

FROM WHERE I SIT

By A. E. CAHLAN

Entertaining presidents is an interesting and intriguing business—a novel sort of game because of the uncertainty of the result until the last man is out in the last inning. For presidents MAKE their own schedules. Everything and everybody defers to the exigencies of the demands on the chief executive's time, and understands thoroughly that there can be nothing definite. Time and time come nearer waiting on the least whim of presidents than any other individual.

We're going to entertain the president down here on Boulder dam, one of these fine days. That much seems fairly assured. When, however, is entirely another story. From the looks of things now, it will be somewhere around October first, maybe later, depending on when the chief executive cleans up pending matters in the national capital. We'll know when he's coming probably about three days ahead of the actual arrival of the presidential party. That's short time in which to prepare any kind of a detailed program. However, the president himself seems to have solved that. Doesn't want any fuss and feathers. Just an opportunity to see the great project from stem to stern and then to tell the nation about it in about five minutes time.

Present plans call for arrival of the chief executive here in the morning, and his spending several hours going over the project. A short talk from a vantage point atop the great structure, will be broadcast over National and Columbia networks to the world at large. He will be the only speaker. Whether the hour of the dedeica-

tion will be before or after lunch, has not been decided.

Even conforming to the president's wish, the setting is down there in the canyon for staging a ceremony which the chief executive will always remember. For instance, imagine following the dedicatory address, the wistful strains of "Home on the Range," the president's favorite song, floating softly down from a lone cornetist stationed high on top of the canyon wall—perhaps to be answered by another from the other side. For this IS the range—out where the west still lives—it would be most impressive, ought to stir a warmth in the presidential heart that will come back every time he hears HIS song. One short, inspirational moment like that—perfectly set in the canyon, would be worth more from our own standpoint, than a hundred speeches. For the speeches, including the president's own, of course, would soon be forgotten—the other would be remembered forever.

All too often we are apt to be prosaic in arranging ceremonies of this kind. Too ready to follow some old stereotyped form, when some simple little stunt can be arranged to make it live forever. Know what will be remembered about the Los Angeles Olympic games long after the names of the star performers have dimmed? The massed chorus singing "Star Spangled Banner" and the victory ceremonial following each event.

Some unique incident of this kind would change the dam ceremonial from just another dedication to one that will never be forgotten by any who are present, least of all by the president of the United States.