

I ask you, gentlemen, are there words to match the eloquence of this picture? [Laughter.]

Again let me describe a chariot race in which fleas, not horses, provide the pulling power. An accurate idea of their incredibly small size can be gotten only by comparison with, well, a fingernail.

The four-engined C-54 leaped skyward, propelled from the short Alaskan runway by jato-assist bottles.

Now look at the actual scene.

The convicted murderer stands before the bar waiting to be sentenced. Now try to visualize how his expression changes from amusement to astonishment, then despair, as he hears the death sentence pronounced.

Now look at him.

Poised for "scrambling" the instant the alarm sounds, men of the Strategic Air Command are shown relaxing as they pass the night in the ready room.

Again, let me show you the actual scene.

Narcotics addiction is an unsolved problem among us. Heroin allows the junkie to escape life's uneven battle. It deadens his desire for wealth, strength, success—even for food. New York's junkies often take their shots on rooftops, where there is less chance of being spotted by the law.

Here is how they look in the actual photograph.

Concentrating on one patient at the Government's Lexington, Ky., narcotic facility, Dr. Glaser's face registers the seriousness with which he regards the problem. What manner of man is he? Shall the words describe him as youthful, tightlipped, bespectacled, tousled?

Well, take a look at him. How much more does this closeup photograph tell you about how this man dedicates himself to helping the patient solve her own problem?

The world-famous Indianapolis 500 auto races are notorious for tragedy, and the recurrence of tragedy, year after year, yet its fascination is irresistible. Let us reverse the procedure now and show the picture first.

Flames spread instantaneously down the track and seem to engulf a whole section of the grandstand in fiery disaster. Dave MacDonald's car hit a wall and burst into flame. Eddie Sachs plowed broadside into MacDonald's car and died in the smoldering ruin of his own cockpit. MacDonald died of burns 2 hours later. But three cars careened safely through the huge fireball—and spectators were spared any serious injury beyond smoke inhalation. This was the story that only words could tell.

The word report says forthrightly enough that an extraordinary assemblage of the world's "movers and shakers" converged on New York City to grapple with a staggeringly ambitious subject: solutions to the eternal human problem of war—or "Peace on Earth," a working title borrowed from Pope John XXIII's "Pacem in Terris" encyclical. What manner of men were they?

United Nations belittler, U.N. defender, delegates from the United States, West Germany, France, Belgium, and Great Britain. Let us see photographs of them in conference. No word report could have been complete without the pictures.