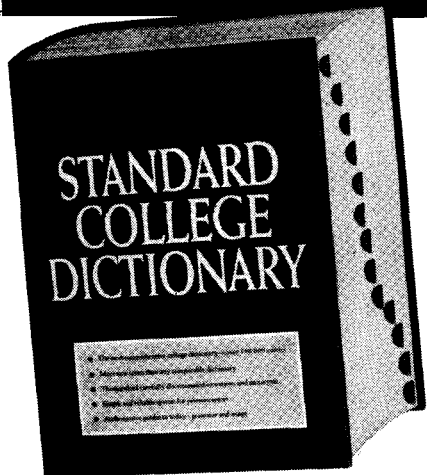


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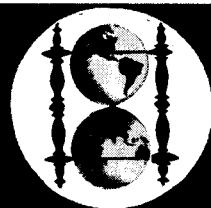
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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Again the Autobahn

BERLIN

News that the Soviets were detaining an American military convoy on the autobahn linking West Germany with West Berlin was just like old times here, and in Berlin old times have never changed. Despite initial attempts in Washington to depict the harassments on the autobahn as a result of some subaltern misunderstanding, it is clear that the incidents were deliberately staged as a result of a political decision taken at the highest level in Moscow.

Several largely unreported aspects of Soviet actions in detaining the U.S. convoy are in themselves proof of this. Thus when the Soviets stopped Lieutenant Raymond Fields and his column for the second time, at the Babelsberg checkpoint just outside West Berlin, they took the unprecedented action of defying the one-hour time limit the allies have established on clearing procedures. This time limit—a kind of low-level ultimatum, unstated but implicit—is used sparingly and has in the past always been respected by the Soviets. Then when Lieutenant Fields sought to raise the barrier pole, the Soviets not only blocked the path of the U.S. convoy with armored cars but also uncovered their heavy machine guns and trained them on Fields's men. The Russians also kept a mobile anti-aircraft gun trained on the U.S. helicopter that hovered overhead, and even went so far as to send up a MIG fighter in a clumsy and unsuccessful attempt to force the helicopter down or drive it away. All these actions were unprecedented, and their implications have been duly noted by all sides, including the Germans, East and West.

What stands out clearly above the sometimes pettifogging details of harassments on the autobahn is that the Russians have served notice of how they interpret the new policy

of relaxation that has followed the test-ban treaty: under the umbrella of the strategic détente, they apparently mean to increase tactical probes wherever they can.

One likely reason for the latest obstructionist tactics is a Soviet desire to standardize clearing procedures on the autobahn, since this would help grease the skids for a takeover at the checkpoints by Communist East German authorities. It was precisely for this reason that in the past the allies have regarded attempts to standardize clearance procedures on the autobahn as a pitfall to be avoided. In practice, convoys carrying more than a certain fixed number of men have been emptied as a matter of course when a Soviet checking officer so desired. When there were fewer than this number of soldiers they did not dismount, on the assumption that so small a number was easily verifiable from outside the truck. This was all the Soviets knew and all that they needed to know, and they tacitly accepted the arrangement. The number of men in Lieutenant Fields's trucks was three less than the number fixed by the American command and easily verifiable to the outside observer. But the Soviets deliberately challenged it. To the dismay of both allied and German authorities in Berlin, Washington announced the magic number in the course of its protests and explanations to the Soviets. The announcement brought the Soviets one long step closer to standardization.

Moreover, considerable significance must be attached to the fact that one observer of Lieutenant Fields's difficulties at Babelsberg was Major General Helmut Poppe, the East German Communist commandant of the Soviet sector of Berlin.

In a practical sense, the clearance procedures have now been reduced to a point where the East German officers on hand can check the con-

Big Doings For Little People

This Sunday evening (November 3) at 6, the biggest man on television will be a chap named Hunder.

That's no mere prediction; it's a fact. For Hunder is taller than a church steeple, broader than a boulevard.

The Human Factor

He's also the only human performer in the otherwise all-puppet cast of "Quillow and the Giant," a musical fantasy produced and directed by David Barnhizer.

The show—a fine sample of "entertainment education"—is the first of four "NBC Children's Theatre" specials. Executive producer George A. Heinemann's series is aimed at giving the four-to-seven set several distinct varieties of theatrical experience. Like the highly acclaimed "Exploring" and "Watch Mr. Wizard," the specials typify NBC's thoughtful, imaginative programs for young viewers.

Opening the series is Biff McGuire's television adaptation of the James Thurber fantasy in which an ingenious little character named Quillow saves his townspeople from the ire of an invading giant, Hunder.

The musical—generously laden with suspense, humor,

visual charm and the catchiest songs this side of Mitch Miller—also teaches a valuable lesson: the wisdom of using brains rather than brawn when the physical odds are overwhelming.

Quillow's technique is psychological warfare. Eventually, the giant—played superbly by actor-singer Win Stracke—becomes so distraught that he disappears in a puff of smoke.

In the course of the action, a total of 17 George Latshaw puppets will—by means of an unusual under-stage technique—move freely through the village's residences, shops and streets.

And, behind the scenes, the 32-piece NBC Chicago Orchestra under Joseph Gallichio, will be playing the highly original score of Wade Barnes and Ralph Blane (the latter co-authored the tunes for "Best Foot Forward" and "Meet Me in St. Louis.")

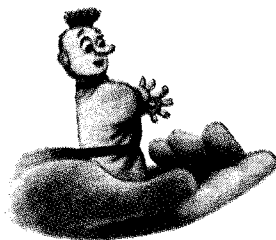
"Children's Theatre's" next outing comes on December 15, when it will be using a number of fascinating dramatic devices to familiarize the youngsters with the work-

ings of "The Orchestra." (On the program's second half, a performance of Prokofiev's "Cinderella" will be illustrated by the highly creative Lisl Weil).

Then, on April 12, the musical fantasy, "Petey and the Pogo Stick" will trace the round-the-world travels of a boy inventor who's designed an atomic-powered pogo stick. Finally, on February 15, the series will present a trio of playlets aimed at introducing youngsters to three of the most popular forms of non-musical theatre—mystery, comedy and historical drama.

Help from Home

Each of the carefully prepared, full-hour shows calls for the mental and physical participation of its young viewers, an element NBC considers essential in programming for the four-to-seven fraternity. Even the wily Quillow will require a loud vocal assist from the home audience before he can overcome the giant. It could turn out to be the most thunderous audience response since Mary Martin last asked for a vote of confidence in fairies.



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voys as easily as the Soviets. In a larger and more important sense, the Soviet move was a power demonstration in support of the sovereignty claims of the so-called German Democratic Republic.

On October 12, the day the Soviets released the American convoy, Major General Poppe addressed identical telegrams through the West German mails to the three allied commandants in West Berlin, sharply protesting the conduct of allied military personnel while on official missions in East Berlin. For some time now, before as well as after the autobahn incidents, East German press attacks against the allied occupiers have been stepped up sharply. Indeed, Berliners could not help but notice that the situation in East Germany and around Berlin has grown markedly more tense since the advent of the policy of relaxation. The supreme irony is that it was the atomic test-ban treaty that was indirectly responsible for the increase in tension. The Chinese have repeatedly accused the Soviets of selling their East German allies down the river for the sake of an agreement with the Americans. This accusation has stung East German Communists to the quick and necessitated defensive harangues in explanation of the unexplainable even within the party's central committee. It also clearly necessitated some sort of Soviet power demonstration concerning Berlin. For the most vital interest of the East German Communists is the removal of allied troops from Berlin and the conversion of the allied sectors into a demilitarized, defenseless city.

—GEORGE BAILEY

The Social Climber

Marshal Tito's trips abroad have always been marked by a kind of devil-may-care spirit of adventure, and we are happy to note that his recent state visit to the U.S. was no exception, despite the best efforts of the White House, the Secret Service, the FBI, and the New York City Police Department. There was, for instance, the time in the 1930's when a Danish immigration officer caught Tito in Copenhagen traveling from Moscow on a forged Canadian passport. The amiable Dane let the mis-

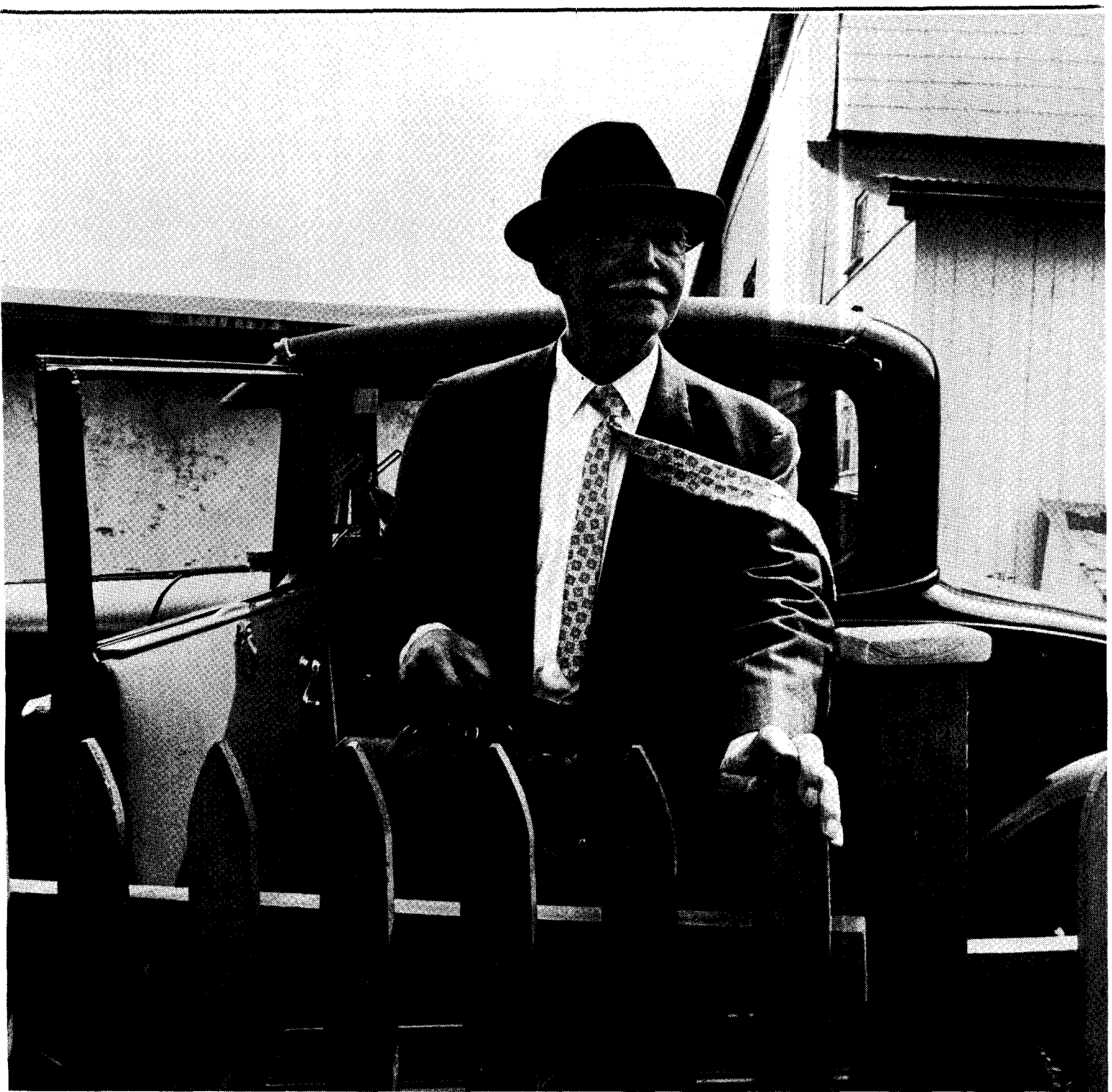
creant off with an admonition to travel in the future only on passports from countries whose language he could speak.

Tito seems to have taken this particular advice to heart, but adventure has continued to dog his trail abroad nonetheless.

During the Second World War, Tito journeyed to Naples for a meeting with Winston Churchill. He showed up in a gaudy and oversized Soviet-made marshal's uniform, and vehemently denied that he planned to impose Communism on Yugoslavia after the war. Then Tito returned to his cave on the British-held island of Vis. From Vis, he levanted back to the mainland without so much as a by-your-leave from his British hosts, and the Russians maliciously told the British that Tito's graceless behavior could be attributed to his superstitious peasant upbringing.

His next recorded excursion abroad was to Moscow for a chat with Comrade Joseph Stalin. Tito was a trifle uneasy about this trip, since implicit in any invitation from Stalin was a suggestion that the traveler might not return. In this instance Tito came safely home; later Stalin airily informed Tito's aide Milovan Djilas that Yugoslavia might grab Albania any time it liked. This demonstration of Stalinist liberality reportedly shocked Tito, and it may have been the incident that made him realize that the Soviet Union, in turn, could grab Yugoslavia.

His travels, then, have been demonstrably edifying for Marshal Tito, and we like to think that his first formal visit to the United States furthered this process. It can hardly have been otherwise, since the White House, ever skittish over the possibility that some photographer might catch the President and the Marshal exuding bonhomie, plotted Tito's trip with the same kind of meticulous precision that marked the logistic preparations for the invasion of Normandy. Tito was set down at Colonial Williamsburg, whisked by helicopter to the White House, and led pell-mell through a six-hour visit that managed to include a twenty-one-gun salute, a tour of the premises, a talk with the President (who carefully seated himself far across the table from his guest),



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grow by your support as a customer.

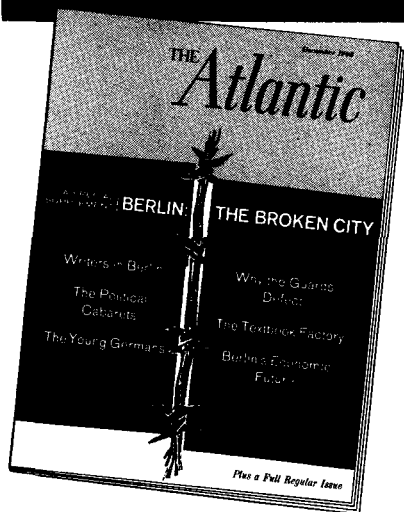
When you consider what our country has always stood for, can you see why anyone should want our federal government to do any job it doesn't have to do—such as owning and managing the electric light and power business? Isn't it best to leave that to individuals, like you, who believe individual effort is the quality that will always keep our nation strong?

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lunch with champagne toasts, and the issuance of a formal communiqué. Just how Tito managed to survive this program without an earache, dyspepsia, or both is problematical; he *did* fall ill with a touch of the flu two days later, and was still shaky on arriving in New York.

Thank God for New York! It has a leavening quality that few fail to note. In Marshal Tito's case this was provided by outraged Yugoslav émigrés who demonstrated outside Tito's hotel, and more pointedly by two young Yugoslavs who managed to get within two doors to Tito's suite before they were collared by the cops. This produced an angry blast by Tito at the cops, an angry blast back from the cops, and a decision by Tito to cancel a reception for twelve hundred guests. Tito seemed baffled that *any* dissident Yugoslavs were around town. The dissidents in Yugoslavia are all in jail.

What is troubling about this tale of Tito in two cities is that the treatment accorded him by the White House had a definite and unnecessary quality of furtiveness.

After all, Tito is used to the idea that he is not everywhere socially acceptable. This is nowhere more true than in Austria. Tito was born a subject of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and worked as a youth in a mechanic's shop in Wiener Neustadt, a few miles outside Vienna. His main ambition is to one day be a state guest in the Imperial Palace of the Habsburgs in Vienna. But that day may be a long time coming, because some members of the present Austrian government were also subjects of Franz Josef. Their objections seem to be social rather than political. "That mechanic," one has said, "will never be a guest in the palace of the Habsburgs while I am alive!" This may be another case of being right for the wrong reason, but at least the reason is forthright.

No Tears

The natural reluctance to speak ill of the dead surely accounts in large measure for all the silly solemnity that has surrounded the shattering of the New York *Mirror*. A relative newcomer to the city, Richard M. Nixon, who has been known to speak more frankly on the subject of jour-

nalism, must be given the prize for pious inanity on this subject; he called the loss of the *Mirror* "a great tragedy."

Except for the men and women who lost their jobs, it was, of course, no such thing. And despite all the moaning, the departure of a tabloid that was tawdry even by Hearst standards offers no evil omens whatsoever for the future of American newspapers. The *Mirror*, let's not forget, was not really a newspaper at all, and was never intended to be. What it offered, according to its own prospectus, was entertainment—and even on that level it was always a pale imitation of the *News*, which also contains a good deal of the commodity from which it derives its name. (One survey showed that eight out of every ten *Mirror* readers were also *News* readers anyway.) "The *Mirror*," as Gardner Cowles remarked, "was essentially entertainment, and the entertainment business has moved to TV." Mr. Cowles, one of our few press monarchs whose empire is expanding rather than contracting these days, also said, "Big city dailies that cover hard news well will face no great difficulties in coming years." He may have a point. Throughout the country there are actually a few more daily newspapers, with a great deal more circulation, now than there were just after the war.

The figures in themselves prove nothing about quality, of course. As we see it, competition is only to be admired when it is competition in service to the readers, not in mere circulation building by the most sensational devices that can be dreamed up. Furthermore, most of the increase has been in small suburban dailies put out by inadequate staffs with the help of a lot of syndicated boilerplate copy. But it is interesting to note that six months after the New York newspaper strike, which has apparently cut over-all circulation of all daily city papers by about half a million, the *Times* has lost only 11.4 per cent of its readers—and is said to be gaining—even after going from five to ten cents.

The *Times* may only be the best paper in town by default. But apparently people are still willing to pay for the best they can get—if not for what is superfluous.

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Some programs of special interest

Go Down, Moses

Harriet Tubman's work with the Underground Railroad before the Civil War.
Friday, November 1 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Directions in Israel

Last in 5-part study of Israeli art and culture.
Sunday, November 3 (1-1:30 PM)

Quillow and the Giant

Puppets enact a musical adaptation of a Thurber fantasy.
Sunday, November 3 (6-7 PM)

Four Views of Caesar

Julius Caesar as seen by Plutarch, Shakespeare, Shaw, and himself.
Wednesday, November 6 (7:30-8 PM)

The Great War

A re-creation of the World War I era.
Sunday, November 10 (3-4 PM)

The Road to Berlin

Report on causes of the continuing crisis.
Sunday, November 10 (6-6:30 PM)

Calamity Jane

Carol Burnett in the musical comedy set in the Old West.
Tuesday, November 12 (9:30-11 PM)

The Patriots

Charlton Heston as Thomas Jefferson in the play by Sidney Kingsley.
Friday, November 15 (9:30-11 PM)

Greece: The Golden Age

An evocation by Lou Hazam of the glory that was Greece.
Tuesday, November 19 (9-10 PM)

That War in Korea

A *Project 20* study of "the strangest war ever fought by man."
Wednesday, November 20 (7:30-9 PM)

The Festival Frenzy

Excitement and pageantry — from bulls at Pamplona to starlets at Venice.
Wednesday, November 20 (10-11 PM)

Thanksgiving Day Parades

Thursday, November 28 (10 AM-Noon)

Young People's Concert

Bernstein and N. Y. Philharmonic.
Friday, November 29 (7:30-8:30 PM)

* * * *

Regularly scheduled programs

Monday to Friday: Today/Sunrise Semester

Wednesdays: CBS Reports/Chronicle

Fridays: The Great Adventure

Saturdays: Do You Know?/Exploring/
Watch Mr. Wizard

Sundays: Sunrise Semester/Camera Three/
Discovery '63/Face the Nation/Issues and
Answers/NBC News Encore/Sunday/Wild
Kingdom/College Bowl/The Twentieth
Century/Meet the Press/Walt Disney's
Wonderful World of Color/
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Fasten Your Seat Belts

IT is going to be tough, this Presidential campaign, tough as few in our national history. The dazzling skill of the Kennedy administration in manipulating its image, the contrived style of its rhetoric, have aroused in a still uncounted number of people a primitive and elemental antagonism. So primitive and elemental, indeed, that it must sometimes frighten Barry Goldwater, a right-wing maverick from the Southwest, whose anti-modern-times cracks have become the Word for masses of fanatical followers. It has been reported that the poor man has delegated to machines the task of putting some order and maybe some logic into what he has been saying. But the machines have come too late to the rescue, since the cause of his popularity is the fact that he is so unmechanical, so contradictory and unmodern. He looks and sounds much more like a man than an image.

After the senator himself, the person who has shown the keenest interest in Goldwater for the Republican nomination is President Kennedy. As a politician he likes a fairly safe bet, and as the Chief Executive during the last three years, he must cherish as an evidence of his achievement the prospect of confronting Goldwater in the election. For it has been no mean feat so to mollify the opposition against him, so to restrain Congressional and press criticism of his policies, that the alternative to him is a total reversal of American history from the first Roosevelt on. The New Frontiersmen have really achieved something; without being in any conceivable sense of the term radicals, they have rallied against themselves an old radicalism irreconcilably antagonistic to the domestic and foreign policies this country must follow if it is to hold its place in the second

half of the twentieth century. Could the New Frontiersmen face the people with more secure prospects of victory?

Perhaps. But the price the country will have to pay for such a clash could be extraordinarily high, irrespective of the outcome. There could be no dialogue between the two sides, for there cannot be much of a debate between believers in a return to nineteenth-century America on one side and operators on the other—people far more concerned with what they call getting things done than with general principles or ideals. True, it is the tradition of American politics that, in the competition for votes, the sharpest differences get smoothed out on both sides. But the President seems to be counting on a confrontation with zealots of the extreme Right, which would forcibly bring to his support all those who at times have been disappointed with him or with his entourage. Moreover, with all his primitivism, Goldwater is an honest man, and he is likely to go on to the end of the contest talking like Goldwater.

THE PRESIDENT, too, it can safely be predicted, is likely to go on talking like Kennedy, with his rhythmic, balanced sentences, and the contraposition of extremes (dread of war, hope for peace), assuaged by an inspirational phrase, like, for instance, "make the world safe for diversity." This one we could never quite grasp, and for a while we waited for a correction, thinking it might be "make diversity safe for the world." But the same theme kept recurring, and any day we expect to be told that our country's role in history is to foster a more perfect diversity.

These oratorical mannerisms would be easier to endure were it not,

again, that the electoral season is upon us and we must count on hearing more and more of them. We can count on still undreamed-of feats of electronic wizardry on one side and howls of elemental emotionalism on the other, as we can expect, if Goldwater is nominated, two monologues by competitors who have no way of talking to one another.

Among the electronic treats waiting for us, we can count on a number of re-enactments of the recent past. The New Frontiersmen specialize in this. They are far more concerned with the immediate yesterday than with the tomorrow; no sooner have they written a page of history than they get busy re-enacting and editing it. We have in mind the ABC spectacular on the encounter with Governor Wallace at the University of Alabama. One shudders at the thought of the miles and miles of tape already stored that, some day, will be cut and spliced so as to give the viewer the sense of immediate participation in the epoch-making events with which he is retroactively associated.

A distance between the citizens and their leaders is needed if the leaders are to be held solely responsible for the decisions they make. There is nothing gained in a democracy by too much chumminess between leaders and citizens; in fact, there is no more certain guarantee of unbridgeable distance between citizens and leaders than the delusion of chumminess.

YES, it is going to be tough and particularly for those whose business it is to pass judgment on public events and feel that their primary obligation is to their own conscience. This looks like one of those occasions when whoever claims to be independent and cares for freedom has a chance to be tested.