

## THE DONKEY MOVES IN

(Continued from page 12)

see many more things that happened than those sitting in the amphitheatre could hope to see. Its close-ups of candidates, delegates, and strategists alike have been more revealing than thousands of written words could ever be.

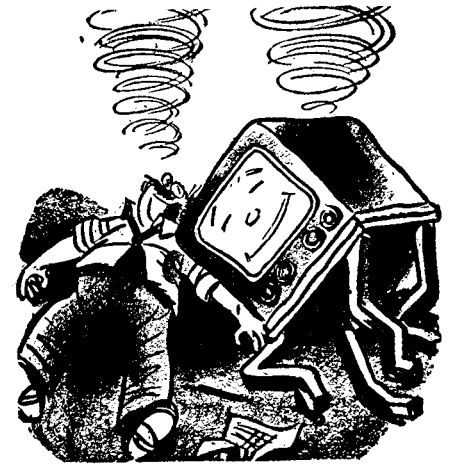
Already television has rendered enormous services to democracy by informing the electorate. In the coming years these services will increase. Unquestionably, due to TV, future conventions will be quite different from those just held. They will be streamlined and their programing will have to be adjusted to the needs of the new medium that records them. The long delays, the interminable speeches, the empty nonsense, the windy praise of those who nominate, and the duplications of those who second will have to be eliminated.

Even now there is talk of holding offstage those polls which delegates are entitled to demand. Although I do not know about others, I do know that I shall miss these polls. Not unnaturally, when requested they invite

boos because they bring the whole machinery of a convention to a standstill. Yet there is something splendid, however silly, exasperating, or time-wasting, about them. What they prove is that one very average American citizen is able to keep the President of the United States, the thousands of persons in the auditorium, and the whole world waiting while he exercises his democratic right.

COMPLETE and expert as the coverage of TV at present is, one thing it cannot offer. It can never supply a substitute for the excitement of being a part of a convention crowd and sharing its mood. I feel confident that no stay-at-home could have felt to the full the group emotion of those who were present when Mrs. Roosevelt, Mr. Barkley, Governor Stevenson, and President Truman appeared.

When Mrs. Roosevelt swept forward, swiftly and lightly, to the rostrum to the jubilant strains of "Happy Days Are Here Again," the past and the present merged. Time turned into



—Herblock in The Washington Post.

"Over at Last."

an accordion. Nineteen hundred and thirty-two was in everyone's mind; 1932 and all those long, eventful years of Franklin Roosevelt's Presidency. Part of the cheering was for him, for what he had stood for, and for what he had done. Part of it, no less certainly, was for her, and for the same reasons. Mrs. Roosevelt did not face the convention only as a President's widow. She won its cheers as a person who has become an outstanding personage in her own right. It was as such a personage that she spoke, never stooping to partisanship, but speaking earnestly about world affairs and the U.N., in both of which she plays a contributive part.

Mr. Barkley the next evening was greeted with an even more tumultuous, though quite different, ovation. The tribute he received was paid to a public figure who has served his party long and with distinction. It was in the nature of a farewell to a man who has a genius for friendship. Its affection was so genuine that it must have removed whatever bitterness he felt because of having been forced by Labor's shabby treatment to withdraw as a candidate.

What Mr. Barkley said may even now have been forgotten. But no one who heard him will forget the way in which he said it. He spoke without notes for almost an hour. Although his speech was a very simple and sincere restatement of democratic faith, his performance was an incredible feat. At its conclusion there was another demonstration, which Mr. Barkley permitted to run too long. Before it was over, however, an extraordinary thing occurred. So many people, prominent and otherwise, rushed up to shake Mr. Barkley's hand that the platform began to look as if he were holding a White House reception.

No orator is more eloquent than votes when they are being counted. The tension was almost unendurable

## The Criminal Record

*The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction*

<i>Title and Author</i>	<i>Crime, Place, and Sleuth</i>	<i>Summing Up</i>	<i>Verdict</i>
THE DAVIDIAN REPORT <i>Dorothy B. Hughes</i> (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: \$3)	Commies, FBI, others try outsmarting tactics in L.A. free-for-all after pay-pers.	Strong accent on atmosphere, especially remember-Berlin angle; written with finesse.	Subtle
BARE TRAP <i>Frank Kane</i> (Ives Washburn: \$2.50)	Pvt. Eye J. Liddell, at loose ends on Coast, takes on disappearance case for movie bigwig; gets second job.	Gamblers, gunsels abound; dialogue spun out at times; gals especially chatty.	Moves in spots
ONE-MAN SHOW <i>Michael Innes</i> (Dodd, Mead: \$2.50)	Ruckus in London art exhibition uncovers murder and other skulduggeries; erudite Yard follows through.	Coincidence is trumps, but handling characteristically suave, knowledgeable.	Recherché
GAME FOR THREE LOSERS <i>Edgar Lustgarten</i> (Scribner: \$2.50)	Big-shot Briton (MP and all that), caught in neat badger trap, tries fighting back.	Story too contrived to make characters quite real; not up to author's swell factual work.	So-so
CAMPAIGN TRAIN <i>The Gordons</i> (Crime Club: \$2.50)	Somebody takes pot-shot at Presidential candidate on countrywide tour; finger points in several directions.	Most ground-covering mystery of year doesn't quite live up to premise posed by ingenious situation.	Medium

SERGEANT CUFF.

on Friday as, little by little and then in great numbers, the votes swung to Stevenson. Out of deference to President Truman, who was waiting nearby to introduce Adlai Stevenson to the convention, the nomination of the candidate for Vice President was postponed until the next morning. Then Senator John J. Sparkman of Alabama was chosen at a session strangely hurried and deserted, considering the historical importance of the office.

The President's long-delayed entrance with Governor Stevenson was impressive. So was the scene-shifting which had preceded it, with the clearing of the platform, the substitution of mahogany desks and chairs for the plainer furniture that had hitherto been used, and the mysterious actions of Secret Service men and aides, all of whom scurried around as if they were stagehands performing their duties with the curtain up.

For the second time within five days Governor Stevenson addressed the convention. Once more it was unmistakable that no ordinary man was speaking. His modesty, his fine command of the language, his deep awareness of the burdens of the Presidency, his humor, his stark sensing of the challenges of our times, the elevation of his thinking, and the largeness of his spirit were again made clear.

It is not only the Democrats who have reason to be proud and happy because of the man they have chosen. It is the nation as a whole. Americans, regardless of party, can feel the same pride, the same pleasure, the same grateful relief that they knew when the Republicans selected Eisenhower.

Learned and observant students of our institutions from de Tocqueville through Bryce have feared that one of the weaknesses of democracy is its fondness for mediocrity. Bryce even wrote in 1896 an ably argued chapter to explain "Why Great Men Are Not Chosen Presidents." He would have to rewrite that chapter today. A worried nation can feel the more secure because of the knowledge that, no matter which candidate wins, an exceptionally able man will be in the White House. Both candidates were selected by delegates of the people. Both choices were made out of the seeming madness and confusion of such political circuses as conventions. Both reconfirm our faith in the democratic process.

*This is the concluding instalment of "Elephant & Donkey in Chicago," two articles covering the Republican and Democratic Conventions. The first appeared in the issue of July 26.*

# On the Record

*A Personal Choice by Edward Tatnall Canby*

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER  
ALBUM NUMBER  
NUMBER OF RECORDS

Recording Technique, Surface  
ENGINEERING

PERFORMANCE  
AND CONTENT

## FRONTIERS OF RECORDING

**MOLIÈRE: L'ECOLE DES FEMMES.** Louis Jouvét, Compagnie Dramatique Française. Harvard Vocarium. (Three 12" LP's in album. Text, comment.)

Made at a Boston performance, a beautifully done tape of perfect clarity; occasional applause—aiding drama—is only indication. Nice feeling of space, not too distant.

A big scoop for Harvard—recorded by the traveling company shortly before Jouvét's death. Superb French declamation, fine acting, and a funny show. Perhaps the best recording in French to date. (Beginners beware—it's fast!)

**THE VOICE OF FDR.** Quentin Reynolds, narrator. Written, produced by Arthur Lane, music by Victor Young, with orch., chorus. Decca LP DL 9628

The first president to be voluminously recorded, FDR will be heard increasingly now that LP makes recorded speech at length both economical and listenable. This is a tape-edited (originals copied to tape, edited) radio-style montage of comment interspersed with sentences, paragraphs of FDR, blended with musical backgrounds and interludes. A calculatedly corny but expert and fast-moving job, the comment and music platitudinous in detail though well organized as to the whole shape; in spite of it the record is exciting by its subject matter, saved always from anticlimax by the infallible dramatic sense of FDR himself. Much unusual material—a remarkably wide FDR coverage. Speeches semi-chronological, not identified as to time and place. Next: How about complete FDR speeches, minus comment and music, on LP?

**JEAN RITCHIE SINGS.** Traditional Kentucky mountain songs. Elektra EKLP-2

Recorded informally by this writer at various times, these show a natural "mike personality" in spite of varying background acoustics, occasional distortions. Dulcimer, guitar accompaniments.

From a singing mountain family, Jean Ritchie is a musician and artist of top rank; her remarkable sense of pitch, of singing style, the flow of both music and language, make this more than a folk-song record. Songs of still-active Anglo-American tradition, transmitted person-to-person.

**FLORIDA BIRD SONGS.** Produced by K. K. Kellogg and A. A. Allen. Comstock Publ. Associates, 124 Roberts Pl., Ithaca, N. Y. (One 10" 78 rpm plastic.)

Excellent recordings-in-the-field with realistic outdoor background sounds; tape-edited running commentary. Pressed on red vinylite.

A brief addendum to the top quality Bird Songs of America, Vol. 2, with some repetition. Cornell still clings here to 78 rpm.—5 or 6 minutes only on this. Includes rare Ivory-Billed Woodpecker.

**SPOHR: VIOLIN CONCERTO #8, OP. 47 ("IN THE FORM OF A VOCAL SCENE").** K. Stiebler; Leipzig Gewandhaus Orch., Schmitz.

**SPOHR: VIOLIN CONCERTO #7, OP. 38.** R. Schulz; Radio Berlin Sym., Heger. Urania URLP 7049

Exciting music for all who want new musical perspectives—Spohr was no giant but surely a next-to-top genius, equaling Mendelssohn in the large, more original by far; a lyric, utterly musical artist, radically experimental in forms, relatively conventional in harmonies. Concerto No. 8 with violin taking semi-vocal role, Italian opera style, is an unusual and prophetic work anticipating many later one-movement, semi-program concertos. Striking suggestions of Schumann, Weber. Concerto No. 7, a full-bodied formal romantic concerto, is again Schumann-Weber, a bit long-winded for the content. No. 8 is well recorded, No. 7 is not too clean in sound, lacks highs—more radio recording?

The Nonetto, similar to Beethoven Septet, is florid early-Beethoven in style, most ingratiating. The songs are first-rate German lyricism, mid-Beethoven type, beautifully performed. Singers should investigate. (The cl. solo is adaptable to other instrs.) Excellent ensemble recording, typical of best small-company work.

**SPOHR: GRAND NONETTO, OP. 31.** Stradivari Ch. Mus. Ensemble.

**SPOHR: SIX SONGS FOR MEZZO, CLARINET, AND PIANO.** Alice Howland; David Weber, cl., Leopold Mittman, pf. Stradivari STR 609