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First of the Month



By CLEVELAND AMORY

NOVEMBER was the month of the on-site inspections and the off-year elections, of Krishna Menon and the Monster Mash, of Nixon's farewell to the press and the return of Alger Hiss. As for the elections, the single vote was proved to be not only the only vote that counted—but also, in many cases, the vote that was recounted. Closest of all was little Rhode Island, where just sixty-eight votes (before the absentees were counted) separated John Chafee, Republican, from Governor John Notte, Jr., Democrat. We liked best the unconscious and unpremeditated prediction of an excited Rhode Island newscaster late election night. "Whatever happens," he said breathlessly, "in the Governor's Mansion next January we're going to have a John!"

• • •

During the month we journeyed up to Boston to address the fifteenth annual convention of the Public Relations Society of America. Among our fellow speakers was Dr. Edward Annis, president-elect of the American Medical Association, who spoke out, forceps and scalpel, against Medicare. Dr. Annis also told us of visiting Astronaut Walter Schirra, Jr., shortly after his orbital flight at Cape Canaveral. What, he asked Schirra, was he thinking at the exact moment of blast-off? "Well," replied Schirra, "I was looking down at all that machinery and equipment and rockets and things under me, and I thought, 'Just think—all that power was assembled by the lowest bidder.'"

• • •

At the Massachusetts Institute of Technology the PR men visited the newest PR monster, a "People" machine—one which, Professor Ithiel de Sola explained, was actually used during the 1960 Kennedy campaign. Into it was fed not only statistics but also even "attitudes" toward Catholicism in various areas, and out of it came news, for the Kennedy campaigners, of just how much "penetration" was necessary. For Teddy Kennedy, apparently, the machine got fed up all right—but no one even bothered with the "penetration."

At the Harvard Business School we heard Henry Russell, president-elect of the Carling Brewing Company, make a standing offer of a case of beer to any PR man who could come up with a new name for the term "Corporate Image." No one did—but, we are told, another PR man has already come up with a new name for some people who want to change not only their image but also their name—the National Association of Manufacturers. His suggestion: The Makers of America.

• • •

The No. 1 PR story of the month appeared in *Public Relations Journal*—the story of the boy who, PR trained and off for his first prom, was told by his parents that girls love to be complimented no matter what the circumstance and he was to compliment every girl he danced with. When the young man returned home early in the evening wearing a large black eye received at the hands of a young lady, his parents admonished him. Had he complimented her? "Yeah," the young man replied, he had. Well, his parents wanted to know, what did he say?

"We were dancing around," the young man said, and I gave her a compliment. I said that for a fat girl she sure didn't sweat much."

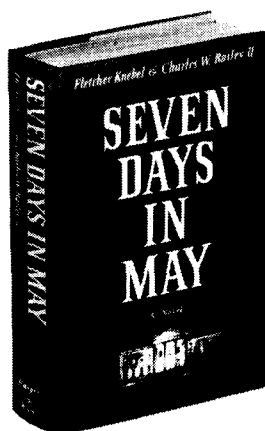
• • •

First honors for PR work at the convention itself, however, went to none of the speakers but instead to a young priest who delivered the invocation at the opening-day luncheon. This invocation, by Father John J. Hever, of St. Joseph's Church, Belmont, Massachusetts, was, as far as we were concerned, the speech of the month:

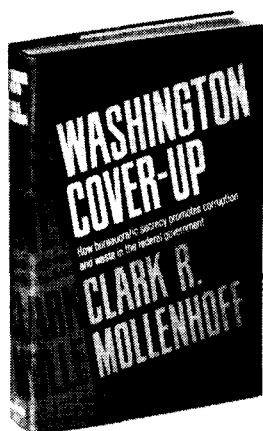
Almighty God, our Father and our friend, we know that your memory of earthly banquet halls is pretty grim, ever since that first Christmas eve when an insolent fellow in a greasy apron at the only hotel in town slammed the door right in your mother's pleading face.

Well, the mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly fine, and here we are today, twenty centuries later, on a continent that the innkeeper never knew existed, speaking a language he never heard, and our very first thought before we sit down to our banquet tables is to

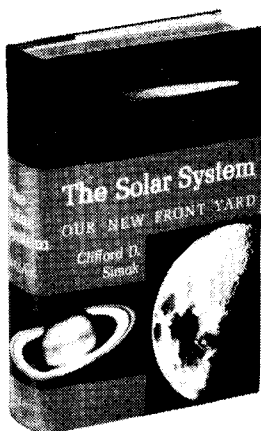
WHAT MAKES A NEWSPAPER GREAT?



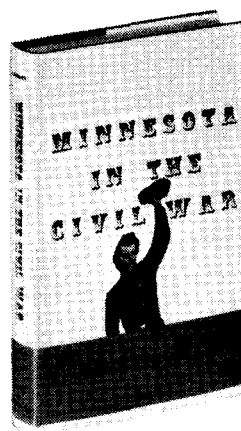
SEVEN DAYS IN MAY, National "Best Seller" by Fletcher Knebel and Charles W. Bailey. A gripping story of a planned takeover of the U.S. government by the military. (Harper & Row) \$4.95



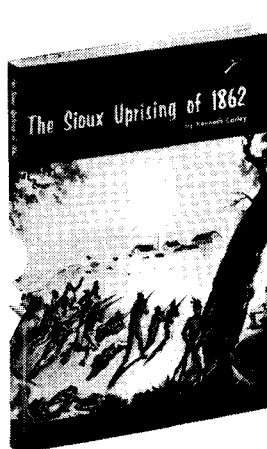
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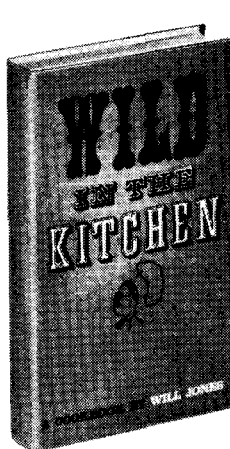
MINNESOTA IN THE CIVIL WAR, by Kenneth Carley. A highly readable, expertly documented account of the important part played by Minnesota troops in the Civil War. (Ross & Haines, Inc.) \$3.95



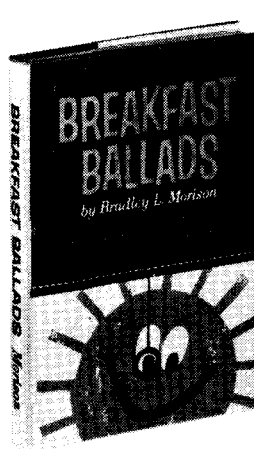
THE SIOUX UPRISING OF 1862 by Kenneth Carley. Text and pictures describing the bloody Indian war in southern Minnesota. (Minn. Hist. Soc.) \$3.75



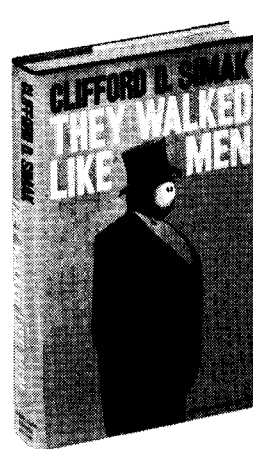
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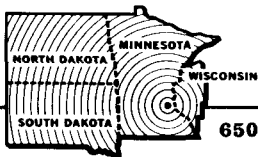
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stand in reverence and salute your undying name.

We are especially happy to make this prayer, O Lord, and we hope you are to hear it because this time we are not in church and not in trouble. As a rule when we speak to you, we are either kneeling against the background of a stained-glass window, or buckling on a life preserver. It is either the routine of religion or the rush call for help. But today it is gloriously different. Today we want you to bless our joy as we stand poised for a few hours of genial festivity. Bless us then, O Lord, and in their goodness, grant that the food may be well flavored, the service smooth, and—if it isn't asking too much—the speeches short. . . .

On the book front we ran into some favorites for our Christmas list. First of all, for the hardy, those two thrillers made of such stern stuff it took two authors apiece to write them, "Fail-Safe" and "Seven Days in May"—to which should be added not one but two books on, of all people, the late John Dillinger, and one of them written by Robert Cromie. For the king-size \$10-and-up kind of Christmas, we recommend your having a look at "The Coffee Table Book of Astrology," edited by John Lynch, "The New England Image," by Samuel Chamberlain, "The White House & Its 33 Families" by Anne LaFollette Jensen, and "The Literary Gourmet," edited by Lyndon Wolfe. Lower in price (\$5.95), primarily for the young, but for older readers too, we recommend "The Adventure of America," edited by John Tobias and Savin Hoeffcker. Also, perhaps less gift, but still not to be overlooked, are "The Unfinished Society," by Herbert Von Borch, "The Community of Scholars," by Paul Goodman, and "The Uses of Ineptitude," by Nicholas Samstag. Then, too, two extraordinary animal books, not to be missed, are "The Dynasty of Abu" (a history of elephants), by Ivan Sanderson, and perhaps the really perfect Christmas gift for all animal lovers, "Prayers from the Ark," translated by Rumer Godden. And, an odd and fascinating entry, also for young and old, is the picture book "Model Soldiers," by Henry Harris. Finally, on the light side, we liked "The City Dwellers," by William K. Zinsser, "The Modern Almanac," by Herb Daniel, and, last but not least, the perfect Christmas title—"Happiness Is a Warm Puppy," by the peerless Charles Schultz.

And, sadly but soaringly, the month will always be remembered as the last one on this earth for the lady who did so much to make it a better place—Eleanor Roosevelt.

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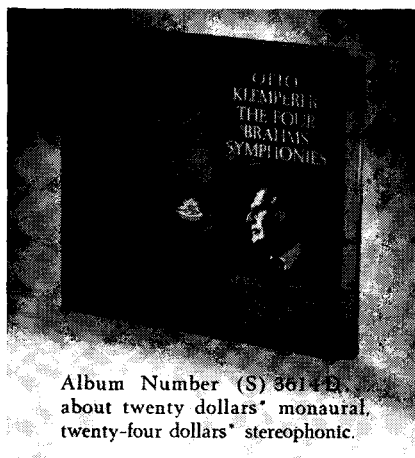
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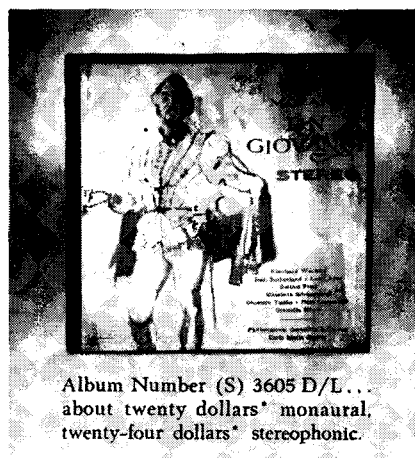
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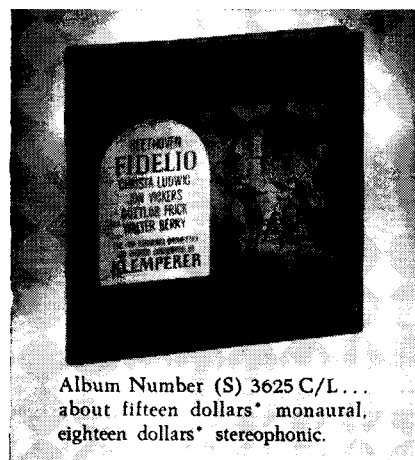
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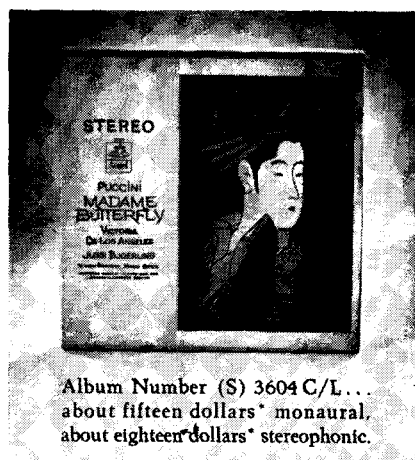
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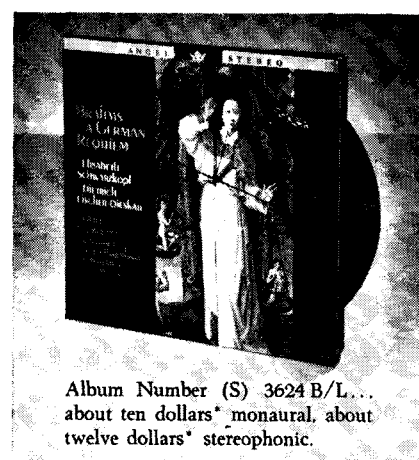
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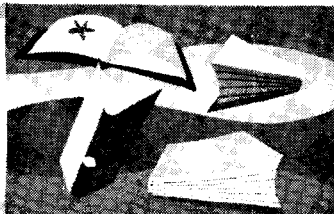


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Trade Winds



NASSAU, BAHAMAS. **ARRIVING HERE** on November 5 is an experience. Firecrackers, rockets, Roman candles, and all the usual appurtenances of our own Fourth of July blast away all night long. There is an orgy of bon-



fires and burning effigies. These effigies are elaborately constructed dummies that give one a fright on first sight—they look so much like the real thing. From a high point on this main island can be seen dozens of these conflagrations.

The natives take great delight in this holiday, because the effigy-burning ritual gives them an opportunity for some harmless retaliation at—well, at whomever they have in mind when they

set the blaze. That might be a public official of Mississippi (they are well aware of such goings-on in the States) or a tourist who failed to cross a palm heavily enough.

HOW MANY OF the burners have Guy Fawkes in mind is something I cannot answer. I do know that several local characters are sure that Guy Fawkes was a member of Blackbeard's crew in the old pirate days. November 5, of course, is Guy Fawkes Day every place in the world where the British flag is or was recently flown. The dummies are called "guys" and the entire celebration is based on the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot in 1605, a fancy plan dreamed up by Fawkes and a half-dozen pals in which the House of Lords would be blown sky-high.

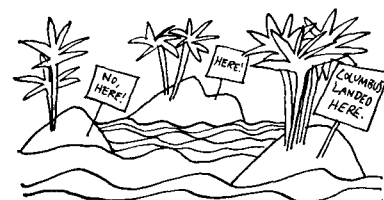
The plot was a complete dud. The conspirators rented the building next to Parliament a year ahead of time. Fawkes, dressed as a butler, called himself "Johnson" and stood guard while his buddies dug a tunnel under the

Parliament building and filled it with barrels of gunpowder. They left the stuff there until November, 1605, when someone squealed. They were all caught and executed. November 5, the honors the day when the House of Parliament did not blow up.

FORTUNATELY, there is a celebration of sorts in Nassau on Columbus Day, as there well might be, since it was right around here that the Admiral of the Ocean Sea first sighted the New World. It was in the dark hours of October 12. He named the island San Salvador. The big question is—which island was it? The argument raged for many years in the nineteenth century, which witnessed renewed interest in Columbus. In 1891 an expedition from the *Chicago Herald* erected a monument on Watling's Island, but there were plenty of people who said it should be on Cat Island. These were the people who were calling Cat Island San Salvador. (Are you still with me?)

In 1926 the Bahamas Legislature attempted a settlement; a law was passed to the effect that Watling's Island was where Columbus made his landfall. That settled Cat Island's goose, and Watling's Island became known as San Salvador. The battle now raged over *where* on the island he had first set foot. There are now at least three sturdy monuments on this little ca- one of them blessed by Samuel Eliot Morison, who should know. Each one marks the spot where Columbus stepped ashore. If you ask the natives, they say that he landed everywhere at one time.

IN A SORT OF Kon-Tiki experiment, some Spaniards are trying to make the 1926 Bahamas Legislature look good. They have built a *Nina II* and they are sailing her from the Old World to the New. They started in August and are recreating the conditions under which the original voyage was made. No radio,



no compass, no nothing. To "prove" that those monuments are on the right sandspit, this *Nina II* was to have come ashore right where the law requires. To greet them, some typical 1492 Indian huts were erected.

October 12, 1962, came and went. No sign of *Nina II*. As of this writing, still no sign. This may give some encouragement to K. Helweg-Larsen, a writer who lives here. He is writing a book to show that Columbus landed on an entirely different island, but

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