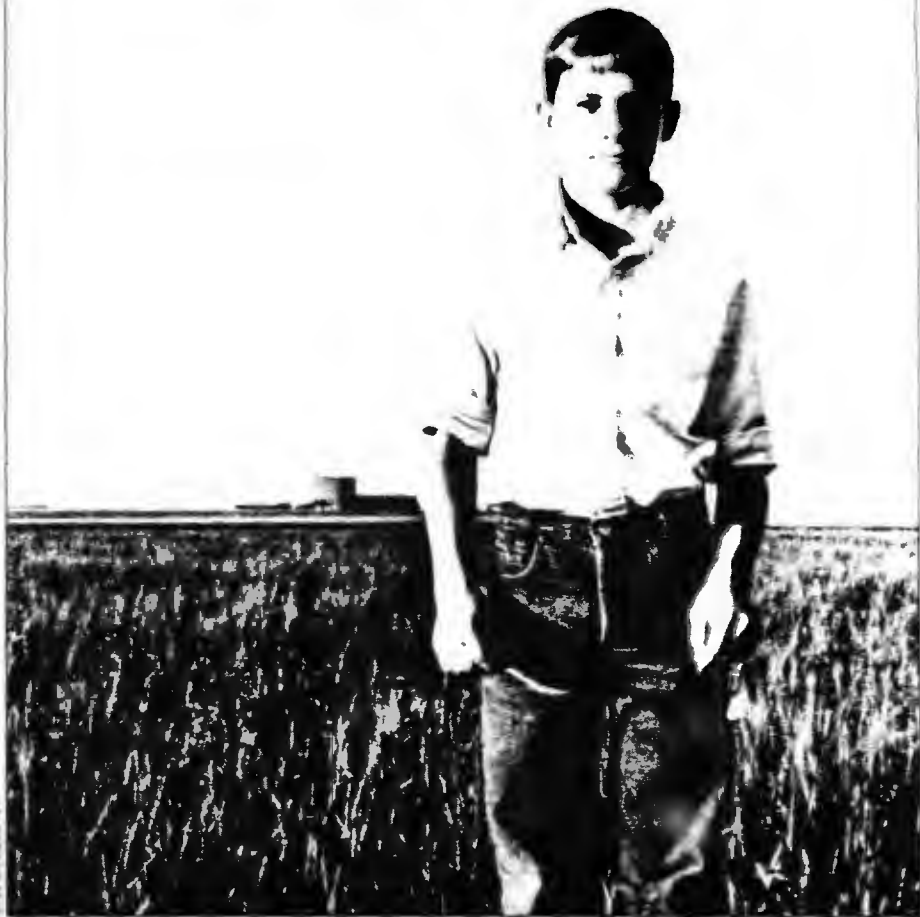
Roy ended the week with a swollen eye, a busted knuckle and a fingernail about to fall off, all inconsequential wounds by Texas standards. "I enjoy a good fight," he says.

Gorbachev should be encouraged to visit Perryton, for no other reason than to learn the virtues of peaceful coexistence with Texans. He is also invited to tour the countryside with Roy, an extremely well-mannered young fellow when he is not irritated by his classmates and people who express a favorable opinion of Oklahoma.

Perryton is storybook Texas country. The restaurants serve chicken-fried steak with cream gravy to customers wearing Panama hats, the wheat fields are as flat as a rattler caught crossing the road, and the cattle ranches are dotted with chinaberry and cottonwood trees.

Roy wants to take Gorbachev to see the Perryton grain elevator, the biggest for a hundred miles around, where enough wheat is stored to make 200 million one-pound loaves of bread. From there, they'll stop at Perryton Feeders Inc., pausing upwind to see 100,000 cattle being fattened. Then they'll visit an archaeological site where an 11th-century house is being excavated under a private grant from the Courson Oil and Gas Co. The project archaeologist, David Hughes, says the house is situated on a "prehistoric highway" where traders ventured on foot, long before horses were introduced to North America.

Perryton, it seems, has everything but prosperity. The people here earn their wages from wheat, cattle and oil, and these days nobody's making much money at any of those. Roy's father is the manager of the grain elevator, and he says that some of the wheat has been stored for six years waiting for



Behind Roy Montgomery stands the Texas wheat-filled grain elevator that his dad manages.

the Soviets to come along and buy. At the LZ Ranch, Lawrence Ellzey, 75, says he and his brother stopped running cattle "because we got tired of working for the bank, and that's the size of it."

Still, this is Texas, and hardly any-

body cares to admit that life is better somewhere else. There's a needle-point hung in the office of Harold Courson, the head of Courson Oil, that reads, "If you ain't got no oil well and you ain't got no cow and you ain't living in Texas then you ain't living no how."

Kent, Wash.

The Clipper Club held its annual Mother's Day dinner at Andy's Diner this year. The meeting was called for 6 p.m., and almost everybody came on time, the men clean shaven and wearing ties, the women with corsages. The dinner started with a round of coffee, and the meeting started with the singing of *Let Me Call You Sweetheart*. After that, each man was called upon to say something nice about his wife, and nobody seemed to struggle. "My wife and I were married for 55 years. After that I hoped for more, but I didn't get it," said one man, a recent widower.

You could argue that members of the Clipper Club live in the past, and that might be true, because they are

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"We belong to the work ethic generation," says Alba Greenfield. She and Bob wed in 1939, splurged on their first dinner out in 1949.

Scene

hind his head. They live in a two-bedroom bungalow that could be any small family home, except for the eagle feather dangling over the crib of their daughter, Rebecca, 7 months old.

Both Nathan and Cindy have been through dependency problems. His was marijuana; hers was alcohol. Today they are among the small percentage of Indians living in "the old way," followers of the religion of the Great

Sioux Nation. Much of the knowledge has been lost, but, Nathan says, "we fast and pray for guidance and understanding." Cindy believes that along with spirituality must come an acceptance of reservation life if the Sioux are to survive: "This is what we have, and we have to make the best of it."

Antioch, Calif.

When Roger Cunningham, 38, a devoted husband, father and small busi-

ness owner, encountered difficulties with his neighbor's Doberman pinscher, he did not telephone to discuss the problem or request assistance from the authorities.

Roger is a biker, and he took care of it in the prescribed biker manner. He borrowed a .357 magnum and shot the damned dog.

"We bikers are kind of the last of the mountain men, the last of the cowboys," he says. "After we're gone, what's left?"

Roger is a big man who rides a 1946 Harley-Davidson, wears a leather vest, boasts five tattoos and is missing his left earlobe, which was ripped off in a fight. His wife, Sandy, 29, is a backseat biker, rapping him hard on the head when he does wheelies with her riding behind him, and his son, J.R., 3, says things like, "No way, knucklehead." The stop sign at the end of his driveway is riddled with bullet holes, which Roger can explain: "Those things happen in California."

His shop, Kicked Back Motor Works, is a mama-and-pop operation where he and Sandy repair and rebuild Harleys and only Harleys. "No Jap Crap," reads his business card. The shop does not coddle customers, which is obvious from a sign over his work area. The sign reads: "If you come through this door, you will be killed."

Gorbachev will be more warmly welcomed should he accept Cunningham's invitation to "throw back a few beers with some American bikers." He will meet Jack, the family malamute, a guard dog so sweet he wouldn't bite a Honda dealer, and Sandy will barbecue in the back of the shop. She's the unofficial cook for the neighborhood bikers, and her kebobs are so ethereal a Hell's Angel would be moved to say grace before meals.

"Bikers have gotten an unfavorable image because of all those movies with Nazi helmets and Iron Crosses," Roger says, "but we're really just like hippies, doing what we want to do. It's only that we're prone to violence if pushed. We don't say, 'Wow man, bad karma.' We stand up for our rights."

He says bikers live by a code similar to the Scout law: A biker is trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, kind, cheerful and brave. (Note the absence of courteous, obedient, thrifty, clean and reverent.) "We pay taxes, we give blood," says Sandy, and Roger adds, "Real bikers are patriotic—I love America because I couldn't get away with this any place else in the world." □

Roger Cunningham says Sandy is his "only love," but he's awfully fond of his chopper.



all of a generation that cared deeply about church, jobs, family and friends. Back in 1944, the young married couples of the Boulevard Park Presbyterian Church started a social and spiritual club that is still meeting every month, usually for potluck suppers. The members are all at least 65 now, most quite a bit older. No couple has ever been divorced, and no couple has ever dropped out, except for the few who moved away.

Alba Greenfield, 70, and her husband, Bob, 71, met in high school, started dating in 1933 and were married in 1939 when Bob was making 62½ cents an hour at the Boeing plant. They began building their first house before they were married, Bob digging out the basement with a pick and shovel. When it was finished, Alba climbed up a ladder to help paint, even though she was 7½ months pregnant.

"The club members are all Depression people who struggled," says Rev. Robert Wheatley, 60. "They had a commitment to values more personal than material, and they all helped each other. That's what I identify as the true American spirit."

Alba and Bob are both retired, if you can call it that. She works as a voluntary probation counselor, plans programs for the Clipper Club and has a weakness for organizing everything she sees. Bob builds props for his barbershop quartet, repairs bicycles for kids and has a weakness for chocolate ice cream. Together, they have done missionary work in Haiti and Ecuador, Bob doing construction and Alba teaching English.

Earlier this year, Alba got up at a Clipper Club meeting and announced that after more than 40 years of the women cooking dinners for the men, it was time the men cooked something for the women. After an awful lot of planning and some genuine desperation, the men bought take-out chicken and baked potatoes. "That was our women's lib," Alba admits.

Fort Totten, N.Dak.

On the Devils Lake Sioux Reservation, home to about 3,200 descendants of a once-great nomadic tribe, troubled teenagers living in the Tribal Group Home must be shown how to make a campsite. "It could be funny, but it isn't," says Laurel Goulding, director of the home. "The major thing

we struggle with is low self-esteem."

The reservation is located close to the Canadian border, just off a state highway in such disrepair that another Indian tradition may soon have to be retaught: travel by horseback. "The Rez," as the Indians call it, was created by treaty in 1867 and seems to have changed only for the worse since then. The land is low and mostly barren, and while elk and buffalo are said to dwell there, visitors are more likely to see trash and paper blowing in the wind, stripped automobiles, houses peeling and collapsing from neglect.

"Reservation life is devastating, almost hopeless," says Cynthia Smith, 35, who wants Gorbachev to see how America's first inhabitants have endured. "The Indian people have adapted somewhat, but emotionally it didn't work." Alcoholism is as much of a problem as everyone thinks it is, but

there are other woes, such as an unusually high number of teenage suicide attempts, a school dropout rate of 50 percent and an unemployment rate even higher.

Smith, the tribe's health director, is a part-time student at the University of South Dakota-Vermillion, where she is working toward a master's degree in public administration. Her professional success, by reservation standards, is extraordinary, but she has struggled to find her place in the Indian community.

She is part Sioux, part Scandinavian, and her early education was by Catholic nuns. When she was 12, her parents divorced, and she left the reservation with her father. At 18, she was married in a Presbyterian church; at 26, in a Lutheran church; at 32, in the traditional Sioux manner. Her third husband, Nathan, 31, is a full-blooded Sioux with dark skin and black hair knotted be-

CONTINUED

Cindy Smith (left) visits with Bertha DeMarce at her Devils Lake Sioux Reservation home.

