In an effort to assert congressional control, and Congress's conviction of the continuing value of manned bombers, Vinson's committee has reported out a bill which does not merely make the money available, as in past years, but "directs" the Secretary of the Air Force to spend the money. The committee report elaborates on this: "Lest there be any doubt about what the RS-70 amendment means, let it be said that it means exactly what it says: i.e. that the Secretary of the Air Force, as an official of the executive branch, is directed, mandated, ordered, and required to utilize the full amount of the $419 million authority granted. . . . If this constitutes a test as to whether Congress has the power to so mandate, let the test be made and let this important weapons system be the field of trial."

This raises the question of what Congress could do if it accepted Vinson's proposal and the President then, as he surely must, refused to comply with the Congressional order. The possibilities are pretty horrifying: Congress might, for example, vote a contempt citation against the Secretary of the Air Force, and proceed to try him, under a power which has not been exercised in over a century, in the halls of Congress. Congress could then put him in jail, at least until the end of the Congressional session. Again, it might impeach the Secretary for refusing to spend the money, or impeach his boss, the Secretary of Defense, for refusing to make the money available to the Secretary of the Air Force, or impeach *his* boss, the President, for refusing to make the money available to the Secretary of Defense.

The remedies, in short, are so drastic that they are most unlikely to be used: the most moderate of the formal remedies would be a contempt citation against an Administration official, put through with the intention not of putting the man in jail, but of providing a way to get a test case before the Supreme Court: the official would appeal his contempt conviction on the grounds that he could not be in contempt for refusing to obey the Congressional order because Congress did not have the power to issue the order in the first place. The Supreme Court could then hand down its opinion on the division of power between the legislative and executive branches. Even this less drastic procedure (as opposed to impeachment, from which there is no appeal) is entirely unlikely—for there is little doubt that the Supreme Court would support the President, and the whole procedure would result in the humiliation of Congress, which neither Congress nor the President could want.

What has happened, then, is that Vinson has threatened a struggle he does not have the power to win: Congress is not going to impeach anyone, and the Supreme Court, even if a legal test of the issue is contrived, is not going to hand down a decision which would in effect make Congress clearly superior to the President. Vinson apparently hopes, though, that the threat, with its potential for embittering, to no one's real advantage, the relations between Congress and the Administration will force some sort of concessions from the Administration. Kennedy's indicated tactic is, first, to try to save face for Vinson and Congress by refusing to acknowledge publicly that the issue is a test of strength between the two branches of the government, and, second, privately, to make it unmistakably clear that he feels he cannot give way, and therefore that Congress can gain nothing but may harm the country by forcing a clear test of wills.

The whole affair could provide a useful case history for students of strategy and deterrence.—H.M.

Down at the Cape: The Spectacular Has Become Commonplace at America's Spaceport

With only a few sunbleached "Well Done, John" posters as a reminder of last month's spectacular event, America's best-known piece of waterfront property has gone back to its unique brand of normal.

The big wooden press grandstand overlooking the Mercury launch site sits empty; the nearby motels have illuminated their "vacancy" signs, a sure indication that America's space effort is between extravaganzas, and local cloud formations are, for the time being, no longer of universal concern.

The property involved, of course, is Cape Canaveral, Florida, which, though a relative newcomer to popular knowledge, is now generally regarded as *the* Cape, colloquially overshadowing all the other promontories of the world, Good Hope, Horn, and Cod included.

The 25 scrubby square miles that comprise the Cape were singled out for renown in 1946 when the Joint Chiefs of Staff appointed a Committee on Long Range Proving Grounds to select a site for long-range testing of missiles. The criteria that were employed in the selection left few spots on earth that could fill the bill as well as Cape Canaveral. These included political stability, which meant indefinite U.S. control or ownership; ocean frontage, to reduce the hazard from straying missiles; water transport (Canaveral is on the inland waterway) for conveying construction material, as well as for carrying the missiles from the fabrication plants to the launching pads; adjacent air facilities (Canaveral is next door to Patrick Air Force Base) for rapid transportation of people and equipment; and, finally, proper alignment with a string of land points halfway around the world for taking measurements of long-range flights and avoiding passage over Soviet-controlled territory.

At the time of Canaveral's selection, there was little urgency in the space program; construction did not start for 2 years, and the first launching, a German V-2 coupled to an upper-stage Army rocket, did not take place until mid-1950.

Today, the Cape makes launches of one sort or another almost every week, but the perilous drama of manned space flight has raised the threshold of public interest. Although the space program has a sharp eye for public relations, the people who run the Cape Canaveral end of it are not displeased that most of the time their domain is somewhat like a theater that fills only for spectacular productions.

For Colonel Glenn's flight some 600 reporters were on hand, and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration has not yet recovered from its strenuous efforts to satisfy the demands of each for some exclusive tidbit which would put him above his fellows.

As the world's biggest spaceport—with the possible exception of its secret Soviet counterpart—Cape Canaveral is as distinct from any other piece of this earth as the Port of New York is distinct from the Western Plains.

Standing at its gates are not, as one might expect, the sentries of the Marine Corps, Army, Navy, or Air Force; nor are they federal guards of any sort. The guard duty is carried on by black-and-white suited employees of Pan American World Airways, which, in the military-civilian-commercial mix of the American space effort, is the prime contractor for operating Canaveral and its string of down-range stations.

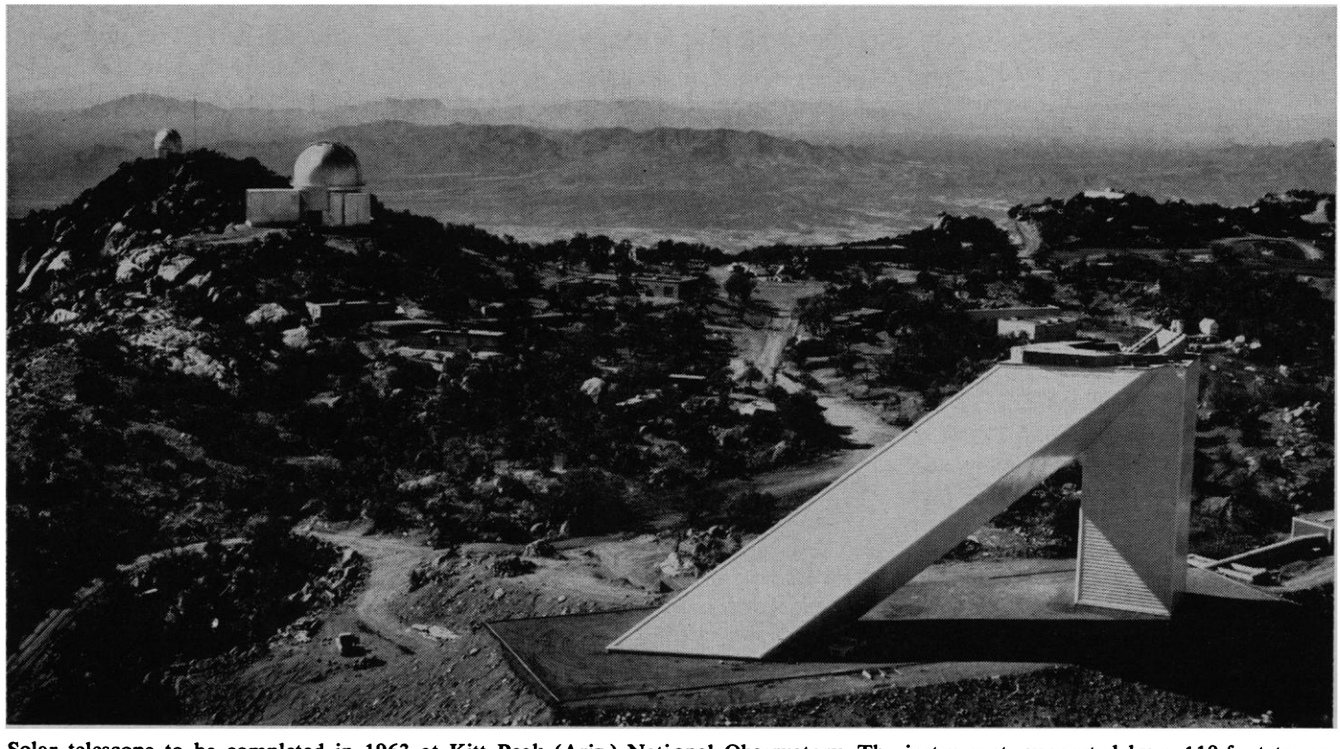
Beyond Pan American, the organiza-

tion charts get to look something like doodle sheets, since PAA, which is really under the Air Force, has farmed out a good deal of the work to the Radio Corporation of America. RCA does the instrumentation and data reduction work on the missile range and is also the principal photographer for the whole operation, including NASA, which has the lion's share of the space budget but which describes itself as just another tenant at the Cape. The Air Force explains officially that PAA was chosen for the job "in line with Air Force policy to use private enterprises for specialized non-military operation." PAA qualified, the Air Force says, because of its extensive experience in running remote stations similar to the many island stations along the Atlantic tracking range. Unofficially, it is noted that the contracting technique is useful for keeping the Air Force within its manpower limitations, and reduces the pain for opponents of federal growth; they may not be happy about the price going up, but their other index of discomfort, an increase in federal employees, remains unchanged.

That the American public now has acquired a taste for only the most spectacular of space feats is illustrated by the relatively little attention paid last week to the launching from Canaveral of one of the space age's most useful and sophisticated payloads: the orbiting solar observatory (OSO). The launch was perfect, making it seven in a row for what is now the workhorse of scientific payloads, the three-stage Delta rocket. OSO, which NASA describes as the first of its second-generation scientific satellites, was designed to make 13 different sun measurements in the first of a series of studies extending over at least one sun cycle. The OSO itself is something of a symbol of the broad base which now supports the space program. Managed by NASA, its prime contractor was Ball Brothers Research Corporation; included in its payload, in separate compartments, are experiments designed by the University of California, the University of Minnesota, the University of Rochester, and NASA's Ames Research Center and Goddard Space Fight Center. The first stage of the launching vehicle was a rocket made by Douglas, the second by Aerojet General and the third by Allegany Ballistics Laboratory, all of which underlines the fact that while Canaveral gets the glory it is only the shooting end of a space establishment that has spread throughout the country.

OSO, according to early reports, is performing satisfactorily, a matter-of-fact way of saying that it is an astonishingly successful piece of equipment. Some NASA engineers say the Mercury capsule is a Tinkertoy device compared with OSO, but, for understandable reasons, unmanned space feats now make poor box office.

The planting of a space port on the once deserted Cape has had an enormous impact on the surrounding area, boosting its population from 23,600 to 111,400 between 1950 and 1960. The real estate trade there is powered by a seemingly inexhaustible booster, the Kennedy Administration's determination to get a man on the moon fast; and America's seven astronauts recently demonstrated their conviction that the boom will not taper off. They have invested a good portion of their earnings from *Life* in a splendiferous motel to be constructed a few miles from their launching pads, making themselves the world's first astronautic hostelers, a feat which the Russians will find hard to match.—D.S.G., *Cape Canaveral.*



Solar telescope to be completed in 1963 at Kitt Peak (Ariz.) National Observatory. The instrument, supported by a 110-foot tower, tracks the sun's image and reflects it down a 480-foot angled shaft to an underground observing room. The image—approximately 1 yard in diameter—may then be photographed or directed to spectroscopes for further study. The observatory also has two stellar telescopes, visible at left in the background. One, controlled by microwave link from Tucson, is being used by personnel of NASA's Goddard Space Flight Center to test their 36-inch Orbiting Astronautical Laboratory. The Kitt Peak facilities are operated for the National Science Foundation by the Association of Universities for Research in Astronomy, Inc. [NSF photo]