



## Moonward Ho!

**P**RESIDENT JOHNSON's Thanksgiving Day decision to rename Cape Canaveral in honor of John Kennedy adds yet another compelling facet of interest to this stark stretch of Atlantic duneland. For years it was only a wasteland roamed by an occasional wildcat, but its emergence as a space center, and its ultimate use as a moonport, have made it one of the prime areas of fascination in the U.S. today. Disneyland, beware.

Oddly enough, Cape Canaveral itself is closed to the public. An offshore sandbar like the Outer Banks—or, for that matter, like Palm Beach and Miami Beach—the Cape is a bulge of land separated from Merritt Island by the Banana River. Merritt Island is separated from the mainland of Florida by the lagoon known as the Indian River. Travelers who come down from the north on U.S. 1 can now cut across a new causeway at the metropolis of Sharp and run eastward, which is to say, seaward over the Indian River, Merritt Island, and the Banana River, in that order, emerging at Canaveral Harbor and Port Canaveral. From that point one can see the Navy ships, including, now and then, a submarine that has been ordered to test its Polaris missile firing devices on the Atlantic Range.

A short ride farther on and the road is barred. A guard turns back all those without credentials, but even those permitted past the gates travel on the understanding that they must carry no cameras, film, or camera equipment, no alcoholic beverages, private firearms, knives, weapons, or personal ammunition. Private radiotelephones must be sealed. Somebody calling his wife from the car telephone might send a man to the moon by mistake.

While all these precautions are considered vital, the exclusion of rubberneckers from the Cape Kennedy work area is based more on traffic hazard than security. The barriers went down for a Sunday test some time ago, and while it had been hoped to open the Cape to visitors in order to give taxpayers a look at what they were buying, the possible entanglements of traffic brought about a more conservative policy. Some 20,000 citizens work on the Cape. Since the entrances and exits are so narrow, quitting time begins at 3:30 and workers are then let off in stages fifteen minutes apart. While the twelve-mile run to Cocoa, where many

of them live, could be made in half an hour, if a bumper-kissing should occur the tie-up could stretch the trip an hour or two and involve 15,000 cars. Visitors who drive over the new causeway or come up from the south will do well to schedule their visits for mid-morning, thus avoiding commuters at both ends of the day.

The tourist belt of the Kennedy Space Center (a new name also ordained by President Johnson) extends from Port Canaveral with its Navy ships, shrimpers, and bottom-fishing party boats southward through fourteen miles of sand-flat space jungle to Patrick Air Force Base. A park laid out by the city at the north end of the string has been named in honor of Alan Shepard, whose shot in May 1961 was first in the string of six manned rocket launchings conducted from the base. The Shepard and Grissom landings went off, it is felt now along the Cape, in a rather bizarre, circus atmosphere. The Glenn shot was delayed so long that the writers and telecasters, who somehow are blamed for the prevalent attitudes, are said to have run out of circus stories. From then on a more serious air prevailed, and by the time of the Schirra and Cooper missions, both of which ended in the Pacific, the mien was austere and workmanlike.

Still, there is plenty that is carny about it all. The decision of the astronauts themselves to sell their stories for profit and their decision to participate in a local motel to which they would contribute one way or another—their occasional presence would be enough—did little to minimize the site's evident commercial flavor. Cocoa Beach, which had contained 256 people a decade ago, now houses 7,500. The hamlet, named for a shipwrecked load of coconuts, now sported a four-story, *avant-garde* bank building of curved glass with an elevator sliding up the side to take patrons to the rooftop restaurant. There, in a glassed-in roost above the money, one could dine while enjoying the night view of a bird taking off for outer space. Even the Four Seasons couldn't offer that. What did it matter that a beautiful avenue of Australian pines had to be removed? Their roots were interfering with the sewer line that had to be installed to meet the needs of the new community.

Remnants of the old circus days are still there, of course. At Alan Shepard Park, where one can enter the beach

and drive on it for seven miles, a hamburger stand has been erected in clear view of the gantries across the water on the Cape itself. The local barracks that offer rooms with a view of the departing birds are called the Vanguard Motel and the Astrocraft. If you can't drive in for a look at the Cape, at least it is not against the law to jump into a helicopter and gaze down upon it. Pilots in glass bubbles with eggbeaters attached stand ready to hoist aloft anyone willing to pay \$5 for the experience. From the commercial pier one can drop coins into a telescope to see what's doing over on the restricted spit. And there is no law against putting to sea for mackerel, blues, or pompano. A good place to stay is the Polaris Motel, just next door to the pier. When the missile-tracking ships with their big ears put to sea, it is time to look skyward. Out along Satellite Beach, as one strand is called, one can fish off the rock breakwater while searching the gantries in the distance for any sign of action.

There is no mistaking the theme along the satellite strip, from the Cape



to Patrick. Those who come in trailers can head for the Celestial Motor Court; single men on a budget might pass a night at the Missile View Men's Dormitory. But even those who live here permanently never veer far from the theme. A front yard decorated with a homemade telescope is not a sight that turns local heads hereabouts.

Cocoa Beach already has eight large motels, including the new Ramada, which, with its 187 units and twenty-three apartments, is the largest in town. Unlike resort centers that flourish to the north and south, Cocoa Beach considers itself no playground, offers no seasonal rates. About \$10 for a single room and about \$12 for a double, give or take a dollar or two, is the standard commercial rate. Some effort has been made to bring in national trade-marks: one motel already has a Schrafft's franchise, and a new Howard Johnson's is in the making. In spite of the rash of rooms that has spread across the beach, accommodations are frequently at a premium. Oddly enough, the motel managers are never really sure why their rooms are being reserved more feverishly than usual. A retired colonel who manages one large motel here was heard putting just such a question to an officer of lesser rank

who was well connected with the secret maneuverings on the Cape. "Say, Major," the colonel pleaded one night, "tell me why I'm filling up so fast, will you? You can trust me. Is there a launching scheduled?"

The news of a launching, if made public, would surely bring some familiar faces to the Cape Colony Motel, 35 per cent of which is owned by the original astronauts. Their portraits hang on the walls of the public rooms, but so, for that matter, do portraits of all the subcontractors involved with the project. If these are the patrons and heroes whose pictures are hung before the public, one would have to accept as good art down here a painting of a Polaris missile rising out of the sea. Besides such decorations, the Cape Colony can also offer, now and then, the sight of an astronaut in person. When the famous names are in town, they stay, of course, at their own motel.

Cape Colony is also the nerve center for the entire press during a major shoot. It provides permanent offices for NBC, CBS, *Life*, the Associated Press, United Press International, and *National Geographic*. The AP office, equipped with nine teletypes, is maintained at all times, and the local correspondent has an apartment on the second deck where he can watch launchings from his living room couch.

With available real estate at something of a premium, hotels and office buildings are beginning to rise on land pumped out of the river last year. One of the newest projects, a fifty-two-story laboratory for assembling Saturn lunar rockets, will have 50 per cent more cubic feet of space than the Pentagon, and will therefore be the largest building in the world.

Now the assembly and launching facilities on the 15,000-acre tract of the Cape and the NASA operations on the 88,000-acre tract of Merritt Island are to be jointly known as the John F. Kennedy Space Center. So far about the only exhibit actually instituted for the public's interest is an outdoor museum of old rockets, displayed in front of the Technical Laboratory of the Air Force Missile Center at Patrick Air Force base. Standing alongside route A1A are such relics as a 1950 Matarador, a 1953 Snark, and a forty-seven-foot-long Bomarc that could reach supersonic speeds and had a range of 200 miles. The problem facing those employed at the John F. Kennedy Space Center nowadays is getting a rocket and a man to the moon, which is 238,860 miles away. The rockets on display now for the benefit of the passing public may only be a decade old, but they are already paleolithic shards.

—HORACE SUTTON.



## TV AND RADIO

### Forecast for the FCC

**T**HE FCC'S New Frontier regulatory posture will not be relaxed in 1964. President Johnson's economy axe may cut the commission's budget modestly and defer some of its projects. And his Administration is likely to be less controversial than John F. Kennedy's. There is also some prospect of a cooling-off period in the agency's relations with broadcasters. These are impressions I gathered on a recent visit to the FCC in Washington.

Chairman E. William Henry was present with other chiefs of the government's regulatory agencies early in December when President Johnson made a speech about re-examining the regulatory role. Many broadcasters' pulses leapt when the President said: "We must concern ourselves with new areas of cooperation before we concern ourselves with new areas of control." Some broadcasters hopefully interpreted that sentence to mean the President wanted cooperation to replace control. An FCC staff member replied, when I asked him what he thought about this, that the President had said "before" not "in place of." The White House, even in normal periods, tends to allow the FCC to run its own show. President Johnson is even less likely to scrutinize the commission's activities while he is facing more pressing foreign and domestic problems and an election.

Of the FCC's seven members, only one, Frederick Ford, is due for reappointment this year. The basic composition of the FCC will remain unchanged—with Commissioners Henry and Cox usually voting for controls, Commissioners Bartley and Hyde for laissez-faire, and Lee and Ford as the swing sector. Commissioner Loevinger, a Democrat, President Kennedy's other recent appointment, seems to favor the Adam Smith corner, where the best of possible worlds grows invisibly in the market place out of allegedly untrammelled competition.

What finally will be done about the number, length, and frequency of commercials? Credit for the original proposal of relief for saturated listeners and viewers rests with Commissioner Lee. He suggested several years ago that the FCC adopt as its rules the provisions governing commercials set by the Code of the National Association of Broadcasters. The industry objected. Newton N. Minow did not at first favor Commissioner Lee's proposal. He sug-

gested instead that the industry be permitted to police its own standards.

Mr. Minow eventually lost faith in an industry do-it-yourself program. When Commissioner Cox joined the FCC, the former chairman served notice that something would have to be done about excessive commercials. Broadcasters thought the issue died when Minow resigned. But Chairman Henry revived it.

The commission heard oral arguments for and against limiting commercials in mid-December. Commissioners Henry, Lee, and Cox were ready to vote for a definitive policy, Ford, Bartley, Hyde, and Loevinger were a negative majority. Commissioner Ford, after much discussion, seemed ready for a compromise with the affirmative minority, but the outcome is still uncertain.

The FCC report on the oral argument proceedings will not end the matter, in any case. The Commission will probably issue a new application form for station license or renewal in 1964. Applicants will be required to indicate the total amount of commercials they will broadcast, their duration, and their frequency.

**A**LL the commissioners are convinced that the FCC has the statutory authority to regulate advertising on TV and radio. In the classic posture of resistance to every regulation, even those that help it in the long run, the broadcasting industry has turned to its protector, Congress. A House Committee has formulated a bill to take away the FCC's authority to limit commercials by rule—but the bill is ambiguous. Congress apparently seeks to appease the broadcasters by instituting measures to "stop" the FCC. At the same time, because irritation over commercials is endemic even among avid television and radio fans, Congressmen are not likely to pass a bill that establishes them as defenders of too many commercials.

The commission is proceeding not by rule but by defined policy on the processing of applications. Congressmen who want the FCC to handle limitation of commercials on a case-by-case basis know that the Commission is made least effective this way. Its standards become loose and lack uniformity. The FCC needs a policy on commercials that serves the public without crippling the broadcasters economically.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.