



Washington, A.C.-D.C.

THE NEW YORK TIMES recently carried an interesting account of what went on behind the scenes in preparation for President Eisenhower's two important television appearances—(1) the fifteen-minute Monday night commercial advertising his (2) Thursday afternoon State of the Union message before the Congress.

The White House staff, we are told, was augmented with advertising, public-relations, and Hollywood consultants to help establish contact with the voters through this newest of mass communications media. The preparation compared quite favorably to the chaos that goes into putting on a weekly run-of-the-mill television program.

The scripts; the rewrites; the teleprompter installed over the cameras so that the President could read his Monday night speech and yet appear to be speaking directly to the anxious citizens assembled in their living

rooms; the special platform constructed in the chamber of the House so that when he read from his script the glare of the television lights would not bounce off his famous bald pate; the make-up girl who was sent over by CBS to dust with pancake makeup the face and head of the President; the party leaders, acting as directors, who advised him on the Monday night show to make full use of his friendly grin.

All these were there.

The President had some hard selling to do. His sponsors would be watching in the forty-eight states, and the hucksters gave it all their know-how to make certain the option would be picked up. The impact of television has been evaluated as three times that of radio.

Every move, every emphasis, every facial expression are as carefully noted as every spoken word. History is recorded on the spot in sight and sound not only for the pres-

ent but for all posterity to see and hear.

Television comes a little late. The almost casual preparation for historic messages of a bygone day would have sent any TV producer scurrying around the corner of NBC to Hurley's Bar. With a slight anachronistic change of scene we set up our cameras for a remote telecast from the spot where another message is about to be delivered.

It's another Thursday. The date is November 19, 1863. Video men, audio men, directors, advisors huddle around Cemetery Hill, shouting at the fifteen thousand who have come to witness the telecast to keep off the cables and stand back from the cameras. The cameramen are setting up their shots for the speakers. The director comes briskly forward.

"MR. PRESIDENT, you'll open up on camera two, that's this one. We're picking up Mr. Everett on camera one. When the red light comes on on camera two you can start your speech. Then we'll cut to a profile after we set up camera one—the red light will light on this one. You'll stand about here. Oh, I'll take that shawl, Mr. President."

"Well, there's a chill in the air and I—"

"But you're not going to do the show in that shawl, are you?"

"Yes, I am."

"Well I wish we'd have known—we could have had costume send one over. I'm afraid the lights are going to pick up all that fuzz around it. Oh, by the way, I'll get the make-up girl. We ought to trim that beard a little. It's kinda straggly and it might—"

"Oh, this is quite all right."

"But, Mr. President, this is television. At least we can touch up that right cheek. That mole is going to look like—"

"No, no, young man. It will be all right."

"But, Mr. President, you know you're following Mr. Everett. He's going to look quite distinguished with that white hair and that—oh, before I forget—your speech."

"My speech?"

"Yes, I'll have the boys run it off for the teleprompter. You can look right into the camera and read it, and it'll look like you're talking to the folks at home."

"No. I'll manage with this."

"With that! You're not going to read it off that envelope, are you?"

"Well, I had planned—"

"Okay, Mr. President. But Mr. Everett will steal the show. They'll come away talking about him. They'll little note nor long remember anybody else."

—GOODMAN ACE.

Spark That Confronts the Sun

By Helen Hoyt

AND yet this earth-fire—
So faint, so perishable—
This little human flame,
Sprung of perverse seed, fitful and frail—
This spark of the earth dares know itself for a god;
Defies its own mortality,
Hurling itself where comets go, confronting the sun.

Born in a day and cut down in a day,
Eating of its own being for increase,
Powerless before its own wild power,
Improvident, wilful—
Having no strict paths on which to go,
Having no fixed obediences,
Recurring and punctual like the moon's for guidance—

Bound by no steadfast orbit,
No tensions, such as narrow the majesty of the sun,
Meeken the stars—
Over and over devouring itself in futile, beautiful deaths,
Apexes of desperate conflagration—

This earth-spark, this transience,
So pitiful and tenuous of life—
Has burned with ardors hot as the sun's fiercest blaze;
Lucidities of anguish and exaltation
Keener than beam of star;
Candors that would shatter the sun and stars;
That no withered moon's tranquility
Has borne in its cold bosom!

Adventure

Continued from page 20

sure of the solidity of "the ground beneath our feet." The crust of the earth is only a thin shell, always in danger of being broken by the vitreous fluid that rises to terrific temperatures and even more terrific pressures.

Man cannot take any counteraction against an earthquake, a tidal wave, or a volcanic eruption, Tazieff concludes. But today we have two scientific aids with which to fight these "cunning monsters"—foresight and speed. With modern seismographs, microphones, magnetic balance, gravimeters, and spectrosopes, we can foresee most volcanic eruptions. "A volcano that is carefully watched cannot take us by surprise," said the explorer. "We are even able to forecast the violence of the eruption we will have." Scientific laboratories set up on Vesuvius, in Hawaii, and on Kamchatka, as well as well-equipped stations in Japan and in the East Indies, have practical systems for evacuation warnings. Haroun Tazieff's recommendation: "Once the cataclysm has been foreseen, nothing should prevent us from using air-lifts, originally devised and perfected for quite different purposes," to save human beings from the deadly showers of molten rock and streams of red-hot lava from "a great dozing monster" that has yawned and reawakened to its perilous pursuit.

Misplaced Cibola

"The Rivers Ran East," by **Leonard Clark** (Funk & Wagnalls. 366 pp. \$5), tells of a trip to the upper Amazon where, the author says, he found "the seven lost cities" for which Coronado hunted. Earl Parker Hanson, our reviewer, is professor of geography at the University of Delaware and author of "New World Emerging."

By Earl Parker Hanson

Leonard Clark has done much adventurous traveling in many remote parts of the world. In Lima, Peru, he obtained an old "treasure map" showing the location of seven colonial treasure cities on or near the upper Amazon (or Marañon), above Iquitos, above the Pongo de Manseriche—which he here calls Manseriche. Engagingly, but with insufficient scholarship (explorers are seldom scholars) he advances the thesis

that this map gives the true location, not only of fabled Eldorado, but also of the Seven Cities of Cibola, for which Coronado searched in our Southwest. Admirably, without fanfare, impressive funds, or burdensome equipment, he started over the Andes with Iquitos as his first objective. His adventures en route are the most exciting (and least understandable) part of this exciting narrative.

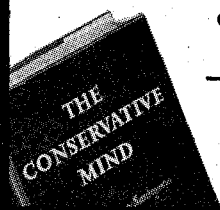
He chose the longest, wildest, and most strenuous route, somewhat disdainful of earlier "explorers" who took the easier Piches Trail (he calls it Pichis), and apparently unaware of those who would today, destination Iquitos, use air transport or the transmountain "Tingo María" automobile highway to Pucallpa—a place which he reached with considerable difficulty and peril. I am willing to accept (and in part because it makes excellent reading) Clark's description of the absolute savage wildness of the Perene and Tambo Rivers which led to the Ucayali; I will not accept his

exciting descriptions of wildness everywhere else—as though the oil companies had not for thirty years scoured that country, as though our mutual friends Raymond Russell and Charlie Simmons (he calls the latter Simmonds) had not been among those hundreds who have in recent decades covered most of it for various investigational purposes.

IT IS nevertheless true that the things that happened to Clark can happen in a country within a relatively few miles of where men are planning a multi-million dollar oil development. His descriptions of slavery in the Peruvian bush, of savage Indians, of witch-doctors' mumbo jumbo, of the positive in Indian medicine, of high adventure among aborigines, of travel by canoe and raft, of animal life, are valid and excellent contributions to the literature on that part of the world and hold the reader spellbound. His appendices on dangerous snakes, pharmaceuticals, etc.,

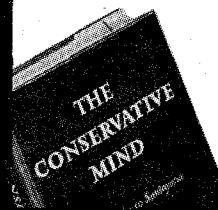
**"To be a
conservative ...
a proud justification"**

—New York
Herald
Tribune



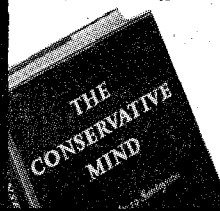
**"A landmark in
contemporary
thinking"**

—Saturday
Review



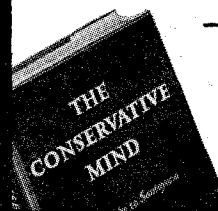
**"Conservatism's
classic road...clear,
uncompromising"**

—Fortune



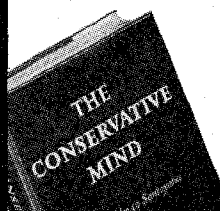
**"Brilliant
and eloquent"**

—New York
Times



**"The wonder of
conservative
intuition"**

—Time



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