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RADIO CONTINUITY TYPES

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Radio
Continuity Types

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RADIO
CONTINUITY
TYPES

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INTRODUCTION

MORE THAN FIFTEEN YEARS of commercial broadcasting have passed. Already much has been written about the history of the giant infant. More has been written about its prospects. Attention has been devoted largely to retrospect and prospect. Consideration of both is valuable, but perspective is not complete without a view of the active present. Where we have come from and where we are going can be well interpreted only in view of where we are. The present status of one aspect of the radio industry, the field of radio writing, can best be studied by an examination of materials written for broadcast purposes, called radio continuities; and study of these materials should be greatly facilitated by a classification of the various continuity types.

In the early nineteen-fifties, when broadcasting will be twice as old as it now is, it will be interesting to compare the radio continuity types of that time with those which had developed by nineteen thirty-eight. What new types will have developed? What types now in common use will have fallen into little use? These questions will be answered in terms of comparison. The study of literature for reading (as distinguished from literature for stage or platform production) has always made use of chronological comparison; so has the study of literature for speaking, intended for platform or stage. But such comparison is possible only when the types have been classified. The first justification for a classification of radio continuity types, therefore, is a possible historical value.

There is, further, a value in knowing the relationship of part to part in any great activity because of the increased appreciation such knowledge makes possible.

However, possible historical interest and intellectual satisfaction are not the only values which a collection and classification of radio continuity types should have. A more immediate and practical use should be found for students in the study of specimens which have been written by successful script-writers. Imitation need not be the consequence, but careful analysis should lay the foundation for the student's own attempts at writing radio continuity.

This collection of radio continuity types has one major purpose: to represent what continuity types are in common use in nineteen thirty-eight.

THE PROBLEM

The problem of classification has not been an easy one. Manuscripts were sorted and resorted; some very involved classifications were created

and discarded. It was, of course, necessary to distinguish between program types and continuity types. Phonograph records of popular music, for example, constitute a program type, and only the spoken material preceding and following them comes within the province of this volume. Production notes, such as directions for sound effects and musical backgrounds, are a part of a radio script, but are not a part of the continuity proper. At the outset, then, it was clear that the basis for classification need not take account of music or of production items.

Some problems were: Should scripts be classified according to purpose as platform speeches usually are? Should they be classified according to their chronological place in the development of types, which is one method of studying literature for reading? According to structure, as stage plays usually are? According to the audiences for which they are intended?

Specific questions constantly arose, as: Is the "flashback" (explained later) a type or a working technique? Is dramatized news a subdivision of expository speeches or a specialized dramatic form? Or does it constitute a continuity type independent of other forms?

Finally a simple and fairly definitive classification was worked out.

THE CLASSIFICATION

The term "radio continuity" is possibly a misnomer. Radio has clearly appropriated many written forms which are not peculiar to radio at all. The speech, the play, the news summary, in fact almost every type of script that radio employs has a counterpart in other mediums of expression, and sometimes performers use the actual manuscript that has been employed for platform, stage, newspaper or volume of printed literature for reading. A *purely* radio continuity would be a script that could not well be used for any other purpose than broadcasting without drastic alterations in form; it would not read well if you read it silently to yourself; it could not be directly transferred to the stage or screen. Many radio continuities are not pure radio in the sense just described. With slight moderations they may be used for a variety of mediums. But the extent of these very modifications determines whether a manuscript may be classified as a true radio continuity. The test is whether *in this form* the manuscript is well adapted to radio, and better adapted to radio than to any other purpose. Just as a motion picture scenarist can rewrite and replan a novel to suit it for screening purposes and thereby create a true movie scenario, so the radio writer can adapt written materials to broadcasting purposes and produce a true radio continuity.



There is a natural division between manuscripts which are composed of imaginary scenes with the speakers assuming roles other than their own, and those which present the speakers in their own characters. This natural division was adopted as the major basis for classification of radio continuity types.

DRAMATIC CONTINUITIES

The first main division of continuity types, then, includes those manuscripts which are built of scenes, or imaginary situations. The apparent, and usually the real, purpose of such scenes is entertainment. Scenes designed for entertainment are called *dramatic continuities*. If the scenes are related to each other by a story (a connected succession of events, usually in chronological order) or plot (the creation and removal of obstacles to the solution of a problem involving the characters in a story), the *dramatic continuity* is called a *play*.

(Note: The term "sketch" is very loosely used by the radio profession. Sometimes it is meant to cover almost any dramatic form from the simple *skit* to the *revolving plot serial*; sometimes it refers only to simple scenes and short plays as distinguished from longer or more involved dramatic compositions. In order to avoid the confusion which is the result of loose terminology, the term "sketch" has been dropped from this volume.)

PLAYS

Radio plays are of three general kinds: *single-unit*; *serial*; *unit-in-series*.

SINGLE-UNIT PLAYS

A *single-unit play* is complete in one broadcast. The plot is solved, the solution to the problem reached, in one performance, which has no relationship in plot, theme or characters to any other broadcast. Examples of such plays may be heard on the programs Grand Hotel, Lux Radio Theater (many of these are adaptations, but this fact does not alter the classification), Lights Out and the First-Nighter.

SERIALS

A serial is a play which is continued from one broadcast to another. The story is not complete in one performance. Serials are of two types: those with an *ultimate conclusion* or eventual plot solution; those with *revolving plots*. In an *ultimate conclusion serial* the story is rounded out and brought to solution in two or more broadcasts (seldom more than thirteen, the standard broadcast contract period). The *revolving plot serial* continues indefinitely in a series of broadcasts. In contrast to the *ultimate conclusion serial* it does not usually have any one main

plot running throughout; a series of difficulties arises, jointly or successively; before one is completely brought to solution another has arisen. The characters of the *revolving plot serial* are usually more important than the plot because of the impermanent and shifting nature of the latter. Amos 'n' Andy, Lum and Abner, Painted Dreams, The Rise of the Goldbergs, One Man's Family, The House of Glass, are a few examples of this popular continuity type.

A variation of these plot-structural methods is the serial in which the same characters are taken through a series of successive ultimate solutions. For instance, Orphan Annie might go on a trip to Africa and have trouble with an unknown enemy. When the enemy has been discovered and conquered one complete story about Orphan Annie has been told. When Annie arrives back in her home town and joins the fight to build school spirit, another plot has begun. Easy Aces seems to fall into this category of *series of solutions*. Usually, however, some element from the preceding plot is carried over into the new situation, so that most programs which appear to be a *series of solutions* are really *revolving plot serials*.

UNIT-IN-SERIES

The third type of play, *unit-in-series*, consists of a series of separate plays with the same general theme or subject matter. A plot is completed with each broadcast, and the same characters may or may not be used in successive broadcasts. The essential feature of the *unit-in-series* is a constant focus of theme and a continuous subject matter. A series of plays about a person, a series taking place in a specific geographical area, or a series about a particular period of history is a *unit-in-series* type of radio dramatic continuity. Each play in the series is complete in itself, but together the units of the series constitute a comprehensive study of subject matter or appreciation of theme. Roses and Drums, The Life of Stephen Collins Foster, Cavalcade of America, and the plays about Sing-Sing with Warden Lawes are examples.

Any of these three types of plays, *single-unit*, *serial* or *unit-in-series* may have any number of variations in form and techniques:

Straight Plays. A straight play is one in which scene follows scene in logical, usually chronological, succession. An announcer introduces the program and the play proceeds. The announcer may add a detail or two during the play to help set the stage or clarify shifts of time. The total plot action is within the scenes themselves; the scenes tell the story and no dependence is placed on explanatory material external to the scenes. Very few plays, however, are really *straight* in the sense of being without a *narrator*, *flashback* or *frame*.

Plays with Narrators. A narrator is more than an announcer. He actually summarizes action which is not dramatized; his lines are, therefore, a part of the play continuity itself. Without the material which he gives the play could not be understood. Frequently it is really he who tells the stories and the scenes amplify what he says.

(Note: Narrators are also used in utilitarian hybrids, explained later, in order to aid in exposition. "Narrator" is another term which is used loosely in current writings about radio. This classification prefers to make a clear distinction between a narrator and an announcer. The narrator is *a part of the program*, giving action or facts which *carry forward* the plot or idea. An announcer is *apart from the program* itself (the play, talk or music); he sets the stage, giving peripheral data, such as program title, performers, etc. Even with this distinction between a narrator and an announcer, some overlapping of function will be discovered.)

Flashbacks. A scene which "fades into" another scene, only to "fade out" and bring the listener back to the original scene is called a *flashback*. A mere shift of scene from one place to another and then back to the original place does not necessarily constitute a *flashback*. The emerging scene is usually within a single conversation, which conversation is a part of the orderly, straight procedure of the play itself. The *flashback* is, therefore, a scene within a scene. For example, a character in a play might be telling about a past incident; his voice fades out, the past incident is dramatized (the scene constituting a *flashback*) and the voice fades back in, continuing the original conversation. In Famous Jury Trials attorneys may be questioning a witness, and the witness' answer is given to the audience in the form of a *flashback*.

Framed Plays. A *frame* is a setting, situation, or characterization which "surrounds" a play, having no part in the plot of the play itself. At least two kinds of *frames* are much used: the *geographical* and the *personal*. A *geographical frame* exists when the physical setting within which the play takes place has no part in the play but helps determine the nature of it, as a Little Theater Off Times Square, a Show Boat or a Town Hall. The *frame* "surrounds" the play by being mentioned before and after it, even sometimes between scenes. Sound effects usually aid the listener in visualizing the *geographical frame*. A *personal frame* employs a character (as distinguished from a straight narrator), heard before, after and sometimes during the play. He may tell the story, and the scenes of the play come as *flashbacks*. The Old Ranger, for example, is a *personal frame* for Death Valley Days, although Death Valley is the *geographical frame*. The First Nighter, too, is a *personal frame* for the Little Theater Off Times Square, but he does not tell the story; his presence helps give the Little Theater atmosphere and a greater effect of unity to the entire broadcast.

SKITS

Skits are plotless scenes. Comedy team scripts, for example, come under this category. A skit need not be humorous, however. Some rather ingenious brief plotless dramatizations have been worked out in variety shows as mediums for guest actors to demonstrate their ability. The Vic and Sade program is really a series of skits.

ADAPTATIONS

A radio *adaptation* is a manuscript based upon, often closely following, a short story, novel, musical show, opera, or reading, rewritten for broadcast purposes. Adaptations may, of course, be *single-unit* (as the Radio Guild plays frequently are), *serial* (as Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch), or *unit-in-series* (as a series of plays taken from the Arabian Nights Tales.) They may be presented in any of the standard variations. They are, however, listed as a separate type in this classification in order to distinguish them from continuities written originally for radio, unhampered by the limitations of mediums of expression other than radio.

TALK CONTINUITES

A *talk continuity* is distinguished from a *dramatic continuity* by form and purpose. In form, it is not an imaginary scene; the speakers do not assume roles other than their own; they speak directly to the listeners or to each other in their own characters. A *dramatic continuity* has entertainment as its purpose; a radio *talk continuity* is utilitarian in purpose. It may seek to make an idea clear, to convince the listeners of a certain point of view, to persuade them to take a particular action or simply to impress them. Straight talks which have this last purpose are usually associated with specific occasions, such as anniversaries and celebrations. Of course, much overlapping in purposes is apparent in many manuscripts.

Sometimes a talk form has entertainment as its main purpose. In such a case it should not be considered a *talk continuity*, all of which are by definition utilitarian in purpose; it logically belongs in the specialty group, discussed later.

All radio *talk continuities* may vary according to four factors; purpose, audience, occasion, audience participation.

Purpose affects not only the selection of materials, but their arrangement, and often the style of the *talk continuity*.

Selection, arrangement and style vary, too, according to the audience for which the talk is intended, general or specific, old or young, male or female.

The occasion upon which a *talk continuity* is delivered must be con-

sidered because the purpose, materials, structure and style are determined not only by whether the occasion of the delivery is in the nature of a celebration or anniversary, but also by whether the speaker is addressing a face-to-face audience as well as the radio listeners. If an audience is present with the speaker while he is speaking by microphone to a radio audience, the audience to which he especially addresses his remarks is known as the *immediate* audience, and the other as an *incidental* audience.

The listening radio audience may participate in a *talk continuity* in many ways. During the broadcast they may participate by such activities as taking down a recipe, following directions for setting-up exercises, or playing a tuba when told. The part the audience plays in the preparation of a *talk continuity* may involve submitting requests, questions for discussion, questions to be answered, an entry in a contest, or any similar participation by mail or telephone.

Any of the *talk continuities* may involve a *demonstration* in which the speaker's words are expanded by aural illustration. For example, a description of the tone of a cello may be followed by some phrases played on a cello; a statement that a composer's work is marked by a heavy rhythm may be followed by the playing of a composition which illustrates the statement aurally.

Seven general categories comprise the *Talk Continuity* group.

STRAIGHT TALKS

A *straight talk* is spoken by one person. It is in the nature of a speech.

INTERVIEWS

An *interview* involves two people talking to each other. One person, it is assumed, knows the material which the talk concerns; the other elicits the material by questions and comments.

Interviews are of two types: *authority* and *personality*. In an *authority interview* the questioner is talking with a person who is an expert in a particular field. The material of the broadcast, then, is subject matter within that field. A *personality interview* confronts the interviewer with a well-known person who is then expected to give some human interest material about himself rather than information in some field of knowledge. Frequently, of course, *interviews* combine *authority* and *personality* subject matter in the same script.

DUOLOGUES

A *duologue* is distinguished from an *interview* by the mutual exchange of information and ideas on the part of the participants. Neither party is assumed to bear the major weight of authority; both members are in-

formed in the field under discussion and by means of a conversation make that information known to the radio audience. A *duologue* involves only two speakers and is almost always in the *authority* category. This type of continuity is called a *duologue* to avoid confusion with the term "dialogue", which applies to any conversational exchange whether in a dramatic or a talk continuity. Probably the best-known series of *duologues* was the Washington Merry-Go-Round program.

ROUND-TABLES

When a third person is added to a *duologue* the continuity type becomes a *round-table*. Usually no more than three or four people participate in a *round-table*. Each participant presents some point of view on the topic under discussion and the general form and spirit are those of a conversation rather than a series of brief speeches. The University of Chicago Round-Tables have probably received more attention than any other series.

DEBATES

If the discussion of a topic by two or more people becomes argumentative in nature, so that views are not simply compared, but each speaker attempts to defend his own contentions and disprove those of the other speakers, the discussion is called a *debate*.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The term *announcement* is generic and includes many variations. Three general groupings include the most common.

STRAIGHT DELINEATIVE

These are the simple statements which inform a listener of what is to come or what has just occurred in a broadcast, whether the program is music, speakers, a play, a review or any other program type. *Straight delineative announcements* round out a program, effect transitions and tie the program elements together in a unified broadcast.

STRAIGHT COMMERCIAL

Straight commercial announcements state the merits of a sponsor's product and urge the listeners to purchase it.

EXPOSITORY, INTERPRETATIVE, COMMENTARY

Many announcements do more than simply state the order of events in a broadcast. Explanatory information might be given; for instance, the announcer might tell the audience some facts about the musical composition next to be played, or about its composer; in this case, the announcement is *expository*. If the significance of, or reactions to a program

item are pointed up, the announcement has become *interpretative*, and is usually stated in descriptive terms. When evaluation becomes a part of the announcement, as when an opera observer announces the program and keeps the audience informed as to how well things are going, the continuity type has become a *commentary announcement*, closely allied to *on-the-spot news*, defined later.

Other types of announcements, for example punning on musical titles, are so numerous and varied that they defy classification.

THE TIMELY GROUP

Talk continuities which have current or recent events, trends, or conditions as the subject matter are classified as *timely*. *News*, *reviews*, and *reports* make up the *timely group*. Roughly, it may be said that *news* concerns current events, *reviews* concern current trends, and *reports* concern current conditions.

News broadcasts tell about current or recent events. *Straight news flashes* are periodic statements of recent happenings. *Periodic summaries* attempt to summarize developments in events; it is not enough for the summarist to tell that an incident has occurred; he attempts to trace developments during the period since his last regular broadcast, which may have been yesterday, or a week ago. The *news commentator* gives his reactions to current events, his opinions and ideas; or he may give an informational background to the listener for a better understanding of the news; he may interpret a news item or point out its significance by showing its relationship to other news, or by giving a historical summary of the events which led up to it. Sometimes, during an important event, a microphone is carried to the location in which the event is taking place, such as a football field or even the edge of a battle-field; such a broadcast is *on-the-spot news*. If two or more microphones are placed at strategic points, so that more than one *on-the-spot* newscaster can report the event from different vantages, as during a parade, a Coronation or a flood, the broadcast is an *on-the-spot relay*. Not infrequently news is *for special audiences*, as news for farmers, or news for women. If the subject matter is restricted to a particular field, the script is a *news specialty*, as News of Hollywood, Home Town Headlines, or Education in the News.

A *review* of current trends may concern, for example, items about style in clothes. Specific developments, not really news events but related to a current trend, such as a play or book, may be the subject of a review.¹

¹ Reviews of old books and plays could hardly be classed as timely material unless the reviewer showed the relationship of the book or play under discussion to current trends. This is, admittedly, a weakness in the definition that "Roughly, it may be said

Reports may concern weather, road construction, market status, or any similar condition.

HYBRIDS

Probably the *hybrids* are the most distinctly radio continuities. The *hybrid* method was developed largely within the radio activity, seems particularly adapted to broadcasting, almost always heightens the effect of a broadcast when used, and is not easily adaptable to other mediums of expression.

A *hybrid* fuses continuity types. It combines methods of presentation. In general, the *hybrid* is a cross between dramatic and talk continuity methods. In particular, it might be a cross between any sub-divisions of either group. How numerous the possible combinations are can only be guessed, but at least a few have already sprung into prominence and common use.

Utilitarian dramas perform the purpose of a straight talk by presenting the material in scene form; for example, safety and precautions around the household might be effectively outlined in a play which takes place in a household. *Dramatized news* gives recent events in scene form; the scenes are usually tied together by a narrator. An interview might fade into a scene which dramatizes the material or incident about which the interview participants are talking, and a *dramatized interview* result. A *dramatized review* might fade into an interview, or an interview into a *dramatized debate*; the whole program might be delineated with *dramatized announcements*, and a product may be advertised by the same device.

The *hybrid* and *specialty* groups are the gestation areas for future developments in radio continuity types.

NOVELTIES AND SPECIALTIES

To this category is relegated all those continuities which have not come into wide enough usage to justify their classification as definite types, and those which depend upon the personality of the performer or upon the method of production for success. Examples of such continuities are story-telling, dramatic reading, spelling bees, amateur contests, information contests, the man-on-the-street and all its variations, solo comedians and guessing programs.

VARIETY SHOWS

Many programs include a number of different continuity types. Music is usually the foundation for variety shows, but the program may include

that . . . reviews concern current trends". However, as long as most reviews are timely, it does not seem very important whether other reviews are classified here or along with straight expository talks.

a play, an interview, a comedy team, and even a straight talk. A variety show might also include any of the *hybrid* forms, in fact any of the possible continuity types. These scripts are all combined in one manuscript, the *variety show continuity*, which is really a collection of separate scripts, and, therefore, to be distinguished from the *hybrid*, which fuses types.

A master of ceremonies is usually in charge of a variety show; his functions are those of an announcer, somewhat of a narrator and often an interviewer; further, he is expected to add some unusual personality element to the program, or contribute an individual method of handling the show.

* * *

The manuscripts in this volume include some of the most successful work that has been done in broadcasting, and some that are included only to represent a type. No effort has been made to indicate scripts which might be considered the best work, but all have achieved some measure of success. The object of this collection is to represent what is being done, not how it should be done.

A few sentences before each script are designed to help clarify the type. The classification is given below in outline form.

- | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> I. <i>Dramatic continuities</i> A. Plays <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Single-units 2. Serials <ul style="list-style-type: none"> a. ultimate solution b. revolving plot 3. Unit-in-series B. Skits C. Adaptations | } | { | Form may vary according to whether the play is straight
with narrator
with flashback
framed
personal
geographical
or any combination thereof. |
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> II. <i>Talk continuities</i> A. Straight talks B. Interviews <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Authority 2. Personality C. Duologues D. Round-tables E. Debates F. Announcements <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Straight delineative 2. Straight commercial 3. Expository, interpretative, commentary G. The timely group <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1. News <ul style="list-style-type: none"> a. straight news flashes | } | { | May vary according to purpose
audience
occasion
or
audience participation
demonstration |

- b. periodic summaries
- c. commentaries
- d. on-the-spot news
- e. on-the-spot relays
- f. news for special audiences
- g. news specialties
- 2. Reviews
- 3. Reports
- III. *Hybrids* (A fusion of forms or structures)
 - (Examples)
 - utilitarian dramas
 - dramatized news
 - dramatized interviews
 - dramatized announcements
 - dramatized reviews
 - dramatized debates
- IV. *Novelties and Specialties*
- v. *Variety Shows* (A collection or combination of continuity types in a single unified program)

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ACKNOWLEDGMENT

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DRAMATIC CONTINUITIES

ROSES AND DRUMS

The Invasion of Pennsylvania

UNIT-IN-SERIES PLAY

The *Roses and Drums* series portrayed different aspects of the same subject matter, the American Civil War. The plays in the series were united not only by general background, but by an underlying theme, unstated, that historical events have a personal and romantic side. The events around which the plays were written are based on fact; the situations and stories woven into the historical fabric were largely imaginary. Permission for publication kindly given by The Union Central Life Insurance Company.

ROSES AND DRUMS

The Union Central Life Insurance Company

5:00-5:30 P.M.

March 5

Sunday

Theme

*MASTER OF CEREMONIES. Union Central Life presents . . . "Roses and Drums" . . . starring Bert Lytell in the Part of the gallant Southern cavalry leader, General J. E. B. Stuart.

This is another episode in the Romances of the War Between the States . . . its title . . . "The Invasion of Pennsylvania."

Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses *Orchestra*

MASTER OF CEREMONIES. Perhaps the most famous cavalry leader of American history is the young and dashing Jeb Stuart, hero of unnumbered raids upon the Union army and of three rides entirely around the Federal forces. Stuart's family personified disruption of America during the war of the sixties. He was a Virginian, married to a Virginia girl, and fighting for the Confederacy, while his father-in-law also a Virginian, battled for the North. To play the part of Jeb Stuart in today's presentation, the sponsor of this program has chosen Bert Lytell, famous star of stage and screen, noted for his performances in "The Valiant" and other successes.

On to the play!

(Drums . . . War Tunes)

MASTER OF CEREMONIES. When the war began, two students at the Virginia Military Institute were in love with the same Virginia girl, Betty Graham of Winchester. One of them Randy Claymore, a Virginian, joined the southern army. The other, Gordon Wright from Ohio, joined

* Narrator.

the army of the North. Each rose to the rank of captain. Each continued to love Betty, who, as a resourceful and courageous spy, assisted the southern commanders. Destiny and the fortunes of war threw them together, separated them, united them again. Their lives were inextricably bound up with the movements of armies, the outcome of battles, the workings of grand strategy.

(Medley of "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie")

MASTER OF CEREMONIES. Today—meet J. E. B. Stuart, "Jeb" to his tanned troopers and to a worshipping Confederacy! A strapping, just-under-six-footer, with a flowing brown beard, up-curling mustache, and merry blue eyes. In a hat, the brim of which is pinned back with a golden star, he sports a long black feather; from his shoulders floats a red-lined cloak. A yellow sash girdles his waist . . . on his high boots are spurs of gold. Jeb Stuart—a major general at thirty—chief of Confederate cavalry!

(Horses hoofs. Stuart sings few bars of "J-i-n-e the Cavalree.")

MASTER OF CEREMONIES. It is June, 1863. The dauntless South once more plans invasion northward. Across the Potomac are Yankee food and clothing which Lee's gaunt and ragged veterans sorely need. Moreover, an offensive may force Hooker's army back to protect Washington. A decisive victory may even bring about recognition of the Confederacy by cautious European states. Thus reasons Richmond—Confederate capital!

Lee has decided he will cross his infantry over the Potomac at Williamsport and Shepherdstown. Reluctant to be separated from his cavalry, who are his eyes and ears, he is puzzling about where the cavalry shall cross when Stuart proposes a bold course. Lee hesitates, then approves, as does cautious General Longstreet, on condition that Stuart maintain communications with Ewell. Jubilant, Stuart orders three brigades—under Wade Hampton, Fitzhugh Lee, and Chambliss—to a night rendezvous. On June 24th the three commanders, all ignorant of their mission, await Stuart in camp, during a pouring rain.

(Steady pour-pour of rain on canvas. Not loud but incessant.

Then—rising above this louder and louder a voice singing . . .

"J-i-n-e the Cavalree-e". Singing breaks off short)

STUART. *(Jubilantly)* Gentlemen!

HAMPTON. *(Wade Hampton speaks always in the voice of a great gentleman and seems somewhat older than the rest)* Hail, Horseman!

CHAMBLISS. *(Chambliss, worried about the outcome of this mad expedition always speaks soberly and sounds the ominous note)* Good evening, General Stuart.

FITZ LEE. *(Fitz Lee's voice is always rollicking)* Where have you been? Swimming?

STUART. (*Gaily*) Just a little rain I ordered, Fitz. Nothing like a good night rain to save a man taking his morning bath. (*Laughs*)

FITZ LEE. (*Laughing*) We'll have to hang you up to dry, before we start . . . for wherever we're going.

STUART. No time for drying, Fitz, we're breaking camp before sun-up.

HAMPTON. Where?

CHAMBLISS. Which way?

FITZ LEE. What for?

STUART. (*Pretending mystery*) Just going for a little ride, gentlemen. Just another little horseback ride.

HAMPTON. Another raid!

FITZ LEE. Against the Yankees!

STUART. (*Exultantly*) Around 'em, Fitz. We're going to ride around the whole blue Union army. Just like we did down on the Chicahominy. Here! I'll show you. Where's a map? Orderly!

ORDERLY. Here it is, sir.

(*A dry, loud rustle as paper is unfolded and spread excitedly upon a table*)

STUART. (*Continuing*) Thanks, Now . . . here's the way of it. We'll sneak through Glassock's Gap, here, south of Aldie; slip right between Hooker and Washington, trek north raising all the hob we know how, and join General Lee in Pennsylvania. *York, Pennsylvania!* That's our rendezvous. With Ewell's command!

FITZ LEE. Perfect! We'll scare old Joe Hooker out of a year's growth!

STUART. Two years' growth, Fitz!

HAMPTON. What a ride, Jeb!

CHAMBLISS. (*Emphatic*) But look here, gentlemen! We'll be out of touch with General Lee for several days. And just when he needs cavalry for scouting! It's mad, sir!

STUART. But listen, Chambliss. General Lee himself said "Go!" when I proposed it. And he'll have enough cavalry to guard the passes of the Blue Ridge. I'm leaving Robertson's and Jones' brigades. And the army has Imboden and Jenkins. That's eight thousand sabres altogether. *I'm* only taking 4500. And six field pieces.

CHAMBLISS. But aren't you going to maintain any communications with Lee?

STUART. (*Cheerfully*) Probably not. Lee really won't need us—not for a while. (*Gaily*) And what a picnic it's going to be! Washington'll have to take to the cyclone cellars.

FITZ LEE. We ought to telegraph Abe Lincoln to have some good mules ready.

HAMPTON. And think of those tender Yankee turkeys. . . . Um-m-m.

CHAMBLISS. (*In surly tones*) Turkeys! We'd do better to think of Lee, gentlemen!

STUART. Ohh! Which reminds me. . . I left that young captain standing out there in the rain. (*He calls*) Hi, you, Claymore, Swim in here!

RANDY CLAYMORE. (*Fading in*) Coming, General.

STUART. Gentlemen, Captain Claymore!

FITZ LEE. Evenin'!

HAMPTON. Welcome, sir.

CHAMBLISS. How do you do, Captain Claymore?

RANDY. Your servant, sirs.

STUART. (*Chuckling*) And a servant just spoiling for a fight. Claymore, gentlemen, thinks he has a sin to expiate. He's on special detail from General Lee . . . gathering information on Yankee positions. So he's coming along with us.

FITZ LEE. Well, if it's information you want, young man, you're with the right troops this time.

CHAMBLISS. Yes, and plenty of fighting too.

RANDY. Yes, sir!

STUART. (*Calling*) Sweeney! Sweeney! Hey, you black rascal. Where are you?

SWEENEY. (*Fading in*) Heah ah is, General Stuart.

STUART. Dust off that banjo, Sweeney.

SWEENEY. Ah guess yo' means *dry it off*, General.

STUART. Captain Claymore, you're looking at the best hand with a banjo anywhere.

SWEENEY (*Tuning up banjo*) Don' let the General exaggerate yo' suh. Ah's just a fair hand, just a fair hand. But for what ah is, ah's thankful. Cause it's 'count o' mah banjo General Stuart keeps me with him, I reckon!

STUART. Plunk away, Sweeney. And you know the only song to start off a raid.

SWEENEY. Yas, suh! Everybody sing!

(*The banjo twangs and all sing "Jine the Cavalree"*)

CHAMBLISS (*Over music*) Sing, Sing, you light-hearted idiots—but there'll be more fighting than fun this time, I reckon! 4500 Confederate troopers riding against a hundred thousand Yanks.

STUART. Croak away, Chambliss. You can't spoil our song (*Laughs*)

(*The others continue song, CHAMBLISS joining. Then the banjo music and the voices fade out, blend with orchestra . . . Music up . . . Orchestra picks up "J-i-n-e the Cavalree."*)

ACT ONE . . . SCENE TWO

MASTER OF CEREMONIES. So Jeb Stuart began another of his famous raids. But this one was not to be an unbroken one. The Union Army, under fighting Joe Hooker, which should have been idling in camp as Lee began his great advance towards Pennsylvania, was also swinging toward the Potomac. Stuart thus finds his road blocked by blue columns. And now . . . at midnight, forty-eight hours later, at Rowser's Ford, he decides to cross the Potomac. The men pause on the banks of the flooding river.

(Several horses shifting restlessly on soft ground. The deep boiling flow of a river at flood)

RANDY. *(To his restless horse)* Who-o-a!

CHAMBLISS. Drat the mud!

STUART. *(To his horse)* Steady-y-y!

RANDY. *(Apprehensively)* The rains have certainly made the river high, General. Swift, too. It'll be a long, hard swim for the horses.

STUART. *(Laughing)* We'll swim her. We'd swim her if she was higher'n Abe Lincoln's stovepipe hat.

RANDY. *(Boyishly admiring)* When you talk like that, General, you make me believe we will, too. . . . *(Clatter of approaching hoofs)*

Courier. *(Fading in)* General Stuart, Sir!

FITZ LEE. A courier, Jeb!

CHAMBLISS. Probably bringing bad news.

COURIER. *(Excited)* Message from General Wade Hampton, Sir. He says he's got across the river by the skin of his teeth; but he doesn't think *you'll* ever make it with the artillery.

STUART. *(Laughing aloud)* Tell that to Sweeney. We'll get the guns over, won't we, Chambliss?

CHAMBLISS. I wish I knew how.

STUART. Easy! Easy! We'll lighten each gun carriage by unloading the ammunition, then we'll hitch on four extra horses, and the pieces will float over like dry chips.

CHAMBLISS. But the ammunition. . . . We'll never get that across!

STUART. Yes, we will! A shell to each trooper. A little explosive baby to cuddle and keep dry. . . . Claymore! You get down to the ford and boss the crossing. Make the riders enter the water in small groups and widely separated. No bumping into each other and getting drowned. Get 'em across without loss and I'll give you half a cherry pie.

RANDY. Yes, sir. But where'd you get the cherry pie?

STUART. Stole Hampton's. Some nice ladies served it to him for breakfast. Then some Yanks came along. He had to chase them. And while he was chasing, Sweeney bagged the pie.

RANDY. Well, I'm off, Sir.

STUART. Good luck, Claymore!

(Randy Claymore's horses hoofs fade out)

CHAMBLISS. General Stuart, I must confess I find you amazing. As gay as a lark no matter what threatens. The greater our peril, the gayer you grow.

STUART. No credit to me, Chambliss. It's Sweeney's music. Hi Sweeney! Call Sweeney, you troopers.

FIRST VOICE. *(Close and loud)* Hi, Sweeney!

SECOND VOICE. *(Quite distant)* Hi, Sweeney!

THIRD VOICE. *(Very faint)* Hi, Sweeney!

SWEENEY. *(In close)* *(Chuckling at the joke on the general)* Right here, General! Ah been snoozin' right at yo' elbow.

STUART. Oh, have you! Well, get to plunking, you black rascal. Play a song to keep these soldiers' minds off the wetness.

SWEENEY. Yes, suh, General. Ah'll play 'em ma *new* song.

STUART. *(Mystified)* Your *new* one?

SWEENEY. Listen, General.

(He begins to play softly "Maryland, My Maryland")

STUART. You faker! *That's* not new!

SWEENEY. But wait for the words, General. Listen:

(He sings)

Now Bob Lee's heel is on thy shore,

Maryland, My Maryland!

His scouts are at the stable door.

Maryland, My Maryland!

You won't see your old horse no more

We'll ride him till his back is sore,

And then come back and get some more.

Maryland, My Maryland

(Song fades)

(The music along with Stuart's approving shout of laughter. Music take up song.)

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KENRAD UNSOLVED MYSTERIES

Seance at Brockman Manor

ULTIMATE SOLUTION SERIAL

The *Kenrad Unsolved Mysteries* is unique in that each broadcast gives parts of two stories, the conclusion to a story begun in a previous broadcast and the beginning of a new story. The part of the broadcast devoted

to the new story sets the stage, establishes the plot and gives all of the clues necessary for the solution of the mystery. The listener participates by attempting to solve the problem on the basis of the information he has been given. Parts of two broadcasts, a complete play, are given here. Dr. Kenrad is a personal frame. The continuity suggests the hybrid classification because the solution is given in interview form. However, the interview is an imaginary situation with a created character, and hence stays within the purely dramatic type. Note the data which precedes the continuity itself, and the form of the manuscript. The squared words at the middle of the page are for checking, according to the person for whom a particular copy is intended.

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KENRAD UNSOLVED MYSTERIES

WLW Continuity

ANNOUNCER	PRODUCTION	MUSIC	SOUND	CONTROL	CAST
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Client: KenRad Tube and Lamp Corp.

Day: Sunday

Date: Feb. 7

Time: 10:30 P.M.

Script: No. 214

Writer: Edward Carder

ANNOUNCER. "Seance at Brockman Manor."

(The gong.)

ANNOUNCER. The time: Eight o'clock at night. . . . The place: Brockman Manor—Home of the Eccentric Professor Carl Brockman.

(The gong.)

(The howl of wind.)

LOUISE. (*Very cold*) Hurry, Charles! Can't you see I'm freezing? Make someone answer the door!

CHARLES. Okay . . . I'll knock again.

(Heavy pounding on door.)

LOUISE. Oh, *I do* wish that butler would hurry.

CHARLES. Eric will be here in a minute . . . don't be impatient, Louise.

LOUISE. Well, this is the last time I'll come to this old barn your grandfather calls a manor. I don't like him.

CHARLES. Hush, Louise.

LOUISE. If it wasn't for your Grandfather having so much money—and you probably being named in his will—I never would have made this trip.

CHARLES. Quiet, Louise . . . someone's unlocking the door!

(Sound of key turning in lock. Heavy door creaks and squeaks open.)

ERIC. *(Sinister voice)* Won't you come in?

CHARLES. Good evening, Eric, are we early or late?

ERIC. Late, Sir. The others came about half an hour ago. They're in the parlor in the East Wing with your Grandfather. May I help you with your wraps, Ma'm?

CHARLES. What's Grandfather's reason for having us come here, Eric. He didn't say when he called me this morning.

ERIC. I don't know, Sir.

LOUISE. We'll find out soon enough, Charles. Come on . . . let's face the lion in his den.

CHARLES. Quiet, Louise! You—needn't announce us, Eric. We'll go right on in. Louise, do me a favor tonight. Forget that you were once with a vaudeville troupe. Behave yourself tonight . . . and watch your language.

LOUISE. Oh, so you're going to be like that, Eh? Gonna go high-hat on me?

(Buzz of conversation fading in.)

CHARLES. Quiet. . . .

PROF. *(Nasty voiced)* Oh, so there you are! About time you showed up.

CHARLES. Sorry we are late, Grandfather. But we had trouble with the car.

LOUISE. Good evening, Grandfather!

PROF. *(Sour)* Good evening, yourself. . . . Well, hurry up and say hello to your kinfolks. Get it over with . . . get it over with.

CHARLES. Hello, sis! How are you Paul? Well, Mr. Todd . . . didn't expect to see you here. Oh, Louise . . . I don't believe you've met Mr. Todd, Grandfather's Lawyer. . . .

LOUISE. No, Charles . . . I haven't.

CHARLES. Mr. Todd . . . my wife, Louise.

MR. TODD. How do you do, Mrs. Brockman?

(Conversation between Todd and Louise . . . fade out.)

CHARLES. How are you, sis? and you, Paul?

JEAN. For my part . . . pretty miserable! I don't like this at all.

PAUL. Neither do I. Look at your Grandfather, Louise . . . he's watching us.

CHARLES. You'll get used to him, Paul. . . . Say, by the way . . . when are you two going to announce the wedding day?

PAUL. Soon, . . . I hope.

JEAN. Quiet, you two! Here comes Grandfather! Now we'll find out what this meeting is all about.

PROF. (*Fading in*) All right . . . all right. . . . That's enough of that chatter. You've all had the chance to say hello. Sit down all of you! Don't stand there you *Ninnies*. Hurry! Now that's better. Very docile when I shout; afraid of me, eh?

TODD. I say, Professor Brockman. . . . What is this meeting all about?

PROF. I wanted to get you all together so I could ask just one question—

LOUISE. What is that question, Grandfather?

PROF. Which one of you is planning to kill me?

CAST. (*Buzz of conversation*) Preposterous! Silly! etc.

PROF. Preposterous, is it? Foolish, eh? Well, I know better . . . someone here in this room is planning to kill me! and I mean to find out who IT IS!!!

TODD. But, Professor Brockman . . . there's no one here who would want to kill you. There's no reason for it.

PROF. Everyone here has a good reason for wanting me to die. Each of you would inherit part of my fortune. That's reason enough!

CHARLES. (*Disgusted*) Where did you ever get such an idea, Grandfather?

PROF. From my wife . . . she told me all about it.

PAUL. (*Startled*) YOUR WIFE? WHY she died over a year ago!

PROF. Oh, so you didn't know that I was a spiritualist. Jean has been ashamed to tell you, eh? Didn't want you to know I believed in spiritualism.

PAUL. You mean that through spiritualism you found out that . . . that . . .

PROF. Exactly! I was in communication with my wife last night. She told me about this plot . . . everything except the name of the person who plans to kill me. (*Pause*) Well, I didn't expect it would work. Didn't think I could scare the guilty person into confessing. Guess there's only one thing left to do.

JEAN. What . . . what do you mean?

PROF. We'll hold a seance! It's the only way to find out the name of that person.

LOUISE. (*Scared*) Oh . . . A . . . A . . . seance? Do they really tell the truth?

PROF. The spirits never lie! Oh, Eric, come here!

ERIC (*Fading in*) Yes, sir? What is it you wish, Sir?

PROF. I *thought* you were standing out there in the hall . . . *listening*. Eric have you arranged the library?

ERIC. Yes, Sir!

PROF. Very well . . . come along everybody. We'll go into the library now.

CAST. (*Buzz of conversation . . . fade out . . . and after a moment . . .*)

PROF. All right, everybody sit down!

LOUISE. (*Scared*) Grandfather, do we . . . do we have to do this . . . I . . . I don't wanta be in this seance. Don't ask me to . . . to . . .

PROF. Do as I say, young lady! Anyone who refuses to take part is naturally under suspicion. If the guilty persons want to confess now . . . well, all right. We won't have to hold this seance. (A PAUSE) Huh! Just as I thought . . . one of you is going to try to outwit me. Well, we'll see about that. Louise, sit at my right and quit shaking! Charles, you sit in this chair at my left. Todd, sit next to Charles. Paul, you're to sit next to Todd. And that leaves Jean. All right Jean, sit between Paul and Louise.

CHARLES. I don't like this in the least.

JEAN. Neither do I.

PROF. Naturally! That's to be expected.

TODD. Look, Professor Brockman . . . couldn't we do this some other way? Couldn't we . . .

PROF. That's enough, Todd! and that goes for the rest of you, too. I gave YOU ALL A CHANCE TO CONFESS. . . .

PAUL. But there's nothing to confess!

PROF. Quiet. . . All of you! Eric start the gramophone, you know the record.

(*Use "Valse Triste" if possible.*) (*Keep it very low*)

PROF. Now, I want you all to follow my directions. Place your hands flat on the table . . . the little fingers are to touch those of the person next to you.

ERIC. Will there be anything else, Sir? Do you want me to stay in the room?

PROF. No! Switch off the lights as you go out the door, Eric. THE ROOM MUST BE PITCH DARK!

ERIC. Very well, Sir!

PROF. I want everyone's cooperation, now . . . do just what I say. . . .

LOUISE. (*Still scared*) Please, Grandfather . . . I . . . I . . .

PROF. (*Read this softly: even inflection*) Quiet! Louise, there's no turning back now . . . all hands are touching . . . every mind must have just one thought . . . drive out all others . . . concentrate . . . think . . . who plots my death? There are five of you here . . . one is guilty. Do not let the will of that person tear down your own thoughts . . . concentrate!

TODD. (*Shaky*) Really, Professor this . . . is . . . is

PROF. Quiet! Let there be no more interruptions. Concentrate . . . concentrate. . . Who plots my death?

(*Music up for just a moment.*)

PROF. (*Softly*) If the spirit is in the table . . . kindly rise. (*Pause*) Concentrate . . . all of you. Concentrate! (*Pause*) If the spirit is in the table . . . kindly rise.

(*Effect of heavy table thumping against floor: just once.*)

PROF. Oh, spirit . . . I need your assistance . . . help me . . . help me . . . Oh spirit . . . is my life in danger? If the answer is *No* knock twice. If the answer is *Yes* . . . knock three times . . . (*Pauses*)

(*Effect of heavy table thumping three times.*)

CHARLES. (*Gasps*) Stop it! Stop it! I can't stand any more of this! I'm leaving!

PAUL. I've had enough. . . Come on Jean. . . Let's go. . .

PROF. (*Very stern*) Quiet! Quiet! All of you! No one is to leave this room. . . Place your hands on the table again . . . and concentrate. . . Who plots against my life? Concentrate . . . think. . . Oh, spirit I need your help. . . Do not leave us now . . . stay! You have told us that the person who plans to kill me is in this room. Now tell us who it is. I shall give the name of each person around this table. If the person I name is guilty knock three times. . . If innocent . . . knock twice . . . (*Pause*) . . . Oh, spirit. . . Oh, spirit. . . Does Charles plan to take my life?

(*Effect of heavy body falling on table . . . Louise screams.*)

CAST. (*Make noise*)

CHARLES. What's wrong?

PAUL. Professor Brockman has been hurt.

TODD. Good Lord!

JEAN. Grandfather . . . turn on the lights somebody. . . Hurry . . . Hurry . . . Hurry

CHARLES. There they go now. . . Look!

TODD. Why . . . Why . . . He's been murdered! Quick, somebody . . . call the police.

(*Murder Music: Organ Bridge—Up and Out*)

KENRAD. (*Fading in*) And so that's how it happened, eh? Professor Brockman was murdered during the seance. (*Pause*) Now, there's one very important question I want to ask. Were your hands touching those of the person on either side of you . . . all during the seance?

CAST. (*Chorus of Yeas!*)

SKEETS. Sounds plenty tough to me, Doc. The lights were out . . . the doors were closed. No one could have slipped in from the hall without attracting attention. . .

KENRAD. Wait a minute, Skeets. Where's the dagger that was used to kill Professor Brockman?

SKEETS. Over there, Doc . . . on the table!

KENRAD. Has anyone ever seen this dagger before?

JEAN. Why . . . Why . . . Yes! That dagger was grandfather's. . . He had two of them just alike.

KENRAD. Where did he keep them, Miss Brockman?

JEAN. In the library.

KENRAD. Where the seance was held?

PAUL. That's right, Dr. Kenrad. The daggers were on the wall . . . right behind where her Grandfather was sitting. About ten feet away.

KENRAD. Then it would have been very easy for the killer to take this dagger from the wall . . . and plunge it into the back of your Grandfather. . . . Skeets, go find the Butler and bring him in here. I have a few questions to ask him.

SKEETS. Okay, Doc . . . I'll have him here in a jiffy.

KENRAD. Mr. Todd, you were Professor Brockman's attorney. . . . That's right, isn't it?

TODD. Yes sir.

KENRAD. Are you named in his will?

TODD. Why . . . why, yes. You see, I've handled his business affairs for a number of years . . . about ten I think. Professor Brockman and I were good friends.

CHARLES. (*Nasty*) That's a lie! I happen to know that you and Grandfather *weren't* good friends.

KENRAD. How do you know this?

CHARLES. Well . . . about a week ago I came out here to see Grandfather about a business matter. Eric never liked me and tried to put me off. But I found out that Todd was in the library with Grandfather . . . so I waited in the parlor across the hall. . . . I'd only been there a couple of minutes when Grandfather yanked open the door of the library. . . .

(*Sound: door opens*)

PROF. (*Angry*) Go on, Todd . . . get out of here.

TODD. But, Professor Brockman.

PROF. No back talk . . . I won't have it. I won't stand for it, I tell you.

TODD. But. . . . But you haven't let me explain. . . .

PROF. No explanations necessary . . . go on . . . get out.

TODD. If you'd just calm down . . . and let me finish what I started to tell you.

PROF. I don't want to hear the rest of it. I've made up my mind and that's that.

TODD. I think you're very foolish for doing this.

PROF. Foolish, am I? Well, I don't care what you think, Todd. Can't understand why I've kept you as my attorney so long. . . .

TODD. (*Getting mad*) And I can't understand why I've handled your business affairs so long, either. You're bull-headed. . . . You've got a nasty disposition and . . .

PROF. (*Wild*) That's enough, Todd. Get out. And here's something to help you on your way.

TODD. I'll never forgive you for this, Brockman . . . and don't forget it.

KENRAD. (*Fading in*) Is that *all* that happened Mr. Brockman?

CHARLES. It's enough, isn't it. He actually kicked Mr. Todd. I had guessed that Grandfather and Todd weren't on good terms and that proved it.

KENRAD. Mr. Todd, do you mind telling us what that conversation was about?

TODD. Not at all. You see, Professor Brockman wanted to draw up a new will. He had suddenly decided to disinherit Charles.

KENRAD. Mr. Brockman, why did your Grandfather want your name taken out of the will?

CHARLES. That's a personal matter—I refuse to answer.

TODD. (*In fast*) When I tried to talk Professor Brockman out of the idea . . . he became angry. He opened the door of the library and . . . finally . . . he kicked me out.

CHARLES. How are we to know you're telling the truth? Maybe it was *you* he wanted to get out of the will. . . . This old shyster doesn't deserve any legacy.

KENRAD. Has that will been changed?

TODD. No, but I do know that he wanted to draw up a new one tonight. . . . That's why he asked me to come out here.

SKEETS. (*Fading in*) Here's the butler, Doc . . . Safe and sound.

KENRAD. Where did you find him, Skeets?

ERIC. (*In fast*) I was in the library, Doctor Kenrad . . . straightening up the room.

KENRAD. Eric, I understand you were not mentioned in the will. Is that right?

ERIC. Yes sir.

KENRAD. And you're the one who turned on the lights, aren't you? Well, where were you when Mrs. Brockman screamed?

ERIC. Outside the door, Sir. I happened to be passing and . . .

CHARLES. I never trusted you, Eric. How do we know you weren't in the room?

KENRAD. All right, Eric. . . . What do you have to say to that?

ERIC. Well, perhaps it is best that I tell this. Charles is right, Sir. I was in the room during the seance.

KENRAD. But how did you manage to get back in the room after you turned out the lights and closed the door to the library?

ERIC. It was a simple matter, Doctor Kenrad. You see, I never left the room! When Professor Brockman instructed me to turn out the lights and leave I went to the door . . . opened it . . . and then took one last look around. No one was watching me. Professor Brockman and his guests were intensely interested in what they were doing. So I quickly snapped out the lights . . . shut the door . . . just as if I had left the room. Then I stayed near the door.

KENRAD. What was your purpose in remaining in the room, Eric?

ERIC. I was concerned over Professor Brockman's safety. I wanted to help if I could. I'm sorry I failed. . . . If I could only identify the person who brushed against me as I . . .

KENRAD. What are you talking about, Eric?

ERIC. When I ran to turn on the lights someone brushed against me. I couldn't tell whether it was a man or woman. The person didn't actually touch me. . . . I just felt, or rather sensed their presence. And, too, I could hear heavy breathing.

SKEETS. (*Suddenly and surprised*) So that's who she is! Boy, oh boy! Come here, Doc. I got something to tell you. . . .

CAST. (*Mumble of conversation in background.*)

SKEETS. (*On mike*) Look at her, Doc. Mrs. Brockman I mean. Take another look at her face. Don't you recognize the dame?

KENRAD. (*On mike*) All right, Skeets. . . . I give up. . . . What's this all about?

SKEETS. That gal's name WAS Valeria Dean! Yeah, that's right . . . she was on the stage once. That's how I happened to know her. . . . I used to cover the theatres in town for the paper. She used to be in a vaudeville act.

KENRAD. Well, what's so important about that, Skeets?

SKEETS. (*Airy*) Oh, nothing much, Doc. . . . She was just in a knife throwin' act, that's all; nothing much, of course. . . .

KENRAD. M-m-m-m. Oh, Mrs. Brockman, I'd like to ask you a few questions. . . .

LOUISE. Sure, why not? What do you want to know?

KENRAD. Skeets tells me you were on the stage once. . . . You were in a knife throwing act. Is that right?

LOUISE. Oh, so that's how it is, eh? Gonna try to pin this thing on me. Nothing doing. I don't know a thing about knife throwing.

KENRAD. Still, you had a chance to learn a few things about knives—if you were in this act.

LOUISE. I swear it, Doctor Kenrad, I didn't kill him—and please lay off that stuff about my being a trouper. It's caused Charles and I enough trouble already. That's why the old man was going to take Charles' name out of the will. He found out that I was in vaudeville once. . . . Look, if you really want to find out something . . . ask Jean and her boy friend what they were talking about in this parlor a week ago today. . . .

JEAN. (*Angry*) How did you know about that?

LOUISE. That was the same day Todd got tossed out of the house. Charles called me that afternoon and told me to come on out. His Grandfather wanted to see me. When I got here Eric told me to wait in this parlor. So I sat down in that big chair over there by the window. It was kinda dark then and when Paul and Jean walked in they didn't see me. . . .

JEAN. (*Fading in*) Two thousand dollars. . . . That's a lot of money, Paul.

PAUL. I know it . . . and all for a gambling debt, too. I've got to raise the money within two weeks. That's all the time Cosset would give me.

JEAN. Oh, Paul . . . why don't you give up gambling?

PAUL. I can't . . . well, not very well. It's good business for me to play cards with my customers. You'd be surprised how much stock I've sold during poker games. Yeah, that's the way I keep my job at the brokerage house.

JEAN. This gambling debt worries me, Paul. If I only had the money I'd . . .

PAUL. I know you haven't, Jean . . . so. . . . Oh, what's the use?

JEAN. Listen, Paul . . . I've got an idea. Go to grandfather and ask him for a loan.

PAUL. So you think he'd do it?

JEAN. The only way to find out is to try, Paul. Go ahead and see him . . . only . . . only . . . maybe you'd better not tell him why you need the money.

PAUL. Well, If you say so . . . I'll ask him this evening.

KENRAD. (*Fading*) Well . . . did you ask him for the loan, Paul?

PAUL. No . . . I decided it wouldn't be . . . er . . . just the thing to do. You know what I mean. Anyway it was just as well . . . because I arranged for a loan the next day—from one of my business associates.

KENRAD. I see . . . well . . . , there's just two more questions I want to ask . . . and they're about the seance: First—and I've asked this question once before. . . . Were your hands touching those of the person on either side of you all during the seance?

CAST: (*Chorus of yeas.*)

TODD. That is, all except the time when Charles broke down. But it was only a few seconds that our hands *weren't* touching. I remember because

I had trouble finding the little finger of the person next to me.

KENRAD. And my second question is this! Were you all seated when Eric turned the lights on.

CHARLES. I can answer for the rest. . . . I was the only person who was not standing. And I couldn't get up because Grandfather's body had pinned my hands to the table top. The others were standing by their chairs when Eric turned on the lights.

KENRAD. That settles it! I know now *who* killed Professor Brockman . . . and I know *how* it was done.

ANNOUNCER. Do you know *who* killed Professor Brockman, *how* it was done . . . and the motive? All the clues have been given. To help you here are the names of the persons involved.

Professor Brockman	. Brockman	The Grandfather	
Charles	Charles	The Grandson
Louise	Louise	Charles' wife
Jean	Jean	The Granddaughter
Paul	Paul	Jean's Fiance
Todd	Todd	Professor Brockman's lawyer
Eric	Eric	The Butler

ANNOUNCER. Pay careful attention to the rules you must follow to be eligible to win one of the ten complete sets of Ken-Rad Radio Tubes, given away each week for the ten solutions which, in the opinion of the judges, is considered to be most logical and reasonable. Here are the rules. Write on one side of the paper only. Use no more than one hundred words. Tell us *first*, which person or persons committed the crime; *second*, how it was done; *third*, the motive. All solutions must bear the name and address of your radio tube dealer. Be sure to give your own name and address. Then mail your solution to Dr. Kenrad, spelled K E N R A D , in care of this station. Only letters addressed in this manner may be considered by the judges. Don't send mail to Owensboro, Kentucky. Solutions to tonight's mystery must reach this station no later than Friday noon, February 12th. Those who send in solutions which approach the correct solution but which are not perfect enough to be included among the prize winners, will receive Honorable Mention Coupons. These are redeemable for a complete set of Ken-Rad Radio Tubes as specified on the coupon. *This offer is good only in the United States.* The judges' decisions are final.

Today—Valentine's Day—We ask you to pause to consider whether your radio tubes have been inspected in the last year. When you stop to think of the many fine programs you hear over your radio—the excellent music—the funny gags, surely it's worth your while to install depend-

able Ken-Rad Radio Tubes. They give perfect radio reception and more radio pleasure. Go to your nearest Ken-Rad Dealer for free tube inspection service.

Now then, here are the winners of last week's mystery, each of whom is to receive a complete set of Ken-Rad Radio Tubes. (*Names of winners*) Congratulations! Clearer and more dependable radio reception will certainly be yours with genuine Ken-Rad Radio Tubes. (*Organ: "Old Kentucky Home." Voice—soften for ann.*) The Ken-Rad Corporation invites you to listen to the next Ken-Rad Unsolved Mystery to be presented from this station next Sunday evening at 10:30 o'clock E.S.T., together with the solution and names of the ten prize winners for the mystery which you have just heard. These Unsolved Mysteries are presented by the Ken-Rad Tube and Lamp Corporation of Owensboro, Kentucky, Manufacturers of Ken-Rad glass or genuine all metal Radio Tubes . . . and Ken-Rad Incandescent Electric Lamps for all home and commercial lighting. These American made lamps combine proper lighting with real economy.

(*Organ up and out.*)

(*Station cue.*)

KENRAD UNSOLVED MYSTERIES

Client: Ken-Rad Tube and Lamp Corp. *Day:* Sunday

Date: Feb. 14 *Time:* 10:30 P.M.

Theme: Voice (up and fade for)

ANNOUNCER. You are listening to lovely Eleanor Moore—The Voice of Ken-Rad—Bringing you the 215th in a series of Unsolved Mysteries presented for your entertainment by the Ken-Rad Tube and Lamp Corporation of Owensboro, Kentucky, Manufacturers of Ken-Rad glass or genuine all-metal Radio Tubes. . . . And Ken-Rad Electric Light Bulbs. Install Ken-Rad Radio Tubes in your radio receiver . . . then you can be sure of perfect radio reception. Now, here is Dr. Kenrad ready to give you the solution to last week's mystery No. 214. Dr. Kenrad

KENRAD. Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Last week, you'll remember, we were faced with the problem of solving the murder of Professor Brockman. An eccentric old gentleman who was killed during a seance held at his home. . . . Brockman Manor.

ANNOUNCER. I must say it was an *unusual* murder, Dr. Kenrad.

KENRAD. That's true. The room where the seance was held was completely darkened. And each person at the table had his hands flat on the table . . . all hands were touching.

ANNOUNCER. Well then . . . from that it would seem as if no one at the table could possibly have committed the murder. If one of them

had tried to leave the table those sitting on either side would have immediately noticed it.

KENRAD. There was one other person in the room who was not included in the seance . . . it was Eric, the butler.

ANNOUNCER. That's your man, Dr. Kenrad. He was the only person who could have killed Professor Brockman.

KENRAD. I'll admit that Eric is the logical suspect; however, he did not kill Professor Brockman. And there's several reasons why. One of them is that Eric had no motive.

ANNOUNCER. Then the murderer was seated at the table. Was it the grandson . . . Charles Brockman?

KENRAD. True enough Charles did have a motive, but he didn't commit the murder. When Professor Brockman was stabbed in the back he fell forward pinning the hands of his grandson against the top of the table.

ANNOUNCER. Well, that leaves Mr. Todd, the lawyer . . . Jean Brockman, the granddaughter . . . Paul, her fiance . . . and Louise Brockman, Charles' wife. I don't believe either of the two women killed Professor Brockman.

KENRAD. What makes you think that?

ANNOUNCER. There was no evidence to indicate that they were guilty. And too, neither one had a motive.

KENRAD. Right again! However, for a while I suspected Louise Brockman because . . .

ANNOUNCER. Doctor Kenrad, who murdered Professor Brockman? The only two left are Mr. Todd, the lawyer, but he didn't leave the table during the seance . . . and Paul Crocker, Jean's fiance. And there is nothing to indicate that . . .

KENRAD. On the contrary there is considerable evidence. And all pointing to Paul Crocker. . . .

ANNOUNCER. So Paul was the one! What led you to suspect him, Dr. Kenrad?

KENRAD. Well, the first thing that made me suspicious was his knowledge of exactly where the daggers were placed on the wall. He even gave me the exact distance between Professor Brockman's chair and the wall. . . .

ANNOUNCER. What else?

KENRAD. You remember, after Louise screamed, Charles asked "What's wrong?" Paul answered by saying "Professor Brockman has been hurt." He answered before the lights were turned on. . . . So, how was he to know what had happened, let alone whether anyone had been hurt?

ANNOUNCER. Briefly then . . . Paul jumped the gun . . . he spoke too soon. But how did Paul get away from the table? All hands touching throughout the seance.

KENRAD. There was just one time when their hands were not touching, when Charles broke down. Paul, you remember, pushed back his chair and stood up. He never sat down again.

ANNOUNCER. It seems as if Jean and Mr. Todd would have missed him.

KENRAD. The music and excitement covered up his leaving the table.

ANNOUNCER. I can understand that . . . still it seems as if they would have noticed that his hands weren't touching theirs.

KENRAD. It was noticed by Mr. Todd . . . remember when he said "I had trouble finding the little finger of the person next to me." Paul was the one who was supposed to be next to Todd.

ANNOUNCER. Then Todd wasn't touching Paul's hand? . . . He was touching Jean Brockman's instead.

KENRAD. That's right. Todd didn't know the difference. No one could tell whether the person next to him was a man or woman since the room was completely darkened and only their little fingers were touching.

ANNOUNCER. And the motive, Dr. Kenrad?

KENRAD. Money! According to the Professor's will a large part of the estate was to go to Jean Brockman. And as her husband, Paul would have had no more financial worries.

ANNOUNCER. That reminds me . . . what about Paul's gambling debt? Does that have any connection with the case?

KENRAD. Yes, that helped some. It made me suspicious of Paul when I found out he was going to borrow from Jean's grandfather, then changed his mind. You see, he was the one who planned to kill the Professor but didn't want to leave any evidence such as a note.

ANNOUNCER. Thank you, Dr. Kenrad. Ladies and Gentlemen. . . . Now we listen to a number sung by the Voice of KenRad.

(Voice)

ULTRA-VIOLET

Episodes Seven and Eight

ULTIMATE SOLUTION SERIAL

The ultimate solution serial, Ultra-Violet, was written by a free-lance writer, Fran Striker, of Buffalo, N.Y., and sent out to radio stations to be used by station casts. The privilege of performing it was secured by the payment of royalty to the author. This method of marketing a script is especially interesting when compared with the advertising method em-

ployed by the Startling Detective Adventures Magazine, one of whose scripts appears in this volume as an adaptation. The method of sending out scripts both as a marketing method and an advertising device has now given way to transcription distribution; the plays are transcribed electrically and thereby made available to stations which cannot afford to employ casts.

The two final episodes of this ultimate solution serial are included here to demonstrate not only how an ultimate solution serial is concluded, but how the transition from episode to episode can be made. Permission for publication kindly given by the author.

ULTRA-VIOLET

Episode Seven

1. Signature. . . .

(Open mike on theme and fade under opening announcement.)

This is episode seven of the mystery serial "Ultra-Violet." Next week will conclude this baffling mystery that held the Thousand Islands and the surrounding country in terror for many days. The sequence of events that lead to the present situation is as follows:

Many years ago, Ebenezer Holt, then a young man and a New York millionaire began to build the now famous Holt Castle on one of the Thousand Islands. He had been married to a Nina Kelsey, who lived with him only a short time, due to his cruelty to her, and he married the second time. His second marriage was to Nina Kelsey's sister. Some years later, the second Mrs. Holt found that her marriage was not legal because Holt had never been divorced and she arranged for Holt to think that she and her young son were drowned at sea. In his grief, Holt stopped construction of his Castle.

Ten years elapsed, with the castle incomplete and unoccupied.

Grace Haskell, the daughter of an aged scientist and explorer and her fiance, Jack Oakley, noticed a strange pillar of violet light near the Holt Castle one night. Next day the second Mrs. Holt was found there dead, and her sister Nina Kelsey was on the verge of a nervous collapse. She claimed that a pillar of violet light appeared and touched Mrs. Holt, whereupon she dropped to the floor dead. The presence of the ladies in the empty castle was unexplained.

Grace Haskell's father takes Nina Kelsey to his home on the mainland and Holt comes up from New York to find his first wife there and to learn that the girl Grace Haskell is in reality his and his first wife's daughter, a fact which George Haskell tried to conceal, because he had raised Grace as his own and did not want her happiness ruined by the

Holt fortune. Hank Murphy, the detective on the case strongly suspects George Haskell of the murder and the fact that Haskell has solved the secret of invisibility with the violet ray of light makes the suspicion even more certain.

The ray appears frequently in the Haskell home and Nina Kelsey is killed by it. Grace is abducted and rescued and later wounded by a revolver shot, and the life of Holt and Haskell as well as Grace is threatened by the man in the ray, because they are said to have knowledge that stands in the way of the success of the unknown project of the Ray.

Bog, an aborigine servant, whom Haskell has brought from the jungles is found dead, and when a man posing as Bog in a household is captured he proves to be Duncan, a New York detective and a friend of Holt. We have Hank Murphy the detective, Haskell the scientist and foster father of Grace, Grace herself, and her real father, Eben Holt, and Jack Oakley in the house with Duncan the detective from New York, as the Violet Ray appears to carry out its threat to murder all those who know the true identity of Nina Kelsey. The weird high pitched hum of the ray signifies its presence and Grace screams as Jack rushes into the room and dives headlong, arms outstretched at the base of the pillar of Violet Light.

(a) *Sound of Ray*

(b) *Crash of furniture and general shouts of help*

HOLT. Jack . . . Jack. . . .

JACK. I'll stop that damnable Ray. . . .

GRACE. (*Scream*) Oh, Jack . . . Jack . . . Daddy. . . .

DUNCAN. Get out of the way. . . .

(b) *Further crashing of furniture*

GRACE. Look, it is a man. . . .

HOLT. The Violet. . . .

DUNCAN. Stop him . . . catch him . . . he's getting away. . . .

(c) *Sound of struggle and ad lib grunts*

JACK. He's getting away from me . . . catch him. . . stop him . . . he's away. . . .

GRACE. Through that door. . . .

DUNCAN. Hi, . . . you police, . . . stop that man! . . .

GRACE. Jack, . . . Jack, are you hurt? . . . Jack!

JACK. I'm alright . . . but that man . . . he'll get away.

DUNCAN. Come on, after him . . . get Hank Murphy and Haskell.

HASKELL. What is this? . . . Jack . . . What is it? . . . I heard the noise.

GRACE. Daddy . . . Daddy . . . Jack dove at the Violet Ray. . . . He dove at it.

JACK. I threw the man . . . I . . . I guess it smashed his Violet Ray machine . . . the light went out. . . .

HASKELL. Jack did you . . . did you. . . .

DUNCAN. The light went out . . . and a man jumped to his feet. . . .
 HASKELL. He'll get away . . . get after him. . . .
 HANK. Say . . . Jack . . . Jack . . . what's all the commotion . . . what's the matter? . . .
 DUNCAN. Hurry, Murphy. . . we must get after that man.
 JACK. He had a hood . . . it covered his whole head. . . .
 GRACE. His eyes, oh those eyes . . . I . . . I saw them . . . they . . . he had . . . he had slits in his hood. . . .
 HANK. Which way did he go? . . .
 GRACE. Out that door. . . .
 JACK. Hurry, we can catch him. . . .
 DUNCAN. The police will stop him out there anyway . . . I guess Haskell . . .
 HOLT. Come, hurry. . . .
 DUNCAN. I guess Haskell . . . your troubles are over. . . .
 HASKELL. I can't believe it. . . .
 JACK. Will you please hurry. . . .
 HANK. I still would like to know Haskell's connection with this man.
 HASKELL. I tell you, Murphy, . . . there is no connection.
 HANK. Alright . . . alright, . . . but if we don't catch him, there'll be some explaining for you to do, Haskell. . . .
 JACK. We will catch him, if you'll hurry a bit.

2. Interlude . . . fast

GRACE. Jack . . . wait, talk to me. . . .
 JACK. Yes, dear, . . . I want to talk to you. . . .
 GRACE. Did you just get back?
 JACK. Yes. . . .
 GRACE. This is the first time we've had a chance to talk together in ages. . . .
 JACK. I know it, Grace, . . . I . . . I . . .
 GRACE. Jack, I know how you feel . . . after hearing about my . . . real father.
 JACK. It's sort of a blow to me, Grace. . . .
 GRACE. But Jack, please dear, . . . don't let the fact that I am supposedly the heiress to the Holt fortune . . . come between us.
 JACK. It will, though, Grace; when this thing is straightened out, you'll be moving to New York . . . you'll be meeting wealthy people, moving in a different crowd, and, oh, everything will change.
 GRACE. No, Jack, . . . I'll not leave this house. Daddy Haskell has been the only father I've known. Eben Holt means nothing to me . . . he never will. I'll not touch a cent of his money.

JACK. You say that now, Grace, . . . but it will change, it's bound to. Can't you see, dear girl . . . I'm in no position to marry you now, you're rich. . . . I'm just a reporter on a small Utica paper.

GRACE. Silly boy. Forget that. . . . Did you catch that man?

JACK. No, the rest of the men are still searching. The footprints that we found just outside the door disappeared and that's the last trace we had of him. . . .

GRACE. I nearly died when you dove at that ray, and then when the ray toppled over . . . it . . . the machinery or whatever it was must have been broken . . . and I saw that man . . . with a hood over his head. . . .

JACK. It startled me so, I couldn't hang onto him. . . .

GRACE. And when he ran. . . . Oh, Jack, . . . I . . . I was sure that he killed you, or at least hurt you badly. . . .

JACK. No, I have a lot of faith in Duncan though. . . .

GRACE. Mr. Holt's detective?

JACK. Yes, and it was blamed clever of him to disguise himself as Bog the way he did. . . .

GRACE. Jack . . . do you think that Daddy Haskell. . . .

JACK. My dear Grace . . . everything points to the fact that Mr. Haskell is involved in the thing. He wanted to keep it a secret that you were Eben Holt's daughter. . . . He is the only man we know of that could produce that ray. He killed Mrs. Holt because she knew the secret of your birth . . . and then Nina Kelsey.

GRACE. But, Jack, . . . it isn't Daddy . . . I know it isn't . . . it can't be . . . it just can't.

JACK. Don't get excited, dearest. . . . I'm trying to prove that it can't . . . but it looks bad.

GRACE. Oh, no . . . no . . . no . . . Jack. . . .

JACK. We will have to find the real murderer. I'm being frank with you Grace . . . we will have to find the real murderer or I'm afraid that your father will be held and tried. . . .

GRACE. You . . . you mean Daddy Haskell . . . ? Oh Jack . . . it can't be. . . .

JACK. It is though, dear.

GRACE. But the Ultra Violet Ray man said that he would kill me and Daddy too. . . .

JACK. Yes, but the men, even Holt and Duncan feel that it was just bluff to avert suspicion.

GRACE. Jack . . . you . . . you must find that murderer . . . save my father . . . my well, Daddy Haskell. . . . I can't think of him as anything but my father . . . save him . . . Jack . . . you're the only man on earth that I trust now. . . .

JACK. Sleep, dear . . . you need it. . . .

(d) *Door opens*

HANK. Hello. . . .

JACK. Oh, hello, Hank . . . bring the men in the next room and let Grace try to take a nap. . . .

HANK. O.K.

HOLT. That fiend . . . he . . . he. . . .

DUNCAN. Hold everything, Holt, wait until we get where we won't disturb Grace. . . .

GRACE. That's all right . . . please. . . .

HASKELL. Come out in the back of the house. . . .

JACK. Find anything? . . .

HANK. No, blast it . . . if it were only daylight. . . .

HASKELL. That man . . . Jack . . . how in the world did he get away from the police? I thought they had the house surrounded.

JACK. I don't know. . . . The man is supernatural. . . .

HANK. In my mind, the man is still in the house. . . .

HOLT. But the police lieutenant said that he saw someone rush for the edge of the water . . . but the man was too fast . . . he couldn't catch him. . . .

JACK. That's probably how he got away . . . were there any footprints down that way?

HANK. No . . . I looked all over there and so did Duncan. . . .

DUNCAN. If you gentlemen will excuse me I shall retire. . . .

HASKELL. But . . . but, Duncan . . . aren't you going to even give us an opinion? . . .

DUNCAN. There are far too many opinions here already. . . .

HANK. I still think, Holt, that we'll do well to watch Haskell.

HASKELL. Murphy . . . aren't you convinced yet . . . that I'm not in on this? . . .

HANK. Listen, Haskell . . . I like you . . . I like Grace . . . and Jack here is my best friend. . . . This is the first real important case I've ever been on, and I'm not missing any chances. I thought I had the man before, but Duncan spoiled that for me. Don't feel offended at me, Haskell . . . I want to solve this thing . . . that's all. . . .

DUNCAN. Good night, Gentlemen. . . .

HASKELL. (*Sound broken*) Good night . . . Duncan. . . .

(e) *Door closes*

HANK. Well, Haskell, . . . will you talk, or shall I call in the police?

HASKELL. But I . . . I've nothing to say. . . .

HANK. Well, call them in, Holt. . . .

JACK. Wait a minute . . . how much do any of you men know about Duncan?

HOLT. He's absolutely beyond and above reproach. I've known him in

New York . . . that's why I wired for him. He's solved some of the biggest mysteries of all time.

HASKELL. Say . . . Holt . . . Hank . . . How do we know that this man is the real Eben Holt?

HANK. What?

JACK. Say. . . .

HOLT. I'm surprised that you didn't question my identity before, but you may put your minds at rest . . . I am Eben Holt, and if you doubt it to the extent of making an arrest, I shall produce my proof at the right time to make it unpleasant for you.

HASKELL. Well, Holt, you needn't be so offended . . . we're all under suspicion . . . anything might develop. . . .

HANK. You get those proofs, Holt, because you'll need 'em.

(f) *Phone bell rings*

HASKELL. The phone. . . .

HANK. I'll get it, I'm in charge here. Hello. . . . What . . . oh yea, . . . yeah, . . . alright. . . . Fine . . . fine . . . that's great—tomorrow morning first thing. What? . . . tonight? . . . Oh . . . well . . . no, can't do it . . . oh, alright. Here, Holt, . . . it's your carpenter, the man that's in charge of tearing down the room in the cellar of your castle.

HOLT. Thank you. Hello . . . what . . . is it right? . . . He . . . Yes . . . very well. . . .

HANK. Not going tonight, are you? . . .

HOLT. At once. Haskell . . . you get Duncan back here. . . .

HANK. Haskell is going to stay right here, I'm going to see that he does. That's why I wanted to wait until morning. . . .

HOLT. Very well then . . . you can stay here with him. . . . Jack . . . the men have been working tonight to finish tearing out that room where the Ray confined Grace in the castle. They've found a trap door in the floor and insist that we come right over. . . .

JACK. I'll get Duncan. . . .

HANK. Are you sure that call was bona fide?

HOLT. Of course: why not?

HANK. It might be a trick to get us out of the house. . . .

HOLT. I know the man's voice. . . .

JACK. You stay here and guard, Hank. . . .

HANK. I'll keep Haskell with me too . . . you can bet on that.

3. Interlude . . . Mysterioso

(*Have conversation sound bare and empty*)

JACK. Here, Holt. . . .

HOLT. Get that light, Duncan . . . now let's see . . . here, turn it over this way. . . .

- DUNCAN. Is this where the vault was? . . .
- JACK. Yes . . . look right over your head. . . .
- DUNCAN. Wait . . . I'll shoot the light up there. . . .
- HOLT. That opening you see goes right through to the tower room.
- JACK. The wall was right across here. The only way I could get into this room to take Grace out was by climbing down that opening.
- DUNCAN. Why was that opening put in the building, Holt? . . .
- HOLT. This was to be a wine room, that was for ventilation. You see there are no windows or doors . . . for some reason. The door that should have been in the wall was torn down and sealed.
- DUNCAN. I see. . . .
- JACK. But there must have been some way of getting into this room. Grace was brought here. . . .
- DUNCAN. We'll look down in this room below here that the workmen found.
- JACK. I couldn't see that trap door in the floor before; it was too dark. . . .
- HOLT. Throw back that cover, Jack. . . .
- JACK. Alright . . . here we go. . . .
- (f) *Sound of lid falling back*
- DUNCAN. Stairs here. . . .
- JACK. Hold the light . . . I'll go first. . . .
- HOLT. Get your gun ready. . . .
- JACK. Yes . . . why . . . why . . . say bring the light closer, Duncan.
- HOLT. I never knew there was room here below the cellar. . . .
- DUNCAN. Look at this . . . it's a complete laboratory. . . .
- JACK. Chemical and electrical, . . . WHAT IS THIS, HOLT?
- HOLT. You know as much about it as I do. . . .
- DUNCAN. Some mighty fine equipment here. . . . Look at that switch-board, batteries, coil, meters. . . .
- JACK. Why this is more elaborate than Haskell's. . . .
- HOLT. And a complete reference library. . . .
- JACK. Doesn't seem to have any notes or papers here, though. . . .
- HOLT. Look, Duncan has found some letters and envelopes. . . .
- JACK. What are those, Duncan? . . .
- DUNCAN. Bills from supply houses . . . equipment and things . . . catalogs . . . I haven't found any letters yet. . . .
- JACK. Who are they addressed to? . . .
- DUNCAN. They are all addressed to Eben Holt . . . in New York City.
- HOLT. What's that? . . . My mail? . . . No, no, . . . It can't be. . . .
- DUNCAN. See for yourself, Holt. . . .

HOLT. It's a mistake, I haven't seen any of that stuff before in my life. . . .

JACK. That's pretty funny, Holt, . . . I never knew that you were a dabbler in science. . . .

HOLT. I'm not, I tell you. . . .

DUNCAN. Here's a funny thing too. . . .

JACK. What's that? . . .

DUNCAN. It's a wedding ring . . . lying right here on the top of this bench.

HOLT. Let me see it. Why, why THIS IS THE RING I GAVE TO MY SECOND WIFE . . . THE SISTER OF NINA KELSEY.

JACK. It is? . . .

HOLT. Yes, . . . and here is the date of the wedding, . . . and our initials.

JACK. You should know where the lights are in this place.

HOLT. I didn't know there were any lights. . . .

JACK. Alright . . . we can get along in the dark then. . . .

(g) *Crash of glass*

DUNCAN. *Ouch . . . oh . . . SAY . . . SAY . . . I'VE TIPPED OVER AN ACID BOTTLE . . . MY HANDS . . . MY HANDS.*

HOLT. (*Tinkle glass*) HERE . . . HERE POUR THIS ON THEM . . . IT'S AMMONIA. . . .

JACK. What's that? . . .

DUNCAN. Never mind, Holt. . . . I didn't get any of that on my hand. But isn't it strange that in the light of this flashlight. . . .

HOLT. What do you mean?

JACK. Never mind, Holt. . . . I guess you tipped your hand, for a man that knows nothing of chemistry or science, you didn't have to ask what to use to counteract an acid burn . . . and YOU KNEW JUST WHERE TO REACH FOR THAT BOTTLE OF AMMONIA. . . .

HOLT. I . . . I . . . just happened to notice it . . . that's all. I . . . I'd read someplace that it was a counter-irritant . . . it flashed through my mind.

DUNCAN. Peculiar . . . isn't it? . . .

HOLT. Duncan, you fool . . . are you trying to put this thing on me? . . . I'm hiring you and I'm paying your salary. . . .

DUNCAN. I'm not trying to implicate anybody. . . . I'm just simply trying to find out who is responsible for all this mystery . . . trying to get the true facts, that's all. . . .

JACK. (*In distance*) Say . . . look . . . I've found a tunnel of some sort. . . .

HOLT. A tunnel? . . .

JACK. (*Distant*) Yes . . . come here and see it. . . .

DUNCAN. We'll follow it to the end. It's either an entrance or an exit of some sort. . . .

JACK. If you'd ask me I'd say it went right through to the outside of the building. . . .

DUNCAN. It does . . . you'll find that it will lead us right to edge of the water. . . .

4. Interlude . . . Straight

JACK. Whew . . . I for one am mighty glad to get back to Haskell's. I'm half frozen. . . .

HOLT. I'm pretty cold myself, and I'm dead tired. . . .

DUNCAN. Gets pretty cool up here at night. Soon be daylight, though.

JACK. I guess everything has been quiet here. I don't see any signs of trouble. Did the police have anything to report, Duncan?

DUNCAN. No. I checked up with them. There hasn't been a thing here.

HOLT. Have you Haskell's key to the house, Jack? . . .

JACK. Yes. . . .

(h) *Sound of key in lock*

JACK. There we are . . . in you go. . . .

DUNCAN. As I see it, Holt, it's you and Haskell that will come in for some mighty close questioning.

HOLT. That's foolish, Duncan. I'll discharge you for this. . . .

DUNCAN. Now wait a minute, Holt. It's really the government that I'm working for, you know . . . not you . . . and I don't give a hang whom I involve . . . this thing is going to be cleared up.

JACK. Do you know, Duncan, that of all the people involved, there are only two that either you or Hank haven't under suspicion? . . .

DUNCAN. As far as I know, the whole crowd of you may be guilty, but you don't look like it, Oakley. . . .

JACK. Thanks. . . .

DUNCAN. And that dumb dick, Hank Murphy, he's out. . . .

HOLT. Why do you say he's out? . . .

DUNCAN. I know Murphy. He's the dumbest cop that ever existed. He's been in the service for years and never yet made an arrest.

JACK. You know him pretty well then. . . .

DUNCAN. As well as I'd know my own brother. He'd like to haul in someone on this case, that's why he's so anxious to third degree Haskell.

GRACE. (*Shouting in distance*) Help . . . help!

JACK. That's Grace . . . where are you? . . .

HOLT. Bring the flashlight, Duncan. . . .

JACK. She sounded as if she were over this way. . . .

GRACE. (*Nearer*) Help . . . Jack . . . help! . . .

DUNCAN. Good night . . . more trouble. . . .

HOLT. Hurry. . . .

JACK. Here she is . . . Grace, what . . . why . . . you've been tied. . . . tied. . . .

GRACE. Oh, Jack . . . at last . . . you're here. . . .

JACK. Give me a knife, Duncan, . . . are you alright, dear? . . .

GRACE. Yes, but, Jack, . . . I've been tied for ages . . . I . . . I thought you'd never come. . . .

JACK. Come dear . . . you're alright. Where is Mr. Haskell? . . .

GRACE. I don't know . . . I . . . I'm afraid . . . I'm afraid he's been hurt.

DUNCAN. Who did this, Grace? . . .

JACK. There now, let me rub your wrists. Those ropes were tight.

DUNCAN. Who did it? . . .

GRACE. A . . . a man. . . .

JACK. The man in that violet? . . .

GRACE. No . . . another man . . . I guess. . . . He grabbed me while I was sleeping . . . all I could see was . . . a . . . a black hood over his head . . . and . . . two holes . . . his eyes shone through. . . .

DUNCAN. And then what? . . .

GRACE. I must have fainted . . . I came to . . . and I couldn't hear a sound . . . until I heard you come in.

HOLT. Hum-m-m. I rather think that lets me out of it, Duncan.

DUNCAN. It lets no one out, Holt. It probably signifies the presence of a confederate.

JACK. Grace, listen to me. . . .

GRACE. My wrists hurt. . . .

JACK. Listen dear . . . where is Hank Murphy? . . .

GRACE. I don't know . . . I . . . heard him shout for help . . . that's all . . . just before I fainted. Look in the laboratory, Jack dear . . . that's where Daddy was working last . . . he was trying to . . . to build another machine. . . .

DUNCAN. The lab? . . .

JACK. (*Voice fading*) Come on, we'll go there. You stay right here for a while, Grace . . . get your blood circulating again.

HOLT. I'll go with you, Jack. . . .

JACK. Yes, and Duncan had better go too. . . .

(i) *Start sound of ray, softly*

JACK. Listen . . . what's that? . . .

(*Few seconds pause for sound to be heard*)

DUNCAN. It's that Ray. . . .

JACK. Listen, Holt, you go back and stay by Grace . . . go and watch her. . . .

HOLT. But I should be with. . . .

DUNCAN. Please do as Oakley says, Holt. That girl shouldn't be left alone in there.

HOLT. Very well. . . .

JACK. That noise is coming from Haskell's laboratory . . . probably Haskell himself, he's been experimenting a lot on Ultra-Violet.

(j) *Rattle lock*

DUNCAN. The door is locked . . . from the inside. . . .

JACK. We've got to get in there. . . .

DUNCAN. (*Shouting*) OPEN THAT DOOR. . . .

JACK. Try it again. . . .

DUNCAN. (*Rattle lock*) Open this door or I'll shoot the lock off.

JACK. No answer . . . if that were Haskell . . . he'd answer. . . .

DUNCAN. Shoot it. . . .

JACK. Stand back. . . .

(k) *Gun Shot*

DUNCAN. That's the stuff, swing her back. . . .

(l) *Sound of Ray louder . . . normal*

DUNCAN. There it is. . . .

JACK. Well . . . Mr. Haskell . . . you've got it working, have you? . . .

DUNCAN. Is that Haskell . . . in the pillar of light?

JACK. Yes, of course . . . he showed us how it worked on a dog before. . . .

DUNCAN. Speak to us, Haskell. . . .

JACK. Might be hard for him to hear. . . . Speak to us, Mr. Haskell.

DUNCAN. Can a man inside of that light hear? . . .

JACK. I don't know . . . perhaps he can't. . . .

GRACE. (*Approaching*) Jack . . . Jack. . . .

JACK. Grace: Stay where you were. . . .

GRACE. (*Now normal*) I don't want to stay there alone, Jack . . . I . . . I . . . oh (*Fright*) Look . . . there . . . in the corner. . . .

JACK. I think it's probably your father with his experiment, Grace . . . he probably can't hear us . . . and he might be facing away from us. He might not even know that we're here.

GRACE. Oh, . . . Daddy.

DUNCAN. Look here, Grace, . . . didn't you see Mr. Holt? . . .

GRACE. Mr. Holt. . . . No. . . . Why? . . .

JACK. YOU DIDN'T SEE HIM? . . .

GRACE. No. . . .

JACK. Why, he went back to stay with you. . . .

GRACE. I didn't see him. . . .

DUNCAN. Haskell . . . Haskell . . . speak to us. . . .

GRACE. The ray is moving to the door, Jack . . . moving closer all the time. . . .

JACK. Haskell . . . Haskell . . . is that you? . . .

GRACE. Jack . . . make it stop . . . make it stop.

DUNCAN. This is the real Ultra Violet Ray . . . it tied Grace to get in here . . . it has probably killed Haskell and Murphy. I see it all now. . . .

JACK. What? . . .

GRACE. The Real . . . Daddy . . . Dear. . . .

DUNCAN. Get back in that corner . . . or I'll fire . . . and this gun has no blanks in it. . . .

JACK. You mean, Duncan, . . . that it came here, to this lab . . . and repaired its apparatus? . . .

DUNCAN. Yes . . . get back there . . . You. . . .

GRACE. Jack . . . turn on that light . . . that switch on the wall . . . it is Daddy's new power ray . . . he told me of it.

DUNCAN. Back you . . . back . . . what do you mean, Grace?

GRACE. It may pierce the Ultra-Violet . . . try it. . . .

DUNCAN. Throw on the switch, Jack . . . and hurry . . . get back in the corner you . . . we'll see you . . . in a minute. . . .

JACK. This switch? Grace . . . here it goes.

(m) *Crackling sound and stop ray*

GRACE. (*Scream*) It is the man in the hood. . . .

JACK. Keep him covered, Duncan . . . keep him covered . . . he's tricky.

DUNCAN. I've got him . . . one move, mister, and you're dead . . . keep you hands high. . . .

GRACE. (*Hysteria*) Jack . . . Jack . . . go away . . . run dear . . . run for your life.

JACK. Control yourself, Grace.

DUNCAN. Tear off the hood, Jack . . . we'll see who this bozo is. . . .

JACK. Wait . . . Grace. . . . Get out of here . . . leave the room. . . .

GRACE. No, No, No. . . . I won't go away. . . .

JACK. Duncan . . . I can hardly do this.

DUNCAN. Tear off that hood . . . and hurry . . . hands up you. . . .

JACK. Holt or Haskell; . . . or who?

DUNCAN. Grace, stand back, he might have a gun. . . .

JACK. My Heavens . . . You? . . .

GRACE. (*Scream*) Oh . . . Oh . . . Oh. . . .

Theme

Who stood revealed, when Jack tore the hood away? Next week at the same hour we will present the concluding episode in the mystery serial *Ultra Violet*. Everything will be finished next week. All will be explained.

Episode Eight

1. Signature. . . .

(Open mike on theme and fade under the following announcement.)

This is the last episode in the mystery serial "Ultra-Violet." Tonight's story will solve all the details of the startling events that baffled the residents of the Thousand Islands and Alexandria Bay.

The Holt Castle, on one of the Thousand Islands, was built ten years ago by Ebenezer Holt, but was never completed. Holt ordered that work on it be stopped when he heard that his wife and son had been drowned at sea. This woman was Holt's second wife, but his marriage to her was not legal because he had overlooked getting a divorce from his first wife, who was the sister of the second Mrs. Holt.

Grace Haskell and her fiancé, Jack Oakley, noticed a strange violet light in the castle one night, and the next day a woman was found there, dead, who proved to be the woman who was thought to have been drowned. With her, as witness to the killing, was Nina Kelsey, Holt's first wife and the sister of the murdered woman.

Grace Haskell's father takes the woman, Nina Kelsey, to his home on the mainland and Holt comes on from New York. We found that Grace Haskell is in reality the daughter of Eben Holt and his true wife Nina Kelsey and that she had been adopted by George Haskell as a baby.

The Ray appears in the Haskell home and kills Nina Kelsey, and threatens the lives of all the others. Hank Murphy and Duncan are the detectives working on the case. The Ray appears again and Jack Oakley tackles it and breaks delicate machinery which creates the ray of invisibility, revealing a man in a hood. The man in the hood stands in the corner of a laboratory maintained by Haskell for experimenting. Grace Haskell, Duncan and Jack are in the room. Jack is just going forward to tear away the hood. . . .

(a) Ripping of cloth

JACK . . . You. . . .

GRACE. Oh-h-h-h-h . . . it can't be. . . .

DUNCAN. Hands up. . . . Keep them high. . . . I guess we've got you at last.

HANK. Yes . . . you've got me . . . what about it? . . .

JACK. Hank Murphy . . . Hank . . . what does this mean? . . .

HANK. I'll not explain a thing . . . you might just as well shoot me now, Duncan . . . it'll save me from the electric chair.

GRACE. Hank . . . you . . . you aren't the one . . . the person that has been killing us . . . Hank . . . you're not. . . .

HANK. I might deny it, Grace . . . but I won't. I am the Ultra-Violet Ray.

JACK. But, Hank . . . you can't be . . . why . . . I. . . .

DUNCAN. Wait a minute, Oakley . . . I'll put the cuffs on him; we're taking no more chances.

HANK. Go ahead, Duncan. . . .

DUNCAN. Hold my gun on him, Oakley. . . .

JACK. I've got it. . . .

DUNCAN. No funny stuff now, Murphy. . . .

(b) *Clink of cuffs*

GRACE. I . . . I . . . can't believe this. . . .

DUNCAN. There . . . that'll hold you for awhile young fellow. . . .

HANK. You can do me a great big favor, Jack, by putting a bullet through me now. I have other means of taking my life away from the law . . . but they are not as quick or easy. . . .

DUNCAN. You won't get a chance, Murphy. . . . It's the chair for you. Now let me summarize . . . you've murdered Mrs. Holt . . . and Nina Kelsey and then Bog . . . and threatened I don't know how many others. . . .

HANK. Oh, why go into all that . . . I know what I've done just as well as you do.

JACK. You admit all these murders, Hank? . . .

HANK. Why not? . . . you've got to admit that they were nicely done, and even the great Duncan couldn't explain them.

GRACE. Did you take the bullets out of the guns . . . so you couldn't be shot? . . .

HANK. Yes, I did . . . and Grace, I nearly killed you . . . that time when the lights were out . . . I stabbed Nina Kelsey and I tried to put a bullet through your head . . . but I missed.

GRACE. You . . . you . . . Hank . . . Jack, I can't believe it.

DUNCAN. And Haskell. . . .

HANK. No, he isn't in on this with me . . . he has nothing to do with it and neither has Holt.

GRACE. Oh . . . Daddy. . . .

HASKELL. (*Approaching*) Why, what's the meaning of this . . . you've bungled here, Duncan . . . take those handcuffs off Murphy at once.

HANK. No, Haskell . . . he hasn't bungled . . . I am the Violet Ray alright.

HASKELL. Why. . . .

HOLT. (*Approaching*) What's this, Murphy . . . what is. . . .

DUNCAN. You're exonerated, Holt . . . we have the right man at last.

JACK. Come, Grace . . . you'd better get out of here. . . .

HASKELL. There's a whole lot that needs explaining, Murphy. . . .

HANK. It will have to go unexplained, Haskell. I've confessed to the murders. That's all the law needs and it's all that it'll get.

HOLT. No, it is not all the law needs, Murphy . . . you had a motive, a reason of some sort . . . why did you do it? . . . Why did you kill Nina Kelsey . . . what did you want to kill her . . . my wife . . . for? . . .

HASKELL. And why did you steal papers from my safe . . . the papers that prove the identity and the birthright of Grace? . . .

DUNCAN. Wait, Haskell. Listen to me, Murphy . . . you've been a punk detective for the last few years. Who is the man behind all this? . . . You know very well there is someone? . . .

HANK. Duncan . . . you're a clever detective . . . you've solved some mighty tough and puzzling cases . . . suppose you just try and solve this one.

DUNCAN. Very well, Haskell, let me at your 'phone . . . Holt, call in two of the officers from in front of the house to stand guard over this prisoner tonight . . . keep him here. The rest of you go to bed. Murphy, . . . I'll call you. This case will be solved and explained fully by tomorrow night.

HASKELL. What do you mean, Duncan? . . .

DUNCAN. I don't know where I'll be between now and then, but I will meet all of you here in about twenty hours. Until then, guard this man, and don't give him an opportunity to take his life and cheat the law. . . .

HANK. You'll have to guard mighty close, I'm warning you.

DUNCAN. And we will too . . . you can count on that.

2. Interlude . . . Lapse of Time

HOLT. Haskell, I owe you an apology.

HASKELL. What for Holt? . . .

HOLT. I confess, that in my own mind I thought all along that you were behind this.

HASKELL. Don't apologize for that, I guess everyone was suspected. And I guess everyone suspected me too.

JACK. Hank . . . won't you tell us what is behind this? . . . We may be able to help you . . . there must have been some reason. . . .

HANK. Thanks, Jack, . . . but I don't want any help. And there was

no one behind it, it was all my own plan, and my own brain that worked it out. (*Laugh*) And Duncan said I was dumb.

GRACE. But . . . you . . . you said something once, about us standing in the way of accomplishing your mission.

HANK. Did I? . . .

GRACE. Yes, I remember you saying it . . . when you . . . you had me in that cellar room . . . in the castle. . . .

HANK. So I did, Grace, . . . I was out to accomplish a purely personal objective . . . I failed . . . so that's that. I'd planned it for ten years.

HOLT. Ten years. . . .

JACK. Ever since you first started as a detective? . . .

HANK. I'll not say any more. . . .

HASKELL. Wonder where Duncan is . . . he said he'd be here by this time.

JACK. I could hear him 'phoning most of the night . . . long distance.

GRACE. I heard a plane early this morning.

HOLT. He borrowed my plane . . . and flew down to New York.

HASKELL. He did? . . .

HOLT. He told me that he was going . . . said he'd be back by now. . . .

GRACE. I think he is . . . there's someone just coming in the front.

HANK. Duncan will have accomplished nothing. None of you will ever know.

DUNCAN. (*Approaching*) Don't be too sure of that, Murphy. . . .

ALL. (*Ad lib greetings to Duncan*)

DUNCAN. Sorry to be a little late for our meeting . . . but better late than never. Nice little plane you own, Holt.

HOLT. Like it? . . .

DUNCAN. Very much. I have been through your New York home since this morning. . . .

HOLT. You have? . . . indeed.

DUNCAN. And I have been talking to quite a few people that have known you for years, Holt . . . known your whole family history.

HANK. And of course found out my past record, Duncan? . . .

DUNCAN. Your sarcasm might better be saved, Murphy . . . but I'll sit down here and we'll have a nice little friendly chat.

JACK. What did you learn? . . .

DUNCAN. That'll all come in good time. I'll just take these bracelets off, Murphy.

MURPHY. You'd better be careful. . . .

HOLT. Say . . . what's the idea? . . .

DUNCAN. Don't get excited, Murphy will need his hands in a second,

there . . . now Hank, if you'll be good enough to swallow these two little blue pills. . . .

HANK. (*Startled*) What are they . . . where did you get these? . . .

DUNCAN. You seem to recognize them, Hank . . . here . . . reach for them. . . .

HANK. Oh-h-h-h thank heavens, Duncan . . . where did you get them . . . tell me . . . where did you get them? . . .

JACK. Dope? . . .

GRACE. I'm afraid so. . . .

DUNCAN. Well, Hank, . . . it's quite a yarn. . . .

HOLT. Tell us, Duncan, what does this performance all mean? . . .

DUNCAN. Well, Hank . . . it's quite . . . now one thing at a time. . . .

HASKELL. What were those tablets, Duncan. Dope? . . .

DUNCAN. No, not dope. Now, Hank . . . I'll want you to answer a few questions . . . then, perhaps, I'll tell you where you can get all the tablets you want.

HOLT. What are those things? . . .

DUNCAN. They are perfectly harmless, Holt, . . . will you talk, Hank?

HANK. Yes . . . I'll do anything, Duncan . . . anything . . . for those blue pills. . . .

DUNCAN. Good . . . I'll talk first however. The old doctor that gave those pills to me, Hank, is the one that treated you years ago. But ten years ago . . . when you dropped out of sight you couldn't get any more of them.

GRACE. Will you please explain this? . . .

DUNCAN. Alright . . . I'll start at the beginning. It may be hard on you, Holt, but you'll have to stand the gaff, I guess.

HOLT. I . . . I guess I know what's coming, Duncan. . . .

DUNCAN. Ten years ago, Holt, you thought your wife and son had been drowned at sea.

HOLT. Yes . . . yes, I was frantic with grief. . . .

DUNCAN. However, they weren't drowned. Your wife found that her marriage to you was illegal and that your real wife was her sister, who had left you but never divorced you. She faked that drowning. . . .

HOLT. But why? . . .

DUNCAN. Because she found that there was a daughter born, by your first wife . . . a girl that you had never seen. She wanted you to seek your real wife and daughter.

HOLT. I see it all now. . . .

GRACE. And I . . . I am that daughter. . . .

HASKELL. Yes, Grace . . . Nina Kelsey was my dearest friend. I took care of you, Grace, . . . raised you just as if you were my own baby, after you were born.

DUNCAN. You, Haskell . . . did what you thought the right thing. You knew that the Holt estate and wealth would only ruin the life of Grace, so you kept her identity a secret.

HASKELL. I did. I was foolish enough, however, to leave evidence in my safe which would prove her true identity. Nina wanted Grace to inherit the Holt fortune . . . she needed those papers.

DUNCAN. But before she could get them, they were stolen by the Violet Ray . . . by Hank Murphy. . . .

HANK. I took them . . . I'll admit it, . . . and they have been destroyed since that time.

DUNCAN. The papers will not be needed now . . . but figure this out. Why did Murphy want that evidence?

HOLT. I think I begin to see it now. . . .

DUNCAN. Wait a minute . . . let's go back ten years again. . . .

HANK. You win, Duncan . . . I didn't think you could do it. . . .

DUNCAN. When your son was born, Holt, . . . his thyroid glands did not function properly. . . .

HOLT. You are a genius, Duncan. . . .

DUNCAN. Before you lost your son, Old Doctor Rembrandt advised the constant use of a harmless medicine, in the form of tablets such as I have just given to Hank. These tablets supplied a fluid to the blood stream to the brain. A fluid that the imperfect glands could not supply.

HOLT. Yes . . . and Rembrandt said that without these tablets the boy would go mad . . . or that his brain might be defective.

GRACE. Then? . . .

JACK. Hush, dear. . . .

DUNCAN. Then when your wife and son disappeared they made their home in the old unfinished castle. They lived there for ten years.

HOLT. What . . . is this the truth? . . .

DUNCAN. I will prove it shortly. Your son's supply of medicine was cut off. You had never told his mother of his deficiency, so she never knew how to explain his intense interest in crime. She didn't know why he changed his name and became a detective. She never knew what caused the urge to dabble in science . . . to build and equip a laboratory in the subcellar of the castle . . . to have such a keen mind . . . that he could invent the Ultra Violet Ray on invisibility.

HOLT. Duncan . . . my . . . my . . . son . . . my son did that . . . Murphy . . . you. . . .

DUNCAN. Hank Murphy is your son, Eben Holt. Accused and confessed killer of your two wives and his mother.

HOLT. Hank . . . not . . . Hank . . . Eben? Eben, Junior . . . my son . . . my son?

HANK. It's true, Dad . . . I . . . I don't know how Duncan found out

all this . . . I . . . I didn't want to disgrace you. I . . . I . . . feel so different now, than I did . . . a short time ago . . . before I . . . I had those tablets . . . it . . . it didn't seem wrong to me then . . . to kill . . . but now . . . it . . . it's so different.

DUNCAN. Your mind is normal, Hank . . . or Eben, which, after all is your right name. It is normal for the first time in all these years. It is the fluid that has been sent to your brain.

HOLT. Eben . . . I . . . I suspected . . . when Duncan started to talk . . . Duncan . . . there must be a way? . . . A way to fix things.

GRACE. It's like a dream. . . Oh, Jack . . . Jack . . . Hank or Eben . . . is my brother . . . a murderer.

HASKELL. Wait a minute . . . Duncan, what is the motive behind all this? . . .

HANK. I'll tell the rest, Duncan. . . . It . . . is may make my conscience just a bit clearer. . . .

DUNCAN. Go ahead.

HANK. I found out about my father's first wife . . . and Grace . . . I . . . I don't know why I did it . . . but I . . . I felt that his fortune should be all mine. All mine . . . I was going to kill everyone . . . everyone that knew of Grace . . . I wanted to be the only heir. I even killed . . . my . . . my own mother . . . my m ther . . . Oh Lord why did I do this . . . I can't stand this . . . I can't stand it . . . I . . . I . . . tried to kill Grace. . . .

JACK. Wait a minute, Hank. . . .

HANK. My name isn't Hank . . . it's Eben . . . Eben Holt, Junior.

JACK. Eben, listen to me. We are your friends . . . we're going to try to help you, old man. . . . Now take a brace . . . get hold of yourself. . . .

HANK. Father . . . I . . . I planned this for years. I had my lab material sent to your name in New York. . . . I got it there. I . . . I became a detective . . . so that I could know better how to avoid the police.

JACK. Take it easy, old man. . . .

HASKELL. Fate is queer . . . you kill to inherit half of the estate that belongs to Grace . . . and she not wanting it. . . .

HOLT. Eben . . . you are not going to prison . . . you're everything that I have in the world . . . you and Grace. . . . I'll spend my last penny to save you.

DUNCAN. It will not be hard, Holt. . . . Insanity. . . .

HANK. In . . . insanity, . . . me . . . insane . . . insane. . . .

HASKELL. Science has done much since you were young, Eben. Today there are several surgeons that can transfer the glands from a sheep to your own throat . . . and you will be perfectly normal. . . .

HANK. Find a surgeon . . . find one that can do that . . . let me . . .

no . . . no . . . don't. . . Let me go to the electric chair . . . let me go . . .
I want to . . . I want to go . . . and meet Mother . . . Mother . . . Mother
listen to me . . . I'm well again . . . I'm well. . . Oh, Mother . . .
forgive me . . . Moms . . . I . . . I didn't know . . . I swear it . . .
Mother. . . .

HOLT. My . . . my . . . boy. . . .

3. Interlude . . . Tense

ANNOUNCER. The mystery of the Thousand Islands and the Ultra Violet Ray is ended. There is nothing more to explain. However, you might be interested at a glimpse into the future. . . . If you would . . . just skip the next ten years and come with us to a little camp on one of the Thousand Islands.

4. Interlude . . . The Dawn

GRACE. Look, sonny . . . there is your Daddy . . . see him . . . he's coming from the dock. . . .

JACK. (*Distant*) Hi . . . Grace. . . .

GRACE. (*Calling*) Hello, Jack. . . .

JACK. How's the baby been today, honey? . . .

GRACE. Oh, he's just fine . . . he almost said Daddy once . . . but you seem all excited, dear. . . .

JACK. I am . . . I've got a surprise for you. . . .

GRACE. For me? . . . Oh tell me, what is it? . . .

JACK. It's a real surprise, but you've got to guess. . . .

GRACE. Oh, I can't guess. . . .

JACK. Try hard. . . .

GRACE. A . . . a new dress? . . .

JACK. (*Laugh*) Silly . . . of course not . . . guess again. . . .

GRACE. You let me think . . . you sold a lot of cars today at the auto agency? . . .

JACK. (*Laugh*) Well, yes . . . I did . . . the business is going great but that's not the surprise. . . .

GRACE. You've decided to go back to newspaper work? . . .

JACK. Gosh, no . . . you're a bum guesser, honey . . . and why should I go back to the newspaper work, when I can sell autos so fast? . . .

GRACE. Oh, tell me, Jack . . . please do. . . .

JACK. Where is Daddy Haskell? . . .

GRACE. He's over in the house getting dinner ready. . . .

JACK. I'd better tell him to set an extra place. . . .

GRACE. Jack Oakley . . . if you don't tell me this instant what the big surprise is . . . I'll . . .

JACK. (*Laugh*) Come on out, Eben. . . .

GRACE. E . . . B . . . E . . . N . . . !!!!!

HANK. (*Approaching*) Hello, Grace. . . .

GRACE. Eben . . . Oh Eben . . . you dear, dear boy . . . where did you come from. Oh I'm so . . . so glad to see you. . . .

HANK. Grace . . . it's good to see you, dear . . . Jack made me hide so I could surprise you. . . .

GRACE. Tell me all about yourself, Eben.

HANK. There isn't so much to tell . . . I finally got out of the hospital and then I found that Dad had died . . . I didn't know just how you'd feel about me . . . so I took some years and traveled . . . been all over the world.

JACK. And Grace . . . Eben is with a big bond house in New York. . . .

HASKELL. (*Approaching*) Say you two young . . . why . . . Eben . . . you old son of a gun . . . you here?

HANK. Hello, Dad Haskell . . . you bet I'm here . . . and I've got my appetite with me. . . .

JACK. Wait until you taste Dad's cooking.

HASKELL. Yes, sir . . . I can cook with the best of them now, I gave up my research work you know. . . .

HANK. I'm glad to hear it . . . it's . . . well you and I both got on.

HASKELL. I figured that we were getting to dangerous ground, my boy. That invisible ray is too blamed dangerous to give to the world yet. The world isn't ready for it . . . maybe some day.

HANK. But not for you or me. . . . But say, Grace . . . you've got a dandy little island camp here. . . .

GRACE. We like it. . . .

HASKELL. And tonight we'll have a real blowout here. It's just five years to a day since that castle was torn down.

HANK. Don't mention that place . . . I never want to think of it again.

JACK. Nor I. . . . Those were terrible days, Eben. . . .

HANK. Yes . . . but look here, Grace. What I wanted most to see you about was Dad's fortune. Now you are entitled to half of it, according to the will. . . .

GRACE. I haven't touched it . . . Eben . . . I don't want the money . . . Jack will earn all we need.

HANK. I checked up at the bank, and found that you hadn't, Grace; that's what encouraged me. . . .

GRACE. Encouraged you to what, Eben? . . .

HANK. I don't want it either . . . after . . . after . . . what has happened. I . . . I don't want it . . . I thought that if you felt the same way we might endow a hospital. . . .

GRACE. Eben . . . that's a fine idea . . . I . . . I thought of doing

something like that myself . . . if I could speak to you about it. . . .

HANK. I . . . I'd like to . . . for other poor devils like myself like I was . . . ten years ago. . . .

GRACE. Eben . . . go to it. . . .

HASKELL. Say . . . can't you two settle this later . . . by golly, that fine meal will be all cold. . . .

Theme

ANNOUNCER. And that is the end of the story of the Ultra Violet Ray. If you enjoyed this mystery of the Thousand Islands, we feel sure that you will enjoy our next big serial mystery which will start one week from tonight at this same time. It is titled "The Falcon" and will be even more thrilling than "Ultra-Violet." . . . Listen

(Three deep toned gongs)

STEVENS. Get her out of sight . . . I'll take care of the officers. . . .

(Snapping fingers)

JUDY. Oh . . . What's that noise? . . .

GROSS. What is that snapping? . . .

MARIE. Hark . . . hark.

VOICE. You will do well to be warned . . . move on . . . the Falcon is speaking.

NANCY. Oh . . . Lord he'p us . . . he'p us . . . go 'way . . . go 'way yo' debbil man.

(Tom tom is sounded)

VOICE. The Falcon flies straight and his talons are sharp . . . *(Laugh)*.

(Three chime notes)

NANCY. De fireplace . . . de fireplace . . . oh, Law's massy . . . oh, debbil shuah nuff. . . .

MARIE. *(Shouting)* help . . . help. . . . Stevens . . . Gross . . . the 'phone did it . . . it was the telephone that killed him. . . .

VOICE. The Falcon *(Laugh)* flies straight and his talons are sharp.

(Three deep chime notes)

ANNOUNCER. These flashes are from "The Falcon." Don't fail to start this story next week for eight big episodes of thrills.

Note to station. The staff required for the Falcon is as follows:

Judy Wilhelm	Ingenué	Marie Wilhelm . . .	Middle aged
Ted Ingram	Juvenile lead		woman
Gross Wilhelm.	Middle aged man	Stevens	Butler
THE VOICE	Very deep, slow and precise, nasal and mean		
Nancy	Colored servant.		

Synopsis of first episode. . . .

Ted Ingram and Judy Wilhelm meet on board train enroute to New York. Ted looks up Judy in New York and finds that the butler answers

evasively. He hears Judy scream in the house and runs upstairs with her, having knocked the butler down. He finds that her uncle is dead in a Red Room on the second floor of the house. When he telephones for police and returns, he finds the room has disappeared and in its place is a solid wall and a window. The Voice of the Falcon warns all in the house to leave at once. The police are at the front door and as Ted starts down the stairs to meet them . . . he is shot from behind.

ONCE UPON A TIME

Cinderella

SINGLE-UNIT PLAY FOR CHILDREN

The following script is a single-unit play for a specific audience. *Once Upon a Time* was a series of fairy stories. This fact, however, does not necessarily classify *Cinderella*, or any of the other plays in the series, as a Unit-in-Series play, inasmuch as the subject matter, theme and characters are different in each play. It is possible to consider *Cinderella* an adaptation. The *Once Upon a Time* series was broadcast generally throughout the United States, distributed in transcription. Permission for publication kindly granted by American Radio Features by L. D. Ross.

ONCE UPON A TIME

American Radio Features, 5658 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, California.

Cinderella

ANNOUNCER. Once Upon a Time—a fantasy! This is an American Gold Seal Production.

Theme: Music box.

NARRATOR. Once upon a time, in the days when grown ups had not forgotten how to play and when gnomes and elfins roamed the woodland dells, there lived in a quaint old town a little girl called Cinderella. Now, Cinderella was very lonely and sad, because she never was allowed to go any place, and her two sisters who were grown-up were very unkind. They always wore nice new clothes and always went everywhere. So very, very unhappy was Cinderella, that the wrinkled-faced old Squirrel King decided that something must be done about it, so he called a meeting of all the gnomes and the elfins and even asked the Queen of the Fairies to come and see what she could do.

(Bird songs, murmur of voices, celeste)

ENSEMBLE. We are a happy family, gnomes and elfins all,
Gathered in our fairy palace
At our Squirrel King's call

When he asks us here to meet him we're to have some fun
For we're the happiest gnomes and elfins
Underneath the sun.

(Cheers)

VOICE. Here they come. . . .

ALL. Yes here they come.

(Fanfare)

HERALD. The Squirrel King and the Queen of the Fairies.

SQUIRREL. Tsk. . . . Well, well, . . . are we all here . . . all here?
everybody here?

ALL. Yes, your Majesty, all here.

SQUIRREL. Where's the owl?

QUEEN. Over there; he nodded his head.

SQUIRREL. Thank you, Fairy Queen . . . thank you. . . . Why can't you
talk, Owl?

OWL. There wasn't anything to say.

ALL. That's right, there wasn't anything to say.

SQUIRREL. All right, all right, now to get down to business. I've
asked you all to come here to see what we can do for Cinderella.

OWL. What is the matter with her?

SQUIRREL. She's lonely. Her sisters aren't kind to her. She never gets
to go any place.

OWL. Too bad, too bad.

ALL. Too bad, too bad.

SQUIRREL. Yes, yes . . . it's too bad, but the thing is, what are we
going to do about it . . . can you make any suggestion, Wise Old Owl?

ALL. Yes, the Wise Old Owl will have a suggestion.

(Celeste)

ENSEMBLE. This Wise Old Owl sits in the trees
And the less he says the more he sees.
The more he sees the less he's heard
Isn't our owl a wise old bird?

OWL. Thank you, thank you. Squirrel King, will you leave this to me;
to me, and the Queen of the Fairies?

SQUIRREL. Certainly, Wise Old Owl, certainly.

FAIRY Q. And what do you want me to do, Wise Old Owl?

OWL. *(fade)* You just come with me, Fairy Queen, this is going to
be our secret.

(Celeste to fade)

NARRATOR. Now of course, Cinderella didn't know anything about
the meeting at the Squirrel King's palace, because you see she was
sitting at home crouched on the hearth in the kitchen trying to get the
last bit of warmth from the dying embers. Outside, the wind howled

over the snow-clad landscape, and even the meagre fire seemed good; at least Cinderella could play make-believe with the queer shadows . . . the flickering light cast on the bare kitchen wall.

(Wind up)

CINDERELLA. There's a funny one, like an old man with a tall hat, and a crooked old stick—now he's changed into an old witch. And now—Oh-h-h, that could be a fairy, with an owl by her side.

FAIRY. Cinderella.

CINDERELLA. What's that? . . . Oh it must have been the wind. . . .

FAIRY Q. No, Cinderella, . . .

OWL. Oh, no, Cinderella . . . not the wind at all.

CINDERELLA. Dear me . . . I must be dreaming. . . .

FAIRY Q. No, Cinderella . . . you are not dreaming. I am the Queen of the Fairies and this is the Wise Old Owl.

CINDERELLA. But why have you come here . . . to see me?

FAIRY Q. To grant you one wish, Cinderella.

OWL. Yes, Cinderella . . . only one wish.

FAIRY Q. So think hard, . . . Cinderella. What would you like to have most of all?

CINDERELLA. Oh . . . I know it's impossible . . . but I do *so* want to go to the great ball given by the Prince tonight. My sisters have all gone . . . and I *did* want to go. . . . But then, I have no clothes . . . I couldn't go to a dance in these rags, could I?

OWL. No. No, not very well.

FAIRY Q. You shall have your wish, Cinderella. Now get me a great big pumpkin . . . and six white mice . . . and . . .

OWL. Don't forget two lizards, the Squirrel King said we must have two lizards.

FAIRY. Yes . . . two lizards. A pumpkin . . . six white mice . . . and two lizards.

CINDERELLA. *(fade)* I have six white mice . . . pets . . . I have to keep them in the cellar you know. . . . Yes, I'll get them. . . .

(Door creak—howling wind and rocket effect)

SQUIRREL. Well, well, things going . . . nicely, I hope.

FAIRY Q. Yes, Squirrel King. . . . She's a lovely little girl, isn't she?

SQUIRREL. Yes . . . I thought she was worthy of help. . . .

(Door creak and slam)

CINDERELLA. Oh-h-h-h . . . who's this?

OWL. This is his Majesty, the King of the Squirrels.

CINDERELLA. I'm very pleased to meet you, your Majesty. . . .

SQUIRREL. I'm very glad to meet you too, Cinderella . . . but come along, come along . . . I must hurry back . . . you can't tell what might happen while I'm away . . . why anything might happen.

CINDERELLA. Well, . . . here's a pumpkin . . . and the mice.

MOUSE. Hello there, Squirrel King.

CINDERELLA. Goodness gracious . . . a mouse talking.

MOUSE. What's so strange about that? We all talk, don't we . . . don't we?

MICE. Yes, . . . we all talk.

(*Celeste*)

ENSEMBLE. Six white mice, all in a row,
Six white mice ready to go
Six white mice, six horses will be
You just wait and you will see.

(*Crash*)

CINDERELLA. Oh-h-h-h-h . . . the white mice have changed into horses with silver harness and tinkling bells and the pumpkin. . . .

OWL. Look at the pumpkin, Cinderella! Oh the pumpkin is changing into a beautiful golden coach . . . I'm very proud of that pumpkin . . . it makes a splendid coach.

CINDERELLA. A *beautiful* coach . . . and two coachmen . . . in liveries. . . .

SQUIRREL. Yes, yes . . . they're the lizards . . . that was my idea . . . what do you think of it?

CINDERELLA. A very good idea . . . but . . . but I still can't go in these clothes.

FAIRY Q. That is going to be my gift, Cinderella. . . . Now stand straight up . . . close your eyes and count three. All together.

ALL. One, two, three.

(*Rocket*)

CINDERELLA. Beautiful! wonderful! there never was a gown like this!

SQUIRREL. The green . . . like the green of the sea. . . .

OWL. And the white—soft, fluffy . . . like the sea foam.

SQUIRREL. And all the stones . . . sparkling like twinkling stars. . . .

CINDERELLA. And look at the slippers . . . why they're made of glass.

FAIRY Q. Yes, Cinderella . . . spun glass and best of all . . . they'll never fit anyone else.

(*Distant chime of ten o'clock—Westminster*)

SQUIRREL. Quickly now . . . ten o'clock . . . the ball is just commencing.

FAIRY Q. Just one thing before you go . . . Cinderella. . . . You must be home by midnight . . . the spell will not last after the last stroke of twelve.

CINDERELLA. (*soft*) I'll remember . . . I'll be home before twelve.

(*Rocket effect*)

NARRATOR. Off into the crisp night air went the magic coach with its white horses. And what a sensation Cinderella caused as she stepped into the ball room. The Prince wouldn't dance with anyone else. The

two wicked sisters sat at one end of the dance floor . . . their faces as black as thunder clouds. But Cinderella didn't mind . . . in fact, she was having such a good time that she didn't notice when the clock struck half past eleven . . . then quarter to twelve. . . .

(Celeste and dance of sugar plum fairy—tsch)

PRINCE. Are you enjoying yourself, Your Highness?

CINDERELLA. *(young, thrilled)* I'm having such a wonderful time, I never dreamed that any thing could be like this. It's all so beautiful.

PRINCE. And you . . . you are most beautiful of all. There is no one here half as beautiful.

CINDERELLA. And to think that it must all come to an end.

PRINCE. But it need not. There will be many more such occasions. Surely I shall see you again . . . I must see you again.

(First stroke of twelve)

CINDERELLA. What's that?

PRINCE. Why, nothing, just the first stroke of midnight. . . .

CINDERELLA. Oh, I must go. . . .

PRINCE. Please don't. . . .

CINDERELLA. But I must . . . don't hold me. . . .

PRINCE. *(fade)* But I must know who you are . . . tell me your name. . . .

(Strokes out till midnight)

NARRATOR. But Cinderella tore herself from the Prince's side, rushed through the ball-room and out to the canopied stairway. As she ran down the steps, one of the glass slippers came off. She picked it up and ran on, then the other slipper came off and just then, the last stroke of twelve sounded and Cinderella found herself . . . at home, dressed in her rags sitting before the dead ashes in the fireplace. It was all a dream, but for one thing . . . she still had *the glass slipper gripped tightly in her hand*. What excitement there was in the kingdom the following morning. The Prince had found Cinderella's other glass slipper and had sent word to the four corners of the kingdom to tell the people that whomsoever the shoe would fit would be his bride. As the Prince with his heralds came down the street, Cinderella's two wicked sisters stood peering from behind the curtains.

(Ringing of bell)

HERALD. Hear ye, hear ye. It is the order of the prince that every lady of the kingdom shall try on this glass slipper.

(Knocking on door)

1ST. You open the door, sister, it's the Prince.

2ND. No, you open it, I'm just sure that the slipper will fit me, and it is not right that the future princess should open the door.

1ST. Fit you! (*laughs*) That tiny slipper fit your great big foot. Why your feet are bigger than mine.

(*Knocking on door*)

1ST. Let Cinderella open the door (*calls*) Cinderella . . . Cinderella, open the door, for his Highness. . . .

CINDERELLA. (*off*) Yes, sister, yes. . . .

(*Door creak*)

SISTERS. Welcome, your Royal Highness.

HERALD. The Prince commands that you try this glass slipper.

1ST. I'll try it first.

2ND. No, I'll try it first . . . I'm sure. . . .

PRINCE. It does not make any difference who tries it first. Somehow I do not think it will fit either of you. . . .

1ST. Oh-h, just a little more, your Highness . . . I'm sure if my feet weren't swollen from the dancing last night.

PRINCE. You can never get that slipper on . . . now you try it.

2ND. What did I tell you. Look, Prince, how easily my toes slip inside.

1ST. (*Laughs*) Yes, we see . . . now put it on. . . . What did I tell *you*. You can't get that slipper on if you try for a thousand years.

PRINCE. Are there any more ladies in this house?

BOTH SISTERS. No . . . we're all alone . . . your Highness.

PRINCE. What of the young lady who opened the door?

1ST. Cinderella? (*Laughs*) Oh, that's too funny for words—Cinderella . . . the little kitchen maid. . . .

HERALD. The Prince's orders are that everyone shall try the slipper (*calls*) Cinderella . . . Cinderella. . . .

CINDERELLA. Yes . . . Do you want me?

HERALD. His Highness wishes to see you.

PRINCE. Yes, my dear young lady, . . . will you be pleased to try on this glass slipper? . . .

CINDERELLA. Certainly, there. . . .

PRINCE. It fits . . . it fits perfectly.

1ST. The little minx. . . .

2ND. She's been deceiving us.

HERALD. And what's that, Cinderella?

PRINCE. The other slipper . . . Herald, announce to my people that I have found the Princess. Come, Cinderella, we will go to the palace.

(*Fanfare*)

ENSEMBLE. The Prince has found his bride
The Prince has found his bride
The magic slipper was the test
Cinderella's foot it fits the best
And the Prince has found his bride

NARRATOR. So the fairies and gnomes danced and sang in Cinderella's kitchen, but of course, the wicked sisters did not see them because only kind people see fairies, and as for Cinderella and her Prince, they didn't see the fairies either because you see, they were already on their way to the palace where they lived happily ever after.

Theme

JACK ARMSTRONG, THE ALL-AMERICAN BOY

Episode No. 893

REVOLVING PLOT SERIAL FOR CHILDREN

Typical of the adventure serials for children is this Revolving Plot Serial of JACK ARMSTRONG, a transcription feature. Permission for publication kindly granted by General Mills, Inc., by John Bovey.

JACK ARMSTRONG, THE ALL-AMERICAN BOY

Lead-in

ANNOUNCER. And now, Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy!

(Drone of airplane motors)

ANNOUNCER. The Silver Albatross is on her way up the Congo River. Uncle Jim is at the controls, with Betty beside him. Three thousand feet below, between giant forests, there roars the unnavigable gateway into darkest Africa—the plunging cataracts known as the Stanley Falls, that held the world at bay for centuries. On the floor of the plane sits Booloola, the black magician; he is known as the Elephant Man—six feet four inches of magnificent bronze savage. He is clad in a lion-skin apron and a necklace of lions' claws. His dark eyes glow with mystery and his thick African lips smile with proud cunning. Jack is watching Booloola; and Billy is seated beside Jack. The snub-nosed, ebony-colored native, Kazimoto is squatting at Jack's feet. Uncle Jim is diving lower for a better view of the falls and Kazimoto is afraid of the power dive. Listen:

(Drone of airplane motors)

KAZIMOTO. Oh . . . oh.

UNCLE JIM. Don't be afraid, Kazimoto. . . . Nothing is wrong with the plane. We're only going lower for a better view of the falls.

BETTY. What are those specks . . . look . . . four, five of them, between that island and the river-bank?

BILLY. Are they logs . . . or crocodiles . . . or what are they?

UNCLE JIM. Those are native canoes.

JACK. Gosh, those native boatmen must be pretty skillful!

UNCLE JIM. You bet they are! Those are enormous canoes, and they're built of mahogany. There isn't any wood much stronger than mahogany. But one careless stroke with a paddle, and good-bye!

BETTY. I suppose the canoe would be all smashed to pieces.

UNCLE JIM. Yes. Into pieces too small for matchwood.

BILLY. That current looks worse than Niagara.

JACK. It seems a pity that engineers can't do something about those sixty miles of rapids and make them navigable.

UNCLE JIM. Engineers can do *anything*, Jack. There isn't a thing that the mind of man can imagine that the engineers can't do, if you only give them time and money.

BILLY. Then why don't they do it?

JACK. If engineers would make these rapids navigable, there'd be an open waterway, wouldn't there, right into the very middle of Africa?

UNCLE JIM. Three thousand miles of it, Jack . . . and lots of it more than twenty miles wide. But it wouldn't pay. It would cost too much money. It was cheaper to build that railway line around the falls. You can see it winding through the forest there. And it wasn't any cinch to build that, I don't mind telling you!

BETTY. It looks just like any other railway line.

UNCLE JIM. Yes, the engineers did a good job. But they had to fight savages, fever and lions every inch of the way!

BETTY. Weren't the lions afraid of the locomotives?

UNCLE JIM. (*laughing*) The lions hadn't learned about locomotives. They were merely annoyed by them. They didn't know any reason why they should be afraid of them. So they attacked them, and attacked the construction gang and the engineers. It was a long time before the lions learned that they couldn't beat engineers.

BETTY. And after that, did the lions go away?

UNCLE JIM. You bet they did, once they'd learned the lesson. And now, there's Leopoldville, right ahead of us, just beyond that first cataract. That used to be lions' headquarters.

BETTY. And aren't there any lions there now?

UNCLE JIM. They're all back in the jungle. It's more than ten years since anyone saw a lion in Leopoldville.

JACK. It looks like quite a city from here.

BILLY. Gee! Look at that fleet of river steamers!

BETTY. And Uncle Jim, look! There's a regular airport, with a hangar and . . .

UNCLE JIM. Yes, but I'll put the Silver Albatross down on the river. The water is smooth here.—Jack, you'd better tell that magician to hang on now or he may get pitched on his face when I hit the water.

BILLY. (*off*) Hang on, Booloola, we're going to land!

(Change noise of motors. Ad lib for landing)

JACK. Booloola's hanging on all right, Uncle Jim. He seems to know what to expect.

BETTY. This is like a lake we're coming down on.

UNCLE JIM. It's not so many years since this great pool, as they call it, was crowded with hippos.

BETTY. Oh, I wish they were here now. I do want to see hippos.

UNCLE JIM. Don't worry. You'll see lots of them higher up the river.

JACK. Show your stuff, Uncle Jim! I'll bet those hippos used to make more splash than you'll do when you hit the water!

UNCLE JIM. *(laughing)* Says you, Jack! Are you trying to make me self-conscious? . . . There . . .

(Plane hits water. Down on motors)

UNCLE JIM. How was that one!

CHORUS. Swell, Uncle Jim!

UNCLE JIM. I can taxi her right up to that wharf. It belongs to the steamboat company but Sheikh Mahommed's agent made arrangements for us to use it.

(Cut motors. Another plane (off) coming)

JACK. We won't be alone here, Uncle Jim. There's another plane coming down.

UNCLE JIM. Is it a hydroplane?

(Airplane coming)

JACK. Yes. Say, watch out, Uncle Jim! They'll land right on us if they're not . . .

(Hydroplane hits water. Off)

BILLY. Well for crying out loud!

BETTY. They only missed us by a couple of yards!

UNCLE JIM. It was a bit more than that, Betty. But it was much too close for comfort.

BETTY. They splashed water all over us! And now look at them scooting away.

BILLY. Imagine having all Africa to fly around in, and then coming as close as that to a collision!

JACK. They're coming around. They're coming to moor right alongside of us.

BILLY. What for, I wonder? What's their idea?

JACK. There's someone opening the door already. He's stuck his head out.

UNCLE JIM. That's the Belgian plane, from Senegal.

JACK. It should have landed at Matadi, shouldn't it, the same as we did? . . . Say, look! Isn't that Lopez with his head sticking out of the door?

UNCLE JIM. Well, who would have believed that! You have to hand

it to him. That's pretty close to a miracle! He didn't waste a minute since we left Brazil.

JACK. We lost a lot of time, Uncle Jim, over rescuing those elephants at sea.

UNCLE JIM. Well, anyhow, it was smart work to overtake us. Now we'll have to deal with him.

BILLY. And he's a darned bad man to deal with!

UNCLE JIM. Look here, Jack! I don't want Lopez aboard the Silver Albatross.

JACK. He's out on the wharf already. What do you want me to do?

(Motor boat fade in)

UNCLE JIM. Here comes the shore-boat. You and Billy jump into it and keep Lopez occupied until I get the plane properly moored.

JACK. How about Booloola, Uncle Jim?

UNCLE JIM. Take Kazimoto with you and leave Booloola with me. Look sharp before Lopez tries to come aboard.

JACK. Okay. Come on, Billy. Come on, Kazimoto . . . this way.

(Plane door opens . . . three jump into boat . . . motor)

JACK. We could almost have jumped it. . . Hurry up.

BILLY. Gee, I'd hate to try to jump it! There are crocodiles in this river. If you fell in . . .

(Boat bumps against wharf)

JACK. Come on, Billy. There are no steps. We'll have to climb up any old how.

LOPEZ. *(coming)* Give me your hand, Jack Armstrong. I am a strong man. I can lift you easily.

JACK. Thank you, Mr. Lopez. I can manage nicely. . . . Can you make it, Billy? Come on, Kazimoto. Out you get.

BILLY. *(coming)* Okay, Jack. It's easy.

LOPEZ. You didn't expect me, did you, Jack Armstrong?

JACK. I'm afraid you're mistaken, Mr. Lopez. We knew more than you seem to think. While we were crossing the Atlantic, we learned by radio that you had taken a plane from Brazil.

LOPEZ. Hah! But I was a little bit quick for you, wasn't I! What have you done with my servant, Ali?

JACK. But Ali is not your servant, Mr. Lopez. Ali is a free man.

LOPEZ. We'll see about that. Where is he?

JACK. I don't believe it's any of your business where Ali is, Mr. Lopez. But if you care to wait here on the wharf and ask Uncle Jim when he comes ashore, perhaps *he* might tell you.

LOPEZ. Did Ali give you that ring you're wearing?

JACK. Why do you ask?

LOPEZ. Because that ring was stolen from me!

JACK. I don't like to contradict you flatly, Mr. Lopez, but Ali told us a different story.

BILLY. Yes, and we believe what Ali told us! He told us that Tippoo Tib gave him the ring.

JACK. And we all saw you ill-treating poor old Ali on your plantation in Brazil, Mr. Lopez.

BILLY. So we all believed Ali, when he told us you'd been trying to get that ring away from him.

LOPEZ. Jack Armstrong, you give me that ring this minute! It's mine.

JACK. You try to get it, Mr. Lopez. . . . No, no, Kazimoto, you keep back. This is my job.

KAZIMOTO. Bwana, me being top-hole feller . . . not letting that man touch you. You my master.

JACK. (*laughing*) Okay, Kazimoto, when I'm scared of him, I'll tell you.

BILLY. Gosh sakes, look who's coming!

(*Splash. Off*)

BILLY. Jack, that's Booloola! He's swimming!

JACK. Keep your eye on him, Billy. You and Kazimoto help him out of the water.

LOPEZ. Did I hear the name Booloola? Jack Armstrong, this is too much! You steal my servant Ali . . . you steal my ivory ring . . . and now you steal Booloola!

JACK. (*laughing*) You seem to think I'm a pretty smart thief!

(*Splash and grunting. Off*)

JACK. Here comes Booloola. He's as easy to steal as a red-hot stove! How about your having a try to steal him away from me?

BILLY. (*coming*) Gosh, Jack, Booloola can swim like a fish, and he climbed out like a monkey! I'll say he's a magician!

JACK. (*laughing*) Mr. Lopez seems to think we stole Booloola!

LOPEZ. Yes! He is my man! You stole him from me, because Ali told you that Booloola knows where Tippoo Tib buried the map of the place where the elephants go to die!

JACK. I can't get Booloola to say a word to me, Mr. Lopez. Perhaps he'll talk to you. Suppose you ask him whether we stole him, or whether he just stepped into our plane and came along.

LOPEZ. Very well, I'll get the truth out of him! . . . Booloola! Didn't my agent, Bwana Rousseau of Matadi, tell you that I'm coming, and warn you to wait for me in Matadi?

(*Pause. Lapping of water against wharf-piles*)

LOPEZ. Answer me, you black dog!

BILLY. (*sotto voce*) Lopez can't make him talk any better than you did, Jack!

LOPEZ. Booloola! You answer me this minute or I'll . . .

JACK. Oh no, you won't, Mr. Lopez! Put down that stick!

LOPEZ. You keep out of this, Jack Armstrong. I'll make him talk or . . .

JACK. I'm warning you, Mr. Lopez. Put down that stick.

LOPEZ. You get out of my way, Jack Armstrong, or I'll hit *you*. . . . Did you hear me? Get out of my way! You won't? Then take that!

(*Blow with stick . . . fight. Ad lib*)

BILLY. Good for you, Jack! Soak him! Hit him again! Gosh! . . . Oh . . .

LOPEZ. Hands off me, you . . .

JACK. (*grunting*) Call off Kazimoto! Billy! Pull him off, will you! I can tackle Lopez.

UNCLE JIM. (*off*) Jack! Jack!

LOPEZ. I'll have the whole lot of you thrown in prison! I'll . . .

BILLY. Jack, I can't hold Kazimoto! He wants to protect you. He . . .

UNCLE JIM. (*off . . . shouting*) Jack! Jack!

JACK. (*grunting*) You can have more if you want it, Mister!

LOPEZ. You have bloodied my nose, Jack Armstrong! I will go and show it to your Uncle Jim Fairfield.

JACK. There's the boat, Mr. Lopez. Jump in! Go and squeal to Uncle Jim!

BILLY. You'll be quite safe, Mr. Lopez! Uncle Jim never hits a man when he's down!

LOPEZ (*fading*) You'll pay for this, all of you!

BILLY. Booloola stood still and watched you, Jack, and said never a word. He didn't move. He didn't even grunt. He just looked on, and I believe he understood every word that was said.

JACK. There's someone else here who's got to understand something. See here, Kazimoto. (*Laughing*) When I want your help in a fight, I'll ask for it! Do you understand that?

KAZIMOTO. Yes, bwana. Understand-um good. But me first class feller. You fight . . . me fight.

BILLY. Jack, you'll have to chain up Kazimoto if you want to keep him from protecting you!

JACK. Say, what's come over Booloola? Look at him! He's grinning!

BILLY. He's looking at you. But what's he pointing at?

JACK. He's pointing toward that track over there, that leads toward the jungle. What's his idea, Kazimoto? You ask him.

KAZIMOTO. By-um-by Elephant Man Booloola make-um own talk. Him can talk more good as me.

JACK. Booloola, come on . . . what is it? You haven't spoken one word since we met you in Matadi. Why are you pointing at that road into the jungle? What's the idea?

- BOOLOOLA. (*deep voice*) My name Boo-loo-la. What your name?
 JACK. I'm Jack Armstrong. I thought you knew it.
 BOOLOOLA. Uh-uh! . . . Uh-uh! . . . Your name Bwana Roho!
 BILLY. (*laughing*) I guess Uncle Jim was right, Jack. You'll be known as Bwana Roho as long as you remain in Africa.
 BOOLOOLA. Calling you Bwana Roho your spirit good. You not afraid.
 JACK. (*laughing*) Billy, I bet you a dollar he's going to try to scare the slats out of both of us!
 BOOLOOLA. My home . . . down that road . . . long way . . . in jungle. You come.
 JACK. When shall we come? Billy and I will be tickled to bits to visit you.
 BILLY. He didn't ask me, did he?
 JACK. You're in on it, Billy, or I'm out!
 BOOLOOLA. You come tonight . . . in dark . . . no lantern . . . my servant him meeting you . . . you not afraid . . . you follow servant. . . . Goo'bye!
 JACK. Here, half a minute, come back! I want to talk to you!
 KAZIMOTO. Uh-uh-uh-uh-uh, bwana! Let-um to'way! That Booloola . . . him Elephant Man. Him greatest magician in Africa. Make too much magic! Uh! uh! Trouble tonight. Big trouble in jungle! (*fade*)
- Lead-out*
- ANNOUNCER. What will Jack do? Do you think he'll accept that mysterious invitation to go into the jungle, after dark, without a lantern, to visit the Elephant Man, Booloola? What's going to happen? Listen in tomorrow, to an exciting and weird episode in the greatest adventure of all time—with Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy.

BOBBY BENSON AND THE BAR-O RANGERS

Script No. 690

REVOLVING PLOT SERIAL FOR CHILDREN

In structural type, the Bobby Benson serial tends towards the "series of ultimate conclusions" described in the introduction to this volume. It was designed for younger children than is the Jack Armstrong series. Permission for publication kindly granted by Erwin, Wasey & Company, Inc., Advertising, by Innes Harris, who writes, "The series was broadcast over Eastern CBS stations for four years. . . . The program was planned to be as educational as possible and yet to be exciting with a minimum of dangerous happenings. As broadcast it was one of the programs of which CBS was most proud, since it fitted their requirements as set up by child psychologists and educators without contain-

ing dry material which would arouse only disinterest among the potential listeners." It should be noticed that the "commercial" advertisements are printed here as they appeared in the script, not as they appeared in the broadcast; hence, the closing announcement is printed immediately after the opening announcement instead of at the end of the program.

BOBBY BENSON AND THE H-BAR-O RANGERS

Radio Department, Erwin, Wasey & Company, Inc., 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City, Mohawk 4-8700

<i>Client:</i> Hecker, H. O. Company	<i>Date:</i> Wednesday, Nov. 25
<i>Program:</i> H-Bar-O Rangers	<i>Time:</i> 6:15-6:30 E.S.T.
<i>Number:</i> R-D 233	<i>Station:</i> WABC only
<i>Script:</i> No. 690	

Opening Announcement

ANNOUNCER: Howdy, boys and girls. This is Dangerous Dan Seymour, announcing for Bobby Benson and the H-Bar-O Rangers. For you Rangers who haven't yet received your copies of the Bobby Benson adventure books, I want to tell you about some of the comic colored pictures found in the books. There's one set which tells how to play cowboy golf, another set tells about the defense of the Alamo during the Texans' war with Mexico, another tells stories about the romantic Rio Grande river. Still another set tells why cowboys wear the clothes they do, like chaps and high-heeled boots, another tells all about the different kinds of cactus found in Texas. They're all mighty interesting and some of them are as funny as can be. You're really missing something if you don't see those funny, interesting pictures and read the new adventures of Bobby and his friends. Be absolutely sure to listen later when I tell you how you can get one of the books, absolutely free.

Closing Announcement

ANNOUNCER. So you want a Bobby Benson adventure book, but have been just too lazy to arrange to get yours? Well, let me tell you, I'm not foolin' a bit when I say these books are too popular to last much longer. We had a lot of them printed, but they've gone like hot cakes. Yes sir! What you'd better do right away—pronto, as we say out West, is get those two H-O box tops and send them, together with your name and address, to Bobby Benson, Buffalo, N.Y. If there aren't two box tops out in your kitchen right now, why don't you just talk to your mother about it? Tell her that the world's quickest and most delicious hot breakfast, H-O OATS, is what you want every morning. And tell her that the Bobby Benson adventure books are just the kind she likes for you to read—and that you want them. I'll bet you then mother will get two

boxes of H-O and you can send the two box tops, with your name and address, to Bobby Benson, Buffalo, N.Y. Don't hesitate or you're lost!

BOBBY. Until Friday night . . . so long . . . and H-O for the kid who knows his oats.

(On cue)

Opening Announcement

ANNOUNCER. Somewhere, more than thirty thousand feet in the air, the big monoplane, the Lone Star, is plunging along with an unconscious pilot at the controls. Flying over the Himalayas and headed east out of India, the Lone Star with Bobby Benson, Tex Mason, Little Luke Ledbetter, Harka and Hulda aboard . . . and with Mr. Copeland, the inventor of the plane at the controls, ran into rough air. Mr. Copeland took his plane high, but without oxygen in the cockpit he became unconscious. Will Bobby be able to get to the control in time to pull the ship out of the dangerous spin . . . let's listen!

(Roar of motors)

TEX. *(shouting)* You out of them straps son?

BOBBY. Yes! Now if I can only get to the controls without getting thrown through a window, we'll be all right!

LUKE. Old airplaney sure is a jumpin' and a pitchin'!

TEX. Hang on tight, son. I'm right behind you!

BOBBY. Here, Tex . . . help me get Mr. Copeland clear of the controls! Golly . . . we got to work fast!

TEX. Lend a hand here, Luke!

LUKE. I'll lend two hands if my toes can on'y get a grip on somethin'. Sure glad I chucked my shoes and went barefoot in this here thing. Ahhh . . . I got him Tex!

TEX. Grab them controls, Bobby!

BOBBY. I've got 'em Tex. I'll have her flying even in a moment!

TEX. Don't waste no time. Old ground rushin' up to meet us!

BOBBY. I've got them!

HARKA. Me here, Bobby Boy. Can help.

BOBBY. I can't quite handle the rudder, Harka. Can you get to it?

HARKA. Me got him. Now what.

BOBBY. Lift rudder and all you've got!

HARKA. There it go! How that?

BOBBY. We're coming out of it. Say, did Tex get Mr. Copeland back there?

HARKA. He giving him oxygen now.

BOBBY. Good, then he'll be all right. *(long sigh of relief)* Ah-h-h. We're flying level now . . . but I've got to try for altitude! There's a big peak ahead of us! Feed me some oxygen, Harka! *(biss of oxygen flask)* Ah . . . that's good!

HARKA. This not so good flying country.

BOBBY. It's terrible flying country . . . but it looks better ahead. Mountains not so high. I guess that's Tibet and we'll be over China in an hour or so!

TEX. (*fading in*) Everything under control, son?

BOBBY. Everything under control . . . but, believe me, it isn't easy to handle this ship in this bumpy air. How's Mr. Copeland?

TEX. Comin' out of it fast. Luke is givin' him oxygen. He'll be all right in a few minutes.

BOBBY. Golly . . . we sure lost plenty of altitude. Down to about sixteen thousand feet. . . .

HARKA. Have to fly through passes. Mountains on all sides.

BOBBY. There's a pass ahead. I think we can get through there.

TEX. Can you handle the controls all right, son?

BOBBY. I think so, Tex! But get Mr. Copeland revived and up here as soon as you can. This is no job for an amateur pilot!

TEX. If you can just hold on a few minutes longer, he'll be O.K.

BOBBY. All right. I can do it!

TEX. You know your course?

BOBBY. The compass seems to be jumping all over the place but I'm trying to keep the plane headed east. Have to swing north to go through that pass, though!

TEX. O.K. We got to go north anyway. We'll fly over China, try and pick up the Yangtse River and follow it into Shanghai. I think we're going to refuel over Shanghai instead of Hong Kong.

BOBBY. O.K. Stand by, Harka. I may need you!

TEX. I'll have Mr. Copeland in shape in a few minutes! Carry on, feller!

BOBBY. O.K., Tex. Harka, do you think we can get through that pass at this altitude or shall I climb?

HARKA. Think it better you climb, Bobby Boy.

BOBBY. All right. Going up!

(*Rev up motor*)

(*Fade out . . . pause . . . fade in*)

TEX. Hey, son, wake up!

BOBBY. (*sleepily*) Huh . . . oh . . . say, where are we, Tex?

TEX. Over China, son. And if you'll look down there you'll see the Yangtse River!

BOBBY. You mean we're getting near Shanghai, Tex?

TEX. Right. And that's where we refuel. Then . . . out we go over the Pacific Ocean to Hawaii.

BOBBY. Gosh. I've slept over half of China!

TEX. You rated sleep, son, after pulling that ship through those

mountains. But as soon as we get on our course for Hawaii, you and Harka will have to take over again!

BOBBY. That ought to be simple!

TEX. Mr. Copeland has a plan!

BOBBY. Yes?

TEX. It's a risky plan but it's a sure way of winning this round the world race.

BOBBY. Then, I'm for it. What's the plan, Tex?

TEX. We've been picking up radio reports. We're well ahead of the Golden Bullet . . . but if our plane is going to land at the H-Bar-O before the Golden Bullet lands in Los Angeles, we'll have to pick up at least two hours flying time!

BOBBY. That's almost six hundred miles!

TEX. Mr. Copeland has it figured out that if we can refuel over the Hawaiian Islands, we can go on to the H-Bar-O without a refueling stop over Los Angeles.

BOBBY. But, Tex. . . .

TEX. It's something over three thousand miles airline from the Hawaiian Islands to the H-Bar-O. We'll hit North America over lower California and fly the thirtieth parallel right to the Ranch. That'll save us close to five hundred miles flying.

BOBBY. Can it be done?

TEX. It can be done if we can make three hundred miles an hour from the Islands to the Ranch. That means traveling . . . but it can be done!

BOBBY. Then I'm all for it!

TEX. There probably won't be five gallons of gas left in the tanks when we land at the ranch . . . but we'll get there!

BOBBY. How much further, Tex?

TEX. Roughly seven thousand miles to lower California from Shanghai . . . around eight hundred miles from lower California to the Ranch. I'd say twenty-six or twenty-seven hours more!

BOBBY. You mean we'll be back at the Ranch in less than twenty-seven hours and here we are flying over China?

TEX. If we have any luck, yes!

BOBBY. Gosh . . . why . . . why that means we'll go around the world in less than a hundred hours . . . twenty-seven more hours flying . . . that would put us at the Ranch about five o'clock in the morning!

TEX. That's the way I figure it, son. . . .

BOBBY. Just one hour less than four days.

TEX. Right!

BOBBY. Wait a minute . . . we'll get back there Friday morning . . . we left Monday . . . but, Tex . . . we've seen the sun rise three times

already . . . we'll see it rise again tomorrow . . . that will make five days since we left. . . .

TEX. Don't forget, son, that flying east, we pick up a day . . . we get five days . . . five sunrises and sunsets in the time you usually get four!

BOBBY. Let's not talk about it. It gives me the jitters even to think about it!

TEX. (*chuckles*) The main thing is that clock there, Bobby. We're goin' by hours, not by days, and we are goin' to get around in less'n a hundred hours, if we have any luck at all.

BOBBY. How are the rest of the people?

TEX. All asleep. Hulda got over her air sickness as soon as we got out of those mountains.

BOBBY. Good. She sure was a sick girl for a while!

TEX. I didn't feel any too good myself. That's the roughest trip I ever made in my life! Even Luke lost his appetite for about fifteen minutes!

BOBBY. Then it must have been rough! And it was! Say, Tex! That must be Shanghai ahead!

TEX. That's Shanghai, son, and a plane from one of the big oil companies is going to refuel us. We'll have to fill every tank and take on all the oil in cans we have room for. It's a long way to the Hawaiian Islands . . . better'n five thousand miles!

BOBBY. Gosh, can we carry enough gas to take us through?

TEX. Unless we hit bad head winds, we'll make it easy. This here cabin will be sort of crowded because we'll fill it full of five gallon cans of gasoline. Howsomever, Mr. Copeland doesn't figure he'll have to fly very high for the first couple of thousand miles over the Pacific so he can carry more than an average load.

BOBBY. And Tex, if our gasoline doesn't hold out?

TEX. There's Midway Island where the clippers refuel, Bobby . . . plenty of places we can stop. . . .

BOBBY. But if we stop, that means the race is over for us!

TEX. That's right. . . .

BOBBY. So then, we can't stop! We've got to make it!

TEX. And we're goin' to make it. Ah-h . . . I reckon that's the refuelin' plane circlin' around up there waitin' for us, son. We'll wake up Luke and Harka and get ready to take on fuel!

(*Fade out . . . pause . . . fade in*)

HARKA. Ho, Bobby Boy. You tired huh?

BOBBY. The motors are beginning to get me Harka. Hearin' them buzz away hour after hour, day after day. It sort of gets you!

HARKA. Me know. Get me, too. Be glad to be back on Ranch and hear no noise only coyote howl and tecolote hoot.

BOBBY. Well, we've just seen another sunrise . . . and when the sun rises tomorrow we'll be back at the H-Bar-O if all goes well. Say, have you heard anything of the Golden Bullet?

HARKA. We way ahead Golden Bullet now. Last report say just leave Hong Kong.

BOBBY. Hmmm . . . then we're a good nine hundred miles ahead and that is just enough to win the race . . . if we don't lose any time between here and America! Say, we're passing over a lot of islands, aren't we?

HARKA. Many islands in ocean!

BOBBY. I think I'll fly low and look at them. I never saw a real Pacific island close up.

HARKA. Hah. You think maybe you see buried treasure!

BOBBY. (*chuckles*) Hardly. But you can see away down in the water when you're in a plane. That's a grand looking island ahead!

HARKA. Somebody live there, too!

BOBBY. Huh?

HARKA. Can see flag flying. Where glasses, Bobby Boy?

BOBBY. Right in that leather case there! See what you can see.

HARKA. O.K. Me look. (*pause*) Hmm. When flag fly upside down it mean trouble, huh?

BOBBY. Sure . . . that's a signal of distress. Have they got a flag flying upside down?

HARKA. You look. Me fly ship.

BOBBY. O.K. (*pause*) Gosh, you're right. They are flying a distress signal!

HARKA. What you think wrong?

BOBBY. Only thing I can figure is that they've been shipwrecked on that island.

HARKA. Look, Bobby Boy. Man wave arms. See?

BOBBY. Golly, Harka. They are waving at us! Say . . . we've got to look into this. If they're in trouble, maybe we can help them.

HARKA. If land plane, race all over!

BOBBY. We can't land that plane. I doubt whether we could put it down on that beach anyway. But if they need help we can send a radio message. It's only about seven hundred miles from the Philippines. Mark the position of that island on the chart, will you.

HARKA. Me do that.

BOBBY. Harka. They're signalling with flags.

HARKA. Huh?

BOBBY. See, he's got rags or something on sticks and he's signalling. Say . . . I remember that code.

HARKA. What he say? . . .

BOBBY. Wait a minute . . . S O S . . . that's the distress call . . . S O S

. . . wait . . . here comes something else . . . N E E D F O O D . . .
Need Food . . . gosh . . . wait . . . here's some more . . . S T A R V I N G
. . . Starving . . . Need Food . . . Starving . . . That's what it is, Harka
. . . they're shipwrecked there . . . they need food . . . they're starving. . .

HARKA. What we do?

BOBBY. Listen . . . wake up Tex and Mr. Copeland. We haven't much time to spare . . . but we can take enough time to help them. Get all the food we have on board. Wrap it up in a sheet of canvas and then tie a parachute on it. We'll drop it for them!

HARKA. Then what we eat?

BOBBY. We'll be back at the Ranch in less than twenty-four hours. Keep out a box of crackers and a couple of packages of dates for us. That'll be enough to keep us going . . . the rest of our food is going down to those people on that island!

HARKA. I think that good idea!

BOBBY. They're in a worse jam than we are. Better wrap up anything else you think they can use. Say, I brought along a little package of fish hooks and a hunting knife and a lot of stuff like that just in case we were forced down. Send that down to them, too.

HARKA. I think they get along all right then.

BOBBY. Poor fellows . . . look . . . there are four of them . . . they're all out waving at us!

HARKA. Look, Bobby Boy, there wrecked plane!

BOBBY. By gosh . . . that's right. There is a wrecked plane down there. I bet they were flying the Pacific and their plane was wrecked. Say . . . I remember now . . . a plane with four passengers did take off about three months ago for Hong Kong and was never heard of again! That's them. Now get busy and wrap up that food and the other stuff. We can't waste much time.

HARKA. Me fix him up quick. Look, Bobby Boy. . . .

BOBBY. Huh?

HARKA. In lagoon between island and reef. Old ships!

BOBBY. Huh? Say . . . it is a wrecked ship. It looks like an old Spanish galleon . . . I'm going still lower and look this over!

HARKA. Don't forget, Bobby Boy, this is race we are in!

Closing Announcement

ANNOUNCER. What's this. Stranded fliers starving on an island in the Pacific and an old Spanish galleon under water in a reef enclosed lagoon. But the Lone Star can't stop for sunken treasure ships or anything else . . . and now the crew of the Lone Star must get along without food until the non-stop race around the world ends. And it must end soon for the goal is less than twenty-four hours ahead. Be sure and listen Friday.

DANGEROUS PARADISE

No. 112

REVOLVING PLOT SERIAL FOR WOMEN

Many revolving plot serials are planned to interest housewives and are broadcast during the morning and early afternoon hours. The subject matter is frequently related to domestic and romantic problems which might face any of the listeners. *Dangerous Paradise* differs from the usual in that it combines an adventure story with the romantic theme. Permission for publication kindly granted by Jergens-Woodbury Sales Corporation Advertising Department by J. B. Sparling and Lennen & Mitchell, Inc.

DANGEROUS PARADISE

Radio Program prepared and produced by Lennen & Mitchell, Inc.
17 East 45th Street, New York

No. 112 Station: WJZ Network: National

Program: Woodbury's "Dangerous Paradise"

Date: Mon., June 17 Time: 7:45-8:00 P.M.

Orchestra. (Woodbury theme in)

ANNOUNCER. "Dangerous Paradise," starring Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson, as Gail and Dan, presented by the makers of Woodbury's Facial Powder. We again present Woodbury's beauty authority, Miss Anice Ives.

MISS IVES. At a tea the other afternoon I heard a woman say: "I use Woodbury's Facial Powder because it's invisible on my skin. I don't know whether it is light or heavy in texture, but I *do* know that it isn't evident and doesn't dry my skin." Let me explain why Woodbury's Facial Powder is so satisfactory from every standpoint of skin health and beauty. Woodbury's has a scientifically balanced texture—so light that it gives a lovely natural bloom to your complexion without that powdered look. Yet it clings for hours—actually until *you wash it off!* Woodbury's lasts so well that most women need to apply it only twice a day. But remember, Woodbury's clings only to the *outer* skin. It *cannot clog the pores* or interfere in any way with their normal functioning. Don't put off trying Woodbury's any longer! Get a box in *your* skin-tone shade tomorrow!

Orchestra. (Minor theme in)

ANNOUNCER. Dan Gentry, and his fiancée, Gail Brewster, are after a news story of world-wide importance—concerning the activities of Sydney Mundellis, head of an arms and munitions syndicate, who is trying to start another European war. Mundellis, with the help of Prince

Emile, has kidnapped General Lobano, Chancellor of Baldavia, and hidden him somewhere near the village of Bramleigh, in Surrey, England. Dan, Gail, Mac and Daisy are at Burleigh Hall visiting Mac's parents and trying to locate the General. As they were formulating a plan whereby they could trail Mundellis and find his hide-out, old Mr. Burleigh arrived with a guest for tea—and the guest's name, so he tells them, is General Lobano! . . . As the scene opens, Dan, Gail and Daisy are greeting the General.

Orchestra. (Minor theme out)

GAIL. General Lobano—!

LOBANO. Miss Brewster—it is good to see you again.

DAN. How are you, General? Are you all right?

LOBANO. In excellent health, Gentry. A little tired—a little soiled—but otherwise I am—how do you say it?—okay.

DAISY. Gee—we never expected to see you again.

LOBANO. There were moments when I too had my doubts, Mrs. Burleigh—but that is all over now.

GAIL. But General Lobano, it doesn't seem possible. How did you happen to come here?

LOBANO. I met this gentleman—Mr. Burleigh—on the road. I did not know where I was—so I asked him. He was kind enough to suggest I come to Burleigh Hall where I could telephone the Baldavian Minister in London.

FATHER. That's right. That's entirely right. He said Burleigh Hall sounded familiar and asked me if I knew a Major Burleigh.

LOBANO. Yes. And imagine my surprise when he informed me that he was Major Burleigh's father—and that the major was here with some friends. I was more than amazed when he said that these friends were Mr. Gentry and Miss Brewster.

DAISY. Say—didn't he say nothin' about me?

LOBANO. Why yes, of course, Mrs. Burleigh. He talked quite at length about his new daughter-in-law, Daisy.

FATHER. My word—if I don't get these daisies that Colonel Bennett gave me in water they'll be of no use to anyone. You'll excuse me, won't you? (*Voice fading*) I'll tell Malcolm you're here, General.

LOBANO. (*Raising voice*) Thank you, Mr. Burleigh.

DAN. Well, let's have the story, General. What happened?

LOBANO. A great many things, Gentry. You know about the kidnaping, of course?

GAIL. Yes—that's why we came down here. We followed you by plane from Baldavia to London—and there we learned that Prince Emile had brought you to Surrey.

LOBANO. I see. I had a feeling that you would come to my aid if you could find me.

DAN. Finding you was the hard part. We knew the hide-out was somewhere near Bramleigh—but we didn't know just where.

LOBANO. I didn't know where it was myself, Gentry. During the whole trip they kept me dulled with drugs. When I recovered the use of my senses I learned I was a prisoner locked up in a room in some house.

DAN. Do you know just where that house is, General?

LOBANO. Yes—I do now, Gentry. It is only the matter of a mile or two. But until I escaped it might have been in some other country as far as I was concerned. Through a small crack in the shutters of my room, I could see a garden overgrown with weeds—and a coach-house falling to ruin. I concluded that my prison was on an abandoned estate.

GAIL. Did they treat you badly, General?

LOBANO. Why no, Miss Brewster. They took excellent care of me. There was Prince Emile and a man who seemed to be his chauffeur who brought me food.

MAC. (*Coming in*) I say—what's going on? Father said that—my word! General Lobano!

LOBANO. Yes—it is I, Major Burleigh. So good to see you again.

MAC. Not half so good as it is to see you, General—and apparently, none the worse for wear. Where did Father pick you up?

GAIL. On the road, Mac. The General was just telling us where he's been kept a prisoner. It was an abandoned house not far from here. He was kept there by Prince Emile and his chauffeur.

LOBANO. Yes—and it was that chauffeur, Miss Brewster, who was instrumental in making it possible for me to get away.

DAN. Did you bribe him, General?

LOBANO. No, Gentry. I had tried that—but he was afraid of Prince Emile, and Mundellis. Then, early this afternoon, he and the Prince had words.

MAC. They quarreled?

LOBANO. Yes, Major Burleigh.

GAIL. I don't suppose you could hear what it was about?

LOBANO. Oh, yes, Miss Brewster—I heard every word. There was a fireplace in my room—and the chimney must have served a similar one in the room below where they were talking: Their voices were as clear as though they were in the room with me.

DAN. What was the argument about, General?

LOBANO. It was over the death of a police officer, Gentry.

GAIL. The death of a police officer? Why, Dan—that must have been the constable we found along the road to Bramleigh!

LOBANO. No, Gentry, neither he nor Emile had anything to do with his death.

GAIL. But you said they quarreled, General?

LOBANO. Yes, Miss Brewster. The chauffeur had just returned from the village—where he had gone to telephone to Mundellis. While he was there he heard of the finding of the body.

DAN. And he came back and told the Prince? Well—from what I've heard of Emile he isn't the kind who'd be upset by a murder.

LOBANO. It wasn't the death of the police officer that aroused the Prince, Gentry—it was alarm over the fear of detection. The chauffeur had been told in the village that the authorities would leave no stone unturned to find the man responsible for the crime. It was their intention to search the country-side thoroughly—and investigate all empty houses.

DAN. Oh, I see. Prince Emile was afraid they'd find you and he'd be in a jam for kidnapping.

LOBANO. Exactly—and perhaps under suspicion for the other crime.

MAC. I say—that was a rum go, wasn't it?

LOBANO. Prince Emile wanted to leave at once—but the chauffeur was all for sticking it out. Then Prince Emile called him a fool and asked him if he knew the penalty in England for kidnapping. He said the game was up and they might as well admit it and get away while there was still time.

GAIL. Prince Emile evidently believes that caution is the better part of valor.

DAN. Yes. Did they beat it then?

LOBANO. Yes. The prince told the chauffeur to put the bags in the car at once. The chauffeur said something about Mundellis—but the prince said, "To the devil with Mundellis. Let him look out for himself—I'm saving my own skin."

MAC. His highness must have had the old wind up badly. Did they leave right away, General?

LOBANO. Yes. Through the crack in the shutter I saw the chauffeur run the car out of the coach-house. Emile joined him and then I heard the car going down the drive.

GAIL. I wonder where they went? Do you think they'd go up to London to see Mundellis, Dan?

DAN. I hardly think so, honey. Judging from the last remark of Emile's there's no love lost between them. It's my guess that they'll head for the coast and get a boat for somewhere.

GAIL. That sounds logical. Prince Emile has evidently decided that he's had enough.

MAC. But, I say—what happened after the blighters left you alone, General?

LOBANO. I started to look about for a means of escape, Major Burleigh. I finally succeeded in kicking in a panel of the door. Through that opening I was able to reach the lock on the outside and turn the

key. . . . And in a few moments I walked out of the house a free man—but with no idea where I was. I got down to the road—and there I met your father coming along with his daisies.

GAIL. That was a fortunate meeting, General Lobano. If the old gentleman hadn't decided to call on Colonel Bennett this afternoon we might have lost you for good.

DAN. Yes—it was a piece of luck alright. You see, General, we'd hit on a plan to find your prison tonight.

LOBANO. Really?

GAIL. Yes—Dan called Mundellis' office in London—and his secretary said he was leaving town at eight this evening.

DAN. We had a hunch he was coming down here—so we were going to try and pick him up on the road and follow him to the hide-out. General, are you sure you can take us to the house?

LOBANO. I'm positive that I know exactly where it is, Gentry.

DAN. Then we're all set. We can clear up this case tonight and we won't have to take the chance of missing Mundellis on the road. We'll be waiting for him at the house.

MAC. And give him a royal welcome, old boy!

DAISY. Gee—I'd like to see his face when he walks in and finds you.

MAC. You'll just have to imagine it, old girl—because you're staying here.

DAISY. Oh, for cryin' out loud, Chester—don't I get to see the fun?

MAC. No. My dear, if Mundellis puts up a fight it will be no place for ladies.

GAIL. Well, no one can keep me from going!

DAN. Now look here, honey . . .

GAIL. There's no use in arguing, darling. This is my story and I'm going to be there for the finish.

DAN. We'll talk that over later.

MAC. What time will we go down there, old boy?

DAN. Well—it'll take him two hours or more to come down by car. He ought to get here about ten. If we leave here at nine we ought to be in plenty of time.

MAC. Righto. I say, General—couldn't you do with a tub and a change of linen before dinner?

LOBANO. Both would be much appreciated, Major Burleigh.

MAC. Then come along with me, old chap. We're about the same size and I think I can fit you out. I say, Daisy—would you mind telling mother that the General will be here to dinner. It probably slipped the Governor's mind entirely.

DAISY. (*Voice fading*) Sure—I'll tell her to put on another plate.

LOBANO. Gentry—will you and Miss Brewster please excuse us? I regret running away so soon after we have just met again, but—

DAN. That's okay, General.

GAIL. Yes, of course. We'll see you at dinner.

LOBANO. Thank you.

MAC. Right this way, General. (*Voice fading*) What size collar do you wear? Oh, hello Father—looking for something?

FATHER. (*Away*) Yes, Malcom. Have you seen Miss Brewster about?

MAC. (*Away*) Of course—she's in the library, Father—right where you left her.

FATHER. (*Away*) So I did—so I did—thank you, Malcom, (*Closer*) Oh, there you are, Miss Brewster. I've been looking all over for you.

GAIL. Really, Mr. Burleigh? What's the matter?

FATHER. I want to apologize—yes, my dear—I want to apologize.

GAIL. But why, Mr. Burleigh?

FATHER. Oh, I've done a most unpardonable thing—yes—quite reprehensible, my dear young lady.

GAIL. I'm sure it isn't as bad as that.

FATHER. Oh, but it is! I just discovered it a few moments ago. You see I took a sample of soil from Colonel Bennett's daisy-bed and carried it away in my pocket.

GAIL. Well—if Colonel Bennett doesn't care I'm sure I don't.

FATHER. Oh, it isn't that, Miss Brewster. It's something really dreadful. Just a moment ago I took the soil out of my pocket—and do you know what I found?

DAN. A fish-worm.

FATHER. No, Mr. Gentry—Not a fish-worm—a letter. Yes, sir—a letter that came for Miss Brewster in the afternoon post. I carried it about all afternoon.

GAIL. Well—don't let it worry you, Mr. Burleigh. Is that it?

FATHER. Yes, my dear. Here—

GAIL. Thank you, Mr. Burleigh. Dan—it's the letter from J. T.!

FATHER. I do hope you can read it.

DAN. Go ahead and open it, honey.

FATHER. I don't see how I could be so forgetful. It's not my nature, you know.

GAIL. Dan!

DAN. What does he say, honey?

GAIL. He wants us to come to New York by the first boat.

DAN. Why—what's up?

GAIL. He says he's made all arrangements!

DAN. Arrangements for what?

GAIL. Arrangements for our wedding, darling! He says he's found Mary Crowell!

DAN. (*Sings*) "Home on the Range" (*Joyfully*)
Orchestra. (*Minor theme in*)

MISS IVES. It's a real tribute to your charm, if you can keep looking dainty on the warmest days. So let me suggest a way to keep your *complexion* always freshly groomed. Smooth on a light film of Woodbury's Facial Powder and see how natural it looks and how well it clings, without caking from perspiration or clogging your pores. Discover Woodbury's yourself—it *does* make your skin more beautiful.

ANNOUNCER. One of the Woodbury shades is perfectly suited to *your* skin tones. And now you can sample *all six shades* by sending for Woodbury's Loveliness Kit, which includes a guest-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and generous tubes of Woodbury's Germ-free Cold and Facial Creams. Just *print* your name and address on a slip of paper, enclose 10¢ to cover packing and postage, and mail it to Woodbury's, Box 60—that's Box Six-O, Cincinnati, Ohio. And when you next buy face powder, get Woodbury's at your druggist's, department store or ten cent store. It comes in four sizes at \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢ and 10¢. Avoid imitations! Look for the head and signature John H. Woodbury, Incorporated, on all Woodbury products.

Wednesday at this hour another episode of "Dangerous Paradise," starring Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson as Gail and Dan. Your announcer is Alois Havrilla, speaking for the makers of Woodbury's Facial Powder. This is the National Broadcasting Company.

ONE GIRL IN A MILLION

No. 69

REVOLVING PLOT SERIAL

A romantic story, with problems closely related to those of the listeners, *One Girl in a Million* may be considered typical of the revolving plot serials heard daily. Permission for publication kindly granted by the author.

ONE GIRL IN A MILLION

No. 69

By Carl A. Buss

CHARACTERS

Sally

Dr. Merrill, middle-aged, kindly

Don

Nurse, straight, sympathetic

Dorothy Moore

SOUND

Door
Footsteps on bare floor
Undoing flowers

ANNOUNCER. Now for "One Girl in a Million." Sally is still playing in the musical show on Broadway, "When Dreams Come True"—and Don is definitely resigned to the fact that his wife is bound to have a theatrical career. Despite Sally's sudden success, she has not changed, and when her old friends, Maizie and Tessie, the girls from the nightclub where Sally used to dance, came to see her, immediately she obtained jobs for them in the chorus of the show—for she soon discovered from Tessie the two girls have been out of a job and hard up. Maizie, so moved by her old friend's genuineness and generosity, proved she is not so hard-boiled as she seems—for she bursts into tears! . . . Today our scene is the office of Dr. Merrill at the hospital where Dorothy Moore is under observation. We find Sally and Don talking to Dr. Merrill—and Don says—

DON. Doctor—I want to know the whole truth about Dorothy Moore.

DR. MERRILL. (*Middle-aged, kindly*) Mr. Whitehall, Miss Moore is getting along very well.

DON. You've been saying that for the past several days, Doctor, but that no longer satisfies me.

SALLY. We want to know how Dorothy *really* is—how soon we may expect her to be completely well—and we want to know how soon she can go back to her dancing.

DR. MERRILL. Miss Moore is a relative of yours?

SALLY. No—just a friend.

DON. You wonder about our interest in Miss Moore. I can explain that, Doctor—and when I do explain you'll understand about my great concern.

DR. MERRILL. Yes.

DON. You see—I'm the one who is responsible for that injury to Miss Moore's leg.

DR. MERRILL. You?

DON. Yes. . . . It's all my fault. And ever since Dorothy collapsed there on the stage and had to be brought here—well—I've been thinking, what if she doesn't get well? What if they can't make her leg all well again?

DR. MERRILL. Perhaps you have been taking this too hard.

DON. You've got to give me some peace, Doctor! I can't have this on my mind any longer—

SALLY. Don thinks perhaps Dorothy is worse off than we've realized. . . . And having that doubt is worse than really knowing the truth whatever it is.

DON. You see, Doctor, I was driving the car . . . I've always been a crazy fool about driving. . . . My family can tell you so. I used to laugh at them when they said I was too reckless and some day I'd get in trouble—

DR. MERRILL. I see.

DON. It was always just a lot of sport to me. . . . On the night Dorothy was hurt I had Dorothy and Sally with me—and I had just had some good news about my work—and Dorothy was happy too—.

SALLY. She had been such a success in the show, you see, Doctor.

DR. MERRILL. Yes, I see.

DON. We were all going out to celebrate—I was speeding—there was a crash—and we all narrowly escaped with our lives. I thought we were all okay—that nothing had happened to any of us—until that night afterwards when Dorothy's knee gave way when she tried to dance out there on the stage.

SALLY. We've got to know all about Dorothy—so we know just how everything stands—and so we can help Dorothy all we can.

DON. Yes—that's it, Doctor.

SALLY. I am playing Dorothy's part in the show, "When Dreams Come True"—and I want to know when Dorothy will be able to come back and take her part again.

DON. This week—Doctor?

DR. MERRILL. (*Quietly*) I'm afraid not—this week, young man.

DON. (*Disappointed*) Oh. . . . Next week, perhaps?

DR. MERRILL. Not next week either.

DON. (*Anxiously*) But she will be able to go back, won't she, Doctor? She'll be able to go on with her dancing?

DR. MERRILL. I'll be quite frank with you. Miss Moore has been examined by three specialists. She will not be able to be on her feet for some weeks—

DON. Oh—no—Doctor!

DR. MERRILL. Some time later an operation will be necessary so that she may regain the use of her right leg. . . .

DON. But she'll be all right then? She will be, won't she? You've got to do everything you can, Doctor—everything for her—and I'll pay for it—she must have only the best of care. . . . She must recover the use of her leg—she must be able to dance again!

SALLY. Yes, Doctor. . . . You see, all her life she's studied to be a dancer. It's been her dream ever since she was a child. Sometimes I think that means more—more than life to her—

DON. She couldn't go on if she knew she was not to dance any more!

SALLY. She sent away a young chap who is much in love with her—just for her career. . . . And she loved him too—but she wanted her work. That shows how much she cares.

DON. Doctor! Say she will be able to dance again!

DR. MERRILL. (*Carefully*) I'm sorry. . . . I wish I *could* say that. But here is something all of you must face. Miss Moore will recover the use of her right leg. . . . But she may never dance again.

SALLY. Oh!

DON. No—Doctor—no!

DR. MERRILL. She must turn her interests toward something else.

SALLY. Does Dorothy know this?

DR. MERRILL. No. We must keep this knowledge from her for as long as possible.

SALLY. Yes. . . . Of course. . . . We came to see Miss Moore today. . . . May we see her now?

DR. MERRILL. I think so. . . . Just a minute—I'll buzz for Miss Parcher.

DON. Sally—what can we do? You heard what the doctor said. . . . Oh, Sally—I can't go in and see Dorothy now.

SALLY. You must, Don—she's expecting us. . . . And she'll be disappointed if you don't come.

DON. Some other time—later—perhaps.

SALLY. No, Don . . . now.

(*Door opens.*)

NURSE. (*Off a bit*) Did you wish me, Doctor?

DR. MERRILL. Yes, Miss Parcher. Mr. and Mrs. Whitehall would like to see Dorothy Moore.

NURSE. Yes, Doctor. Miss Moore is out on the sun porch—will you come this way?

DON. I'd rather not—not now, Sally.

SALLY. Don, you must come. We've got to help Dorothy all we can—and we will help her. We mustn't let her know anything of what the doctor has said—so please buck up. Won't you try?

DON. (*Fading out*) Yes, Sally—I'll try. . . . I'll try.

(*Don fades out—brief pause—then fade in footsteps on bare floor.*)

NURSE. Miss Moore is out here somewhere. She's been looking forward to your visit all day.

SALLY. Has she?

NURSE. Yes. . . . She looks forward to all your visits for that matter. She's always brighter after you've been to see her.

SALLY. That's good. We'll do all we can to brighten her up today.

NURSE. Here she is! Right over here—enjoying all this sunshine! Miss Moore!

DOROTHY. (*Off a bit*) Yes, Miss Parcher! Oh, Sally! Don! I'm so glad to see you.

SALLY. We're glad to see you too.

DON. Hello, Dorothy. How are you today?

DOROTHY. Just fine, thank you.

SALLY. Here's something for you.

DOROTHY. More flowers! You shouldn't always bring me flowers, Sally.

SALLY. Why not? Don't you like them?

DOROTHY. Very much. . . . I can hardly wait to open these.

(*Opens box.*)

DOROTHY. How beautiful! Sweet peas!

SALLY. Like them?

DOROTHY. Of course. Thank you so much.

SALLY. I remember you said you liked sweet peas better than anything else.

DOROTHY. Yes, I do. But you're spoiling me. . . . You shouldn't keep bringing me such wonderful flowers. Aren't they lovely, Miss Parcher?

NURSE. They're as pretty as they can be. I'll get you a vase and some water for them.

DOROTHY. Thank you. Won't you both sit down?

SALLY. Thanks. . . .

DOROTHY. You won't have to come to the hospital to see me any more.

SALLY. Why not?

DOROTHY. They're letting me out tomorrow.

SALLY. Oh—really! Did you hear that, Don?

DON. (*Nervously*) That's—that's fine.

DOROTHY. I won't be on my feet, but I can lie around at home just as well as here.

SALLY. It's grand you can go home.

DOROTHY. I'll say. How's the show going?

SALLY. Just fine, Dorothy. Everyone in the company wants to be remembered to you. They always ask about you.

DOROTHY. Do they? That's nice of them.

SALLY. They're all looking forward to having you back again.

DOROTHY. It's nice of them to think of me. Remember me to all of them, won't you?

SALLY. Sure—you bet I will. Maizie and Tessie are in the chorus now—

DOROTHY. Maizie and Tessie? Who are they?

SALLY. I guess you didn't know them. I used to dance with them at

the Midnight Club before I married Don. Well, anyway, they came around to the theater last night to see me—

DOROTHY. And you got them in the show?

SALLY. Yes . . . I wish you could meet them, Dorothy. They're so much fun. . . . Aren't they, Don?

DON. Yes—yes, they are.

SALLY. It didn't take me long to discover they've been down on their luck—and Maizie was trying to keep a stiff upper lip and not let on. . . . It seems they were fired from the club and haven't been eating regularly.

DOROTHY. Oh—that's too bad. How did you find out about their bad luck?

SALLY. Tessie is a dead giveaway. She can't keep a poker face. It seems that she didn't mind about not eating three squares a day—but it broke her heart not to have money to get her hair bleached any more! (*Laughingly*) Isn't that funny?

DOROTHY. I'll say. She must be awfully funny.

SALLY. She is. . . . I'll bring Maizie and Tessie around to see you—they're both happy as larks now they're in the show—and they're doing all right, too.

DOROTHY. Good. . . . How have you been, Don?

DON. Very well, Dorothy.

DOROTHY. Your work going all right?

DON. Just fine—fine.

DOROTHY. Is that Sylvia Lester going to have you build a house for her?

DON. Yes. . . . She's got a lot of ideas about the way a house ought to be built—so I'm working up new plans for her—trying to please her, you know.

DOROTHY. It'll pay you to cater to her, Don. I've been reading an article about her—she has tons of money—

DON. Yes, I know. . . . And she doesn't seem to care how she spends it.

DOROTHY. You'll be famous—if you keep on—building a house for her. . . . You'll be famous just like Sally—only in a different way!

SALLY. I'll be famous just as long as you're laid up, Dorothy. You know of course that the minute you're on your feet again—you go right back into the show!

DOROTHY. Sure.

SALLY. And—that won't be so very long, I guess!

DOROTHY. (*After a pause*) I'm afraid it will be, Sally.

SALLY. What do you mean, Dorothy? You haven't been getting funny ideas since you've been in the hospital?

DOROTHY. No, Sally—not funny ideas. . . . But sooner or later one has to face the truth.

SALLY. The truth?

DON. (*Tensely*) Dorothy—you're—you're going to be all right—you'll be dancing again soon. . . . I know you will.

DOROTHY. Thanks for the encouragement, Don—but don't look so sad, please!

DON. I didn't know I was looking sad.

SALLY. You're going to be up and around—and on your toes before anyone can say—tap dancer!

DOROTHY. Tap dancer! There now—I've said it—and I'm not up, am I?

SALLY. All right—all right!

DOROTHY. Sally—my leg was hurt quite badly. . . . I know that now—

SALLY. But the doctor—

DOROTHY. No, the doctor hasn't told me how things are. . . . But I can tell. . . . Maybe it's my intuition or something, I don't know. . . . But all the while I've been lying here I've been thinking things out—

DON. What have you been thinking, Dorothy?

DOROTHY. I've been thinking I've got to face what's ahead of me—and I've got to be brave. . . . I've even got to expect the *worst*—and take it with the chin up—when it comes.

SALLY. Expect the worst! (*Trying to be light*) Listen to her.

DOROTHY. It's true, Sally. . . . No sense in kidding myself—

SALLY. But you'll be all right!

DOROTHY. I'm not sad, Sally—nor depressed. . . . Because while I've been lying here I've been learning to adjust myself to the idea—(*Falteringly*)—that—that I may never dance again!

DON. Dorothy!

SALLY. But that's silly! Of course you'll dance again!

DOROTHY. It won't matter so much if I don't. . . . Perhaps it was never meant for me. . . . Perhaps this is just to show me I made a mistake when I sent Jack away—and perhaps maybe now—there's still a chance for Jack—and me.

SALLY. Of course there is!

DOROTHY. No matter what comes, Sally—I'm going to be brave—and I won't be sad—ever! Because dancing isn't so important as I thought it was once. . . . really it isn't—

SALLY. I won't have you talk this way. You'll be back to the show in no time.

DOROTHY. Sally—I want you to stay on in the show in my part. . . . So long as I know you're in the part—it's almost as good as if I were there.

SALLY. I'll stay in the part as long as you want me to, Dorothy—believe me.

DOROTHY. Thank you, Sally. . . . It's good to know that. Every night at curtain time—I think of you there on that stage with the curtain going up—

SALLY. Every night I'll send a little thought to you! Just at that time!

DOROTHY. Good! And I'll get the message—just like I was a radio receiving set.

NURSE. (*Coming in*) I'm afraid Miss Moore really ought to go to her room now.

SALLY. Of course—we don't want to tire her.

DOROTHY. My master speaks! Well—good bye, Sally—and Don.

SALLY. Good bye.

DON. Good bye, Dorothy—

SALLY. We'll see you—tomorrow. We'll come over to your place.

DOROTHY. All right. It'll be good to be home again. . . . And now Nurse is going to wheel me away. . . . (*Fading*) Bye!

SALLY. Good bye!

DON. (*Choke*) Good bye—Dorothy—good bye. . . .

SALLY. Well—shall we go?

DON. Yes . . . Sally!

SALLY. What?

DON. She knows! She knows the truth!

SALLY. That she may never dance again?

DON. Yes. . . . They couldn't keep it from her—and yet she's so cheerful about it.

SALLY. She's brave.

DON. She *must* dance again. They've got to make her well! They've got to make her so she can dance again! Don't you see? (*He is getting wrought up*)

SALLY. Yes, Don—

DON. We've got to find someone who can make her well—or I've got to—if it takes me the rest of my life! . . . Sally, this doesn't make sense—it's not fair *she* should be the one to suffer for my carelessness—

SALLY. Now—now—Don—

DON. It *was* my carelessness! If I hadn't been speeding—the accident wouldn't have happened. . . . She wouldn't have hurt her leg. . . . She wouldn't be facing life this way now—empty of everything she wants. . . . And it's all my fault!

SALLY. You mustn't take it so hard, Don—really—you mustn't. We'll help Dorothy all we can—and I firmly believe we'll find someone who can help her so she can dance again.

DON. But if we don't—

SALLY. Don't say—if we don't—

DON. I've done this to her! And she's so cheerful about it—and she doesn't blame me as she should blame me. . . . It would be easier if she did! . . . Sally, I can't go on like this—knowing I've destroyed her life—*(He breaks down suddenly)*—oh, Sally—what can I do?

SALLY. *(With sympathy and pity and some futility)* Oh—Don—please don't take on so—please . . . Don—Don—my darling. . . .

BETTY AND BOB

Two Episodes

REVOLVING PLOT SERIAL

The *Betty and Bob* serial is one of the older and best known dailies. These two episodes included here show one method used by writers in order to make their characters seem real: having them grow older with the passing of the years. Permission for publication of the first episode kindly granted by General Mills, Inc., by John Bovey, who writes that the *Betty and Bob* serial "indicates fairly clearly the kind of story the author was trying to write and the technical problems involved in any radio script. It seems to me that something might be written on the matter of the radio script. Its affinity to the comic strip and picaresque novel are very close and the technical problems imposed by the shortness of time and the sensory limitations of the ear are not without interest." Permission for publication of the second episode kindly granted by Leigh Crosby. The first episode was broadcast October 26, 1933, and the second one on October 26, 1936.

BETTY AND BOB

ANNOUNCER. Now, Betty and Bob Drake, with a brand-new, nearly nine pound son! For Betty's baby was born yesterday, and Bob is the happiest man in the world today. Betty is proud and happy too. But neither of them has had time yet to think about the future very much. And Bob's bitter anger at his father is forgotten, just now, in his tremendous happiness. And yet. . . . What about Bob's father and his attitude toward his grandson? Mr. Drake, Senior, has never forgiven Betty for marrying Bob. What will he do now? And what about Betty and her plans? Let's listen to her right now. . . .

(Sudden wailing, the baby's cry as . . .)

ANNOUNCER. *(Chuckling)* Yes, and to the baby . . . to the little son whose voice we heard just then. For. . . . We're in Betty's room at the

hospital. And her baby is beside her, and there sits Bob's mother, Mrs. Drake, Senior. Listen!

(Again the baby is crying lightly as . . .)

BETTY. *(Soothing, low, almost a song)* There, now! There, now! Sleep, little man! Sleep. . . .

(Effect of baby's cry slowly cutting down, sleep coming on . . .)

BETTY. *(A whisper, almost a song)* Sleep, sleep, little man . . . Shh! Sleep now . . . close your eyes . . . sleep. . . .

(The cry fades out; a long moment of silence and . . .)

BETTY. *(Soft, proud)* Little son. . . .

MRS. DRAKE. May I . . . may I . . . look at him Betty? Just . . . for a moment?

BETTY. Why . . . Mother! Of course you may! And. . . .

MRS. DRAKE. He's so small. So very tiny. . . .

BETTY. *(Softly)* You're . . . remembering. . . .

MRS. DRAKE. I . . . guess I am, Betty. Yes . . . when . . . Robert was . . . like that . . . so long ago . . . so very long ago . . . and now he's . . . tall and strong and . . . some day . . . the little man there will be . . . like Robert . . . tall like him . . . a man. . . .

BETTY. I want him to be! I want him to be just like Bob!

MRS. DRAKE. I know. I know. I . . . planned just as . . . as you're planning now, Betty, . . . it's all . . . so like . . . I know it's . . . silly . . . of me . . . I sort of . . . want to cry . . . I mustn't. . . .

BETTY. I cried . . . a little . . . just a while ago, Mother Drake. . . . Just . . . thinking . . . what you said . . . thinking about how soon it's going to be when he won't be a little baby any more . . . he'll walk away from me . . . all at once one day . . . just walk away and then I'll know he's gone . . . he's not my baby any more. . . .

MRS. DRAKE. The . . . tragedy of all mothers. . . .

BETTY. But it's not tragic, really. Is it, mother? It's the way life has to be. They must grow up. . . .

MRS. DRAKE. And . . . walk away . . . and . . . go. . . .

(A moment's silence, a sudden half-cry from the baby . . .)

BETTY. *(Instantly gentle, soothing)* There, now! There! Sleep, little boy. Just sleep. . . .

(Again, silence and . . .)

MRS. DRAKE. I . . . wish Robert would come. . . .

BETTY. So do I! He said he'd be here early. . . . And it's not early now. I sort of expected him . . . an hour ago. . . .

MRS. DRAKE. He'll be here as soon as he can, though. . . .

BETTY. Yes. He . . . must be busy at the office . . . he's had to let all his work slide for days while I've been here . . . today's his first day back at the office. . . . I told him not to come to see me this afternoon at all . . .

not to try . . . but Bob said he'd come even if I told them to lock him out; he says he just can't keep away . . . he wants to be looking at the baby all the time . . . he talks to the baby just as if he could understand and . . . the baby made a face and Bob said he was smiling at him. . . . Bob says the baby already knows him. . . .

MRS. DRAKE. You'll both be very happy . . . now. Won't you, Betty?

BETTY (*Simply*) We couldn't help being happy now, Mother. The three of us. . . .

MRS. DRAKE. The three of you. . . .

BETTY. No! The four of us, Mother! You. . . .

MRS. DRAKE. I'm just learning about being a grandmother, Betty. But I know it's . . . not wise for a grandmother to . . . be around too much. . . . I want you to tell me if . . . if I come to see you too often . . . grandmothers are strange creatures, you know . . . and all of us who have had a baby think we can tell every other mother just what to do . . . we don't mean to interfere but we . . . feel as if we had a claim . . . of course we haven't, being only grandmothers . . . I know that, but. . . .

BETTY. I'm going to need to be told so many things, mother. You see . . . I've never known any babies. I don't even know how to hold our baby. . . . The nurse had to show me. I felt so awfully inefficient, sort of. . . .

MRS. DRAKE. You'll never be an inefficient mother, Betty. You see. . . . You were born to be a mother. Some of us . . . just aren't. We try to be good mothers. We just . . . don't know how. I . . . I've never been . . . the mother I wanted to be . . . to Robert. . . .

BETTY. But you have been! Oh, you have been! Why . . . Mother! Bob idolizes you! And I know why. And I feel the same way. . . . I never knew my own mother. I hope she was like you. I know ever since I got to know you I've tried to make myself believe my Mother was like you. . . .

MRS. DRAKE. You're sweet to say that, Betty. But . . . Robert. I've failed him in . . . so many ways. I've never been . . . able to . . . do important things for him . . . things that mattered. . . .

(*A rap-rap at the door and . . .*)

BETTY. (*Eagerly*) Oh! That may be Bob now. . . . (UP) Come in! Come in. . . .

(*As door opens . . .*)

BETTY. (*Disappointedly*) Oh. . . . You, nurse. I . . . I thought maybe it was . . . my husband. . . . He hasn't called? . . .

NURSE. No, Mrs. Drake. . . . He hasn't called. But . . . there's someone to see you, Mrs. Drake . . . Mrs. Drake, Senior, I mean. . . .

MRS. DRAKE. But who. . . .

NURSE. He said to . . . just ask you to come out in the hall a minute.

He's waiting. . . .

BETTY. Mother! Is it. . . .

MRS. DRAKE. (*Quick, covering*) I'll see, Betty. I'll see. I . . . I'll be back before I go. . . .

BETTY. You mustn't go for a long time yet! I don't want you to go at all, Mother. Not until you have to. . . .

MRS. DRAKE. (*Moving out, tense*) Nurse. If you'll . . . close the door, please. . . .

BETTY. But Mother. . . .

(*Door closes as she speaks: now . . .*)

NURSE. Oh! Sorry, Mrs. Drake! But she said. . . .

BETTY. It's all right, Nurse. Only . . . Nurse! He's sleeping so soundly. . . . I can barely hear him breathing . . . you're sure he's all right? There's nothing wrong. . . .

NURSE. (*Chuckling*) Not a thing in the world. Not with that young man. . . . Why! He's the huskiest, healthiest boy in the whole nursery! You ought to hear him cry when he really gets started. . . .

BETTY. (*Shocked*) Nurse! You let him cry? You let my baby. . . .

NURSE. (*Chuckling*) It's good for him, Mrs. Drake. All babies cry. And as long as they're crying just because they want to make a noise . . . long as they're well, and nothing's hurting them. Well, you'll get used to hearing that baby a lot, I think, as time goes by. . . .

BETTY. Oh-h-h-h-h. . . .

NURSE. But don't let it worry you at all! He's unusually strong, has good big lungs, likes to make a noise, likes to hear himself. . . .

(*Chuckling*) You can't always tell! He might turn out to be a grand opera singer, with all the practice he's getting already. . . . Mmm! I think it's time he went back to the nursery anyhow, Mrs. Drake. So. . . .

BETTY. Please, Nurse! Please don't take him away! Not yet. . . .

NURSE. But really, Mrs. Drake. . . .

BETTY. (*Coaxing, eager*) Let him stay just a little longer, Nurse. Just a little while. Please. . . .

NURSE. Well, if you want him that badly. . . .

BETTY. I do! I do! I . . . just don't want him to leave me at all! I lie here worrying about him . . . all the time he's out of the room. . . . I think I can hear him crying . . . I think he needs me . . . that makes you laugh, doesn't it, Nurse? But I do want him here just as much as I can have him. . . .

NURSE. I know you do. And that's a good sign for him. He's one boy'll know his mother's always around to help him when he needs her. Not like some mothers I've met. You'd be surprised, Mrs. Drake. There's a woman right on this floor . . . her first son, too . . . she acts like she didn't like him at all . . . she's too busy right now having her hair

marcelled . . . while she's here, mind you, getting ready to receive visitors . . . she's some society lady . . . I don't know her name . . . but she acts like it all makes her a heroine or something, just because she's had a baby . . . like it never happened before . . . she expects everybody to tell her she's just wonderful to be so brave. . . .

BETTY. (*Chuckling*) You see a lot of different kinds of people here, don't you, Nurse?

NURSE. I'll say I do! And most of 'em. . . . Well! You're different! You and your husband . . . Gee! You want to watch out, Mrs. Drake! The nurses think he's the handsomest thing . . . the first thing you know, somebody'll be stealing him from you. . . .

BETTY. (*Chuckling*) I'm not afraid, Nurse!

NURSE. I know you're not! I wouldn't be either, if I looked like you do. Gee. . . .

BETTY. (*Suddenly*) Nurse!

NURSE. Yes?

BETTY. Will you see if my Mother-in-law . . . Mrs. Drake . . . if she's all right? I mean, if you'll call her. . . .

NURSE. Why, of course! Right away, Mrs. Drake!

(*As door opens . . .*)

NURSE. Oh, Mrs. Drake! Your daughter-in-law was asking. . . .

MR. DRAKE. (*Suddenly*) I'm going in, I tell you. . . .

MRS. DRAKE. Robert! I wish you wouldn't! Please. . . .

MR. DRAKE. (*Coming up, disagreeable, sharp*) Well! So you're all right now, eh? And my grandson. . . .

BETTY. Mr. Drake . . . I . . . didn't expect to see you here. . . .

MR. DRAKE. Have a right to see my own grandson, haven't I? Or do you begrudge me even that? Well, even if you do. . . . Mmmmmph! Small, isn't he? Doesn't look much like a Drake! But. . . .

BETTY. (*Up suddenly*) I don't know why you're here, but . . .

MR. DRAKE. You don't know why I'm here? You don't know why? I suppose I haven't any right here?

MRS. DRAKE. Robert! I ask you. . . .

MR. DRAKE. I'm here, young woman. . . .

MRS. DRAKE. Robert! You can't talk to Betty like that! You musn't. . . .

MR. DRAKE. I don't think it's going to hurt her very much to talk sense for a moment about the future of that child! And that's why I'm here, since you ask me! I want to make proper arrangements about his future! I'm not saying for a moment that I approve . . . because I don't! But family pride, if nothing more. . . .

BOB. (*Suddenly, as coming in*) All right, Dad. Family pride, you say? Family? Whose family?

BETTY. (*Eagerly*) Oh, Bob! Darling . . . you got here. . . .

BOB. (*Quick, tense*) Just a second, Betty. I think I got here just in time to settle something. Dad, I heard you saying you were going to arrange for my son's future. Just how?

MR. DRAKE. Now, see here, Robert. I'm not going to quarrel with you. . . .

BOB. I know you're not! Because there's nothing to quarrel over. But . . . Dad, I don't want you here. . . .

MRS. DRAKE. Robert. . . .

BOB. (*Grim, Clear*) I'm sorry, Mother. I hate to say it in front of you. But it's the truth. I don't want him here at all. I won't stand for him bothering my wife or even talking to her. You might have realized, Dad, that Betty's not well . . . you might have had the common decency to stay away. . . .

MR. DRAKE. Robert Drake! If you've forgotten your manners. . . .

BOB. I've forgotten nothing! Particularly, I haven't forgotten what you did to us! You knew we needed money, you had the money, you owed it to us . . . you didn't send what you owed when it would have helped us. . . .

BETTY. (*Sudden, commanding*) Bob! Please! None of that matters now! Your father came to see our baby. . . .

BOB. Yes! To take charge of our son . . . as his property, because our son bears his name. For no other reason, Betty. And he talks about family pride. Family pride! Why . . . Dad. . . . Get this! This family has its own family pride. This family is going to get along very nicely without any interference from you. My wife, my son . . . and myself . . . thank you very much . . . and I ask you to go now . . . and leave us alone! And that's final! So. . . .

MR. DRAKE. I came here to offer you. . . .

BOB. Anything you can offer us, we don't need and don't want! We're going to raise that boy by ourselves . . . without any interference from anyone! We won't stand for any interference. Least of all, from you. . . .

MR. DRAKE. Very well, then! I've tried for the last time. . . .

BOB. Good! And goodbye!

BETTY. Oh, Bob. . . .

BOB. I'm sorry, Betty! I mean just what I've said! And . . . Mother. . . .

MRS. DRAKE. I've . . . got to go with your father, Robert. I . . . can't stay now . . . you understand. . . .

BOB. But we want you to stay! Mother! We want you. . . .

MRS. DRAKE. Maybe . . . later, Robert. Maybe . . . I don't know. . . .

MR. DRAKE. (*Moving out*) I know! You're going with me! And . . . Robert Drake! Remember this! You're going to regret what you've said! You'll wish you'd let me do what I was willing to do . . . for that

baby . . . for my grandson! You'll come to me, some day. . . .

BOB. Never in the world! Never!

MR. DRAKE. You will! And when you do. . . .

BOB. If I ever do, I'll be ashamed to face my son again! He'll know his father's a quitter and a coward! And now that I have a son, I can't be that! So. . . . Mother! I'm sorry this touches you. But . . . some day. . . .

MRS. DRAKE. Some day, Robert . . . maybe. . . .

MR. DRAKE. Come on with me!

MRS. DRAKE. (*Quietly*) Yes, Robert. Yes. Betty. . . . You'll . . . remember. . . .

BETTY. Always, Mother. Always. . . .

(*The door closes, a moment of silence and . . .*)

BOB. Betty! Don't cry! Don't do that! I'm sorry I wasn't here to head him off! I'm sorry he got in here, had a chance to make you feel so badly. . . .

BETTY. But your father . . . he's your father and. . . .

BOB. And some day . . . some day . . . my own son . . . that baby there . . . may feel about me as I feel about my father. . . . (*Wildly*) No! That's never going to happen! Never, Betty! Never! We'll never lose our son! We'll never lose him! I promise you . . . I promise you'll never feel as Mother feels now . . . never. . . .

(*Suddenly, the baby wakes, is crying, wailing as . . .*)

BOB. (*Quick, eager*) Yes, little man! Yes! We'll take care of you! And you'll never leave us! You'll never want to leave us. . . . That's a promise, son! Shake on it! Shake hands on it. . . .

(*Sudden fadeout, moment of silence, and . . .*)

ANNOUNCER. (*Grave, slow*) So Bob shakes hands with his tiny son . . . and promises that nothing will ever separate him from his son, as Bob is separated from his father. Yet Betty, looking ahead, wonders. And what will happen? Listen at the same time tomorrow to find out.

BETTY AND BOB

Blackett-Sample-Hummert, Inc.

REVOLVING PLOT SERIAL

Advertiser: General Mills, Inc.

Continuity Number: 1056.

Date of Broadcast: October 26

Date of Recording:

Day: Monday.

Time: 10:00-10:15 A.M. EST 1:00-1:15 P.M. EST

Chain or Station: WBBM—CBS

Subject Matter: GMKT

Going Through Life with Betty and Bob

Episode: Readjustments

Open: Betty Crocker Greeting

Dramatized Commercial.—Featuring Betty Crocker's interview with Mrs. Edward Safier, 536 Roscoe St., Chicago, who is celebrating her 15th Wedding Anniversary this month.

Plug for "15 Prize Recipes" folder at your grocer's, or write Betty Crocker, Minneapolis, Minnesota, for your copy.

Close.—Sign off only.

Note to Announcer.—Under no circumstances will you take more than 2 minutes and 55 seconds to deliver the commercial part of this continuity (not including introduction to program, lead-in, lead-out, or sign off announcements). Check with Blackett-Sample-Hummert, Inc., to get your commercial cut. Call either Mr. Daniels or Mr. Ferris.

Production Notes......

Important: No music is to be played in back of commercial credits. Woman appears in opening commercial.

CHARACTERS:

Betty	Gardenia
Bob	Bobby

Open

(Fanfare.)

BETTY CROCKER. Good morning, everybody! This is Betty Crocker introducing Gold Medal Feature Time! Your hosts, General Mills, again present a full hour of radio entertainment, with Betty and Bob . . . Modern Cinderella . . . Who's Who in the News . . . My Autograph Album, with a letter from a little girl and a recipe for Taffy Apples for Halloween parties . . . and Hymns of All Churches.

(Betty and Bob Theme . . . Orchestra.)

ANNOUNCER. It's Betty Crocker's birthday! Betty Crocker's 15th Anniversary! Celebrating the 15th year of a unique and friendly service to all good homemakers!

And today Betty Crocker is going to present an interview with one of her very dear radio friends—Mrs. Edward Safier, of 536 Roscoe Street, Chicago. This celebration marks a double anniversary, for Mrs. Safier was married just 15 years ago this month—at the same time Betty Crocker began her service to all good homemakers. Betty Crocker, may I introduce Mrs. Safier? . . .

BETTY CROCKER. Thank you, Paul, but Mrs. Safier and I have already introduced ourselves. In fact, we were talking about the new recipe folder called "Betty Crocker's 15 Prize Recipes" which the Gold Medal people are bringing out for this Anniversary.

MRS. SAFIER. I read about your booklet in this month's McCall's Magazine, Betty Crocker. It's a marvelous idea. The All-Star favorites for fifteen years.

BETTY CROCKER. Yes. Each recipe was America's favorite for the year in which it was created. I have the complete list here. I wonder how many of our friends remember these. . . .

1922—Old-fashioned Jelly Roll; 1923—Streusel-filled Coffee Cake; 1924—Pineapple Upside Down Cake; 1925—Apple Roll; 1926—Blitz Torte; 1927—Orange Washington Pie; 1928—Lemon Meringue Pie; 1929—Hermits and Ginger Creams; 1930—Golden Cottage Pudding; 1931—Plum Duff; 1932—Haddon Hall Gingerbread; 1933—Pigs in Blankets; 1934—Apple Pie with Cheese Crust; 1935—Magic Choc-O-Nut Cake; 1936—Favorite Fudge Cake.

MRS. SAFIER. The 1936 Favorite Fudge Cake was featured in the McCall's advertisement I saw.

BETTY CROCKER. Yes, Mrs. Safier. Everyone in the Gold Medal Test Kitchen selected it as our candidate for America's No. 1 favorite this year.

MRS. SAFIER. It sounds simply grand. I'm going to serve it some time this week sure. Fudge Cake always makes a hit with my family.

BETTY CROCKER. And I know you'll have glorious success if you use the failure-proof recipe in the "15 Prize Recipes" folder and Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour.

MRS. SAFIER. I know I will, Betty Crocker. I've used your flour and your recipes for 15 years . . . and they have *never* failed!

BETTY CROCKER. Thank you, Mrs. Safier. It's been grand having you here today. And I wish you the very finest kind of married happiness for many, many more wedding anniversaries.

ANNOUNCER. Thank you, Betty Crocker and Mrs. Safier. And, let me add just this for our listeners:

Go to your grocer's today. Ask him for Betty Crocker's 15 Prize Recipes! Get this remarkably helpful booklet—*free*—while supplies last. If your grocer hasn't yet received his supply—or if his copies are already gone—simply drop a note to Betty Crocker, Minneapolis, Minnesota, and she will send your folder—*free*—by mail. Please act quickly before supplies are gone. You'll be glad you did!

Lead-in

ANNOUNCER. And now for Betty and Bob. Those two names really belong together once more—for Betty and Bob again are man and wife. The love of these two people has surmounted everything; divorce, misunderstanding, the interference of other people and sometimes the worst of all foes, the passage of time. Seeing the little family, Betty and Bob, with Bobby in his high-chair, seated about the dining table at the cottage, one might think all the suffering and heartache of the past six months were nothing more than an ugly dream. For it looks like old times—as if Bob had not been absent at all. It is their first dinner to-

gether since the ceremony. They are just completing the main course. Bob speaks. Listen.

BOB. Glad to have your Daddy back home eating dinner with you again, Bobby?

BOBBY. 'Es, Daddy—Bobby glad.

BOB. That's the stuff. And I hope you realize, young man, that this dinner was arranged at an early hour just for you. Just so you could sit with Daddy and Mummy at their first dinner together.

BETTY. And for another reason too, Bob.

BOB. (*Knowingly*) Yes. We'll come to that later. When Gardenia takes off these plates.

BETTY. And as soon as Bobby has finished drinking his milk.

BOBBY. Bobby gotta 'nuff.

BOB. Oh, no. Impossible. You can't ever get *enough* milk. Go ahead. Drink it up, Bobby.

BOBBY. Do Bobby haf to drink it up, Mummy?

BETTY. Well you don't HAVE to, dear. But Mummy would be very happy if you would.

BOBBY. Aw wight.

BOB. That's the stuff. BIG—drink! Look out! Look out! (*Laughing*) You're spilling it all over you.

BETTY (*Laughing*) Here, Bobby darling—let Mummy wipe it off—there. That was a good boy—even if you DID spill some of it.

BOBBY. Aw gone.

BOB. Yes. (*Laughing*) All gone. Bobby takes his meals inside and out.

BETTY. There, dear—that's better. *You* through, Bob?

BOB. Till the next course.

BETTY. I'll ring for Gardenia. . . .

BOB. Wait. You won't have to. (*Calling—stentorian tone*) Gar—DEEN—ya! Gar—DEEN—ya!

BETTY. (*Amiable*) Bob! You'll rouse the neighbors!

BOB. What do we care? They ought to be roused. (*Again*) Gar—DEEN—ya!

BOBBY. (*Giggles*)

GARDENIA. (*Off*) Yas, Mars Bob—Ah's comin'.

BETTY. (*Low*) Bob—do you have "it" ready in the other room?

BOB. (*Confidential*) Sure. All ready.

GARDENIA. (*Coming in*) Everybody t'rough eatin'?

BOB. I should say so.

BETTY. (*Indulgent*) Just look at Bob's plate. From the looks of it you wouldn't think he'd had a thing on it.

GARDENIA. Kinda slicked it up, did yuh, Mars Bob? (*Chuckles*)

BOB. Sure. I was properly brought up. To eat everything on my plate.

(Sound of stacking dishes and silverware through scene until cue.)

BETTY. You did that all right.

BOB. And besides—the dinner was so delicious I couldn't bear the thought of missing a single bite—or even one little drop of gravy.

GARDENIA. You all like it, Mars Bob?

BOB. Like it? Well, I couldn't very well help it. In the first place you served all my favorite dishes—and the way you cooked them tonight—it was wonderful.

GARDENIA. *(Enjoying praise)* Jes' de same ole cookin', Mars Bob.

BOB. Nope. I don't believe it. I'll bet you put something special into those old pots and pans.

GARDENIA. Go 'along wid yuh. Yuh's jes' tryin' to swell mah haid.

BETTY. Gardenia—is the—you know—is it ready?

GARDENIA. Yessum. *(Fade)* Soon as Ah git deese heah dishes out.

BOB. Bobby—you know what day this is?

BOBBY. Nice day.

BOB. *(Laughs)* Yes, you bet it's nice. But do you know what special day it is?

BOBBY. S'Monday.

BETTY. } *(Laugh gaily together)*
BOB. }

BOB. No, that isn't what I mean.

BOBBY. Bobby hear Mummy say s'Monday.

BETTY. That's right, dear—but do you know what else it is?

BOBBY. Huh-uh.

BOB. Do you know what a birthday is, Bobby?

BOBBY. Birfday?

BETTY. Yes, dear. Everybody has a day they celebrate each year to show how old they are.

(No more dish clatter heard.)

BOB. And today is YOUR birthday, Bobby. Bobby's birthday.

BOBBY. Bobby's birfday—Bobby's birfday!

BETTY. So today is a big celebration. Because Daddy is home to stay—and because it's Bobby's birthday.

BOB. You know how old you are today, Bobby?

BOBBY. Huh-uh.

BOB. Well, sir! You're just three years old today!

BETTY. Think of it—Bobby. Three years old.

BOB. You're getting to be a big man.

BOBBY. *(Very big)* Bobby big man!

GARDENIA. *(Calling—off)* Heah Ah comes!

BETTY. Bobby—look—see what Gardenia has.

BOBBY. Ooooooooooh!

BOB. A great big cake!

BETTY. Gardenia baked that for you herself.

BOBBY. Mummy! S'on fire!

BOB. (*Laughing*) Those are just the candles, Bobby. See. One, two, three. One for each year. One, two, three.

BOBBY. One—two, free!

GARDENIA. Dar. See. Ah'm a settin' hit direkly befoh yuh, Bobby. An' yuh gotta blow all dem cannels out wit' one bref.

BETTY. Take a deep breath and blow them all out, Bobby.

BOB. Come on, son. Breathe deep.

BOBBY. (*Deep inhale*)

BOB. Now, BLOW!

BOBBY. PHO-O-O-ooooooooo.

ALL. (*Laugh and exclaim*)

GARDENIA. Da's hit! Yuh done blow 'em out de fust time. Dat mean dat you'll have good luck all the whole nex' yeah.

BETTY. What a big blow that was!

BOB. Now, Mummy's going to cut it and give us each a piece.

BOBBY. Goody—goody.

GARDENIA. (*Fading*) Ah'll git de ice cream.

BETTY. Now right down through the middle. And a piece right out here for Bobby.

BOBBY. (*Smacking his lips*) Ummm-m-m. Umm-m.

BETTY. And one for Daddy—

BOB. Thanks darling.

BETTY. And one for Mummy.

GARDENIA. (*Coming in*) Ah hopes hit's good.

BOBBY. (*Mouth full*) Ummm-m. S'good!

BETTY. And here's Gardenia—with THREE dishes of ice cream!

GARDENIA. De li'l one's foh Mars Bobby.

BOBBY. Bobby want ice cweam.

BOB. Here you are, son.

BOBBY. Ummmmm.

BETTY. Now—don't eat it too fast, dear.

BOBBY. S'cold.

BOB. It *is* cold, Bobby. So eat it slowly—let it melt in your mouth.

BOBBY. Ummmm—s'good!

BOB. You bet it is.

BETTY. And the cake is simply delicious, Gardenia.

GARDENIA. Da's good.

BETTY. You always manage to get it just right—just the same.

GARDENIA. (*Chuckling*) Da's on account o' because Ah uses dat kitchen tested flowah.

BOBBY. Want more ice cweam!

BOB. I'll tell you what! I've got something for you that's better than any old ice cream you ever tasted.

Bobby. (*Doubtfully*) What?—What Daddy got?

BOB. Remember that Mummy and I wouldn't let you go in the living room after I got home?

BOBBY. Got ice cweam there?

BOB. No. Something bigger—and better. A grand surprise. And it's all for you, Bobby.

BOBBY. Bobby wanna see.

BOB. All right—in a minute—you stay with Mummy.

BETTY. Here—I'll take you down. (*Effort*) *That's* it.

BOB. And as soon as I'm all set—you can come in.

(*Door opens.*)

BOB. (*Fading*) No fair peeking now.

BOBBY. Wanna see.

BETTY. Just a minute, dear, till Daddy's ready.

BOBBY. Wha's Daddy got, Mummy?

BETTY. Wait just a minute and you'll see.

BOB. (*Off—calling*) All set. Come on.

BETTY. Come on, Bobby. Now you can see.

(*Fade in sound of small electric train running on tracks. Comes close to mike and away from it during scene.*)

BOBBY. (*Screaming with delight*) Mummy! Mummy! Twains!

BETTY. Yes, darling—a nice new set of electric trains. Aren't they marvelous?

BOBBY. O-o-oh. 'S'big!

BOB. And look, son—look. Watch it stop in front of the station.

(*Sound of train ceases.*)

BOBBY. (*Claps his hands in glee*) Make it go 'gain, Daddy. Make it go.

BOB. O.K. Just a minute. But look here—we've got little signal lights to tell the engineer if the track's clear—

BETTY. I'll bet you'll get more fun out of it than he will.

BOB. (*Grinning*) I shouldn't be surprised.

BOBBY. O-o-oh. That's a nice twain.

(*Mantle clock strikes eight.*)

BETTY. (*On second strike*) Oh, my gracious. It's eight o'clock.

BOB. Is it?

BETTY. We took much more time for dinner than I thought.

BOB. Gee, I didn't think it was that late. Does that mean—

BETTY. I hate to do it—but it's way past Bobby's bedtime now.

BOBBY. Wheeeeeeee! Goes fast!

BOB. Don't you suppose—just a few minutes more?

BETTY. He's pretty tired now—I can tell.

BOB. He's having such a wonderful time and we just—

BETTY. We don't want him to get irritable, do we, dear?

BOB. No. Of course not. Bobby!

BOBBY. 'Es Daddy?

BOB. Now, look—I'm going to stop the train again.

(Train slows to a stop.)

BOB. You know why?

BOBBY. Why?

BOB. Because the engineer has been running the train all day and he's tired and sleepy and we've got to let him go to bed.

BOBBY. Bobby's not s'eeepy.

BOB. No, but the engineer—the man who runs the train is. And you wouldn't want to keep *him* up, would you?

BOBBY. Poor man s'eeepy.

BETTY. Yes, poor man.

BOB. I'll tell him to get a good night's rest, and then tomorrow when I come home from the office, we'll make him run the train and run it, and run it. Hey?

BETTY. Come on—you better go to bed too, Bobby, so you'll be able to play hard tomorrow.

BOBBY. Bobby not wanna go bed. Wanna play wif twains.

BOB. We'll play tomorrow. I'll come home especially early from the office—

BETTY. Be a good boy and come now, Bobby.

BOB. Come on. What do you say? Daddy will help you get to bed. It's been a long time—

BETTY. Come on—we'll all do it! Shall we?

BOBBY. Aw wight.

BOB. That's the boy.

(Phone rings)

BETTY. Oh, dear—answer that—will you, Bob?

BOB. Sure. You get him undressed—I'll be right in.

BETTY. *(Off—fading)* All right.

(Receiver off hook)

BOB. Hello . . . oh, hello, Carter . . . sure, we're in . . . now listen, Carter—have a heart . . . we're on our honeymoon . . . well, you tell Marlene we'd love to have you come over—but make it some other night, will you? . . . Sure. . . . We've been rushing around so lately, that Betty and I haven't had five minutes together and tonight we sort of planned to stay at home quietly. . . . Thanks, Carter—you're a sport. No, we'll

get together for dinner and the evening real soon . . . O.K. . . . good night.

(*Hangs up*)

BETTY. (*Off*) Who was it?

BOB. It was Carter. He and Marlene wanted to come over here tonight.

BETTY. (*Fading in*) Are they coming?

BOB. Well, son—all undressed already?

BOBBY. 'Es, Daddy.

BETTY. (*In mike*) Are they coming, Bob?

BOB. No. I told them they weren't welcome.

BETTY. You didn't.

BOB. Sure I did. I said we were on our honeymoon.

BETTY. (*Gently chiding*) Bob, you shouldn't have done that.

BOB. I've seen so much of other people lately, I want to see my wife for a change.

BETTY. Well—(*to Bobby*) Now, you're all ready for bed. Will you say your prayers for Daddy and Mummy?

BOBBY. 'Es.

BETTY. Sit here, Bob.

BOB. All right. Now go ahead and say them right, Bobby.

BOBBY. (*Hesitant*) Now I—lay me—down to s'leep—I pway the Lord my soul to—keep; if I should die—be-FORE I wake—I pway the Lord—my soul—to take. God bwess Mummy—an' Daddy—an' Gwamma, an' Gardeen'a—an' (*Finishing with a rush*) Aunt Jane and Uncle George. Amen.

BETTY. That's it. That's a good boy.

BOB. (*Moved*) Sweet! Now give your Daddy a great big hug and a kiss.

BOBBY. Ummm! (*Kiss*)

BETTY. And Mummy.

BOBBY. Ummmmm-mmm-m. (*Kiss*)

BOB. That's the boy. Now close your eyes and go right to sleep. Will you?

BETTY. Wait till I tuck you in.

BOB. (*Fading*) I'll open this window just a crack. It's getting quite cold and there's a stiff wind tonight.

BETTY. There you are.

(*Window raised—off*)

BOB. That'll do it.

BETTY. Good night, darling.

BOBBY. 'Night, Mummy.

BOB. (*In mike*) Good night, son.

BOBBY. 'Night, Daddy.

BOB. Sleep tight—see you in the morning.

BOBBY. (*Off*) Aw wight.

(*Door closed softly*)

BETTY. (*Low*) Isn't he darling, Bob?

BOB. Yes. And so are you, Betty.

BETTY. Bob!

BOB. Sweetheart.

BETTY. Hold me tight—tight.

BOB. (*Husky*) It's so wonderful to be here—with you—once more.

BETTY. Where you ought to be.

BOB. Sorry I turned Carter and Marlene away?

BETTY. No. Of course not. I'm glad. I don't want anything but my home, my baby, and my husband.

BOB. Say that word again. I love to hear it on your lips.

BETTY. My own, dear, sweet husband.

BOB. Precious! (*Moment's pause*) Come on into the living room, darling.

BETTY. All right.

BOB. You go over and sit down on the divan.

BETTY. Aren't you coming?

BOB. In a minute.

BETTY. What are you going to do?

BOB. You'll see. Now where are the new needles for this phonograph. Oh, here they are.

BETTY. Oh, I know.

BOB. I thought you'd guess.

BETTY. You're going to play "Our Song," aren't you?

BOB. Uh-huh.

BETTY. Shall I switch off all the lights but that one lamp—like we used to?

BOB. That's right.

BETTY. There.

(*Sound of turn table starting to revolve*)

BOB. That's right—now sit close to me—that's it, sweet—

BETTY. With my head on your shoulder—so.

BOB. Now listen—

(*Music. The piece starts—"Traumerei"*)

BETTY. (*A little moan of pleasure—whispering*) Bob?

BOB. (*Whispering*) Yes, dear?

BETTY. (*Same*) I love you, Bob.

BOB. (*Same*) I adore you, Betty.

(*Music. The music gradually fades out—pause before the announcer speaks*)

Lead-out

ANNOUNCER. So at last Betty and Bob are truly united. Married. In love. Happy. Ideally happy. They deserve it. But people can't shut themselves up in their homes forever—and keep other people out. They have to go on living from day to day as they brush against the world. How long will this blissful state last? Will something come up to spoil it? Or have Betty and Bob both learned enough to be wise when domestic danger threatens? What does the future hold? What will happen?

*Close**Theme.*

ANNOUNCER. Listen in again tomorrow at this same time for the next episode in the lives of Betty and Bob—first program on Gold Medal Feature Time. Your announcer is Paul Dowty.

The next program of Gold Medal Feature Time—which follows immediately—is *Modern Cinderella!*

JUDY AND JANE

Episode 10; Politics in Honeycrest

Revolving Plot Serial

Like *Betty and Bob*, *Judy and Jane* is one of the oldest day-time shows on the air. Contrasting with the Old Wives' Tale of *Clara, Lou 'n' Em*, in which most of the action was presumed to have taken place before the episodes opened and was told about by the three women, this is a revolving plot serial of two women, in which the action is brought to the microphone, within the episodes. *Clara, Lou 'n' Em* were observers of life, including the national scene as read about in the newspapers. *Judy and Jane* are more typical of the daily script radio characters by being the central characters in the plot and action. *Clara, Lou 'n' Em* were reactors; *Judy and Jane* are actors. Character type, rather than story, was the outstanding element of *Clara, Lou 'n' Em*. Permission for publication kindly granted by J. A. Folger & Company by AE.

JUDY AND JANE

Blackett-Sample-Hummert, Inc., Chicago

Advertiser: J. A. Folger & Co.

Number: 658 E. T.

Date of Broadcast: January 6

Date of Recording:

Date: Wednesday

Time:

Chain or Station: WBS

Subject Matter: *Judy and Jane. Episode*

10: *Politics in Honeycrest. Script title: Ben has a Promotional Idea.*

Open: Folger's mountain flavor. Economy—use $\frac{1}{4}$ less.

Close: Try the 3 day test.

For Recording Only.

Production Notes:

CHARACTERS:

Judy

Ben Fineberg

Jane

Jerry

Theme

ANNOUNCER. Judy and Jane—brought to you every day at this same time except Saturday and Sunday—by the makers of Folger's Coffee, famous for its rare and thrilling *mountain* flavor. . . . The coffee that comes to you in the red can with the bright yellow band just above the name Folger's!

Theme up

ANNOUNCER. If you just stop to think it over, you'll find that practically every food there is, grows better in some one particular spot than anywhere else. For example, grapefruit is grown in many places—but the grapefruit that comes from our own Rio Grande Valley down in Texas beats anything else for fine, juicy flavor.

Same with potatoes. They'll grow most anywhere, but those big mealy potatoes from Idaho's lava beds are the champions. And you can name hundreds of other foods and find that the same thing is true . . . there's one particular spot that grows them better than they can be grown elsewhere.

Don't think that coffee is any different, either. They grow coffee in lots of places—mostly in lowland countries. But there's one place that experts call the coffee Paradise of the world. They call it that because that's where the world's really fine coffees are produced. This locality I'm speaking about—this coffee Paradise is the mountains of Central America. On tiny mountain-top plantations, nature has worked a miracle for growing superior coffee. It's rich, volcanic soil. Clear, sparkling mountain air. Gentle tropical rain. Glorious sunshine. Working together, these soil and climate conditions create a coffee that stands out above all others.

Now only a limited part of the world's coffee supply comes from these mountain plantations. That's why you don't find this mountain flavor in the hundreds of ordinary coffee brands which are on the market today.

But—and this is the thing to keep in mind if you or your husband are real coffee lovers—you *do* find that rare mountain flavor in Folger's Coffee. That's what sets Folger's apart from other coffees. That's why Folger's mountain flavor makes ordinary coffees seem flat and tasteless by comparison. That's why Folger's has such a clear, winey tang, a flavor that's so extra rich you can actually use less coffee, and save money

on your coffee bills. Housewives tell us they use *one-fourth less* coffee when they use Folger's. Thus, they not only enjoy *fine* coffee but they practice real *thrift*, too.

The only way you can judge for yourself whether Folger's is the coffee that will bring you more real pleasure and enjoyment than any other is to try it. Ask your grocer for Folger's today.

Yesterday—at the Red Front Store—Judy and Jane virtually forced Old Man Sargent to agree to Jane's engaging Ben Fineberg as her assistant. It was a bitter pill for Old Man Sargent to swallow, and he complained to his sister Louella. Louella, who dislikes Jane as much as she hates Judy, said she had a plan for getting Jane under their control—a plan that would break up the friendship between Judy and Jane. This plan, however, is dependent upon Judy's arch-political enemy, Charles Wilson. So Sargent immediately contacted Wilson, who agreed to meet Louella and Sargent on Thursday.

Meanwhile—all unaware of the plots that are being hatched against their future, Judy, Jane, Jerry and Ben Fineberg are happily talking over prospects in the large living room of Judy and Jane's white house in Honeycrest. Ben Fineberg is speaking.

BEN. Oy! Jane . . . have I got a idea . . . is it a honey?

JUDY. (*Kids*) Jane's new assistant at the Red Front Store goes right to work even if it is 9 P.M.—is that the way it is, Benny?

BEN. Vot else? (*Humor*) I got to show my boss I'm on the job . . . or maybe she'll fire me before I get started. (*Confidentially*) It's always a good idea to let the boss see that you're working, Judy, even at night. Oy! Do I remember how it was out in Hollywood. . . . All day those schnorrers in my office would sit around. But let me or Abe Cohen walk into the office . . . and it was so busy . . . like a boiler factory it sounded. That's the reason I went broke . . . one of the reasons.

JANE. What's this big idea of yours, Ben?

BEN. It's like this. No! I ain't got time to tell it. . . . Gimme the telephone. What's the newspaper's number, Jane? I'll call 'em right away. We'll spread it in tomorrow's papers. Oy! Will the customers come in! In rows they'll be standing.

JANE. (*Laughingly*) Put the phone down, Ben . . . we can't do anything tonight.

BEN. (*Excited*) Not do anything tonight? Not do anything tonight! With a million dollar idea. Maybe a two million dollar idea.

JERRY. (*Interrupts*) Tomorrow's papers have gone to bed, Benny.

BEN. Vell? Get them up. Many's the time *I've* had to get up when . . .

JANE. (*Interrupts*) In Chicago, Ben . . . if you want to place an

advertisement . . . you have to get it to the paper by a certain time.

BEN. (*Unbelieving*) You mean to tell me you can't spend your money . . . any time?

JANE. That's right.

BEN. Oy! What a business!

JANE. The moving picture business and the department store business are two different things. . . .

BEN. (*Meaning*) I'm beginning to see.

JANE. Besides . . . we have to work it all out. . . .

BEN. Work it all out? We got the idea, ain't we? Give it to somebody else to work out. There ought to be a department. . . .

JANE. (*Laughing*) I don't think Father Sargent would agree with you.

JUDY. (*Warns*) And you'd better not sound off any ideas like that in front of him.

BEN. (*Moans*) Held in I'm going to be. . . .

JANE. (*Interrupts*) What's your idea, Ben?

BEN. It come to me like that, Jane. Like that. Like a flash. That's the way I get all my ideas. . . .

JERRY. Save the introduction, Ben.

BEN. (*Continues, ignoring Jerry*) It came to me right after I got through phoning Ike Silverberg in Chicago.

JERRY. Ike Silverberg? The producer?

BEN. Sure . . . I wanted he should be one of the first to come to my party. . . .

JANE. (*Puzzled*) Party?

JUDY. (*Puzzled*) Party?

BEN. (*Accuses*) I told you.

JUDY. But you didn't, Ben.

BEN. Look. Ven Jane called me and told me I got a job as her assistant at the Red Front, I says . . . Ben . . . we got to give a party to celebrate. Oy! vill we have a good time (*Suspiciously*) You're sure I didn't ask you, Judy?

JUDY. No.

BEN. (*Easily*) Vell . . . I thought I did. So you're all invited.

JERRY. Thanks.

JANE. When is it going to take place?

BEN. Vot?

JANE. The party?

BEN. Oh, that. . . . Ven I make enough money to pay for it.

JUDY. Oh.

BEN. But that's what gave me the idea. Parties! Oy! Is it grand! What do you think, Jerry? Isn't it a wow?

JERRY. I don't know.

JANE. You haven't told us about it yet.

BEN. That's right. I forgot. I was so excited. Vell. . . . (*Deep breath*)

JUDY. Stand by, folks . . . the balloon's going up.

BEN. This month . . . what does every store do?

JANE. Runs a clearance sale. We're getting ready for one now.

BEN. (*Pleased*) Exactle! A clearance sale. Every store in Chicago runs a clearance sale except one. The Red Front store. They don't have any sale at all.

JANE. What?

BEN. No sale. Instead it has a party. A big party. Page ads. Everybody in Chicago invited. Coffee, cake, and sandwiches . . . all they'll eat . . . milk and ice cream for the kiddies. . . .

JANE. But . . .

BEN. (*Continues*) And everything up on the top floor . . . to get to the party . . . people have to walk through the whole store to the elevators . . . (*Very enthusiastic*) It's colossal. Jane! Magnificent! (*The last word*) Super magnificent.

JUDY. (*Dryly*) Can't you just see old man Sargent falling for an idea like that?

BEN. (*Enthuses on*) Every store in Chicago with a sale . . . and the Red Front with a party . . . and the aisles loaded with merchandise at low prices . . . of course, does somebody going to the party want to *buy* some of the things . . . we ain't gonna say no.

JANE. It's a wonderful promotional idea, Ben.

JERRY. It's a knockout!

JANE. Father Sargent will be able to see this. Anyone could.

(*Judy grunts.*)

BEN. (*Continues*) Oy! We get some unemployed actors cheap. I get them from Silverberg to put on a show.

JANE. We can tear down some of the storerooms on the top floor for a stage.

BEN. (*Chortles*) Vot a idea. Vot a idea. Vill ve pack 'em in, or vill ve pack 'em in. . . . (*Disgust*) In show business I should be all my life. Ven I'm a natural department store man.

JANE. It's a grand idea, sure-enough, Ben. Come on into the breakfast nook, where there's a big table. And we'll figure the whole thing out.

BEN. Hokay. Ve vork it out to the last sandwich.

JANE. You and Judy coming with us, Jerry?

JERRY. (*Quickly*) We'll stay here. Jane.

JUDY. Who says so, lug?

JERRY. Me. We're gonna look in the fire.

BEN. (*Meaning*) Ah-ha.

JUDY. Gosh! Jerry . . . you'd better go along and help. You might be able to figure out some different angles.

JERRY. Ben knows as many angles as I do. Besides . . . we got to look in *this* fire.

JUDY. Heck. There'll be plenty more fires. We have one every night now.

JERRY. Not like *this* one . . . er . . . my sweet.

JUDY. I don't see anything special about . . . what's that you said?

JERRY. (*Firmly, driving it out*) I said . . . there won't be another grate-fire like *this* one, my sweet.

JUDY. (*Puzzled*) That's what I thought you said.

BEN. And he didn't say it bad neither. Did that klutz of a leading man of mine have so much emotion in his voice, as Jerry, Vy . . . I'd be in the moving picture business right now . . . I bet.

JERRY. (*Elated*) Do you really think I'm good, Benny?

BEN. (*Soberly*) Jerry! I give it my word. You were swell.

JUDY. (*Irked*) Say! What's this all about? Are you trying to get into the movies, Jerry?

JERRY. In the movies, Judy? Perish the thought!

JUDY. Wha-at?

JERRY. I said . . . perish the thought.

JUDY. (*Weakly*) Oh.

JERRY. And what's more . . . I haven't any wish to get into the movies . . . of a certainty I haven't . . . of a certainty.

JUDY. (*Weakly*) More?

JERRY. (*Growls*) What's the matter with ya, small time? Can't you understand the King's English?

JUDY. When the king talks it I can.

JERRY. Holy Smoke . . . that's the trouble with . . .

BEN. (*Interrupts*) Vait! Vait! . . . Jane . . . ve better get to work in the breakast room. Judy and Jerry might keep this up for hours.

JANE. (*Laughing*) You're sure enough right, Ben . . . (*Fading*) Bring a block of paper and a pencil.

BEN. (*Fading*) I vill . . . Hokay . . . Judy . . . Hokay Jane . . . vun . . . two, three . . . scrap.

JERRY. (*Grumbles*) They must think we're a couple of first grade saps.

JUDY. Well . . . aren't we . . .

JERRY. If you wouldn't always burn up at everything I say . . .

JUDY (*Warming*) I burn up? *Me?* Why . . . you're the biggest sore-head. . . .

JERRY (*Makes effort*) Let's cut it out. . . .

JUDY. Gosh! That'll suit me.

JERRY. We . . . we'll take things different.

JUDY. Looks like you've started doing *that*.

JERRY. Come again?

(*For Jerry: When Jerry really goes into his lines he puts it on heavy*)

JUDY. (*Suspiciously*) Jerry John Boggs, what's got into you?

JERRY. Into me?

JUDY. (*Continues*) You been acting awful funny the last couple of days.

JERRY. Have I?

JUDY. Like not going in with Jane and Ben and helping them.

JERRY. Forsooth . . . I don't see anything funny about that.

JUDY. The way you've been slinging words at me . . . and . . . and wanting me to sit out here and look in the fire with you. (*Softens a bit*) You never asked me to do anything like that before . . . Jerry.

JERRY. It's a different angle of my character, Judy . . . a different facet . . .

JUDY. A what?

JERRY. (*Climbs down*) Another side to you.

JUDY. Oh.

JERRY. (*Back up*) There is an end. There is an end. For stony limits cannot hold love out . . . forever . . .

JUDY. (*Kids, uneasily, she can't figure it*) Who told you that?

JERRY. Who told me that? Why . . . Don . . . er . . . Shakes . . . er . . . (*Irked*) Who *told me that*? I figured it out myself. . . . That's what, Fair one. Impute not my actions to light love. Which this warm firelight has so discovered to you.

JUDY. Jerry? Are you feeling all right?

JERRY. I think, my sweet . . .

JUDY. (*Interrupts*) Don't you think we oughtta go in with Ben and Jane?

JERRY. Stay . . . Judy . . . if . . . there's anything the matter, it is my heart.

JUDY. (*Worried*) Your heart? Oh. Jerry . . . you're not sick?

(*Jerry sighs*)

JUDY. (*Continues*) I should a known it. Jerry . . . lug . . . have you been to see the doctor?

JERRY. No . . . no . . .

JUDY. (*Interrupts*) I'll call him right away. . . .

JERRY. (*Sighs*) No mortal doctor . . . no living *man* can cure what ails *me*, Judy.

JUDY. (*Frightened*) What do you mean? Jerry! What *do* you mean?

JERRY. My cure lies only in the hands of Ero . . . Ero . . . er . . . Cupid.

JUDY. (*Surprise*) Cupid? (*Begins to understand*) You mean the little guy . . . the kid with a sash and wings?

JERRY. With bow and arrow. Sharp darts that pierce the heart. (*Sighs*) Cruel darts.

JUDY. Gosh!

JERRY. Look into the fire, Judy . . .

JUDY. Yeah?

JERRY. One finds so much in the fire, Judy . . . tell me . . . what do you see, my sweet?

JUDY. Er . . . nothin' . . .

JERRY (*Patiently*) You don't look hard enough, my sweet . . . (*Mysteriously*) I see . . . I see . . .

JUDY. What?

JERRY. (*Mystic*) I see a happiness . . . and . . . er . . . love climbing over walls . . .

JUDY. Where?

JERRY. (*Matter of fact*) Right over there. On the left side. Where the flames look like they're gonna go right up the chimney.

JUDY. Oh. Go on, Jerry. What else is there in the fire?

JERRY. Love climbing over walls . . . for stony limits cannot hold love out . . .

JUDY. You said that before.

JERRY. Did I? . . . What matter? . . . There's more to see than meets the eye (*Wonder and proud of himself*) Say, small time . . . do ya know you got tears in *your* eyes?

JUDY. Whadda you expect . . . staring into the fire trying to see . . . well . . . if you gotta know . . . it's smoke. I got smoke in my eyes.

JERRY. (*Disappointed*) Oh. I mighta known.

JUDY. (*Softly*) Jerry.

JERRY. Yeah.

JUDY. (*Shy, for Judy*) You know? Well . . . Gosh . . . you know? . . . You never talked to me like this before. . . .

JERRY. No?

JUDY. And . . . well . . . I like it.

JERRY. (*Swells*) Ya do?

JUDY. I'll say . . .

JERRY. Then . . . (*Very sentimental*) Judy, my sweet, I've one thing more to . . .

JANE. (*Coming up*) Anyone want cookies?

BEN. (*Coming up*) With coffee?

JERRY. Cookies? (*Enthuses*) Mandy's cookies?

JANE. (*Laughing*) Yes.

JERRY. Trot 'em in . . . we'll have plenty . . . won't we, small time?

JUDY. Yeah. Pass the cookies, Jane.

BEN. Vot is it, Judy? Something wrong?

JUDY. (*Sighs*) No . . . I guess there's nothing wrong. I guess I only *thought* there was.

JERRY. Holy Smoke, Jane! These are swell cookies. . . . Aren't you going to eat yours, Judy?

JUDY. No, Jerry . . . you can have them.

JERRY. (*Warns*) You're missing something.

JUDY. (*Sighs*) Yeah. I guess I am.

(*A little pause . . . telephone*)

JANE. I'll answer . . .

(*Click*)

JANE. Hello? . . . Yes this is Jane . . . (*Surprise*) Why Father Sargent! . . .

JUDY. The old beezark! Now what?

JANE. (*Continues, anxious*) Is there something wrong? At the store? . . . (*Relieved*) I'm so glad. . . . I was worried. It's unusual for you to call me in the evening like this. . . . Sonny and Joyce? They're fine. Sleeping. . . . Oh . . . for ever so long. . . . (*Surprise*) Mr. Fineberg? . . . Yes, I can reach him tonight. . . .

BEN. Me? Vot's he vant with me?

JANE (*Continues*) I'll be glad to do it. . . . (*Undecided*) But there was something I wanted to talk over with you in the morning. An idea of Mr. Fineberg's . . . a promotional idea . . . and . . . it's really wonderful . . . it'll keep the Red Front business booming right through the dull season. (*Unable to believe her ears*) . . . Not go tomorrow? . . . Stay home and work it out? . . . (*Happy*) Why . . . why . . . thank you Father Sargent. It's wonderful of you to feel that way. We'll sure enough try to earn your confidence. Give Aunt Louella my love. And we'll see you in the afternoon some time . . . Good night.

(*Hang up*)

JERRY. What's happening, Jane?

BEN. Yeh. Vot did he have to say about me?

JANE. (*Happily*) Father Sargent's done a complete about face . . .

JUDY. An about what?

JANE. Do you know why he called?

JUDY. You tell us.

JANE. He wanted me to take Ben directly to the Merchandise Mart . . . and introduce him to some of our sources of supply.

JANE. He asked me to spend the whole day getting Ben used to his new associates. Father Sargent said he was willing to do my work for tomorrow.

JUDY. (*Darkly*) There's something wrong somewhere.

JANE. (*Scoffs*) What could be wrong?

JUDY. You're asking me.

BEN. So vot do ve do tomorrow, Jane?

JANE. I told him you had a grand idea. . . .

JERRY. Yeah. We heard.

JANE. (*Impressively*) And Father Sargent said . . . I should get hold of you . . . and that the two of us should work the whole thing out . . . together. . . . That he had implicit confidence in my judgment.

JERRY. Wow.

JUDY. Old Man Sargent said that?

JANE. He did.

BEN. To work for a man like that is going to be a pleasure . . . a positivel pleasure.

JUDY. Yeah . . . maybe . . .

JANE. Why are you so suspicious, Judy?

JUDY. I guess I'm built that way.

JANE. The man's just showing us he's willing to cooperate at last. That we're all going to work together . . . instead of against each other. That's Father Sargent's way of showing us that he's going to roll up his sleeves . . . and help.

JUDY. (*Punch it*) I'd be more willing to believe it, Jane . . . if I could look up old man Sargent's sleeve. There's a monkey behind the eight ball . . . somewhere.

ANNOUNCER. Apparently Jerry has taken Donald North's advice to heart—for some of those speeches of Jerry's sounded suspiciously like Romeo and Juliet. If Donald had only added that Jerry should keep his attention on the girl—and NOT on coffee and cookies.—Judy would be much more pleased—So Old Man Sargent is willing for Jane to put Ben Fineberg's promotional plan into practice without even looking at it? That doesn't sound like the Old Man Sargent WE know—and we don't blame the suspicious Judy a bit for suspecting "there's a monkey behind the eight ball." Even though she DOESN'T suspect the plot that is being hatched against Judy and Jane.

If you'd like to see your husband take a new interest in breakfast . . . if you'd like to see him really enjoy his meal, and not be backward about telling *you* how much he enjoys it—then just do this. Just ask your grocer for Folger's Coffee today. Serve it at breakfast tomorrow morning. That man of yours will notice the difference right away. But just so he'll notice it more, go back to your old brand of coffee the second morning. Then, on the third morning, serve Folger's again. *The comparison brought out by this simple 3-day test is amazing.* But—you'll know you're on the right track by your husband's appreciation—by the

real delight Folger's brings him. To see your husband start the day with a smile, ask your grocer for Folger's today.

And so until tomorrow—good day from the Folger Coffee Company.

AMOS 'N' ANDY

Episode No. 2225: Amos' Wedding

REVOLVING PLOT SERIAL

When the perennial team of *Amos 'n' Andy* was to be disturbed by the marriage of one of its members, listeners didn't believe that the marriage would take place. So real do radio characters become to the listening audience that the stories of them are accepted as true. When a baby was born to a young woman character on the *Joanne Taylor* program, KMBC, listeners sent gifts to the mother, gifts to the baby—and advice to the mother on how to take care of the baby! *Amos 'n' Andy* have become very real to listeners who have followed their revolving plot serial for ten years. This serial rests for its success more on dialogue method and character portrayal than on action. Permission for publication kindly granted by The Pepsodent Company by Robert B. Graves. Copyright restrictions prevented the inclusion of any script except the wedding gift copy, sent to all listeners who requested it. The first part of this script was not broadcast, but the typical *Amos 'n' Andy* method is clearly used.

AMOS 'N' ANDY

By Correll & Gosden

Episode No. 2225

The following conversation between Amos and Andy took place in the little room near the altar, but was not broadcast.

AMOS. De only thing now, Andy, is de ring. Don't lose it . . . please.

ANDY. (*Nervous*) Whut did I do wid it?

AMOS. Yo' got it in yo' left vest pocket dere.

ANDY. I betteh put it in my right vest pocket.

AMOS. Well, just remember where yo' put it, will yo'? I'se so nervous I don't know whut to do.

ANDY. I'se standin' up heah shakin' like a leaf. Whut do we do next?

AMOS. We do just like de REhearsal was . . . soon as we hear de organ start playin' de Weddin' March, we go out dis door, an' wauk up to de altar.

ANDY. I'se so nervous, I don't think I kin make it . . . anybody would think *I* was gittin' married.

AMOS. Yo' know Andy, I done had a lot o' things happen to me in my life, but I never thought dat I'd be lucky enough to have a thing like dis happen to me. I'se so happy I can't help but cry.

ANDY. Did I give you de ring?

AMOS. No, yo' got it in yo' pocket dere somewhere.

ANDY. Oh, me. Dis job o' bein' de best man is worse dan bein' de groom.

AMOS. Stick wid me now, Andy . . . I'se nervous myself.

ANDY. Son, lemme put my hand 'round your shouldeh. I wanna tell yo' dat I know whut all dis means to you, an' I want you to know dat I'se happy cause I know you is happy.

AMOS. Thank yo', Andy. An' after me an' Ruby is married, me an' you will still be de same good friends, an' we'll always be as close to each other as we'se ever been.

ANDY. I know it, Amos.

AMOS. (*Excited*) Wait a minute, I hear de music. (*opening door to church*) Come on!

ANDY. (*nervous*) Wait a minute . . . WHERE'S DE RING?

AMOS. Come on, Andy. Come on!

(*Broadcast began here*)

BILL HAY. Tonight the wedding of Ruby Taylor and Amos Jones is taking place. They have selected December the 25th, Christmas night, as their wedding day. The scene is in a small church in Harlem. The hour of the wedding is almost here. The church is beautifully decorated with flowers and ferns, and the guests have all arrived. In the very front row we find the Kingfish and his wife seated next to Brother Crawford and his wife. In a little room just to the left of the altar, Amos and his best man, Andy, are nervously awaiting the strains of the wedding march.

In the rear of the church, Ruby Taylor, her father, Madame Queen, her matron of honor, are also waiting to start their march to the altar. As the scene opens now we find the crowded church very excited just before the ceremonies start. Here they are:

(*Mumbling of voices*)

(*Organ music starts introduction of "I Love You Truly"*)

(*At start of organ music, voices fade out*)

(*Quartette sings "I Love You Truly"*)

(*At finish of song, organ modulates immediately into "Lohengrin's Wedding March"*)

KINGFISH. (*Soft*) Look, Brother Crawford, dere comes Amos an' Andy out de door over dere on de right.

BRO. CRAWFORD. And here comes Ruby down the aisle looking sweeter than I've ever seen her before.

MRS. CRAWFORD. Shut up.

BRO. CRAWFORD. Yes, dear.

(Pause)

KINGFISH. *(Very soft)* Andy is shakin' more dan Amos.

(Organ stops after once through)

PREACHER. We are here gathered to unite this man and this woman in marriage, which is an institution ordained of nature in the very laws of our being for the happiness and welfare of mankind. To be true, this outward ceremony must be but a symbol of that which is inner and real. Marriage is not meant for happiness alone, but for the discipline and development of character. To this end there must be a consecration of each to the other, and of both to the noblest purposes of life. If there be any here present who knows any just cause why they may not lawfully be joined in marriage, I require him now to make it known, or ever after to hold his peace.

(Three second pause)

PREACHER. *(Continues)* Will you, Amos, take this woman, Ruby, to be your wedded wife, to live together after the ordinance of marriage? Will you love her, comfort her, honor and keep her, in sickness and in health, in prosperity and adversity, so long as you both shall live?

AMOS. I will.

PREACHER. Will you, Ruby, take this man, Amos, to be your wedded husband, to live together after the ordinance of marriage? Will you love him, comfort him, honor him, and keep him in sickness and in health, in prosperity and adversity so long as you both shall live?

RUBY. I will.

PREACHER. Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?

RUBY'S FATHER. I do.

PREACHER. What pledge do you offer that you will fulfill these vows?

AMOS. *(To preacher)* Dis ring.

PREACHER. Do you, Ruby, accept this token of the same?

RUBY. I do.

PREACHER. You will then, Amos, place it on the fourth finger of the left hand. You will now join right hands. These two persons having solemnly promised to live together in marriage according to the laws of the land, and having declared the same by joining their right hands, and by the giving and receiving of the marriage ring, I, by virtue of authority vested in me by the State, and in the name of our Father in Heaven, pronounce them husband and wife. And whom Love hath joined together let no man put asunder. *(To Amos and Ruby, soft)* Will you please kneel?

PREACHER. Let us pray. Our Heavenly Father, who hath put it into the hearts of these Thy servants to live together in holy wedlock, grant unto them, we pray, Thy continual protection and defense. Help them to fulfill their solemn vows, and to live together in holiness, in mutual love, and in the ways of Thy commandments. Bless them, we beseech Thee, that not in word only, or in outward form, they may be united, but by Thy presence in their hearts they may be made one spirit in Thee. Amen. (*To Ruby and Amos softly*) Please stand.

PREACHER. And so, my children, you have been united in Holy Matrimony on Christmas Day in this Holy Temple. Here before your friends you have each taken your vow. May the gates of Happiness open wide before you both, and may the path of love await you wherever you may go. Remember that love turns all thorns into roses, and you will find that every cloud will reveal the splendor of Heaven. May your days be long and full of beauty, and may your strength be sufficient for your tasks. And my children, may love guard you without and within from this sacred day forth forevermore. Amen.

PREACHER. You may kiss the bride.

AMOS. (*Soft*). Thank yo' sir. Com heah, darlin'.

(*Mumbling starts*)

ANDY. Git away from dere Amos . . . don't take all night . . . yo' know, I kisses her next.

(*Mumbling louder*)

(*Organ music starts with mumbling in background*)

(*All fade out*)

BILL HAY. Speaking for those who may be listening, Amos, may I congratulate you? And to you, Ruby, may I wish happiness?

(*Organ music plays Christmas carols.*)

THE GOOSE CREEK PARSON

Episode twenty-seven

REVOLVING PLOT SERIAL

Of the revolving plot serials which use a small town locale, the GOOSE CREEK PARSON is one of the newer. An interesting feature of it is the inclusion of songs within the script. Most other manuscripts in which songs have been included have been skits rather than plays, as THE BASS FAMILY and SETH PARKER. Permission for publication kindly granted by Benton & Bowles, Inc., Advertising, by J. W. Loveton. May not be used in part or in whole without the written permission of the owners.

THE GOOSE CREEK PARSON

Presented by
Super Suds
Episode No. 27

CAST

Josiah Hopkins	Gerina Mason	Quartet
Tom Baxter	Rosebud Batts	Rick

MUSIC

1. Quartet
2. Professor Gandy

(*Music: "Church in the Wildwood." Ensemble. Humming fades after ten seconds to background for*)

RICK. Evenin', friends. There's the tune that invites you, once again, to Goose Creek to join Parson Josiah Hopkins and all his friends and neighbors of Goose Creek . . . the kind o' quiet little village that all of us remember. Remember . . . you're invited to come and sing and laugh and visit with us every Monday and Wednesday and Friday evening.

Theme. Out

RICK. Now, friends, it does seem t' me that something's 'r jest plain sense. An' one o' them is that if you have t' wash dishes, you might jest as well use a soap that's made specially for washin' dishes. An' bein' as Super Suds is the *only* soap that's made especially for washin' dishes, my suggestion 'd be t' start usin' Super Suds tomorrow.

I know you're a'goin' t' like it. I'm jest sure an' positive o' that. An' why? Why jest because Super Suds . . . bein' soap made in little hollow beads . . . gives y' richer an' foamier suds *quicker* . . . makes your dishes brighter an' more sparklin' . . . an' actually helps you t' get your dishes done a whole lot easier an' quicker. An' say, you'll find that Super Suds is jest about the easiest soap on your hands . . . they'll stay 's soft and pretty as a girl's. Won't you make a little note now . . . t' buy some Super Suds in a red box, tomorrow?

(*Music: "Church in the Wildwood." Ensemble. Sing one verse then fade to humming background for*)

RICK. Well, the Parson's come down to the store, this afternoon, to do a little tradin' fer Sarah. It's a rainy, drizzlin' October day and the cracker boxes gathered 'round the stove make the store a mighty sociable place. While Rosebud Batts is waitin' fer Rudy to wrap up her groceries, she's tryin' to find out from the Parson some facts concernin' all the talk of this here oil discovery thirty miles away to Crystal City.

ROSEBUD. Well, it's terrible interestin', ef they can really dig oil up out of the ground, ain't it, Parson?

PARSON. Yes, 'tis, Sister Batts, but I don't think it's no more interestin' than that land can grow good wheat and corn.

ROSEBUD. But diggin' up oil makes everybody rich, they say.

PARSON. That's what they say, but money is one thing Sarah ner me never thought much about. There's a sight a' things Sarah and me would rather have than money. Fer instance (*Chuckles*) . . . turnip greens and salt pork fer supper. (*Calls*) Did you wrap me up that salt pork, Rudy?

RUDY. (*Calls*) Yes, I did, Parson.

ROSEBUD. Well, Jeff Batts ner me wouldn't neither one of us have time to tend to a back pasture where you had to keep oil dipped up off of it! The children keeps me busy and Jeff's got all he can do lookin' after his billy goats and practicin' up on oratin' his Daniel Webster.

JEFF. (*Bursting majestically into oratory*) "It is my living sentiment and by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment, independence now, and independence forever!" Daniel Webster.

PARSON. We wasn't askin' you to exert yourself oratin', Jeff.

ROSEBUD. No. I was only sayin' Daniel Webster keeps you busy.

JEFF. Oratin' aint no exertion fer me. I jest natcherly can't help comin' out with a little oratin', now and then.

PARSON. Ought to get you a job peddlin' lightnin' rods. That's where oratory would come in handy.

ROSEBUD. Well, anyway, as I was a-sayin', findin' oil in our pastures wouldn't interest Jeff ner me none. Neither one of us couldn't take no time to go 'round the farm a-dippin' up oil.

LIGE. How do they get this here oil they've suddenly got to Crystal City, Parson? Is it a lake that's suddenly rose up all over everything?

PARSON. No, that wan't it Lige. It's jest like a well . . . only 'stead o' water y' get oil. An' y' have t' pump it up out of the ground.

JEFF. I seen a picture o' an oil field once, an' they was big wooden derricks all over it.

ROSEBUD. You don't say! Must not be very pleasant walkin' in the fields no more, over there, not knowing when you was goin' t' bump into a derrick in the dark.

PARSON. Well, y' see, Rosebud . . . them derricks is the pumps that pump the oil outa the ground.

ROSEBUD. (*Giggles*) It'd seem awful funny, wouldn't it, to take your lamp out in the field when the oil runs out and jest pump up a dipper full of red ker'sene. Mebbe that's why they make money. Mebbe it's savin' what they've been spendin' fer ker'sene, Parson.

PARSON. Well, however they do it, I'd hate mighty bad to have our pretty pasture spoiled next spring; cowslips and clover all covered with oil and derricks. I don't know what the horse and the calf'd eat ef we let 'm through the gate some morning and they was oil all over every-

thing. And I don't know where I'd walk to think my sermons out. Don't you know, a man can get hold of the biggest thoughts he ever had, jest walkin' alone down a little stragglin' path where the honey-suckles and meadow larks aire a-follerin' him . . . mebbe a little stream a' water ripplin' over the stones. But instead of findin' theirselves places like that . . . people that want something they haven't got is after money; set and determined to have a automobile; figgerin' they've got to get elevated up into society; the women folks can't be satisfied unless they join a club er pull out their eyebrows. Well, Sarah and me, we jest figger . . . we'll never live this day but once . . . so we try to make somethin' out of it that we can keep a lot longer than money.

ROSEBUD. What do you think about it, Obe Snodgrass?

Obe. If I can spend ten cents a day outa the profits o' my blacksmith shop . . . I'm satisfied. (*Calls*) Rudy, will you fetch me over ten cents worth a' lemon drops? (*Natural voice*) But ten cents don't mean nothin' to nobody in Crystal City, no more. Why, over there, everybody that fills a barrel full of oil can sell it right then and there fer fifty dollars. Fellers is fillin' barrels and tradin' 'm fer fifty dollar bills before you could say Jack Robinson!

Lige. Jest standin' there in Crystal City any place a-scoopin' up oil?

Obe. Yes sirree, Lige, that's jest what they're doin'. And I'm taken' me a barrel and goin' over there myself, one a' these days!

JEFF. I'll bet you drive all them thirty miles with your barrel and come back with nothin'.

OBE. I'll bet my Sunday suit I'll come back with fifty dollars and oil besides!

LIGE. Ef you're bettin' your Sunday suit, Obe, it'll probably be you that'll come back in the barrel!

(*Laughter*)

PARSON. Well, I reckon I better be gettin' on home with Sarah's store goods. Must be 'bout four o'clock, ain't it?

JEFF. Four o'clock. That's what it is. (*Orating*) "Survive or perish, sink or swim, I give my hand and heart to this cause." Daniel Webster.

ROSEBUD. Land sakes! All I hear to home is Daniel Webster,—do I have to hear it away from home, too? If anybody's goin' to show off, can't the quartet sing a piece, instead of Jeff Batts oratin'?

OBE. Sure we can sing a piece.

PARSON. I've had a piece runnin' in my head sence day before yesterday. It's ".". Could you sing that one?

LIGE. Why sure we can, Parson. That one starts in the bass . . . like this. . . .

(*Music. He starts alone . . . quartet joins in and finishes number.*)

PARSON. Well, now that sure was a treat. It's jest the kind a day when singin' is mighty nice.

(Sound. Door opens and closes)

And if here ain't Tom Baxter and the school ma'am. Howdy, Miss Gerina. Afternoon Tom.

(Ad lib. Tom and Gerina greeting everyone in store)

GERINA. My, but the fire seems cozy. I love a gray drizzlin' day. Seems as though the weather's just like folks . . . it's got to be serious once in a while.

JEFF. Well, it's jest about time fer us t' leave an' go back into the rain, Miss Gerina . . . ain't it, Rosebud?

ROSEBUD. Yes, Jeff . . . I've got all the children's winter flannels t' get out, today . . . so's they'll be ready after they git their baths, tomorrow night.

GERINA. Oh, I'm sorry you have to leave when we're just getting here.

JEFF. I'll carry the groceries fer you, Rosebud.

ROSEBUD. Well . . . good bye, Parson and neighbors.

(Ad libs of good bye to Rosebud and Jeff)

Sound. Door closes

PARSON. Now, ain't they nice folks? *(General ad libs of agreement)* I jest love to sit an' listen t' Jeff an' his oratin', an' sympathize with Sister Rosebud 'bout her dispepsie. I'm mighty glad t've seen you boys in the quartet . . . an' the Batts's . . . an' you, Tom, an' Miss Gerina . . . because I'm feelin' kinda low in my mind today. Come on over here, Tom. *(Tom ad lib)* . . . An' fetch up a cracker box. Sampled Rudy's new cheese, have you?

TOM. Not this afternoon, Parson. Where's the cheese knife?

OBE. Here it is, Tom. I've been doin' a little samplin', myself.

TOM. Thanks, Obe.

GERINA. But Brother Hopkins. . . What's the matter? Is it the weather that makes you sad?

PARSON. Reckon maybe it's the weather. Reckon maybe I'm a little lonesome. It's nacherel t' be that way on these fall days. *(Chuckles)* Reckon I don't know half what's the matter, m'self.

OBE. Well . . . I hope y' aint lonesome, Parson . . . cause me an' Lige is jest about t' leave too.

LIGE. Yes, I guess I better be takin' Julia her calico remnant.

OBE. And I've got to be gettin' home to wash and iron me a shirt t' wear t' Crystal City when I go over there a'lookin' fer oil.

PARSON. Well, I hate t' see you boys go. But I think, myself, that 'twont be long till Crystal City folks'll be comin' here t' look fer peace o' mind. If I had me some money, I'd pay fellers fifty dollars fer every barrel o' oil they didn't find this side o' the Sugar Tooth County line.

TOM. I know exactly how you feel, Parson.

GERINA. And so do I, Brother Hopkins!

OBE. Well, I'll be findin' out all about it tomorrow. Comin', Lige?

LIGE. Yes, Obe. I'm comin'.

(Ad libs good byes. "Keep that calico remnant out of the rain, Lige" "Don't get stuck in the mud")

PARSON. Well, that leaves jest you an' Tom, Gerina. . . .

GERINA. And Rudy and the Professor. But Rudy's busy straightening up his shelves. . . .

RUDY. *(Calling)* I sure am!

GERINA. And the Professor's back there going over all his post-office papers.

TOM. I've got it! Why can't they give us a song?

PARSON. I wish they would, Tom.

TOM. *(Calling)* Rudy! Professor! *(Ad libs)* Why can't we have a little music?

PROFESSOR. *(Off mike)* You mean fer me t' sing a solo?

GERINA. Of course, Professor! We know you can do it.

PROFESSOR. Well, reckon I can . . . if Rudy'll hist it on the piano.

(Music. Rudy plays a few experimental notes. Then starts tune with Professor singing)

" " *Rudy and Professor*

GERINA. Professor, that was a treat!

TOM. And thank you, too, Rudy.

PARSON. I shore enjoyed it!

TOM. But come now, Parson. You're still looking thoughtful.

GERINA. Can't you tell us what's the matter?

PARSON. Well, I don't know 's you'd see things the way an old country Parson does . . . because you're young an' you've got everything t' look forrard to.

TOM. Why, Parson . . . what do you mean?

PARSON. Y' see, . . . I ain't got nothin' t' look forrard to but Goose Creek, an' that's all me an' Sarah really wants, long as we have each other. But *(hesitant)* I jest wish Obe Snodgrass warn't goin' over t' Crystal City t' see about that oil. I shore do wish he warn't. . . .

GERINA. I don't think I quite understand, Brother Hopkins. . . .

PARSON. I guess I jest can't explain. But I keep thinkin' an' thinkin'.

TOM. About what, Parson?

PARSON. About wakin' up in the mornin' . . . an' goin' t' the window t' look out . . . an' seein' a big oil derrick right there smack against the sky. *(Pause)* Well . . . reckon it's time t' be gettin' on home.

(Music: " " Ensemble)

(Hum reprise for ten seconds, then fade out for)

RICK. Now . . . I don't like that a bit . . . seein' Josiah Hopkins feelin' s' bad . . . do you, neighbors? But I got somethin' else t' talk about jest now. Y' know . . . all aside from the fact that Super Suds will make dishwashin' easier 'n' quicker for you, neighbors . . . there's another good reason for gettin' some o' that good soap these days. It's because o' that extra-big dish towel—made by Cannon—that the Super Suds people are givin' away free.

First, let me tell you about that there dish towel. It's big . . . a full three feet long an' a foot an' a half wide. It's got a pretty-colored border . . . like you like t' have. An' it's made o' extra good cloth so's t' dry your dishes quicker 'n' better. All y' have t' do t' git one o' these mighty fine dishtowels is t' take three box tops from the *reg'lar ten cent* size red box o' Super Suds, or *two tops* from the *giant twenty-cent* size Super Suds . . . attach your name an' address . . . an' mail t' Super Suds, Jersey City, New Jersey. Super Suds, Jersey City, New Jersey. An' jest so there'll be enough o' them dish towels t' go 'round, we're goin' t' mail jest one towel t' each family. So, I hope you'll remember . . . get your big red boxes o' Super Suds . . . tomorrow.

(Music: "Church in the Wildwood." Ensemble)

(Humming fades to background for)

RICK. An' now here's Josiah Hopkins . . . the Goose Creek Parson, himself, . . . with his good night greetin' fer us all.

PARSON.

(Music: "Church in the Wildwood." Ensemble)

(Humming up. Then fade to background for)

RICK. (*Straight*) You have just heard Episode Twenty-seven of a new radio series, the Goose Creek Parson. Join us to visit Goose Creek each Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening at 7:30 Eastern Standard Time.

(Each Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening at 7:45 Pacific Standard Time).

This is the Columbia . . . Broadcasting System.

TODAY'S CHILDREN

Episode No. 1217

REVOLVING PLOT SERIAL

Imaginary characters such as Mother Monahan, Mother Moran and other homebodies of the world of radio are frequently the central characters of daily scripts dealing with domestic situations. Revolving plot serials dealing with ordinary people facing problems such as might arise in anybody's life, make up the majority of the daily dramatizations. *To-*

BARTLETT. I don't know. The last report that we had, if indeed, it was an official report—one never knows—

ROBERT. Yes—was eight not guilty and four guilty.

BARTLETT. I do understand, however, as I told you over the phone, that it's likely that the jury hasn't (*Fading*) come to an agreement.

ROEN. (*Fading in*) And there are Bob Brewer and Katherine.

BOB. Well, Katherine. . . .

KAY. Yes, Bob. . . .

BOB. You're not thinking about what's going to happen in that courtroom, in just a few minutes, are you?

KAY. No . . . no, I wasn't for the minute.

BOB. Hold on to yourself, old girl.

KAY. But. . . .

BOB. Yes.

KAY. Well, I can't get over Joan Young being in town and phoning me. I can't imagine what she wants, or why she wants to see me. Oh, but I shouldn't be thinking about myself. My problem is nothing, compared with what might happen to Gloria. If they should take that boy away from her. . . .

BOB. (*Fading*) I doubt if there'll be a verdict of Guilty—there might be a deadlock.

ROEN. And over to one side, we see Patty and Ralph Santo.

PATTY. (*Fading in*) Oh, Mr. Santo . . . I'm so afraid.

SANTO. Yeah . . . yeah, I know, Patty, but it'll all be over in a few minutes.

PATTY. Will it?

SANTO. You think it's a hung jury, humh?

PATTY. I've stopped thinking. (*Fading*) But I don't mind telling you that Mr. Ryan is more or less inclined to believe that they haven't reached a verdict.

ROEN. (*Fading in*) And right outside the door, leading into Judge Harris' courtroom, are Mother Moran, Frances, Gloria and little Jack, in conversation.

JACK. (*Fading in*) It's going to be OK, isn't it, Mr. Ryan?

RYAN. I hope so, old chap.

GLORIA. Just "hope so," Mr. Ryan?

RYAN. Don't worry, Mrs. Marshall.

GLORIA. I'm not worrying . . . I'm just . . .

MM. Frances. . . .

FRAN. Yes, Mom.

MM. Maybe Gloria would like to be havin' a glass of water.

GLORIA. No . . . I'm all right, Mrs. Moran.

JACK. Mother . . .

GLORIA. Yes, dear. . . .

JACK. It . . . it's going to be all right. Honest it is. (*Almost crying*) I won't go away from you. . . . (*Fading*) I won't ever leave you.

ROEN. And so, we leave the corridor and join the Marshalls—the Morans and Gloria's friend, as they make their way into the courtroom, which is packed to capacity.

(*Voices coming up.*)

(*Court noises up.*)

VOICE. Your Honor, the Jury is ready to return its verdict.

JUDGE. The Jury will be instructed to return to the courtroom at once.

(*Pause.*)

(*Voices.*)

(*Door opens.*)

(*Footsteps.*)

(*Rapping of Gavel.*)

(*Pause.*)

JUDGE. Have you gentlemen arrived at a verdict?

FULLER. We have, your Honor.

JUDGE. Will you please hand it to the Clerk, who will announce it?

(*Pause.*)

CLERK. We, the Jurors, find the defendant, Gloria Marshall Not Guilty!

(*Pause.*)

JUDGE. Based upon the verdict rendered, the Court must find that the defendant, Gloria Marshall is entitled to . . . and shall . . . receive the care and custody of Jack. Gentlemen, of the Jury . . . the Court wishes to thank you for your services in this case and you now stand discharged from further service from this court.

(*Voices.*)

GLORIA. (*Crying*) Oh, Jack . . . darling . . . darling!

JACK. Oh, mother . . . it's all right. I can stay with you, can't I?

GLORIA. Yes, darling. Your Honor. . . .

JUDGE. Yes, Mrs. Marshall. . . .

GLORIA. I want to . . . I want to thank you for giving me my baby.

JUDGE. Mrs. Marshall, I believe that your thanks must go to the twelve jurymen, who came to a final decision.

GLORIA. Gentlemen of the Jury . . . I do . . . I don't know how to say it. I don't know what to say . . . only let me tell you that you have done more for me than any one of you will ever know. And I thank you for being fair and just. I thank you from the bottom of my heart.

(*Voices.*)

MM. (*Coming up*) Gloria, darlin' . . . Gloria, ya mustn't be breakin' down.

GLORIA. I can't help it.

SANTO. It's all right, kid . . . it's all right now.

GLORIA. Oh, Ralph, you've been so swell.

PATTY. Gloria, darling . . .

GLORIA. Oh, Patty . . . it's over.

PATTY. Yes, dear . . . it's all over.

GLORIA. Frances.

FRAN. Yes, Gloria.

GLORIA. Katherine . . . I . . . I didn't know you were here. I didn't know I had so many friends. Oh, Mrs. Moran, you . . . you're the one person I want to . . .

MM. That's all right, darlin' . . . I understand.

GLORIA. You've been . . . you've stood by me . . . oh, Mother Moran! Yes, that's right . . . that's all I can say . . . "Mother Moran."

MM. That's all right now. Come along, darlin'. The people are crowdin' in here.

VOICE. How about an autograph?

GLORIA. Mr. Ryan. . . .

RYAN. Yes, Mrs. Marshall.

GLORIA. I can't thank you . . . I can't thank you enough.

RYAN. There isn't anything for you to thank me for.

GLORIA. And Mr. Weatherby.

RYAN. Mrs. Marshall, you have only twelve men to thank, as you told them, for their fair and unbiased judgment.

ROBERT. (*Coming up*) Gloria, may I . . . may I have just a word with you, please?

GLORIA. I don't think there's anything we have to say to each other. Do you, Mr. Marshall?

MM. Gloria, if Mr. Marshall. . . .

GLORIA. Is . . . is it all right, Mr. Ryan?

RYAN. Quite all right, Mrs. Marshall.

GLORIA. Jack, darling.

JACK. Yes, I'm here, mother.

ROBERT. We could step into the anteroom right here.

GLORIA. Mother Moran, would you come with me?

MM. If it's all right with . . . My name is. . . .

ROBERT. Yes, I know, Mrs. Moran. Come right along.

(*Courtroom noises fading out.*)

(*Door opens and closes.*)

ROBERT. Gloria, I hardly know . . . well the truth of the matter is . . . regardless of how Mrs. Marshall might feel, I am happy . . . most happy . . . that the verdict awarded you the custody of your son . . . of my grandson. Perhaps had we understood each other better . . . had we given

each other a little more time . . . you and Mrs. Marshall and myself . . . all this might have been avoided . . . the heartache . . . the strain . . . the publicity. But, my dear, regardless of your feelings toward either Mrs. Marshall or myself, please believe that now, as never before, can you hold your head high and proudly look at the world and know that in the eyes of justice, you were right. I only hope, after the memories of this trial are in the background . . . I can't say, have been forgotten—because they never will be, I know . . . I only hope that you may find it possible in your own mind to come to understand Mrs. Marshall and me. And, Jack, my boy, you have a mother of whom you can be very proud. You can always look to her as the finest woman you can ever hope to know. God bless both of you.

GLORIA. Thank you, Mr. Marshall . . . thank you. Perhaps some time later . . . I don't know when . . . but perhaps we can come to understand each other a little better.

ROBERT. Goodbye, Gloria. No, not goodbye . . . just good luck.

GLORIA. Thank you.

(Door opens and closes.)

MM. And now, darlin, I'm goin' ta leave you for a minute—alone. That's what you want for the minute, isn't it?

GLORIA. Yes.

(Door opens and closes.)

GLORIA. Jack.

JACK. Yes mother.

GLORIA. You heard what your grandfather said, didn't you?

JACK. Yes mother.

GLORIA. He's your Father's Daddy. And I want you to respect him . . . just as you would have your own Father. *(Crying)* Dear God . . . it's been worth it . . . it's been worth it.

(Pause.)

ANNOUNCER. And so we leave Gloria with her son. We know that all of her friends and the friends of *Today's Children*, who have so loyally stood by during the past weeks and months—are as happy as she must be at this moment. We wonder if Mr. Coles—the twelfth juror—the lone wolf, as Mother Moran called him—the man who was really responsible for swinging the jury—the man who gave Gloria her son—if he will again cross her path. *(Pause)* And what about Joan and Kay—Bob Crane and Bob Brewer—Russell Grant—Ralph Santo—Patty and Jerry Ryan? This may be the end of the trial of the People versus Gloria Marshall, but life goes on and with life come other trials. *(Pause)* Be sure to be with us next Friday—one week—when you will hear the announcement of a verdict made by the Pillsbury Flour Mills Company, the

like of which you have never heard over the air before!

(Commercial.)

(Theme up and out.)

ANNOUNCER. *Today's Children* has come to you as a presentation of the Pillsbury Flour Mills Company and will again be heard Monday morning at this same time. Your announcer is Louis Roen, speaking from Chicago, over the Red Network of the National Broadcasting Company.

ANNOUNCER. Postal employees . . . mail clerks on fast trains . . . truck drivers . . . and radio station staffs . . . are wondering this morning what has suddenly happened. From tiny towns and great cities . . . from farms and hamlets . . . from every part of the country . . . a veritable avalanche of letters is flowing in, asking for radio's newest sensation . . . a full-length novel of "*Today's Children*" . . . radio's most popular daytime program. Like the program itself . . . the idea of this book has made an instant hit. For the first time, a radio sponsor has written and published a radio drama in book form. For the first time, radio listeners can procure those episodes in the lives of their favorite characters which cannot be portrayed on the air. For the first time, you can get the descriptive background, the illustrative sketches, and the actual photographs of the characters which will make this story more and more real to you. A 312-page novel . . . more than an inch thick . . . bound in beautiful light-olive green cloth . . . stamped in crimson . . . and enclosed in a lacquered paper jacket that will keep the book clean and unsoiled for you. Nothing has been left undone to make this book as outstanding as the program which it reviews. Exquisite sketches from the pen of a noted American artist have been used to illustrate many of the thrilling episodes recounted in the story. Be the first in your group to have this book in your library. The first copies will be off the press March 5, we want to be all ready to mail them out to our listeners as quick as possible. So . . . we ask you to send in your order for your copy of the novel . . . "*Today's Children*" . . . at once. Just address Pillsbury Flour . . . in care of the station to which you are listening. Enclose fifty cents with your name and address . . . and as soon as the books are ready . . . your copy will be sent promptly and postpaid. Remember—this is a full-length novel—a book that would sell regularly for at least two dollars. Don't forget the directions: Just write your name and address on a piece of paper . . . enclose it with fifty cents in coin . . . not stamps . . . in an envelope and address it to Pillsbury Flour, in care of the station to which you are listening. That's all there is to it . . . but be sure you do it before March 5. Better yet . . . do it today.

GRACIE ALLEN

Anniversary Gift to Guy Lombardo

SKIT

Most skits (plotless dramas) are humorous and depend as much upon characterization for their success as upon the lines themselves. Usually, for the sake of unity, the jokes in a skit are grouped about a central subject matter for each specific broadcast. In the case of the present skit the general subject matter is the fourth anniversary of Guy Lombardo's appearance on the Robert Burns radio program. This skit was distributed to the general public in booklet form, as was the *Amos 'n' Andy* manuscript which appears earlier in this volume. Entire contents copyright, 1933, by the General Cigar Company, all rights reserved. Permission for publication kindly granted by the General Cigar Company.

 PREFACE

We hope that you, kind reader, will read this book with the understanding that we hold ourselves innocent of any responsibility for any accidents that may cause you to be put away for a long rest suffering from complete mental collapse.

It was our intention to have Gracie Allen write a little book for Guy Lombardo's Fourth Anniversary on the air with the Robert Burns Program. Miss Allen agreed to write the book . . . but her brother disappeared and she became so busy looking for him that her literary promise slipped her mind (or fell out of her hat) . . . We finally decided to send a stenographer around to take down her book in shorthand. The stenographer arrived just as Guy and George Burns walked in to see Gracie. They found her dictating her Anniversary Present to Guy to a bewildered Sergeant Jones of the United States Marine Corps.

The stenographer took down all she heard until George Burns and Guy Lombardo rushed her to a hospital where she is said to be doing as well as could be expected.

General Cigar Co.

GRACIE. Now listen, Sargie, I could do this by myself if Guy Lombardo and George Burns were here to help me. But they're not here so I guess I'll have to do it by myself.

SERGEANT JONES. Listen lady. I'll do anything you want . . . but first put that gun down! It's loaded!

GRACIE. Certainly! Hello, George, Hello Guy. Isn't Sargie Jones silly!

GEORGE. GUY. What's going on here?

GUY. Gracie, this Marine doesn't happen to be your missing brother?

GRACIE. Oh there you go! This big fraidy cat is scared just because I'm pointing a loaded gun at him and anybody knows you can't be hurt with a loaded gun!

GUY. You can't be hurt with a loaded gun?

GRACIE. Certainly! I read that General Pershing said: "More men are killed with empty guns every year than with loaded guns!"

GEORGE. Gracie, give me the gun . . . and what is this all about?

JONES. Thanks! I'm Sergeant Jones of the U. S. Marine Corps and I know this must look silly for you to find me here being held up by this little girl . . . and with my own gun . . . and if this ever gets out, I might as well quit the Corps. I'll never live it down!

GEORGE. Now wait a minute. This is Guy Lombardo. I'm George Burns. We've had a little trouble, too! What happened and how did you get here?

JONES. I was standing in front of the recruiting tent and I heard a scream, "Help! Help!" And you know the Marines are always the first to fight . . . so I looked around and this lady said, "Quick, follow me!"

GUY. Gracie, was somebody bothering you that you needed help?

GRACIE. No, George told me to do it!

GEORGE. Told you to do what, Gracie?

GRACIE. When I told you I was going to write a book for Guy Lombardo . . . you told me to tell it to the Marines. And I couldn't talk to him on a windy street corner!

GEORGE. I see! So you brought him home. Listen, Gracie, "tell it to the Marines" is just as expression. It means don't bother me, tell it to somebody else.

GRACIE. I'll be glad to! Listen, Guy, I'm writing a book for your Canadian Anniversary!

GUY. Canadian Anniversary?

GRACIE. Well, of course maybe in Canada they don't use books in their anniversaries but I don't know how anybody can learn anything in an anniversary that hasn't got a book.

GEORGE. An anniversary that hasn't got a book?

GRACIE. Well, you don't think my brother went to the Anniversary of Southern California for nothing, do you?

GEORGE. Guy, next year you'll be celebrating your fifth university.

GUY. Gracie, do you mean to say your brother actually went through college?

GRACIE. How do you think he got to be worth \$50,000 if he didn't go through college? He went through Southern California.

GEORGE. I know . . . he came out with three gold watches and about three hundred dollars in cash.

GRACIE. That's when he went through public school . . . but when he went through college. . . .

GEORGE. Don't bother with it.

GRACIE. Oh there you go! Really, George, my brother went to college. And now he's worth \$50,000. You see he heard they had a man there who taught you how to play football. . . .

GUY. You mean the coach.

GRACIE. Well, if you want to change the subject. Anyway, my brother heard this man who teaches football was worth \$40,000. . . .

GEORGE. Do you mean to say your brother went to college to take football?

GRACIE. Why should he take the football? He took the man who teaches it. And now my brother's worth \$30,000 in California. And Oklahoma is offering \$10,000 for him. And in Texas he's worth \$3,000 . . . but we're going to give him to Oklahoma—that'll be a \$7,000 profit to us and a \$10,000 loss to Oklahoma which will teach Texas a good lesson. Don't you think so?

GEORGE. I think so.

GUY. Listen, George, I've really got a very important date. I, for one, have to go.

SERGEANT JONES. I have to go too!

GEORGE. And I have to go three!

GRACIE. One, two, three . . . I'm always last. Well, I guess I'll go four. I don't know what I'm going for. But I'll go four.

GEORGE. Whatever you're going for—go for days or go for years. But no matter what you're going for . . . we'll stay.

GRACIE. Well, I don't know what game you're playing but if you're coaxing me to stay, I'll stay.

GEORGE. Guy, I think we were better off with that book!

GRACIE. Oh, yes, that book, Guy. As long as I'm going to write a book for you, I'd like to write one you like. Now . . . do you like a book with a lot of people in it or do you like a book with only just a few people in it? Or do you like a book?

GUY. Well, that depends on the story, Gracie.

GRACIE. Well, I'm reading a book now with so many people in it that I can't keep track of the story.

GUY. What's the name of the book?

GRACIE. It's that new book, the Suburban Telephone Directory.

GEORGE. Gracie, forget the whole thing. I just dropped in to ask you a question.

GRACIE. I wouldn't do that, George. My uncle asked a question once and the police came and got him.

GEORGE. Don't be silly! They can't arrest a man for asking a question.

GRACIE. Well, you see he was a stranger.

GEORGE. Who . . . your uncle?

GRACIE. No . . . the man who lost his watch.

GEORGE. A man lost his watch?

GRACIE. Yeah . . . my uncle asked the man what time it was and his watch disappeared.

GEORGE. His watch disappeared?

GRACIE. And the policeman turned out to be a magician.

GUY. What policeman turned out to be a magician?

GRACIE. The policeman that come and made my uncle disappear. We haven't seen him for six months.

GEORGE. Forget the whole thing, Gracie! As long as Guy is here there's no use making any secret of it. Let's do something for his anniversary. And an anniversary is not a college. It's a birthday. You know what a birthday is.

GRACIE. My little baby sister just had a birthday in December and we named her after Christmas.

GEORGE. Yeah, I know. You named your sister after Christmas, Mary Christmas!

GRACIE. Mary Christmas. You're silly. What would that mean? We waited until after Christmas . . . to name my little baby sister because we wanted to see what presents would come in.

GUY. But, Gracie, . . . how did the people know what name to put on the presents?

GRACIE. We don't know how they knew. That's what's so marvelous. The family sent in a lot of little towels and knives and forks and a few plates. . . .

GEORGE. Well, what's unusual about that?

GRACIE. Well, it said on the presents . . . Hotel Statler. So we named the baby Hotel Statler Allen.

GEORGE. But Gracie, don't you know there's a Hotel Statler in Buffalo and there's a Hotel Statler in Cleveland and there's a Hotel Statler in Detroit. . . .

GRACIE. Well, it can't be my little baby sister because I've been home ever since she was born and if she'd gone to any of those places she'd have sent us a post card.

GEORGE. I wish you'd go some place and never send me a post card and never come back.

GRACIE. Oh, George, I'll bet you tell that to all the girls!

GUY. Really, George, I for one have got to go.

JONES. I've got to go, too.

GRACIE. And George has to go three and I have to go four.

GEORGE. Guy, you started that. Now listen, Gracie, Guy is going to

have an anniversary and anniversaries are celebrated the same way we celebrate Christmas.

GRACIE. Christmas, well believe me I'm never going to do that again. Catch me hanging up my stocking again!

GUY. Why, Gracie, didn't you get anything last year?

GRACIE. I should say I did. I got a backache that I had for three weeks and a pain in the neck and a twisted ankle.

GEORGE. You got a backache, a pain in the neck and a twisted ankle from hanging up your stocking?

GRACIE. Yeah, I forgot to take it off.

GUY. Well, George, I for one have got to go.

GRACIE. I'll go two. I'm not going to go fourth again.

GEORGE. Gracie, you go two and three and I'll go fourth and never come back!

GRACIE. Then I'll go two!

GEORGE. Oh, all right, Gracie, you've got to do more for Guy's anniversary than write a book. What do you know about books?

GRACIE. Well, I've written a dime novel.

GEORGE. A dime novel?

GRACIE. Yeah! And when I write nine more I'll get a dollar.

GEORGE. But Gracie, Guy gave us a lovely present for Christmas. Don't you remember that fancy box all tied up with holly ribbon and sealing wax?

GRACIE. Oh there you go. Ceiling wax. Who ever heard of ceiling wax? It's floor wax. Nobody waxes the ceiling.

GEORGE. All right, Gracie, floor wax, ceiling wax, bees' wax . . . what do I care!

GRACIE. Well, we care about bees' wax. Once we kept a bee for six years and it didn't give a bit of wax.

GUY. Really, George, I've got to go. I'm very busy. I've got to . . . ah . . . I've got to buy some candles for my anniversary cake.

GRACIE. Well, if you're going to have a cake made out of candles. . . .

GEORGE. Gracie . . . putting candles on an anniversary cake is a ceremony. Like hanging holly at Christmas. Don't you hang holly at Christmas?

GRACIE. Why should we hang holly when my brother's been hanging for twenty years?

GEORGE. Your brother's been hanging for twenty years?

GRACIE. Yeah. Hanging around pool rooms. But we think he'll come home soon.

GEORGE. Well . . . that'll be nice! What are you planning to do when your brother comes home?

GRACIE. My father is going to help my brother comb his hair.

GUY. Comb his hair?

GRACIE. Yeah. I heard my father say, "When that brother of yours comes home from the pool room I'm going to take one of his cues and part his hair with it."

GUY. Gracie, it looks pretty bad for your brother. Your father must be a pretty hot headed man. Has he got red hair?

GRACIE. We don't know. He never takes his toupee off.

GEORGE. Let me talk to her, Guy! Gracie, let's stop all this silly talk about Guy's anniversary. Capturing marines . . . writing books . . . parting your brother's hair. That isn't what people do for anniversaries. They give presents. And I've got one for Guy.

GRACIE. Well, why didn't you say that? I've got one for Guy, too!

GEORGE. What is it?

GRACIE. What is it that hangs from a ceiling and whistles?

GEORGE. I don't know!

GRACIE. A herring!

GEORGE. Gracie, a herring doesn't hang from the ceiling and it doesn't whistle.

GRACIE. Well, is that my fault?

JONES. Hands up! Stand where you are! Don't move! or I promise, I'll shoot. I can't stand any more of this. I've got to get out of here! Stand back from that door. I'll get out if I have to kill all three of you!

GRACIE. Wait a minute, Sargie . . . you wouldn't go without your mother's picture!

GEORGE. His mother's picture?

GRACIE. Yeah . . . here it is right in the back of his wallet!

GUY. George, quick! Get some water for the Sergeant. I think he's fainted.

GEORGE. All right Guy.

THE WONDER SHOW

Parted on Her Bridal Tour

ADAPTATION OF STAGE SHOW

The technique of adapting stage or narrative material to radio use can be discovered by a comparison of the adaptation with the original. The purpose of this volume, however, is to represent the finished product. The *Wonder Show* was a series of adaptations of old stage favorites, such as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *East Lynne*, *Sweeney Todd*, the *Demon Barber of Fleet Street*, cut to about forty minutes. Permission for publication kindly granted by Continental Baking Company, Inc., by Henry P. Stewart.

THE WONDER SHOW: PARTED ON HER BRIDAL TOUR

with

The Great McCoy and the Wonder Players

and

The Happy Wonder Bakers

Presented by Continental Baking Company

Radio Program prepared and produced by Batten, Barton,
Durstine & Osborn, Inc.

Sunday, Oct. 25

9:00-10:00 P.M.

WOR and the Mutual Broadcasting Network

CAST OF CHARACTERS

John Middleton, an aged banker	Wright Kramer
Karl Heathcliffe, his nephew	Orson Welles
Frederick Esmond, a safe manufacturer	Ned Wever
Dr. Victor Ross	John McIntire
James, a butler	Paul Stewart
Detective Morse	Wm. Pringle
Warden of Sing Sing	Ed Jerome
Prison Guard	Ted de Corsia
A Prisoner	Frank Readick
Pullman Clerk	Frank Readick
Porter	Ted de Corsia
Irene Middleton, the banker's niece	Rita Johnson
Emily, a deserted wife	Jeanette Nolan
The Great McCoy	Orson Welles
Theatre Manager	Paul Stewart

The Happy Wonder Bakers: Tubby Weyant, Scrappy Lambert, Len Stokes, Bob Moody, Ken Christie.

Professor Ken Christie and his Orchestra.

ACT I.

John Middleton's Library

ACT II.

Scene 1. Pennsylvania Railroad Station.

Scene 2. Warden's Office in Sing Sing.

ACT III.

Room in Fred Esmond's Home—six years later.

(*Yo Ho song*)

(*Applause*)

MANAGER. Good evening, everybody—Presenting for your delectation and enjoyment—the Wonder Show—America's favorite Sunday evening entertainment. One full hour of breath-taking melodrama, delightful music and good old fashioned gayety. This evening we are presenting the superb production in the vast Mecca Temple in New York City. Tonight's performance finds the Great McCoy and his Wonder Show Players in their own version of a powerful and soul stirring, dramatic drama—"Parted on Her Bridal Tour." Responsible for this presentation are the Happy Wonder Bakers, whose famous slo-baked Wonder Bread and Hostess Cake are the first choice of millions of women. Each Sunday night at this same hour the Wonder Show brings you a revival of a genuine old fashioned melodrama, played as it was originally played—with boos and hisses for the villain and his cohorts, cheers and applause for the hero and heroine. In addition to the melodrama you will also be entertained by the Happy Wonder Bakers singing, and the Wonder Bakers' Orchestra under the keen and unerring direction of Professor Ken Christie. And now (*Drum roll begins*) without further ado, let me present that renowned player of many parts, that nobleman of the theatre—the one and only—the Great McCoy.

(*Applause . . . cheers, etc., . . . musical flourish*)

MCCOY. Thank you, my friends, thank you. It is indeed a rare pleasure to be able to present a production as handsome and costly as the one you are about to witness tonight, and know that it is being witnessed by an audience keenly aware of its qualities. This evening our offering is a mighty drama of the conflicts between good and evil, a thought provoking play of a woman's happiness almost wrecked by the baseness that sometimes besmirches a man's soul. As our genial manager has already announced to you, this evening's opus is entitled "Parted on Her Bridal Tour," which I might add has been received with mighty acclaim over the length and breadth of the vast land except in Niagara Falls. After our first performance in that Eden of America the city authorities requested us to change the bill as the many honeymooning couples in the audience were found trying to occupy the same seat, so affected they were by the plight of the lovely heroine of "Parted on Her Bridal Tour."

MCCOY. To aid you in getting in the proper frame of mind Professor Ken Christie will lead the Wonder Bakers Little Symphony Orchestra in a musical tone poem specially scored for this occasion—are you ready, Professor! Music!

(*Overture "Morning Noon and Night in Vienna"*)

(*Applause*)

MCCOY. Thank you, thank you. And here we are when the moment approaches for me to give the word that will raise the curtain on the first scene of "Parted on Her Bridal Tour." Scene one, for the benefit of

those who arrived too late to secure the handsomely embossed program, is the red and sumptuous library in the mansion of John Middleton, a rich and aged banker whose taxing role will be superbly interpolated by our distinguished character man, Wright Kramer.

Karl Heathcliffe, the ne'er-do-well nephew of Banker Middleton will be portrayed by your humble servant. (*Boos*) Early in the play, we will also greet our handsome and stalwart leading man, Mr. Ned Wever who plays the part of Frederick Esmond, a rising young manufacturer of safes and strong boxes. Irene Middleton, the lovely niece of John Middleton will be performed by our talented and winsome little leading lady, Rita Johnson. The taxing role of Emily, a deserted wife, is in the capable hands of Jeanette Nolan. The scheming Dr. Ross will be played by our talented heavy man, John McIntire. And now for the first scene of "Parted on Her Bridal Tour"!

The Library of John Middleton. Lights! Curtain!

(*Music*)

(*Sound of voices off*)

JOHN. Go on with your dinner, my friends. I won't be long.

IRENE. But Uncle, this is such a strange time for a gentleman to call.

JOHN. I sent for him my dear. It's a matter of business. (*To guests*) I'll be right back. (*Ad libs . . . door closes*) There's no need of you coming with me, Irene.

IRENE. I'm going to make sure that you don't forget all about the party. Oh, James.

JAMES. Yes, Miss.

IRENE. You may show the gentleman in.

JAMES. Yes, Miss. (*Fades a bit*) This way, sir. Mr. Middleton will see you now. (*Announcing*) Mr. Frederick Esmond.

FRED. How do you do, Mr. Middleton.

JOHN. I'm glad you came yourself, Mr. Esmond, instead of sending one of your men.

FRED. When I received your call, my men had all left for the day, and not knowing how important the case might be, I came at once.

JOHN. Thank you. I have forgotten the combination to my safe, Mr. Esmond.

IRENE. Oh, Uncle, is that all you wanted to see Mr. Esmond about? Surely that could have waited until tomorrow.

JOHN. Oh, Irene, I beg your pardon. And yours too, sir. I thought you had rejoined our guests. Permit me, my niece, Miss Irene Middleton, Mr. Esmond. Mr. Esmond is the president of the company that made my safe.

FRED. Miss Middleton.

IRENE. Mr. Esmond and I have met before.

FRED. Oh, of course. At Mrs. Bennet's theatre party.

JOHN. Irene, my dear, that safe must be opened tonight. Can that be done, Mr. Esmond?

FRED. That's very simple, Mr. Middleton. I remember your safe well. We have the combination on file. I'll see that you get it at once. I'll phone it back to you.

IRENE. And then Uncle would promptly forget it again.

JOHN. Oh, no, my child; because this time, I'm going to intrust it with you.

IRENE. Why can't it wait until tomorrow, Uncle? We're neglecting our guests, and . . .

FRED. I'm so sorry, Mr. Middleton. I'll go at once and phone it to you.

JOHN. We have a few friends tonight celebrating my birthday. We'd be delighted to have you join us, wouldn't we, Irene?

IRENE. Of course we would, Uncle.

FRED. I thank you very much, Mr. Middleton, there's nothing I'd like better, but pressing matters at the office demand my attention. But I sincerely wish you many, many happy birthdays, Mr. Middleton. Again, thank you, and goodnight.

IRENE. Goodnight, Mr. Esmond.

FRED. Goodnight, Miss Middleton.

JOHN. Goodnight. (*Fred fades ad lib and door*) Irene, my pet, I like that young man.

IRENE. So do I, Uncle.

JOHN. Ho . . . making eyes at him behind my back, eh?

IRENE. Uncle, young ladies don't make eyes at strange men when they meet.

JOHN. Well then, young ladies have changed since my time. (*Laughs*) And young men too. Your cousin Karl, for instance.

IRENE. What about cousin Karl?

JOHN. Do you like him, Irene?

IRENE. I don't dislike him.

JOHN. I'm glad of that. I have always hoped you'd care for Karl. I'd like to have the money remain in the family when I'm gone.

IRENE. Karl is not my ideal, Uncle.

JOHN. Well, he's not exactly mine, either. But all young men are wild, sometime. Under your influence, Karl ought to make a model husband.

IRENE. Uncle, I have never disobeyed you, but I don't want to marry Karl Heathcliffe. If you insist, at least give me a year of grace. In that time, I would know my heart, and you could satisfy yourself as to his worthiness.

JOHN. A capital arrangement. But in case of my death, I must protect you from fortune hunters.

IRENE. I'll cross that bridge when we come to it. I hope you live for many years to come, Uncle. Now, really, we must see to our guests.

JOHN. You're not in love with someone else, are you?

IRENE. No, Uncle.

JOHN. Not this Doctor Ross?

IRENE. No, indeed. (*Door opens and voices fade in*) We did stay away from our guests too long. Here they come now.

KARL. (*Fading in*) We missed you. Is everything all right?

IRENE. Yes, thank you, Karl.

KARL. Dr. Ross was worried for fear Uncle John was ill.

ROSS. Yes, Mr. Middleton. I trust you're not indisposed.

JOHN. Thank you, doctor. It was just a little matter of business.

KARL. Speaking of business, might I have a word with you, Uncle?

JOHN. More bills, Karl?

KARL. Please Uncle, what will the doctor and our guests think.

JOHN. Perhaps the doctor and Irene will excuse us.

ROSS. Of course, Mr. Middleton.

JOHN. Come Karl. (*Ad libs as they go . . . door*)

ROSS. May I speak with you a moment, Irene?

IRENE. Certainly, Dr. Ross. Won't you sit down.

ROSS. Irene, must you always speak to me by my title? Don't you care for me enough to call me Victor?

IRENE. Please, Doctor. The others will hear you. When I invited you tonight, you promised there would be no sentiment.

ROSS. But Irene, I must tell you . . .

IRENE. You promised not to speak of love . . .

ROSS. Oh, very well. Then I'll talk of symptoms. Tell me, have you walked in your sleep lately?

IRENE. Sh—twice.

ROSS. Why didn't you inform me?

IRENE. Because I didn't want to call at your office.

ROSS. I'll speak to your Uncle about it.

IRENE. If you do, I'll never speak to you again.

ROSS. Oh, Irene, you are trifling with love, with life itself . . .

IRENE. Doctor, I asked you before. No sentiment, please.

ROSS. What else can I talk to you about? I love you, Irene . . .

IRENE. Doctor.

ROSS. I love you better than my life and . . .

KARL. (*Fading in*) Doctor! You heard my cousin tell you to stop. Why don't you obey her wishes?

IRENE. Karl. I didn't hear you come in.

KARL. I entered as you were asking the doctor to cease his attentions. Just in time, evidently.

ROSS. I don't intend to answer for my actions to you, Karl Heathcliffe.

KARL. We'll see about that.

IRENE. Karl . . . doctor . . . please. With all our guests here! It's nothing to make a fuss over. I'll call Uncle. Uncle John . . . Uncle John . . . (*Fading*)

KARL. (*Low*) Come over here, Dr. Ross. I'm alive to your game! You don't love the girl. You are a bankrupt and you need old Middleton's money.

ROSS. What about you? You don't want the money I suppose? I'll beat you to that fortune yet.

KARL. You'll play fair, or I'll kill you. We both want the money. What do you say—I'll marry the girl, and divide the fortune with you.

ROSS. You'll never have her.

KARL. We'll see about that. (*Door*) Quiet, they're coming.

JOHN. (*Fading in*) Is anything wrong? Irene was afraid . . .

IRENE. Yes—Karl and Doctor Ross were . . .

KARL. It's nothing, my dear. Nothing at all. The doctor was just going. Weren't you, Doctor?

ROSS. I . . . er . . . oh yes. I'll be saying goodnight. Goodnight, Irene.

GUEST. It's getting late. We must go too.

IRENE. Oh, I'm so sorry. Goodnight. (*Ad lib good nights . . . "We had a lovely time" "Happy Birthday" etc.*)

JOHN. I'll see you to the door. (*Voices fade ad lib*)

IRENE. Karl, you should be ashamed of yourself. Quarreling with a guest . . .

KARL. But he had no right . . . (*Phone rings*)

IRENE. The phone. Just a minute. (*At phone*) Hello. Oh hello, Mr. Esmond. Yes, this is Miss Middleton. The combination? I'll write it down. Just a minute . . . I'll get a paper and pencil.

KARL. Here's a pencil.

IRENE. Thank you . . . all right. Go ahead. Right three times to 19. Left twice to 31. Right once to 45. Yes, I have it. Thank you very much, Mr. Esmond. I'll put it in a sealed envelope and keep it until Uncle wants it. What? Thank you. I was very glad to see you again too. Goodnight.

KARL. Who was that?

IRENE. A message for Uncle. I must go and give it to him. He wants the safe opened tonight. (*Fading*) Oh, Uncle . . . Uncle John.

KARL. (*Aside*) The safe open tonight. I'd like it open myself.

JAMES. (*Fading in*) Mr. Karl . . .

JAMES. There's a lady to see you, sir. She's waiting at the servant's entry, and . . .

EMILY. (*Fading in*) Rather say . . . I *was* waiting there . . .

JAMES. She's followed me, sir.

EMILY. I didn't think you'd see me, Karl Heathcliffe.

KARL. James, go . . . warn me if my Uncle or Miss Irene are coming.

JAMES. Yes sir. They just went upstairs, sir. Is there anything else, sir?

KARL. No, James. You may go.

JAMES. (*Fading*) Yes sir. (*Door*)

KARL. Listen you fool, leave this house at once. Do you want to ruin me?

EMILY. No. All I want is enough to live on. Do you want me to tell your Uncle we are married?

KARL. You wouldn't dare!

EMILY. Wouldn't I?

KARL. Wait. Come tomorrow and I'll pay over the money I promised for your silence.

EMILY. Very well. I'll come tomorrow. But no longer!

KARL. Go the back way . . . as you came in. (*open door*) And let me warn you . . . one word to my Uncle and I'll kill you!

EMILY. You know the price of my silence. (*Fading*) Goodnight, Karl Heathcliffe. (*Door*) (*Music*)

KARL. Money. I must have money to buy her silence. If I only had the combination of that safe. I'll wait until they all retire and see if I can get that envelope from my Uncle . . . I'll wait until all is quiet . . .

(*Music up and down*) (*Clock strikes*)

KARL. Two o'clock. The house is dark. The envelope will probably be in my Uncle's room. (*Door opens*) Who's there? Irene? Irene, what are you doing? . . .

IRENE. (*Monotone*) The safe must be opened tonight!

KARL. Good heavens. She's walking in her sleep!

IRENE. (*Monotone*) Here's the combination, Uncle. I wrote it down. Just as Mr. Esmond gave it to me.

KARL. She's handing it to me . . .

IRENE. Take it, Uncle. The safe must be opened tonight.

KARL. Yes . . . yes. I'll take it.

IRENE. Goodnight, Uncle. Goodnight. Goodnight.

(*Fading*)

(*Music*)

KARL. Walking in her sleep. How beautiful she looked! Here's a lucky turn of events. My uncle sleeps soundly. Now for opening the safe! The combination. I'll get to work on it at once. Let me see . . . Right three times to 19. Left twice to 31. Right once to 45. Ah—there. Now to substitute another will. I saw Uncle John put his . . . on the center shelf. Here it is. One more glance to see that my substitute is right . . .

"all my fortune to my nephew, Karl Heathcliffe and to my niece Irene Middleton one dollar with the proviso that she marry my nephew Karl Heathcliffe." That will cinch matters. I'd better take some of these bank notes too . . . (*Noise*) Who's that? Irene again?

JOHN. So, Karl Heathcliffe, I have caught you! You are a common thief!

KARL. Uncle John. What do you intend to do?

JOHN. I'll have you arrested as you deserve.

KARL. Your own nephew?

JOHN. For robbing my safe. Yes.

KARL. You can't stop me.

JOHN. This revolver can.

KARL. It's not loaded. I know that. But this one of mine is. Well, why don't you cry for help?

JOHN. Because I don't fear you nor the loss of my money . . . I'll attend to your case tomorrow.

KARL. And I'll attend to your's tonight! (*Shot*) You asked for it!

(*Cry—fall*) (*Murmurs—James calling "Mr. Middleton"—Irene calling "What is it?"*)

IRENE. (*Fades in*) Uncle, Uncle, speak to me. Dead! Karl—you—

KARL. I? No, no. I heard the shots. I came just ahead of you.

IRENE. Who could have done this cruel deed?

KARL. Look, Irene. Look. He has a revolver in his hand. He committed suicide.

JAMES. No, Mr. Karl. This revolver is empty. He has been murdered.

KARL. But by whom? By whom?

IRENE. James, call the police! I'll never rest until I bring my Uncle's murderer to the electric chair!

MCCOY. Thank you, one and all, thank you. In order that you will not be over-taxed by the emotional strain of "Parted on Her Bridal Tour," the Happy Wonder Bakers are ready to burst into song. During this number we are going to forget that footlights separate the performers from the audience and make this vast and sumptuous auditorium one big stage. During the second chorus each and every one of you join in. Lift your voice to sing. "Say Au Revoir but Not Good-bye." It's all yours, Professor Christie. Carry on!

Community sing

(*Applause*)

MCCOY. My good people, 2103 women are indeed a lot of women! Yet we have complete reports from that many women in just one city who recently compared Wonder Bread with other leading loaves . . . and their verdict is a joy to my heart.

87% of these women chose Wonder Bread. Yes, 1770 women out of the 2103 preferred Wonder Bread to all others, after they had seen, felt and tasted the difference.

But make the test yourself, my friends, and see why Wonder Bread wins so decisively. The young lady beside me will help describe it. You do three simple things. First.

WOMAN. First, take a slice of Wonder Bread and a slice of any other kind and see the difference. Note how pure and white and appetizing the Wonder slice looks.

McCOY. That's the first step in our famous 1-2-3 test. Next . . .

WOMAN. Next . . . feel the difference. Run the back of your hand over each slice. Note how tender and fluffy the Wonder Bread is—yet firm enough to spread easily, too!

McCOY. And now friends . . . double your attentiveness, please. We come to the third and most enjoyable test of all . . .

WOMAN. Third . . . taste the difference. But just before you taste Wonder Bread hold the slice close to your nose and breathe in deeply through both your mouth and nose. You'll find that Wonder Bread has a fresh, clean, wheaty aroma . . . a fragrance that is fully matched by the delicious flavor of Wonder Bread.

McCOY. Yes, good people, the 1-2-3 test is as easy as that. Just see . . . feel . . . and taste the difference. We care not what bread you compare Wonder Bread with. We only ask that you stick to the kind your own good taste chooses, and remember that Wonder Bread is the loaf with the gay red, yellow and blue balloons on the wrapper, and I thank you.

(Chord)

McCOY. Undetected by you, but observed by me is a signal from back stage that our vast crew of stage hands have made ready with the next scene of "Parted on Her Bridal Tour." . . . As the curtain ascends you will see before you, a startling reproduction of the great Pennsylvania railroad station. So realistic is the setting that I am compelled to request that all Long Island commuters in the audience refrain from letting imagination play havoc and trying to run up on the stage to catch the five-fifteen. An added character in this scene is the daring Detective Morse ably portrayed by William Pringle. And now a little appropriate music if you please, Professor Christie! Curtain!

(Curtain)

(Sound of calling trains etc.)

PORTER. This way, sir. Here's the train for Chicago.

KARL. Wait here a minute, Irene. I want to see if I can't get a better compartment.

IRENE. Very well, Karl. I'll sit over there . . .

KARL. You don't know how happy I am that you are my wife at last.

IRENE. Please, Karl. I married you according to my uncle's will, but remember our agreement. To you, I am a wife in name only.

KARL. My dear, I am living in hope that someday you will learn to care for me.

IRENE. You were willing to accept me without my heart. I have kept my part of the compact. I expect you to keep yours.

KARL. You only obeyed your dead uncle's commands. By his last will and testament, you were cut off with a dollar unless you became my wife.

IRENE. I am the victim of circumstances. I was broken and crushed when you came with your proposal . . .

KARL. And for half my fortune, I am to get in return your shrugs, your coldness . . .

IRENE. If you repent your act, it is not too late. The divorce courts are open. I would willingly embrace my freedom.

KARL. You love someone else. Dr. Ross?

IRENE. No.

KARL. Fred Esmond . . . the man they are hunting for . . . the man who is suspected of murdering your uncle?

IRENE. Mr. Esmond is incapable of murder.

KARL. Is he? He was the only man who knew the combination of your uncle's safe. What would have prevented his returning when we were all asleep and . . .

IRENE. Stop, stop! It couldn't be true.

KARL. The police think so.

IRENE. Because you gave them the idea. Oh I detest you. I despise you.

KARL. You married me . . . not Fred Esmond. And you shall learn to accept me whether you will or not. You have made your choice, Irene. I shall expect from you the obedience due me under the law!

IRENE. Karl, you have gone too far . . . in my distress and anxiety . . . I did turn to you for sympathy and help. Scarcely knowing what I was doing, I married you, but now all is at an end between us. We part on our bridal tour . . . aye, even in this bridal hour.

KARL. Oh no, we don't . . . I'm going to see about the tickets now. You wouldn't dare run away . . . (*Fading*)

(*Music*)

IRENE. Oh uncle, what have you done? What have I done? In the great beyond, look down on the unhappy result of your will! Pity me . . . I would willingly die.

FRED. (*Fading in*) Why, Miss Middleton . . .

IRENE. Mr. Esmond!

FRED. I have been away. I only just heard of your uncle's death. Is there anything I can do for you . . .

IRENE. No . . . no . . . nothing. . . . You must go away at once . . .

FRED. I must?

IRENE. You . . . are suspected of robbing my uncle's safe and . . .

FRED. I? But that's preposterous. I hardly knew your uncle.

IRENE. But you knew the combination, and they say the safe was opened by someone who knew it . . .

FRED. But . . . but . . . someone else must have known it then.

IRENE. You are reminding me that you gave it to me over the phone. I told them that. I explained that I had written it down and that it must have been stolen from me. All they heeded was that you knew that combination. If you are arrested, I feel that I am responsible. I haven't been able to sleep thinking of it.

FRED. But it isn't your fault, Miss Middleton. You merely told the truth. I'm not afraid.

IRENE. But my husband has accused you. He has set detectives . . .

FRED. Your husband?

IRENE. My uncle's will asked that I marry Karl Heathcliffe!

FRED. I see. You'll excuse me then, if I . . .

KARL. (*Fading in*) Not so fast, Mr. Esmond.

IRENE. Karl . . . I didn't see you come back.

KARL. Naturally. You were too busy warning this . . . gentleman. How fortunate to meet you, Mr. Esmond. Let me introduce Detective Morse of the Homicide squad.

IRENE. Detective Morse!

MORSE. How do you do, Mrs. Heathcliffe.

KARL. Detective Morse has been waiting here at the station and . . .

MORSE. That will all come out at the trial. Mr. Esmond?

FRED. Yes.

MORSE. I understand you called at the Middleton house before the murder.

FRED. I called on Mr. Middleton, but . . .

MORSE. And you're an expert safe man . . .

FRED. Safes and locks are my business . . .

MORSE. Well, no novice opened Mr. Middleton's safe . . .

FRED. You mean, Officer, that I am under suspicion?

MORSE. Mr. Esmond, I am sorry to say that you are under arrest.

IRENE. But Mr. Morse, you can't mean this . . .

FRED. What motive would I have for killing the old gentleman?

KARL. A considerable sum of money was stolen from the safe . . .

FRED. And you accuse me . . .

MORSE. Might I see your pocket book, Mr. Esmond?

FRED. Certainly. Here.

MORSE. Hm. Well . . . there's no proof here.

KARL. What are you getting at, Morse?

MORSE. Many of the larger bills were marked. I have a list of their numbers too.

KARL. You have? Well, does that mean . . .

TRAIN CALLER. All aboard, train for Albany, Buffalo, Detroit and Chicago.

KARL. Come Irene, we have no time to spare. We shall be back for your trial, Mr. Esmond. Come, Irene . . .

CLERK (*Fading in*) Is Detective Morse here?

MORSE. I'm Morse.

CLERK. I have one of those marked bills that you're looking for.

MORSE. Good. Do you remember the man who gave it to you?

CLERK. He's the man who just left you. He came to see about a change in his Pullman reservations.

MORSE. Heathcliffe! Stop that man! Don't let him board that train. You absolutely identify that man?

CLERK. Yes sir. The list was posted at all the ticket windows and he gave me such a large bill, I checked at once.

DETECTIVE. Here he is, Morse. He didn't want to come, but we persuaded him.

KARL. What's the meaning of this? Mrs. Heathcliffe and I are on our bridal tour.

MORSE. Mr. Heathcliffe, will you give me your pocket book as readily as Mr. Esmond did? (*Karl protests*) Hold him, men. I'll get it myself.

KARL. I'll have you broke, I'll . . .

MORSE. There's no use struggling, Mr. Heathcliffe! That's it. I have it. Hm . . . filled with the stolen money. You didn't know the money was marked, did you, Mr. Heathcliffe?

KARL. But you can't believe this . . . Irene . . .

IRENE. So, Karl Heathcliffe, you . . . you murdered my uncle! Oh, the cruelty of it all. I see . . . I understand now. *You* found the note with the combination. And you would have sent an innocent man to his death . . .

MORSE. Get the wagon. (*Detective replies and goes*) I'm sorry, Mrs. Heathcliffe.

IRENE. I'm not sorry. I'm glad. Take him away. I demand that justice be dealt out to the guilty.

(*Curtain*)

MCCOY. In the twinkling of an eye, my friends . . . we transport you to the Warden's office in Sing Sing prison, where the wicked Karl Heathcliffe is serving his turn. Music. Curtain. (*Music*)

WARDEN. Thank you very much, Mr. Esmond. The prison board has reported favorably upon your cell locks for the new wing.

FRED. That is gratifying.

WARDEN. There is also a problem to be worked out in the alarm system. If you will see Mr. Elliott.

FRED. Certainly.

WARDEN. I'll have one of the guards show you the way. (*Door opens*) Tom . . . take Mr. Esmond to Mr. Elliott.

GUARD. Yes, sir. And Dr. Ross is waiting to see you.

WARDEN. Tell Dr. Ross to come in. (*Guard replies and fades*)

FRED. By the way, Warden, how is the murderer, Karl Heathcliffe getting along?

WARDEN. Number 6428 is a model prisoner. Would you like to see him?

FRED. No, thanks. Oh, how are you, Dr. Ross?

ROSS. How are you, Esmond?

FRED. Again thanks, Warden. Goodbye.

GUARD. This way, sir. (*Ad lib goodbyes and door closes*)

ROSS. What's Fred Esmond doing here?

WARDEN. He has been awarded the contract for the new cell locks.

ROSS. I see. Warden, I want to see Number 6428 . . . Karl Heathcliffe . . . alone.

WARDEN. Professionally?

ROSS. Yes.

WARDEN. Very well. (*Door*) Guard. Get 6428. (*Guard replies and door closes*) I hope you won't send him to the hospital, Doctor. He's a good workman.

(*Door*)

GUARD. (*Announces*) Number 6428.

KARL. You sent for me, Warden?

WARDEN. Dr. Ross wants to talk with you. I'll be in the outer office. Come guard. (*Fades . . . door*)

KARL. Well, doctor?

ROSS. Heathcliffe, I want you to share old Middleton's fortune with Irene.

KARL. What right have you to interest yourself in my wife's affairs?

ROSS. If I can persuade you to give up half that fortune, I intend to marry her.

KARL. (*Laughs*) I'll tell you, doctor. At ten I have an appointment with Irene. If she will tell you in my presence that she will marry you, I'll divide the fortune. (*Laughs*)

(*Door opens*)

GUARD. A lady to see Number 6428. This way, madam.

IRENE. Thank you.

ROSS. Ah, Irene.

IRENE. Dr. Ross, I didn't know you were here.

KARL. The good doctor is a member of the visiting staff of physicians.

IRENE. You are ill?

KARL. Not at all. The doctor came on quite another mission. It's about you, my dear.

IRENE. About me?

KARL. He realizes that you are poor and dependent. He wants to marry you.

IRENE. What?

KARL. And coolly suggests that I give you half the fortune I inherited.

IRENE. I am honored! And you told him?

KARL. I should place the decision in your hands.

IRENE. You knew I would refuse him.

ROSS. Irene, you don't know what you're saying. You can't stay married to this man who has been sentenced to prison for life.

IRENE. I will keep my promise to my uncle. While Karl Heathcliffe lives, I may never marry another man.

KARL. And there you have it. (*Door opens*)

GUARD. Time's up. Come in, Mr. Esmond. The warden will be right back.

FRED. Thank you. Irene . . .

KARL. Well, Esmond. Irene, did you know this man would be here when you chose this day to visit me?

IRENE. No.

KARL. He manufactures the locks that are turned on me every night. Ironical, isn't it?

GUARD. Come on.

PRISONER. May I come in now?

GUARD. Well, 7744, what do you want?

PRISONER. I'm supposed to wash the windows here.

GUARD. The warden has visitors. I'll ask him about it. Wait there. (*Fading*) Both of you stand there.

KARL. Goodbye, my friends. (*Aside*) 7744!

PRISONER. (*Whispers*) Yes, Heathcliffe.

KARL. Have you the dynamite?

PRISONER. Yes. Here in my pail.

KARL. Good. Plant it outside, beneath the window. I want to kill those three as well as liberate the gang. I'll pass the word. Every man for himself when the explosion takes place.

GUARD. (*Fading in*) The warden says these people aren't to be disturbed. 7744, you can start the windows on the outside. Come on. You too, Heathcliffe.

KARL. Goodbye, Mr. Esmond. Goodbye, Dr. Ross. Goodbye, my dutiful wife! (*Laughs . . . fade . . . door*)

ROSS. I'm afraid I too am in the way. I'll see you again, Mrs. Heathcliffe. Goodbye, Mr. Esmond. (*Door . . . fades*)

FRED. I'm glad they've gone and I have this opportunity to speak to you. Can't I be of some assistance to you?

(*Music*)

IRENE. All I wish is to be saved from the persistent attentions of Dr. Ross.

FRED. I can do that—if you'll become my wife. . . .

IRENE. But how—

FRED. Since the time I saw you in your uncle's library, I have loved you. In your eyes, deep down in their sacred depths, I can read the joy of living, of loving. Together, we can bid defiance to trouble, to unhappiness. I love you better than I love my life!

IRENE. Stop. It cannot be.

FRED. You do not love me?

IRENE. I do. But I cannot be your wife. Not while Karl Heathcliffe lives! (*Explosion off*)

FRED. What was that? (*Door opens*)

WARDEN. (*Fading in*) Ring the alarm. Mr. Esmond, are you all right?

FRED. Yes. What has happened?

WARDEN. A jail break. (*Commands*) Stop them.

KARL. (*Quickly in*) Stay where you are, Warden, or I'll brain you with this crowbar. I'm going out through that window and over that wall to freedom and you won't stop me. . . .

WARDEN. Number 6428!

IRENE. Karl!

KARL. There's a way over the wall to the river. Once there, your guards will never stop me. Stand back. I'll find you again, Irene. (*Fading*)

IRENE. He's climbing the wall.

FRED. He'll never make it.

WARDEN. Shoot, men, shoot.

IRENE. He's reached the top!

WARDEN. Where are you, men! Shoot! (*Shots*)

FRED. They got him! He fell beyond into the river.

WARDEN. Good shot, men. That's the end of Karl Heathcliffe!

IRENE. Dead! Dead! Then I am free . . . free!

(*Curtain*)

(*Applause*)

MCCOY. Thank you . . . each and every one of you . . . thank you. Foiled again. (*Boos*) . . . but the play is not yet over. Even greater thrills . . . more touching sentiment . . . awaits you in the act which is to

follow soon. Before we continue, that music too is a feast for the ear. Here are the Happy Wonder Bakers with another number for you . . . this time it's that old favorite which might have been written after seeing our Wonder Show. Its title . . . "No, No . . . A Thousand Times No!"

Happy Wonder Bakers—"No, No, A Thousand Times No."
(Applause)

MCCOY. My dear friends . . . our Wonder Show does not stop at giving you the world's finest entertainment. On the contrary we also offer you education and enlightenment. And at this very minute our good manager is about to elucidate upon a subject that will bring both wisdom to your minds and joy to your hearts.

MANAGER. Tonight, my friends, I address myself to all those who have 5¢ to spend. Spend it tomorrow, good people . . . and spend it for Hostess Cup Cakes. You'll get the biggest nickel's worth of goodness you ever bought. Hostess Cup Cakes are made from purest rich Devil's Food, thick-frosted with fudgy chocolate or creamy vanilla. These delicious bits of goodness are so fresh and tender that they're actually guaranteed. Should you ever find one that is not fresh and perfect in every way, the Happy Wonder Bakers will insist on returning your money immediately. Remember . . . Hostess Cup Cakes cost only 5¢ for two . . . and they prove the goodness of all Hostess Cakes. Remember the name . . . Hostess—H . . . O . . . S . . . T . . . E . . . S . . . S . . . Hostess Cup Cakes. I thank you.

MCCOY. Now for the final act of "Parted on Her Bridal Tour." Happy news seems to at last be Irene's. But we shall see . . . we shall see!
(Boos) Music! Curtain!

(Music)

FRED. Christmas eve, and not only the anniversary of our little one's birth, but the anniversary of our wedding, darling.

IRENE. Yes, Fred. Six years of unalloyed bliss. I often think heaven is around us.

FRED. I have made you happy, my precious wife?

IRENE. My life with you has been one long sweet song, Frederick. Nothing could ever make you love me less, could it, dear?

FRED. Nothing short of your casting your smiles on someone else. You know how jealous I am, sweetheart.

IRENE. Do not be angry, if I confess—that you have a rival in my affections, Frederick.

FRED. You surely cannot mean that, Irene.

IRENE. But I do.

FRED. Who—who is this person, Irene?

IRENE. Our little daughter, Ruby.

FRED. (Laughing) My darling.

(Knock)

IRENE. Come in. (*Door opens*)

JAMES. The woman from the Charity organization is here, ma'm.

IRENE. Oh yes. A very sad case, Fred. I asked her to call this evening. Show her in, James.

JAMES. Yes, Madam. (*Fading*)

IRENE. Just think, Fred, this poor woman was deserted by her husband. She has had to beg in the streets, and . . .

JAMES. (*Fading in*) This way, please.

EMILY. Thank you.

IRENE. Come in. I don't know your name.

EMILY. It's Emily, mam.

IRENE. This is my husband, Emily.

FRED. How do you do.

IRENE. I hope you will be happy here, Emily.

EMILY. I'm sure I will, madam. All I want is an opportunity to work and earn an honest living. I'll wash, sweep, do anything for you. . . .

IRENE. We'll talk about that tomorrow. Just now you need a good rest. James will show you your room.

EMILY. I only hope, mam, that some day I can repay you for this kindness. If you hadn't taken pity on me, it would have been the river.

IRENE. We won't talk about that. Go with James. I'll see you in the morning.

JAMES. This way, please.

EMILY. God bless you, mam, and you, sir—and the merriest of Christmases.

IRENE. Goodnight.

FRED. Goodnight. (*Ad lib as she goes . . . door*)

What a kind-hearted woman you are, Irene. You're like an angel of mercy. Each day I learn of new virtues that. . . . (*Phone rings*)

IRENE. Now who can that be, I wonder.

FRED. (*At phone*) Hello. Yes, this is Fred Esmond. Oh, Steiger, is that you? Suddenly taken ill and all alone? Hold the wire a second. I'll ask her.

IRENE. If your old friend, Mr. Steiger is ill and alone and wants you to go over, I can spare you, Frederick.

FRED. You're so understanding, darling. (*At phone*) All right, Steiger. I'll be right over. (*Hangs up*) I won't be long, dear.

IRENE. Hurry back.

FRED. I will, sweetheart. Goodbye. (*Door opens*) I'll hurry back and help you trim the tree. (*Door closes*)

IRENE. (*Starts to hum*) (*Stops*) I'll hang up the stockings I think.

First the baby's—then Fred's—and mine. Christmas eve is always such a happy time for us.

(Door opens)

ROSS. Your butler said to come right up. . . .

IRENE. Oh, you're the man from the florist's. . . .

(Music)

ROSS. Evidently your butler presumed the same thing, for before I could present my card, I was requested to walk right in—Have I changed so, Irene?

IRENE. Dr. Victor Ross! I thought you were in Australia.

ROSS. I endeavored to die out there. Not succeeding, I have returned to you. Victor Ross, your old lover, a man who tried to cast you out of his heart and failed.

IRENE. You are mad.

ROSS. It is my love of you that is making me so. You were lovely in those other days, Irene. You are far more fatally lovely now.

IRENE. I protest against your using such language to me. My husband will return shortly, and . . .

ROSS. And call me to account, I suppose.

IRENE. Most certainly.

ROSS. Suppose I question this right.

IRENE. What?

ROSS. You are not the wife of Esmond. *(She exclaims)* Karl Heathcliffe whom you married just prior to his sensational arrest is still alive.

IRENE. Alive? What do you mean? When he was shot, escaping from Sing Sing, it was you yourself, who pronounced him dead.

ROSS. That was part of my scheme. He did not die. He escaped and is fairly turning the world over to find you, his wife, from whom he was so ruthlessly parted in the very first hour of your bridal tour.

IRENE. Heathcliffe alive! I am not Frederick's wife! Heaven have mercy! And you are here to betray me into his hand?

ROSS. No. I came to make terms with you first.

IRENE. It's all a lie, a horrible lie! Karl Heathcliffe can never come back from the grave to wrest me from happiness and love!

ROSS. He is waiting for me downstairs this very moment.

IRENE. I don't believe it.

ROSS. I will bring him here.

IRENE. No, no.

ROSS. It rests with you whether you betray yourself to him or not. Hide behind the curtains yonder and I will bring him here so that you can see for yourself.

IRENE. Very well.

ROSS. Leave this room, or summon help during my momentary absence and I will betray your secret to the world. (*Door . . . fading*) You understand?

IRENE. Yes. (*Door closes*) I cannot think. I can only suffer. Karl Heathcliffe alive. It can't be true! No, no, Dr. Ross only wants to frighten me. It would be too cruel . . . oh, Frederick, my husband, Ruby, my child—(*Voices ad lib*) They're coming . . . I will conceal myself . . . (*Curtain*) behind this curtain. (*Door*)

ROSS. Come in, Heathcliffe.

KARL. I don't trust you, Ross.

ROSS. The person I sought is not here. We will go.

KARL. What trick is this, Dr. Ross?

ROSS. No trick at all. Go down to my carriage. I will join you presently.

KARL. If I thought you were deceiving me . . . (*Door*) Well, I suppose I must trust you.

ROSS. I'm afraid you must. My silence alone is keeping you from a felon's death.

KARL. (*Fading*) Don't be long. (*Door closes*)

ROSS. He's gone. Irene! (*Curtain*)

IRENE. Merciful heaven!

ROSS. Are you satisfied now?

IRENE. Yes. What do you propose to do?

(*Music*)

ROSS. You must leave Frederick Esmond and his child.

IRENE. Oh no, no. I cannot leave my husband, and my little girl. Ask me anything but that! It would be like tearing the living heart out of my body.

ROSS. There's only one way to escape the consequence . . . and a terrible exposure.

IRENE. Oh tell me—tell me. You loved me once. And by the memory of that love, befriend me.

ROSS. I love you yet, Irene. More madly than ever. You must fly with me. We will go to the farthest ends of the world. Where neither Esmond nor your husband can trace us. Well . . .

IRENE. This is my answer! (*Slap*)

ROSS. You'll pay for that blow, my lady.

IRENE. Go. I command you . . . go.

ROSS. You are in my power, and you will do exactly as I bid you.

IRENE. Not one word more! Go!

ROSS. Not without you. You'll go with me quietly to avoid a scene. I'll make you go.

- IRENE. No! No!
- ROSS. Who will stop me?
- FRED. (*Door opens*) I will!
- IRENE. Frederick!
- FRED. Why is this man here, Irene?
- IRENE. Oh Frederick, I'm so glad you have returned. Send him away . . .
- FRED. If I thought this man was here to destroy my home, I'd kill him as he stands there.
- IRENE. No, Frederick . . . not that . . .
- FRED. Will you go, or must I throw you out?
- ROSS. I won't go, and you won't throw me out. But I think you'll listen to me. (*Calls*) Karl. Karl Heathcliffe. Come here at once.
- FRED. Karl Heathcliffe!
- IRENE. He's alive, Fred. He's alive and our house of happiness has fallen . . .
- FRED. Heathcliffe alive!
- KARL. (*Fading in*) Did you call me, Ross?
- ROSS. Yes. Now you will know why I brought you here. Look there!
- KARL. Irene . . .
- FRED. Don't dare to touch her, Karl Heathcliffe. She is my wife!
- ROSS. Oh no, she is the wife of Karl Heathcliffe. Let her deny it if she can.
- IRENE. Frederick. Frederick.
- KARL. Come with me, Irene. I command it. I am your husband.
- IRENE. No . . . no.
- EMILY (*Fading in*) One moment. I have a word to say.
- KARL. Emily!
- IRENE. My new maid, Emily. You know her, Karl?
- EMILY. You did me a favor, Mrs. Esmond. Now I can return the compliment. You are not Karl Heathcliffe's wife. I have a prior claim on him which dates back ten years.
- KARL. Emily . . . I am lost.
- EMILY. Yes. Your deserted wife, Emily. And here is someone whose claim is even stronger. Come in, Mr. Morse.
- ROSS. Detective Morse.
- (*Music*)
- MORSE. Yes, sir. It has taken me a long time to catch up with you, Karl Heathcliffe. You'll return with me to finish your sentence.
- KARL. Ross, you've betrayed me.
- MORSE. No, he hasn't Heathcliffe—for I'm watching him too for aiding and abetting your escape. Come along, you two.

IRENE. Oh Frederick . . . the Christmas bells . . .

FRED. The dawning of a new day . . . a day of peace and thanksgiving!
Irene . . . My darling!

(Music . . . curtain)

MCCOY. Thank you, my friends . . . my dear, dear public, thank you for your kind response to our play "Parted on Her Bridal Tour." Never in my long years before the American public have I found an audience so understanding, so generous as you have been tonight. Before we say adieu, let me say just a word about next week's Wonder Show presented by the Happy Wonder Bakers who bake slo-baked Wonder Bread and Hostess Cake. Next week at the same time, with the same all-star cast, the management of the Wonder Theatre will present that epic of epics, that drama seething with thrills by the thousands, that favorite of millions "Around the World in Eighty Days."

(Applause)

Again, thank you . . . and here is the Manager of our Wonder Show with still more news for you.

MANAGER. Ladies and gentlemen, at this time I give you the lucky winner of this week's Yo-Ho song prize. Each and every Sunday night someone wins a five-dollar bill. Here's how it's done. Just write your own verse for the famous Yo-Ho song that opens and closes our program. Use the entry blank at your food store, or if you prefer, send an ordinary penny post card to this station. If your verse is sung on our program you will be five dollars richer. Tonight's winner is Mrs. Helen Kardus, 1523 South 6th Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

And here are her original words for our Yo-Ho Song.

Yo-Ho, Yo-Ho, Yo-Ho, Yo-Ho
There's only one bread that we know is baked slow
With perfect texture white as snow
And made by the Continental.
I've made the test of one two three
And it's as perfect as can be
Now that's the only bread for me
Hurrah for the Wonder Bakers.
Yo-Ho, Yo-Ho, Yo-Ho, Yo-Ho.

(Applause)

MCCOY. Don't forget next Sunday night, friends . . . next Sunday night another big Wonder Show for you . . . our own version of "Around the World in Eighty Days." And that isn't all . . . Professor Ken Christie and his orchestra will be here . . . and the Happy Wonder Bakers too. Thank you, thank you . . . and good night one and all.

(Yo-Ho song . . . (Applause) exit march . . . fast and furious.)

STARTLING DETECTIVE ADVENTURES

The Mystery of the Murdered Witness

ADAPTATION OF MAGAZINE STORY

The fact that the following adaptation is one of a series of detective stories sponsored by the same magazine does not necessarily classify it as a unit-in-series play. No general theme, such as "Crime does not pay" runs throughout the series, nor do the plays present different aspects of the same subject matter; the characters are always different; each play in the series is complete in itself. One unusual feature about these plays is that they were written for the owners of the magazine, mimeographed, and sent out to radio stations with permission for use on condition that the announcers would mention the name of the magazine, as appears in the manuscript. The stations were privileged to sell the program to a sponsor. Permission for publication kindly granted by Startling Detective Adventures Magazine.

Script for 15 Minute Broadcast. August Release Number 2. *The Mystery of the Murdered Witness*. By Arrangement with Startling Detective Adventures Magazine. 529 South Seventh St. Minneapolis, Minn.

CAST OF CHARACTERS IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

Judge of Court: deep, judicial voice (brief appearance)
 1st woman: middle aged (brief appearance)
 2nd woman: same (brief appearance)
 Mrs. Martin: quick, nervous woman, carries most important speech in drama
 Defense Attorney: typical legal orator (brief appearance)
 Chief of Police: typical copper (brief appearance)
 Sheriff Neel: deliberate drawl. Leading male role.
 Jack: a friend of the sheriff, working under cover; youthful voice
 Neighbor woman: Mrs. Taylor, small town gossip
 Muriel: hard-boiled, heartless, sharp voice
 Jones: bootlegger and small time crook (brief appearance)

Cast calls for one leading man, two leading female parts. Remainder are brief appearances or small parts, allowing one player to take several roles.

MYSTERY OF THE MURDERED WITNESS

(Radio drama based on true story in September *Startling Detective Adventures Magazine*, 1932.)

1. Signature

(Open on theme song for five seconds. Diminuendo for background of radio announcement.)

ANNOUNCER. Another baffling mystery, ladies and gentlemen, comes to you at this period of broadcast from station, presenting a true detective adventure from the records of the police—this time, the Mystery of the Murdered Witness. This program is given to you each week at this time by (name of sponsor) in cooperation with Startling Detective Adventures Magazine.

Remember, you are listening to a detective story that actually happened; a thriller from real life! It is based on the illustrated story appearing in the September issue of Startling Detective Adventures Magazine, and dramatized for your enjoyment in the (name of sponsor).

(Cue: As Announcer finishes—A Slight Pause. Then Begin a Rumble of Voices—Keep This up Until Silenced by the Judge.)

JUDGE. Order in the Court! Order in the Court!

(Cue: Stop Voices.)

JUDGE. Unless you spectators keep quiet, I'll have to clear this courtroom.

(Note: This next scene is played between two women spectators—so their voices must be kept almost to a whisper)

1ST WOMAN. I wonder if they will find Dr. Brainard guilty?

2ND WOMAN. Sh Sh . . . the judge'll have us thrown out if he hears talking! But I think it is an outrage to accuse Dr. Brainard of such a crime. Why, he is one of the finest men I know. Everybody likes him and he has done so much for Coffeyville.

1ST WOMAN. Surely, Mrs. Martin wouldn't accuse him unless she was certain. You know the girl died in Mrs. Martin's home.

2ND WOMAN. I think it's just spite and so do a lot of other people. I think it would be well to look for some other Doctor in this town. There are a couple here that I don't think would hesitate to do a thing like that.

JUDGE. ORDER in the court! I asked you people to keep quiet! Go on Mrs. Martin—tell your story.

MRS. MARTIN. Well . . . Mrs. Nidifer had only been in my house a few days when I called Dr. Brainard and told him I thought she was getting worse. When I went back to her room . . . she was dead. I called Dr. Brainard again and told him what had happened and then (in a scream) "HE OFFERED ME ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS TO GET OUT

OF TOWN UNTIL THIS CASE WAS FORGOTTEN AND THREATENED TO KILL ME IF I REFUSED!"

DEFENSE ATT. Your honor, I demand the jury be discharged and a mistrial declared!

JUDGE. There is nothing for the court to do in the face of the inflammatory remark but to dismiss the jury. Court adjourned!

(*Cue: Rumble of Voices.*)

ANNOUNCER. Doctor Brainard who was brought to trial charged with second degree murder for malpractice, was given a new trial, the case set for the February term of court. But about ten o'clock, on the night, of January 6, 1931, persons living near the home of Mrs. Martin, heard the crack of a shot. They peered from their own windows at the little frame house. The blinds were down, but lights shone cheerily through them. However, there was one thing about the house that was unusual. The front door appeared to be slightly open, and it was a cool, crisp night.

(*Cue: Phone Bell Ringing.*)

CHIEF OF POLICE. Hello! This is the Chief of Police speaking . . . What's that? You think something is wrong at Mrs. Martin's home and I had better get out there, eh? Who is this talking? A neighbor eh? All right, I'll go right out. Goodbye.

(*Cue: Auto Effect. After a Few Seconds Slow Down and Stop.*)

CHIEF OF POLICE. Here we are, Sheriff. Come on!

NEEL. Is she dead?

CHIEF. No, but unconscious. Telephone for an ambulance, will you?

NEEL. Sure.

CHIEF. Why . . . it's Mrs. Martin! Looks like she has committed suicide. Here's the gun right by her hand and a note. It's addressed to Judge Holdren.

NEEL. Envelope sealed?

CHIEF. No.

NEEL. Read it, Chief.

CHIEF. (*the note*) I am guilty of Esther's death. I hope all don't feel too hard about it. I aimed to help her. Goodbye. I am too miserable to live.

MRS. MAUDE MARTIN

NEEL. Judge Holdren was to hear the Dr. Brainard case again, that's why the note was addressed to him. Then Doc Brainard wasn't guilty after all.

CHIEF. Just as I figured. Suicide. Here's the revolver with one shot fired. It's a German Luger. Wonder where she got it?

NEEL. That's what I'm going to find out. She must have been playing the phonograph the way these records are spread on the floor.

CHIEF. Didn't want the neighbors to hear the shot, I suppose.

NEEL. Probably.

CHIEF. Well, we might as well go and report our findings. There is nothing more we can do here. I'll leave an officer in charge.

NEEL. O.K.

(Cue: Auto Effects. Run a Few Seconds and Fadeaway as Announcer Speaks.)

ANNOUNCER. Mrs. Martin died in the hospital without regaining consciousness. The investigators for law enforcement bodies of Montgomery county accepted the suicide at face value. There was just one man who didn't believe all his eyes told him at first sight. That man was Sheriff Neel.

(Cue: Knock on Door.)

NEEL. Come in! Oh, hello Jack.

JACK. What's on your mind, Sheriff?

NEEL. Jack, I sent for you because I know I can trust you to keep quiet about what I'm going to tell you, and because I want you to do something for me.

JACK. Well, let's have it.

NEEL. Jack, I don't believe Mrs. Martin committed suicide.

JACK. How can you say that? Weren't several letters known to have been in the handwriting of Mrs. Martin examined, and the signature on *them* proved to be identical with the signature on the suicide note.

NEEL. Yes, but there is just one thing everybody seems to have overlooked.

JACK. What's that?

NEEL. Hold that signature up to the light. Don't you see how much heavier the signature on the note is compared with the signature on the samples.

JACK. You mean someone traced this signature on the note?

NEEL. That's just exactly what I mean.

JACK. You think then, instead of it being suicide it was—murder?

NEEL. I'm not positive . . . yet.

JACK. But who would want to kill her?

NEEL. I think Dr. Brainard is much happier now that she is out of the way.

JACK. You don't think . . . that he . . .

NEEL. I want you to find out where Dr. Brainard was the night of January 6th. You can do it much better than I can. Brainard is still a big man in this town and if I make a mistake I'm going to get myself in a lot of trouble, so go easy and quietly.

JACK. Is the note the only thing to cause you to doubt the suicide theory?

NEEL. No. The Doctor, who attended Mrs. Martin at her death,

announced that she had died from a single bullet through the head which had entered just back of the right ear and ranged downward striking and shattering the left jaw bone. Now for her to have fired that shot, she would have been required to hold that heavy pistol in an extremely awkward position. She would have had to tip the muzzle of the weapon downward. The natural angle for a bullet self-inflicted behind the ear would have been upward. Another thing, I don't think Mrs. Martin was the type of woman who would commit suicide. She wasn't seriously implicated in the case. She was merely a material witness that the state had to depend on to convict Dr. Brainard.

JACK. Well, you may be right. Anyway I'll find out about Brainard and let you know.

NEEL. Good. I'm going now and have a talk with some of Mrs. Martin's neighbors.

(Cue: Auto Effect. After Running a Few Seconds, Stop. Then Ring Door Bell.)

NEEL. How do you do, Mrs. Taylor!

NEIGHBOR. How do you do.

NEEL. I'm Deputy Sheriff Neel. I'd like to ask you a few questions about Mrs. Martin if you don't mind.

NEIGHBOR. Certainly. Won't you come in. Sit down, won't you?

NEEL. Thank you.

NEIGHBOR. Now what do you want to ask me?

NEEL. Do you know if anyone visited Mrs. Martin the night of January 6th?

NEIGHBOR. Is that the night she killed herself?

NEEL. Yes.

NEIGHBOR. No, I don't. I didn't see or hear anything unusual about her place until I heard the report of the pistol. I looked out of my window, but I didn't see anyone around or coming out of her house so I called the police and told them I thought something was wrong at Mrs. Martin's house.

NEEL. Yes, I know you did.

NEIGHBOR. Of course, when I heard she did it herself and read her note in the newspaper I never got such a shock in all my life. She knew she was doing Dr. Brainard an injustice and I suppose she decided to make what amends she could. I wonder how her gentleman friend feels about it.

NEEL. What gentleman friend? I never heard she had any.

NEIGHBOR. Well, perhaps I shouldn't say gentleman friend, but he'd been calling on Mrs. Martin for several weeks.

NEEL. Do you know who he is?

NEIGHBOR. No, I don't but I know what he looks like. He had been

visiting her frequently of late. A nice looking young man, light hair, blue eyes, broad shoulders, and quite tall. Looks like he might be some kind of an athlete.

NEEL. When did he first start to call on Mrs. Martin? Do you know?

NEIGHBOR. Shortly after the death of Mrs. Nidifer, I believe.

NEEL. I see. Always called on her alone, eh?

NEIGHBOR. Now that I come to think of it, a girl started calling on her about the same time he did. I don't know who she was, but I know she'd be there sometimes when this fellow would call.

NEEL. Do you know her name?

NEIGHBOR. No sir.

NEEL. Do you know where she lives or anything about her?

NEIGHBOR. No sir, I don't know anything. The girl was an absolute stranger to me.

NEEL. Can you describe her?

NEIGHBOR. Well, she was of medium height, rather nice looking, dark hair and brown eyes. Always dressed quite neat and nice.

NEEL. Thank you very much, Mrs. Taylor. I won't trouble you any more.

NEIGHBOR. That's all right, Sheriff. I don't mind.

NEEL. I'm going to my office now and if you should think of anything that might be of interest to me, why you let me know. Will you?

NEIGHBOR. Certainly, Sheriff Neel.

NEEL. Goodbye.

NEIGHBOR. Goodbye.

(Cue: Auto Effect. Run a Few Seconds—Stop. Then Knock on Door.)

NEEL. Come in. Oh, hello Jack. Find out anything?

JACK. Found out that Dr. Brainard on the night of January 6th, was a guest at dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson and they played bridge until well after midnight. A genuine alibi.

NEEL. I should say so.

JACK. I guess that lets out Dr. Brainard. Have any luck with the neighbors?

NEEL. I don't know. There had been a fellow and girl visiting Mrs. Martin just prior to her death.

JACK. Who were they?

NEEL. That's what I've got to find out.

JACK. Can I be of any help?

NEEL. Know any fellow who fits that description?

JACK. Can't say that I do off hand.

NEEL. By George. I know one who fits it. A young fellow named Jones. We arrested him once for bootlegging. I think I'll get Mrs. Taylor and see if she recognizes him.

JACK. Know where to find him?

NEEL. He hangs around a certain pool room that I know of.

JACK. Well, I wish you luck. Anything more for me to do?

NEEL. Not just now, Jack. Thanks for the information on Brainard.

JACK. Entirely welcome. Just give me a ring if you want me.

NEEL. O.K. So long.

(Cue: Auto Effect. Run a Few Seconds—Stop. Then Door Bell.)

NEIGHBOR. Oh, hello, Sheriff Neel.

NEEL. Here I am again, Mrs. Taylor. I was wondering if you would be good enough to come with me and see if the man I point out to you is the man who visited Mrs. Martin?

NEIGHBOR. Why, I'll be glad to. Just wait until I get my hat and coat.

(Cue: Auto Effect. Run a Few seconds. Stop.)

NEEL. We'll park here in front of this pool room. I'll go phone and see if he is in there.

NEIGHBOR. Why, here he comes down the street.

NEEL. You're sure, Mrs. Taylor.

NEIGHBOR. Oh course, I'm sure. I've seen him enough to know him.

NEEL. All right, Mrs. Taylor. That's all I want to know. Now I'll just drive you back home again.

(Cue: Auto Effect. Run a Few seconds. Stop.)

NEEL. You'll do me a great favor, Mrs. Taylor, if you don't mention our little interview and this little ride.

NEIGHBOR. I won't tell a soul.

NEEL. That's right. And thank you again. Goodbye.

NEIGHBOR. Goodbye.

(Cue: Auto Effect. Run a Few Seconds. Stop. Door Slam.)

NEEL. Jack, have you got time to take a little ride with me?

JACK. Where to?

NEEL. Seminole, Oklahoma.

JACK. Why that town?

NEEL. Because I overheard my friend Jones order a ticket at the Bus Station. I want to know what takes him to Seminole.

JACK. All right, Sheriff. I'm your man.

(Cue: Auto Effect. Run a Few Seconds. Stop.)

NEEL. We won't have any trouble finding him in *this* town. Well, come on, let's see where he is.

JACK. Have you anything on Jones?

NEEL. Not a thing. I followed him for three days to the pool room, to a taxi stand, to his hotel. Same tireless routine. I was about to give up the idea of his being connected with the case when I overheard him order a ticket for this town. And so I . . . wait a minute. There he is now, talking to that girl.

JACK. They both seem awfully excited about something.

NEEL. Look out. Don't let them see we are watching them.

JACK. He just gave her something.

NEEL. Probably money. By George, that's the girl Mrs. Taylor described.

JACK. He's leaving her now.

NEEL. Probably going back on the next bus. You go ahead and follow him. I'm going to find out who that young lady is. I'll ask that man on the corner.

JACK. O.K.

NEEL. I beg your pardon, sir, but who is that young lady across the street? Would you mind telling me her name?

STRANGER. Why, that's Billie Brown. Everybody in town knows her, I guess.

NEEL. Thank you.

STRANGER. Entirely welcome.

NEEL. (*Calling to her*) Oh, Miss. Just a minute, please.

MURIEL. Well, what do you want?

NEEL. I'm Deputy Sheriff Neel of Montgomery County, Kansas.

MURIEL. Well?

NEEL. Would you mind telling me your name?

MURIEL. Muriel Sullivan.

NEEL. Everybody in town knows you as Billie Brown.

MURIEL. Brown was my marriage name. I'm divorced.

NEEL. Did you know Mrs. Maud Martin of Coffeyville?

MURIEL. Yes, I knew her. And I was broken-hearted when I heard of her death. She had been so good to me. When I went to Coffeyville to work Mrs. Martin befriended me.

NEEL. Do you know a man named Paul Jones?

MURIEL. Yes, I know him.

NEEL. He was just here to see you, wasn't he?

MURIEL. Yes, why?

NEEL. What did he want to see you about?

MURIEL. Nothing in particular. He's a very good friend of mine and he just came down to see me.

NEEL. He gave you some money, didn't he?

MURIEL. Why . . . er . . . no.

NEEL. What did he give you?

MURIEL. Nothing.

NEEL. Miss Sullivan I'd like you to accompany me back to Coffeyville.

MURIEL. Why?

NEEL. Because I want you to.

MURIEL. (*With a little laugh*) All right, if that's the way you feel about it.

(*Cue: Auto Effect. Run a Few Seconds. Stop.*)

ANNOUNCER. As soon as Sheriff Neel crossed the state line he placed Miss Sullivan under arrest. For one whole day he questioned her seeking to draw from her some information that might aid in proving that Mrs. Martin was murdered. He learned nothing. The next day he continued his questioning.

NEEL. Come on, Miss Sullivan, you know that Mrs. Martin didn't kill herself, don't you?

MURIEL. I told you I don't know anything about it. (*Weeping*) Why don't you let me alone?

NEEL. You're lying. Why don't you tell us the truth and have it over with?

MURIEL. All right. I'll tell everything. I killed Mrs. Martin!

NEEL. YOU!

MURIEL. Yes. Jones came to the restaurant where I worked in Seminole and told me he had a way for me to make some money. He was introduced to me by a man we both knew. There was big money, he told me, for us both if I would go to Coffeyville and help him kill Mrs. Martin. I was to go there and set the trap. He would introduce me to her and I was to strike up a close friendship. I was to go places with her and to call frequently at her home. I went to Coffeyville and made the acquaintance of Mrs. Martin. Once in her confidence I was to obtain samples of her handwriting, a suicide note would be forged, we would kill her and I would leave town. Well, we went to picture shows together, out shopping, and soon I felt I had the confidence of her. One day I told her I received word from friends of mine in Joplin and I had to go there and if she would write me letters to some of her friends there so I would look them up. She told me she didn't have any friends in Joplin. So I said, "Well, just write down your name and address so that I can drop you a line or look you up if I ever get back to Coffeyville." This she was glad to do. I gave the name and address to Jones and he said he would see that the suicide note would be ready. Then we talked about how Mrs. Martin would be killed. Should she be poisoned or shot. We knew that she was in the habit of taking medicine and always drank water after taking it so we decided on poison. We took some whiskey along because we knew we could poison the whiskey, the water for a chaser and also the water she drank after her medicine. But when we offered her the whiskey, she told us she didn't drink. We watched her as she took her medicine and waited for her to pick up the poisoned water, but as she picked it up she said, "This water is a little stale, if you'll excuse me I'll get some fresh." In about a half hour we left. On the way home Jones said, "If she won't take poison we'll have to shoot her." This was on Sunday. The following Tuesday I was to go alone.

Jones had given me the gun. He hired a taxicab for me and then went back to my room in the hotel to wait. Well, I just sat there and talked with Mrs. Martin all evening. I lost my nerve. I just couldn't do it. I went back to the hotel and told Jones and he said, "Well, then I'll have to do it myself."

Another week went by and then we both went to see her. We were there only a little while when Mrs. Martin said, "Let's have some music." We said "Fine," and then I said I was going to the kitchen for a drink and I asked Jones if he wanted one, so he said "Sure." In the kitchen he handed me the gun, the feel of it sent chills through me. "I can't do it," I said. "Well if you can't then I'll have to," he replied. Then I said, "No, I guess I can go through with it." We went back into the room and Mrs. Martin was still sitting on the floor looking over the phonograph records. I stood behind her and looked at Jones. He nodded his head. I placed the gun in back of her right ear and pulled the trigger. Jones then grabbed my arm and said, "Hurry, there's no time to lose. You go home. Get your things packed. A taxi-driver will call for you in a few minutes. He will have money for you. You take the bus for Seminole and I'll see you in a day or two with more money." The taxi-driver met me, handed me sixty dollars and I took the bus for Seminole.

NEEL. Why did you kill Mrs. Martin?

MURIEL. I was paid to do it.

NEEL. By whom?

MURIEL. Jones.

NEEL. How much were you to get?

MURIEL. A hundred dollars.

NEEL. Murder for a hundred dollars! It sounds incredible. (*Short pause*) Well, I guess that's all for now. The stenographer will type your confession and then you can sign it.

ANNOUNCER. An hour after Sheriff Neel obtained Miss Sullivan's confession, both Jones and the taxi-driver were arrested by the police. The taxi-driver was discharged after saying all he knew was that Jones handed him sixty dollars and told him to give it to Miss Sullivan. For what? He didn't know. Jones indignantly denied through hours of stiff grilling that he had any part in the murder or any knowledge of it. Then he, too, came through.

NEEL. All right, Jones. Go on with your story.

JONES. I arranged that murder for two thousand dollars and sub-let the job to Muriel Sullivan.

NEEL. Who offered you the two thousand?

JONES. DR. BRAINARD!

NEEL. Tell us how you arranged it.

JONES. I met Dr. Brainard on the street shortly after his case ended

in a mistrial. He asked me if I knew of a way to get rid of Mrs. Martin. I told him I did. He said he would be willing to pay two thousand dollars. I said I'd take the job.

NEEL. How did Muriel Sullivan get in this?

JONES. I didn't want to commit the murder myself so I asked a friend of mine if he knew of a woman who could be trusted on a ticklish job. He said he knew of a girl who ought to be able to help me out. He introduced me to her and then walked away.

NEEL. What's his name?

JONES. He's innocent, so there's no use dragging him in it. After talking to her for a little while to get a line on her, I asked her if she knew a woman who would undertake a dangerous job. She asked me what kind of a job it was, and I told her. Then she said, "I think *I* have the nerve to put it over, but I won't touch it for less than a hundred dollars." I said, "All right, the job is yours," and so . . . she killed Mrs. Martin.

ANNOUNCER. You have just heard the thrilling drama of the murdered witness, a radio play which came to you through the courtesy of (name of sponsor).

Each week a new, true life detective case will be broadcast at this time during the (name of sponsor).

The mystery of the *Murdered Witness* was dramatized from the story appearing in the September issue of *Startling Detective Adventures*, now on sale, which contains a full account of the case, illustrated with photos of all the principals. Tune in next week at this same time for another (name of sponsor) detective drama from life. Good night.

BARBARY COAST

ADAPTATION OF MOTION PICTURE

This adaptation, like that of *The Mystery of the Murdered Witness*, was distributed by its owners to radio stations with permission for use. Local casts thereby had a satisfactory script to produce, free of royalty; the owners of the script thereby received advertising.

BARBARY COAST

Radio Playlet Adapted to Fifteen Minutes with Miriam Hopkins, Edward G. Robinson, and Joel McCrea. Presented by Samuel Goldwyn. Released through United Artists.

CAST

MARY RUTLEDGE, a young girl who comes to the Barbary Coast from New York to marry a lucky prospector. Later in the story she is known as "Swan," a hard gambler.

LOUIS CHAMALIS, overlord of San Francisco's underworld and owner of the Bella Donna Saloon, a roisterous gambling establishment.

JIM CARMICHAEL, a young prospector from New York.

COLONEL COBB, an old newspaperman, who has come to the Barbary Coast to start anew.

(N.B. The parts indicated by VOICE—1st and 2nd—may be doubled by any of the three male members of the cast. They are unimportant and just used for effect.)

(Sound effect) (Honky-tonk music—of the mechanical piano type—up and fade into background for announcer's speech)

ANNOUNCER. A churning whirlpool of lawless, feverish humanity. . . the glittering, gaudy Gold Coast forms the background for a tender romance that bloomed in the midst of the toughest town on earth, a melting pot of strange humanity lured by Frisco's storied streets of precious yellow metal. For the next fifteen minutes you will be thrilled by a radio dramatization of Samuel Goldwyn's latest production, "Barbary Coast," released through United Artists and starring Miriam Hopkins as Mary Rutledge or the lady known as "Swan"; Edward G. Robinson as Louis Chamalis, overlord of early Frisco's underworld and the owner of the "Bella Donna Saloon," a roisterous gambling hall; and Joel McCrea as Jim Carmichael, a young prospector. Our story opens on the crude docks of California's Gold Coast. Mary Rutledge, who has come from New York to marry a gold prospector who had made good, has just learned that her fiancé, Dan Morgan, is dead. Colonel Cobb, a fellow passenger on the schooner from New York, who is an old newspaperman and has come to this last frontier with aspirations of starting anew, is consoling Mary.

(Sound effect) (Honky-tonk music up and fades into intermittent sound of fog-horns, creaking of pulleys on spars, cries of sea gulls and distant voices)

COBB. Miss Rutledge, allow me to express my heartfelt sympathy.

MARY. *(Sobbing)* I don't know why I'm crying, Colonel Cobb. That's what men expect of women, isn't it?

COBB. *(Sympathetically)* My poor child.

MARY. *(Sardonically)* It seems my first claim hasn't panned out so well.

COBB. You're not staying here? San Francisco is no place for a woman.

MARY. Why not? I'm not afraid. I like the fog. I like this new world. I like the noise of something happening. San Francisco is no place for

a bad loser, man or woman. *I'm staying.*

COBB. (*Pleading desperately*) Think what you will be throwing away . . . the world's respect . . . the things a lovely woman dreams of.

MARY. I'm tired of dreaming, sir. I'm staying. I'm staying and closing my eyes and holding out my hands for gold . . . bright, yellow gold. . . . (*Lightly*) Gentlemen, who got Dan Morgan's money?

VOICE. I'd forget about that money if I was you, Miss, 'cause you ain't ever going to get it back.

MARY. Who got the money?

VOICE. It's in the hands of the most inhuman fiend in San Francisco.

MARY. What's his name?

VOICE. His name's Louis Chamalis. He runs the biggest gambling parlor in California. It's the Bella Donna.

MARY. (*Very sweetly*) Gentlemen, I am very hungry. I should like to have supper . . . at the Bella Donna.

(*Sound effect*) (*Fog-horns, creaking of pulleys, etc. Fade into honky-tonk music. Music stays up for few seconds then fades background with sounds of boisterous voices and whirring and clicking of roulette wheel*)

COBB. Miss Rutledge, you must be tired. Hadn't we better find a lodging for you?

MARY. Thank you, Colonel, but don't worry about me. I'm not tired. I'm awake for the first time in six months.

CHAMALIS. (*Interrupting*) Ain't somebody going to introduce me? (*Moment's pause*) My name's Louis Chamalis.

MARY. I'm glad to know you, sir.

CHAMALIS. Thanks. How do you like San Francisco, Miss?

MARY. (*With sardonic laugh*) I think I'm going to like it very much.

CHAMALIS. That's fine. I own it. I hear you come out to marry Dan Morgan.

MARY. Yes.

CHAMALIS. Well, there's no accountin' for tastes. You'd a been throwin' yourself away on him. . . . (*With great deliberation*) . . . Yeah, you'd a been throwin' yourself away. You know, you ain't told me your name yet.

MARY. My name is Mary Rutledge.

COBB. (*Very formally*) I am Colonel Cobb, sir.

CHAMALIS. (*Very casually*) Glad to know you.

COBB. (*Desperately*) Miss Rutledge is not staying here, sir. She . . .

CHAMALIS (*Rudely interrupting*) Is that true?

MARY. That depends on how well I like your town.

COBB. Miss Rutledge, I beg you to reconsider.

CHAMALIS (*Dismissing him*) Good night, Mr. Cobb. Hope we'll see you around here often.

MARY. (*Softly*) Goodnight, Colonel Cobb . . . and thank you.

(*Sound effect*) (*Saloon and gambling noises fade out and honky-tonk music comes up and out*)

(*Door opens and closes*)

MARY. I didn't hear you knock, sir.

CHAMALIS. I guess that's because I didn't knock. Well . . . what about that little discussion we had last night?

MARY. Let me see. . . . It was something about . . . marriage, wasn't it?

CHAMALIS (*Laughingly*) No, that wasn't me. . . .

MARY. Have you something better to offer?

CHAMALIS. Let's you and me understand each other. You ain't staying in San Francisco for to go into society, are you? You're staying for gold, and you didn't bring a pick and shovel, either.

MARY. You seem to have everything all figured out. Well, you're quite right. I'm staying for gold.

CHAMALIS. Then, you'll be glad to hear you've staked a good claim. You've struck pay dirt.

MARY. Meaning . . . you . . . Mr. Chamalis?

CHAMALIS. Meaning just that. You and me go in cahoots.

MARY. Cahoots?

CHAMALIS. Pardners, that means. (*Lost in admiration*) Gee, you got a pretty way of holdin' your head.

MARY. (*Sharply*) Let me hear your business proposition, Mr. Chamalis.

CHAMALIS (*Snapping back to his other mood*) All right . . . you work at the roulette table, see? You'll be such an attraction, they'll crawl on their hands and knees across the Sierras to see you. There's only three hundred women in the whole town . . . and most of them is greasers.

MARY. Greasers?

CHAM. (*Scornfully*) Foreigners . . . you know. They don't count.

MARY. (*Archly*) And I get gold for being a white woman.

CHAM. (*Enthusiastically*) That's right. I'll deck you out like a queen. If there's anything in the town you want, it'll be yours. You'll look awful pretty with diamonds around your neck and in your hair.

MARY. (*Calculatingly*) So . . . I stand behind that table and spin that little wheel. Is that it?

CHAM. Yeah. And I'm offering you part of all you take in. . . .

MARY. (*Calculatingly*) You mean . . . half?

CHAM. (*With a chuckle*) Yeah . . . half.

MARY. But supposing I lose?

CHAM. You don't lose, unless you want to. That's the kind of a wheel it is.

MARY. Was that the wheel Dan Morgan played?

CHAM. The very same one . . . then it's settled?

MARY. Yes.

CHAM. (*Caressingly*) Your neck is like a swan, ain't it? That's what you're like. Soft and slick . . . a swan.

MARY. Just one more thing before you go, Mr. Chamalis. I suggest you get used to knocking on doors.

CHAM. (*Very softly*) All right, Swan.

(*Sound effects*) (*Honky-tonk music comes up and out*)

CHAMALIS. Hey, Swan . . . how about trying on all them fancy doodads I got you . . . with the jewels, too?

MARY. You'll see me in them tonight. I feel like riding now. . . . I need a little air and some wind on me.

CHAM. I should think you'd be feelin' pretty good.

MARY. I am.

CHAM. You ain't even thanked me. This stuff cost fifteen thousand dollars.

MARY. That's a lot of money.

CHAM. Don't I get a kiss for it?

MARY. Yes . . . if you want it.

(*Slight pause*)

CHAM. I said a kiss . . . not a receipt.

MARY. (*Laughingly*) Complaining, Louis?

CHAM. (*Very inarticulate*) You kiss . . . like . . . like . . . you was thinking of something else all the time.

MARY. (*Laughs, then lightly*) You'll like me better tonight when I'm covered with your diamonds.

Oh, Louis . . . stop it! I'm tired of thinking up answers for you!

CHAMALIS. Then why don't you do something? Why do you just stand there and laugh? Why don't you feel something?

MARY. What would you like me to do . . . look at you and swoon with love?

CHAM. (*Beside himself*) Yeah! That's it! That's what I want.

MARY. (*Bursting into a peal of real laughter*) Oh, Louis . . . you're marvelous! (*Last said through laughter*)

(*Sound effect*) (*Mary laughs harder and as she laughs, a slap is heard*)

MARY. (*Coldly*) That wasn't part of the bargain, Louis.

CHAMALIS. (*Humbly and beseechingly*) You're right. It wasn't part of the bargain. Just forget it, will you? Forget what I did and forget what I said. (*Lower*) I can wait.

(Sound effect) (Honky-tonk music up and fade into sounds of horse's hoofs in distance coming up. As hoofs come closer they slow up and stop)

JIM. Hello. . . . *(There is a pause) (Enthusiastically)* Did you ever read about Balboa when he first caught sight of the Pacific Ocean, Ma'am? He fainted with pure joy!

MARY. *(Laughing)* You're the most peculiar desert rat I've seen yet.

JIM. I believe you're right. By the way, Ma'am, if I'm not being too curious, would you kindly tell me what you're doing walking way out here in a riding habit?

MARY. That's very simple. I got off my horse for a moment and he ran away. Now I'm walking back to San Francisco.

JIM. If you don't mind riding on a few sacks of gold, you can ride in on one of my burros here.

MARY. Thank you very much. I've always wanted to ride on a saddle of gold.

JIM. Then you're not going to vanish in a puff of smoke?

MARY. You're from New York, aren't you?

JIM. Fourteen Gramercy Park. Across from the big willow tree.

MARY. Gramercy Park . . . I used to play there when I was a little girl.

JIM. *(Gayly)* With a hoop?

MARY *(Equally gay)* Yes. Mine was the biggest hoop, and I could roll it the furthest.

JIM. *(With stern accusation)* Hmmm . . . you weren't that horrible Montmorency brat with the governess and the Shetland pony, I hope.

MARY. No. I don't think you know me. I was raised under a bell-jar with forget-me-nots in my hair.

JIM. *(In wonderment)* I still can't believe it . . . how beautiful a woman is. I'd almost forgotten, so help me. . . .

MARY. How long have you been prospecting out here?

JIM. I've been poking around for the silly stuff for two years and I've seemed to gather quite a bit of it. I've expected it to vanish like the figments of a dream . . . but here it still is . . . safe so far . . . and the Flying Cloud almost in view.

MARY. Oh . . . you're going back?

JIM. Yes. Shipping out like Sinbad with his loot.

MARY. Well, then, Mr. Sinbad, suppose we start back.

(Fading out)

(Sound effects) (Horse's hoofs start up and then fade into music which starts off calmly and comes to quick crescendo, then immediately fades)

COBB. *(Eagerly)* There she is, Mr. Wigham. The last word in human

ingenuity . . . the modern printing press.

VOICE. It's a beauty.

COBB. I can hardly believe that the first issue of the Clarion is completed, Mr. Wigham. Look at that make-up, sir. Look at that type.

VOICE. Looks mighty neat.

COBB. This is what I have dreamed of. I am a new man, Mr. Wigham. Forgiven for my journalistic sins . . . restored to my profession. There is nothing to touch it, sir.

(Sound effects) (Door crashes open and there are sounds of mob in background)

COBB. What's that? Who is it?

CHAMALIS. *(In distance)* I just want four o' ya. The rest stay at the door. *(Coming up)* Is that your newspaper?

COBB. Yes.

CHAMALIS. Lemme see it. *(He speaks scornfully, as though reading from newspaper)* "Law and order must come to San Francisco." "Clarion calls on our citizens to enforce our laws against all criminals." "Mr. Chamalis and his henchmen defiant of law and order." . . . You want law and order, eh? Well, I'm the law around here, and I give the orders. Why are you buttin' in? Did I ever do you any hurt?

COBB. Sir, this is not a personal issue . . . this is far more than that.

CHAMALIS. Listen . . . everybody gets along fine that minds their own business and you want to spoil San Francisco by this kind of stuff. Where's the machine that printed this?

COBB. Mr. Chamalis . . . please . . . think of what you're doing. You can't have a town without a newspaper.

MARY. *(Coming up)* Wait a minute, Louis. I don't want you to do this.

CHAMALIS. Get out of here, Swan. This is business.

MARY. Then it's my business, too.

CHAMALIS. Get out of here and let me handle this my own way.

MARY. I said let him have his paper.

CHAMALIS. *(Almost snarling)* You want your paper, Cobb?

COBB. If you destroy my paper, you destroy me. More than that, you destroy the soul of San Francisco. A city breathes through its press.

CHAMALIS. Cut out the high sounding talk and answer me—you want your paper?

COBB. Yes.

CHAMALIS. Then run it the way you should run it.

COBB. What . . . what way is that?

CHAMALIS. My way . . . from now on before you do anything . . . write anything . . . or think anything . . . just ask yourself—how would

Louis Chamalis like it . . . understand? I don't want anybody reading this kind of stuff. Burn up all those papers. Where's the thing it was printed from?

COBB. There.

(Sound effect) (There is a metallic crash)

CHAMALIS. All right . . . you still got your little plaything. . . . Come on, Swan.

MARY. Go ahead. I'll come in a moment.

COBB. *(Low)* Thanks, Miss Rutledge . . . I couldn't have stood it if they had broken my press. It isn't much use this way though. A poor, shamed thing that mustn't speak.

MARY. It can speak, Colonel. Let it speak the language of the town. Lies, hypocrisy and more lies.

(Sound effects) (Honky-tonk music up and then fades to background with saloon and gambling sounds)

MARY. All right, gentlemen, make your play. Place your bets.

1ST VOICE. Two hundred on the red, Missie . . . and if I win you can have a big kiss.

2ND VOICE. I brought ye another admirer, Swan . . . all quiverin' to try his luck agin ya.

JIM. *(Somewhat drunk)* Old man, advise me. Are those snakes in her hair . . . or forget-me-nots. . . .

2ND VOICE. It's all right, Swan . . . he's just a little young . . . and been drinkin'.

JIM. *(Drunkenly)* Quiet, gentlemen . . . I want to hear the song o' the siren. . . .

MARY. *(Icily)* Put up your money, you, or get out. . . .

JIM. Here goes. . . . On the black . . . the color of women's hearts. . . .

2ND VOICE. Easy, son, you ain't gonna get anywhere with them sentiments.

MARY. All bets up, gentlemen. Here she goes.

(Sound effects) (Whirring of roulette wheel and clicking of ball begin at beginning of above speech. After a moment they stop)

MARY. Fourteen on the red. . . .

1ST VOICE. You lose this one time, son. . . . But if at first ya don't succeed, try, try again. That's my motto since a child.

MARY. Place your bets, gentlemen . . . place your bets . . . *(Jim laughs)*

MARY. Had enough, you?

JIM. No. . . . *(He laughs more loudly)*

MARY. Bets down, everybody. . . .

JIM. Not so fast, Siren . . . here it is. . . .

1ST VOICE. You ain't bettin' it all at once, son. . . .

JIM. All on the black. . . .

MARY. All bets down . . . here she goes. . . .

(Sound effects) (This time whirring of roulette wheel and clicking of ball begin at the beginning of the next speech and end on Jim's speech, "Thank you . . . most hospitable of you.")

JIM. *(Drunkenly)* Ha! Ha! Ha! The little messenger of fortune. . . .
Go on, roll your hoop. Round and round the willow tree.

CHAMALIS *(Coming up)* Here, young feller, drink this on the house. . . .

JIM. Thank you, most hospitable of you.

MARY. Twenty-seven on the red. . . .

JIM. Who won?

2ND VOICE. The red . . . yes, sir the red come up again. . . .

JIM. That's not my color. . . .

1ST VOICE. Ye took a big fling, stranger. . . .

JIM *(Shakily)* That last drink tasted bitter. . . . *(The following words are said jerkily)* . . . or . . . maybe . . . it's something . . . else . . . that . . . tastes . . . bitter. . . .

(Sound effects) (Body falls to floor)

CHAMALIS. Take him away, there.

MARY. *(Coldly)* Make your play, gentlemen. Make your play. . . .

(Sound effects) (Honky-tonk music up sharply and then fades to background for announcer's speech)

ANNOUNCER. An old newspaperman fighting against all odds for right and justice; a young prospector who falls in love and then, seemingly completely disillusioned loses his fortune to boot; a young girl who loved, yet dared not speak, for she knew speech meant death . . . all governed by the chameleonic will of an octopus in human form . . . all in Samuel Goldwyn's latest production, "Barbary Coast," released through United Artists effecting new triumphs for Miriam Hopkins in the most colorful role of her career . . . new honors for handsome Joel McCrea . . . and to Edward G. Robinson for the most sinister portrayal the screen has seen in years . . . in a picture so powerful, so sweeping, so vivid in the living history it retells that it becomes an unforgettable experience. . . . Mary Rutledge was played by, Louis Chamalis by, Jim Carmichael by, Colonel Cobb by, and Wigham by See "Barbary Coast" when it comes to the Theatre. Your announcer is This is Station

(Sound effect) (Honky-tonk music up and out)

TALK CONTINUITIES

KEEP FAITH IN MAN

Frederick R. Griffin

STRAIGHT TALK (SERMON)

Radio networks have frequently supported nation-wide church services. Sermons on these services have of necessity been written for general audiences, and have been for the most part strictly within the realm of widely accepted ecclesiastical doctrine and ethics, thereby contrasting with the politico-sermons of Father Coughlin and the fundamentalist dogma of Judge Rutherford. The script reproduced here was broadcast on the *Church of the Air*; permission for publication kindly granted by the Rev. F. R. Griffin, First Unitarian Church, Philadelphia.

KEEP FAITH IN MAN

Frederick R. Griffin

"Rise, stand upon thy feet, and walk." John 5:8

My subject this morning is "Keep Faith in Man," and my text is from the Gospel of John: "Rise, stand upon thy feet, and walk."

Through the centuries one of the first and greatest contributions of Christianity has been the awakening and the sustaining of faith in man. The founder of Christianity had faith in man and men. He knew what was in them. He knew the gifts and riches which were in them; He knew that something of the spirit and power of God was in them. He had faith in man because He knew the whole man.

By the strength of his faith He communicated faith to others, and as a result, men rose from weakness to power, from sin to virtue, from crude primitiveness to noble manhood. He said to one: "Go and sin no more." You can be pure, you have the latent strength. To another He said, "Come, follow me." You have the resources—you can use them. To another He said: "Take up your bed and walk." To others He said: "Be ye perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect."

Through the strength and the contagion of his faith, men gained confidence in their power to do right, to be courageous, to advance toward the ideal. In his own day and in all the years since, many, because of Him, have taken up their beds and walked, have sinned no more, have followed Him.

He went about doing good. The good He did was not primarily or even largely in the teaching of theology or ethics and certainly not in the giving of alms. It was chiefly in arousing men to faith, faith in themselves, faith in others, faith in truth, faith in right and faith in God. Throughout all the years, that has been the unmistakable and priceless contribution of Christianity.

During the nineteenth century faith in man increased to an unprecedented degree as a result of several factors which came to change his thought and conduct. The first of these factors was the doctrine of evolution. Evolution presented the authentic story of life on this planet and of the timeless process by which man had grown up from the brute below him and from forms of life far below the brute. Evolution showed how man had changed from age to age in his physical appearance, his moral customs, his intellectual grasp, and his ideals. Evolution made clear that man had lived on this planet not a short six thousand years but hundreds of thousands of years, during which long period he had been going forward. That, in brief, was the revelation of evolution, and in its light men began to see themselves in a new way. Man was not a ruined creature but an unfinished creature. He had developed and improved—he would continue to improve. That was the conviction which evolution brought and it greatly stimulated faith. Old doctrines of man's depravity, his fall, his alienation from God faded away and in their place came faith in progress.

During the nineteenth century there were other factors which stimulated faith in man. There were great discoveries in astronomy, chemistry, physics, medicine, means of communication and of transportation. One of the results of all these discoveries and inventions was an increase in man's confidence in his power to go forward. Since he had achieved so much, it was natural and logical for him to believe that he could achieve much more.

During the nineteenth century, fraternalism increased, racial, national and religious intolerance decreased. Famine was abolished. There was general advance in material prosperity. Certain major maladies, such as yellow fever, were eradicated. There was a great advance in education and all this strengthened man's faith in man.

Now there is another attitude. The faith in man has not gone, but it has been rudely shaken. There are wide-spread doubts about the concept of progress. Human nature seems to remain much as it has always been. The events of war, lawlessness and greed have spread skepticism in the hearts of men. As a result, men are losing confidence in their ability to govern themselves and in place of democracies there are dictatorships and in place of a growing goodwill and trust between nations there are monster armies and navies: the evidences of fear and distrust. Religious movements have arisen which affirm that man is totally unable to determine his own destiny and old doctrines of man's depravity and essential sinfulness are being revived.

There is nothing spiritually unhealthy about this present-day attitude of doubt and skepticism provided we do not allow it to completely possess us and become permanent. If we are to go forward and intelligently

regulate our human affairs, we must regain the lost faith and correct it out of the lessons of these years of doubt.

The reasons for faith in man are just as valid and strong today as in times past and the appeal of Christianity is just as insistent and challenging as in the days when Christ first spoke to men.

If He came among us today, as we really believe that His deathless spirit does come, He would view our weakness and distrust and despair and repeat the ancient words: "Rise, stand upon thy feet, and walk." Again He would say: "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you." That kingdom has been coming out of man for ages and it will continue to come. All that evolution has taught remains true. Man has come up from the brute and he will continue to go forward. Man will regain his direction and rise as he has risen many times before. It is true that he is acting very badly today but he has acted very badly many times before.

But let us be just and fair about this whole problem of man. Human nature is not bankrupt although it is meeting many new and very strange conditions. The individual parts of which humanity is composed are still good. The number of heroic men and women is still great, perhaps greater than at any previous time. Surely the stream is not dried up, it is still running.

Christ saw in man the deathless will and purpose of God—God who is not a far-away monarch but a living spirit operating in man as surely and certainly as gravitation in the world without. God will not be defeated.

"Right is right since God is God, and right the day must win.

To doubt would be disloyalty, to falter would be sin."

That is what it means to believe in God—that God will prevail in man.

Let us, therefore, keep faith in man for his sake and for our sake. Let us challenge him with faith that he can attain the ideal. The world needs a new birth of confidence that it can attain unto the promised kingdom within.

At the beginning, let each one of us have faith in himself, faith in his unemployed resources, that he can be kind, just, courageous, intelligent, faith that he can be a man who is worthy to be called a son of God.

THE COST OF HIGH LIVING

Bradford S. Abernathy

STRAIGHT TALK (OCCASIONAL SERMON)

The following sermon differs from the preceding one in several important respects: it was delivered to a specific audience rather than a general; the radio listeners were the incidental (see Introduction) audi-

ence; it was delivered on a "special occasion" rather than a regular period in a series of broadcasts. Permission for publication kindly granted by the Rev. B. S. Abernathy, First Baptist Church, Columbia, Missouri.

THE COST OF HIGH LIVING

Bradford S. Abernathy

If one were to express in a sentence the state of the majority of students here and elsewhere who are beginning a college year it might be done in the words of the illiterate hill-billy who confessed his inability to read words. He could read figgers all right, but words were quite beyond him. So that as he expressed it, whenever he came to a sign-post at a cross-road, he could always tell how far, but not where to. I have no doubt that that very practical difficulty faces many of you this morning. Thinking of college as it lies ahead of you, you are able to tell how far—one year, two years, four years, but not where to. The where to is lost in the great void of the future. For what do you want college to fit you? Don't you wish you knew! Don't your professors wish you knew! It would make their task of preparing you a good deal easier. Especially in these days is the "where to" difficult for a young man or woman to figure out. A recent survey showed that 101 of the red-caps in the Grand Central Station in New York were holders of college degrees; which makes one stop and wonder whether one's own college degree is going to do him any more good than that. Where to! Ah me, don't we wish we knew. Nor is this a question that faces the student alone. How many individuals with college behind them and life in front of them are able to say no more than that. I know how far, but not where to. Life will probably drag on until I am seventy or so, but where is it leading me? Am I getting anywhere at all in my business or my profession? Does my movement have direction to it? Where to? I have heard a good many people well past college age ask that question, so that those of you who as students are in doubt as to the "where to" of a college education need not feel alone in your dilemma.

The situation is, however, really not so bad—the future not so uncertain as I have indicated. In one sense the hill-billy's phrase does not apply to you at all. The fact of your being here is proof that you have decided what is to be the general direction of your life. The destination may be uncertain, but you have chosen the direction at least. That is to say, given a life, with all the freedom in the world to make it count for nothing or count for something, you have chosen the latter, and have embarked on a year at a college whose sole purpose is to help you make it count for something. Or put in another way: Given a traveller

at a cross-road, one road leading to what we might call low, ineffective living, the other leading to high, effective living, you have chosen the latter. To what end these courses which you will study, these books you will read, these paintings you will learn to appreciate, this music you will learn to love, except that these courses, books, paintings and music will better equip you for high living, abundant living, useful living. Where to? You ask? The issue, I say, is not so much in doubt as you may think, for you have already chosen the direction at least in which your life is heading—toward high living. Of the rich rewards of high living I shall not speak this morning, nor of its deep satisfactions, but rather the price one has to pay for it. The cost of high living.

We should all agree at once, I think, that one of the things we must have if we are to experience to the full this high living is *freedom*. It is in the soil of freedom that initiative and individuality grow. One must be free to pursue his own line of special interest, free to exercise his peculiar talents, free to think, free to act. To be deprived of this freedom is fatal to high, effective, abundant living. Now nothing seems more apparent than this, that man, by virtue of his being a human, *is* free. Take a boomerang and throw it out and it will come back to you. Its return is mechanical—it can do no other. Take a homing pigeon a thousand miles away from its native surroundings and it will find its way back unerringly. That we say is instinct. It can do no other. But take a Prodigal Son, throw him out into a far country and he may or may not come back again. If he does come back, it will be neither because of something mechanical—as in the case of the boomerang, or something instinctive as with the homing pigeon, but simply and solely because in the far country he was free to stay or come back home, and he chose to come back. The deep-seated conviction that human beings are free, and not pawns in the grip of some vast impersonal force is well illustrated in the case of Lyman Beecher, the father of Henry Ward Beecher. Lyman Beecher was a great figure in the New England of his day—a century ago. One weekend he was to exchange pulpits with a neighboring pastor who held to a very stiff and rigid theory of predestination, while on that point Beecher was fairly liberal for his time. Came Sunday morning and both men started from home, each headed for the other's church and they met mid-way. They paused a moment to exchange greetings and just as they were to continue on their way, the neighboring minister, taking one parting shot, said, "Dr. Beecher, I wish to call to your attention that before the creation of the world, God arranged that you were to preach in my pulpit and I in yours on this particular Sabbath." "Is that so," said Beecher glaring at him, "Then I won't do it," and he turned his horse around and went to his own church. Whether you call it predestination or determinism, we rebel heartily at the suggestion that man is completely

at the mercy of forces over which he has no control. Mr. Justice Holmes put it in a sentence when he said, "Man has in him that unspeakable something which makes him capable of miracle, able to lift himself by the might of his own soul." That is the kind of stuff out of which humans are made—the results are never predictable, because we are free to choose. Nothing seems more plain than this, then, that man is free.

On the other hand nothing seems more apparent than that man is not free. A famous actress, Charlotte Cushman, used to say to her guests when they arrived at her Newport villa, "This is Liberty Hall—everyone does as I please." We know perfectly well that that is just what happens to us all the time. Argue as we will for our right to be free, we find ourselves hedged in by restrictions and rules and regulations imposed on us by an institution or society, hedged in oftentimes by our own conscience or by habits—all of which say, "This may be Liberty Hall but you'll do as I please." You and I are actually far from being free. I, for instance, am not free to become the Mayor of Columbia, for which, incidentally, the citizens ought to be profoundly grateful. I don't have the desire or the equipment for the job. I am not free to become an artist. I could never be an artist no matter how hard I tried. But the point does not need to be labored further—by virtue of the fact that we live in a world of people, and not on a desert island, there are restrictions to our freedom. And freedom we find is a very relative thing. There was John Bunyan, his body in prison in Bedford Jail, and his mind free to soar. Here are some of us—our bodies at liberty and our minds imprisoned by outworn conventions. Freedom is indeed a relative thing. When is a man really free?

For some light on this question I would invite you to consider an episode or so in the life of Jesus. The first glimpse we have of Him as He began His public ministry is in the synagogue in His home town, Nazareth. There, as we read in the Scripture this morning, Jesus announced the purpose of His life—what He felt impelled to do. And we find that one of His primary objects is to bring freedom. "The spirit of the Lord is upon me because He hath sent me to preach deliverance to the captives—to set at liberty them that are bruised." Again and again we find Him coming back to and emphasizing this theme. Speaking to a group of Jews who believed in Him He said, "If ye continue in My word then are ye My disciples indeed, and ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." And again, "If the Son shall make you free ye shall be free indeed." Jesus was very much interested in people's freedom, very much concerned about relieving them from their bondage. He found some in bondage to outworn religious customs which no longer had any significance and He offered them deliverance. He found some in bondage to physical sickness and released them—some in bondage to fears and showed them how they could find liberty. Some were in bondage to sin

—to low living, and He offered them the freedom of high living. It is not over-emphasizing the matter at all to say that one of the main objectives in Jesus' life was to bring freedom.

Now the interesting thing to note is how He proposed to give people this freedom. We find, paradoxically enough, that no sooner had He announced in the synagogue in Nazareth that He had come to set at liberty those who were bound than He went out and bound twelve men. He found a taxgatherer named Levi, and said to him, "Levi, follow me." To eleven other men He said the same thing. "Men, stop what you are doing. Lay down your nets and your business and come follow me." Now, that we say, is a strange thing to do—to offer people liberty and then go ahead and bind them. And they were in bondage—there is no question about that. Jesus gave them orders as to what to do, where to go, and at times what to wear and not to wear. In a very real sense they became slaves to His ideas, His purpose, His personality. And it was not alone His disciples that he bound. "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow Me." So that we have the spectacle of Jesus offering freedom in one breath, and in the next breath turning right around and imposing bondage. Is that consistent? In answer to that we may say just this, that Jesus saw that the only way to perfect freedom was through bondage. He was not opposed to bondage as such, but only to that kind of bondage which hindered the growth of personality rather than helped it.

If you will pardon a personal illustration, I think I can show you the truth of this proposition that real freedom comes only through bondage. When I was about seven or eight years old, I started taking piano lessons—reluctantly. There was no hour in the week that I dreaded more than that hour on Saturday mornings when I had to go over to Miss Hatch's and take my music lesson. What a way to spend Saturday morning, when I could have been playing ball. That attitude toward Saturday morning, of course, filtered down and affected my music considerably for I do not recall going at my practice hours at home with any great avidity. Why, I must have thought, should I be a slave to those scales which I don't want to learn? I shan't be a slave to them, I shall be free of them. Well, I had my freedom then, and now look at me. My repertoire consists of exactly six pieces. In my case it is literally true, "they laughed when he sat down at the piano." For when I do sit down at the piano, as my long-suffering wife and friends know only too well, one of those six pieces is bound to come forth—the Scarf Dance, very badly done; the Minuet in G, only half of which I can remember; a very simple hymn arrangement of Finlandia; Jesus, Lover of My Soul, which I have transposed into the key of C in order to avoid the pitfalls of sharps and flats; a base arrangement of the Stars and Stripes Forever; and, of course,

Chop Sticks. Those six and no more. I had my freedom from diligent practice when I was a lad, and now I'm in bondage to those six pieces. How I envy those who can sit down at a piano and play anything that is set before them, who are free to call forth from inanimate strings melodies that soothe the troubled breast. All that is not for me—I'm a slave to my six pieces. The only ones who are really free to play the piano are those who in the years gone by went into bondage to scales. Perfect freedom in music comes only through bondage. Two summers ago I sat in the ruins of the Forum at Rome, and under the light of a full moon, heard a symphony orchestra play that gorgeous Scheheresade Suite. The conductor enjoyed perfect freedom with the familiar score and the orchestra responded to his slightest command. How did he enjoy such perfect freedom? Because for many years he had been mastered by something which he had counted it his glory to be mastered by. Which is but another illustration of this paradoxical yet profound truth, that it is only when high things, great things take possession of us that we are truly released.

But is this true in the religious realm as well—that those who are in bondage to the ideal of Jesus are the ones who are really free? Let us consider that in the moment or so remaining. Take one of these sayings of Jesus which is so difficult for us to apply. "Whosoever shall strike you on the right cheek turn to him the other also." Now our physical organization is so arranged that when we are struck on the cheek we automatically respond in certain ways. We get angry, sugar pours into the blood, we become tense and we get ready to strike back. Our protective mechanism is such that we instinctively want to respond by striking back—we are in bondage to our impulses. Now suppose a man having been struck on the cheek and just about to strike back, says, "Hold on here—to strike back would accomplish nothing at all. Jesus believed that retaliation in kind should give place to love, that violence leads only to more violence. Very well, I'll try it—I won't strike back." Now he is the man who is really free. Because of his bondage to a great principle which Jesus proclaimed he has freed himself from an impulse to retaliate, and a powerful impulse it is.

It may seem that we have gone far afield from our subject this morning—the cost of high living. But in reality we have not been far removed from it at any point along the line. For we began by saying that freedom is essential to high living, abundant living, freedom to choose, to think, to act. And we discussed briefly this matter of freedom, and saw how relative a term it was—how we are hedged about with all sorts of restrictions on our freedom. And we saw too how inevitably linked together bondage and freedom really are—that real freedom is to be obtained only at the cost of bondage. The most significant figure the world

has yet produced came to offer men and women of our time, as well as His, perfect freedom, a freedom which meant mastery over themselves, mastery over life. But He put a price on that freedom—the price of bondage to Himself, to His way of life. For while He said: "The spirit of the Lord is upon Me because He hath sent Me to preach deliverance to the captives—to set at liberty them that are bruised," He added this condition, "Follow Me."

MODERN TRENDS IN POLITICS

Alben W. Barkley

STRAIGHT TALK (POLITICAL SPEECH)

The importance of radio broadcasting to political speaking has been not only in the increased audiences which the medium has made possible; changes in the writing and delivery of the speeches have been necessary, especially when the radio listeners were the immediate audience (see Introduction). Definite adaptation to "radio style" is apparent in the following political speech, which was distributed to listeners who requested copies of it.

MODERN TRENDS IN POLITICS

Speech of

Hon. Alben W. Barkley

U. S. Senator from Kentucky

During recent weeks we have, by every form of publicity from backyard gossip to the front pages of the newspapers, been regaled with obsessions, predictions, consternations, reverberations, alliterations, asseverations and hallucinations and revelations concerning some sort of "revolution" that seems to be in hiding "just around the corner." Whether this is the same corner that sheltered so elusively the "prosperity" which was supposed to be located there for several years, I am not in a position to state; though I have a hunch that some of those who were instrumental in the attempt to make a shrine out of the corner that shielded "prosperity" have had a hand in erecting the corner which is about to descend upon us.

I have no desire to quibble over words. I am not a quibbler over words. I dislike the habit of quibbling over anything. But we may perhaps dissipate our fears and console our souls with the reflection that there is nothing satanic about the word "revolution." There is a great national organization now in annual session in this city, eligibility for membership in which requires an unbroken line leading back to a revolution and some soldier who fought in that revolution.

Washington, with all his aristocratic bearing and conservative reactions to public questions, was a revolutionary. He was the leader of the revolution which made us a nation, and he was probably the one indispensable man of that great historic accomplishment.

Jefferson was a revolutionary. So was Madison, the father of the Constitution. So was Monroe, who gave his name to an immortal American policy. Even Alexander Hamilton was revolutionary in the sense that he believed in and advocated a change in the existing order, and fought bravely and with distinction by the side of Washington to make that revolution effective.

Andrew Jackson was somewhat of a revolutionist, both personally and politically. He revolutionized the methods of appointment to public service. He revolutionized the banking system of the United States. He revolutionized some of the conceptions of his national character entertained by his enemies when he declared under dramatic circumstances that the Union must be preserved against sedition or secession anywhere.

Abraham Lincoln was a revolutionary. He revolutionized the economic system in half the States of the Union, and as President of the United States he directed a four years' war to decide whether the Nation could stand undivided in adjusting itself to that economic and political revolution for which he was largely responsible.

In many other respects Lincoln showed his belief in changes which he felt were necessary in a growing and expanding national life.

Theodore Roosevelt was a revolutionist. He advocated what was termed the "Square Deal," which was only another name for a "New Deal," because at that time any sort of square deal was a new deal compared with the old deal to which the people were accustomed.

He advocated the recall of judicial decisions by popular election. This was certainly a revolutionary proposal. Nothing that has been suggested, brought forward, thought about or dreamed of in the past year of the new deal exceeds the recall of judicial decisions in its revolutionary qualities.

Compared with the conceptions of the powers of the National Government entertained by some of those who framed it, the construction of the Panama Canal was certainly a revolutionary innovation.

Thomas Jefferson was perhaps the outstanding strict constructionist of his day. He feared the enlargement of the Federal powers. But when he became President he wanted to purchase Louisiana. He searched the Constitution for specific authority and found it not. But he wanted it. Finally he concluded that he could do it under the "treaty-making power" conferred upon the President, and in the exercise of this power he made a treaty with Napoleon and purchased that vast territory.

But it was a revolutionary procedure. At the time it was charged that if he had not broken the Constitution he had at least bent it woefully. But we have Louisiana and all the States carved out of it.

At another time while he was President he found a surplus in the National Treasury. This is always a tempting situation. Jefferson found it so. He did not believe that Congress had the power to expend this surplus for the building of highways or the deepening of rivers or harbors. But he wanted to expend the surplus for that purpose. He asked the Congress to submit to the States an amendment to the Constitution empowering the National Government to build roads and improve rivers and harbors and engage in other internal improvements.

Madison, Monroe, Andrew Jackson and James K. Polk all vetoed appropriations for these purposes on the ground that Congress had no such power.

But the Constitution was never so amended. By judicial and legislative interpretation the Constitution was held to contain such powers under the commerce clause, the general welfare clause and other elastic provisions of that great document. So that today the improvement of rivers and harbors, which are the instruments of commerce, and the construction of highways as the servants of the postal system, and also our great interstate commerce system, are accepted and welcomed as a settled national policy. But as compared with the original conceptions of some of the framers of the Constitution and most of the early Presidents it was revolutionary. It was even unconstitutional!

In a similar sense Woodrow Wilson was a revolutionist. Theodore Roosevelt called it "a Square Deal." Franklin D. Roosevelt calls it a "New Deal." Woodrow Wilson called it "The New Freedom." The application of specific remedies in each case may have been different. That is, the particular remedy demanded by the particular situation confronted by the people and by these leaders of the people may have been different. But in each case the conception of the need and the remedy presupposed the creation of something that did not heretofore exist. And this ability to perceive the need for remedies and the ability to create the supply of them is, after all, the real test of popular government. It is the stabilizing quality which in fact prevents revolutions of force and of blood.

If the power to adjust government to the conditions which must be dealt with by each generation did not exist, the only remedy would be the destruction of an impotent government and the building of a government fitted and qualified to deal with the problems of the new generation. Thus we would have a situation which would require that the people of each generation or each decade change the form and the character of their government, just as farmers have changed the instruments of husbandry, surgeons have changed the instruments of surgery,

teachers have changed the methods of their teaching, preachers of their preaching, and the traveling public the methods of their transportation.

While, therefore, as I stated in the beginning, the word "revolution" contains no diabolical implications, many of the transitions to which I have referred, and many thousands more to which I could refer, may be more softly designated as "evolutions."

That there has been a revolution in the practice of medicine and the science of medicine no man will deny. The transition from the universal practice of "bleeding" a patient for every known disease a century and a half ago to the skillful and life-saving delicacy of modern surgery has been and is a tribute to the genius of man throughout the world. But it was a revolution, or, if you prefer the word, it was an evolution in the treatment of injury and disease.

The transition from the stage coach of our forefathers to the modern Pullman car, the modern automobile and the modern airplane has certainly been a revolution in the methods of transportation. Would we go back to the stage coach? Let all who favor it say "aye."

The transition from the old custom of piling the ice from the mill pond in sawdust in the barn to the facility afforded by the electric refrigerator has certainly been a revolution in the art of refrigeration. I ask whether in the complex life which we lead today we would be willing to revert wholly to the mill pond, fond as we are of that familiar old place in story and tradition.

The transition from the old sickle and the wheat cradle with which our fathers garnered the grain for themselves and for a hungry world, to the modern reaper and combine which cuts, threshes and sacks the grain as it goes along through the golden field, is certainly a revolution in the science of harvesting, and typifies many other similar revolutions and evolutions in the field of agriculture.

Examples of this constant change, this incessant growth, this impatient reaching out in every field of action by the human race throughout the world for something different and something better, could be multiplied without limit.

Even those who object to change, to growth, to development, to elasticity in government, admit all this. It is only to a growth in government that they object.

But why, among all the sciences and arts which have been studied or mastered by the race of men from the beginning of time, should government alone stand still? Why, among all the improvements which have been brought to the human race through the generations in other fields of endeavor, should government alone tie itself to a hitching post and refuse to move with the upward procession?

By this question I am not to be understood as believing in our ad-

vocating the policy of opportunism in government; I am not suggesting that government as such should be swept off its feet or away from its moorings by every fantastic proposal that fantastic minds may create or propose.

But I do mean that any form of government that even claims to be efficient or responsive to public need must be an elastic government. It must be ready to adopt, and not afraid to adopt, experiments in the process of government just as the physician must adopt them, just as the manufacturer must adopt them, just as the great financial structure of this and every nation must now and then adopt them.

It must be willing to go up what may turn out to be blind alleys now and then. Without the courage to embark upon these political and governmental explorations and experimentations once in a while, or even constantly, government could never find its way three inches from the status quo, and the people would ultimately find themselves constrained in so immovable a strait-jacket that they would have to destroy the old order by a forceful revolution in order to establish an order and a government that could serve them by peaceful evolution.

In view of all these things, and in view of the stable quality of the American people which has been established in the century and a half of our history, it is nothing short of the silliest folly for men or women to conjure up in their frightened minds the specter of "unconstitutional revolution," the "destruction of our ancient landmarks," and "surrender to communism," or the arrival of a "dictator" marching under the banner of "goblinism."

If Thomas Jefferson, without specific constitutional authority, could purchase the whole of Louisiana, what is to prevent Franklin D. Roosevelt, under the same Constitution and without specific constitutional authority, from purchasing a few million acres of waste or unproductive lands in the public interest and for the public welfare?

If Theodore Roosevelt, without specific constitutional authority, could buy from Panama a 10-mile strip across the Isthmus of Panama and dig a canal through it for the benefit of American commerce and as an instrument of national defense, what is to prevent Congress from giving Franklin D. Roosevelt the power to make a few agreements by which some of that commerce may flow to other nations through that same canal?

If Congress has the power to regulate the freight rate on every pound of commerce that finds its way across the State lines and across the Continent by rail, water, motor or airplane; if Congress can regulate the size of cars, the length of trains, the issue of securities, the hours of service, the wages of laborers and the income of those who own these instruments of commerce, who can say that it has not the power to

regulate a stock exchange where the securities of all who have invested in these transportation agencies and all who use them are bought and sold in every city and hamlet of this Republic?

If Congress had the power to revolutionize our banking system by the passage of the Federal Reserve act, who can deny to it the power to guarantee a modicum of safety to those who entrust these banking institutions with their lifetime accumulations?

If the Federal Government has the right and the power to inspect and to pass judgment on every article of food and every drug which is consumed by the people of the United States—a power and a right which has been upheld by the only authority that can finally adjudicate it, the Supreme Court—who shall deny to that same Congress the power and the right to set up boards or commissions to enforce codes of fair practice among the manufacturers of these articles or other articles over which Congress may have regulatory power?

If the National Government can fix the hours and the compensations and the conditions of employment of those who minister to the necessities of interstate commerce through transportation, who shall say that Congress has not the power to set up the machinery or provide by legislation the conditions under which more men may work and fewer men will be without work?

If the National Government has the power to clean out a harbor or deepen a river or build a road, so that the people may go or carry what they have from place to place throughout the Nation with greater comfort, speed and efficiency, shall we deny that this same Government has the power to provide a public works program through which more commodities may be consumed and more of the facilities of life and of comfort may be obtained?

If the National Government may under the Constitution create a banking system to loan money to the people and their institutions, why may it not set up an agency of its own in an emergency to do what the banks, due to the emergency, cannot do?

If Aaron Burr could be tried and acquitted for a conspiracy to destroy the Government because of a little conference on Blennerhassetts Island in the Ohio River, cannot a few professors meet around a beefsteak at a restaurant in Washington and exchange views about "things as they are or ought to be" without sending a series of shivers of earthquake proportions up and down the spines of other professors remotely located, who hear of it around other beefsteaks also remotely located?

Those who are now directing the destinies of this Government are not seeking, directly or indirectly, to undermine the foundations of constitutional government in the United States of America. They are not seeking to fasten upon the American people any system that is un-

American or that will take away the right of the American people to pass upon the acts of their Government in the same constitutional way which has always been theirs.

But those who are directing the Government of the United States at present are trying to apply the powers contained in the American Constitution to the wise solution of the great problems which now beset the Nation in a way that will justify the flexibility and adjustability put in that document by its great framers.

It is not strange to hear able men dispute over the constitutionality of legislation or executive policies. This dispute has been in progress ever since the Nation was established and will continue so long as we are a free and intelligent people. But there is a final reservoir of authority upon the subject. It is the Supreme Court. The people trust that Court. They trust this Nation. They have confidence in themselves. They know that there is no insidious or harmful revolution that can transpire in this Nation without their consent. But they know likewise that evolution in government is as inevitable as the growth of children and of trees. They are not afraid to welcome and espouse such a growth.

Arranged by *The Washington Star* and broadcast over a nation-wide network of The National Broadcasting Company, Monday night, April 16, 1934. Compliments of *The Evening Star* and *The Sunday Star*, Washington, D.C.

ABDICATION SPEECH

H. R. H. Prince Edward

STRAIGHT TALK (OCCASIONAL SPEECH)

Possibly never before December 11, 1936, did so many millions of listeners hear a speech while it was being delivered, as heard Edward of Wales abdicate the throne of the British Empire. Throughout this volume the compiler has been careful not to evaluate manuscripts as good or bad radio. It is impossible, however, to resist calling the attention of readers to the excellent simplicity of word choice and sentence structure in the following manuscript.

ABDICATION SPEECH

H. R. H. Prince Edward

ANNOUNCER. A clock strikes off the hour—ten P.M. in London. Then come the words: "This is Windsor Castle. . . . His Royal Highness, Prince Edward. . . ."

At long last I am able to say a few words of my own. I have never wanted to withhold anything. But until now it has not been constitu-

tionally possible for me to speak. A few hours ago I discharged my last duty as King and Emperor, and now that I have been succeeded by my brother, the Duke of York, my first words must be to declare my allegiance to him. This I do with all my heart.

You all know the reason which has impelled me to renounce the throne. But I want you to understand that in making up my mind, I did not forget the Country or the Empire, which as Prince of Wales, and lately as King, I have for twenty-five years tried to serve.

But you must believe me when I tell you that I have found it impossible to carry the heavy burden of responsibility and to discharge my duties as King as I would wish to do, without the help and support of the woman I love. And I want you to know that the decision I have made has been mine and mine alone. This was a thing I had to judge entirely for myself.

The other person most nearly concerned has tried up to the last to persuade me to take a different course. I have made this, the most serious decision of my life, only upon the single thought of what would in the end be best for all.

This decision has been made less difficult for me by the sure knowledge that my brother, with his long training in the public affairs of this country and with his fine qualities, will be able to take my place forthwith without interruption or injury to the life and progress of the Empire. And he has won the matchless blessing enjoyed by so many of you and not bestowed on me, a happy home with his wife and children.

During these hard days, I have been comforted by Her Majesty, my Mother, and by my family. The Ministers of the Crown, and in particular, Mr. Baldwin, the Prime Minister, have always treated me with full consideration. There has never been any constitutional difference between me and them; and between me and Parliament.

Bred in the constitutional traditions by my Father, I should never have allowed any such issue to arise.

Ever since I was Prince of Wales, and later on when I occupied the throne, I have been treated with the greatest kindness by all classes of the people, wherever I have lived or journeyed throughout the Empire. And for that I am very grateful.

I now quit altogether public affairs and I lay down my burden. It may be some time before I return to my native land, but I shall always follow the fortunes of the British race and Empire with profound interest. And if at any time in the future I can be found of service to His Majesty in a private station, I shall not fail.

And now we all have a new King. I wish him and you, his people, happiness and prosperity with all my heart.

God bless you all. God save the King.

ITALY'S SOLEMN HOUR

Benito Mussolini

STRAIGHT TALK (OCCASIONAL)

Persuasive devices employed by speakers of all ages have not been changed by the advent of radio. Neither has the form of the occasional oration, especially when, as in the present instance, it is delivered to a present audience of considerable size. Made over a world-wide hook-up and broadcast in the United States by the National Broadcasting Company, Wednesday afternoon, October 2, 1935.

ITALY'S SOLEMN HOUR

Benito Mussolini

Black Shirts of revolution, men and women of all Italy, Italians all over the world, beyond the mountains, beyond the seas, listen. A solemn hour is about to strike in the history of the country. Twenty million Italians are at this moment gathered in the squares of all Italy. It is the greatest demonstration that human history records. Twenty million, one heart alone, one will alone, one decision.

This manifestation signifies that the tie between Italy and Fascism is perfect, absolute, unalterable. Only brains softened by puerile illusions, by sheer ignorance, can think differently because they do not know what exactly is the Fascist Italy of 1935.

For many months the wheel of destiny and of the impulse of our calm determination moves toward the goal. In these last hours the rhythm has increased and nothing can stop it now.

It is not only an army marching towards its goal, but it is 44,000,000 Italians marching in unity behind this army. Because the blackest of injustices is being attempted against them, that of taking from them their place in the sun. When in 1915 Italy threw in her fate with that of the Allies, how many cries of admiration, how many promises were heard? But, after the common victory, which cost Italy 600,000 dead, 400,000 lost, 1,000,000 wounded, when peace was being discussed around the table only the crumbs of a rich colonial booty were left for us to pick up. For thirteen years we have been patient while the circle tightened around us at the hands of those who wish to suffocate.

We have been patient with Ethiopia for forty years. It is enough now.

The League of Nations instead of recognizing the rights of Italy dares talk of sanctions, but until there is proof to the contrary I refuse to believe that the authentic people of France will join the supporting sanctions against Italy. Six thousand dead whose devotion was so heroic

that the enemy commander justly admired them, those fallen would now turn in their graves.

And until there is proof to the contrary, I refuse to believe that the authentic people of Britain will want to spill blood and send Europe into a catastrophe for the sake of a barbarian country, unworthy of ranking among civilized nations. Just the same, we cannot afford to overlook the possible developments of tomorrow.

To economic sanctions, we shall answer with our discipline, our spirit of sacrifice, our obedience. To military sanctions, we shall answer with military measures. To acts of war, we shall answer with acts of war.

A people worthy of their past and their name cannot and never will take a different stand. Let me repeat, in the most categorical manner, that the sacred pledge which I make at this moment before all the Italians gathered together today, is that I shall do everything in my power to prevent a colonial conflict from taking on the aspect and weight of a European war.

This conflict may be attractive to certain minds which hope to avenge their disintegrated temples through this new catastrophe. Never, as at this historical hour, have the people of Italy revealed such force of character and it is against this people to which mankind owes its greatest conquest, this people of heroes, of poets and saints, of navigators, of colonizers, that the world dares threaten sanctions.

Italy! Italy! entirely and universally Fascist. The Italy of the Black Shirt Revolution, rise to your feet, let the cry of your determination rise to the skies and reach our soldiers in East Africa. Let it be a comfort to those who are about to fight. Let it be an encouragement to our friends and warning to our enemies. It is the cry of Italy which goes beyond the mountains and the seas out into the great big world. It is the cry of justice and of victory.

PROCLAMATION ON ENTRY INTO AUSTRIA

Adolf Hitler

STRAIGHT TALK

Prepared by one of the most efficient education-propaganda staffs in the world, this proclamation was broadcast from all German radio stations on March 12, 1938 by Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels.

PROCLAMATION ON ENTRY INTO AUSTRIA

Adolf Hitler

Germans!

Deeply grieved, we have for years watched the fate of our German brothers in Austria. An eternal historic affiliation, dissolved only in the

year 1866, but sealed anew in the World War, always included Austria in the community of German peoples and German destiny. Sorrow inflicted on this country first from without and then from within, we feel is our own suffering just as we know that to millions of German Austrians the misfortunes of the Reich caused equal sorrow and sympathy.

When in Germany, thanks to the victory of the National Socialist idea, the nation regained its proud national consciousness of a great people, Austria began another period of great suffering and tribulation. A régime that lacked every legal mandate tried to maintain itself by brutal terror, by bodily and economic chastisement and destruction, repudiated by an overwhelming majority of the Austrian people. A great people thus lived to see the oppression of more than six million of our own descent by a numerically small minority that understood how to possess itself of the necessary force. Political outlawry and gagging, corresponding to an economic decline, stood in terrible contrast to the flourishing new life in Germany.

Who could blame these unfortunate racial comrades for turning their eyes longingly toward the Reich—toward that Germany with which their forebears had been united for so many centuries, with which they once fought shoulder to shoulder in the greatest war of all time, whose culture was their culture to which they had themselves contributed in so many domains? To suppress this sentiment would mean nothing more than the damnation of hundreds of thousands of people to the deepest soul-suffering.

For years this suffering was borne in patience, but the Reich's growing prestige raised ever firmer the determination to eliminate this oppression. Germans!

In the last few years I have tried to warn the former rulers of Austria of this, their course. Only a madman could believe that oppression and terror would permanently rob the people of their love for their hereditary nationality. The history of Europe proves that such cases only breed greater fanaticism. This fanaticism then forces the oppressors to adopt even more rigorous methods of oppression and these again only increase the horror and hatred of the afflicted.

I have further tried to convince Austria's rulers responsible for this that in the long run it is impossible for a great nation, because it is unworthy of its greatness, to be compelled to watch how a people of like nationality are being oppressed, persecuted and imprisoned only because of their origin or adhesion to their nationality or ideal.

Germany alone had to accept more than forty thousand refugees; ten thousand others have passed through prisons, jails and concentration camps of this small country. Hundreds of thousands have been reduced to beggary. They are impoverished and in misery. No nation in the world could forever tolerate such conditions along its frontiers. If it did

it would deserve no better than to be itself despised.

In the year 1936 I tried to find some way in which to offer the prospect of alleviating the tragic fate of this, our German brotherhood, and in this way, perhaps, arrive at a real conciliation. The agreement of the eleventh of July, 1936 was signed only, however, to be broken immediately. The overwhelming majority remained subjected to lawlessness; its unworthy position as pariah in this state was not improved. Whoever openly adhered to the German nation was still being persecuted, no matter whether he was National Socialist, road-worker or an old deserving army leader of the World War.

I then tried a second time to bring about an understanding. I endeavored to make the representative of this régime who faced me—as the elected leader of the German people, without legal mandate of his own—I endeavored to make him understand that these conditions were in the long run untenable since the growing indignation of the Austrian people could not forever be suppressed. I emphasized that from a certain point onward it would be unbearable for the Reich to watch such oppression in silence. For, if a solution of colonial questions is made dependent these days upon the right of self-determination on the part of the lower races concerned, then it is intolerable that six and a half million members of an old, great civilized nation should, by reason of its régime, be placed in practice below such a standard of rights.

I therefore wanted to reach a new agreement allotting the same rights, the same duties, to all Germans in that country. This agreement was made to be the fulfillment of that treaty of July 11, 1936.

A few weeks later we had to realize to our regret that the men of the Austrian government of that time had no thought of fulfilling the agreement in its essential meaning. In order to obtain an alibi for the continuous infringement of equal rights of the Austrian Germans, a plebiscite was invented, designed finally to outlaw the majority in this country. The methods of this plebiscite were to be singular. A country that had had no elections for many years, and that lacks all facilities for listing rightful voters, announces an election to take place within barely three and one-half days. There are no proper electoral lists or ballots. There is no check of the electoral body, no obligations to keep the poll secret, no guarantee of impartial conduct of the elections, no safeguard for the correct counting of the votes, etc. If these are the methods designed to lend legality to a régime, then we National Socialists in the Reich have been merely fooled for fifteen years! We have passed through one hundred election campaigns and we have toiled to conquer the assent of the German people.

When the late Reich President at last called me to head the government I was the leader of by far the strongest party in the Reich. I have since sought time and again to have the legality of my existence and my

actions confirmed by the German people, and they have confirmed it. But if the methods that Herr Schuschnigg wanted to use are correct, then our plebiscite in the Saar territory was also merely a chicanery of the people whose return to the Reich was rendered more difficult.

We are of a very different opinion, however! I think we may all be proud of the fact that on the occasion of the plebiscite in the Saar we were given the full confidence of the German people in an incontestable manner.

Against this unique attempt of an election fraud rose at last the German people in Austria themselves. And if the régime should have again tried to suppress the movement by brutal force, then the result could have been only civil war. Henceforth the German Reich will not tolerate that in this territory the Germans should still be persecuted because they belong to our nation or because they believe in personal conceptions. The Reich wants peace and order!

I have decided, therefore, to put the Reich's assistance at the disposal of millions of Germans in Austria. Since this morning there are marching across the frontiers of German-Austria the soldiers of the German forces. Armed troops, infantry divisions and S.S. Formations (*Hitler Elite Generals*) on the ground, and the Germans in the blue sky—called by the new National Socialist Government in Vienna—will constitute the guarantee that the Austrian people at last will have the possibility, within a very brief period, to hold a real plebiscite over their own future, and with it their own destiny. And behind these units stand the will and determination of the German people.

I, myself, as Fuehrer Chancellor of the German people shall be happy now to enter again, as a German and free citizen, that country that is also my homeland.

The world, however, will convince itself that the German people in Austria are living these days through hours of holiest joy and reverence. They see in their brothers' coming to their assistance their deliverers from a great distress.

Long live the National Socialist German Reich!

Long live the National Socialist German-Austria!

I RETURN

Adolf Hitler

STRAIGHT TALK (OCCASIONAL)

Translations cannot hope to illustrate style. This straight talk, made by Hitler upon his entry into Austria, is notable for the types of appeal employed. Delivered on March 12, 1938 at Linz, Upper Austria, it represents some of the best work of a man who has proved the power of radio in the formation of public opinion. Although this talk was broadcast, it is addressed to the audience which was present.

I RETURN

Adolf Hitler

I think all of you who are gathered here give, by your presence, testimony that it is not the wish of only a few to found this new Pan-Germany; but it is the will of the German people itself. It would be fine also if some of our international truth-seekers could not only see the truth here, but also recognize it.

When I once departed this city I had the same conviction that fills me today. Picture my feeling of emotion, after such long years' faith, to see it (my faith) brought to fulfillment in rapid shouts of joy—when fate called me from this city to be leader of the Reich. Then fate must have given me a commission, and it could only have been a single commission, to return my beloved Fatherland to the German Reich. I believe in this divine commission; I lived and fought for it; I believe I have now fulfilled it. And you are witnesses of it.

I do not know what day you will be called; I hope it is not far off. Then you will have to stand by your conviction. I believe I can be proud of my Fatherland before the entire German people. It must prove to the entire world that any other attempt to part this people will be in vain. Just as you then will be obliged to perform your duty for this German future, so is all Germany prepared to fulfill the obligation to you in seeing you liberated. And she begins to fulfill these obligations today.

You will see in the German soldiers who are marching in from all sections of the Reich, you will see in them fighters who are ready and willing to sacrifice everything for the entire community of German people, for the power of our Reich, for its glory.

Now and forever—Germany!

Sieg Heil!

FIRST INAUGURAL

Franklin D. Roosevelt

STRAIGHT TALK (OCCASIONAL SPEECH)

The "fireside manner" of writing for radio can be employed even for very formal occasions, as is evidenced in the First Roosevelt Inaugural Speech, delivered on March 4, 1933, broadcast over the Columbia Broadcasting System and the National Broadcasting Company.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S FIRST INAUGURAL

President Hoover, Mr. Chief Justice, my friends:

This is a day of national consecration, and I am certain that my

fellow-Americans expect that on my induction into the Presidency I will address them with a candor and a decision which the present situation of our nation impels.

This is pre-eminently the time to speak the truth, the whole truth, frankly and boldly. Nor need we shrink from honestly facing conditions in our country today. This great nation will endure as it has endured, will revive and will prosper.

So first of all let me assert my firm belief that the only thing we have to fear is fear itself—nameless, unreasoning, unjustified terror which paralyzes needed efforts to convert retreat into advance.

In every dark hour of our national life a leadership of frankness and vigor has met with that understanding and support of the people themselves which is essential to victory. I am convinced that you will again give that support to leadership in these critical days.

In such a spirit on my part and on yours we face our common difficulties. They concern, thank God, only material things. Values have shrunk to fantastic levels; taxes have risen; our ability to pay has fallen; government of all kinds is faced by serious curtailment of income; the means of exchange are frozen in the currents of trade; the withered leaves of industrial enterprise lie on every side; farmers find no markets for their produce; the savings of many years in thousands of families are gone.

More important, a host of unemployed citizens face the grim problem of existence, and an equally great number toil with little return. Only a foolish optimist can deny the dark realities of the moment.

Yet our distress comes from no failure of substance. We are stricken by no plague of locusts. Compared with the perils which our forefathers conquered because they believed and were not afraid, we have still much to be thankful for. Nature still offers her bounty and human efforts have multiplied it. Plenty is at our doorstep, but a generous use of it languishes in the very sight of the supply.

CHARGES "MONEY CHANGERS" LACK VISION

Primarily, this is because the rulers of the exchange of mankind's goods have failed through their own stubbornness and their own incompetence, have admitted their failure and abdicated. Practices of the unscrupulous money changers stand indicted in the court of public opinion, rejected by the hearts and minds of men.

True, they have tried, but their efforts have been cast in the pattern of an outworn tradition. Faced by failure of credit, they have proposed only the lending of more money.

Stripped of the lure of profit by which to induce our people to follow their false leadership, they have resorted to exhortations, pleading tear-

fully for restored confidence. They know only the rules of a generation of self-seekers.

They have no vision, and when there is no vision the people perish.

The money changers have fled from their high seats in the temple of our civilization. We may now restore that temple to the ancient truths.

The measure of the restoration lies in the extent to which we apply social values more noble than mere monetary profit.

Happiness lies not in the mere possession of money; it lies in the joy of achievement, in the thrill of creative effort.

The joy and moral stimulation of work no longer must be forgotten in the mad chase of evanescent profits. These dark days will be worth all they cost us if they teach us that our true destiny is not to be ministered unto but to minister to ourselves and to our fellow-men.

Recognition of the falsity of material wealth as the standard of success goes hand in hand with the abandonment of the false belief that public office and high political position are to be valued only by the standards of pride of place and personal profit; and there must be an end to a conduct in banking and in business which too often has given to a sacred trust the likeness of callous and selfish wrongdoing.

"CONFIDENCE THRIVES ONLY ON HONOR"

Small wonder that confidence languishes, for it thrives only on honesty, on honor, on the sacredness of obligations, on faithful protection, on unselfish performance. Without them it cannot live.

Restoration calls, however, not for changes in ethics alone. This nation asks for action, and action now.

Our greatest primary task is to put people to work. This is no un-solvable problem if we face it wisely and courageously.

It can be accomplished in part by direct recruiting by the government itself, treating the task as we would treat the emergency of a war, but at the same time, through this employment, accomplishing greatly needed projects to stimulate and reorganize the use of our natural resources.

Hand in hand with this, we must frankly recognize the overbalance of population in our industrial centres and, by engaging on a national scale in a redistribution, endeavor to provide a better use of the land for those best fitted for the land.

The task can be helped by definite efforts to raise the values of agriculture products and with this the power to purchase the output of our cities.

It can be helped by preventing realistically the tragedy of the growing loss, through foreclosure, of our small homes and our farms.

It can be helped by insistence that the Federal, State and local governments act forthwith on the demand that their cost be drastically reduced.

It can be helped by the unifying of relief activities which today are often scattered, uneconomical and unequal. It can be helped by national planning for and supervision of all forms of transportation and of communications and other utilities which have a definite public character.

There are many ways in which it can be helped, but it can never be helped merely by talking about it. We must act, and act quickly.

Finally, in our progress toward a resumption of work we require two safeguards against a return of the evils of the old order: there must be a strict supervision of all banking and credits and investments; there must be an end to speculation with other people's money, and there must be provision for an adequate but sound currency.

MUST DEAL FIRST WITH HOME EMERGENCY

These are the lines of attack. I shall presently urge upon a new Congress in special session detailed measures for their fulfillment, and I shall seek the immediate assistance of the several States.

Through this program of action we address ourselves to putting our own national house in order and making income balance outgo.

Our international trade relations, though vastly important, are, in point of time and necessity, secondary to the establishment of a sound national economy.

I favor as a practical policy the putting of first things first. I shall spare no effort to restore world trade by international economic readjustment, but the emergency at home cannot wait on that accomplishment.

The basic thought that guides these specific means of national recovery is not narrowly nationalistic.

It is the insistence, as a first consideration, upon the interdependence of the various elements in all parts of the United States—a recognition of the old and permanently important manifestation of the American spirit of the pioneer.

It is the way to recovery. It is the immediate way. It is the strongest assurance that the recovery will endure.

In the field of world policy I would dedicate this nation to the policy of the good neighbor—the neighbor who resolutely respects himself and, because he does so, respects the rights of others—the neighbor who respects his obligations and respects the sanctity of his agreements in and with a world of neighbors.

If I read the temper of our people correctly, we now realize, as we have never realized before, our interdependence on each other; that we cannot merely take, but we must give as well; that if we are to go forward we must move as a trained and loyal army willing to sacrifice for the good of a common discipline, because, without such discipline, no progress is made, no leadership becomes effective.

We are, I know, ready and willing to submit our lives and property to such discipline because it makes possible a leadership which aims at a larger good.

This I propose to offer, pledging that the larger purposes will bind upon us all a sacred obligation with a unity of duty hitherto evoked only in time of armed strife.

ACTION FEASIBLE UNDER OUR FORM OF GOVERNMENT

With this pledge taken, I assume unhesitatingly the leadership of this great army of our people, dedicated to a disciplined attack upon our common problems.

Action in this image and to this end is feasible under the form of government which we have inherited from our ancestors.

Our Constitution is so simple and practical that it is possible always to meet extraordinary needs by changes in emphasis and arrangement without loss of essential form.

That is why our constitutional system has proved itself the most superbly enduring political mechanism the modern world has produced. It has met every stress of vast expansion of territory, of foreign wars, of bitter internal strife, of world relations.

It is to be hoped that the normal balance of executive and legislative authority may be wholly adequate to meet the unprecedented task before us. But it may be that an unprecedented demand and need for undelayed action may call for temporary departure from that normal balance of public procedure.

I am prepared under my constitutional duty to recommend the measures that a stricken nation in the midst of a stricken world may require.

These measures, or such other measures as the Congress may build out of its experience and wisdom, I shall seek, within my constitutional authority, to bring to speedy adoption.

But in the event that the Congress shall fail to take one of these two courses, and in the event that the national emergency is still critical, I shall not evade the clear course of duty that will then confront me.

MAY ASK CONGRESS FOR BROAD POWER

I shall ask the Congress for the one remaining instrument to meet the crises—broad executive power to wage a war against the emergency as great as the power that would be given to me if we were in fact invaded by a foreign foe.

For the trust reposed in me I will return the courage and the devotion that befit the time. I can do no less.

We face the arduous days that lie before us in the warm courage of national unity; with the clear consciousness of seeking old and precious

moral values; with the clean satisfaction that comes from the stern performance of duty by old and young alike.

We aim at the assurance of a rounded and permanent national life.

We do not distrust the future of essential democracy. The people of the United States have not failed. In their need they have registered a mandate that they want direct, vigorous action.

They have asked for discipline and direction under leadership. They have made me the present instrument of their wishes. In the spirit of the gift I take it.

In this dedication of a nation we humbly ask the blessing of God. May He protect each and every one of us! May He guide me in the days to come!*

WELCOMING ROOSEVELT

Getulio Vargas

STRAIGHT TALK (OCCASIONAL SPEECH)

The formalities of welcomes, dedications, presentations and similar courtesies usually accompanied by speeches have not been radically altered by the radio medium. This speech of welcome was delivered by President Vargas of Brazil on November 27, 1936, early in Roosevelt's well-known South American good-will tour.

WELCOMING ROOSEVELT

Getulio Vargas

MR. PRESIDENT: For the Government and the people of Brazil your visit is a high honor and a great pleasure. In these days of uncertainty and doubt, you embody, as the Supreme Magistrate of a great American nation—by tradition friendly to Brazil—that ideal of brotherhood which has always guided both your nation and ours in their dealings with other peoples.

American-Brazilian friendship sprang from the same roots that gave us independence. Soon after our cry of freedom—"O Grito do Ypiranga"—we sent our diplomatic envoy to Washington, and immediately afterward had the pleasure of welcoming your Minister from the United States. In presenting his credentials, he even then emphasized that America would never cease to show Brazil the evidence of a cordial friendship, sincere and disinterested. And in the course of the years, in all circumstances prosperous or trying, his prophetic words have ever since been transmuted into actions that are truly exemplary.

* *The New York Times*; March 5, 1933.

The forthcoming Peace Conference, a felicitous event inspired by you, is in itself evidence of the high purposes which impel you to action in the sphere of international politics; but what lends to the calling of this conference an altogether exceptional character is the fact that, more than all else, it signifies dedication to a policy that is realistic and proper, that is backed with determination, and has been brought into being entirely by the efforts of your own Government.

Your own personal accomplishments in promoting social improvement will stand as an example to all America. While social and economic change in the life of a people is the result of a slow and laborious process, the decisive action of the individual is still a foremost factor. The main action emerges from the necessities of the situation, out of the veritable logic of circumstances, in order to further and direct the course of events. Such is the part destiny has assigned to you, a part which you have taken with noteworthy good judgment and courage, bringing to a severe economic crisis which had suddenly assailed your country a just and constructive solution fused with a profound sense of humanity.

A thinker, yet a man of action, a disseminator of ideas, social reformer, generous-minded idealist, you, Mr. President, come to this Peace Conference with your prestige enhanced by the renewed pledge of confidence given you by your people, who, of their own free will expressed in twenty-five million votes, appointed you their interpreter and guide in these hopeful hours of American history, in these clouded hours in the history of international relations.

That creative optimism which moved you in calling the nations of America together in a Continental Assembly will surely sow the seeds of an enduring understanding that will assure the tranquillity and mutual comprehension of all the countries of America, and serve as an example and stimulus to those other powers who face the dread prospect of war.

That the people and Government of Brazil are wholeheartedly in sympathy with that aim, I can at this time give absolute assurance in all sincerity, as I raise this cup to toast the well-being of yourself personally, and the success of your noble efforts in behalf of the great ideal of peace which constitutes an immutable bond between the United States and Brazil.

THE FINE ART OF LISTENING TO A RADIO CONCERT

Deems Taylor

STRAIGHT TALK

A program of several years ago, the *General Electric Circle* consisted largely of three or four talks, interspersed by music. Heywood Broun,

Hendrik Willem Van Loon, John Erskine and others were regular speakers on this program.

THE FINE ART OF LISTENING TO A RADIO CONCERT

Deems Taylor

One of the great conveniences of the radio is the fact that it gives you music for almost any occasion. If you're giving a party, you can tune in at almost any hour and get dance music. If your taste runs to more serious music, you can get symphony concerts and recitals, every evening and almost all day Sunday. But there is this difference between broadcast performances of music and actual ones. The flesh-and-blood performance takes place in its own appropriate surroundings, and creates its own mood and atmosphere. As a broadcast, of course, it cannot do this. The listener must do that work himself. There are times when music is intended to be only an accompaniment for dancing and a mild stimulus for conversation; and there are times when it must be listened to attentively if there is to be any point in listening at all.

Now this sounds pretty obvious; and yet there are thousands of radio owners who ignore it. And they are often the very ones who say, "Oh, I don't care much for radio concerts. They're not a bit like the real thing." As a matter of fact, they are often astonishingly like the real thing, if you will let them be. But if you want to listen to good music being broadcast, and get any pleasure out of it, you must take it as seriously as it is offered. Performing music is an art. But hearing music is an art, too, and one that is much neglected.

Now let us suppose that instead of sitting comfortably at home, hearing Heywood Broun talk and Theodore Webb sing, you are sitting in a hall, attending a lecture by Mr. Broun or a song recital by Mr. Webb. You dressed for the evening; you had an early dinner; you rode several blocks or several miles; you went to the box-office and bought expensive seats to hear these two great virtuosos, and now you are in your seat. The lecturer and singer come out upon the platform amid thunders of applause, and the performance begins.

BEDLAM BREAKS LOOSE

Suddenly you begin to notice queer things. The people on your left have produced a board and are playing backgammon. The man on your right is reading the sporting finals in the evening newspaper, and the woman in the seat in front is reading "Lorna Doone" aloud to her husband, who is asleep. Five little boys are playing Indians and cowboys up and down the aisle, a little girl in back of you is practicing scales on

the piano, and your companion is engaging you with a breath-taking description of the best way to make pickles.

Now what would you think of a performance like that? My guess is that you would think you had made a terrible mistake; that this was not a concert hall, but a lunatic asylum. And yet I don't exaggerate much when I say that just such a scene takes place every evening in thousands of American homes during broadcast concerts of serious music. Naturally, such broadcasts don't mean much to their hearers. If it is worth your while to tune in on a broadcast, it is worth your while to listen to it. Pick out a comfortable chair, place it as far from the radio set as you can, and directly facing the loudspeaker if possible. Turn up the volume control until the sound comfortably fills the room. Shut the doors and shut the windows, don't allow anybody into the room who isn't willing to listen, and don't let anybody talk to you or to anyone else, except during the pauses. In other words, behave exactly as you would if you had traveled and paid money to hear the concert.

And whatever you do, don't sit down with a book in your hand. Never mind providing yourself with something to do in case you should be bored. If you're bored, turn the radio off, or tune in on another station. But don't pretend to yourself that you are listening to music when you are not. The radio does expose you to a very insidious and dangerous psychological disease. If you just turn it on, as if it were the hot water, and half listen, reserving the other half of your attention for other things, you may find yourself losing the power of concentration; the power of paying undivided attention to anything, no matter how important.

Try my way sometime. The next time you listen to a broadcast song recital, symphony concert, or opera performance, make an event of it. Dress for it even. Sit down before your radio set as quietly and politely and attentively as you would sit in a concert hall; and I think you will find that if you give half as much to radio as it gives to you, you will get a great deal out of the exchange.

THE STATE OF THE NATION

The Job Ahead

Merle Thorpe

STRAIGHT TALK

As the editor of *Nation's Business*, Mr. Thorpe delivered his series of talks, *The State of the Nation*, which were almost in the nature of news commentaries. Copies of the talk were distributed to those who requested them.

THE STATE OF THE NATION

THE JOB AHEAD

Merle Thorpe

This is the last of a series of talks on *The State of the Nation*. In September I shall resume my comments on economic and political affairs. Tonight I believe it is worth while to take thought of the first phase of President Roosevelt's "New Deal" program which has been completed with the adjournment of Congress, and to consider the immediate consequences of the new legislation.

In March it was all too clear that the country was on the brink of an abyss. It is possible to believe that the President's prompt action saved the Nation from an even graver situation, and that the extraordinary powers granted to him were essential to the restoration of economic order. Whatever our opinions about the inequities and the cost of the emergency acts now in effect, it is a fact that the business upswing which set in after the banking holiday is continuing at a very encouraging pace, a cheering picture against the dreary background of the depression. The Nation's powers have long been paralyzed, and it is not strange that we should put a premium upon action and hail movement as a virtue.

Something of a wartime psychology is abroad in the land. National sentiment seems to be crystallized in the feeling that "we don't know where we're going, but we're on our way." This state of mind is no curiosity among the conservative and the responsible elements of the people. Melvin Traylor, able Chicago banker and widely mentioned presidential possibility last year, says:

"I don't know where we are going now, but I know where we were going on the night of March 3, 1933—to bankruptcy." And he added, "Whether we have surrendered the constitutional right of this country, I don't know, but until this program fails, I am going to believe, in spite of all the things about it that I do not like, that this country, in its economic, its financial and its social aspects, is warranted in trying the New Deal rather than standing in the defeatist attitude that prevailed prior to March 3. There is more security in the New Deal, whatever that deal may be, than there is in the Communism of Russia which might have been our program with the failure of the old stand-pat program in which you and I believed."

Whether we all agree with Mr. Traylor, it is obvious enough that the adjournment of the Seventy-third Congress marks a political milestone in the fulfillment of the national destiny. What has emerged from the legislative hopper is more than a grist of statutory commitments setting the country on a new course. The demonstration of the flexibility

of the Constitution and the indestructible quality of the American spirit constitute a larger contribution toward recovery.

Even a cursory examination of the new laws must impress the observer with two facts of basic importance. The first is that the relation of government to business, for the time being at least, has undergone a profound change. The second is that Congress has given the Federal Administration an extraordinary degree of latitude in the formulation of policies. Some commentators have gone so far as to regard these changes as signifying a political and economic revolution. I can conceive of no individual in the United States whose relationships are what they were four months ago.

"When the emergency is over, will America be the same?" is a question of the day. Continually the people are told that democracy is in trouble. They may seem to agree, yet they show no stomach for Fascism or Bolshevism. Willing as acceptance of new remedies may be, a broader understanding of government and a wider participation in public affairs is the only prescription enriched with the sanction of time. How to preserve the individual and foster the American ideal of self rule is a continuing problem. Perhaps no complete solution is to be obtained without the technical guidance of experts.

Now, it is readily discernible that if the framework of our economic structure is unchanged, the sustaining philosophy is no longer what it was. It is not surprising that the people are debating this new philosophy, for it touches their persons, their pocketbooks, and their property.

No one is yet able to delimit the ramifications of these new policies. The mere recital of their titular designations projects the mind to a new world of controlled economics. The heart of the President's plan for a managed recovery is dimensioned in thirteen emergency measures—the Emergency Banking Act, the Economy Act, the Beer Act, the Farm Relief Act, the Glass-Steagall Act, the Railroad Control Act, the Tennessee Valley Act, the Home Mortgage Relief Act, the Unemployment Act, the Securities Act, the Gold Clause Repeal, the State Relief Act, and the Industrial Control Bill.

In the few minutes at my disposal, it is obviously impossible to sum up the benefits expected to flow from the new measures, or to discuss the many difficulties which now face the President and his administrators. In a manner of saying, we now have laws for putting everything to rights in a topsy-turvy world. When he signed the Industrial Recovery Act, the President said that history would probably regard it as "the most important and far-reaching legislation ever enacted by the American Congress."

It is not an unfriendly commentary to suggest that history will suspend judgment until results are in evidence. Nor is it unfriendly to the pro-

gram to estimate a possible cost, in the glorification of a bureaucracy, the like of which we have never seen.

To quote the annual report of the Council of the National Civil Service Reform League, "without a single exception the new agencies of government created under the Recovery Program have been thrown open to the political spoilsman to do with as he may see fit." Too often we forget, in our zeal for a law, that no law administers itself. Legislation always carries with it the expense of taking more citizens from the productive walks of life to add to the governmental overhead. Furthermore, it is very, very easy to add to the tax payroll; it is a Herculean job to cut down such payroll. Even with the new legislation administered in a field almost wholly economic, the temptation will be great to appoint those with political qualifications. And this vice is common to all parties.

In my judgment, the success or failure of the new measures will be determined upon the quality of administration. The responsibilities placed upon the President are too heavy for the shoulders of any one man, were he the atlas of the modern world. It is in this necessity for delegation of the burden that danger lies. If the President confides his authority to unimpeachable leadership, the country will accept his selections in the faith that his intention is not to remake, but to restore America. It is fair to assume, I believe, that the President will scale his choice of lieutenants to the calibre of the great objective he has marked out for attainment. To fill the key positions with political hacks or irresponsible theorists, would scuttle the ship of state before she could leave her dock.

Those chosen to administer must be intelligent, sympathetic, patient and patriotic. They must understand the complexities, the crosscurrents, the human nature involved in our modern life. They must be sympathetic and patient in that they must listen with open minds to widely differing points of view, to conscientious believers in traditional customs and methods of barter and trade and finance; and, finally, they must be patriotic and see the national interest as a whole and be adamant against sectional, partisan and selfish advantages.

The bigger the program, the greater the effect of the mistake. This program is so big in its potentiality that the cost of mistakes will be on a similarly large scale. Mr. Roosevelt himself frankly admits that his program cannot succeed "unless it has the whole-hearted cooperation of industry, labor and every citizen of the nation."

To fill such an order will test citizenship to the full. The comprehensive quality of the legislation is at once its strength and its weakness. All our economic ills have been diagnosed and prescribed for. And the attempt to give them meaning and effect must ultimately be conditioned on their administration. Men, rather than measures, will decide the success or failure of the great experiment.

To say that the President's powers comprise a greater authority than was ever before lodged in the hands of a peace-time executive is to dimension the test of his wisdom in choosing his administrators. Of more lasting importance, he must not only deal directly with the riddle of recovery in the exercise of his prodigious trust, he must also manage to protect the national heritage—that "complex of institutions and customs, political, social, and moral, at the foundations of American life." There can be no victory that sacrifices or alters them.

It is a great day to be alive. And as the poet once said, "to be young is very Heaven," because, difficult as the future may be, never was the world more interesting. Never was opportunity in America more realistic. True, "roads which were straight have become twisted and angular. Roads which were level have taken on a ferocious incline." Every career, every occupation, every service has been forced to reappraise traditional values. The swirl of depression forces have put the American way of life to new tests. Individuals have been sacrificed. The Nation persists. Obscure heroes perform prodigies of valor unhonored and unsung. They are the unknown soldiers in the fight against fear. Business pushes on ahead of general confidence. Science sustains her beneficent magic and beckons the people to new salients of knowledge. Truth shines with a new luster under the abrasive of hard experience.

Life is stirring. Pang is matched with thrill. Stagnation cannot endure the agitation of change. Ideas are in ferment. The trend of thought and action is forward. Here is revolution as resolute as it is silent. The people have rebelled against fear. They will no longer be denied the things they want. The declaration of their needs is gradually changing the pale cast of trade statistics. The old certainties are still potent if partly dormant. The man who asks, "Is America coming back?" does not know the steadfastness of this land. The American people do not adjourn. They are constantly in session. They can always be found. They never close. They lost battles. They never lose wars.

That is my faith, and the fountainhead of my optimism.

In closing, I want to thank my listeners for the loyalty of their attention, and to acknowledge publicly the thousands of letters which have come to me in consequence of my radio talks. I count it one of the enduring satisfactions of my work that so many men and women in and out of business should think it worth while to give me their views on economic affairs. That there should be lively differences of opinion among my correspondents is natural and wholesome. It is only through the whetting of mind on mind that we grow in understanding.

My friends, the greatest need of our times is understanding. And never was there more questioning, more weighing of policies and personalities. In the last four years the principles of economics have become

a practical course of study in the lives of millions of people who once regarded the subject only as the academic bread and butter of unworldly professors. The more we regard the complexity of the Recovery Program, the more we shall be convinced that it is the understanding of the people that is going to put the job over. Isolated administrative technique, no matter how perfect, will not do it. Advisory committees, whether formed of Cabinet ministers or draftees from the workaday and the university worlds, will not do it. The people react only to what they can understand—and the way to understanding is long and hard.

That fact constitutes a challenge and an opportunity.

May we all make the most of it.

THE WORLD TODAY

The International Outlook for 1932

James G. McDonald

STRAIGHT TALK

The series, *The World Today*, was sponsored by the Foreign Policy Association, and the talks were delivered by the Chairman of that organization, Mr. McDonald. The talks were distributed by the Association. The series was very similar to *The State of the Nation* series, but the subject matter of the latter was largely restricted to affairs of the United States internally, while Mr. McDonald directed his attention to international trends. The present script was delivered on January 7, 1932.

THE WORLD TODAY

The International Outlook for 1932

James G. McDonald

NINETEEN THIRTY-TWO! What, in the international field, does it foreshadow? What possible solutions of the grave issues of 1931 will it prepare? What promise of restoration to peaceful, secure, industrious living does it hold? No one can tell, but the past is some guide to the future. For the unsolved problems of 1931, born of the stress of worldwide depression or aggravated by it, are projected into 1932. An analysis of these problems and the conditions which bred them may suggest the major trends of the next twelve months.

The year 1931 closed in deep, enveloping gloom. So unfavorable are the prospects of penetrating this haze of political and economic uncertainties, that for the first time in many years public men and industrial and financial leaders refrained on New Year's Day from filling the pages

of the newspapers with confident predictions designed to be encouraging. And it is just as well that they did, for the man on the street has been so imposed upon by the professional optimists who think that all that is needed is to keep up a show of confidence and keep down the actual facts that had they spoken again, they would have been disregarded or scoffed at with the usual scornful, "Oh, yeah?" The credulity of the common man has been exhausted by a series of quack predictions which have failed to materialize. Widespread skepticism deepens the prevailing pessimism. In this mood, men instinctively distrust good news and readily credit bad news.

But in sober truth, the immediate prospects in international relations are not reassuring. Let us glance first at the Far East. There the Japanese have just completed the military occupation of most of the vast territory of Manchuria. That conquest of the three Chinese northeastern provinces has raised more problems than it has solved. The common conviction that Japan, by this invasion, violated its obligations under the Kellogg-Briand Pact, the League of Nations Covenant, and the Nine-Power Treaty guaranteeing the territorial and administrative integrity of China, has weakened the world's faith in the Japanese government's plighted word, and has tended to shake men's confidence in the whole system of peace machinery built up so laboriously since the War.

The seriousness of these consequences is not lessened by Japan's insistence that it is seeking merely to protect its legal rights in Manchuria, and that in using force against China it is only following the practice of the Western world.

Meanwhile, China, unable to offer effective military resistance, continues its strict boycott of Japanese goods. The resulting losses to Japanese merchants are heavy. These are aggravating economic and fiscal conditions in Japan that long have been causing concern at home and abroad. The Island Empire can ill afford additional strain. Possibly these domestic exigencies may again lead Japan to adopt a policy of conciliation toward China. But such a reversal of policy will not be easy, so deeply have the feelings of the Japanese been stirred by their "crusade" in Manchuria.

South of the Great Wall, China continues to be racked by floods, famine, banditry, and civil strife. Appalling is the toll of life and property that the overflow of the great rivers has taken. More discouraging to Western friends of China have been the repeated failures of Chinese leaders to work together to create a stable government capable of exercising authority over more than a small section of the country. The Kuo-mintang, the nationalist party that has been the chief support of the central government, is disintegrating through internal dissensions. No leader appears to be able to keep the confidence of his fellows. Although it is now nearly twenty years since the Manchu Emperors were over-

thrown and a nominal republic established, there is yet only a shadow national government in Nanking. In Peking, Chang Hsueh-Liang, the young Marshal, former ruler of Manchuria, exercises authority of a sort over Northern China, while from Canton, still another government pretends to rule the South. Marching and countermarching throughout the country are, it is estimated, two million men under arms—soldiers and bandits, preying on the helpless Chinese people. It is to this distraught and chaotic China that the Japanese point for justification of their policy of imposing peace and order upon Manchuria.

In India, the political sky has suddenly become overcast with dark, ominous clouds. Some of you may recall that last week, in my talk on India, I quoted Gandhi as virtually inviting imprisonment. Already, within a week of his return, Gandhi is behind prison walls. Lord Willingdon, the Viceroy, firmly refused to discuss with Gandhi the measures taken by the government to suppress terrorism in Bengal and to counteract the "no rent" campaign in the United Provinces. This refusal was interpreted by the Hindu leader as an undeniable challenge to the independence cause; and he continued preparation for a resumption of the campaign of civil disobedience. But the government anticipated this decision and arrested him last Sunday. Gandhi might have wished to postpone this breach with the government, but that would have been very difficult for him, because it would have meant the disavowal of those Nationalist leaders who had taken the initiative to renew the struggle during his absence in London. From prison, Gandhi now appeals to all India to boycott British goods and to refuse all cooperation with the government. He pleads with his followers to avoid all violence, but clashes are inevitable. Last Monday, the first blood was spilled. That is but a beginning.

The British authorities, I understand, are confident that this time the Princes and most of the Moslems will not only remain loyal to the government but will actively oppose Gandhi's leadership. It is, therefore, expected in Delhi that the Nationalist campaign will be speedily crushed. But the struggle, if prolonged, may intensify the bitter feud between Moslems and Hindus and will disorganize the economic life of India's more than three hundred millions. What a catastrophe, if once more friendly discussion as a method of working toward self-government in India is replaced by mass conflict.

In South America, economic conditions at the beginning of 1932 are perhaps worse than in many other parts of the world. The suffering in the countries to the south of us is more acute because, as producers of only a few, undiversified raw materials—grain, livestock, and minerals—they are more completely the victims of the abnormal fall in commodity prices. In addition, their farmers, cattle raisers, and miners, like

those in our own country, are paying the penalty for large production at a time when the world is too poor to buy. For the present, at any rate, they are the nearly helpless victims of conditions beyond their control. The strain placed upon the national finances of these countries is shown by the list of South American bonds recently in default. Securities of Peru, Brazil, Chile, Bolivia, Uruguay, and Colombia have within a few months fallen into arrears. Nor is there much likelihood of considerable improvement until world conditions improve. The farmer, whether in Argentina or in Kansas, who produces for export, is dependent upon the world market for the price of his own bootstraps. South American prosperity, therefore, and political stability, too, waits upon prosperity elsewhere.

In Europe, the new year is being greeted with mixed feelings. No upward trends are clearly visible. Soviet Russia is the one large country that boasts of no unemployment. But efforts to keep up to the schedule of the Five-Year Plan are straining the resources of the State. No energy is left for foreign adventures, nor have the Communist authorities any desire now to indulge in diplomatic maneuvers. Their foreign policy might be summed up in a single phrase, "Peace at any price!" This, of course, does not mean that Stalin and his associates have suddenly turned pacifist. It means they see clearly that they must not permit themselves to become embroiled even in a small war. The possibilities of success for the Five-Year Plan are completely dependent upon the maintenance of peace. That, at least, is one encouraging fact as the curtain rises in 1932 on the European scene.

In Southeastern Europe, predominantly agricultural, the depression is still weighing heavily upon the people. All of the attempts, either through the League of Nations or M. Briand's proposal for a European union, to ease the financial position of the peasants of the Balkan States and Poland, have had only meager results. Agrarian revival in those regions, as in South America and the United States, waits on world recovery.

However, in their international relations, the Balkan States have made progress. They now begin to see the futility of perpetuating traditional feuds, and recognize the necessity for cooperation. The much-discussed Danubian federation to unite all of these countries with Austria and Hungary in a loose economic body, is still only an aspiration of far-seeing statesmen. But happily, the Balkans have ceased to be the cockpit of Europe. Indeed, such a leader as Venizelos in Greece will this year, if one may judge by his recent record, give lessons to the statesmen of the great powers in the fine art of international conciliation.

In Central Europe, Germany remains a question mark, fraught with deep significance for the whole world. If the Reich and its creditors do

not agree within the next few months on an equitable readjustment of Germany's reparation and private obligations, 1932 may be so dark as to extinguish any hope of world recovery in the near future. But if a workable settlement of Germany's foreign obligation is reached promptly, much of the danger of a wide-spread financial collapse this year will have been averted.

Great Britain, under its recently organized National government, faces 1932 with increased confidence. The protectionists have high hopes that the emergency tariff will stimulate British industry and prepare the way to increased trade within the empire. But these expectations are likely to be disappointed. Already reprisals on the European Continent are adversely affecting English exports. Moreover, the revival in India of the Nationalist boycott of British goods will further depress the textile industry of Manchester. The English people are traveling a difficult road, for, as a nation of manufacturers and merchants, they depend for their well-being on a world prosperous and at peace.

France, too, is beginning to learn that it is economically part of a sorely stricken international community. The reactionary French press continues in flaunting headlines to demand for their country the enforcement of the full measure of its claims against Germany. But French statesmen know that such a policy would wreck Germany and demoralize Europe. In the resulting chaos, France could not escape punishment. The figures of declining French foreign trade, mounting taxation, and increasing unemployment are visible proofs that France, in its own interest, must seek a genuine accord with its neighbor across the Rhine.

The world as a whole has inherited from 1931 two common problems: the depression and the feeling of national insecurity. These two are much more closely related than is apparent. The dislocation of the world's industry, agriculture, and trade continues, of course, not as a result of a single cause, but of a combination of forces. A fundamental factor in preventing recovery is the ever-present feeling of political insecurity, the dread possibility of war. Why do nations keep on piling up armaments despite critically unbalanced budgets? Not for love of such wasteful expenditures, which this year will total about \$5,000,000,000; but because not one of the nations is yet willing to trust its security to the guarantees of treaties and the peace machinery of the world. It is fear that makes France unwilling to let Germany be freed from its war-time obligations and enabled to develop. Thus it is fear that prevents the nations from adopting rational measures for recovery.

The supreme task of statesmen this New Year is to banish that fear. Perhaps you think there can be no guarantee of absolute security. I agree. No one can be sure that war can be eliminated. But I am confident that, if it is not, then the blind forces of nationalism, the fear of war,

and eventually war itself, utilizing modern science, will destroy us.

Is this pessimism? Perhaps. But it is also realism. This is not a time for the foolish optimism that cries, "If only we face the future cheerfully, all will be well." The time calls for frank facing of the facts. We live in a world that has become a small, tightly knit community. All intelligent men admit the fact of world economic interdependence. Its corollary, political interdependence, which our politicians deny, is just as real, and we in the United States must accept that fact and its implications. We must act with the rest of the world in building up international political relationships that will correspond to the realities of modern international economic life. Without our cooperation, there is no chance of success. With our cooperation, the work can go on.

Broadcast every Thursday evening over WEAJ and stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company.

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FORD SUNDAY EVENING HOUR

Is Christmas Over?

W. J. Cameron

STRAIGHT TALK

The *Ford Sunday Evening Hour* is a concert program. Usually, however, a talk is given by Mr. Cameron some time during the program. Such commercially-sponsored talks are becoming more frequent. In the case of the Ford talks, copies are distributed by the Ford Motor Company. The present one was delivered December 27, 1936.

IS CHRISTMAS OVER?*

W. J. CAMERON

"Thank goodness, Christmas is over." said a voice. It may be many voices said it, women's and men's voices too, *but not this year*. We are so glad of any rainbow arched above our storms, glad of any sign that the beautiful things of life remain, that this year we cling to them more humbly grateful than in our prouder days. And deeper still, perhaps subconsciously, we know that Christmas is never over, any more than immortality is quenched when the Easter lilies fade. Is American In-

* Number 15 of the 1936-37 Series broadcast over the Nation-Wide Network of the Columbia Broadcasting System from Detroit. FORD MOTOR COMPANY, Dearborn, Michigan.

dependence over when the last Fourth of July rocket dies in the darkness? Independence ascends stage by stage, from its infancy in political freedom, on toward a vigorous youth of material and economic emancipation, while the Delectable Mountains of the future beckon us to a national maturity of moral liberty and social redemption. All our great days are birthdays, signifying that something is born that goes on and on, and does not die.

To say on the 26th of December that "Christmas is over" is like a false note uttered or heard. If Christmas were a date on the calendar—yes; but Christmas is the promise and the potency of things to come. The proper post-Christmas word, after the gifting and feasting, is not "it is over," but "it is come."

There has been only one Christmas—the rest are anniversaries—and it is not over yet. One cattle shed could house all the people who knew of that First Christmas, and now whole nations, peoples of all creeds and tongues feel the compulsions of the time. Commerce is jostled by it. Industry is regulated by it. Great forests bow to it. The adult world and the child world are most profoundly affected by it. Families broken by death are united again in sacred memories, and families yet unbroken are drawn to Christmas reunions from the ends of the earth. Banks, railways, post offices, universities, prisons, armies are obedient to its sway. It does not pass, it grows.

A cattle manger was sufficient service that First Christmas. Now it has grown into hospitals, and refugees for children, and schools, and myriad works of mercy and enlightenment, ranging in ever-widening circles through the world; and from these have flowed the sciences and social insight and good will that steadily beat back the frontiers of ignorance, evil and distress. Beginning like a silver rill, that First Christmas has flowed through lurid ages and dark ages, through centuries of renaissance and generations of discovery, broadening as it ran, until now its oceanic waters touch every shore and every interest of mankind. Is that Christmas over?

We often note with cynical smile that after 19 centuries of "Peace on earth," nations still hear the war drums, and after 19 centuries of "Good will to men" social strife of every sort prevails. The cynic rightly takes Christmas as his standard; cynicism is the tribute he pays to that white light. How else could our follies be so starkly outlined? How else, except as that light grows steadily brighter and more deeply therapeutic, could we hope that these baleful shadows of evil will finally be driven away? These are undesigned testimony that Christmas is not over, but is a rising and continuous counter-force in human affairs.

For Christmas is not a sentiment, but a power let loose, and an authority. It is not the regnancy of right in human life. But what Right

is, we are not always wise enough to know. Therefore, a little wicket-gate is opened for us that we may enter the mighty realm of Right, and the name of that gate is Good Will. And even with good will we may sometimes make mistakes, but such mistakes have this advantage—they always leave us nearer *the right way* than the mistakes of ill will do. Every purpose begotten of ill will has the cosmic warning "No Thoroughfare" written on it; we can't go through on that line. We have come thus far along our pilgrim road by good will only, for that and that alone connects us with the vital power that makes for righteousness and progress. There is no progress without righteousness, and good will is its dawning ray.

Is Christmas over? Why!—Christmas is only beginning.

CONTENTED HOUR

The Dionne Quintuplets

Allan Roy Dafoe

STRAIGHT TALK

As a further example of the commercially-sponsored talk within a musical program is this talk by Dr. Dafoe. Permission for publication kindly granted by Carnation Company, by G. S. Thompson.

CONTENTED HOUR

Advertiser: Carnation Company

Time: 9:00-9:30 P.M. E.S.T.

Date: July 20, 1936

Day: Monday

(*Music: "Wait Till the Cows Come Home" . . . Moos . . . Quartet & Orchestra*)

PELLETIER. The Carnation *Contented Hour*, presenting a distinguished group of musicians, and in a few minutes, a distinguished speaker. Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe will talk to us from Toronto, telling us more about the Dionne Quintuplets. (*Pause*) But first we have a musical interlude, opening with that bright and breezy march, "The Military Man," from Shirley Temple's latest picture.

(*Music: "Military Man" . . . Orchestra & Quartet*)

(*Music: Introduction to "Huguette" Waltz*)

PELLETIER. (*Against music*) A beautiful waltz by a master of that ever-popular rhythm. It's Rudolph Friml's "Huguette" waltz, from the "Vagabond King."

(*Music: "Huguette" Waltz . . . Orchestra*)

(*Music: Introduction to "Sweetest Story Ever Told"*)

PELLETIER. (*Against music*) Some stories may weary by their repetition—but not the “Sweetest Story Ever Told.” A duet by Opal Craven and Cyril Pitts.

(*Music: “Sweetest Story Ever Told” . . . Pitts and Craven*)

(*Music: Chimes and musical background*)

PELLETIER. (*Against music*) Swiftly move the hands on our “Contented Hour” clock. It’s Lullaby Time already, but instead of a Lullaby tonight, three children are going to sing a little French song that *all* children love. It’s a song, we’re told, that the *Dionne Quintuplets* are learning now. As you listen, picture in your mind those five little babies in Callander, Ontario, as *they* will be in just a year or two, with their happy childish voices singing “Frere Jacques”—Little Brother Jack, who won’t get up when the school bell rings Ding, Dong, Ding.

(*Music: “Frere Jacques” . . . Five children’s voices*)

PELLETIER. All of us who had the pleasure of listening to the talk, on a recent “Contented Hour,” by Dr. Allan Roy Dafeo will, I know, welcome him with doubled interest tonight. This famous man, known throughout the world as the “Country Doctor,” is going to tell us more about those fascinating babies, the *Dionne Quintuplets*. Toronto, Canada, is standing by, and in just a moment you will hear the voice of *Carnation’s* distinguished guest. . . . *Dr. Dafeo*.

DR. DAFOE. I am glad to be here again, to greet all you friends of the *Dionne Quintuplets*. And I am happy to report that when I left them in Callander last night, to come to Toronto for this broadcast, they were in the best of spirits.

In fact, they are so full of energy that sometimes they almost start a riot. But their nurses don’t mind. They are marvels of patience—and patience is the only form of discipline they use. They know that a baby can’t understand a spanking any more than a puppy can understand a whipping. *Fear* does not educate. People speak of “breaking” animals . . . and that is bad enough. But who wants to break a baby? I’ll tell you an instance from the *Quintuplet’s* nursery. One of the little girls discovered that hurling a wooden block at the nursery windows caused an amusing clatter of broken glass. Her sisters agreed that it was a splendid idea. They *all* started throwing blocks . . . and the windows soon looked as if a hailstorm had passed that way. Now . . . I ask *any* mother . . . how can you teach a two-year-old not to break things? No, all you can do is to remove the opportunity. So we replaced the broken windows, and the few that had escaped, with *shatter-proof glass!* Opportunity removed . . . so no more blocks thrown at windows!

But there are many lessons that the *Quintuplets* are learning *now*. One of the most important is the necessity of accepting the food that is put before them. Naturally, the first consideration is the food itself . . .

but a correct diet is not such a difficult problem. Any mother can solve it if she will only follow her family doctor's advice. I didn't start out to be a baby specialist—but keeping up with the Quintuplets has taught me what foods they need. And that is what they get!

If they won't eat, the nurses never coax, never try to force unwanted food between unwilling lips. If Yvonne refuses her porridge at supper, she gets her way. But remember this . . . her porridge is *quietly removed*, and nothing replaces it. Yvonne waits for the next course, while her sisters scrape their bowls to the bottom. The *next* night, probably, Yvonne will eat her porridge and *like* it.

There is one warning to keep in mind. If the food is *unappetizing* you can't blame the baby. And you may build up a dislike for that particular food, and permanently deprive the baby of a needed article of diet.

I am happy to say that proper diet is doing wonders for the Quintuplets. Their bones are straight and strong, and they have fine teeth. Fifteen apiece is the latest count, I believe. The Quintuplets, you know, were seven months' babies, but the sturdy inheritance derived from their parents, with the right food, and plenty of sunshine and fresh air, have overcome that early handicap.

Every day these babies grow more attractive. I wish you could see them when they get new dresses. They run to me, patting their finery, just as little girls have done since time began. Yes, I'm sure the Quintuplets are as happy as they are well. Their parents may come to see them every day—and pick them up and play with them. And we are making plans to let them have other little girls and boys as playmates.

Sometimes I wonder whether the Quintuplets aren't all going to turn out to be musicians or dancers. They are devoted to their mouth organs, and to the phonograph that plays little French songs for them, and they bob and curtsy in imitation of their nurse, as she sings quaint rhymes and accompanies them with old-fashioned dance steps. But I see my time is up. There is so much to tell about the Quintuplets, that I am glad that I am to have another opportunity very soon for a third chat with our "Contented Hour" friends. Good night to you all.

PELLETIER. Thank you, Dr. Dafoe. Your genial personality has traversed thousands of miles of ether, reaching old friends, making new ones, and convincing us all, once more, that the Dionne Quintuplets were lucky babies, indeed, to find, awaiting their arrival in far-off Northern Ontario, a man who has added new luster to the honorable calling of *Country Doctor*. (Pause) We shall hear Dr. Dafoe again soon, in the third talk in this series. The date will be announced on an early program.

(*Music: Introduction to "Band from Cartoon Land"*)

PELLETIER. (*Against music*) The Quartet has a song for the youngsters that's as much fun for the *oldsters* as taking the children to the circus . . . "The Band from Cartoon Land."

(*Music: "Band from Cartoon Land" . . . Quartet*)

(*Music: Introduction to "Bacchanale"*)

PELLETIER. (*Against music*) A masterpiece of descriptive music by the French composer, Saint-Saens. In the Temple of Dagon, Delilah and her maidens taunt the blinded Samson with a frenzied Oriental dance . . . till he, made strong again, crashes the pillars down upon them all. . . . The "Bacchanale" from the opera "Samson and Delilah," presented by the Carnation concert orchestra under the direction of Morgan Eastman.

(*Music: "Bacchanale" (Fr. "Samson and Delilah") . . . Orchestra*)

PELLETIER. As we heard Dr. Dafoe tonight, I couldn't help thinking of the tremendous hazards of those dramatic early days of the Dionne Quintuplets. What a slender hold on life they had! Of course, after a few months, the situation was not so critical. Money was available, and trained assistance—and there was time to seek out and obtain *the best of everything* to safeguard the future for those five little babies. You can realize what a compliment it was to Carnation Milk . . . that it should have been chosen as the Quintuplets' *only* milk when they were just five months old! And that was nearly two years ago—but the Quintuplets are *still* getting their Irradiated Carnation Milk. The qualities that have made this milk so valuable in the feeding of the world's most famous babies have long been recognized by baby specialists everywhere. Irradiated Carnation Milk has been accepted by the American Medical Association's Committee on Foods. And countless mothers of healthy, contented babies have learned to put their trust in the purity and safety . . . the nourishing goodness . . . and the ready digestibility of Irradiated Carnation Milk . . . and not merely for babies, but for *every use* in the home.

(*Music: Introduction to "Auf Wiedersehen"*)

PELLETIER. (*Against music*) Our Quartet and the Carnation orchestra present a beautiful arrangement of Sigmund Romberg's song, "Auf Wiedersehen" from "Blue Paradise."

(*Music: "Auf Wiedersehen" . . . Six voices and orchestra*)

(*Applause*)

(*Music: Background*)

PELLETIER. (*Against music*) Eighty-eight years ago yesterday, as our Contentment Calendar recalls, the first Women's Rights Convention met at Seneca Falls, New York. Brave women those delegates were—brave they had to be, to face the ridicule heaped upon them and their leaders, Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Yet all they asked was a

privilege which, twelve years before, Abraham Lincoln had said was the rightful due of *all* who helped to bear the burdens of the government. (*Pause*) Who questions that right today? We accept it as a matter of course. We've almost forgotten that it wasn't till 1920—seventy-two long years—when *women who wouldn't give up* secured the ratification of the 19th amendment to the Constitution of the United States—known as the Susan B. Anthony Amendment. (*Pause*) Contentment comes when the battle's won—but true contentment remembers the sacrifices of those who bore the brunt. (*Pause*) So ends another "Contented Hour." Will you join us again next Monday at this time? Till then, your announcer, Vincent Pelletier, speaking for the Carnation Company, wishes you good night—and contentment.

(*Music: "Contented" . . . Pitts and orchestra*)

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

CHRISTMAS PUPPIES

Albert Payson Terhune

STRAIGHT TALK

Taking advantage of the season of the year, Mr. Terhune delivered this talk on the *General Electric Circle* (See page 196) on December 14, 1932. Hobby talks, and especially dog talks, have been very common in radio during the past year or two. This talk was published in the *General Electric Circle Bulletin* for December 20, 1932 under the caption "Terhune Talks to Dog Lovers."

CHRISTMAS PUPPIES

Albert Payson Terhune

I wonder if you know how many puppies are bought every December to be given away as Christmas presents? It runs up high into the thousands. For a puppy is one of the most popular of all Christmas gifts.

And this is one time of the year when I refuse to sell a puppy for any price. I don't make my living that way; and I don't want a dog of mine to be a Christmas present. In a good many such cases it would be more merciful to shoot him.

In the first place, it takes two persons to complete the giving of the present: the person who gives it and the person who receives it. Christmas is the most glorious time of the whole year, and most of its gifts are blessed. But some aren't.

When you get a Christmas present you don't like, all you have to do, as a rule, is to stick it away somewhere, out of sight, and forget all about

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it; or else pass it on to somebody else who doesn't want it any more than you do. It's very simple.

But you can't do that with a Christmas puppy. That's why I'm talking to you about such puppies. They are a bit of a problem. When the problem can't be solved, it is the pup that does the suffering.

FIND OUT BEFOREHAND

Before you decide to give anyone a dog for Christmas, find out beyond all possible doubt whether or not that person wants a dog. Also find out if he or she has the right kind of living quarters for a dog, and especially if the recipient knows how to take care of a dog.

If you can't get a 100% YES to these questions, then you are harming the person you give the dog to; and you are doing cruel harm to the dog. It's the dog, not the recipient, that I'm talking about now.

There are lots of people who don't care enough about dogs to own one. There are more people who haven't room in their homes for a dog, and where such a gift would only mean trouble. There are still more people who haven't the slightest idea how to take care of a dog or to make a chum of him.

Now, if any of those people receive a dog for Christmas, they won't be in the least grateful to the giver. And it will be the dog that does the suffering. He will be neglected or he will be ill-treated. Possibly he will be passed along to other people who don't want him. Possibly he'll be cast adrift.

None of those things is a pleasant fate for a fluffy and friendly puppy. Why put a smear on the white glory of Christmas by causing a harmless animal to suffer?

A CHRISTMAS WAIF

One Christmas afternoon, some years ago, I went for a cross-country hike, to walk down my dinner. On my way back I came toward a highway, just in time to see a car stop. Someone in it leaned over and tossed into the road a roly-poly little dog. By the time the puppy struck the ground, the car was on its way again, traveling fast.

The jar of the fall must have hurt the puppy. But he was too brave to yelp. He set out at full speed to try to overtake the car. Evidently he thought the desertion had been an accident and that it was his duty to catch up with these new owners of his. He galloped like an excited rocking-horse on his fat little legs.

BEWILDERED AND HALF-FROZEN

But presently the car was out of sight. Other cars whizzed past, in both directions, one or two of them almost running over the lost puppy. At last he sat down in the middle of the road, panting and bewildered.

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icy cold. A keen wind was blowing. Snow was be-
lie puppy was half-frozen.

ack a big red Christmas ribbon was still tied. From it
er of the giver's card. The rest of the card had been
vent identification.

came out into the road, barely in time to snatch up the
shive. The dog from the path of a fast-moving truck. I tucked him
into the front of my hunting shirt and took him home to Sunnybank.
There he lived happily until his death of old age.

By a lucky chance I had been able to save one unfortunate Christmas
puppy. But there are thousands of them that can be saved only by not
giving them to the wrong people. Think it over.

A SALAD THAT WILL HELP REDUCE

Madame Sylvia

STRAIGHT TALK

Recipes, household hints, talks on care of the body and similar sub-
jects classify usually as straight talks. This recipe was given on the *Gen-
eral Electric Circle* on June 3, 1932 and published in the G-E Circle
Bulletin of June 7, 1932.

A SALAD THAT WILL HELP YOU REDUCE

Madame Sylvia

How would you like to cut down your household expenses to less
than one-half? You see, my idea with my reducing talks over the radio
is to make you so slender and gloriously happy that you will simply
have to spend some money on new clothes to fit your new figure; so
you have to cut down expenses on something else—and that will be
your food bill.

Well, there is no time like the summer to start on a diet, when you
just naturally don't need so much food in your system. You can get
along for luncheon almost entirely on salads, and you'll feel one hun-
dred per cent healthy, and you'll be surprised how quickly the fat will
roll right off.

Of course, when you start to reduce, you must be very careful that
you don't starve yourself. You must build yourself up. Remember, even
though you don't need so much meat and heavy food in the summer,
there are certain food elements that your body has to have to keep go-
ing. And that is why, in summer, I always prescribe a special reducing
salad.

There is a lot more to this particular salad than you can see when it comes to your place at the table. Food minerals are there that build new tissue for the tissue that has been broken down during the long winter. They renew the blood stream, and give the human machine the best oil possible. And the raw vegetables and fruits in it give the body roughage for proper elimination.

That is just a rough idea behind my reducing salad. It gives you all the bulk your stomach demands, so that you will never feel hungry, and if you are not in the best of health, it surely will nourish you back to a perfect condition.

It is remarkable how many people, and especially men, do not care for raw vegetables and fruits.

In Hollywood I had to implore the male stars, especially the bachelors, to eat them; and finally I had to demand that they eat them in my presence.

This always amused Ronald Colman, because he took his treatment early in the morning, and was out of my sight by lunch time. But he said, "I can assure you, Sylvia, that I eat my salad, even if you're not around." And he certainly did. He kept himself in wonderful condition.

At one time it appeared to me that Warner Baxter was eating too much heavy food, and when I gave him my reducing salad I simply couldn't get him to eat it. I think the mere fact that this was for reducing made him think that he wouldn't like it. So finally I talked it all over with his wife, and she cooperated with me wonderfully. She said, "Don't worry, Sylvia dear, I'll get him to eat it, all right!" So one very hot day she served it as a surprise, and the salad was ice cold, and very appetizing. And did he eat it? Well, I will say he did.

This is the salad. You line your bowl with crisp lettuce leaves. Then you pour into this a mixture of grated apples, grated celery, raw carrots cut up very small, and a few chopped-up green scallions. Let this stand in your refrigerator until it is ice cold. Then serve it on individual plates, with a thin slice of cream cheese on top, a little paprika sprinkled over it, and one spoonful of mineral oil dressing.

You will be surprised how delicious this is. But you must serve it very, very cold. Try this for luncheon every day for a while—and it will not only reduce you, but it will build up your system and give you back your health at the same time. For I sincerely believe that a fat person is not healthy—and everybody knows she is mighty uncomfortable.

I want to give you a recipe for the reducing salad dressing. Now, don't be afraid because I call it "reducing" dressing. It is delicious, and all your guests will tell you it's a tasty dressing.

Here it is:

You take one table-spoon of mineral oil, three tablespoons of lemon

juice, two tablespoons of ketchup, one teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce, the juice of a small onion, a dash of celery salt, and a dash of paprika. Shake well, and there is your salad dressing.

Now it's time to say good-bye for today. Next week I'll give you a reducing exercise for women whose work or leisure requires them to spend a good deal of time sitting down. And if you have any more problems, I would be glad to take them up.

NBC HOME SYMPHONY

Straight Talk with Audience Participation Programs, such as those of Walter Damrosch and Dr. Maddy, in which music is taught, can classify not only as Straight Talks with Audience Participation, but also as Demonstrations (see Introduction). Permission for publication kindly granted by the National Broadcasting Company by L. H. Titterton.

NBC HOME SYMPHONY*

Station: WJZ

Time: 6:35-7:00 P.M.

Date: Jan. 2

Day: Saturday

(Tuning Bell: 3 Strokes)

ANNOUNCER. The National Broadcasting Company presents the second series of participation programs by the NBC Home Symphony, under the direction of Ernest La Prade. These broadcasts are planned, with the cooperation of the Music Educators National Conference, to enable you to enjoy in your own home the experience of playing orchestral music by the great composers. The compositions included in these programs have been selected from the National Orchestra Contest list, and comprise many of the required numbers for the 1937 State and National Contests. Instrumental parts for use by participants may be obtained in a special edition, either from your local music dealer or, if your dealer is unable to supply them, by sending your order to the NBC Home Symphony, RCA Building, New York City. Prices of music materials are contained in the program list for Series Two, which will be mailed to any interested listener on request. Now we present your conductor, Ernest La Prade.

LA PRADE. Here we are at the beginning of a new year—and also at the beginning of a new series of Home Symphony programs. We're about to embark on the exploration of a number of new compositions—new, at least, to this series—and I sincerely hope we are going to discover new pleasures and new satisfactions in the course of the next

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ten weeks. There's one old thing, though, that I hope we'll always keep—our conviction that music is fun.

In Scotland, I've been told, there's an ancient law—still on the statute books—which classes musicians as "rogues and vagabonds." But I don't think we need feel too badly about that, because everybody knows that rogues and vagabonds have more fun than respectable folks. At any rate, we musical vagabonds enjoy ourselves harmoniously. We even take the trouble to make sure that we're all in perfect accord before we begin our revels.

(Tuning Bell: 3 Strokes)

LA PRADE. Now we'll proceed with our roguish festivities. They begin this evening in a rather dignified fashion—with a majestic Saraband by Handel—No. 3 . . . in book 2—the gray book. . . . This Saraband is so stately that you may overlook its vagabondish character, unless you recall that back in the Sixteenth Century the saraband was considered a very undignified dance. However, by the time Handel wrote this one, in the Eighteenth Century, it had become quite respectable . . . so perhaps there's hope for us musicians too.

There's nothing at all difficult about this piece. We shall play it exactly as printed—with both repeats. The count is three, and the metronome will give us two preparatory measures . . . six beats. Attention . . . Ready . . .

(Start Metronome $\frac{3}{4}$. . . at . . . 60)

(Saraband Handel)

LA PRADE. Now we take up a new symphony . . . the famous G Minor Symphony of Mozart. You'll find it in the gray book—No. 6. . . . This symphony, you know was one of the last three written by Mozart, and it's generally regarded not only as one of his greatest works but also as one of the most emotional compositions of its period. Mozart's symphonies are mostly bright and cheerful—concerned chiefly with the beauty of musical sounds woven together with the art of a genius. But in this one he seems to have let down the barriers between art and life, and we find in it—particularly in the last movement—a reflection of the trials and tribulations he was undergoing at the time it was written.

The first movement offers no very hard problems in the matter of ensemble. There are only two places where the tempo varies to any important degree. One is at Letter E, where it goes a trifle slower for six measures, resuming the original tempo at the seventh measure after E. Then there's another *meno mosso* fifteen measures before the end. That continues for eight measures, and the last seven measures are *in tempo*.

Now we'll play a few bars of the beginning, to show you how it goes. Listen:

(First 20 Measures of G Minor Symphony. Mozart)

LA PRADE. That's the tempo. We'll all play it now without the repeat. The count is two, and the metronome will give us two measures—four beats.

Attention . . . Ready . . .

(Start Metronome 2/2 at 120)

(First Movement of Symphony in G Minor.Mozart)

LA PRADE. Next we have a vocal solo . . . the Lullaby of Brahms—No. 4 in the gray book . . . our soloist is a singer whom you've all heard many times on the air—never, I venture to say, without keen enjoyment; and I'm sure you're going to enjoy even more the privilege of accompanying her in this celebrated cradle song. Her name is Carol Deis. No special instructions are necessary—except to be sure to listen to Miss Deis as you play. If you can't hear her voice above your accompaniment, it won't be Miss Deis' fault. And it won't be her fault if you fail to keep with her. The accompaniment must follow the soloist—and it must also be in tune—so let's hear the "A" again.

(Tuning Bell: 3 Strokes)

Now, the count is three, and the metronome gives us two measures. We begin on the *second* half of the *third* beat in the *second* measure. That sounds rather mathematical but we can do it. Attention . . . ready . . .

(Start Metronome 3/4 at 76)

(Lullaby.Brahms)

LA PRADE. Now we revert to the book for Series One—to renew our acquaintance with the Andante Cantabile from Beethoven's First Symphony . . . It's No. 4—in the blue book. . . . Judging by the number of votes that were cast for this movement last week, a lot of you will welcome a chance to play it again. I'm sure all the second violins voted for it. If they didn't they should have, because they don't often have such an opportunity to distinguish themselves. Now, second violins, we're depending on you. You remember, we do not make the repeat. The count is three, and the metronome gives you one full measure and two beats by way of warning—so you begin on the third beat of the second measure.

Attention . . . Ready . . .

(Start Metronome 3/4 at 104)

(Andante from Symphony No. 1.Beethoven)

LA PRADE. That's all for this evening. The Rogues and Vagabonds will assemble again at the usual time next Saturday, when the chief business of the meeting will be the second movement of the Mozart Symphony.

(Signature.)

ANNOUNCER. This concludes the first broadcast in Series Two of NBC Home Symphony programs, presented for your enjoyment through active participation. Your soloist today was Carol Deis, and your conductor, Ernest La Prade. Full information regarding this series, its future programs, the method of participation and prices of music materials may be obtained by writing to the NBC Home Symphony, RCA Building, New York City. Instrumental parts for use by participants are available in a special edition at your local music dealer's—or, if your dealer cannot supply them, you may send your order to the NBC Home Symphony, RCA Building, New York City.

For the information of new participants we should like to explain that the music books for Series Two do not contain all of the compositions to be played in these ten programs. The remainder will be found in the books for Series One, which are available from the same sources as the books for Series Two.

The NBC Home Symphony is a Blue Network educational feature of the National Broadcasting Company, RCA Building, Radio City.

GRUB STREET PROGRAM

David Ross and T. S. Stribling

INTERVIEW

The *Grub Street Program*, sponsored by the Literary Guild of America, was a series of talks and interviews concerning books. Some of their programs classified as book reviews, but many of them were, as this one, personality interviews.

GRUB STREET PROGRAM

David Ross and T. S. Stribling

MR. ROSS. I dislike to be obvious, Mr. Stribling, but faced with a Pulitzer Prize winner there is one question that I can hardly avoid asking—how does it feel to have written the best novel of the year?

MR. STRIBLING. I don't know how it feels to have written the best novel of the year, but it makes an author very happy for the Pulitzer judges to think that he has.

MR. ROSS. "The Store," I understand is the second volume of a trilogy. Is it fair to suppose that you are working on a third?

MR. STRIBLING. Certainly, Mr. Ross.

MR. ROSS. What do you do when you first set out to write a novel?

MR. STRIBLING. I first get a rough outline of the action and thought of my novel, and then I write out in detail how many stories I am going to tell. Each of the novels in my trilogy contains the love affairs of four or five pairs of lovers. One English critic said that he counted fifty-six different stories in one of these books, but I do not really believe that there are that many. However, I do use several in each book. Besides the principal narratives, I allude to other subsidiary stories, and then I have the problem of plaiting all these different strands together to form one smoothly flowing narrative. That is one phase of the work I am doing now. The other is that when I write my outline, I find there are places and facts concerning my actors and my action with which I am not familiar, so I try to fill up these gaps in my information. Then when I finally come to write, I do not have to stop and hunt up material. That is very necessary, because I do my research in New York and my writing in Tennessee, and I would have to stop writing and come clear up to New York just to find out something or other.

MR. ROSS. Would you mind telling me just what you have been looking up and reading here in New York?

MR. STRIBLING. Well, theology for one thing. I have spent a good part of the winter here in the Union Seminary of Columbia University reading theology.

MR. ROSS. Is your next novel going to be about theology?

MR. STRIBLING. Not if I expect anyone to read it, and I hope it will be read.

MR. ROSS. Then why read theology?

MR. STRIBLING. Because I have introduced a minister into my next novel, and I wanted to know something of the intellectual background of a modern minister.

MR. ROSS. Is this minister a character already mentioned in "The Store"?

MR. STRIBLING. Yes. He is young Jerry Catlin, who has grown up in this third book.

MR. ROSS. You surprise me. In your current story, young Jerry Catlin boasts that he is a skeptic . . . an "infidel," I believe he calls himself. How did he come to be a preacher?

MR. STRIBLING. The transition is not as violent as you might suppose. You see, a person who calls himself a skeptic or an infidel is not very far removed from one who is deeply religious. Both are thinking about religion and a future life. They are both working at the same problem, but from different angles. One is trying to prove it and one is trying to disprove it. A man's researches on either side may easily lead him to the opposite point of view. History is filled with skeptics who

turned religious and religionists who turned skeptics. The two states of belief are very closely connected. The real antonym of the word "religion" is not "skepticism" but "indifference." The indifferent man is your truly anti-religious man. A skeptic is just about three-quarters religious and spiritual. All religious persons are struck now and then with shivers of skepticism. The two are blood brothers.

MR. ROSS. Well, that—to me—is quite an unusual analysis! Now, Mr. Stribling, these three novels you are writing—this trilogy—seems to me a monumental undertaking. What is the particular appeal of a trilogy to you? Did you become so attached to your characters that you couldn't persuade yourself to part with them and so continued with them through three novels in succession?

MR. STRIBLING. That isn't the chief attraction of a trilogy, but I will admit that it is a very strong one. The mere fact that a reader finds the same character in two or three books tends to pull that character out of any particular book and set him up in the business of living in his own account. The reader has met him in so many places that he would almost know him if he met him—cut loose completely from all books—walking about in the street. Such a character begins to approach the charm of a motion picture actor whom we see in picture after picture. We never see them in real life at all, but we feel that we know them perfectly, not as actors on the screen, but as men and women. That is the way, more or less, that the characters in a trilogy develop. You recall, of course, the classic example, when Galsworthy killed Soames Forsyte in "The Forsyte Saga" and all the London papers came out with an announcement of his death. I think that was the greatest tribute ever paid to the reality and humanity of a fictional character. And I know it must have moved the hearts of hundreds of thousands of Galsworthy's readers to realize that they would never see old Soames Forsyte again.

MR. ROSS. But I believe that you said a moment ago that the development of character is not your chief reason for writing a trilogy. Will you tell us what is your fundamental reason?

MR. STRIBLING. My principal reason is, Mr. Ross, I believe the only literary form in which anything like a satisfying and comprehensive survey of modern life can be made is the trilogy or an even longer series of connected novels—say a tetralogy. I believe the life of a modern man can be exhibited only in the form of three connected but independent novels or dramas. To me this explains the great outbreak of trilogies all over the world, "The Forsyte Saga," Romaine Rolland's "Jean Christophe," "The Buddenbrooks," Selma Lagerlof's trilogy, Thomas Mann's trilogy. Even the drama is infected. Eugene O'Neill has written two dramatic trilogies. No matter where you turn, the same form recurs again and again. Therefore, I believe that there is something in our

times that forces this form upon the literary worker. There is something about our times that evokes the trilogy.

MR. ROSS. Perhaps you can tell us just what that something is?

MR. STRIBLING. I have my theory, of course. All drama and fiction are based upon the life of one single man. A man passes through boyhood, maturity and age. Even when a nation is personified, one speaks of its infancy, its youth and its age. It follows the dramatic formula of a man. Now in ordinary times, less swiftly changing than our own, those three periods in the life of a man would form just one novel or play, as it has always done for hundreds of years before our own age. But there is one condition necessary before any novel or drama can be written at all. That is that the world in which the drama is to be developed must have a single, consistent, moral and intellectual atmosphere. All the actors in a play must agree that certain things are right and certain things are wrong before genuine inward drama can develop.

For example, if one of my characters really believes that murder is no sin and is not reprehensible, then there would be no inward drama in that man's life if he killed somebody. He might run away from the police afterwards, but that would be mere discretion. It wouldn't be drama. If men and women did not believe unchastity was sinful, there would be no drama connected with that act, although there might be some unpleasantnesses.

Now, here's my point in stringing together these examples. Today, our moral values are changing so rapidly, our physical milieu and our stage settings are shifting so swiftly, that there is simply no unified atmosphere between a man's boyhood, his maturity and his age in which a single novel or a single play can be written.

Every middle aged person in the hearing of this radio has lived through three separate and distinct worlds. They are so completely separated that they cannot be welded into a single work of art. The only literary device that today will hold the life of a single man is the trilogy. This form permits three atmospheres to be woven about a single life. And it is the reason for the existence of trilogies.

That is why the first three volumes of the "Forsyte Saga" form a monument of literature. They are woven about the life of a single man. It is why the fourth volume is mere addenda. The primary life around which the trilogy was built had vanished. And when Soames Forsyte vanished, with him vanished John Galsworthy's justification for erecting his magnificent work—there really was nothing more to be said. Romaine Rolland, on the other hand, adhered to this natural unity and when Jean Christophe died, his trilogy ended.

MR. ROSS. Mr. Stribling, your explanation of why trilogies happen is

very illuminating. I wonder if you will tell us something of the three divisions in morals and milieu upon which your own trilogy is founded?

MR. STRIBLING. Why, yes. My boyhood was spent in a little village on the Tennessee River in Tennessee. We had no railroads or public roads. What we considered to be our public roads the government engineers, sent out from Washington, described as muddy ruts, leading through uncleared hills from village to village.

Once every year, the farmers did what they called "working the roads." That is, they went over these muddy ruts with picks and shovels and repaired them. Road working time lasted four or five days every year. This labor was the road tax. The droll part was that for several weeks after the farmers had worked a road, a horse and buggy could not get over it at all. The farmers left the highways in a truly deplorable state. People had to wait until a hard rain came to settle the road before anybody could go anywhere.

Now, social customs and manners are based largely upon kind of transportation, and I will just mention here that the far-famed hospitality of the old South was based largely upon the fact that travel was difficult and very few strangers passed through the country. To give some idea of this—I remember that when I was about ten or eleven years old, my mother used to allow me to set out and walk from my home in Clifton, Tennessee, to some relatives in the country near Florence, Alabama. This was about fifty miles distant. I never had to walk all the way. Farmers picked me up in their wagons along the route and set me on my way as far as they were going. Then they gave me directions on how to get a few miles further, because to tell the truth, they themselves didn't know the road all the way to Florence. Most of them had never been to Florence in their lives. They traded at Clifton, and when they wanted anything, to Clifton they would go. However, when at last I got across the deadline, I entered a country where all the farmers went to Florence and none of them went to Clifton.

The roads themselves were utterly confusing. There was no main highway and no signposts. One wandered along a maze of faintly discernible trails through the unending hills. However, if I reached any farmhouse at mealtime, I was welcome to eat and there was no charge for the meal. I remember once I stopped at a negro shanty at mealtime. The family cooked a complete meal and set me up in lonely state to eat it all by myself. It gave me the most uncomfortable, inhuman sensation that I have ever had in my life.

So much for the country and country roads. Our usual way of travel was on steamboats. These boats came up from Saint Louis and Paducah twice a week. To go off on a boat was a momentous thing. To begin with,

nobody knew when the boat would arrive. When it did arrive, nobody knew when it would reach Saint Louis again. It all depended on how much trade the boat received on her way down stream. If the trade was light, she would reach the city in three or four days. If the trade was heavy, it would take eight or ten days. But nobody really cared whether the boat ever reached Saint Louis. The Captain saw to it that his passengers were entertained. By day the travellers flirted, fished from the deck of the boat, made excursions ashore, and by night they danced to the music of a negro string band. Everyone was happy, from the moment he stepped aboard until he finally went ashore. It was a wonderful mode of travel. It was idyllic. Now it is gone.

The second world I knew was not so charming. It began in about 1898 and continued up to the World War. It also was formulated by a conveyance—the motor car. The motor car ushered in good roads and increased the accessible social world of the people in Tennessee from a space about twelve miles square to a space about two hundred miles square. That was really an enormous release. It allowed people to go to Nashville as easily as they had formerly gone to Clifton or Waynesboro, the county seat. But this expansion did not rush upon us all at once. For a long time, we village people debated whether it was possible to have good roads through the country. We did not think so. We had never seen any. We thought cities had beautiful streets and the country had execrable roads by the will of God and the constitution of the matter.

Eventually, good roads began to dawn even in the country. At first, the counties built their own roads, and a system of county roads was a wonderful thing to behold. Each county spent all its money building roads radiating from the county seat but not reaching the border of any adjacent county. The reason for this was that the merchants wanted the country people to come to their town and trade, but they did not want them to leak into the adjoining county and trade over there. Those patches of bad roads between counties were in the nature of a high protective tariff favoring the county seat. In my county—Wayne—they went even further than that. The politicians in Waynesboro planned the good roads so they did not touch a single other village in the county. All trade gravitated inevitably to Waynesboro, even if a rival town were within two or three miles of the thoroughfare. The result was that all the other villages were forced to pay greatly increased taxes in order to build good roads which were designed to ruin them financially. It is an interesting fact that during this period when the counties were building their own roads, the State of Tennessee never did get one single through highway. Not until the State itself took the matter in hand were state-wide roads constructed.

As I say, this period lasted up till the World War. What happened after that struggle is of our own day and time. The profound moral, social and intellectual changes occasioned by that great struggle need not be retold here. The only reason I mention it at all is to point out the third sharply differentiated world in which I have lived. None of these three worlds have the same tempo, the same viewpoint or the same physical setting. It would be impossible to fuse them into a single novel or a single play. That is why I divided the life of Miltiades Vaiden up into three separate and independent novels. It is why I wrote a trilogy.

MR. ROSS. That is a very provocative idea, Mr. Stribling. And by the way, may I ask whether or not you have as yet decided upon the name of the third volume of your trilogy?

MR. STRIBLING. No, I haven't a name for it yet. It is a very serious question for an author. The name you give a book is the only recommendation it can offer to the eye of a passerby—so you can see that the name is very important.

MR. ROSS. Surely it is not the only recommendation. You have just won the Pulitzer Prize. Won't your own name be an attraction on the back of your book?

MR. STRIBLING. If I wanted only the readers who were already interested in my trilogy, one name would be as good as another. But with a new book, an author hopes always to enlist the attention of readers who have never heard of him before. That is why an appealing title is so necessary. It is one's only card of introduction to complete strangers.

MR. ROSS. Just what title or titles have you considered so far for your third volume?

MR. STRIBLING. I have thought of "The Study," "The Spire," "The Cathedral" and "The Temple." My publishers do not like "The Study" because it is too tame and does not suggest the action which occurs in my third volume. I do not care for "The Cathedral" because there are already two novels by that name—one by Ibanez and one by Walpole. My objection to "The Spire" is that a spire is merely a part of something, and want a whole thing. Therefore I lean toward "The Temple."

MR. ROSS. Mr. Stribling, perhaps there is someone in the radio audience tonight who could help you out. Can't you give us an idea of your new novel? Then maybe someone would have a brilliant idea as to what to call it.

MR. STRIBLING. Briefly, it is the story of a man who starts out to build a temple. His particular temple is a Methodist church. He works at it all his life. He could have built it if he had stuck to his plans, but as he went ahead, he would think of more things to add to his church, and he never succeeded in finishing it at all. He died in the building.

MR. ROSS. Why did you choose such a melancholy theme as that?

MR. STRIBLING. It isn't melancholy. It is human. It is what every human being has always done and always will do. All of us are temple builders. We build them in our hearts to all sorts of divinities—to success, to money, to art, to some woman, to God. A few persons, here and there, externalize their temples in stone and glass. Then all the rest of us flock to these external temples, gaze upon them, pray at their altars, because we hope they will aid us in our work on the temples we are building in our hearts.

But the dramatic thing is, Mr. Ross, that none of us ever finish our temples. Death finally comes to us and finds us still spreading mortar, still laying stone on stone, still setting glass in the stained windows of our lives. We have to stop work with our columns half raised and our aisles open to the sky.

MR. ROSS. It strikes me that your own phrase, "Temple Builders" would be a good title. That is my suggestion. Perhaps some of your audience tonight will suggest others, or tell which they prefer among those you mentioned.

MR. STRIBLING. Well, Mr. Ross, if someone can give me a good title, I should certainly be extremely grateful.

DO YOU WANT TO WRITE?

ROUND TABLE

As a type, the present script is very nearly a series of interviews. It is also a hybrid. Classified as a round-table by NBC, it is included here as such. Permission for publication kindly granted by the National Broadcasting Company by L. H. Titterton.

DO YOU WANT TO WRITE?*

A Round Table Discussion

Station: WJZ

Time: 3:00-3:15 P.M.

Date: Feb. 10

Day: Wednesday

ANNOUNCER. *Do You Want To Write?* Presenting the first of a series of broadcasts with Margaret Widdemer, who is accompanied today by Stephen Vincent Benet, Robert Nathan, Eleanor Blake, Jacob Wilk and Ralph Thompson, literary critic of the *New York Times*, who will act as Chairman.

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MR. THOMPSON. This small group of us engaged in one way or another in the profession of writing have been talking through lunch and ever since about our own jobs, and about some of the means by which you might take them away from us.

MISS WIDDEMER. Oh, scarcely that, Mr. Thompson—join us would be more cordial, don't you think?

MR. THOMPSON. Objection sustained, Miss Widdemer—All right, "Join us" it shall be. The listeners can join us now at the height of the battle. There has been much discussion and perhaps even a little disagreement. (*Laughter*)

MR. WILK. As a matter of fact, it's all been most amiable, really. You should sit in on a motion picture story conference if you'd like to learn what real disagreement is, Mr. Thompson.

MR. THOMPSON. As story editor of Warner Brothers Motion Picture Company we'll leave that to you Mr. Wilk. We are, however, agreed on at least certain points. Robert Nathan insists that the way a thing is written is far more important than what it is about. Isn't that right, Mr. Nathan?

MR. NATHAN. Not quite. The thing a man wants to say is naturally of the first importance, but very often his manner of saying it determines just what its effect is going to be. To say to others the thing you hear and see in your own mind isn't easy. It's hard work and it takes a long time. You didn't turn out *John Brown's Body* over night, did you, Stephen Benet?

MR. BENET. No, I worked several years on it, and thought about it for a good many more before I started.

MISS BLAKE. It's true, though, isn't it, that you compose rapidly, Mr. Benet?

MR. BENET. Yes, I suppose it is, Miss Blake, but I spend an awful lot of time looking at a piece of paper and wondering what to put on it.

MR. THOMPSON. Do you write outlines of your work before you start?

MR. BENET. You might call them that, Thompson, hen-scratches on paper. Sometimes I can't even read them. They're really much safer in my head.

MR. THOMPSON. And you, Miss Widdemer.

MISS WIDDEMER. Yes—I do—for novels, always. But I depart from them en route. Every writer plans his own work differently. I suppose every hen wants to find a place to lay its own egg. I'd like to talk about this in more detail in a future broadcast.

MR. THOMPSON. You mean, I presume, that the method of outlining work depends on the writer's type of mind.

MISS WIDDEMER. Exactly—but I think people can be helped in determining how they should go about it.

MR. THOMPSON. Well, a poor newspaper man doesn't always get much opportunity to plan, I'm afraid. Yet, I agree and I wish that more planning was done on many of the books I read. Some of them read like mail-order catalogues and others wander so far from the point that before I finish I begin to wonder whether there was ever any point at all!

MISS BLAKE. Speaking of points, Mr. Chairman—We had decided to confine ourselves to one or two, hadn't we? I'm afraid our friendly listeners will be confused by our wandering shop-talk.

MR. THOMPSON. Quite right, Miss Blake. First, we were going to discuss where ideas and material for writing originate—then the way in which they are developed. In other words, for fiction, at any rate, plot and style. Mr. Wilk, you should have something to say about plot ideas.

MR. WILK. In the movies, naturally, it's the bones of the story that we're most interested in. Although sometimes it is the basic idea that comes first and the plot is built up to fit it. That is true of *The Black Legion*. The idea came obviously from the current news. The plot happened along later. We get our plot ideas from everywhere. Every man and woman with two good eyes must have experienced something, or seen something this very day that has the germs of a good story in it—whether he recognizes it or not, is what matters first—his use of that material comes later—I'd like to hear from some of these ladies and gentlemen just what the springboard was that set them off on one or two of their stories. That should be useful to beginners and interesting, too.

MR. THOMPSON. Thanks, Mr. Wilk, I agree. Mr. Nathan, can you recall an incident that struck the spark for one of your books?

MR. NATHAN. Perhaps the clearest incident I remember is the one that started me off on *One More Spring*. I had already decided that I wanted to write about an antique shop dealer. I can't tell you why. It was just one of those people I wanted to write about. One day while I was wondering about this antique shop dealer my bell rang and a man came up the stairs to see me. He seemed pretty pale and tense. He said he'd been sent to me by a friend of mine. I asked him what I could do for him.

MAN. (*Jewish accent*) Mr. Nathan, perhaps you can help me. I am a musician. I was the Concert Master of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. When the orchestra had to stop, I said to myself, "There is no music in Pittsburgh, so I will leave my family and I will go to New York and maybe I will be able to play there in the homes of rich men and make a little money." Mr. Nathan, there are no rich men. I have not been able to find anything to do. I am very hungry. I have

had to sell everything—my coat, my books, everything except my fiddle. Because without my fiddle I am nothing. I live in the Bronx. Today I walked all the way down here because I did not have five cents for carfare. Perhaps you can help me. Perhaps you know some rich man in whose house I could play—or if only I could get back to Pittsburgh again.

MR. NATHAN. I told him that I didn't know anyone like that at all and that the best thing to do would be to go home to his family. I couldn't afford to send him back myself but I gave him a little money and he went off down the stairs leaving me with the character of "Mr. Rosenberg" in *One More Spring*. The funny part about it is that I heard a few years later that he'd approached several of my friends at different times with the same story and that as a matter of fact it was nothing but a racket.

MR. THOMPSON. Thanks, Mr. Nathan, very interesting. Miss Blake, as the author of *Seed Time and Harvest*, what do you think the beginner might learn from that?

MISS BLAKE. (*Laughing*) That he'd better wait a good many years before he starts out on that kind of idea. The subtle fantasy that Mr. Nathan writes is a long time in the making.

MR. WILK. On the other hand, the old practical movie mind might suggest that the beginner could take the same idea and turn it into a roaring melodrama.

MISS BLAKE. Possibly, Mr. Wilk. But, still, a difficult assignment.

MR. THOMPSON. Miss Blake, you have written mystery stories. I suppose you always start with the body in the library, for example.

MISS BLAKE. Perhaps. But I do believe, and perhaps Mr. Benet, who reads more detective stories probably than any other living human being, will bear me out, that mystery stories like fantasy are among the most difficult of forms for the beginner.

MR. BENET. Very true. A good mystery story is like a first class cross word puzzle. And everything in it from the stain on the butler's shirt front to the rifling on the Wesley automatic has to be there for a convincing reason.

MR. THOMPSON. True, Mr. Benet, but Mr. Nathan has told us how he started off to write one of his novels. Could you do the same for one of your short stories—perhaps one of the recent ones?

MR. BENET. Well, there was a story of mine that came out in the *Saturday Evening Post* last fall. It was called *Everybody Was Very Nice*. It was the story, as a matter of fact, of how a community of people succeeded in breaking up a happy marriage and the germ of the story didn't go back to any one particular community. A friend of mine told me that he was on a Bermuda boat and overheard a man in his

early thirties, a nice looking pleasant ordinary fellow, the kind that's a junior executive in a hundred New York offices, talking to another man of about his age—

1st MAN. Well—now I'm married again, and of course we're happy.

2nd MAN. And you weren't happy before?

1st MAN. Well, that's the funny part about it, I guess I was.

2nd MAN. What do you mean—if you were happy before, why did you and Sally get a divorce?

1st MAN. I don't honestly know.

2nd MAN. What do you mean, you don't know? I still don't get it.

1st MAN. Well—as soon as the crowd started thinking we were unhappy and that I was falling in love with somebody else—the big idea seemed to be for us to get a divorce—and, somehow, you know, we didn't have anything to do with it.

2nd MAN. What do you mean? They were nasty about it?

1st MAN. That was the trouble. Everyone was very nice.

2nd MAN. Well, anyhow, everything's fixed up now.

1st MAN. Except that I feel that, somehow it can all happen over again. I'd like to live on a desert island.

2nd MAN. Well, we're going to Bermuda—it isn't a desert island.

MR. BENET. And that was that—and that was the start of the story. From hearing this anecdote I got the idea of a young married man in a community with well-meaning, meddling friends, and of giving him a first and second wife and of leaving him pretty puzzled at the end. The result was *Everybody Was Very Nice*.

MR. THOMPSON. Thank you, Mr. Benet. Miss Widdemer, have you any comments?

MISS WIDDEMER. Again, the beginner should be careful. I read that story. It was filled with brilliant color, with fine characterization, but in the hands of a beginner it might have been pretty drab I'm afraid. Mr. Thompson, we discussed this at lunch, and we were all agreed, were we not, that the beginner is safest in writing of the incidents and characters that he himself knows well—the background that made the deepest impression on him.

MR. THOMPSON. We did. He is less likely to get away from reality. The inexperienced person who writes of what he does not know well is certain to fall into all sorts of difficulties.

MISS WIDDEMER. That needs more explanation than we have time to give it now—but aren't we agreed?

MR. THOMPSON. Yes, I think we are. Mr. Nathan, now as to the manner of writing.

MR. NATHAN. A beginner's way of writing and the style of writing he will ultimately develop are apt to be two entirely different things.

MISS BLAKE. Do you think they must be *entirely* different?

MR. NATHAN. Not necessarily, Miss Blake, but what we like and what we are changes as we grow older, and, after all, what we are trying to express is simply that combination of what we like (or perhaps what we hate) and what we are. The problem for any writer is to get himself on paper.

MR. THOMPSON. Time is rushing. I had better attempt to summarize—and then, Margaret Widdemer, next week you will carry on from here?

MISS WIDDEMER. Yes, please do, and I am grateful to you all for coming today to help us start these discussions on writing for the beginner.

MR. THOMPSON. This seems to be the consensus: The beginning writer can find material for his craft all around him, but at the start he would do well to select material from his own youth and to write it down in the way that is most natural to him. Have any of you any words of warning or additions?

MR. WILK. Mr. Thompson, I hope you'll be *very* kind to their next books when you review them.

MR. THOMPSON. I shall try, but actually the motion picture has the last word.

MISS WIDDEMER. No, no—Mr. Thompson—it's we who have the last word.

MISS BLAKE. Quite right, Miss Widdemer.

ANNOUNCER. You have been listening to a round-table discussion—more or less an introduction to a new series of talks by Margaret Widdemer, poet, essayist and author, who will come to you each week at this time with suggestions for new authors on how to get dramatic material from their own lives and the lives of others. The title: *Do You Want to Write?*

AMERICA'S TOWN MEETING OF THE AIR

ROUND-TABLE

Round-tables grew up in an effort to present information and opinions more entertainingly than many people believed it could be done by means of a straight talk. America's Town Meeting of the Air has achieved considerable success. It might be noted here that the purpose of the radio round-table is instruction of the audience, whereas the purpose of round-tables in study-groups, committee-rooms, etc., is the further enlightenment of the participants. This one is almost a series of

straight talks. Permission for publication kindly granted by the National Broadcasting Company and The American Book Company by L. H. Titterton.

AMERICA'S TOWN MEETING OF THE AIR

November 26

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What Does the Public Want in Music?

MR. ALOIS HAVRILLA, ANNOUNCER. America's Town Meeting of the Air gives its salute tonight to old New England which gave us Thanksgiving Day and the American town meeting itself. We are assembled here in historic Town Hall in New York City for a very novel discussion, a town meeting on the subject, "What Does the Public Want in Music?" What could be more appropriate than to imagine ourselves transported to the library of a famous and widely loved New England character, Professor William Lyon Phelps—Bill Phelps as he is affectionately called by his students. Let us use our imaginations tonight and picture ourselves in Professor Phelps' library in New Haven where he has entertained celebrities from all over the world. Tonight his guests are Madame Olga Samaroff Stokowski, critic and teacher, and founder of the Layman's Music Courses; Dr. Frank J. Black, General Music Director of the National Broadcasting Company; Mr. Albert Stoessel, American composer and conductor; Mr. Fred Waring, director of his own orchestra, the famous Pennsylvanians; Mr. I. A. Hirschmann, among many other accomplishments, the founder and director of the New Friends of Music. And to complete the company, our own moderator and director, Mr. George V. Denny, Jr.

What does the public want in music? Professor Phelps and his guests will discuss this for the first part of the hour and then following our usual custom, we will have questions from the audience of music lovers and musicians who have assembled here tonight to participate in this meeting.

(Miss Pauline Pierce sang the "Habanera" from Bizet's opera "Carmen" accompanied by Dr. Frank J. Black at the piano.)

PROFESSOR PHELPS. Now that lovely music that Miss Pierce has just sung is an example of great music that is at once popular. I might call it the greatest common divisor of music in that it appeals to all classes. What we want to find out tonight is what is the kind of music that appeals to the largest number of people, not what we think they need, but what do they want. We are all seated together in my library. I have

just given these people a magnificent dinner of turkey and all the cider they could drink, and we have had a regular New England time, and now we are going right ahead. You know we can't answer this question right off; we have to consider not only the kind of music that shall be given but the channels through which it shall reach the public, instrumental, vocal, opera, jazz, and so on. Grand opera, for example—Mr. Stoessel when he speaks tonight is going to say something that I disagree with absolutely, wait and see when he speaks. He and I are the best of friends. We are going to have a limited round bout with all of you at ringside seats.

Now for Mr. Hirschmann—he doesn't like the star system in music, and, of course, the star system in music wouldn't work in chamber concerts, but in grand opera, what about that?

Fred Waring—well, now, Fred is a man who has reached not only thousands, but millions, and he probably knows as much about it as anyone now appearing before the public.

Then my good friend, Olga Samaroff. I will give a section of her biography when I introduce her. You know already she has succeeded as pianist, as teacher, as composer, critic, and founder of the Layman's Music Courses. No meeting in Town Hall would be complete without my friend, George Denny, Jr., who has the patience of Job, and the energy of Napoleon. (*Laughter and applause*) He has the energy of Napoleon because he has put through this Town Meeting idea and he has the patience of Job because he has heard me lecture many, many times. (*Laughter*)

Now I think, first of all, you would like to hear from my friend, Frank Black. As you all know, he is the Director of Music of the National Broadcasting Company. I take the greatest pleasure in calling upon him to start this discussion for us tonight. (*Applause*)

MR. BLACK. I speak from the standpoint of radio because I am in radio. By radio I mean the National Broadcasting Company's networks and such programs of other networks which I am able to hear. Radio is going ahead, musically, on the assumption that the general public has good taste. We know that there is a vast portion of people, constantly growing, in the United States, who are listeners to purely symphonic programs, and that is the reason that weekly we present orchestras such as the Boston Symphony, the Cleveland Symphony, the Rochester Philharmonic, and the Cleveland Civic Orchestra. Most of this music comes from regular public concerts in those cities, where there is a paying audience.

We also know that there is a great audience for popular music, and when I say popular music I don't mean five-piece, so-called, jazz bands, I mean organizations such as Paul Whiteman's, Fred Waring's, Rudy

Vallee's, and not alone this type of organization but others who play exclusively for dancing. The music for these organizations is orchestrated as carefully as that of any symphonic composer.

We also broadcast opera, from the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, from San Francisco, from Chicago, and by short wave from some of the finest opera houses in Europe. We present a great deal of so-called semi-classical music, that is, pieces in short forms and the salon type of number, by serious composers.

We perhaps do not broadcast as many modern works as the musical snob or sophisticate would like. You know that even fifteen or twenty years ago, to these snobs, the *New World Symphony* was old-fashioned music, but the general public doesn't think so or else they would stay away in great numbers from the concert hall when this particular symphony is announced. I do not think the musical snob has the least idea of the public's wishes in music.

Regardless of the amount of mail we receive saying, "Why so much of that horrible jazz?", I find that the amount of popular music broadcast is about the same percentage as that which the general public hears outside of the radio. In other words, the majority of concert-goers attend one concert weekly, perhaps two. Aside from that they hear mostly popular music, in hotels, public dining rooms, theaters, night clubs, and in their own homes.

Last season music comprised between 65 and 66 percent of the total time on our networks. Opera occupied 3 percent of that total, classic music occupied a fifth of the total, and dance music occupied a little more than one quarter of the total. The balance was either the so-called semi-classic or light type of music, such as comic opera selections, odd songs—in other words, not popular songs and not symphony or opera repertoire.

There are just as many bad performances of works in the classic repertoire as there are of those in the popular field. I, personally, would rather hear a good performance, vocally, of "Old Man River" than a bad one of *Erlkoenig*, and I think the public would too. We are long past the time when people should sit in respectful silence and listen to a mediocre performance of any of the well-known classics. In the first place, the public is beginning to know when the performances are bad. The radio certainly has pointed the way to the concert hall in a great many things. For vocalists it has put great stress on diction, or, more properly, enunciation. People no longer want to go to a concert hall and hear a fine voice only; they want to hear the words, because they have become accustomed to hearing the words of a song over the air. Therefore, if a singer's diction is poor, his life in the concert hall will be short. This is true of popular singers as well as Lieder singers. Radio

has acquainted the public with the best in serious music, and unless they are reasonably sure of hearing good performances of works, they stay away from the concert hall.

Mail is one of the most potent indications of the public taste and its wishes in the matter of programming. However, it is not the only way of finding out what the public listens to. There are such things as surveys made by telephone and house-to-house canvassing, which are also good cross sections on the subject.

I do not agree with the group of musicians who claim that radio should be like a doctor who feeds his patients only what he thinks is good for them. It is too easy to turn the dial. I also think that the person who writes a letter saying, "Why must we have to listen to this or that modern music?"—these persons do not consult their radio schedules and their newspapers. After all, if there is something going on in which you are not interested there are probably millions of others who are enjoying it, and you should tune in at a time when you can hear what you want. (*Applause*)

PROFESSOR PHELPS. It is so delightful to me to sit here on this platform—right in the corner of my library—with all of these very distinguished musicians. Nobody in the world loves music as much as I do, and everybody in the world can play music better than I can. There is only one instrument in the world that I play and that is the typewriter. I remember what Oscar Wilde said about that. He said, "I hate the typewriter," but he added, "the typewriter when played with expression is better than the piano played by members of the family." (*Laughter*)

The first thing I will do when I get to Heaven is to learn to play the piano, and I invite you all—the guests in my library and all the invisible audience listening in—I invite you all one million years from tonight, the millionth Thanksgiving we have in Heaven, to hear me play the piano with an accompaniment of one thousand harps. (*Laughter*)

I am going now to call on my dear friend, Mr. I. A. Hirschmann, because he is a miracle man. (*Laughter*) His is the most austere form of music known to the world, the farthest removed from the lowest order: the music that appeals to the highest order of real highbrows is, of course, chamber music, and this wonderful man has made chamber music popular. In talking about other things, just tell us how you did that, Mr. Hirschmann. We should love to know. (*Applause*)

MR. HIRSCHMANN. It is an American pastime to underestimate the taste of the public. Artists who tour the country, who dare to offer good programs of so-called classics, bring back reports of the undying gratitude of audiences whose capacity for good music has not been discounted. People will listen to all kinds of music, but they will prefer the

best. This is invariable. Yet why is so much mediocre, saccharine music poured into the ears of the innocent American public?

The Society of Composers keeps full figures on the relation of the radio to Tin Pan Alley and its findings reveal cold facts. It figured out in 1934 some 85 songs were each played more than 10,000 times on the air. When the adding machine had finished clicking over these 85 items, it was found in addition to using 61 percent of the time given to music on the air, they had a grand total of 1,255,699 performances. This was for 85 songs. The fault lies, it seems to me, with the artist, as well as the public, and those who are the promoters of music. Who, if not the artist, is to set the standard of what is good and what is mediocre? And to you, the public, I say that if you want better music, you should write in and say so.

Frankly, how many of you take the trouble to do it?

The days of musical patrons are over. We tried an experiment with the purest form of music—chamber music. It is not austere, as Professor Phelps said; it is for everyone, and all you have to do is listen to it without any preconceptions or fear and you will find that a whole new world of beauty will open up for you. We tried this with low prices and we completely sold out in advance by subscription sixteen concerts. Is this proof of the taste of the American people? People will support the best music and the best artists. I don't mean artists who resort to pyrotechnics and fireworks for results. Fireworks have a peculiar and invariable way of going up and coming down even more quickly, and then disappearing. There are some great young American artists who deserve your support and will get their chance at least from the New Friends of Music.

All good things do not come from Europe, either.

Art flourishes in a sympathetic environment and is not limited to geography any more than trees and flowers are, and music derives from the same source. The radio is helping give music back to the people, to whom it belongs. No longer will it be handed out by rich patrons as a so-called musical dole. A new, younger audience is developing, pleading for a more direct, a simple approach to our arts. America is the hope of a restless civilization. We know that all art outlasts all forms of human endeavor, and only from the arts have we been able to reconstruct the past and to set a pattern for the higher life for the future.

I believe that I voice the yearnings of thousands when I say that America, and especially young America, wants at least to be exposed to the better things of life, better opera, symphony concerts with the accent only on the music, and the very best in chamber music, and at low prices within the reach of all. I believe they will get it eventually.

If there is any snobbery in music, by any so-called sophisticates, it

derives not from the exclusive few but from those who insist that they know the taste of the millions of people and arbitrarily set standards for them on the basis of a mediocre musical diet.

The dictionary says that a snob is one "who makes birth or wealth or superior position the sole criterion of worth." Is it not possible that people who hand out inferior music indulge in a form of even more dangerous snobbery? Isn't it an arbitrary assumption to preclude the opinion of others who are so-called sophisticates? At least, I believe that people deserve the opportunity to decide what they want for themselves. I think they should be given all kinds of music, given the best without fear along with other kinds, and let decide for themselves; and then there will be no question as to what constitutes the standard of music in America.

This meeting attests to that purpose and it is a tribute to the League for Political Education and the NBC that they have made it possible to crystallize such a discussion. (*Applause*)

PROFESSOR PHELPS. You are a brave man, Mr. Hirschmann. I wish you were on the Yale faculty with me, for the job of a teacher, of course, is not to give students what they want, but to give them what he thinks they need. This is a very different thing. You know, I am exactly the right person to preside tonight, because we are going to discuss everything from chamber music to jazz. I am exactly the right person, because I love the highest and the most splendid forms of music and I love a brass band and a fife and drum corps and almost anything. I am very proud of the great scholars on the Yale faculty and I am very proud of one of my pupils—Rudy Vallee—and I will tell you why. Because he has reached millions and millions of people by his own genius and by incredible energy and work. Not only that, the man who is going to speak to us now, Fred Waring, stands in very much the same position, having audiences of millions that he entertains with delightful forms of music. Did you know he is the great grandson of the founder of Penn State College? So that four generations of scholarship, somewhat diluted, (*Laughter*) are now in his veins. I am so glad to introduce these people because all the highbrows think I am a lowbrow, and all the lowbrows think I am a highbrow. (*Laughter*)

Now come on, Fred. There is tremendous curiosity to see you; so many people have heard you. (*Applause*)

MR. WARING. First of all, let me thank you, Billy Phelps, for the very kind imaginary invitation to your imaginary library, and thank you for that generous portion of imaginary Thanksgiving turkey, and let me also remind you before I get into any kind of a discussion that I am primarily not a speaker and I didn't bring my banjo. I am supposed to be a leader of an orchestra and even that could be questioned. However,

I am here to take part in a discussion: "What does the public want in music?" I shall do my very best to tell you not what the public wants but what I think the public wants of us. I don't think I would dare go much further than that.

It has been my experience—eighteen years in music professionally—not to tamper very much with the public's wants but to experiment and find out what they have liked that we have given them; and to continue then to give them what they like, rather than to try to educate them. Professional musicians, I believe, are in a very, very dangerous position if they attempt to educate the public. The education should come in the primary grades and their early schooling; then if they learn to like any particular style or type of music, that is what they are going to listen to. As I say, in my own field we attempt to give what we think the public will like to hear us do, and we base our judgment on the experience of years before visible audiences who have watched as well as listened to our rendition of music. Once we have discovered what we deem is a good formula for ourselves, we try to follow it out. We don't think—in fact I believe the opposite—we don't think that any audience likes the same music from different artists. In other words, what they would like of us they might not like of Paul Whiteman or Rudy Vallee or other bands in our field.

I shall call attention to the fact that if I am not doing very well, I didn't prepare an address; I am talking from notes and from having listened—

PROFESSOR PHELPS. I think you are fine; go right ahead!

MR. WARING. Thank you very much. I will be after the real drumstick after this is all over.

Now Mr. Black mentioned the musical sophisticate and the musical snob. Those people are strangers to me, of course. I know very little about the sophisticate of music; the social sophisticate seems to like the very low type music. (*Laughter*) We have found that a generous mixture of comedy and speed and contrasts is the best way to build up our particular type of program. We do know that the people want a certain amount of "swing," they want a certain amount of singing, they want college songs, which is an earlier form of "swing" music. Swing music as you may know really is only something which has a very predominant rhythm which makes you react physically; you either tap your feet or want to dance. The earliest of the swing music, of course, was the tomtom, later the marches, and here it is back. They have only changed the name again. Of our music, of the work we do, people do seem to like the ensemble singing, that is, the men's voices. The blending of men's voices, in my opinion, is probably the best liked and easiest music to listen to.

Our music varies. For instance, if we sing Sibelius' "Finlandia" in our own way with a very sweet and understanding blending of our voices and nice interpretation, it is liked as well as if we were to sing any of Stephen Foster's music or Gershwin's or Kern's. (*Applause*)

PROFESSOR PHELPS. The next thing I am going to say to you sounds like a horrible lie but, honestly, it is the literal truth.

MR. DENNY. Use your imagination!

PROFESSOR PHELPS. My imagination has always worked overtime, but this is not imagination. I just said that the speaker who has addressed you so beautifully is the great grandson of the founder of Penn State College, but Olga Samaroff, whom I am going to introduce now, is not only the great granddaughter of a Yale graduate, but when she got her degree of Doctor of Music from Pennsylvania, she got it exactly 100 years to a day from the time her great grandfather graduated from Yale, and not only that but she is a lineal descendant of Abraham Pierson, the first president of Yale, in 1701. With all these great grandsons and great granddaughters around here, I am beginning to feel young again. (*Laughter*)

MR. WARING. You weren't instructing at the time.

PROFESSOR PHELPS. I was not present, only in imagination, like the turkey. (*Laughter*) I carved the turkey myself tonight, so I got just what I wanted. (*Laughter*) When I was the youngest of a large family, I always got the back or the neck, and it has taken me a great many years to get over it.

Now then, the first time Olga Samaroff appeared at Yale, I got her there. There was a tremendous snow blizzard, three feet deep, and Woolsey Hall, holding 3,000 people, was jammed to the doors while she played the sonatas of Beethoven. She can talk and she can play. In fact, I never found anything that she couldn't do. Come on, Olga Samaroff, and tell them how you do it. (*Applause*)

MME. OLGA SAMAROFF STOKOWSKI. I am always terribly afraid of Billy Phelps' introductions. I don't think it is fair for him to sit in his own library and say things like that about me.

I believe very firmly I will have to contradict the speaker who went before me, only in one point. I don't believe your education necessarily has to begin in the cradle, because I have had too many thousands of laymen students ranging in age up to 81 in the last few years. But I do not believe we will ever know what the public really wants until more people think clearly about what music can mean in the life of the individual. So I am going to forget about types of music and the radio for a minute and just talk about what music can be in your life.

It can be either composing or performance or listening. Of course, we hear a tremendous lot about music as the outlet for the emotions

in performance. That reminds me of an incident Jean Jacques Rousseau alluded to in his famous letter on French music. The story is that a child was supposed to have been born with a golden tooth. At once all the doctors began discussing this phenomenon and trying to explain it. Finally somebody with a little more intelligence decided to verify whether the tooth was really made of gold. It was not.

I think that if we examine our musical education of the past, we will find that it was not all that it was supposed to be. It was like that golden tooth. Tying an unwilling child to a piano chair, and taking the attitude that you must perform music in order to be musical are all wrong. As for regarding music merely as an outlet for your emotions—I think it is like having a child with excess energy throwing brickbats at paintings and sculptures. Of course, the damage to the paintings and sculptures would be permanent, but the musical masterpieces, thank God, can survive even the worst performance. (*Laughter*)

The pent-up emotional capacity of the human being is an ever-present problem. Outlets are necessary and music is a very valuable one. I would be the last to dispute that. But do we not make a mistake if we call listening a passive thing and fail to broaden our musical life beyond the confines of our own limited powers of performance?

Frederick the Great of Prussia ranks high among musical amateurs of the past. Let us examine certain facts which seem to show how his enthusiasm for his own flute playing affected his musical life.

First, the greatest musician at his court, Carl Philippe Emanuel Bach, never enjoyed full favor because he was critical of the poor features of Frederick's performances.

Second, the repertory at the court concerts was exceedingly limited and Frederick took scant interest in the creative art of his day.

Third, it is said that when he lost his teeth and could no longer play the flute himself, music at his court dwindled to a point that proved how slight was his capacity for intake and how little he was interested in anything but his own performances, which, according to frank contemporaries, must have been pretty bad.

Harold Bauer once said, "It is more important for men to be able to speak or write to each other than for Shakespeare to have lived." We will grant that is true, but luckily we do not have to choose between reading and writing and having Shakespeares, and we do not have to choose in music between performance and listening; we can do both. If we have any urge to perform, let us perform. If we perform very badly, I personally don't want to listen to it, but that is just a personal thing.

If anybody wants an outlet for the emotions and loves to take a Beethoven sonata and ruin it in order to have that outlet, let him do it. My strong point is the intake of music in everybody's life. I don't care

how well you play or how well you sing or do anything, the greatest thing in your life is really the experience you get from music, whether you produce the sound yourself or somebody else produces it. In order to have that experience you have to be an active listener and in order to be an active listener, you have to develop yourself. After all, Beethoven had to develop himself and Paderewski had to develop himself, as has every performer and every composer who ever lived. Why should the layman say, "I don't have to do anything?" Why should we ever say we don't need to understand music?

If you only have certain types of musical experience, you can't possibly know about the others. In a book that I wrote called *Layman's Music Book* I make a point in stressing how enormously personal listening is. Someone else can compose music for us; someone else can compose music for you. No one on earth can listen to music for you. Music is like nature. Nature has wild flowers; music has folk music. Nature has good moods; we have popular music. Nature had grandeur; we have great music. Nature has weeds, and we have bad music of every type. Why be limited to want any one variety of music exclusively? Why not train yourself to listen actively and be able to detect the best in all types? It seems to me that is what we want.

PROFESSOR PHELPS. I want to say this to every person, visible and invisible, I am awfully sorry for most of you, awfully sorry because most of you were born after 1880. If you were, you missed the greatest ten years that the world has ever seen in the Metropolitan Opera House and in the operas of the world. The collection of singing birds in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York from 1890 to 1900 was the greatest the world ever saw. I was young then. I used to go down to New York for the opera and take the midnight train back to New Haven, get there at half past two, get up at seven o'clock and teach my courses. One day I felt a little seedy in the morning and I said to an undergraduate, "Is there anything worse than taking that midnight train to New Haven?"

"Yes," he said, "there is one thing worse, and that is missing it."
(*Laughter*)

Now I could talk about that opera all the rest of the night, but wouldn't these people on the stage murder me if I did!

The next speaker is Mr. Stoessel, who is a great conductor. He is going to say something that, while I like him, I probably shall not agree with, but I believe that the truth should be heard. (*Applause*)

MR. STOESEL. I would like to begin by saying that I was born in 1894. I am very grateful, though, that I have had a chance to live in the days of Lawrence Tibbett, John Charles Thomas, Rosa Ponselle, Charles Kullman, Helen Jepson, and Gladys Swarthout, to name a few of our present stars of the Metropolitan.

One of the most arresting phenomena in the American musical scene is the newly awakened interest in opera. A significant sign of the times is to be observed just around the corner at the New York Hippodrome, which is filled one part of the week with enthusiasts of that fine old American sport, boxing, and the rest of the week with grand opera fans.

Our symphony orchestras and music festivals are introducing stage performances of opera to their subscribing audiences. The Metropolitan Opera Association has found it profitable to present a spring season at popular prices. It is not necessary to go into all the causes behind this rebirth of opera enthusiasm, but I find a clue in accounting for this new interest in a description of operatic conditions in the time of Monteverde, some 300 years ago. Until the year 1637, opera had been a spectacle for princes alone. The popular feeling then was that opera was a dying form of musical art. The action of an astute group of Venetians changed all of this when they opened the first public opera giving it a new lease on life.

A problem which is somewhat peculiar only to opera patrons in this country is the question of whether opera shall be given with the text in the original language. It might interest you to know that other countries at various times were called upon to cross this bridge. Musical history tells us of the controversy that raged in the time of Mozart as to whether music could be sung in any other tongue than Italian. Mozart settled it by composing *The Magic Flute* in German, thereby paving the way for the glorious German operas that were to follow.

In London, Handel was having indifferent success with his 53 Italian operas, until Gay and his *Beggar's Opera* gave him the idea of using an English text for his oratorios. With these works Handel not only restored his fortune but carved for himself a place among the musical immortals. The present custom in Europe is to present opera in the language of the audience. I have heard *Tristan* in French in Paris and *Carmen* in German in Berlin. European audiences assert their right to understand the meaning of the words and plot as well as the music. At our Metropolitan Opera, tradition has upheld the performance of opera with the text in the language of the librettist. This custom is a heritage of the time when the only operatic artists in this country were foreigners. Of course, there have been occasional departures from this practice, such as the time when Chaliapin sang *Boris* in Russian while the rest of the cast sang in Italian, and only last year Madame Wettergren gave us an excellent performance of *Carmen* in Swedish. Today the Metropolitan Opera has among its stars a large proportion of American artists and I see no reason why our opera-goers shouldn't follow the European custom of demanding that the majority of operas be given in the language of

the audience, and, although it might be difficult for us New Yorkers to believe it, that language is English.

MR. HIRSCHMANN. I am sorry to interrupt you, Mr. Stoessel, but granting that the American language is as beautiful as it is, isn't the standard of performance of the music, for example at the Metropolitan, more important than the language of the text, and will it not live or die on that basis? Would you advocate that all operas be given in English?

MR. STOESEL. I would not be dogmatic on this point, but I feel a start should be made with the operas based on definitely English subjects, such as Verdi's *Othello* and *Falstaff*, based on the plays by Shakespeare; Puccini's *Madame Butterfly* and *The Girl of the Golden West*, based on plays by David Belasco and John Luther Long. Who has not felt amused and annoyed when the cowboys of the latter opera, called *Raggazzi* in the Metropolitan, step up to the bar in true Western fashion and cry, "Veesky per tutti"? Comedy operas, such as *The Barber of Seville*, and Mozart's *Figaro*, certainly fail to get over when the audience does not comprehend the jokes. It might be said the audience wouldn't understand the words even if they were sung in English. This is merely a question of good enunciation and skillfully translated texts.

In the spring season at the Metropolitan every word of the excellent English version of *The Bartered Bride* came over the footlights. In fact, this performance was so successful that it will be given in the main season this year. I am happy to state that the Metropolitan will also produce Cimarosa's *Clandestine Marriage* (based on Garrick's play) in English this winter. English can be understood when sung. The radio has been a good school for our singers and the D'Oyly Carte Gilbert and Sullivan troop a glorious example. Of course, there is some prejudice against using even excellent translations, although people listen unprotestingly to translated versions of the plays of Chekhov, Rostand, and Ibsen, to say nothing of the King James version of the Bible.

I am willing to concede that for the time being it is better to present operas having libretti of definite literary value such as the Wagnerian music-dramas in the original language, but, unfortunately few libretti have literary value. As a lover of the beautiful sound of the English language and believing that opera can only take deep root in the lives of people when intelligibly and intelligently presented, I rest my case for opera in English. (*Applause*)

PROFESSOR PHELPS. Thank you, Mr. Stoessel. I am delighted to hear so able a presentation. I mustn't take your time, but I will simply remind you I heard Jean de'Reszke and Emma Eames, two of the greatest singers in the world singing Wagner in Italian. They were not satisfied and when I heard them sing the same operas in German, for they were

written in German, the difference was marvelous. The librettos of most operas are silly. Wagner is the only one who wrote great librettos. *Don Juan* is a great opera but the libretto is silly. There is something worse than that. Most of the great singers are foreigners and English is the most difficult language in the world to pronounce. I would a great deal rather hear Lohengrin say, "Elsa, Ich liebe dich" than "Elsa, I loaf you." (*Laughter*)

CHAIRMAN DENNY. Professor Phelps, we could go on with this discussion for a long time. I am sure there are a great many questions that you people here in your library would like to settle among yourselves, but I think we should let the audience in on some of this discussion. I see a number of distinguished musicians and music lovers in the audience. Questions, Please!

MAN. I have a question for Dr. Frank Black. Why can't the National Broadcasting Company and other radio organizations increase good music and cut down on advertising? Why can't the radio censor provide just one program of good classical music at all times of the day?

DR. FRANK BLACK. You mean there should be a continuous program of classical music?

SAME MAN. I mean, Dr. Black, that amongst all the stations that are broadcasting, there should be at least one on the air at all times presenting good music.

DR. FRANK BLACK. It is true that the ideal radio program all over the country would be a different program on every station at all times. So that no matter where you were, you could listen to it; but if for example you didn't happen to have a radio set that could get San Francisco when they had a program on, you would be out of luck.

MAN. I would like to know if there is a place in radio, much of a place, for modern American music being written today—not jazz—such as composed by Rudy Bloom, Ferde Grofe, Cyril Scott, and others.

DR. FRANK BLACK. Yes, there is plenty of room for that type of thing. As a matter of fact, we have done a great deal. I personally have directed a great deal of it on the air myself in the last five years. A week ago last Sunday, I gave an hour performance with three new works, one by Ferde Grofe, one by Hans Spialek, and one by Russell Bennett, very serious works but not symphonies.

CHAIRMAN DENNY. Here is a question that came in by telegraph from Chicago—from the Albany Park Musical Class of the Adult Education Project. It is addressed to Mme. Samaroff:

"Has there been any increase shown in the interest in music since the Adult Education Music Classes have been functioning?"

MME SAMAROFF. Well, I think that one thing is very significant. The Layman's Music Courses collaborated with Dr. Nikolai Sokoloff and the

WPA last year. One of our people went down to Florida for several weeks. One net result of that undertaking was that the legislature in Florida put music back in the public schools.

CHAIRMAN DENNY. Professor Phelps, here is a written question for you.

"What is your understanding of jazz? Isn't jazz just a lot of noise?"

PROFESSOR PHELPS. You know, I should like to pass that question along, but I will tell you the most terrific definition of jazz I ever heard. It was given by Percy Grainger, who, I think, is the greatest genius of any kind that ever came out of Australia. (*Laughter*) I heard him say—yes, and I know Jack Crawford, too—but I heard him say that all Beethoven did was to jazz Bach. What do you suppose he took as an illustration? He took the *Waldstein Sonata*, my favorite sonata of Beethoven's, and said the lovely melody in the first movement was nothing but jazzing of Bach. If that is jazz, then I am going to pass the question to somebody else.

CHAIRMAN DENNY. Frankly, I don't know what jazz is and I doubt if any modern musician today knows exactly what jazz is. Our feeling is that the people think that jazz is music but we don't know that jazz is music. We feel that jazz is merely a word used to express the feeling or the emotions of the people who play the blatant type or the rhythmic form or the variation on the theme. I think you people feel that jazz is a conglomeration of notes where no one is playing the melody.

CHAIRMAN DENNY. I see Mr. Pietro Yon, the organist of St. Patrick's Cathedral, up there with a question.

MR. PIETRO YON. I have a question for Dr. Black. By many radio stations I have been told classic organ music is not wanted by the general public, yet in all my concerts from coast to coast, capacity audiences have shown more enthusiasm for classics than any other kind of organ music. I would like to know is the public kidding me or are the radio people wrong?

DR. FRANK BLACK. I think you are right in that. I think there should be more classic organ music on the air. There is a great field of unexplored organ music which has not been done over the radio. I will tell you why. Every town that has a radio station thinks that their own organist in their own town is the best organist in the country. (*Laughter*) When we want to broadcast a fine artist over our chain, we may have the people in that town say, "Well, we have an organist who is a good organist. We have a good organ, and why not do it ourselves?" They are not equipped to do it; they are not adapted, most of them—but that is what we are told.

CHAIRMAN DENNY. Mr. Hirschmann, here is a written question that has been handed up. I am afraid it is drafted in rather insulting form,

but I will read it as it is phrased: "What can be done to keep the audience awake during chamber music?" (*Laughter*)

MR. HIRSCHMAN. I am not a scientist. As a matter of fact, I am only a business man. The trouble with the bad start that chamber music got was, I think, based on the name. A lot of people think that to listen to chamber music in a chamber is something to put them to sleep. I would suggest to this person that he come to the next concert of the New Friends of Music and it will keep him awake and happy.

CHAIRMAN DENNY. Mr. Waring, here is someone who wants to know if the radio isn't killing a lot of good music by overplaying the better known selections?

MR. WARING. Well, by the better known selections, I presume is meant the best known popular selections, and I do agree that overplaying of these songs does kill them. That is proved by the fact that the sale of sheet music, the only means the publisher has of knowing how well the people like his music, today is less than one tenth of the sale of sheet music before radio.

WOMAN. I would like to ask Madame Samaroff about the potentialities for grand opera in the movies, such as Mary Garden, I believe, is developing with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

MME. SAMAROFF. I don't think anybody knows yet what the potentialities are, but personally I think they are very great. I don't see any reason why, if the sound films improve acoustically, grand opera couldn't be given in a very marvelous way, and I think it is going to be—probably in English. (*Applause*)

MAN. Mr. Stoessel, do you advocate giving all operas in English?

MR. STOESEL. Well, I thought I made clear that I didn't intend to be dogmatic on that point but that I advocated a certain type of opera—the comedy opera, the opera based particularly on English subjects, and operas having a very definite plot that might interest the audience.

CHAIRMAN DENNY. Here is a very interesting question that has just been handed in. Somebody wants to know why we can't have another song by Miss Pauline Pierce. (*Laughter and applause*)

Miss Pierce, I see on the list of things that you might sing tonight, the "Flower Song" from *Faust* in English. Would you do that for us? (*Applause*)

(*Miss Pierce sings the "Flower Song."*)

CHAIRMAN DENNY. Professor Phelps, why doesn't the Metropolitan have such singers as in 1900?

PROFESSOR PHELPS. I want to say the Metropolitan Opera House today is, as it has been for fifty years, the greatest opera house in any country in the world. The only reason they don't have the singers that they had in 1890 to 1900 is such singers don't exist today, anywhere in

the world. You can be sure of one thing, New York is the musical capital of the whole world today. The best singing you will hear of any opera in the world, you will hear in the Metropolitan Opera House today, and if you are not able to go there, you can hear it over the radio, thank God.

CHAIRMAN DENNY. Thank you, Professor Phelps, and thanks to all your guests in your imaginary library who enjoyed your imaginary dinner, and thank you all.

THE JOHNSON-LONG-COUGH LIN DEBATE

Probably never in the history of the world has a debate had such a wide listening audience as did the exchange of words among Hugh Johnson, former Director of the National Recovery Administration, former Senator Huey P. Long of Louisiana, and Rev. Charles E. Coughlin of Detroit. The term "debate" in its orthodox sense implies that the speeches were all delivered on the same occasion, with equal opportunity for reply. Such was not the case in the present instance. Johnson's speech was delivered at a dinner to Gen. Johnson at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York, tendered him by the Editors of *Red Book Magazine* on March 4, 1935. Three days later Senator Long answered him over a coast-to-coast network of the National Broadcasting Company. On the 11th, Rev. Father Coughlin took up the series over the facilities of the same Company.

"PIED PIPERS"

General Hugh S. Johnson

March 4

This is an honor which I think I do not deserve, although I was recently accused of being an egomaniac, because I wrote a book about NRA in which Mr. Richberg was not the hero.

This is March 4. Two years ago this morning, in a national gloom surely as deep as that of the days when Washington stood in the snow at Valley Forge or Lee marched over the mountain wall toward Gettysburg, Franklin Roosevelt knelt at an altar and prayed. Then he went to the Capitol and registered the vow in Heaven that placed upon his back as heavy a freight of human hopes as ever was borne by any man. Our trust was in him so completely that the general prayer was: "Provide him with power that he may save us." Today, shadows have fallen athwart that faith—and it is my purpose here—with what force God has given me—to smash at two of them. . . .

The chaos of that hour has been too often told. Banks holding the savings of the entire country, tottered. The head of the United States Chamber of Commerce was urging that the President be made industrial dictator, and the very captains of Big Business were asking Washington to save them.

Agriculture—bled white by years of disaster—was praying for a miracle. Force, as the only means of escape, was being used to resist foreclosure of tens of thousands of farms and homes. Labor was helpless—its organization prostrate and vanishing; its wages drying up and its hours extended.

No one will ever know the full spread of unemployment at that moment. Nor will any one ever know how close were we to collapse and revolution. We could have had a dictator a lot easier than Germany got Hitler and we would have had one but for the President himself, to whom the whole idea was hateful.

A democracy is the best government in the world, for peace and prosperity, but it is the worst government in the world for a great war or a great crisis—that is the reason for six dictators in Europe. But there is one single exception—the phenomenal habit of the American people, at any sacrifice, to give a Constitutional President extraordinary powers and to stick together with him at the hours of extreme peril. In the worst armed crisis in the world, Woodrow Wilson proved that, acting together under the Constitution, our people could wage modern war better than the most absolute military autocracy in Europe.

In the worst business crisis in the world, Franklin Roosevelt proved that they could thus fight depression better than any dictator under the sun. Wilson expressed the rule, "The highest and best form of efficiency is the spontaneous co-operation of a free people." In 1933, we had a co-operation—just as 1917 and '18, we had it. In 1935 we have it not. The lack of it, in the dark threat that still hangs over this country, is the greatest menace of our immediate future. The men who have sought with some success to break it up may have more to answer to the country for than they at this moment dream.

Sustained and supported by united people, the President moved to his terrible task with greater speed than has ever been shown by any government. He cleared up the banking ruin. He took steps that have raised agriculture to within a few percent of its relative pre-War position—almost a miracle. He brushed the cloud of foreclosure and loss from ten of thousands of threatened farms and homes. He took the first effective steps to abolish child peonage and to run sweat shops out of existence.

He raised all wages, shortened all weekly hours from an average fifty-two to a present average rate of forty—think of it! He established the principle of collective bargaining on a national front, and he did more

for labor in this country in one year than all the strife and strikes and all the laws and political parties from the very adoption of the Constitution to this day. He took comfortable care of millions of the destitute and warded off the danger to our country of the continued presence of vast unemployment. He opened the way for industry to freedom from old abysses, cut-throat competition and monopolistic price-slashing. He actually saved tens of thousands of little fellows in business from the economic slaughter by chains and monopoly that had been going on for ten years past.

He lifted the country at least a third of the way out of a depression caused by many years of economic and political folly. It was so great a performance of leadership and courage done in so short time, that you cannot find a parallel in history by which to gauge and measure it. It was part of a general long-pull plan and these astonishing results were sufficient proof of that plan to justify the faith of any man that, given even a reasonable time to work it out and to correct errors, there was no reason to expect failure. Any fool knows that you cannot clear the wreckage of twelve years' madness in two years' time. But the push is gone. The drive is stopped. Many of these benefits have faded. The plan seems to be in the gravest danger of frustration.

The reason for this is not hard to find. The "spontaneous co-operation of a free people"—without which any democracy at a time like this is in danger of either a licking or a dictator—is gone. It has been broken up into selfish warring groups by the deliberate design of business and political guerrillas. If we can't restore something of the solidarity and enthusiasm of 1933 among our whole people, and do it quickly, we are in for trouble of the most serious sort—for, if a chaos of inflation and worse follows a frustration of these plans, nothing we can hope to do will keep a dictator out of Washington and in my opinion that chaos is imminently threatened.

Let me give you an example. In July, 1933, the President appealed to industry for the Blue Eagle. Within three months, 96 percent of affected industry had hoisted that bird and, as revealed by an actual census in October 1933, they had created 2,785,000 jobs. I have heard that questioned, but you can't question that actual count, taken by the Bureau of the Census. Think of it! Three months—96 percent of industry—nearly 3,000,000 jobs! Why the thing was a marvel! It restored hope—it proved for the first time in four years of unrelieved disappointment and failure that depression is not unbeatable—that something can be done about. It changed the outlook of a nation.

That is more than double the number of jobs that have been made by all the billions we have spent and all the agencies of government, industry and commerce put together from that day to this, and it never took

a cent in taxes or put any freckle-necked American on a dole. My greatest glory is the recent taunt about the man that made 3,000,000 jobs and lost his own. It was possible only because it was done on a plan for everybody to act together, at the same time, in one concerted pull in which every person in this country had some part—and there was hardly a single slacker in this first big effort. Why, this country can do anything if it has the will. Like Andy Jackson, it can go to Heaven—if it wants to. It was the greatest demonstration of the spontaneous co-operation of a free people that we have ever had. It could not have happened in any other country, at any other time, or under any other leader than the President.

I think most of that good has been undone—many of those jobs lost—and my point in mentioning it at all at this time is this: It could not be done today! It could not even be started. Nothing could be more eloquent of the almost complete destruction of the solidarity in which our people started to pull itself out of this hole.

It has been said that these extraordinary measures were not authorized by the people in the 1932 elections. What utter rot! Why, after they were all clearly shown, the people at the 1934 election, gave the President and what he had done one of the most overwhelming approvals they have ever uttered. Men of both parties who otherwise had not a Chinaman's chance went into Congress because they pledged to support those plans. They rode in on the horizontal coat tails of a speeding chief.

Some of these very men are already recorded in opposition. The country gave the President the ball on this play, but we already see a lot of halfbacks on his own side trying to take it and run the other way with it. We cannot get out of our trouble that way. When they do that successfully, they will take the full responsibility for certain failure—not only because they will have substituted a mess of contradictory and confusing nightmares of their own.

In our representative government, changes like that do not occur without some ferment back home. Something has happened since the last election. Some of our economic kibitzers and political pansies, who have been sniping at the President's plans since the beginning, say that things have been getting so much better, that our free people do not feel the need of any more spontaneous co-operation and yearn for their rugged individualism back again. That is a bunch of bunk! A very few big corporations who ought to know better, at a time like this, have been making good profits, but the unemployment and relief rolls remain at the same hopeless levels, left after the great upward surge of 1933. But that is the very thing which made the old ruggedness so hateful to our people. The ferment back home is not the leaven of rising loaf—it is the bubbling of a sour mash.

Party labels don't mean very much in this country any more. We used to talk about two parties and a lunatic fringe. Just now I think there are three groups—rather than parties—and that now two of them are lunatic fringes.

The first fringe is the Old Guard itself and its hereditary following. They are what they are because yesterday they were—and their fathers before them—and for no better reason. They learn nothing and they forget nothing. They believe that property and profits come first and that if you take care of them the humanities will take care of themselves. They think that the way to do that is to keep the government in a cast-iron mold—and finally that the benefits of this country cannot be entrusted to popular control but must trickle down to the grass roots through a sieve made up of small groupings of the wise, the good and the beneficent—old stuff—very old stuff—the mere recital of which, in this troubled modern day, is a challenge to revolt.

The second fringe is the residue. They have emotions rather than beliefs. They are like a harp-of-the-winds upon which any breeze can play a tune and they do not care a hoot about the essence or form of any government that blocks their desires or restricts their impulses. Here is smoking flax which any wind can fan to flame if it is strong enough and blows from the right direction. "Liberty," said Lenin, "is a capitalistic dream." Mussolini adds, "Fascism has no idols. It has trodden over the putrescent corpse of the Goddess of Liberty and it will do it again." And my good friend Henry Wallace says, "Liberty must go into eclipse in times of depression."

Between these fringes, there is the group that grew out of this depression of which Franklin Roosevelt is the leader. It believes that this government is good, but that, in a crisis, it ought to mold itself to changing conditions—that property and the profit system must be preserved but that the humanities come first and should be taken care of by direct action—and finally, that this country and the fullness thereof belongs in fee simple to the people of the United States and not merely in trust for them through some political or business group or steering committee.

In a gusty world where old political systems fall like autumn leaves, I think the compromise and flexibility of this middle group is our only safety. I think the Old Guard has become a lunatic fringe because, having so plainly dosed the country into this misery, the stark crass stupidity of standing and offering nothing more than the same old poison to millions—still destitute from the first dose—is an actual incitation to revolution if there arose the slightest danger of their return to power—and I think there is the slightest danger. I have a letter reciting a recent gleeful dinner of six such Senators who were happy over their own assertion: "The next election is in the bag, all we have to do is to sit back and laugh—

Huey Long and Father Coughlin are going to give it to us." From their standpoint that is good horse sense. It pits both ends against the middle, but it is no laughing matter. For, if there is such a thing as playing volleyball with dynamite bombs—this is the prize example.

Huey Long and Father Coughlin are rapidly appearing as leaders of the second—the emotional—fringe. The danger from that group is that any desperate person is a potential candidate to join it. If you box your boy's ears he will pout and, if occasion offers, run away from home with any enticing bum who comes along. He is an abused baby. Counting busted business men, the unemployed, large segments of farmers not yet helped, and the dependents of all these, there are about eighty million abused babies in this country—their ears still tingling from the worst economic boxing in history. They are ready to strike back at disaster in any way that is shown to them. The New Deal offered them something to support and trust. Neither in 1932 nor 1934 was there anybody else in the field with any opposition or anything like a concrete plan, and they had the comfort of believing that the whole country and most of the Congress was behind that plan.

They have not that comfort now. After two years of timid silence the Old Guard has at last screwed up its courage to raise a voice from the tomb to send the shivers down their spines by beckoning to opposition and frustration of all that has been done for them. In Congress the despairing legions of reaction unfurl the old banners and, on the side lines, the savage orchestra of columnist and editorial kibitzers pound the tom-toms, burn the red fires and shriek with demoniacal glee at every defection.

Now the thing that makes this possible is not a popular demand for a return to reaction. It is the exact reverse of that and it has happened since last November. Two Pied Pipers have come to Hamelin Town—and you will recall what the Pied Piper was—a magician who, by tooting on a penny whistle, could step into the leadership of rats—or charm innocent children from the safety of their homes. But our two Pipers are not concerned about rats. They are piping out of the City gates with more and more abused babies at their heels. You can laugh at Father Coughlin—you can snort at Huey Long—but this country was never under a greater menace than from the break-up of spontaneous popular co-operation being engineered by the combination of this dangerous demagoguery with the direct assault of the old social Neanderthals—the architects of the 1929 Boom and Bust—and of our five black years of bitter bondage of despair. Peaceful Recovery is being threatened with a grinding between the upper and the nether millstones of extreme group selfishness.

At this point I want to make it very clear that I am speaking for my-

self alone—a gratuitous volunteer. Nobody in the Administration has been consulted about this speech although I have advised on the project of making it with my best and wisest friends—New Dealers, Old Dealers and Coughlinites. It may interest you to know that, without one single exception, they advised against it. “If you want to hang yourself—go to it.” Nothing did more to convince me that this speech had to be made. If demagogy has reached the point where a man may risk his public standing by attacking it, it is time for somebody to get up on his hind legs and howl.

It does less than no good at all for an Old Dealer to howl. It is the greatest aid and comfort that could be given to the Pied Pipers. They can—and do—reply with perfect justice: “Nothing we could counsel this distressed people could do half the harm to them than what you have advised has already done.”

No echo out of Wall Street—no radio program subsidized by Big Business—no slinging of the old stuff—is anything more than an affront to the people who suffer in this country. That stuff is like the cheese with which a little boy tried to feed a mouse imprisoned in a cheese baited trap—that mouse didn’t want any more cheese. That kind of answer to the Pied Piper does as much to drive public opinion in their direction as their own piping does to persuade it.

I am well aware of what the Pipers will say about me—that I am probably crazy—that I once worked in New York myself and am a tool of the interests. Nerts to that! I never made a more deliberate speech. That I have rich friends is a fact. I also have poor friends. I am poor myself. But it just happens that I don’t owe anybody anything—that I am on my own—and that I can rest on my record for saying just what I think whenever I feel that it ought to be said, and for taking all that’s coming to me for saying it. And this time it will be plenty.

You don’t see much in the newspapers about the Pied Pipers. The greatest force of this ilk is the radio, through which they can pollute our great popular pool of justified resentment. For want of work it sits idly before its receiving sets while there is pumped into it daily two ingredients—red pepper for its raw emotions and—for its hope—enticing promises of a money miracle—manna in this wilderness of despair—“like the coriander seed, white; and the taste of it like wafers made with honey—of which he that gathereth much shall have nothing over and he that gathereth little shall have no lack.” That was said by Moses of a miracle performed in the desert of Sinai thousands of years ago, but it is the shortest, clearest statement of the money magic proffered by the Pipers—“he that gathereth much shall have nothing over and he that gathereth little shall have no lack.”

Promise and performance possible only to the Lord God Almighty;

To abolish poverty—oh, where have we heard that before? Easy magic offered by men who have no other wizardry than the charm of words and the awe of people for the robes they wear. They speak with nothing of learning, knowledge or experience to lead us through a labyrinth that has perplexed the minds of men since the beginning of time with no satisfactory solution and with no more authoritative comment than that of the Master—"the poor ye have with ye alway." They ask us to go with them gayly down pathways by them called new, but that, in truth, have been trodden time and again in the world's history—but never to the rainbow's end they promise. In the many, many times that those paths have been taken since the world began, never once did they fail to lead to chaos and destruction, bearing always—first and most heavily—on the very class to which they now appeal.

Why, if these men know what they are talking about, their attempt to delude helpless trusting sufferers to such a doom is unspeakable. If they do not know, then theirs is an act as rash and murderous as that of the tinker who tried a surgical operation on the human heart because he said that it was only a pump anyway and so entirely in his line of work.

It is not what these men say that is dangerous. It is the devilish ingenuity of their way of saying it. Put down on paper it doesn't make sense. "Every man a king" and "\$5,000 a year for everybody" would draw the proper "oh yeah" from nine people out of ten, but it is no less ridiculous than "two cars in every garage" or "two chickens in every pot," which turned out to be two chickens in every garage—or the bunk with which Hitler took the hard-boiled Germans—and Hitler couldn't hold a candle to Huey in the art of the old Barnum ballyhoo—a new sucker every second!

"Ahm not against de Constitution. Ahm fo' de Constitution. Ahm not against p'ivate p'op'ety. Ahm fo' p'ivate p'op'ety. All mah plan says is 'tax 'em down—til nobody has mo' dan six million dollahs capital an' one million dollahs income is enough fo' any man!'"

Can you beat it? There's language anybody can understand and the tortured talk and four-dollar words with which economists answer that baby is too much for about 99 per cent of people including myself. Who is going to dispute with Huey that six million of capital and one million income is enough for any man? But try and get it!

Who is going to attempt to tell any man why he ought not to have \$5,000 a year if Huey can get it for him—or even why he shouldn't be a king? The fact is that nobody is answering Huey in language anybody can understand. He's getting away with it without a contest. Added to that there comes burring over the air the dripping brogue of the Irish-Canadian priest—pounding home points of pure political propa-

ganda by calling on the lives and sayings of all the saints and the very precepts of the Master in accents mellow with human sympathy—musical, blatant bunk from the very rostrum of religion—it goes straight home to simple souls weary in distress and defrauded in delay. And neither is anybody challenging him in language that means anything more to these people than a Gregorian chant intoned in Latin.

He wants to turn our banking system over to 48 petty politicians and authorize them to make money out of wind to pay the public debt and all expense of Government.

Why, to give every family \$5,000 a year income, the total income of the United States would have to be 150 billions and if some had a million and so on down to \$5,000 in the usual grades, as Huey proposes, it would have to be 500 billions, which is more than twelve times as much as it is and more than six times as much as it has ever been. Huey says "Divide our wealth," and he tells how to take it by taxes, but he never yet has told how to distribute it.

If you seized all property tomorrow by taxes and sold it at an auction tax sale, nobody would have enough to bid a tenth of its value. You would cut the price of America 90 per cent and nobody but a foreigner could buy it. When values bounced back the few buyers would be fabulously rich and the rest of us unbelievably poor. Do you own anything? Huey is going to take it away from you and put it in a pool for division. It is like the old darkey whom the Communist paraders persuaded to carry their banner by telling him that they were going to take everybody's money and divide it up equally. After marching a few blocks in ecstasy, he began to think and scratch his head. "How much do ev-ybody git?" he finally asked and was told: "Seventeen dollars and twenty-seven cents." Said he: "Hyah—take yo' ol' red rag—ah got nineteen dollahs and fo-ty-seven cents in mah britches right naow."

Nobody works or trades or manufactures except for profit or income. If you took that away by taxes you would stop activity, destroy employment and pauperize this country. Huey could not distribute wealth that way, but he could distribute such poverty as the world has never seen and he knows that as well as anybody.

Father Coughlin's plan to make money out of nothing would make it worth nothing—and that would confiscate the wages of every worker, the savings of every family and the life insurance of every widow. It would close up every endowed college, hospital or other charitable institution in the country. It would cut off imports and enable foreign chaff, and enable foreign nations with real money to buy our resources for a song. It would deliver every worker's work and every farmer's product to politics and, at one stroke, destroy the economic and political system of this country.

Stripped to the facts—and whether consciously or not—these two men are raging up and down this land preaching not construction but destruction—not reform but revolution—not peace but a sword. I think we are dealing with a couple of Catalines and that it is high time for somebody to say so.

This brings me to a part of this speech that I do not relish making. I like Huey Long. He is one of the most plausible Punchinellos in this or any other country. He is an able little devil and I can't help but gleefully admire his cast-iron cheek and his rough-and-tumble readiness to take on all comers including the august Senate of the United States in session assembled.

For Father Coughlin, I have even a closer sentiment. I agree with much that he says. I think he has done more to interest the average man in politics than anybody. At a very poignant moment in my life—my farewell to NRA—just before it went under the ether and had its intestines removed and wrapped up in a warm wet towel, he sent me a message that touched my heart: "My dear General, I joyed with you and wept with you during your discourse this afternoon. You have served your country and its citizens more courageously than we dare express at the present moment. That man who attempts to do a public service as wholeheartedly and as honestly as you have done is a fool if he hopes to escape the vinegar of calumny and the thorns of grief, God bless you."

I have my full share of the common failing and that warm message makes it very hard for me to say what I know must be said. I am sure that Father Coughlin is sincere but I know he is misguided.

The most dangerous revolutionary in the world is the sincere one—the more sincere the more dangerous. Also, in this country, at least, it is the opinion and not the garb or station of the man who holds it that counts. White or black—butcher, baker or candlestick maker, every man has a right to his say, regardless. But I think there is an exception to the rule when it applies to revolutionary propaganda in the mouth of a priest of the Roman Catholic Church.

The Founder of Christianity likened the Church to a net holding good and bad fish. From recent Popes have come documents on social justice unsurpassed by the mind of man. But the Church has also included in its net some of the greatest social despots in history—very bad fish. A principal architect of the French Revolution and the Red Terror was Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Perigord, Roman Catholic Bishop of Autun—a crook and a grafter who served all masters of every stripe, from the Old Bourbons through the Revolution to Napoleon and back again to Bourbons. Nothing in the priestly fellowship prevented him from carrying out the Red doctrines of Anti-Christ and sending his old friends and consecrated men of his own cloth to the guillotine by the score.

While I do not for a moment compare Father Coughlin with Talleyrand, it is no exaggeration to say that, through the doorway of his priestly office, covered in his designs by the sanctity of the robe he wears, Father Coughlin, by the cheap strategy of appealing to the envy of those who have nothing for those who have something, has become the active political head of an active political party. That party might better be known as the National Revolutionary Party, although it has the more tripping title of the National Union for Social Justice, and I think that makes him another very bad fish in the net of the Holy Church.

Of recent months there has been an open alliance between the great Louisiana demagogue and this political padre who does not arraign our President and our institutions in the American language without a Canadian accent, and who may or may not now be an American citizen, but certainly once was not. On a recent Sunday, Father Coughlin announced at the conclusion of a sermon on money and politics, which contained a direct attack on the President of the United States, that his topic would be taken up later in the evening by a distinguished Senator. And sure enough across the evening air, replacing the good Father's melodious burring, came the cane-brake drawl of Huey Long expounding that priestly and saintly discourse. And the first voice that Huey heard when he gave the microphone was that of Father Coughlin congratulating him.

These two patriots may have been reading last summer's lurid story about an American Hitler riding into Washington at the head of troops. That would be definite enough to Huey because he knows what part of the horse he can be, but we have a right to object most vigorously to the sanctification of such a centaur by having the head wear the collar of Rome and come intoning the stately measures of the Church in pious benediction on such a monstrosity.

I respect all denominations and all true worshipers. I have the deepest regard for the Catholic Church and the Catholic priesthood. I know something of both their valor and their unvarying patriotism during the war. In the trying beginnings of NRA, I had no more enthusiastic co-operation and devoted support than I got from bishops, priests and professors of Catholic institutions. To insure that the wisdom of this age-old Church should be brought to the solution of our problems, I secured the appointment on the Review Board of Monsignor John Ryan—our foremost Catholic economist. The good fathers of Georgetown University helped me work out the mechanics of the draft in 1917. Father Haas has served devotedly on the Labor Advisory Board of NRA from the beginning—kindly man whose very companionship is a benediction. Throughout my life I have had warm friends in that priesthood who will bear with me, I am sure, when I say that I think we have here

a prostitution of their holy office, a violation of vows, and a degradation of the teachings of Jesus Christ.

Why, I have heard the very sayings of the Lord brought forward to bring a religious order to a proposition for fiat money, and the holy mercy of Saint Veronica, who wiped the blood and sweat from the suffering Saviour's face, invoked in an emotional appeal to all women to support a silly and unfair attack on the President and a bill in Congress for a political banking system.

Jesus said: "Bring me a penny, that I may see it." And they brought it. And he sayeth unto them, "Whose is this image and superscription?" And then they said unto him, "Caesar's." And Jesus answered, saying, "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's."

But Father Coughlin has no such indifference to pennies. I was for him at the beginning heart and soul, and I had been told that, as a Canadian citizen, he was a member of the Basilian Order and vowed to poverty. When I heard about a year ago that his private corporation, the Radio League of the Little Flower, was interested in the silver of which he was preaching monetization, I gave the lie to that statement. When the official list was published by the Treasury Department, I saw that I had been wrong.

From the day of the publication of that list the good Father has become the bitter enemy of President Roosevelt's administration. Now I don't question the right of any man to invest money as he will, but when a priest vowed to poverty and preaching to the poor flays the faith of a people to advance a monetary interest—his own or another—you can about conclude that Judas Iscariot was just a poor piker. He sold out the Hope of the World for thirty pieces of silver, when today he might have bartered fifty thousand ounces on so small a thing as abuse of the trust of a national congregation.

In 1928, Al Smith, whom I revere as a truly great American, went from coast to coast proudly declaring that the Catholic Church and priesthood kept out of politics. He was sincere and he was right. I was in that fight and I marveled at the restraint of Catholic priests. Reviled and dishonored by political mud-slingers, they kept the silent tenor of their way. Al could not make that boast today and that is a very great shame. I spoke my mind at Waterloo, Iowa, last year on Hitler's sadistic persecution of the Jews, and I feel just as strongly against the persecution of Catholics in Mexico—which is excused by their tormentors on the charge that priests play politics with a people's faith.

But if this thing spreads in this country there may well be a persecution here—not on the faith of a denomination, but on the abuse

of the clerical office of schemers using the cloak of religion to seek political power and especially when they bend religious faith to the uses of sedition. If religion means nothing more than the remonetization of silver and the promotion of a revolutionary political group, then we can get along without it. We can't get along with it. Here, as at few times in our history, are wounded hearts seeking the solace of the Mercy Seat. Nothing is more needed among us than a spiritual return to the faith of our Fathers. The Catholic Church was born of a great depression and had its first spread among the distressed and downtrodden people of the Mediterranean. God knows there is distress enough today. There is work aplenty for a priest, and—it may be—in driving the money changers from the Temple, but certainly not in usurping their abandoned tables with another sanctified shell game and a new flock of doves.

We can respect as a political agitator Mr. Coughlin voicing any opinion that he may hold. Or we can revere as a most eloquent preacher of a great church Father Coughlin urging any tenet of his faith. But we can neither respect nor revere what appears to be a priest in Holy Orders entering our homes with the open sesame of his high calling and there, in the name of Jesus Christ, demanding that we ditch the President for Huey Long. The ridiculous rumor is rife that Father Coughlin is the agent of the Pope in trying to upset this Protestant country in the interests of the Church of Rome. Nothing could be more absurd, and yet it is perfectly plain that either the Church or Father Coughlin should promptly sever his revolutionary political activities from his priestly office. We expect politics to make strange bed-fellows, but if Father Coughlin wants to engage in political bundling with Huey Long, or any other demagogue, it is only a fair first move to take off that Roman Catholic cassock.

At least there is no such running with the hare and hunting with the hounds about his little playmate, Huey Long. You know just where he stands and how, given power, he will act; because you know how he has acted in the State of Louisiana. There Huey is a dictator by force of arms and Adolf Hitler has nothing on him any way you care to look at them both. In fact Huey is the Hitler of one of our sovereign States—not in the forcible seizure of absolute and arbitrary powers alone but in the curious mixture of incredible mumbo-jumbo, the surface plausibility and undoubted personal magnetism that cause people to put their emotions before their reason and go stampeding off to nothing like a frightened flock of sheep.

Between the team of Huey and the priest, we have the whole bag of crazy or crafty tricks possessed by any Mad Mullah or dancing dervish who ever incited a tribe or people through illusion to its

doom—Peter the Hermit, Napoleon Bonaparte, Sitting Bull, William Hohenzollern, the Mahdi of the Soudan, Hitler, Lenin, Trotsky and the Leatherwood God—here they are—all boiled down to two with the radio and the news reels to make them effective, and if you don't believe they are dangerous you just haven't thought much about it or you don't know the temper of this country in this continued moment of distress.

What are we going to do about it? There is just one thing to do and that is to finish what we started and give democratic leadership adjusted to crisis something of a chance.

That goes for everybody. It goes for industry, which just two years ago was wrecked and seeking salvage in a dictator and which at last feels the thrill of life along its keel. It should be in Washington again—not obstructing but asking what it can do to help. It goes for labor, which, however disappointed by some it trusted, ought not to grouse at an administration which has gone with it nine times out of ten because it has not received the uttermost farthing. It goes for agriculture which has been lifted further out of the hole than anybody thought possible two years ago and which owes every inch of gain directly to Administration measures.

It goes for finance, which, instead of sitting back and saying that nothing is possible under new laws, ought to come forward with some practical suggestion for amendment that would effectively abolish abuses (which this country will never again permit) and yet relieve the present paralysis of trading. It goes for the unemployed and those burdened with debt and losses, who have been taken care of more effectively than ever before in the history of this or any other country and who ought to carry on patiently for just a little longer and tell the Father Longs and Huey Coughlins—or whatever it is—that they are taking their religion from their church and their political leadership from their statesmen and that they are not in the market for any shoes made by a milliner or hats by a cobbler or magic financial hair tonic put up by partnership of a priest and Punchinello guaranteed to grow economic whiskers on a billiard ball overnight.

Let us take our benefits with our burdens—the bitter with the sweet, and—keeping our feet on the middle path between those two mad extremes—let us try to restore to this country something of the faith and spontaneous co-operation of a free people that led the whole world in the great War, from the darkness of disaster and defeat to the sudden glory of complete victory, and that started us so hopelessly on our path to prosperity in 1933.

No two of us agree about everything, and I, by no means, concur in all that the President has done. But I think our sole hope lies in

him; I believe that we are still in deadly danger. I regard as traitors to our common cause all those who are unable or unwilling to accept each situation as we find it, whether created by a success or a failure—a bull's-eye or a complete miss—and, after urging their opinion as vehemently and as vigorously as they will, fail to accept the verdict of the polls, but jog, or try to break, the elbow of our pilot in this Sea of Shoals.

OUR BLUNDERING GOVERNMENT AND ITS SPOKESMAN —HUGH JOHNSON

Senator Huey Long

March 7

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. It has been publicly announced that the White House orders of the Roosevelt administration have declared a war.

The lately lamented, pampered ex-Crown Prince, General Hugh S. Johnson, one of those satellites loaned by Wall Street to run the government, and who at the end of his control over and dismissal from the ill-fated NRA pronounced it as a dead do-do—this Mr. Johnson was apparently selected to make the lead-off speech in this White House charge begun on last Monday night.

The Johnson speech was followed by a fluster and flurry on behalf of the Administration by spellbinders in and out of Congress. In a far-away island when a queen dies her first favorite is done the honor to be buried with her.

The funeral procession of the NRA, another one of these New Deal schemes and isms, is about ready to take place. It is said that General Johnson's speech of Monday night to attack me was delivered on the eve of announcing the publication of his own obituary in the *Red Book Magazine*.

It seems, then, that soon this erstwhile deranged alphabet makes ready to appear at the funeral of NRA, likened to the colored lady in Mississippi who, at such a funeral, asserted, "I is the wife of these remains."

I shall undertake to cover my main subject and make answer to these gentlemen in the course of this speech. It will serve no useful purpose to our distressed people for me to call my opponents more bitter names than they called me. Even were I able, I have not the time to present my side of the argument and match them in profanity.

What is the trouble with this administration of Mr. Roosevelt and of Mr. Johnson, Mr. Farley, Mr. Astor and all their spoilers and spellbinders?

They think that Huey Long is the cause of all their worry. They go gunning for me, but am I the cause of their misery? Well, they are like old David Crockett, who went out to hunt a 'possum. He saw there in the gleam of the moonlight, a 'possum in the top of the tree, going from limb to limb, so he shot, but he missed. He looked again and he saw the 'possum. He fired a second time and missed again. Soon he discovered that it was not a 'possum that he saw at all in the top of that tree; it was a louse in his own eyebrow.

I do not make this illustration to do discredit to any of these distinguished gentlemen; I make it to show how often some of us imagine that we see great trouble being done to us by some one at a distance, when in reality all it may be is a fault in our own make-up. And so is this the case of Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Farley or Mr. Johnson and of others undertaking to derange the situation today.

The trouble with the Roosevelt Administration is that when their schemes and isms have failed, these things I told them not to do, and voted not to do, that they think it will help them to light out on those of us who warned them in the beginning that the tangled messes and experiments would not work.

The Roosevelt administration has had its way for two years. They have been allowed to set up or knock down anything and everybody. There was one difference between Roosevelt and Hoover. Hoover could not get the Congress to carry out the schemes he wanted to try, because we managed to lick him on a roll call in the United States Senate time after time when he had both the Democratic leaders and the Republican leaders trying to put them over.

But it is different with Mr. Roosevelt. He got his plans through Congress, but on cold analysis, they were found to be the same things Hoover tried to pass and failed the year before.

The Kitchen Cabinet that sat in to advise Hoover was not different from the Kitchen Cabinet which advises Roosevelt. Many of the persons are the same. Many more of those in Roosevelt's Kitchen Cabinet are of the same men or set of men who furnished employes to sit in the Kitchen Cabinet to advise Mr. Hoover.

Maybe you see a little change in the men waiting on the tables in the dining room, but back in the kitchen, the same set of old cooks are back there fixing up the vittles and the grub for us that cooked up that mess under Hoover. There has never even been a change in the seasoning.

Now do you think this Roosevelt plan for plowing up cotton, corn

and wheat, and for pouring milk in the river and for destroying and burying the hogs and cattle by the millions, all while the people starve to death and go naked, do you think these plans were the original ideas of Roosevelt administration?

If you do, you are wrong. The whole idea of that kind of thing first came from Hoover's administration. Don't you remember when Mr. Hoover proposed to plow up every fourth row of cotton? We laughed him to scorn, and so we beat Mr. Hoover on his plan, but when Mr. Roosevelt started on his plan, it was not to plow up every fourth row of cotton, it was to plow up every third row of cotton. He went Mr. Hoover one-twelfth better.

So it has been, while millions have starved and gone naked and while babies have cried and died wanting milk; so it has been while people begged for meat and bread to eat. Mr. Roosevelt's Administration has sailed merrily along, plowing under and destroying the things to eat and wear, with tear-dimmed eyes and hungry souls made to chant for this New Deal so that even their starvation dole is not taken away from them, and meanwhile the food and clothes craved by humanity for their bodies and souls go to destruction and ruin.

What do you call it? Is it government? Maybe so. It looks more like the St. Vitus dance to me.

Now since they have sallied forth with General Johnson to start this holy war on me, let us take a look at this NRA they opened up around here about two years ago. They had parades and Fascist signs, just like Hitler and Mussolini. They started the dictatorship to regiment business and labor much more than any known in Germany and Italy.

The only difference was in the sign. Mussolini's sign for a Fascist was a black shirt. Germany's sign of the Fascist was a swastika. So in America they sidetracked the Stars and Stripes, and the sign of the Blue Eagle was used instead for the NRA.

They proceeded with the NRA. Everything from a peanut stand to a powerhouse had to have a separate book of rules and laws to regulate what they did. If the peanut stand started to sell a sack of goobers, they had to be careful to go through the rule book. One slip of the man and he went to jail.

One fellow pressed a pair of pants and went to jail because he charged 5 cents less than the price set up in the rule book. So they wrote their NRA books, code laws and so forth, and got up over 900.

One would be as thick as an unabridged dictionary and as confused as the study of the stars. It would take forty lawyers to tell a shoe shiner merchant how to operate and be sure he didn't go to jail. Some people came to me for advice as a lawyer on trying to run their busi-

ness. I took several days and couldn't understand it myself. The only thing I could tell them was it couldn't be much worse in jail than it was out of jail with that kind of a thing going on in the country, and so to go on and do the best they could.

The whole thing of Mr. Roosevelt as run under General Johnson became such a national scandal that Roosevelt had to let Johnson slide out as a scapegoat. I am told that the day the General had to go, when they had waited just as long as they would wait on him, he wanted to issue a blistering statement against Mr. Roosevelt, but they finally saddled him off because they didn't know but what Wall Street might want to lend him to some other President in the future, so he left without.

It was under this NRA and the other funny alphabetical combinations that followed it that we ran the whole country into a mare's nest. The Farleys and Johnsons combed the land with agents, inspectors, supervisors, detectives, secretaries, assistants, and so forth, all of them armed with the power to arrest anybody and send to jail if they found them not living up to some one of the rules in these 900 catalogues they had out.

One man, whose case reached the Supreme Court of the United States, I understand, pleaded guilty because he didn't know what it was about, and when it got to the United States Supreme Court, it was turned loose because they couldn't even find a rule book he was supposed to be guided by.

Now it is with the PWA, WRA, GINS and every other flimsy combination that the country finds its affairs in business where no one can recognize it. More men are now out of work than ever. The debt of the United States has gone up ten billion more dollars. There is starvation; there is homelessness; there is misery on every hand and corner. But, mind you, in the meantime, Mr. Roosevelt has had his way. He is one man that can't blame any of his troubles on Huey Long. He has had his way.

Down in my part of the country, if any man has the measles he blames that on me; but there is one man that can't blame anything on anybody but himself and that is Mr. Franklin De-La-No Roosevelt.

And now on top of that, they ordered a war on me because nearly four years ago I told Hoover's crowd, it won't do, and because three years ago I told Roosevelt and his crowd, it won't do. In other words, they are in a rage at Huey Long because I have had to say, "I told you so."

I was not overstating the conditions now prevailing in this country. In the own words of these gentlemen, they have confessed all that I now say or ever have said. Mr. Roosevelt, and Mrs. Roosevelt, too,

have lately bewailed that fact that food, clothes and shelter have not been provided for the people. Even this General Hugh S. Johnson has said in his speech of this last Monday night that there are 80,000 babies in America who are badly hurt or wrecked by this depression. He, of course, includes us all in that classification of babies.

Mr. Harry Hopkins, who runs the relief work, says the dole roll has risen now to 22,375,000 people, the highest it has ever been. And now what is there for the Roosevelt crowd to do but to admit the facts, and admit further that they are now in their third year making matters worse instead of better.

No one is to blame except them for what is going on when they have had their way, and they couldn't change the thing in two years. It is now worse than ever, and if they haven't been able to do any good in the way they have been going for two years, how can any one expect any good of them for the next two years to come? God save us two more years of the disaster we have had under that gang.

When this condition of distress and suffering among so many of our people began to develop in the Hoover Administration, we knew what was the trouble, and what we would have to do to correct it.

I was one of the first men to say publicly. Mr. Roosevelt followed in my track a few months later, and said the same thing—we said that all of our trouble and woe was due to the fact that too few of our people owned too much of our wealth.

We said that in our land we've too much to eat and too much to wear, and too many houses to live in; too many automobiles to be sold—that the only trouble was that the people suffered in the land of abundance because too few controlled the money and the wealth, and too many people did not have money which would buy the things they need for life and comfort.

So I said to the people of the United States in my speeches, which I delivered in the United States Senate and over the radio in the early part of 1932, that the only way by which we could restore to reasonable life and comfort was to limit the size of the big men's fortune and guarantee some minimum to the fortune and comfort of the little man's family.

I said then as I have said since that it was inhuman to have goods rot, cotton and wool going to waste, houses empty, and at the same time to have millions of our people starving, our people naked, our people homeless, because they could not buy the things which other men had and for which these other men had no use.

So we convinced Mr. Franklin Delano Roosevelt that it was necessary that he announce and promise to the American people that in the event he were elected President of the United States he would pull

down the size of the big man's fortune and guarantee something to every family, enough to do away with all poverty, and to give employment to those who were able to work and an education to the children born into the world.

Mr. Roosevelt made those promises. He made them before he was nominated in the Chicago convention, he made them again before he was elected in November, and he went so far as to remake those promises a day or two after he was inaugurated President of the United States and I was one authorized to say so, and I thought for a day or two after he took the oath as President that maybe he was going through with his promises.

But no heart has ever been so saddened, no person's ambition was ever so blighted as was mine when I came to the realization that the President of the United States was not going to undertake what he said he would do, and what I knew to be necessary if the people of America were ever saved from calamity and misery.

So now, my friends, I come to the point where I must in a few sentences describe to you just what was the cause of our trouble which became so serious in 1929 and which has been worse ever since.

The wealth in the United States was three times as much in 1910 as it was in 1890, and yet the masses of our people owned less in 1910 than they did in 1890. In the year 1916 the condition had become so bad that a committee provided for by the Congress of the United States reported that 2 per cent of the people of the United States owned 60 per cent of the wealth in the country, and that 65 per cent of the people owned less than 5 per cent of the wealth. This report showed, however, that there was a middle class, some 33 per cent of the people who owned 35 per cent of the wealth.

This report went on to say that the trouble with the American people at that time was that too much of the wealth was in the hands of too few of the people, and recommended that something be done to correct the evil condition then existing.

It was at about the same time in 1916 that many of our leading publications in America began to deplore the fact that so few people owned so much and that so many people owned so little. Among those commenting upon that deplorable situation of that day and time was *The Saturday Evening Post*, which in an issue of September 23, 1916, said, quoting from *The Saturday Evening Post*:

"Along one statistical line you can figure out a nation busting with wealth; along another statistical line, a bloated plutocracy."

They said that of America, a bloated plutocracy—"1 per cent of the population lording it over a starving horde with only a thin margin

of merely well-to-do in between." Close quotation from *The Saturday Evening Post*.

And it was, as *The Saturday Evening Post* and a committee appointed by Congress said, a deplorable thing back in 1916 when it was found that 2 per cent of the people owned twice as much of the wealth of this country as all of the balance of the people put together, and that 65 per cent of all of our people owned practically nothing.

But what did we do to correct that condition? Instead of moving to take these big fortunes from the top and spreading them among the suffering people at the bottom, financial masses of America moved in to take complete charge of the government for fear that our lawmakers might do something along that line.

And as a result, fourteen years after the report of 1916, the Federal Trade Commission made a study to see how the wealth of this land was distributed. And did they find it still as bad as it was in 1916? They found it worse. They found that 1 per cent of the people owned 59 per cent of the wealth, which was almost twice as bad as was said to be an intolerable condition in 1916, when 2 per cent of the people owned 60 per cent of the wealth.

And as a result, foreclosures of mortgages and bankruptcies, which began to happen during the last years, it is the estimate of the conservative statisticians that 75 per cent of the people in the United States don't own anything today, that is, not even enough to pay their debts, and that 4 per cent of the people, or maybe less than 4 per cent of the people, own from 85 to 95 per cent of all the wealth in the United States.

Remember, in 1916 there was a middle class, 33 per cent of the people who owned 35 per cent of the wealth. That middle class is practically gone today; it no longer exists. They have dropped into the ranks of the poor. The thriving man of independent business standing is fast fading. The corner grocery store is becoming a thing of the past. Concentrated chain and merchandise stores and chain banking systems have laid waste to all middle men's opportunity.

That thin margin of merely well-to-do in-between, which *The Saturday Evening Post* mentioned on September 2, 1916, is no longer thin. No, it is dwindled to no margin at all at this late date. Those suffering on the bottom and the few lords at the top are all that is left. There is no middle class. Lords at the top; masses at the bottom.

It became apparent that the billionaires and multi-millionaires began to squeeze out the common, ordinary millionaire. In other words, the whales began to eat up the goggle-eyes after they had taken all the minnows in the catch, closing in and taking their properties and wrecking their business.

And so we arrived, and we are still there, at the place in abundant America where we have everything for which a human heart can pray. The hundreds of millions, or, as General Johnson says, the eighty millions of our people, are crying in misery for want of the things which they need for life, notwithstanding the fact that the country has had, and can have, more than the entire human race can consume.

One hundred and twenty-five million people of America have seated themselves at the barbecue table to eat the products which have been given to them by their Lord and Creator. There is provided by the Almighty what it takes for all of them to eat. Yea, more.

There has been provided for the people of America who have been called to this barbecue table more than is needed for all to eat, but the financial masses of America have taken off of the barbecue table 90 per cent of the food placed thereon by the Lord, even before the feast began. And there is left on that table for 125,000,000 people about what is needed for the 10,000,000. In other words, there is not enough to feed one out of twelve.

What has become of the balance of those victuals placed on the table by the Lord for the use of us all? They are in the hands of the Morgans, the Rockefellers, the Mellons, the Baruchs, the Bakers, the Astors, the Vanderbilts, 600 families at the most, either possessing or controlling the entire 90 per cent of all that is in America.

These big men cannot eat all the food, they cannot wear all the clothes, so they destroy it. They rot it up, they plow it up, they pour it in the river. They bring destruction to the acts of mankind to let humanity suffer, to let humanity go naked, to let humanity go homeless, so that nothing may occur that will do harm to their vanity and to their greed. Like the dog in the manger, they command a wagon load of hay which the dog would not allow the cow to eat, though he could not eat it himself.

So now, ladies and gentlemen, I introduce myself again, for fear that there are some who have just tuned it and do not know who is talking. This is Huey P. Long, United States Senator from Louisiana, talking over a National Broadcasting Company hookup, from Washington, D.C.

We come to that plan of mine now, for which I have been so recently and roundly condemned and denounced by the Roosevelt administration and by such men as Mr. Farley and Mr. Robinson and General Hugh S. Johnson and other spellers and spoilers.

It is for the redistribution of wealth and for guaranteeing comfort and convenience to all humanity out of this abundance in our country. I hope none will be horror-stricken when they hear me say that we must limit the size of the big men's fortunes in order to guarantee a minimum of fortune, life and comfort to the little man, but if you

are horror-stricken at my mention of that fact, think first that such is the declaration on which Mr. Roosevelt rode into nomination and election to President of the United States.

While my urgings are declared by some to be the ravings of a mad-man and, by such men as General Johnson, as insincere bait for a pied piper, if you will listen to me you will find that it is stating the law handed down by God to man.

You will find that it was the exact provision of the contract of law of the Pilgrim Fathers who landed at Plymouth in 1620. Now, just for the benefit of some of these gentlemen, I am going to read you from the contract of those Pilgrim Fathers who landed at Plymouth in 1620. I am reading you from the contract of those Pilgrim Fathers:

"Paragraph 5: That at the end of the seventh year, the capital and profits, that the houses, lands, goods and chattels be equally divided betwixt the adventurers and planters. When done, every man shall be free from any debt or detriment concerning this adventure."

In other words, these birds who are undertaking to tell you of the bad things I have done and am advocating, they have failed to note that I not only have the Bible back of me, but that this nation was founded by the Pilgrim Fathers, not to do just what I said, but to go and do all the balance, divide up equally every seventh year and cancel out all debts, and they had the authority of the Bible for doing that. On the other hand, mine does not go near so far, but it will save this country as the Pilgrims intended it should be saved.

You will find that what I am advocating is the corner-stone on which nearly every religion since the beginning of man has been founded. You will find that it was urged by Lord Bacon, by Milton, by Shakespeare in England; by Socrates, by Plato, by Diogenes and the other wisest of the philosophers of ancient Greece; by Pope Pius XI in the Vatican; by the world's greatest inventor, Marconi, in Italy; Daniel Webster, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Jackson, William Jennings Bryan and Theodore Roosevelt in the United States, as well as by nearly all of the thousands of great men whose names are mentioned in history, and the only great man who ever came forth to dispute these things from the Bible down is this marvelous General Hugh S. Johnson, who labels himself a soldier and a lawyer.

He is a great soldier though he never smelt powder or heard a cap snap, and a great lawyer though he never tried a lawsuit, and I will not be willing to transact business on the lines that everybody else must be forgotten whom I follow, and if I should follow in such footsteps as was arranged for the combination of an alphabetical proposition.

The principle that I am advocating, that I will give you in detail in a minute, that principle was not only the mainspring of the Roose-

velt nomination and election but in the closing speech of Herbert Hoover at Madison Square Garden in November, 1932, even Hoover said:

"My conception of America is a land where men and women may work in liberty, where they may enjoy the advantages of wealth, not concentrated in the hands of the few but diffused through the lives of all."

So there you have it, ladies and gentlemen; both Hoover and Roosevelt swallowed the Huey Long doctrine and never made one single complaint before the election occurred on Nov. 8, 1932.

Now I come to give you again that plan, taken from these leaders of all times and from the Bible, for the sponsoring of which I have been labeled by American men as a madman and pied piper and demagogue, so I give you that plan of our Share Our Wealth Society.

I propose, First: that every big fortune will be cut down immediately. We will cut that down by a capital levy tax to where no one will own more than a few millions of dollars. As a matter of fact, no one can own a fortune in excess of three or four millions of dollars, just between you and me, and I think that is too much. But we figure we can allow that size of a fortune and give prosperity to all the people, even though it is done.

I propose that the surplus of all the big fortunes above a few millions to any one person, at the most, go into the United States ownership. Now, how would we get all these surplus fortunes into the United States Treasury, Mr. Johnson wants to know. Well, now, if he will listen, he won't have any trouble finding out. It is not hard to do. We would not do it by making every one sell what he owned. No. We would send every one a questionnaire, just like they did during the War, when they were taking us Over There to make the world safe for democracy so that they might come back here and make America safe for autocracy.

On that questionnaire the man to whom it was sent would list the properties he owned, lands, the houses, stocks and bonds, factories and patents; every man would place an appraisal on his property which the Government would review and maybe change. On that appraisal the big fortune holder would say out of what property he would retain the few millions allowed to him, the balance to go to the United States.

Let's say that Mr. Henry Ford should show that he owned all the stock of the Ford Motor Company, and that it is worth \$2,000,000,000, we will say. He would claim, say \$4,000,000 dollars of the Ford stock, but \$1,996,000,000 would go to the United States.

Say the Rockefeller Foundation was listed at \$10,000,000,000 in oil stocks, bank stocks, money and storehouses. Each Rockefeller could

say whether he wanted his limit in the money, oil or bank stock, but about \$9,900,000,000 would be left and that would go to the United States Government.

And so in this way, this Government of the United States would come into the possession of about two-fifths of the wealth which on normal values would be worth from \$165,000,000 to \$175,000,000,000.

Then we would turn to the inventories of the 25,000,000 families of America and all those showing properties and moneys clear of debt that were above \$5,000 and up to the limit of a few millions. We wouldn't draw down a fortune that wasn't bigger than a few millions, and if a man had over \$5,000 then he would have his guaranteed minimum. But those showing less than \$5,000 for the family, free of debt, would be added to; so that every family would start life again with homestead possession of at least a home and the comforts needed for a home, including such things as a radio and an automobile.

Those things would go to every family as a homestead not to be sold either for debts or for taxes or even by consent of the owner, except the Government would allow it, and then only on condition that the Court hold it, that is, hold the money that was received for it, to be spent for the purpose of buying another home and the comforts thereof.

Such would mean that the \$165,000,000,000 or more taken from the big fortunes would have about \$100,000,000,000 of it used to provide everybody with the comforts of home. The Government might have to issue warrants for claim and location, or even currency to be retired from such property as it was claimed, but all that is a detail not impractical to get these homes into the hands of the people.

So America would start again with millionaires, but with no multi-millionaires or billionaires; we would start with some poor, but they wouldn't be so poor that they wouldn't have the comforts of life. The lowest a man could go would not take away his home and the home comforts from him.

America, however, would still have a \$65,000,000,000 balance after providing these homes. Now what do we do with that? Wait a minute and I will tell you.

Second: We propose that after homes and comforts of homes have been set up for the families of the country, that we will turn our attention to the children and the youth of the land, providing first for their education and training.

We would not have to worry about the problem of child labor, because the very first thing which we would place in front of every child would be not only a comfortable home during his early years, but the opportunity for education and training, not only through the gram-

mar school and the high school, but through college and to include vocational and professional training for every child.

If necessary, that would include the living cost of that child while he attended college, if one should be too distant for him to live at home and conveniently attend, as would be the case with many of those living in the rural areas.

We now have an educational system, and in States like Louisiana, and it is the keystone where school books are furnished free to every student, however far he may live from a grammar or high school there is a fairly good assurance of education through grammar and high school for the child whose father and mother have enough at home to feed and clothe them.

But when it comes to a matter of college education, except in few cases, the right to a college education is determined at this day and time by the financial ability of the father and mother to pay for the cost and expense of a college education.

It doesn't make any difference how brilliant a boy or girl may be; that doesn't give them the right to a college education in America today.

Now General Hugh Johnson says I am indeed a very smart demagogue, a wise and dangerous menace. But I am one of those who didn't have the opportunity to secure a college education or training.

We propose that the right to education and the extent of education will be determined and gauged not so much by the financial ability of the parents, but by the mental ability and energy of a child to absorb the learning at a college.

This should appeal to General Johnson, who says I am a smart man, since, had I enjoyed the learning and college training which my plan would provide for others, I might not have fallen into the path of the dangerous menace and demagogue that he has now found me to be.

Remember we have \$65,000,000,000 to account for that would lie in the hands of the United States, even after providing home comforts for all families. We will use a large part of it immediately to expand particularly the colleges and universities of this country. You would not know the great institutions like Yale, Harvard and Louisiana State University. Get ready for a surprise.

College enrollments would multiply 1,000 per cent. We would immediately call in the architects and engineers, the idle professors and scholars of learning. We would send out a hurry call because the problem of providing college education for all the youth would start a fusilade of employment which might suddenly and immediately make it impossible for us to shorten the hours of labor, even as we contemplate in the balance of our program.

And how happy the youth of this land would be tomorrow morning if they knew instantly their right to a home and the comforts of a home and to complete college and professional training and education were assured. I know how happy they would be, because I know how I would have felt had such a message been delivered to my door.

I cannot deliver that promise to the youth of this land tonight, but I am doing my part. I am standing the blows; I am hearing the charges hurled at me from the four quarters of the country.

It is the same fight which was made against me in Louisiana when I was undertaking to provide the free school books, free busses, university facilities and things of that kind to educate the youth of that State as best I could.

It is the same blare which I heard when I was undertaking to provide for the sick and the afflicted.

When the youth of this land realizes what is meant and what is contemplated, the Billingsgate and the profanity of all the Farleys and Johnsons in America cannot prevent the light of truth from hurling itself in understandable letters against the dark canopy of the sky.

Now, when we have landed at the place where homes and comforts are provided for all families and complete education and training for all young men and women, the next problem is, what about our income to sustain our people thereafter. How shall that be arranged to guarantee all the fair share of what soul and body need to sustain them conveniently. That brings us to our next point.

We propose:

Third: We will shorten the hours of labor by law so much as may be necessary that none will be worked too long and none unemployed. We will cut hours of toil to thirty hours per week, maybe less; we may cut the working year to eleven months' work and one month vacation, maybe less.

If our great improvement programs show we need more labor than we may have, we will lengthen the hours as convenience requires. At all events, the hours for production will be gauged to meet the market for consumption.

We will need all our machinery for many years because we have much public improvement to do. And further, the more use that we may make of them the less toil will be required for all of us to survive in splendor.

Now, a minimum earning would be established for any person with a family to support. It would be such an earning, on which one, already owning a home, could maintain a family in comfort, of not less than \$2,500 per year to every family.

And now, by reason of false statements made, particularly by Mr.

Arthur Brisbane and General Hugh S. Johnson, I must make answer to show you that there is more than enough in this country and more than enough raised and made every year to do what I propose.

Mr. Brisbane says I am proposing to give every person \$15,000 for a home and its comforts, and he says that would mean the United States would have to be worth over a trillion dollars.

Why make that untrue statement, Mr. Brisbane? You know that is not so. I do not propose any home and comfort of \$15,000 to each person; it is a minimum of \$5,000 to every family, which would be less than \$125,000,000,000, which is less than one-third of this nation's wealth in normal time of \$400,000,000,000.

General Johnson says that my proposal is for \$5,000 guaranteed earnings to each family, which he says would cost from four to five hundred billions of dollars per year which, he says, is four times more than our whole national income ever has been. Why make such untrue statements, General Johnson? Must you be a false witness to argue your point?

I do not propose \$5,000 to each family. I propose a minimum of from \$2,000 to \$2,500 to each family. For 25,000,000 families that minimum income per family would require from \$50,000,000,000 to \$60,600,000,000.

In the prosperous days we have had nearly double that for income some years, which allowed plenty for the affluent; but with the unheard prosperity we would have, if all our people could buy what they need, our national income would be double what it has ever been.

The Wall Street writer and statistician says we could have an income of at least \$10,000 to every family in goods if all worked short hours and none were idle. According to him, only one-fourth the average income would carry out my plan.

And now I come to the balance of the plan.

Fourth: We propose that agricultural production will be cared for in the manner specified in the Bible. We would plow under no crops; we would burn no corn; we would spill no milk into the river; we would shoot no hogs; we would slaughter no cattle to be rotted. What we would do is this:

We would raise all the cotton that we could raise, all the corn that we could raise, and everything else that we could raise. Let us say for example, that we raised more cotton than we could use.

But here again I wish to surprise you when I say that if every one could buy all the towels, all the sheets, all the bedding, all the clothing, all the carpets, all the window curtains, all of everything else they reasonably need, America would consume 20,000,000 bales of cotton per year without having to sell a bale to the foreign countries.

The same would be true of the wheat crop, and of the corn crop, and of the meat crop. Whenever every one could buy the things they desire to eat, there would be no great excess in any of those food supplies.

But for the sake of argument, let us say, however, that there would be a surplus. And I hope there will be, because it will do the country good to have a big surplus. Let us take cotton as an example.

Let us say that the United States will have a market for 10,000,000 bales of cotton, and that we raise 15,000,000 bales of cotton. We will store 5,000,000 bales in warehouses provided by the Government. If the next year we raise 15,000,000 bales of cotton and only need 10,000,000, we will store another 5,000,000 bales of cotton, and the Government will care for that.

When we reach the year when we have enough cotton to last for twelve or eighteen months we will plant no more cotton for that next year. The people will have their certificates of the Government, which they can cash in for that year for the surplus, or if necessary, the Government can pay for the whole 15,000,000 bales of cotton as it is produced every year, and when the year comes that we will raise no cotton we will not leave the people idle and with nothing to do.

That is the year when, in the Cotton States, we will do our public improvement work that needs to be done so badly. We will care for the flood-control problems, we will expand the electric lines into rural areas; we will widen roads and build more roads, and if we have a little time left, some of us can go back and attend a school for a few months, and learn some of the things that they have found out about that they didn't know anything about when we were children.

Now the example of what we could do about cotton is the same policy we would follow about all other crops. This program would necessitate the building of large storage plants, both heated and cold storage warehouses in all the counties of America, and that building program alone would take up the idle people that America has today.

But the money spent would go for good, and would prevent any trouble happening in the future.

And then there is another good thing. If we would fill these warehouses, then if there were to come a year of famine there would be enough on hand to feed and clothe the people of the nation. It would be the part of good sense to keep a year or two of stock on hand all the time to provide for an emergency, maybe to provide for war or other calamity.

I give you the next step in our program:

Fifth: We will provide for old age pensions for those who reach

the age of 60, and pay it to all those who have an income of less than \$1,000 per year, or less than \$10,000 in property or money.

This would relieve from the ranks of labor those persons who press down the price for the use of their flesh and blood.

Now, the person who reaches the age of 60 would already have the comforts of home as well as something else guaranteed by reason of the redistribution that had been made of things. They would be given enough more to give them a reasonably comfortable existence in their declining days.

However, such would not come from a sales tax or taxes placed upon the common run of people. It would be supported from the taxes levied on those with big incomes and the yearly tax that would be levied on big fortunes so that they would always be kept down to a few million dollars to any one person.

Sixth: We propose that the obligations which this country owes to the veterans of its wars, including the soldiers' bonus, and to care for those who have been either incapacitated or disabled, would be discharged without stint or unreasonable limit.

I have always supported each and every bill that has had to do with the payment of the bonus due to the ex-service men. I have always opposed reducing the allowances which they have been granted. It is an unfair thing for a country to begin its economy while big fortunes exist, by inflicting misery on those who have borne the burden of national defense.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, such is the Share Our Wealth movement. What I have here stated to you will be found to be approved by the law or our Divine Maker. You will find it in the Book of Deuteronomy, from the twenty-fifth to the twenty-seventh chapters. You will find it in the teachings of Christ. You will find it in the words of our great teachers and statesmen of all countries and of all times. If you care to write to me for such proof, I shall be glad to furnish it to you free of expense by mail.

Will you not organize a Share Our Wealth Society in your community tonight or tomorrow to place this plan into law? You need it; your people need it. Write me, wire to me; get into this work with us if you believe we are right.

Help to save humanity. Help to save this country. If you wish a copy of this speech or a copy of any other speech I have made, write me and it will be forwarded to you. You can reach me always in Washington, D.C.

But now, my friends, there have been so many unfounded attacks made upon the work which I have done and helped others to do in Louisiana, that I will devote some time to making an answer. Today

I am presented with a front-page editorial in a Philadelphia newspaper. They call for me to make answer to certain questions, so I will consume the balance of my time in so doing.

A REPLY TO GENERAL JOHNSON

Rev. Charles E. Coughlin

March 11

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I am truly indebted to the National Broadcasting System by whom this time is contributed and to General Hugh Johnson for having provided the occasion and opportunity for me to address you.

Our concept of government so far transcends the bigotry of race, of creed, or color and of profession to such an extent that through our forefathers we refrained from writing into the Constitution of the United States any impediment to disbar any citizen from engaging in the activities of good citizenship. I am compelled to rehearse this plain truth for your consideration because a demagogic utterance, by appealing to thoughtlessness, to religious and to professional bigotry, has questioned it.

The money changers whom the Priest of Priests drove from the temple of Jerusalem both by word and by physical force have marshalled their forces behind the leadership of a chocolate soldier for the purpose of driving the priest out of public affairs.

While always a priest I address you neither as the spokesman of the Catholic Church nor as the representative of its Catholic following. I speak to you as American to American.

The economic disaster which overwhelmed our nation proved beyond question that, independent of all racial or religious differences, there was common need for Catholic, Protestant, Jew and irreligionist to solve a common problem. Together did we not enjoy a common citizenship? Together did we not rejoice in the common appellation of Americans? Together have we not worried through the dark years of this depression? Thus, when through the inevitable sequence of events, a crisis has been reached in the development of our social well-being; when it became necessary to bridge the chasm that separates this day of our economic affliction from the tomorrow of our hoped-for benediction, some one, irrespective of his catholicity or of his protestanism, or of his Jewish faith, was required to raise his voice, if for no other reason than to condemn those who, refusing to leave the land of sorrow, obstructed our passage to the land of prosperity.

While it was and always will be impossible for me to divest myself of my Catholic priesthood, nevertheless, in accepting the dignities which my religion conferred upon me I sacrificed in no respect the rights identified with my citizenship. It is still my prerogative to vote. It is still my duty as a common citizen to engage in the common efforts for the preservation of our commonwealth as chaos clamors at our doors.

I regret sincerely that a man who once held high office in our nation either ignorantly or maliciously has called into question this fundamental principle of citizenship. It has been intimated in words more forceful than mere suggestions that a priest's place is at his altar; that a priest, on becoming such should sacrifice his privileges, his prerogatives and his rights as a democratic citizen.

Thus with the logic of a braggart I have been challenged to divest myself of my priestly vocation if I wish to participate in national affairs. Does our concept of Americanism instruct the teacher that his place is always in the classroom? Does it teach the lawyer that his proper place is circumscribed by the walls of his office? Does it tell the barber that his activities are limited to the tools of his trade? Does it cling to the outworn theory of the divine right of kings by which is implied that the affairs of good government and the direction of national progress must be surrendered into hands of professional politicians?

Unfortunately this erroneous doctrine has been openly intimated by the spokesman of a group which has gained control of the democratic liberties of a free people.

While always a priest I carry to you the fundamental doctrines of social justice which are intended both for the religionist and ir-religionist, for black and white, for laborer and farmer, for everyone who shares with me the citizenship in which I rejoice.

Therefore, away with that prostituted bigotry which at one time has been the poisoned rapier of arrant cowards and at another the butcher's cleaving axe wielded to destroy a national unity.

The object of the National Union for Social Justice is to secure economic liberty for our people. So well is this truth known that the concentrators of wealth are resorting to musty methods long since in disrepute to preserve America for the plutocrats and to retain its quarreling citizens for their exploitation.

Our program, which is interested in restoring America to the Americans, can be accomplished peacefully only through a national solidarity. Peacefully, I say, because I believe in the Prince of Peace and dare not disregard His warning that they who use the sword shall perish by it.

In the meantime, therefore, let the Tories of high finance learn from

their prototype, George III. Let the unjust aggressors who for generations have mismanaged the economic affairs of our nation assume the entire responsibility of their Tory stubbornness. The laborer has not sabotaged our factories! The farmer has not created a man-made scarcity of food! The 80,000,000 cry babies have not concentrated our wealth! These people, played upon by paid-for propaganda did not hurl us into the seething maelstrom of a bloody war.

These cry babies—80,000,000 of them so confessed—were not responsible for the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few and for the destruction of small industry. They did not force 22,000,000 hungry men and women to stand in a bread line nor with a lash of poverty did they drive 11,000,000 laborers into idleness and insecurity.

I am characterized as a revolutionary for raising my voice against these palpable injustices, while the blind Bourbons cannot see the writing on the wall nor read the pages of history written in crimson by pens which were dipped into the bleeding hearts at Concord, Lexington and Valley Forge.

In 1776 Washington and Jefferson and their compatriots had hurled at them the vile epithet of revolutionary. Their lands had been over-taxed. Their laborers and farmers, had been exploited. Their liberties had been denied. Their right to free speech and to petition had been scoffed at. They, too, were called revolutionary.

Today when the rights to life, to liberty and to the pursuit of happiness have been obstructed by an economic system of high finance far more vicious in its implications and results than were the unjust political aggressions of a George II, they who protest against them are classified and indexed with the patriots of 1776.

This, indeed, is a high compliment inadvertently paid by the New Deal's greatest casualty, General Hugh Johnson, who never faced an enemy nor successfully faced an issue.

Today he and the Wall Streeters whom he represents become distorters of history, perverters of logic as they, the unjust aggressors garb themselves in the raiment of patriotism and cast scorn on those who have offered from their misdeeds the scarlet cloak of the rebel.

For a moment I plan to pause to answer the charges and insinuations which General Johnson so intemperately made against my person. First, he said: "This political padre . . . may or may not now be an American citizen, but certainly he once was not."

My dear General, I am as much, if not more of an American, as you are or ever will be. Your parents are but one generation removed from Ireland. My paternal grandfather's bones are buried in Lackawanna, N.Y. My greatgrandfather pulled many a pick with the pioneers who dug the Erie Canal. You mean that I have sprung from the

laboring class and chance to be born of American parents on Canadian soil. I have no apologies to make. By an act of Congress of February 10, 1855, Sec. 1993 U.S.R.S., I was always an American citizen.

Secondly, you categorically accuse me of breaking the religious vow of poverty. The truth is, as my religious superiors will testify, I never made a vow of poverty and therefore could never break one. More than that I never belonged to any religious order, although I was associated with a group of priests whose lives were dedicated to the teaching of Canadian and American students.

Thirdly, you have cleverly insinuated that I was a modern Talleyrand who, as a Catholic cleric, was excommunicated by his church because, among other reasons, he protected the plundering Bourbons. This you did in one breath while in the next you praised the good Catholic laity. For what purpose? For none other than to turn, not the Protestants nor the Jews against me, but rather to confuse the people of my own faith. It is sufficient for me to say that up to the present date I have not been classified with a Talleyrand by those whose business it is to judge whether or not I am in good standing in the Catholic Church.

Fourthly, compared to me Judas Iscariot is a piker—the same Judas who betrayed his Lord and Master. It is not my province to classify myself with the eleven faithful Apostles. I am content to leave to the justice of history and to the judgment of God this decision.

What insanity possessed you to say such things? What desperation forced you to utter such exaggerations?

I remember how in 1933 Mr. Roosevelt pleaded with the people to cease their hoarding. I remember how he promised to raise the price of commodities. It was in those days that the committee in charge of the financial affairs of the Radio League of the Little Flower heeded the President's word and believed the President's promise.

This committee having more faith in Franklin D. Roosevelt than you and your kind ever placed in him, expended the surplus money under their care in silver contracts. As a result of this action more than \$12,000 was gained for the Radio League of the Little Flower. Not one penny of gain from it have I ever made.

But you and your kind, wedded to the belief that the only ones who should make gain by transacting business in commodities have spewed your venom not upon me but upon an organization of people whose membership runs into the millions because their legally constituted officers gained for them enough money to pay for the broadcasting activities which are designed for the people and paid for by the people.

It is perfectly ethical for your taskmaster, Bernard Baruch, to profit by his gold and silver transactions. But it is totally unethical for the people who have been exploited by him and his group of speculators and international bankers to gather the crumbs of profit which fall from the table of the commodity market.

To malign me you have more than insinuated that personally it was I who profited, and, therefore, that I am the modern Judas Iscariot, who has betrayed Jesus Christ! I rejoice that never have I sold Jesus Christ nor did I ever betray the brothers of Jesus Christ. Can you say as much?

General Johnson, your enemies and, if I may say it, some of your fair-weather friends, have heaped upon my desk the record of your personal life. I disdain to refer to it. Need I remind you, however, that of old it was said the Christ stirreth up the multitudes; that He was a wine bibber, a consorter with sinners? Or need you remind me how the Master, crowned with the thorns which were woven by the fingers of the money changers, nailed to the cross by the spikes which were forged in the furnace of hatred, said: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do?" Dare I claim title to Christianity and forget that prayer?

My dear General Johnson, I am not important nor are you. But the doctrines which I preach are important. While you were content to vomit your venom upon my person and against my character, the American public is fully cognizant that not once did you dare attack the truths which I teach. I need not condemn you before the court of public opinion. You have condemned yourself. More than that, you have appeared before a jury of 80,000,000 people—your own figures—who through your lack of Christian charity and justice are today prejudiced against you.

Those "cry babies" whose tears have welled to their eyes because you and your kind have lashed them at the pillar of poverty; these brothers and sisters of Christ whom you and your masters have crowned with the thorns of worry and insecurity; these sterling American citizens whom you first fastened to the cross of hunger and nakedness and then pierced their hearts with the spear of exploitation—these inarticulate people for whom I speak will never forget you and your Wall Streeters.

These people, so you have intimated, are rats being led by the Pied Piper. Must that be the metaphor which you employ to describe the wreckage which your kind has created?

My friends, I appeal to your charity, to your good judgment, to your sense of social justice to bear no ill-will against General John-

son. Your intelligence informs you that he is but a faithful obedient servant willing to express in his own grotesque manner the thoughts which are harbored in the mind of his master.

Today he appears before us a figure to be pitied and not condemned. He has been cast out of an Administration because he and his plans were failures. Thus, as he appears before you on future occasions remember that he is regarded as a cracked gramophone record squawking the message of his master's voice.

My dear General, if I am constrained from indicting your person, it is simply because you are the first great casualty of the New Deal experimentation. Whether you know it or not, you are but a political corpse whose ghost has returned to haunt us. Although I believe that your unquiet spirit will not rest in peace, nevertheless, I still believe in that ethical axiom—Of the dead let us speak kindly.

When real soldiers come forth to fight, having facts for targets and truths for ammunition, I shall oppose them with the most forceful weapons which my wits command, but never shall I adopt dishonest tactics or dishonest warfare. I shall draw my reasons from that school of militancy presided over by Jesus Christ, who, 1900 years ago, refrained not from attacking in scathing terms the scribes and pharisees. "Woe to you scribes and pharisees, hypocrites, because you devour the houses of widows, praying long prayers. For this you shall receive the greater judgment. For you bind heavy and insupportable burdens and lay them on men's shoulders; but with a finger of your own you will not move them."

Yes, General Johnson, Christ is accused of stirring class against class by the Voltaires, the Rousseaus, the Louis XVIs, and the atheists, of all times. But there are times when certain classes must be forcefully reminded that there is such a thing as Christian charity which bids us love our neighbors as ourselves, and that warns us that whatsoever we do, even to the least, we do to Christ. That is what the Pharisees refused to learn. That is what their descendants in Wall Street refuse to accept as they continue to devour the houses of widows and tax our citizenry into slavery and idleness.

Remembering the method of attack employed by Christ's Precursor, John the Baptist, I will dare confront the Herods by name and by fact even though my head be served on a golden platter, even though my body be sawed in twain as was that of the prophet Isaias for having scorned into disrepute a prince by the name of Manasses.

Today there is another Manasses, your lord and master, General Johnson. I refer to Bernard Manasses Baruch, whose full name has seldom been mentioned, but which name from this day forth shall not be forgotten. This was the name his parents gave him, the name Manas-

ses. This is the name, General Johnson, of your prince of high finance.

Him with the Rothchilds in Europe, the Lazzere in France, the Warburgs, the Kuhn-Loebs, the Morgans and the rest of that wrecking crew of internationalists whose God is gold and whose emblem is the red shield of exploitation—these men I shall oppose until my dying days even though the Bernard Manasses Baruch of Wall Street is successful in doing to me what the prince after whom he was named accomplished in doing to Isaias.

I am well apprised of the fact that your own vociferous volubility, which you characterized last Monday night as "howling," is but the opening gun in a well organized attack against me. I fear it not because I am protected by the moral support of the "cry babies" and the rats whom you have forced into the ranks of the National Union for Social Justice. Therefore, I shall doubly bend my efforts to the task of handing back America to the Americans and of rescuing our beloved country from the hands of the internationalists.

There are two remaining charges which you made against me. I rejoice in this opportunity to answer them. The first respects money. You said that my plan is "to make money out of nothing, which would therefore make it worth nothing." At least you admit that I have a plan. I need not inform this audience that since 1930 and long before it I had a plan to establish social justice. Long before you or the financial puppet-masters who are expert in manipulating the strings of Punch and Judy oratory became prominent in the desperate struggle for economic independence I was associated with pioneers who were protesting against the profitless labor of our farmers and against the slavery of modern mass productionism.

Where were you in 1930 and 1931 while we were advocating New Deal on Sundays and feeding thousands in the bread line on Mondays, made necessary by the cold-blooded individualism of an ancient economic system?

Where were you in 1932 when our same group was advocating the election of Franklin D. Roosevelt and the birth of a New Deal long before Franklin Roosevelt was even nominated for the Presidency?

Where were you in 1933 and 1934 when our beloved leader consecrated to drive the money changers out of the temple, was hampered and impeded by your master, Bernard Manasses Baruch, the acting president of the United States, the uncrowned prince of Wall Street?

I say this in no disparagement because every one appreciates that you are nothing more than his man Friday. With Bernard Manasses Baruch's plan in your pocket to regiment industry, to destroy competition, to institute a wage system designated to share poverty, to create monopolies and eliminate small industries—you strutted upon the stage

of this depression like a comic opera general. You organized a comic opera parade on the streets of New York.

Why, General, before your name and underslung vocabulary became household words in this Nation, the pioneer associates of mine had been fighting in the front trenches against the enemies of the New Deal, bearing its heaviest burdens, carrying its heaviest crosses.

And now you accuse me of planning to make money out of nothing. But let us become more specific. The man who put this thought into your mouth is nothing but a thief yelling "Stop, thief." Bear with me, General, as I refresh the memory of this audience on the nature of money and how it is manufactured out of nothing by your masters.

1—As you confess, money is merely the medium of trade. It is not wealth; it is only the transportation system, as it were, by which wealth is carried from one person to another.

2—For more than 100 years the people of this nation have permitted a small group of men to possess the privilege of making money and thereby of controlling the flow of wealth. Many of us began to believe that money was the real wealth instead of the trick, as it were, whose only reason for existence is to carry the precious freight of food, of clothing, of shelter of human beings and their labor from one point to another—from the producer to the consumer.

There are many kinds of transportation, such as the railway, the truck, the steamboat. There are three kinds of capitalistic money, all monopolized for use by the banker—metal, paper currency and credit. In round figures, there are \$9,000,000,000 of idle metal in the Treasury, \$5,500,000,000 of paper currency throughout the nation and at least \$250,000,000,000 of credit or of debt money, such as mortgages, loans, bonds, etc. Credit money is checkbook money. Credit money or pen and ink plus checkbook money is really the major portion of all our money by 90 per cent.

3—How is this checkbook money created in this nation? First, a group of wealthy men petition the Government for a bank charter, or, in other words, for the right to counterfeit legally.

4—These men deposit, for example, \$100,000 with the Treasury. In return, the Treasury gives them \$100,000 worth of interest-bearing bonds, which are kept at Washington as security. But the interest accumulating on the bonds belongs to these new bankers.

5—These men return to their home town after they have the Government print for them, at scarcely no cost, \$100,000 worth of paper dollars, which they deposit in their new bank.

6—John Smith comes to these bankers for a loan of \$10,000, which he obtains at 6 per cent on depositing as security the deed for his \$20,000 farm.

7—Then the banker gives John a checkbook—no actual cash, mind you—and immediately writes on his own books that \$10,000 has been deposited, whereas in truth it was simply loaned.

8—Fifty, eighty, one hundred John Smiths go through the same process until the bank which started with only \$100,000 of printed money has loaned \$1,000,000 at 6 per cent. That was their rule, to lend ten times what they actually had. Therefore, the first year in business netted the bank \$60,000 interest profit on investment of \$100,000 which all this time was bearing interest for them through the bonds which they deposited originally at Washington at 4 per cent.

9—Of course, Jim Jones and 1,000 other neighbors of Jim Jones placed their savings in the town bank. They thought that this money was safe and that the bank would surrender it on demand. But Jim did not read the fine print in his bankbook. Had he done so, he would have discovered that he had actually loaned his money to the bankers; that he had become a creditor and, therefore, had to take his chance of getting his money back with all the other creditors and patrons of the bank.

10—Meanwhile, from the banker's bank, the Federal Reserve Bank, word went out that too much money had been loaned by his fellow-bankers. It was time to cut down on credit. Thus Henry Doe, the manufacturer, John Smith, the farmer, and Peter Adams, the merchant, all of whom borrowed from the bank, were ordered to pay back in currency money, mind you, what they obtained in checkbook money. Simultaneously, this happened all over the Nation. Ten, twenty, thirty billion dollars of loans were called. There were only \$5,000,000,000 of currency money in existence. It was an impossible situation. Therefore a depression arose. The deeds and mortgages were claimed by the banker and homes and farms and industries were confiscated by him because there was no currency money.

11—Did the banker close up shop? He did not. At least the big banker did not. They liquidated the homes and farms and industries which they confiscated when the borrowers had no currency money to save them. They sold them for what they could obtain on depressed market. Then they turned around with this new fresh currency money and bought government bonds at 4 per cent or less.

12—Meanwhile, bread lines were established. Unemployment was rife. Poverty stalked through the Nation. Of necessity the Government must obtain money to feed the poor and must undertake public work to salvage the unemployed. Therefore, it borrowed \$8,000,000,000 from the bankers who, playing their game even in the face of a national distress, loaned the Government a fat check book and perhaps, for good measure, a bottle of ink and a fountain pen. Still

there were only \$5,000,000,000 of actual currency in the nation. But, through a banker's magic and a gambler's instinct, they loaned the \$8,000,000,000 because they knew that in eighteen years hence, \$6,000,000,000 in interest would be returned by the Government for the privilege of using a banker's check book—\$14,000,000,000 in all.

There, General, is the true story of how money is made out of nothing. Can you or any Wall Streeter controvert this?

To this process of manufacturing money I have been opposed simply because our Constitution says that it is the right of Congress to coin and regulate the value of money. In the year 1694 this right still belonged to the British people and to their Parliament; but, when threatened by invasion, the merchants and goldsmiths of London forced Parliament to surrender this right to them. This was the price of their patriotism. This was the birthday of the privately-owned bank of England.

During the days of our Civil War, when Abraham Lincoln was engaged in realizing a dream that was born in the Crib at Bethlehem, he needed gold to purchase arms and ammunition. In that day, the international bankers were willing to loan gold to Lincoln on the one condition that he would abrogate and cancel Article 1, Section VIII, Clause V of our Constitution, which says Congress has the right to coin and regulate the value of money. This right they themselves coveted; this right they themselves demanded.

From that day forward until 1913, when the Federal Reserve Banking System was created—a system owned by a group of your masters and not by the American people, as many in this audience formerly believed—from that day forward the economic destinies of our country have been controlled by these private central bankers who extended and contracted credit at will.

Because I have, in season and out of season, demanded that we Americans go back to the Constitution and restore to Congress its right and duty to coin and regulate the value of money you have assailed me and in doing so have stultified yourself.

When did I ever propose to make money out of nothing? I have pointed to \$9,000,000,000 of idle gold and silver sterilized in the vaults of our Treasury. I have questioned time after time the wisdom on the part of our Government running to the Federal Reserve Bank for dollars created out of nothing borrowing this manufactured money for relief purposes, for public works activities, with the understanding that the bankers would be repaid either with good currency, at interest, or else the security of the United States could be confiscated by them.

I have advocated that the government employ this idle gold and silver instead of building up unpayable debts to be shouldered by the unborn

children of future generations. You and your group have been the inflationists, the makers of money out of nothing. But mindful of the Federal Reserve Act, which was passed in 1913, and which permits 2½ currency dollars to be printed against each gold dollar, mindful that we have only \$5,250,000,000 paper dollars in the country and over \$9,000,000,000 of gold and silver in the Treasury, I have asked and I still ask why we do not employ it for the welfare of the American people instead of utilizing the bankers' manufactured money for the welfare of the Warburgs, the Rothchilds, the Kuhn-Loebs, the Morgans, and your own master, Bernard Manasses Baruch?

But yesterday afternoon I asked the same question. And this morning, to the gratification of every patriotic American, Franklin D. Roosevelt has made the initial step in that direction. Today he has given the answer to you and your false charge by ordering the use of approximately \$650,000,000 of that idle gold and silver, thereby giving his benediction to the principles for which I have fought for more than three years.

The few minutes which remain at my command I shall devote to your last set of charges which I need not rehearse. My record is clear in that neither you nor Bernard Manasses Baruch can justify any statement to the effect that the National Union for Social Justice or that I, its president, are allied with Republican or Democrat, with Catholic or Protestant, or with any other individual or group of individuals. The principles which I have just enunciated and the principles upheld by other organizations are ample proof to substantiate this statement. My dear General, you have gone on record as categorically stating that ever since the exposition of the silver list I have been opposed to Franklin D. Roosevelt, our beloved President. An entire Nation knows that this statement is palpably untrue. On that point my record is clear.

Who originated the slogan of "Roosevelt or ruin?"

Who repeated it again this year? When but last January the President's magnificent message was read to Congress, did not your master's associates condemn it while openly and nationally I advocated its support?

The real enemies who are boring from within have been you and your group of Wall Streeters, of international bankers. Who have been the President's advisers over a period of two years? Not the farmer or the laborer, not the National Union for Social Justice, not his close and disinterested friends. Surely they were not responsible for 11,000,000 men who are still unemployed, for 22,000,000 persons who are still in the breadlines, for our national debt which has risen to the unscalable heights of \$34,000,000,000. If our people are growing disheartened it is not because they have lost faith in Franklin D. Roosevelt, but because they are rising in their wrath against you and your group who have surrounded him.

It was Bernard Manasses Baruch and the international bankers who whispered into his perturbed ears the philosophy of destruction, the sophistry of social reforms and policies, all of which have prevented a magnificent leader from rescuing a nation still bound to the rock of depression by the chains of economic slavery. Did they not, in season and out of season, obstruct him from driving the money changers from the temple?

My friends in this audience, I still proclaim to you that it is either Roosevelt or ruin. I support him today and will support him tomorrow, because we are neither going back to the individualism of the past nor are we going forward to the communism of the future. But I am not that type of false friend who, mangling the very meaning of the word, praise policies when criticism is required or betray my millions of supporters throughout the nation by preaching to them the prostituted slogan of "peace, peace," when there is no peace.

The fantastic fusillade of false charges which the genial ghost, the kind chocolate soldier and the sweet prince of bombast so engagingly publicized, certainly were not potent enough to arouse my wrath. More important things must be accomplished. I dare not be diverted from my course by a red herring, even though it chances to be a dead one.

America's destiny is in the process of fulfillment. The ancient world set aside the bondage of physical freedom. Throughout the middle centuries civilization struggled to disentangle itself from an agrarian serfdom which prevented men from owning their own homes or farms. In later days in the spirit of the Magna Charta there was lifted aloft the first standard for political freedom. Physical, agrarian, political—these freedoms has the world obtained.

But as the finger of Providence weaves on the wall of time the fabric of this life's story there is still another golden thread which must be spun from north to south, from east to west—the golden thread of economic liberty and financial freedom. Palestine has given us our religion—our faith and hope and charity. Greece has bestowed upon us her culture. From the Tiber's banks at Rome came law and order and the spirit of colonization. It was left to England and Spain, and especially to the Nordic nations, to teach the world the story of commerce and carry across the seven seas the glory which they inherited.

What part must America play? There is only one. We, the great creditor nation of this world, who today control its gold, are in position to strike the first and telling blow for economic freedom, for financial independence. This shall be our contribution. This is the duty of Columbia. To this task I invite you to dedicate your lives.

PEPSODENT PROGRAM

Announcements

When a program has been on the air as long as Amos 'n' Andy, all of the materials that go to make up the program are worth examination. The following announcements, typical of those which have always been heard on this program and typical of many straight "commercials" are printed here by kind permission of The Pepsodent Company by Robert B. Graves.

Advertiser: The Pepsodent Company *Program Title:* Amos 'n' Andy
Chicago Outlet: Red *Time:* 6:00-6:15 P.M.
Date: Jan. 12. *Day:* Tuesday

Opening: (Palm Springs)

BILL HAY. The Pepsodent Co. brings you Amos 'n' Andy.
 (Hollywood)
 (Organ)

KADELL. Colds and flu are on the rampage! So much so, that in one of our largest cities recently, policemen were stationed in all theatre lobbies to keep sniffers, sneezers and coughers from spreading flu and pneumonia. The police had orders to clear lobbies of all crowds—to protect the public health.

Take warning! Start taking this precautionary measure against colds at once. Gargle daily with Pepsodent Antiseptic. It kills surface germs in 10 seconds and at the same time soothes sore throats resulting from the common cold. In fact, tests show that people who gargled regularly with Pepsodent Antiseptic had caught fewer colds—and got rid of colds twice as fast. You, too, may expect these results. But don't wait. Start the Pepsodent Antiseptic habit in your home at once! Because Pepsodent kills germs; even when you dilute it with two parts of water, it lasts 3 times as long—makes your money go 3 times as far. To help keep colds away, gargle with Pepsodent Antiseptic every day.

And here's Bill Hay.

(Palm Springs)

BILL HAY. (*Ad Lib*)

Closing: (Palm Springs)

BILL HAY. And here is Carlton Kadell.

(Hollywood)

CARLTON KADELL. Nature is stingy—STINGY—at least when it comes to tooth enamel that guards over the health and beauty of your teeth. Beautiful tooth enamel once worn away is lost forever. So Be Safe! Choose your dentrifice with care. Be Safe! . . . switch to Pepsodent, the

only tooth paste containing Irium. Yes, you can have complete confidence in Pepsodent for it alone is made with this sensational new ingredient that highly polishes teeth to flashing new luster and allure, *safely* . . . requires no soap, no chalk, no grit, no pumice. Its soft gentle action is sensational in the way it floats away film, swiftly, gently, without scrubbing or scraping. Is it any wonder that thousands everywhere are giving up old fashioned tooth pastes that never seemed to improve the looks of their teeth? Now that every tube of Pepsodent on sale contains Irium, you can buy it with utmost assurance that the days of disappointing dentifrices are gone forever!

Organ: (Palm Springs)

BILL HAY. Amos 'n' Andy in person will return to you tomorrow at this same hour. Bill Hay, speaking for the Pepsodent Co., bids you all good night.

Monday, August 17

OPENING: There's no denying that everyone who uses tooth powder wants the *one* kind which removes stains from teeth most effectively. Now I don't have to tell you folks who already use Pepsodent Tooth Powder what a remarkable difference this new kind of powder makes in the appearance of your teeth. But if there are any of you powder users listening in who *haven't tried Pepsodent*, let me say that you're missing the thrill of your life. Yes, thrill—because it IS a real thrill to see your teeth shades brighter than you ever thought they could be. For everybody knows that dull film-covered teeth detract from your appearance like nothing else . . . that they seem to add years to your looks.

You see, Pepsodent's new tooth powder is a professional powder for everyday use at home. Its new patented discovery transforms the appearance of off-color teeth . . . floats away ugly film and stains . . . as it highly polishes teeth to a luster and that is a sign of youthful charm.

But don't take my word. Do as thousands are doing—switch to Pepsodent Tooth Powder for the thrill of twice brighter teeth and a smile that's doubly alluring. The price is another good reason for the change . . . for the large 25 cent can of Pepsodent Tooth Powder highly polishes your teeth 60 TIMES! And the still larger family size that holds over twice as much is only 50 cents.

CLOSING: Everyone knows that teeth that look dull and dingy, teeth that are coated with an ugly yellowish film, spoil the charm of youth. Now if you prefer to brush your teeth with tooth powder, and want to see your teeth take on new brilliance, if you want the natural, youthful whiteness of teeth completely restored, just do this. Ask your druggist for a can of the new Pepsodent Tooth Powder. For it contains a revolu-

tionary new type ingredient that brightens teeth to a magnificent luster—a new high polish such as you've always admired in others. Almost immediately you'll see how this wonderful new tooth powder actually transforms the appearance of your teeth. You and your friends can't help but marvel at how much it adds to your youthful charm.

Try Pepsodent Tooth Powder in the 25 cent can with enough in it for 60 brushings. Or if you prefer, buy the 50 cent family size. All drug counters are featuring Pepsodent Tooth Powder today.

Amos 'n' Andy, in person, will return tomorrow at this same hour. Until then—good night.

(Music)

SIGNOFF: This program has come to you through the National Broadcasting Company.

MUSIC ANNOUNCEMENTS

Included in this volume, with plays, talks, etc., are many announcements, commercial and non-commercial, which show the types and methods plainly. Here now, are announcements for musical programs. By reference to the definitions in the introduction in this volume, most of these announcements will be identified as interpretive.

The Symphony Hall script is self-explanatory. In the form that it appears here, it is sent out to schools or other non-commercial agencies wishing to use it on a non-profit basis. The World Broadcasting scripts are sent in the form reproduced here, to stations which use the transcriptions furnished by the World Broadcasting System; the material is to be read by local announcers. In completely transcribed programs produced by WBS and other professional transcribers for specific sponsors, such as Chevrolet, the announcements as well as the music are transcribed. Permission for publication kindly granted by World Broadcasting System by A. J. Kendrick.

SYMPHONY HALL

"Symphony Hall" is a series of programs prepared and featured twice weekly by WRUF, State and University of Florida Radio Station, in Gainesville. Thirty minutes in length, the programs were listed from 7:30 to 8:00 on Tuesday and Thursday evenings and were presented primarily to entertain, but with the feeling that a program of this type, with historical and descriptive notes about each selection, could not help but attract more listeners to the field of symphonic music as well as increase the appreciation of the already established audience.

Recordings by one outstanding symphonic organization have been featured on each program, the discs being taken from WRUF's own

library. Mostly RCA-Victor records—a few are Columbia—the list numbers are those shown in the Victor catalogue or Columbia Catalogue.

The source of the program notes:

What We Hear in Music, Anne Shaw Faulkner,
RCA Victor Company, Camden, N.J., 1931
The Victor Book of the Symphony, Charles O'Connell,
RCA Victor Company, Camden, N.J., 1934

Two observations may be made. The applause should not be used unless an excellent quality and full volume sound effect is available. Nor should it be used if there is any likelihood that listeners will object to trying to make a recorded program more realistic. It may easily be omitted, but adds to the effectiveness of the program if used. Also, some stations may not find it convenient to use both an announcer and a commentator. Again, the effectiveness, we believe, lies in the original writing, but little difficulty will be experienced in reducing the continuity to one announcer.

There are twenty-six programs in the series, all of which are available through the cooperation of the Office of Education, United States Department of the Interior, and the University of Florida.

A plan for school tie-ups and publicity is being worked out.

Symphony Hall No. 1 WRUF, Gainesville, Fla.
Theme: The Merrymakers

ANN. (*Through theme after 30 seconds*) From *Symphony Hall* we welcome you to the first in a new series of classical half-hours which will present recorded works by the outstanding figures of the Music World. Today we are to have the pleasure of hearing an Album of Masterworks played by Eugene Ormandy and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. (*Theme fades*) Eugene Ormandy was born in Budapest. His father, an amateur musician, named him Jenő after Jenő Hubay, whom he greatly admired, in the hope that the boy would become a great violinist. His hopes were realized before young Ormandy was out of his teens, for, under the tutelage of Hubay and Kodaly, he made such headway that he appeared in concert in most of the European capitals.

At 21 Ormandy came to the United States, where chance led him to develop his latent talent for conducting. His success in this field was so phenomenal that he soon laid aside the violin and bow for the baton. For several years Ormandy has been conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony and has just recently been chosen to succeed Leopold Stokowski

at the helm of the Philadelphia Orchestra. But now, may we introduce Mr., whose interesting program notes on selections featured will be heard throughout this concert series. Mr.

COMM'TOR. Thank you, Mr. (*Ann's name*) Ladies and gentlemen, Roy Harris stands alone in the parade of modern composers as one who has captured the truly American spirit of music. In his overture "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" he has expressed a gamut of emotions particularly American and in an American manner. Here one finds noisy ribaldry, sadness, a groping earnestness which amounts to suppliance towards those deepest spiritual yearnings within ourselves.

(*Sound: Applause*)

COMM'TOR. (*Through applause*) But our conductor is taking the stand. Eugene Ormandy and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra play the American Overture "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" by Roy Harris.

(*Sound: Applause dies*)

(*Music: "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" [2 surfaces]*

VR-8629)

(*Sound: Applause*)

COMM'TOR. (*Through applause*) In dynamic contrast to the fierce struggle and sheer power of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" . . .

(*Sound: Applause gradually dies*)

COMM'TOR. . . . is the invading peacefulness of Robert Schumann's classic poem in tone "Traumerei." Eugene Ormandy and the Minneapolis Orchestra include "Traumerei" as a Masterwork offering from *Symphony Hall*.

(*Music: "Traumerei" [1 surface] VR-8285*)

(*Sound: Applause*)

ANN. That was "Traumerei" by Robert Schumann. And now Mr. will tell us about the composer of the next selection, "Roumanian Rhapsody."

COMM'TOR. (*Through applause*) Georges Enesco is a composer of unusual versatility in that he is a remarkable violinist, pianist, organist, 'cellist and conductor . . .

(*Sound: Applause dies gradually*)

COMM'TOR. . . . His "Roumanian Rhapsody in A Major" is one of three similar pieces which are founded on the folk-music of Roumania, and which give a vivid suggestion of Roumanian gypsy life and music. Enesco's "A Major Rhapsody" is the next recorded offering from *Symphony Hall*.

(*Music: "Roumanian Rhapsody" [4 surfaces] VR-1701, VR-1702*)

(*Sound: Applause*)

ANN. (*Through applause*) We have heard the "Roumanian Rhapsody in A Major" by Georges Enesco, a fantasy of Roumanian gypsy folk-music.

(*Sound: Applause dies*)

COMM'TOR. Friedrich Smetana's "The Bartered Bride" is the first Bohemian opera and is a delightful example of spontaneous and happy composition. The opera is based on a simple old Bohemian folk-tale concerning the romance of Marenka, the "bartered bride," and Jenik, a young peasant, the latter winning the hand of Marenka by outwitting the marriage broker, Kezal. The merry "Dance of the Comedians," which we are to hear now from *Symphony Hall*, gives insight to the colorful Bohemian folk-music employed throughout the work.

(*Music: "The Dance of the Comedians" [1 surface] VR-8694*)

(*Sound: Applause*)

ANN. (*Through applause*) We have brought you the first in a series of concerts from *Symphony Hall* featuring recorded works of the outstanding artists of the World of Symphonic Music. Today we have heard from the Album of Eugene Ormandy and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Next week at this same hour recordings by Dr. Leo Blech and the Berlin State Opera Orchestra will be heard from *Symphony Hall*.

(*Sound: Applause dies*)

(*Theme: "The Merrymakers" VR-36170*)

(*Station identification*)

Note: Record numbers indicate listing in the catalogue of RCA-Victor's recorded library of music.

HITS AND ENCORES

Program No. 104

World Broadcasting System, Inc.

711 Fifth Avenue, New York

(*Sig: World Special Record*)

(*Theme: "March No. 2 [Up thirty seconds and out] 800-665B*)

ANN. We bring you the songs you've picked to make the grade—*Hits and Encores*, a symposium of yesterday's and today's favorites. The show "On Your Toes" is still a current Broadway favorite . . . but last Spring "There's a Small Hotel" was in the hit class . . . so encore for a long-lived melody now.

(*Music: "There's a Small Hotel" 2:10 300-1353*)

ANN. Encore for "My Darling" from an earlier edition of "Earl Carroll's Vanities" as recalled to you by Dick Heath.

(*Music: "My Darling" 2:38 300-113*)

ANN. Currently the Broadway musical comedy rage . . . "Red Hot and Blue" . . . and the song "Ridin' High," sung for you by Rita Roberts.

(*Music: "Ridin' High" 2:31 300-1693*)

ANN. Musical memories of three songs written by Mabel Wayne . . . each of which proved to be a hit . . . "It Happened in Monterey" . . . "In a Little Spanish Town" . . . and "Ramona" . . .

(*Music: Medley 3:03 200-1327*)

ANN. And, finally, a hit, replete with the grace and charm of all music by Jerome Kern . . . "A Fine Romance" from "Swing Time" . . .

(*Music: "A Fine Romance" 2:28 300-1591*)

ANN. *Hits and Encores* will be presented again tomorrow at this same time, when you're cordially invited to tune in. Your announcer

(*Theme: "March No. 2" [Up thirty seconds and out] 800-665B*)

(*Sig: World Special Record No. 4*)

Timing:

Sig: :10

Theme: 1:00

Music: 12:50

Script: 1:00

WORLD DANCES

Program No. 182

World Broadcasting System, Inc.
711 Fifth Avenue, New York

(*Sig: World Special Record*)

(*Theme: "Let's Face the Music and Dance" [Up 30 seconds and face] 200-1286*)

ANN. The World Dances!

(*Theme: Up and Out*)

ANN. The world dances in a gay and gala mood today to music provided by Larry Earl and his orchestra. "For Sentimental Reasons," as sung by Jerry Sherman—sets the dance time.

(*Music: "For Sentimental Reasons" 3:12 300-1692*)

ANN. The world dances, Larry Earl and the orchestra play and charming Margaret Harris sings—"I'll Never Let You Go" . . .

(*Music: "I'll Never Let You Go" 2:35 300-1532*)

ANN. In the modern musical idiom . . . "Love Marches On" . . . as the world dances!

(*Music: "Love Marches On" 2:03 300-1696*)

ANN. Margaret Harris returns to add vocal charm to the lyric of "Tell Me With Your Kisses."

(*Music: "Tell Me With Your Kisses" 2:49 300-1531*)

ANN. Larry Earl and the orchestra bring you new music for the encouragement of the tapping toe. The world dances to "Did You Mean It" . . .

(*Music: "Did You Mean It" 2:08 300-1690*)

ANN. Tomorrow at this same time, the world dances to music by Vic Fraser and his leaders in dance time. Your announcer is

(*Theme: "Let's Face the Music and Dance" [Up 30 seconds and out] 200-1286*)

(*Sig: World Special Record No. 4*)

Timing:

Sig: :10

Theme: 1:00

Music: 12:47

Script: :50

ECHOES OF THE STAGE

Program No. 35

World Broadcasting System, Inc.
711 Fifth Avenue, New York

(*Sig: World Special Record No. 1 or No. 2*)

(*Theme: "Song of Love" [Up thirty seconds and out] 200-244*)

ANN. Flashbacks of the musical theater and a souvenir program of all the shows that made box office history . . . brought to you in *Echoes of the Stage!* (*Pause*) Up with the curtain! It's a star-spangled November night. The year is 1927 . . . the theater is the Vanderbilt and the show is *The Connecticut Yankee!* The cast: William Gaxton, currently of White Horse Inn, Constance Carpenter, Jack Thompson and June Cochrane. The songs written by Rodgers and Hart . . . and what songs! "My Heart Stood Still," "I Feel at Home with You," "On a Desert Isle with Thee" . . . and the swell "Thou Swell" played for you now!

(*Music: "Thou Swell" 1:52 200-171*)

ANN. And now we turn to the first big Romberg show. . . . Back in 1915 New York saw the brilliant premiere of *Blue Paradise* as produced by the Shuberts. In the cast were Vivienne Segal, Cecil Lean and his wife Cleo Mayfield . . . and while the Viennese Composer Edmund Eysler was credited with the major part of the score . . . the additional music by Sigmund Romberg was outstanding. *Blue Paradise* played for

356 performances during which time the enchanting melody "Auf Wiedersehen" echoed . . . and echoed.

(Music: "Auf Wiedersehen" 3:09 500-548)

ANN. Montgomery and Stone! Music by Victor Herbert. *The Red Mill's* claim to lasting fame. Back in 1906 Dave Montgomery and Fred Stone were the most popular team in musical comedy. Dave Montgomery died some twenty years ago while Fred Stone carries on . . . and Victor Herbert's music stays with us. This echo then from *The Red Mill* . . . Jane Marcy and Roland Smythe sing "Because You're You" . . .

(Music: "Because You're You" 2:30 500-435)

ANN. Now on to 1933 . . . September 25 to be exact . . . the opening night of *Hold Your Horses* at the Winter Garden Theater in New York. The star Joe Cook, with lovely Ona Munson for his leading lady. *Hold Your Horses* played for 88 performances, although the theatrical horoscope predicted a longer life for the show. . . . However . . . one melody stays with us from its score . . . the poignant "If I Love Again" sung for you now by Alice Goodwin.

(Music: "If I Love Again" 2:18 300-685)

ANN. And what would *Echoes of the Stage* be without one representative Kern melody? Not much of a cross-section of musical comedy at all. So we turn to "Sweet Adeline" . . . the show that played for 249 performances at the Hammerstein Theater in 1929. Helen Morgan gracefully twisted a handkerchief from the top of a baby grand while Charles Butterworth laughed apologetically at his own jokes during the run of the show. As for the music . . . remember "Why Was I Born" . . . and "Here Am I"? You haven't forgotten "Don't Ever Leave Me," have you?

(Music: "Don't Ever Leave Me" 2:24 100-288)

(Sig: World Special Record No. 3)

ANN. Nation-wide interest in Lenox Avenue and the Harlem river began with the production of *Blackbirds* of 1928 produced in May of that year. Superfine talent from uptown darktown came into the limelight when Bill Robinson, Adelaide Hall, Aida Ward and Elizabeth Welch strutted their stuff at the Liberty Theater for 518 astounding performances. The songs for *Blackbirds* were done by Dorothy Fields and Jimmy McHugh . . . among them "I Must Have That Man," "I Can't Give You Anything But Love" and "Diga Diga Doo" . . . the last named played for you now with all the original vigor and verve.

(Music: "Diga Diga Doo" 2:48 800-709)

ANN. 1909! 1921! 1930! These were the years when the name *Chocolate Soldier* with music by Oscar Strauss was up in lights. After its original production in New York *Chocolate Soldier*, after having played for 296 performances, went over to London where it played for 500

more! A record in any language or on any side of the Big Pond. So *Chocolate Soldier* echoes again today with the unforgettable "My Hero!"

(*Music: "My Hero" 2:55 200-239*)

ANN. And again the name of Romberg crops up in our souvenir program of all that's best in the musical theater. This time with *The Lady in Ermine* . . . with a luxury run of 232 performances back in 1922. In the cast . . . Walter Woolf King, Wilda Bennet and Robert Woolsey who was doing solo at the time. . . . As for the most music . . . most memorable of its tuneful score was "When Hearts Are Young" in the romantic Romberg tradition . . . played for you now.

(*Music: "When Hearts Are Young" 2:33 700-867*)

ANN. We close with one of the biggest mysteries of the musical comedy stage. Why was it that *Calling All Stars* never got to first base at the box office? Ostensibly, it had everything. Produced by theater-wise Lew Brown, with the startling cast of Phil Baker, Gertrude Niesen, Mitzi Mayfair, Everett Marshall, Martha Raye and Jack Whiting. That is a mystery when we find that *Calling All Stars* played for little over a month. So here's the last of our Echoes of the Stage, from the ill-starred *Calling All Stars* . . . the gay tune "I Don't Want To Be President."

(*Music: "I Don't Want To Make History" 2:56 300-797*)

ANN. Won't you join us next at this same time, when *Echoes of the Stage* will be presented again? We should like you to be with us very much, you know. Your announcer has been

(*Theme: "Song of Love" [Up thirty seconds and out] 200-244*)

(*Sig: World Special Record No. 4*)

Timing:

Sig: :15

Theme: 1:00

Music: 23:25

Script: 4:50

POP CONCERTS

Program No. 53

World Broadcasting System, Inc.
711 Fifth Avenue, New York

(*Sig: World Special Record No. 1 or No. 2*)

(*Music: "Fanfare No. 7" 800-662C*)

NAR. Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is (*Ann.'s name*) speaking to you from our radio concert hall, whence we bring you the 53rd in our series of Pop Concerts. Tonight it is our great pleasure to have back with us . . . as our conductor . . . Leo Erdody, whom you have

heard before on these programs. And as our guest artist we are honored in having with us the distinguished radio, concert and operatic tenor Mr. Richard Scott. As usual, our house is practically filled with an eager crowd of music lovers . . . by the time Mr. Erdody appears, there will certainly be nothing but standing room—and little of that. The program which Mr. Erdody and the orchestra have promised us tonight is one of great interest. The orchestral portion of the concert will consist of compositions by the classical masters Mozart (*Moat-sart*) and Mendelssohn, works by the Spanish composer Granados (*Grab-nah-dohs*) and the American MacDowell, and one of Mr. Erdody's own compositions. Mr. Scott for his share in the program, will offer songs by Lohr, Rogers, and Reichardt (*Rike-heart*). The program will open with the Mozart work . . . the famous "Impressario Overture." The opera itself was a one-act burlesque of operatic life by Stephanie the younger, produced with considerable success and pleasure at Schonbrunn (*Sbern-broon*) in 1786. But now, Mr. Erdody appears at the side of the stage. He crosses quickly to the stand, bows to his audience, then raises his baton . . . and our concert begins . . . with the "Impressario Overture."

(*Music: "Impressario Overture" 3:32 700-1543*)

NAR. Mr. Erdody acknowledges the applause of his audience for his brilliant reading of the "Impressario Overture" . . . and then welcomes upon the stage our guest artist for this evening . . . Richard Scott. For his first offering Mr. Scott brings us the charming ballad "Rose of My Heart" by Hermann Lohr.

(*Music: "Rose of My Heart" 3:13 500-1574*)

NAR. The orchestral portion of tonight's Pop Concert is resumed . . . with perhaps the most delightful of all Mendelssohn compositions . . . the "Scherzo" (*Scairtso*) of the music for *A Midsummer Night's Dream* . . . written, in all its perfection, when Felix was only seventeen!

(*Music: "Scherzo" 4:38 700-1537 and 700-1538*)

NAR. And now, at the request of many of his audience, Mr. Erdody promises us his own "In Memoriam." This solemn and dignified work was written by Mr. Erdody seventeen years ago . . . on the death of his very dear friend, the celebrated American composer Reginald DeKoven. We hear Mr. Erdody's tribute to DeKoven.

(*Music: "In Memoriam" 3:58 700-1546*)

NAR. After a short break . . . our Pop Concert will be resumed.

(*Sig: World Special Record No. 3*)

NAR. Again Mr. Erdody welcomes to his place beside the podium the guest artist of tonight's program, Mr. Richard Scott. This time Mr. Scott will sing for us the dramatic song "The Star" . . . by James H. Rogers.

(*Music: "The Star" 1:50 500-1575*)

NAR. And now . . . we are to hear a composition by the Spanish piano virtuoso and composer Granados . . . the spirited and colourful Intermezzo of the opera "Goyescas" (*Goi-yes-kahs*).

(*Music: "Intermezzo" 3:33 700-1558*)

NAR. Mr. Scott now appears for his final offering tonight. He has chosen one of the loveliest of Louise Reichardt's many fine songs . . . "When the Roses Bloom."

(*Music: "When the Roses Bloom" 2:29 500-1282*)

NAR. To bring our Pop Concert to an end, Mr. Erdody has chosen a colorful work by the distinguished American composer, Edward MacDowell. He leads his orchestra in "The Witches Dance."

(*Music: "The Witches Dance" 2:34 700-1551*)

NAR. So our Pop Concert . . . the fifty-third program in this series to be brought to you by radio . . . has come to an end . . . Messrs. Erdody and Scott have both come to the front of the stage and are sharing the enthusiastic applause of the Pop Concert audience. As the lights are dimmed on this memorable evening, may we remind you then next at we shall present the 54th in this series, and cordially invite you to be with us. Till then, this is, your narrator, bidding you all a good night and a pleasant week to come.

(*Sig: World Special Record No. 4*)

Timing:

Music: 25:47

Script: 3:45

Fanfare: :03

Sigs: :15

TONIC TUNES

Program No. 662

World Broadcasting System, Inc.
711 Fifth Avenue, New York

(*Sig: World Special Record No. 1 or No. 2*)

(*Alternate Theme: "Get Rhythm in Your Feet" 200-1052*)

ANN. Tonic Tunes are on the air.

(*Theme: "Holiday" [Up 30 seconds and out]*)

ANN. Get slap-happy with Tonic Tunes and let the blues light out for good and all. Right this way to the musical clinic for tuneful, tonic treatment! The music's here and it's mellow. . . . "Your an Old Smoothie."

(*Music: "You're an Old Smoothie" 2:32 200-108*)

ANN. Jerry Sherman reviews the romantic parade as "Love Marches On."

(*Music: "Love Marches On"*)

ANN. We give you the tango . . . the Latin American stimulant . . . our next tonic tune . . . "Donde Estas Corazon" . . . (*Don-day es-tahs cob-rab-thone*)

(*Music: "Donde Estas Corazon" 3:02 400-40*)

ANN. Let us sigh sympathetically with Jean Bolton of the musical clinic. . . . Jean sings "It's Been So Long."

(*Music: "It's Been So Long" 1:55 300-1203*)

ANN. This'll make you feel like a world-beater . . . it's rhythmically touch and go with the "Savage Serenade" . . .

(*Music: "Savage Serenade" 2:56 200-174*)

ANN. Tonic Tunes return to pick you up and send you sailing tomorrow at this same time . . . so don't forget. . . .

(*Theme: "Holiday" [Up 45 seconds and out] 200-63*)

(*Sig: World Special Record No. 4*)

Timing:

Sig: :10

Theme: 1:15

Music: 12:28

Script: :50

JAY ALLEN

NEWS COMMENTARY

In the nature of the straight talk, but always related to current events, with emphasis on the very recent, news commentaries (and news commentarians) have come to play an important part in modern life. Jay Allen, former correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* delivered the following news commentary on December 20, 1936, shortly after his return to America from Spain. Delivered over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

JAY ALLEN

News Commentary

When I came out of Spain some weeks ago, I found that I couldn't talk about it at all. It had been a nightmare. Three whole months long. But a nightmare fades with the daylight. This one did not. Nor has it yet.

But over here I find that there are some things I would like to say. I find that I can talk again, after my fashion. I should like to be able to talk along and be able to tell you what I have seen and what I have felt, and let you draw your own conclusions. But there's no time for that. I shall just have to make a point or two.

I'm a newspaper man and I have a horror of propaganda. Every true newspaper man has a horror of propaganda. A newspaper man tries to find the truth and to tell it. The propagandist's job it to hide the truth and to deform it. I should like to talk about the whole situation as I see it.

I claim no monopoly of the news about Spain, or the truth about Spain. In Spain correspondents of great ability and great courage are risking their lives to get you the news. Those of them who covered the World War tell me that there were no risks then like this. I have been back only a few days, but I have begun to wonder whether, in spite of the sacrifices of my colleagues who have been and still are playing peek-a-boo with death, there still isn't a great deal of confusion in the minds of the people of this country as to what is going on in Spain.

I lived there almost continuously since late in 1930. The Rebellion of General Franco and of feudal Spain broke practically under me. Let me tell you about it. In July I was living in one of the loveliest villages in the world, a place called Torreo Melenos, on the coast south of Malaga. I was trying to finish a book on Spain but I could never quite catch up with the swift current of events. John Gunther came down from London to berate me over my failure to produce this opus. One Friday night, very much depressed, I sought amusement in Malaga. I woke up late. That night out nearly cost me my life.

I say I woke up. I was waked. By my private barber. His name was Paco. He shaved me for five cents a week. He was Alcalde, mayor of my village, and he was furious.

"You choose a fine morning to sleep, amigo Don Jay," he said. Something was happening. He wasn't sure what. The night boat from Morocco across the way hadn't arrived in Malaga. There were rumors that the military over there had led off in their long threatened rebellion against the republic.

I knew no more than he. I knew what everybody in Spain knew—which was that since the republican victory in February the army had been preparing something.

But I had bought no stock in this rebellion. I honestly believed that the more responsible leaders of the Right realized that the time had long passed in Spain for this sort of thing. And I thought, too, that before anything could happen the government of the republic would take these unruly employees of Messrs. Franco, Mola and Company in hand. But I was wrong. Paco's hand trembled as he shaved me.

"Good Lord," he said, "if they have really done this there will be no holding the masses afterwards. The people will go out into the street to defend this republic as they have before. But afterwards they will have no faith in us, the republicans, who did not know how to make such things impossible. And I greatly fear, that, when the smoke has cleared away, not only the Fascists but every moderate element in Spanish life will have disappeared from the scene."

That was the obvious danger. Obvious to the village barber. Obvious to all Spain. And, I suppose, to Franco—but Franco had planned a *coup d'etat* that was to go over in three days. He failed miserably.

July 18 was a lovely day. It begins to look as though my reflexes weren't so very good that day. It wasn't until eight o'clock that I started for Gibraltar to find out what it was all about.

The revolt had spread to the mainland, I found—I found when I ran into it and got shot at for about an hour. In Gibraltar I went to work for the *Chicago Tribune* again. Since then I have seen a lot of this war, too much.

I have worked on both sides, I saw Franco in Tetuan on the tenth day. Then I went to Portugal and saw how the rebellion was being managed from there. And then I went to Madrid in time for the Alcazar episode. I left Spain to write a certain story, and for personal reasons could not go back. Here in New York people ask me questions. Will Franco win?

I think not. I have not ever thought so. I feel that he lost when on the third day the people of Madrid and Barcelona with their bare hands did in his rebel garrisons in these two capitals. I feel that he was near a final collapse in the third week. But then the German and Italian planes arrived, and under their sheltering wings he was able to get his Moors across the Straits of Gibraltar. Under their wings he was able to make that fantastic raid up through Extremadura to Toledo. Because of them, and only because of them, was he able to get so far.

I am not a prophet. But my guess now is that unless the Germans and Italians send, and are allowed by Britain and France to send, an expeditionary force of 100,000 men at least, the rebel front will break; and General Francisco Franco will join Denekin and Wrangel and the many others in history who managed to provoke what they most feared.

And what then? I am asked. Communism in Spain? If so General Franco will bear the blame. But I think not.

It is indeed true that Spanish democracy is in abeyance, distinctly in abeyance. But is it not so in most countries in war time? What were the democratic rights of the citizens of Verdun in 1916? Or of a German waiter in New York during the World War? I find that in America the Madrid government is generally thought to be a Red government. It is

true that the proletarian parties dominate in it. Who else is to fight the battles of a republic when against it there is in revolt 95 percent of its army officers, 60 percent of its civil guard, 40 percent of its assault guards? And when the banks, the Church and most of the elements that in another country pass as conservative support that revolt?

This is a rising of the old feudal Spain against liberal Spain. This is the French revolution in reverse. In the French revolution the middle classes and the masses arose against the aristocracy. In Spain 150 years later, an aristocracy, all the forces of feudal Spain, rise against the middle classes and the masses. The middle classes are very small in Spain. But they count. They are fighting side by side with the so-called Reds. With them are the Basque Nationalists, the only modern capitalists in Spain—good Catholics, by the way. Sometimes I think this is overlooked in America.

And sometimes I wonder whether the true character of General Franco's movement has been made clear in America. Correspondents on the rebel side work against terrible odds.

On the government side the truth is told. We all know about the horrors. There are plenty. Murder is done and foully done. And it gets into papers. Correspondents have only to resort to the simplest subterfuges to send out their stories.

The rebels are much more efficient. You can't send out the truth about rebel Spain and stay on the job. You can't come out and write it and expect to have your paper or agency still represented.

And what is the truth about rebel Spain? This: That Franco's young men in these months have simply "liquidated" every liberal element in the towns they control. There has been no messiness. They leave no bodies lying about.

Take the case of the Alcazar. I suppose the correspondents who were allowed into Toledo after that delay of forty-odd hours, while the triumphant rebels were making it the "whitest" city in Spain, as Colonel Yagues of the Foreign Legion so aptly put it—I suppose they knew about the 600 government wounded in the hospital. . . . The Moors went in with hand grenades. . . . The hospital was still burning when the correspondents arrived . . . but the man who wrote that story could not be expected to stay on for the fall of Madrid.

Here are some figures. In Madrid, as Mr. William Carney of the *New York Times* calculates, 25,000 people have been murdered. I will accept these figures. Madrid is a city of a million people—a million two hundred and fifty thousand with the refugees before the evacuation began.

In Seville, where the rebels rule, 9000 people had been shot on the first of October. Seville has hardly two hundred thousand people.

In Granada, a still smaller town, 6000 had been shot, taken up the hill past the Alhambra and executed in the cemeteries. And who were those people? The lawyers, the doctors, the school teachers, whose crime was that they were Republicans; the Masons, the workers who belonged to the Socialist unions.

Take Pamplona. Pamplona is a little town, hardly a hundred thousand. Now in Pamplona there were hardly any Reds at all. But in Pamplona 300 people have been shot.

It is not easy for even the most courageous correspondent to find these things out. There has been no handy little instrument invented for a correspondent to carry about which will record the silence of 30,000 people, whose lives have been snuffed out against cemetery walls.

And when one sees the dead it is hard to know who they are. Perhaps they are Reds. Lying there in the mud after a week on the barricades or a month in prison, they all look like very low class people. You can not tell the doctor or the lawyer among them.

I did not know the face of murder before. Now I know it well, too well. I loathe murder, Red murder, White murder, all kinds of murder.

On the government side I saw plenty. I saw the bodies in the park where I used to walk with my small boy. I know that in Madrid very few priests, if any, are left alive. It is not my place to try to excuse. There is no excuse. But there is an explanation. These things did not happen before the eighteenth of July, when General Franco and an entire class rose in revolt—and, I regret to have to say, the Church gave its blessings to the proceedings. What a tragedy, this, for the Spanish Catholics, of whom there are thousands on the government side. I can think of only one slight distinction between the murders done in rebel Spain and the murders done in government Spain. In government Spain they are done by mobs, by irresponsible elements; they are deplored by very responsible persons. On the other side they are done on order; they must be done; if General Franco is to rule Spain he must do it.

It is tragic business. And I think that everyone who attempts to arouse American opinion on either side is making a mistake. American democrats might well hope for a victory of Spanish democracy. But Spanish democracy is taking care of itself. Or was until, abandoned by western democracy, it found—paradoxically enough—champion in Russia.

But what is important is that America be told the truth about this and every other situation. I cannot help but feel that the whole truth will be soon known. I do not think that any organization that still considers itself imbued with American ideals will want to take sides too easily. The issue is not so clear.

BOAKE CARTER

NEWS COMMENTARY

This manuscript is more easily identifiable as a news commentary than the Jay Allen script which just precedes. In method it is not typical of news commentaries heard daily from the networks, but the style is definitely Boake Carter. Delivered January 20, 1936. Permission for publication kindly granted by Boake Carter.

THE KING IS DEAD! LONG LIVE THE KING!

Boake Carter

News Commentary

A wintry sun cast its rays through tall windows, the curtains of which had been pulled aside. And at the noonday hour, the beams slowly etched a pathway, across the red, red carpet until they fingered the coverlet draped across a giant, magnificently carved four poster bed.

Inch by inch the rays of the January sun rose up the side and presently bathed the bed in light—to reveal the grey face of a bearded man.

In the sun's reflection, silent watchers in the shadows watched the rise and fall of the covers, as the sick man's breathing came rasping, heavy and with great effort.

Gradually as the afternoon hours passed, the sunbeams—like the Eternity to which we all eventually return, moved relentlessly on. And as they moved, their rays slowly dimmed—and the shadows, routed to the deep corners of the room a few short hours before, gradually crept forward again. And the sun hid its face behind the tall trees and the warmth of nature slowly faded. It was as though Nature herself was writing in her own epic way for the little group of watchers hidden in the shadows, the final earthly chapter of a good and kindly man—George Frederick Ernest Albert—by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, Ireland, and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, Defender of the Faith and Emperor of India—and now by the Grace of God, returned to his Maker after a life's task well done.

Fully a quarter of the habitable world grimly realized that once more in the long, great, glorious history of the British Empire, the time was at hand when it heard again those fateful words: "The King is dead—long live the King." Reluctantly and with grief they were heard as life flickered from the tired frame of King George of England, at 6:59 Eastern Standard Time—midnight in London.

But a scant two hours earlier the physicians and specialists attending

the King had issued another bulletin, the words of which conveyed the hint that hope was abandoned—and that the end was but a matter of time. "The King's life is moving peacefully toward its close," was the fateful message typed upon the bulletin. It was a message pregnant with meaning for the future and poignant for the memories that they conjured to the mind of yesteryears.

Screens stood about the King's bed, to ward off any vestige of draught. A log fire dozed lazily red and comforting in the grate. At hand were the King's four sons, his daughter. About the sick room in the great sprawling house at Sandringham, tiptoed Queen Mary—her hair perhaps a little whiter, her eyes perhaps a little duller with the realization that the quiet, sympathetic and generous man that had been her husband these many years, and who with her had stood the tests of a swiftly changing world, was gradually slipping from her. And the Queen became a woman and wept.

Three times since the World War, Great Britain's King fell seriously ill; in 1925, in 1928 and now. From the purely medical aspect, London medical men observed today that the King's illness of 1928 was more serious, in itself, as an illness, than the present one. But the 1928 illness sapped the monarch's strength and the heavy bronchial cold he caught a few days ago, riding round the grounds of Sandringham, taxed to the extreme his weakened heart.

In 1928, King George was seven years younger. Today he was seven years older—and possessed not the stamina with which to fight approaching death. Oxygen was administered—and heart stimulants injected but "The King's life moved peacefully toward its close!" It must be taken that the catarrhal infection spread to the lungs—a direction in which there was no hope. The last hours of life—the quiet slipping into Eternity—were typical of the very life of Britain's fifty-fourth King. For he was always a shy man, yet withal, a man of great dignity, who carried through a duty, no matter how distasteful or repugnant it might be to his soul.

In color of character, he was the antithesis of many English Kings. Yet it was this very lack of color, absence of the dash and hail-fellow-well-met camaraderie of his father, Edward—that in the end became one of the most valuable attributes to Britain's present ruling house. For it imparted to George V some sense of quiet, hidden strength, a gentle, unobtrusive, but very genuine dignity, which symbolized so well the England that every Englishman carries in his heart to all the ends of the earth.

It was perhaps more this than almost anything else which enabled the English ruling house to carry straight on, in its quiet, silent way, through some of the most turbulent times in the history of mankind

when the western world began changing into the modernity of the 20th century.

George grew to manhood and Kingship in the days of Britain's great imperial expansion—the days that lit the poetic mind of Kipling—the days of his grandmother, Victoria, for whom an era was named. Thus he grew up in a time which we of today look upon as history of the past. Yet his reign was marked by a new tempo of human affairs—a tempo which produced a new civilization, in which the scientists and engineers of mankind produced great marvels and in which occurred, too, the most horrible war of all ages.

To these changing times, George, in his quiet way, adapted himself with uncanny ability—and so won for himself the undying devotion of the people of a quarter of the world—and the respect and admiration of the remaining three-quarters.

In the days of his youth, George was known to his brothers and sisters as "Georgie." Never was he over-strong—not one of those ruddy-faced, virile Englishmen of fiction who stride with stick and gaiters past gorse and heather, over heath and moor, puffing a briar and whistling gay ditties. Nevertheless from ancestors he inherited a love of the sea—and to the beckoning fingers of Neptune he succumbed—going through Osbourne and Dartmouth, the then two naval colleges of Britain, passing eventually on into the Royal Navy, in which he served for fifteen years and which took him many times round the world. Nary a thought of worryment entered his mind. He was enjoying only the life of a sailor and officer in His Majesty's Navy. He was, after all, the second son of his father. His elder brother Albert, Duke of Clarence, was next in line for the throne. Clarence was engaged to Princess Mary, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Teck. Victoria was still upon the throne. Hardly a chance in the world then seemed likely that George would be called upon to ascend the throne of his great grandmother.

Then suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, Fate, capricious and untrustworthy, changed all. Just as George in this January of 1936 caught a cold and died, so did his brother Clarence suddenly catch cold in January, 1892, forty-four years ago, and was dead within a week.

Changed instantly was George's whole life. He had to give up his beloved sea and salt spray and plunge into the life of studying to be some day the future King of England. Biographers and historical papers reveal how, inwardly, George revolted against this—but outwardly resigned himself and carried on in the true traditions that only Englishmen understand. Victoria passed away from the picture in 1901, and his father, Edward, was crowned. Princess Mary, who had been engaged to Clarence, married George. Finally in 1910, Edward passed on and George came to rule over countless millions of black, white and brown

people inhabiting an empire on which "the sun never sets."

Here came the test of the World War—a cruel test to put to this shy man, who never wanted to be King in the first place, but only to sail the Seven Seas and be free in spirit as in body. But not one second did he flinch from the test.

It is a matter of easy memory for tens of thousands of troops, how he conducted himself—and within the memory of civilians of all lands, how he endeavored to set an example of himself and his entire household. He became a soldier first and secondly a King. Fifteen hours a day he was "on tap"—to commanding officers, to wounded men in hospitals, to ministers, to all. He visited the "lines in France," ducked in and out dugouts, drove brass-hatted generals frantic with worry, and once was thrown from a startled horse and badly injured by the flying hoofs of the wildly kicking animal.

Eventually came the Peace of Armistice Day—and from that date, George set about the long, often heart-breaking, task of clearing away the carnage and the wreckage of human lives, human values and economic destruction.

A million British subjects had offered up their lives in the supreme sacrifice, and it was to correct this decimation to which King George applied himself day and night.

The War destroyed many ruling houses of Europe. One after another, royal dynasties crashed, but the House of Windsor remained untouched—for the uncanny ability of George to adapt himself to the changing times, to use indeed the very birth itself of this new era to weld his Empire on more modern lines, was the salvation of the Windsor Dynasty. Thus perhaps it is the hand of a cruel, unkindly Fate that should ring down the curtain on the life of one of England's ablest Kings at the very time when his Empire faces again, troubles rising on all sides, and at a time when it needs his quiet genius once more to pilot it over the shoals and reefs of international Today.

The world wonders whether the departure of this man will spell a change of mark in the fortunes of Britain and her farflung possessions. We venture the opinion that it will—for Edward Albert Patrick David, Prince of Wales—now Edward VIII, is vastly different from his father.

For, with the passing of King George, goes a great link, a great bond, between the present-day Britain and the Britain that was of the Victorian era.

It will be, psychologically, like the closing of a good book, whose pages have left a glow of warmth and solidity, and turning to look upon the shelves of Life for another book. England will pick another book for herself—but though its cover may be attractive and its contents may seem alluring—the time consumed between the closing of the one book

and the finding, opening and reading sufficiently to test its quality, of the other book, that will be the period of danger to Britain.

Edward Albert Patrick David, Prince of Wales, is a product of the post-War school, although his boyhood days were spent among the pre-war generation. The most impressionable years of his life came during the War, when men shot men, and life had little value—and the moment was lived only for what one could extract from the Moment.

After the War, the dreariness and disillusionment of social and economic wreckage left their mark upon the mind of the Prince.

Too, he has been one of the greatest salesmen Britain has ever had—taut, energetic, a bundle of nerves, often no respecter of traditions which his father George would never have thought of transgressing. Edward David Windsor is indeed a product of the modern school—a new school of royalty—and his ascension to the throne will bring this product of this new school to deal with the intricate hair-trigger problems which engulf the world today.

Perhaps it may mean that the royal house of Britain will take even a more personal interest in internal and external politics than ever. For many times the Prince has spoken his mind about governmental matters. Only time will tell whether he follows the traditional course or draws the royal House of Windsor closer to politics and international diplomacy.

With the death of George, a psychological Something goes in Britain—a Something utterly undescrivable—but a Something just the same. Something has departed from the heart that is England's. What effect this will have on the fortunes of the Empire and on the lives of the millions of people that populate it, remains a great question mark of the future.

Not so long ago, when the Prince of Wales bade his sister-in-law, the Duchess of York, good-bye at a London railroad station—he murmured loud enough for others to hear—"Good-bye—good-bye to the future Queen of England!"

The story is not new—but fresh enough to bear repetition at this time of travail for a great nation. Whether he meant that he himself would never ascend the throne—and permit his brother, the Duke of York to take it, or whether he meant that some day she and his brother might outlive him to become the rulers of the Empire is, of course, pure conjecture.

Few, however, expect that for a minute the Prince will shirk the responsibilities that now fall on his sloping shoulders. He is too much a man, too honest, understands too well what is expected of him; and even though he too, like his father, doesn't want the position, he realizes that he is but another pawn of circumstances and of history—and must bow his head to at least some of the demands of tradition.

If, as and when he is crowned, he will be the first bachelor King of England since 1760. A bachelor may reign in Great Britain—but there is much legal doubt as to whether he may be crowned without marrying first. There have been four bachelor Kings in all English history, two of them but boys.

The last one, strange as it seems, was George III, in whose reign the American colonies gained their independence. But at that time the legal advisers to the Crown and the government decided that he could not be actually crowned until he married. And so George III took Charlotte Sophia, princess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz for his wife. And after that, and only after that event, was George III crowned.

Thus one wonders whether the death of Edward Patrick David Windsor's father tonight will force him into marriage—and remove from the ranks of bachelors one of the most eligible in the world.

So as the sun slowly sets over the palace in Britain today, so did life slowly ebb from a great, good, dignified King—and his going leaves behind a mountain Empire—a very much saddened world which always doffs its hat in reverence to a good and able man—and a great Question Mark for the future.

The King is Dead.

Long live the King.

Good night.

PAUL WHITE AND H. V. KALTENBORN

ON-THE-SPOT RELAY

The arrival of President Roosevelt in Brazil on November 27, 1936, was heard in the United States by Columbia facilities. Two participating on-the-spot announcers, situated at different geographical points, told the story as they saw it. Permission for publication kindly granted by H. V. Kaltenborn.

PAUL WHITE AND H. V. KALTENBORN

On-the-Spot Relay

KALTENBORN. The "Star Spangled Banner" has just been played by the Navy Band—President Roosevelt is coming down the gangplank of the cruiser *Indianapolis*. At this moment now, ten thousand school children of Brazil, carrying red, white and blue flags, are singing for the President their greetings.

Down below me is the President of Brazil, just extending his hand to the President of the United States at the end of the gangplank. There are massed about him members of the Brazilian Cabinet, who at this moment are being introduced to the President of the United States. There are tremendous crowds, both to the right and the left. Now the presidential automobile draws up at the foot of the gangplank, while the band on board the *Indianapolis* starts to play a stirring march—the “Brazilian National Anthem.” Everybody is standing at salute; on the decks of the *Indianapolis*, to the right and left, the trim white clad ladies are standing at attention, hands to caps.

We’ve had a magnificent spectacle this morning. Just a few moments ago the great cruiser *Indianapolis* came alongside of this dock, which is at the end of the main street named in honor of one of her distinguished foreign ministers who did much to contribute to the organization of peace in Latin America.

It is through this great avenue that President Roosevelt will be driving in a few minutes to receive the acclamation of the Brazilian crowds, who are massed by hundreds of thousands along that great thoroughfare. Here at the left, these ten thousand school children present a most colorful picture. They have been singing a number of their Brazilian national songs with delightful effect. On the right is the Navy Band of Brazil, which a moment ago welcomed the President of Brazil and which then played the “Star Spangled Banner” for the President of the United States.

I see President Roosevelt now, his face slightly tanned, smiling gaily at the President of Brazil, but evidently not being able to talk to him—I notice that some one else is attempting to interpret. The members of the Cabinet are now marching past President Roosevelt and he is greeting each in turn as they are presented to him. Now, some of the officers of the Brazilian Army and Navy march past him. I see the Brazilian Minister of War and of the Navy step forward to shake the hand of the President as he stands alongside of his automobile which has been drawn up under the pavilion covered with bunting. As a matter of fact, it’s just as well that the pavilion is there, for just a few moments ago a slight drizzle began.

Now I see that President Roosevelt is getting into his automobile; they are beginning to get ready for the procession. They are to pass a series of interesting spectacles. Brazil has never had a more colorful reception for anyone coming from abroad. The crowds are applauding the President as his car starts off to the right to head the procession. It’s an open touring car, but the top is up on account of the rain. The troops are scattered along the line of the Avenida.

Sailors on the *Indianapolis* are still standing at attention—the crowds

are running pellmell in order to get a place where the procession starts. The Brazilian Air Force has certainly given us a fine demonstration of its quality this morning; in spite of rain, in spite of the mist, they have performed extremely difficult feats and have kept their alignments perfectly as scores of planes are flown over the city.

The harbor in front of me is, as you know, one of the most magnificent in all the world. Facing me is the old naval station. All the way from the right to the left is a magnificent ring of mountain peaks, varied in shape and coloring. Even today under the mist this spectacle is a beautiful one. We are on that end of the Avenida Rio Branco which comes toward the harbor. And the great harbor of Rio is filled with shipping of every kind—a great many boats that were brought out just for the purpose of seeing the coming in of the *Indianapolis* and the arrival of the President. And now, as the automobiles go down toward the Avenida Rio Branco, I am turning you over to the Anoit building, Rio de Janeiro's greatest skyscraper, where Paul White will tell you something of what he sees.

PAUL WHITE. Eighteen stories above the Plaza, from which Mr. Kaltenborn has just spoken, we look down and watch the parade as it goes down the beautiful Avenida Rio Branco. The presidential cars have passed by. There were six cars aside from those used by the Secret Service.

Now let us take a look at this Avenida. It isn't as crowded as you might expect; the reason is that the government decided not to declare an official holiday today. When the shops are all closed for a holiday the proprietors lower iron shutters. The Brazilian people, the officials of Rio de Janeiro, perhaps believe you can get a better view of the city and learn what it is like, when you see the shops open.

On each street they have put an American and a Brazilian flag. The sides of the street are lined solidly with Marines. Now the procession is about five or six blocks away from here; as it passes each street corner there is, of course, wild cheering.

The President will continue along this Avenue—past such landmarks as the Hotel Avenida, the Municipal Theater, the Palace Hotel, Rio de Janeiro's version of Times Square, and the Palacio Monroe, named after our President, then on out to the east and into the hills toward the suburb of Gavia. The President is going to glimpse some of the most marvelous views that he will see during his stay in South America. At about 11 A.M. he will complete a drive of some twenty or twenty-five miles, and arrive at the country estate of H. G. Pontes, a very wealthy Brazilian, for luncheon. Around four-thirty the President will speak before the Parliamentary session.

H. V. KALTENBORN

ON-THE-SPOT NEWS

Not many times has an American audience been able to hear the actual shots of a battle in progress. In the following On-the-Spot News broadcasts, a series from the Spanish battle front, such shots were heard. Permission for publication kindly granted by H. V. Kaltenborn.

RADIO REPORTS A REVOLUTION

H. V. Kaltenborn

July 30, 1936

I am speaking to you from the French town of Hendaye, in the foothills of the Pyrenees within one mile of the Spanish border.

I know you are particularly interested in the Americans in Spain.

I have before me a statement by Ambassador Bowers, made for Columbia's listeners when he wanted to talk to you in person two evenings ago. Because of technical difficulties that was impossible. And so he left this statement with me:

"Everything possible is being done to evacuate from Spain all Americans who wish to leave. The dispatch to Spanish waters of the *Oklahoma* and the *Cayuga* has greatly facilitated the work of evacuating Americans from dangerous situations. Previous to the arrival of American ships, we were indebted to British ships for the transfer of Americans out of Spain.

"We have now evacuated all Americans in San Sebastian and vicinity. Most of our people were taken from Bilbao by the *Oklahoma*. Facilities for leaving Malaga on an American ship have been provided, although most Americans there prefer to remain.

"I am leaving on the *Cayuga* to scour the coast from Bilbao to Vigo in search of any Americans who may have been unable to communicate with us.

"Madrid, located in the center of the country and not accessible by water, presents a special problem. It has been impossible to get through to Madrid by telephone. I am informed that 140 Americans are living at the Embassy, which has large grounds, three houses other than the Palace, all surrounded by a high iron fence. These Americans are in charge of third Secretary Wendelin and the military attache, who is unusually competent in organization. I am informed that there is sufficient food in the Embassy to feed these people for one month. To relieve the monotony of the confinement, games of entertainment have been organized. They are out of danger and as cheerful as possible under the trying circumstances."

You will notice that Ambassador Bowers emphasizes the fact that he has not left Spain. I happen to know that his American naval and military advisers had great difficulty in persuading him to leave his lovely summer home and cross the border into France. He only did so when American officers explained to him that his home was directly in the line of the proposed rebel advance on San Sebastian and that they would find it very difficult to get him out once the battle had begun.

Other diplomats assigned to Spain are just as eager as Ambassador Bowers to make it clear that they have not left the country even when they have. Today, I found the Ambassadors of Norway, Germany, Italy and Czechoslovakia all gathered at a hotel near here in France wondering what to do next. The German Ambassador has asked for a warship to take him to Valencia, from where he hopes to reach Madrid by plane or a car. The Czechoslovak Ambassador hasn't any warships and he's trying to work out a route by way of Marseilles, Barcelona and Valencia.

It is an amusing fact that every one of these diplomats is still dating his dispatches from Irun, a Spanish border town which is less than a mile from where I am speaking.

The reason is that an accredited diplomat ceases to be an accredited diplomat the moment he leaves the country to which he is accredited.

And what about the Spanish revolution? Within the last two days I have made two trips into Spain, one covering territory occupied by Government forces and one into that part of the country which is controlled by the rebels. But the fact that a neutral can shift from one side to the other does not mean that this is comic opera revolution. It is on the contrary very bitter and very bloody.

A curious fact is that the rebels have better discipline, better organization and better equipment than those men who are fighting for the established Government. Why? Because the rebels are led and controlled by the army officers and the aristocrats, aided by the position and discipline of the Catholic Church. The uniformed rebels sling their excellent guns from straps and know how to handle them. The nondescript Government forces—at least those around San Sebastian—sling their nondescript guns from improvised ropes and when they point them at you, you have the definite feeling that they may go off accidentally.

At the rebel frontier, the guards were all in uniform, the motor cars were marked in red and gold Carlist-monarchist flags, and as you saw the troops you sensed that they were led by competent authoritative officers.

At the government frontier, the few uniformed guards had nothing to say. Admission was controlled by a civilian committee from the communist and labor unions. Their only identification was a bit of red rag pinned to their arms. The Government motor car that carried me into

Spain through Irun and Fuenterrabia was smeared on all four sides with the Communist hammer and sickle emblem and the initials of the radical syndicalist and labor unions that today dominate the Madrid government.

"Are you all Communists?" I asked the man who served both as my guard and guide. I pointed to the Soviet hammer and sickle emblem on the windshield.

"No," he replied. "In Spain that sign only means anti-Fascist."

In these two border towns still under Government control shops were closed and shuttered. The people expected an artillery bombardment from the advancing rebels at any moment. We passed a hospital where an ambulance marked with a hammer and sickle was unloading wounded. Catholic nuns, wearing the garb of their order, received the wounded men who were fighting to prevent the re-establishment of the Catholic Church in Spain. A nearby courtyard was filled with prisoners. In many places they are not taking any prisoners during this revolution. Feeling between the two sides is too bitter.

In an open square, volunteers or conscripts were being organized to help defend the town. A road ran along the shore, where a beautiful bay was fringed by the tranquil green hills of the Pyrenees. For the third time the car was stopped by a group of rifle-bearing youngsters who examined the chauffeur's credentials. In response to a question how long the revolution would last, my guide answered, "About another week."

Then noticing that I looked incredulous, he added, "Maybe longer."

The rebels are in complete control of the whole districts in the north, west, and south of Spain. They have the best regiments of the army on their side. They have the Catholic clergy and whatever power they possess. They have been preparing for this revolution for a long time. I visited a Spanish duke who is one of the intellectual and spiritual leaders of the Carlist movement in Spain. "Remember," he said, "this revolution is not sudden or unexpected—we have been preparing for it day and night for the past five years. We cannot permit Spain to remain in the hands of the godless, anarchistic rabble which controls Madrid."

His handsome face burned with indignation as he spoke, and you felt something of the passionate hatred that dominates this struggle.

But what about the forces of the Madrid Government? It has the labor unions, the syndicalists, the socialists, the communists, the believers in a republic, the Navy and the air force on its side. In Spain, Army and Navy have been opposed to one another in most revolutions. Most important of all, the government forces have the interior lines. They may be unable to retake Burgos, or Seville, or Spanish Morocco, but neither does it look as though the rebels could take Barcelona or Madrid.

So there may be a stalemate. And what then? Unhappy Spain—it does

seem as though some kind, friendly intervention from the outside world would soon be justified. Failing intervention on behalf of peace, we may soon hear of it for war. France and Russia want the Spanish government to win, Germany and Italy want the Spanish rebels to win. In present-day Europe, it would be only too easy for a revolution to end in a war.

* * *

August 1.

In the harbor, just within a few thousand feet from where I am speaking, are three Spanish warships flying red flags. They have come to participate in the defense of two towns which are on the way to San Sebastian and over which there's going to be a bitter struggle here, probably within the next few days.

Those of us who have studied the situation feel that they struggle for Madrid. For two days we've had a desultory artillery battle, going back and forth between the government and rebel forces, within a mile and a half of where we are; the rebel forces a few miles farther back are slowing down their advance in this direction.

We know the rebels are short of aircraft. We know that they have ordered aircraft from the British and from the Italians. We know that both the British and the Italians tried to deliver them. We know also that we have reached the beginning of serious international difficulties, difficulties which are quite likely to be enhanced as time goes on.

At present it is clearly evident that in this revolution there is more cruelty, more atrocities than there have been in civil revolutions for some time. The rebels have not made rapid progress. They say themselves that the reasons are strategic. They're waiting for this and waiting for that. But the fact is that they have threatened definitely to seize certain towns, and then weeks have passed without their being able to take them.

It is evident to every observer that this revolution is not for a day, but is apt to continue for some time—and, alas, that it is going to wreck Spain's economic, political and social life.

* * *

August 5.

Yesterday I visited San Sebastian. I was the first correspondent, so far as I know, who spent a day in San Sebastian since the revolution began. It took me at least five different visits to the city of Irun before I accomplished the purpose of securing a permit to go to San Sebastian—because the government forces do not like reporters. The rebels do. But the government forces seem to feel that the press and the radio, too, are capitalistic institutions, and that they will necessarily be opposed to their point of view.

To get to San Sebastian was the first problem. The matter of transportation—it would have been a twelve-mile walk. I finally hitch-hiked on a car that was going for hospital supplies. We took a detour—I was informed that the main road is under gun fire. All the way along we were stopped by gun squads—some had rifles, some had shotguns, some had revolvers. I found that I liked the revolvers least, especially when they're shiny. The rifles next and the shotguns seemed to be such a natural weapon that one didn't mind them. Everywhere were barricades.

And the great variety of material that was used for those barricades! Within a distance of about five miles I saw barricades made up of newspaper bundles, of heavy park benches, of heavy zinc oil containers, bags of sand, paving blocks. And the most popular barricade of all was one made up of well-filled wine hogsheads. Now those barricades were built up on both sides of the road, leaving only a narrow lane in the center, so that in case the rebels should advance towards San Sebastian the barricades could be closed and could be defended one after the other. On the basis of my own examination, I should say that the road to San Sebastian is excellently defended and will require a good deal of taking.

At San Sebastian itself the barricades were more numerous. Many more shops were open than shut. The hotels are mostly occupied as hospitals. At the International Hotel I was offered the Bridal Suite and three meals for fifteen pesetas a day, which is about \$1.50; indicating to you how anxious they were for business. The shop keepers, and I spoke to a dozen, are unanimous in their desire that the war should end and they didn't express any preference for either side. They were less concerned about how the war should end, than when it should end. And I should imagine that that represents the real feeling of the people of Spain.

A man who was selling Toledo wares told me the sad story of how they had confiscated not only his car but also his fine Toledo swords. I saw a store of a dealer in arms and explosives whose shop bore a notice requesting all shoemakers to report to headquarters. Red Cross motor cars were numerous. A huge Red Cross flag covered the entire top of the car. All private automobiles had been confiscated. Ambassador Bowers told me that he saw a few in the rebel territory at Coruna, but in Popular Front territory the private automobile has disappeared. All cars are official.

It was interesting to watch the population in the streets. Everything seemed to be quite normal. The beach, streets and squares were full of children, indicating an indifference to the danger of bombardment. Everywhere youngsters were scratching the sand out of the bags used for barricades and building their little sand hills and houses out of them just as children do in countries that are at peace.

The churches were closed, and I was told that they remain closed

except for Mass in the morning. Church walls seemed to be the best place for handball, which is a favorite game in this region because it is the preparation for the Basque game of pelota. Signs on the church walls forbade any playing, but those signs at the present time are being ignored.

I was the first correspondent to actually enter and go through the Hotel Maria Christina, which was the center of the bloody fighting in San Sebastian. That is where the fascist troops and their supporters and sympathizers gathered and stood off the population for two and one-half days. The casino was also a center of resistance. The casino's front is entirely pockmarked by shellfire, but the interior is little damaged. On the other hand, the Hotel Maria Christina is quite a mess. I went through it and saw the different ways in which at the windows the officers and their associates had barricaded themselves in order to stand off the mass of people surrounding the hotel—determined to seize it. It took them over two and a half days before they were finally successful in forcing the surrender. Every window was barricaded and it was interesting to note the difference in the quality of the barricading. Cane chairs used in one window; and bullets had chipped their way practically through a whole pile of a dozen of them. Over-stuffed chairs, which were at another window, offered much better resistance. Bullets only seemed able to penetrate one or two before being stopped.

Even the curtains were rolled up and used as barricades at the windows—not very successfully. The most effectively barricaded window that I saw was one that contained a wash basin that had been torn loose from its fastenings and stood up straight against the window. Bullets had chipped away little parts of it, but there it stood still solid and evidently offering protection to whatever men had fought behind it. That hotel was finally captured and finished the resistance in San Sebastian.

As a matter of fact, life is going on there quietly and apparently comfortably. There were lines waiting for milk, lines waiting for free distribution of bread, and lines waiting for the issue of certificates which would enable people to withdraw money from the savings bank. They are allowed only five hundred pesetas a month, consequently there is a great demand for the privilege of drawing out this money.

The Popular Front is much better organized than it was a week ago. I noticed how much more efficient it was; I noticed there are fewer hammer and sickle signs; that the more conservative Labor Unions have taken control. As I visited the municipal offices in Irun and San Sebastian I found that things were speeded up. The committees seemed to know their work better, and altogether there has been tremendous progress in the efficiency of organization on the governmental side. On the rebel

side they began with efficiency, because they had the regular army, but that efficiency has not been improved.

* * *

August 7.

The first thing they ask us when we approach the Spanish frontier and want to get in on either side is "are you representing a paper that belongs to the Left or that belongs to the Right?"

When we try to tell them that our papers represent neither the Left nor the Right, but are just trying to tell the truth, they simply won't believe it.

France, governed by Socialists—Russia, governed by Communists—want the Radical Spanish Government to win. Germany and Italy, governed by Fascists, want the Conservative Rebels to win. Britain and the United States, on the other hand, are neutral. But that probably means they lean a little toward the side of law and order as represented by the established government. After all, the Popular Front Government in Spain did come into power a few months ago as the result of a legal election.

The capture of San Sebastian is important because if they take Madrid without having first taken San Sebastian, they have a great chance of being attacked from the flank; also they need San Sebastian as a port through which to get in various materials.

Yesterday, after five days of steady effort, I got permission to go out to the front up into the mountains. I rode up in an ammunition wagon. When we were about half-way up, a rebel plane appeared overhead and dropped three bombs.

It's a very curious experience to see bombs dropping from an airplane when you know they're meant for you. And yet I realized the moment they left the plane how little chance there was of their striking an object so small as a single artillery motor car—that is a motor car carrying munitions, which evidently they had been watching for.

And as a matter of fact, not one of the three bombs struck anywhere near our car. We went up and reached the first artillery station. This was on top of a higher peak and its purpose was to throw shells over an intervening mountain and to the rebel forces that were gathering behind it. But the point is that the lackadaisical way in which that bombardment was carried on would certainly have amused any artillery officer.

"Now," as they told me, "we have no trained officers. We know nothing about artillery. The members of the regular army with the artillery are on the side of the rebels, and we're only learning."

And this was true. It was interesting to see how they were learning. They had established a wig-wag station on the hill over which they were shooting, and from that station a man would wig-wag "Shoot to the right" or "Shoot to the left," after each shell. Then they would readjust their guns.

But not with any precision. You could see that the whole thing was a case of hit-and-miss, and mostly miss. And they laughed and joked while they were doing it.

The line is now established on the border of Navarre, the actual frontier between the two provinces. And in Spain one must never forget that these provinces have a certain autonomy. They have generally been opposed to one another in a variety of civil wars through the ages, and so these mountaineers who now hold these exposed positions are actually defending their homes, as they feel, against an enemy.

They are thoroughly well established. They command the leading points of the frontier. It's going to be an almost impossible task to wrest all these peaks from them, one after the other.

* * *

August 17.

Today the attacks came by sea as well as by land. For hours this afternoon, newspapermen and cameramen crowded the roof of the Hendaye Hotel from which I am speaking tonight, watching two rebel warships throw shells into the environs of both San Sebastian and Irun. We could see the flash of six-inch guns on the two rebel cruisers, then just twenty-five seconds later, the sound of the explosion would reverberate across the narrow inlet which separates France from Spain.

Huge clouds of dust and smoke rising into the air showed where the shells exploded. Many were duds, most of them were poorly aimed. The rebel gunners are trying to hit a munition dump in Fort Guadalupe on the hill just back of Irun. Out of 50 shells I saw dropped today, the nearest was a good quarter mile away from the Fort. But tomorrow the gunners may do better.

Yesterday and today Hendaye has been filled with people who have come to see the war. They are running special picnic excursions from Biarritz and other nearby places, advertising the bombardment. Today no one was disappointed. As an added human interest feature, unending boatloads of women and children refugees from the bombardment across the inlet have been rowing back here to France in order to seek shelter in this peaceful country.

Two hours ago I walked to the police station with a refugee widow and her five children. This afternoon her husband, a civil guard, faced

the firing squad. A bag of clothes and 50 francs are her total possessions. Such stories are commonplace in this bitter, bloody revolution.

Tonight an Ambassador staying at the Escualduno Hotel left his dinner to tell me another story. He had just received a message from one of 100 Spanish aristocrats imprisoned in Guadalupe Fort, just a couple of miles from where I am speaking, which has been under bombardment today and will undoubtedly be under bombardment again tomorrow.

The Ambassador was asked to notify the rebel warships that if the fort was blown up 100 aristocrats would be blown up with it. Also, that for every shell that landed in Irun and killed an inhabitant, one aristocrat would be shot.

Having had first hand experience of the spirit with which this revolution is being fought on both sides, I assume that the threat will be carried out. Yet, two Englishmen had tea served on the roof while watching the bombardment this afternoon.

* * *

Since my last broadcast I have visited Burgos and half a dozen places on the Guadarrama front. That's the front facing Madrid where the northern army is driving down. As opportunity develops, I will give you my impression of the rebel campaign towards Madrid in this area.

Tonight I want to quote an interview with General Mola, Commander-in-chief of the rebel forces in the north. Together with General Franco who is in the south, he dominates the revolution. That fact gives importance to the man and to his ideas.

Now, it's a common report here in France that arms and munitions are being smuggled from France into the government-controlled parts of Spain. So I asked General Mola whether he knew this, and what he was going to do about it. "I am practically certain that arms are being smuggled in," he answered, "but it would not be discreet for me to tell you what we are going to do about it."

For the moment the government has the most planes. General Mola refused to tell me whether he expected to rival the government in the air. But I do know this: he has been receiving excellent fighting planes from Italy, Germany, England and Poland. I saw some of them myself at the Burgos airport. When they arrive they are civilian transport planes. Inside of a week they are equipped with bombracks and are dropping explosives on government territory, usually with such poor aim that they are apt to fall anywhere. Last night one such shell hit France instead of Spain.

But this matter of using civilian airplanes for military purposes is something that will have to be carefully considered when any nation hereafter discusses the question of neutrality.

* * *

August 21.

The rebels hold more territory; the government forces control more population. The rebels have the army; the loyalists have the navy. The revolutionists control all that part of Spain facing Portugal; the government controls most of the Spanish people. The province of Navarre in the north, through which I have travelled, where the Catholic Carlists are heart and soul for the revolution, would have to be conquered village by village, before it accepted an anti-Church government.

The Catalonia provinces, in northeastern Spain, of which Barcelona is the center, will never surrender their hard-won autonomy.

Yet every rebel from General Mola down tells me that a united Spain must emerge from the revolution. I don't believe it. I venture to predict that the end of the revolution will find Spain more thoroughly divided than it was when the fighting began. Unless one has lived with both armies, it is impossible to imagine the passions that divide them. The men on each side will tell you proudly about the unutterably cruel and inhuman things which they have done—and yet they try to insist in the same breath that the enemy commits atrocities.

I gave a handsome rebel soldier a lift in my car. He had just served as a member of a firing squad which had executed a captured government officer. Both sides shoot prisoners in this revolution. He had cut the bullet from the dead man's body and displayed it to me proudly. But he took more pleasure in telling how the condemned man asked for a priest and seemed much more ready for death after receiving absolution. To him, that meant that a wicked God-hating communist had been won to the faith. To me it showed again that good Catholics are fighting on both sides of this destructive civil war.

You can't help liking and respecting the fighting men on both sides. I have never seen such bravery—time and again I have felt ashamed because of my fear when I saw that these men were willing to face anything without the slightest consideration of their own danger.

The rebels announced yesterday that any correspondent that would hereafter refer to them as rebels in his dispatches would be barred. They say, "We're not rebels; we're patriots." And there you are.

Here's the text of a poster that I found pasted up everywhere in the city of Irun tonight. It's signed by the War Department and also bears the stamp of the Popular Front. There, by the way, you get the two

elements—in everything that happens on the government side it's the committee of the Popular Front that must approve it; then perhaps the War Department will be able to act.

And here it is:

"1: Summary justice, including the death penalty, will be meted out to any citizen who directly or indirectly helps the enemy.

2: A most severe punishment will be imposed on anyone who circulates false news or statements tending to cause alarm.

3: Every member of the Popular Front is subject to military service. Failure to report will result in court martial.

4: Any soldier or militiaman abusing his authority will be severely punished.

5: Any one caught stealing or pillaging will be executed forthwith."

The document is interesting because it shows that government forces are also now learning to apply military discipline. The rebel organization dominated by the regular army of Spain has been excellent from the first.

The government forces are going to be harder to defeat with every passing week. The failure of the rebels to make any progress this past week is a distinct gain to the Spanish government in prestige and in morale. But while there has been a lull in decisive military action, Spain's intellectuals have swung themselves into action with propaganda. A dozen of the country's leading writers and professional men at Madrid have signed a manifesto declaring that a victory for the rebels would mean the end of intellectual freedom in Spain.

Their point of view is challenged by Spain's leading intellectual, Miguel de Unamuno, outstanding liberal. He is in Salamanca, and there I visited him a few days ago. What Anatole France was to France, what Bernard Shaw is to the British, he is to Spain. His numerous novels as well as historical and political studies, have been translated into many languages. He created something of a sensation in the intellectual world when it was announced that this friend of the leaders of Madrid, this champion of the Spanish republic, had cast his lot with the rebels.

In any case, in spite of his fourscore years, he is rector of the famous University of Salamanca and he is a man of intellectual honesty. So when my journey to the Guadarrama front carried me through Salamanca, I pleaded for a chance to interview that Spaniard whose name is revered by scholars everywhere.

My plea was addressed to Count Alba, the genial Spanish cavalry captain who was at once my guide and my mentor on the tour to the front lines. He agreed provided I would not publish what Unamuno said if he felt that it would injure the rebel cause.

Well, you can believe me when I tell you that nothing in the interview had to be left out, or changed. Here is what was said:

"Why do you," I asked, "a liberal and a Republican, side with the rebels?"

"Because, I see anarchism on the other side," he replied. "We see barbarism opposed to civilization. There is a mental malady which is infesting Europe since the war. The people everywhere are being poisoned by making them believe that they can live at the expense of others. Anarchism has no ideas; it is part of the general lowering of mentality in this generation. The young men of Spain who are going to war today at the age of 17 are little concerned with the side on which they fight. Their whole idea is to enjoy life."

He added, "Remember that I witnessed the civil war in Spain many years ago at the age of 12. I know what such a war means."

"I have felt for a long time that the Spanish masses lean toward anarchy. When Trotzky visited Spain he asked the Spanish syndicalists, 'What do you want of the state?' Their reply was, 'We want no state.' In Spain we have always had many anarchists—something of the desperado is in our blood. We have the Moorish strain and the gypsy strain; the Bohemian blood that courses in our veins is a most important factor in the Spanish temperament. I don't object to the socialists or to the communists; I have always believed in my own right to defend my ideas. But the anarchist is different. He destroys churches to revenge himself for his own inability to believe. And there you have one of the fundamental tragedies of man."

"Well, what is the ideal government for man?" I interjected.

"There is none," he replied with a shake of his head. "The essential thing is to be able to live." And he added with a sad smile, "Today even that is difficult."

Count Alba interjected a description of atrocities committed by government troops. Unamuno scarcely listened. "Both sides commit atrocities," he said. And he added, "I know my Asturians and what they do."

"It often happens," he continued, "that a man and his ideas come before their time."

"There was a President of Chili who sought to help his people with labor reforms. The conservative descendants of German and Italian immigrants ousted him by revolution. From his retreat in Argentina he wrote a beautiful letter to his successor explaining that he had meant well but that the time was not ripe for his idea. Therefore he was not going to be in the way. Then he shot himself. I know President Azana of Spain; I think I will send him a copy of that letter as a suggestion."

With that the Spanish sage smiled farewell and left the room. I felt I had met a great mind and a great man.

August 27.

We're at the end of the second day of the battle of Irun. From dawn to dark there was no quarter hour today without rifle fire, air bombs, machine gun fire and artillery fire. There was much more shooting than killing. But I myself saw men toppled over by shells and bullets.

The French village of Biriadou is exactly opposite the center of the battle. A little piece of French territory juts right into Spain at the point—and there, too, is the crucial point of this battle.

We who report the battle sit in plain view of both forces on the terrace of a little village cafe some 100 yards across the valley from the combatants. It is so real and so fantastic that it seems like a battle set up for the moving pictures.

The French authorities have barred the public from the frontier to prevent casualties. Reporters can obtain special permission to circulate at what the French call "their own risks and perils." Shells, bombs and bullets land on French soil with fair regularity today.

One soon gets to be an expert in distinguishing between the high shriek of an air bomb, the sky-rocket-like whizz of a shell and the sharp whistle of rifle and machine gun bullets.

The most comfortable rule ever devised in battle reporting is the one that says, "What you hear can't hurt you." It may not be true but it's delightfully reassuring.

Two days ago, travelling alone without benefit of guide or censorship I reached the rebel front facing San Sebastian and Irun. From Hendaye, France, where I'm talking from tonight, in a straight line the distance is six miles. Yet to get there I had to travel 150 miles by taxi, bus, truck, tramway, mule-back and foot. It was necessary to go to Pamplona to get one permit and then to Tolosa, which the rebels captured 2 weeks ago, to get a second.

From there I travelled with soldiers or alone and after 6 hours of constant climbing on a hot summer day, I blundered my way to an artillery position overlooking San Sebastian. The rebel commander treated me to coffee and cognac but said that he didn't like reporters.

Tonight, in accordance with the summertime program, prepared six months ago, a band is playing in the public square of Hendaye and the young people are dancing. At the same time the terror-stricken women and children are crossing the frontier to ask the French government for charity and safety.

In the course of my recent trip to the rebel headquarters in Burgos, I secured an interview with the man who is most likely to be the president of Spain if the rebels win. His name is Cabanellas. He is an army general on active service. Insofar as northern Spain has a government, he's at the head of it. His official title is President of the Junta of National

Defense of Spain. He is both an older and a more handsome man than Gen. Mola with whom he shares the supreme authority in rebel Spain. His silvery beard gives him a dignity which is also reflected in his speech and bearing.

"What are the ideals of this national movement?" I inquired. "To give Spain an era of peace," he replied. "For years we have had no peace, because of Marxian propaganda. It is this that has so greatly hampered any development of our moral strength or of our material wealth."

* * *

September 3.

In a moment or two, when the machine gun which has been barking intermittently all evening sounds again, I will stop talking for a moment in order that you may get something of the sound of this civil war as it continues even through the night. This farm is the one most near to the actual fighting scene. As a matter of fact it is located some 300 yards from the lines where both rebels and government soldiers are fighting it out tonight. (*Sound of machine guns.*) Those are the isolated shots which are being exchanged by the front line sentinels on both sides of this Civil War. It is part of the battle of Irun. (*Sound of dog barking.*)

Directly in front of me as I look through the dark of this midsummer night is a bright line of fire rising from the most important single factory in the city of Irun. Late this afternoon, we watched a rebel airplane circling overhead and dropping bombs. One struck directly into the center of the match factory which began to burn and which has since been blazing brightly so that the evening sky is lit up for a great distance all around. To the left, along the road that leads away from the city of Irun, the road over which the government forces have been maintaining their communications, I see two flaming automobiles, both struck by some sort of fire that set them alight. They have been taken off to one side of the road where they are now blazing away.

The fight for the taking of Irun has been a desperate one. It has been desperate because the government forces have felt that this is perhaps the criterion of the success or failure of the revolution. And the same feeling has been held on the rebel side. And as a result, we have had the bitterest kind of struggle for the possession of this city.

Yesterday, shortly after I finished speaking, the rebels succeeded in taking the last hill between them and the city of Irun. Early this morning, the government forces succeeded in moving in a number of troops into positions which are important since they are manned with machine guns. And up to the present the rebel forces have not been able to bring up their artillery sufficiently close so that they could dislodge the government troops from these machine gun nests. This isolated fir-

ing that you hear tonight is an attempt on the part of the rebels to find out just where these machine guns are located in order that, as the sun rises tomorrow, their artillery—which I presume they have now brought up—can begin to shell the foe into submission. Down on the road which marks the communication between the towns of Behobie and Irun, there has been a constant passage of cars back and forth and those cars have carried the wounded back from the front lines and have brought up fresh supplies of ammunition. A little farther down the road I was able to watch a battle between a number of rebel tanks and the armored train which is in the control of the government troops. That armored train has not succeeded in measuring up to the tanks. The tanks are more mobile—they seem to have been better handled and bit by bit the armored train has been driven back to Irun and the tanks have controlled one piece of the road after another.

We happen to be straight in the line of fire. Fortunately for us, the bullets are all going high. Four times this afternoon while we were waiting for an opportunity to link up with New York our wires were cut. And now finally we have put the radio machinery, the modulating devices and so on inside of a house and I'm standing around one corner of the house with the microphone in the open but with a good thick mortar wall between me and the bullets that are constantly whizzing past. We can't understand why it is that the rebels have arranged their fire in such a way that most of their bullets seem to go wild and pass over this farm and reach as far as the city and the streets of Hendaye where they've done terrible damage. We have been cut off all day. While I have been talking we have just had word that perhaps if the fire continues to be quieted down, someone can come and call for us after this talk is done; but our endeavor to get away from here in the course of the day has been entirely vain, because the Hendaye police declared that no one would be permitted to go out on the streets on account of this hail of bullets. They cleared all the streets of people, after several were killed and a number of others injured.

(Sound of firing.)

This afternoon there was a heavy airplane raid on the city of Fuenterrabia and we could see a good part of the population of the town going out on the sands between Hendaye and Fuenterrabia in order to escape the effect of these raids. I saw across with my glasses a group of Carlist soldiers who were taking their place in the front line—some fifty of them were massed in front of the priest and he blessed them before they started out to shoulder their rifles and assume their positions. Every one of these Carlist soldiers is wearing religious medals and—much to my surprise—I noted that in spite of the bloody fighting of the last few days, when these men who have been in the front lines should have had steel helmets, most of them continued to wear their red berets; these

make them very conspicuous, make it very easy for the opposing riflemen to pick them off. But that is one of the strange things about this war—the religious fervor with which these Carlists on the rebel side have gone in on behalf of their religion. As a matter of fact, they call it a Crusade. When I asked their leader in Pamplona the other day, “Why do your men take these chances by wearing these red berets even at a time when they are in the front lines?” He said, “For a century a red beret has been our traditional head dress.”

This afternoon—early in the afternoon—on my way down to this town I stopped at a place where fifty government soldiers were kept in a kind of little concentration camp because they had crossed over from the government lines a few hours before—as a result of the heavy fighting and their being driven back yesterday when the rebels took possession of the dominating hills. “Why did you leave?” I asked them. “We left because we had no more ammunition.”

“What are you going to do?” I asked. “We are going to try and get the French Government to give us permission to join our forces again in Barcelona.” When I saw these rather harum-scarum looking individuals, looking rather pitiable in their present plight, and saw embroidered in red letters on their caps the words in French “Diable Rouge”—Red Devils—well, it seemed a bit satirical.

Several men this afternoon were shot, swimming the river, because they were endeavoring to escape from their lines and their own men without the slightest hesitation shot them down. And refugees have been pouring into Hendaye by the hundreds all day.

RELIGION IN THE NEWS

Walter W. Van Kirk

NEWS FOR SPECIAL AUDIENCE

The policy of the “Religion in the News” series has been to build a news commentary about some event, related to religion, which has occurred during the preceding week. The present manuscript is more of a straight talk than news summary. Copies of it were distributed to listeners who requested them by the Department of National Religious Radio.

RELIGION IN THE NEWS

A presentation of the National Broadcasting Company

Walter W. Van Kirk

It's a long way from Cleveland to Moscow. I don't know exactly how many miles separate the two cities but I'm not interested in miles. Incidentally I always feel very much at home in Cleveland. And why

shouldn't I? It was in this city where I cried my way into the world. At least I suppose I cried. Most babies do. And that is why I like to be in Cleveland—it's the city that will always be associated in my mind with cradles, Santa Claus and with the touch of a gentle hand.

But we were talking about the distance between Cleveland and Moscow—the distance for example between the ideas prevailing in Cleveland and the ideas prevailing in Moscow. My friend, Don Tullis, happens to be Secretary of the Cleveland Church Federation. He has just been telling me a wonderful story about the churches of this city: churches whose doors are always open, churches that tomorrow will be thronged with thousands upon thousands of people.

Things are different in Moscow. And that's what I want to talk about in this week's edition of "Religion in the News." I've been in Russia as some of you know. As a matter of fact I just returned to the United States a few weeks ago. And the one question which most folks want answered is this: What about religion in Russia?

I'll begin by making what to many of you will seem like a startling statement—religion in Russia, at least for the present and doubtless for many years to come, is about done for. Some weeks ago I spent a Sunday travelling from the Polish border toward Moscow. Along the countryside and in the small towns the churches, for the most part, were abandoned. The calendar told me that this particular day was Sunday but the peasants and the workers appeared to be wholly unaware of this fact. They were in the fields pitching hay and threshing wheat. Here and there I saw hundreds of men and women at work in lumber camps and in railroad yards. As my train swept through the villages I saw innumerable churches where once the peasants, on Sundays, had worshipped the God of their fathers. But these churches were now, for the most part neglected. They had been stripped of their crosses, windows were broken and their general appearance was one of abandonment and desolation.

In the late afternoon of the day when I arrived in Moscow I went on a little pilgrimage through the city. I stood for a long time in front of the old Duma building on one side of which where once appeared a religious symbol I saw inscribed the legend placed there by the Bolsheviks, "Religion is the Opiate of the People." Millions of Russians have looked upon this legend carved in stone by a government that has cast God into the ash can. I walked over to the site once occupied by Moscow's celebrated Church of the Saviour, a church which has been levelled to the ground to make way for a skyscraper to be known as the Palace of the Soviets. I saw the gold domes of the famous Church of the Kremlin, a church which became the model of Russian ecclesiastical architecture and in which the Czars of Russia were crowned. This cathedral is now nothing more than an object of curiosity to be gazed upon by the transient tourist.

Still another church that I saw had been converted into a broadcasting station—a sort of radio city if you please. I visited a monastery where formerly Russian youth were trained for the priesthood and this monastery is now an anti-religious museum.

Please don't misunderstand me. If you were to visit Moscow you would be able to go to church. It is not illegal to pray or to worship God. Of the hundreds of churches once in Moscow some thirty to fifty are still Meccas to which the few remaining faithful gravitate on holy days. Indeed if you were to visit one of these churches you would probably find hundreds of people kneeling in prayer. When I say that religion in Russia is on the way out I don't mean to say that people are forbidden to go to church. What I do mean to say is this—the Russian government, by precept and example, is feeding the people on a diet of atheism. This materialistic concept of the universe is a fundamental principle of the Marxian doctrine of revolution. Lenin was the sworn enemy of religion and the Soviets worship Lenin whose body is reverently regarded by the multitudes who every day visit his tomb in Moscow's Red Square. And what is very important—you simply can't be a member of the communist party unless you renounce religion and part company with God. To be a good communist you must be an atheist. To be sure, the Russian may go to church and practice religion but when he does this he knows his goose is cooked as far as the government is concerned, and when your goose is cooked in Russia believe me it's cooked!

It's just as though the Congress of the United States and the President were to say to you—you can't be a member of the party in power, you can't be a postmaster, nor a mail clerk, nor a revenue officer, nor a governor, nor a mayor, nor a township trustee until you throw away your Bible, turn your back upon God and join hands with the government in its effort to uproot religion. That's what I mean by the liquidation of religion in Russia. Far worse than blowing out the candles assembled around the altar of the Cathedral is the practice of blowing out the candles in the house of the soul and this is what the Soviet government appears to be doing—not by law, mark you, but by pressure. And as far as Russia is concerned a new definition will have to be found for pressure since pressure in the land of the Soviets is a gruesome and dreadful thing.

It would be difficult to say how many priests have been murdered in Russia or how many thousands of priests have been sent into exile. I had a talk with a priest in a little Russian village hundreds of miles from Moscow and this man of God told me something of the hardships which were his just because he wanted to be the shepherd of his little flock. The priest, of course, is disfranchised, and since he is a man without a country and since he never can expect to be in the good graces of the communists, there is little left for him to do but to beg a few crusts of black bread from

the peasants, or rather those few of the peasants who still practice religion.

I'm strongly tempted to tell you about a religious service which I attended in a little country church about half way between Moscow and the Caspian Sea. I had to travel for miles before I found a church that was open—I had passed one church on the way that had been converted into a storehouse for the local commune. Anyway I presently found myself in this little church and when I arrived the service was already in progress. There weren't many worshippers and a majority of these few were well past middle life. A few children who had been playing in the street followed me into the church and as the priest prayed the children laughed. The church was a dismal looking structure—it was unkept—the ikons were dusty and one part of the church was being used as a storehouse and during the service I could hear the farmers from the adjoining fields dump their heavy sacks of grain on the floor of the sanctuary. Where once burned hundreds of candles only a few were now burning and the flame of one of these few candles flickered and went out while the priest prayed and the people sang. I found myself standing beside an old peasant lady—she must have been at least eighty years old—she was poorly clad and over her head there had been thrown a soiled black shawl. She wore what was left of a pair of glasses—there was only one lens and the framework of the glasses was tied in place with a piece of string. During the prayers for the dead the morning offering was laid upon the altar and believe me when I say that the offering consisted of five slices of black bread, four green apples and one egg. You could not have stood where I was standing and not be moved at the spectacle which my eyes beheld. It was truly a pathetic sight to look upon those few peasants bringing to the altar these humble gifts that the priest of the village might eat and live for yet another day that he might once more pray for the dead.

After the congregation had left the church I talked for a little while with the priest. I asked him about the future of religion in Russia and without a moment's hesitation he said, "There is no future for religion in Russia." I asked him why the young people of the village had not attended the worship service and the priest replied that the young people had no interest in religion. I reminded the priest of the meager offering of the morning and asked him what he would do after he had eaten these crusts of bread, those apples and the lone egg. Perhaps it wasn't a fair question. I felt a bit ashamed of myself for asking the question. But the priest didn't seem to mind. "Oh," he said, "after I have eaten of this food I'll beg. I'll go from house to house and ask for something to eat." I asked him why he didn't have a little garden where he might raise a few tomatoes and cucumbers. He told me that he wasn't allowed to have a garden. The government wouldn't even permit him to raise a few vege-

tables for his own use. As the conversation continued the head of the local Soviet came into the "holy of holies" where we were talking. The priest gave me a warning look and I knew that our little conference was over. This Soviet leader with itching ears had broken in upon us just that he might know what I was saying to the priest and what the priest was saying to me. And nothing more was said!

On other occasions I talked with young people—scores of them, about religion. Not a single youth with whom I talked professed to have any interest in religion. It was the same with the little children. One morning I was visiting one of Moscow's kindergartens. At least fifty children gathered about me and I asked them what they thought about religion and about God and I was politely informed, by these little ones, that religion was dead; that there is no God. I was amazed. That's what I mean when I say that religion in Russia is about done for since in the minds of little boys and girls there is planted the heresy of a Godless universe.

Of course, I know the other side of the story. I know that the old Russian Church was too often used by the State for the exploitation of the masses. I could stand before this microphone from now until midnight and recount the shortcomings of the old religion in Russia. And if the Soviets were seeking only to correct the abuses of the old religion I don't suppose any of us would object to that. But what we have in Russia today is something quite different. The government's anti-religious campaign is not a campaign against the abuses of the old Orthodox Church. It is a campaign against God, against religion, against everything that does not smack of the materialistic philosophy of communism.

The so-called Evangelicals are now beginning to feel the lash of the Bolshevik whip. Before the revolution there were as many as four to five hundred Lutheran pastors in Russia. Today there are no more than twenty. Some of these Lutheran pastors have been driven out of the country; others have just disappeared and your guess is as good as mine as to what became of them.

"Religion in the News" will interpret each week outstanding events in this momentous struggle between paganism and religion.

WHO'S WHO IN THE NEWS

John K. Watkins

NEWS SPECIALTY

Oddities in the News, Personalities in the News, or any other type of selected news designed for a general audience has been a common radio activity during the past several years. Permission for publication of Who's Who in the News kindly granted by General Mills, Inc., by John Bovey.

WHO'S WHO IN THE NEWS

John K. Watkins

News Specialty

How do you do, and a very Happy New Year to you.

America, from coast to coast, welcomed the advent of 1937 last night with the most lavish display of open pocketbooks that has been seen since the hilarious New Year's of 1929.

New Yorkers, it was estimated, spent \$10,000,000 on their celebration. Philadelphians shook out \$7,000,000 more, while Chicago's New Year's Eve tab ran to \$4,000,000 and Detroit's to \$2,000,000. Los Angeles and Hollywood, jammed with Rose Bowl football enthusiasts, spent a million and a half while the nation's capital contributed another million to the country's grand prosperity flourish.

Almost every city in the nation reported a complete sell-out of hotel accommodations for parties, dinners and entertainments. Night club reservations in New York City averaged about \$17.50 a person . . . in Chicago they were \$12.50—Hollywood and Los Angeles \$15 and New Orleans as high as \$20.00. None of these prices included refreshments. New Orleans made its New Year's celebration the major whoopee occasion of the year and set up special rooming bureaus which directed out-of-town guests to private homes where they paid as much as \$20.00 for a single night's lodging.

The swank Kansas City Club in Kansas City, Missouri, made New Year's Eve a real occasion by importing festive English pheasants and champagne to welcome in the new year. Many of the elite parties in Chicago and Milwaukee were cancelled because of a raging influenza epidemic, but there were enough hardy and unafraid celebrants to create a monstrous din.

The highspot of the Washington, D.C., celebration, of course, was the \$50,000 party thrown by Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean for 500 notables from all sections of the Nation. Her famous 44½ carat Hope Diamond glittered its merriest blue rays upon one and all.

Lexington, Kentucky, staged one of the oddest of all the Nation's parties—a birthday party for a horse. This is the day, you know, no matter what date they were born, when all thoroughbreds become one year older. In Lexington, in the heart of the blue grass country, a thousand horse lovers gathered about a 33-pound cake with 33 candles on it, celebrating the birthday of Ballot—the oldest living thoroughbred in America.

But the celebrations of 1937's arrival were not confined to America. Reports from London indicate that record throngs filled night clubs and restaurants in the richest and merriest holiday atmosphere since the War. The high-spot of London's celebration was a grave and serious gathering

RADIO CONTINUITY TYPES

at midnight at St. Paul's Cathedral when thousands jammed the vicinity and sang as the huge clocks of old London town boomed out the hour announcing the birth of the new year.

As in America, there was an optimism for prosperity in England. Lord Hirst, writing in Lloyd's List, said that never before in England's whole industrial history have there been so many people at work as this year. The strength of the recovery of British industry, he said, has been impressive. He set the total of British wage earners at 11,100,000. Lord Nuffield, motor car manufacturer, predicted that, if foreign entanglements can be avoided, 1937 will be a record year for British business at home and abroad.

It's a Happy New Year, and a busy New Year day for everyone at the White House today. The President is busy with his Inauguration plans, and he and Mrs. Roosevelt will be celebrating New Year's day with the thoughts of welcoming two of their sons back home.

Franklin D., Jr., is expected to leave the Boston hospital where he has been confined for some time with a serious sinus ailment almost any day now, and James Roosevelt is to be welcomed into the President's official family as well.

James, the President's eldest son, is to quit the insurance business, to become his father's aide, it has been learned. Jimmie's task, according to the President, will be looking after—quote—odds and ends—end quote. However, it is believed that James, who has had considerable political experience might become liaison officer between Capitol Hill and the White House.

Plans for the Inauguration on January 20 are rapidly being completed. Ten thousand man-hours of labor, 250,000 board feet of lumber, and \$30,000 are going into a new false front for the United States capitol. It will be used for about an hour by President Roosevelt, Congress, the Supreme Court, diplomats and dignitaries of the Country.

It will be made ready in plenty of time for the ceremonies, and then torn down. The tearing down will require twenty days.

NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES

Kathryn Cravens

NEWS SPECIALTY

The interpretation of news from a particular point of view, as well as its selection, is a less common and more recent development in newscasting. Permission for publication of the following manuscript kindly granted by Kathryn Cravens.

WS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES

Kathryn Cravens

ntiac Program

Friday, Jan. 22, 1937

.fternoon!

ning went out down in the Indiana town of Lawrenceburg that the, must flee from the rage of a flooded river . . . last night fire bells and whistles blew which warned and told the inhabitants not to sleep there. . . . About ten o'clock the entire population of 10,000 started moving on to a higher ground. . . . Even at that time the river had passed the 67 foot stage and threatened to break the levee. . . . The muddy waters of the Ohio beat against the levee and it was feared it would break at any moment. All night long men worked in great numbers tossing sand bags and stones against the wall in an effort to hold back the waters. This condition in Lawrenceburg is felt up and down the territory surrounding many rivers in the midwest and South. . . . Nearly 20,000 people are estimated to be homeless today. . . . Many towns in Kentucky and Indiana are cut off from electricity. . . . Red Cross and relief agencies are rushing food, clothing and tents and blankets into every zone that calls for assistance. Ten states have reported heavy damages this afternoon. . . . Rain and snow continues to fall over a wide section and meteorologists predict that the rivers, already running flood stages, will reach even higher levels. . . . And as this news flashes in to us, out of California comes a message saying that weather forecasters warn that the cold may ruin most of the citrus crop which is valued at \$112,000,000.

As the frigid weather tightened its hold on the far west the forecast came that California might experience the worst freeze since 1913 and at that time you may remember the entire citrus crop was destroyed. . . . For the first time since 1882 San Diego received a light snowfall. . . . Snow fell in Yuma the desert hot spot and down in Phoenix, Arizona the snow amused the legislators so much that even they recessed their session briefly so that they could get out and toss a few snowballs and have pictures taken with the magic snow. The record lows are all over the West . . . and Wells, Nevada, reported today that its temperature was 56 degrees below zero. . . . Here are brief news flashes that have just come in: Arkansas reports worst flood in years—the levee has broken near Lake City—the condition is serious there. In Pittsburgh water covers front streets—Golden Triangle, the central business district, is menaced for the second time in a year. Cincinnati sees the torrential waters of the river cover the lower portion of the city. Louisville, Kentucky, reports that one third of its streets—including 350 blocks—is now under water. It is impossible to save Louisville from the worst flood in its history.

We turn from this tragic news of today and go back to a dramatic scene

we saw in New York yesterday. . . . It concerned a mother and her wayward son and it makes the headlines today. . . . Back of them is a story of a woman who had lived quietly for many years holding in her heart a secret. As the headlines shriek out today and photographs of her and her son fill the columns, a story she kept secret for twenty long years goes back now to the little town of Somerville, Massachusetts.

We learned that seventy-one year old Mary F. White had lived quietly for years as a respected citizen of Somerville. . . . She had kept it a secret that her son by a former marriage had been sentenced to the penitentiary for life for a murder committed during a hold up. . . . Finally the son was freed, but in violation of parole he left this country and wandered in South America, Central America and other foreign lands. . . . Those wanderings ended last week when he came here and walked into the West Twentieth Street Police Station on Sunday and told the police that on the advice of a priest he had decided to give himself up for violation of parole. . . . Detective Edward Hoolahan heard that story and when it ended bought the wanderer a hot meal and booked him on a more or less technical charge of vagrancy. . . . Sympathy came for the man who gave himself up . . . the story spread and back into Somerville it went . . . Mary White's secret was out. . . . Yesterday we witnessed a scene that caused many indifferent persons to silently brush away a tear. . . . Into the court room walked a trembling little bespectacled woman who looked bewildered. That woman had been ill but had gotten out of bed to come here to see about her son and it was a nerve-wracking ordeal she suffered yesterday. While photographers flashed their camera lights there in the silence of the great chamber of the court room, Mary White sat with a frightened look on her drawn face. . . . Magistrate Harris leaned far over to her and his words were barely audible as he spoke to the little woman who sat there, her thin nervous fingers plucking at her hat or wiping back her gray wisps of hair that fell across her tired face. . . .

The Magistrate asked: "Is this your son?" With trembling lips, she answered "Yes." . . . Then the judge asked Detective Hoolihan: "Does the State of Massachusetts want this man?" and the detective answered, "No, your honor. They only want to get an idea of where he's been for the past five years." . . . The Magistrate then turned to the mother and son . . . said to the mother "You may take him with you . . . the charge of vagrancy is dismissed." . . . John Killian, the son, stood there for a minute . . . then he reached over and took a heavy package from his mother's hand. He led her gently out into the corridor. . . . The mother looked out into the street . . . there stood a crowd of people . . . curious . . . waiting. . . . She sat down suddenly on the steps and said: "We can't go back to Somerville. . . . I had so many nice friends there . . . but her son and others spoke reassuringly to her. . . . Down the steps she walked

. . . photographers popping their flashlights every minute. . . Those pictures today show a man with his face rough with four days' growth of beard . . . his garment unpressed and worn . . . they show a mother glad to get her son back but ashamed that her secret was out . . . one picture you may see will show John Killian leaning over to her and whispering something in her ear just as they entered a taxicab . . . he was saying: "We'll start all over again in Boston . . . or some place" and down the street the taxi went . . . mother and son holding hands . . . hands that shook under the stirred emotions of one of the most pathetic dramas we've ever witnessed. . . .

Spinach makes the headlines again today. . . . It ranked second as the favorite vegetable of boys and girls in a child preference survey conducted by the Children's Welfare Federation among about 18,000 children. Potatoes are the favorite vegetable, but spinach runs a close second . . . celery was chosen by the girls as third . . . while boys preferred lettuce . . . To the question: "What do you want to be when you grow up?" 19 per cent of the boys replied that they would like to be newspaper men, 17 per cent aviators and 11 per cent lawyers. The other 53 per cent ranged from firemen to engineers. . . . Now the girls showed 49 per cent wanted to be private secretaries, second choice given to actresses and third to nurses. The purpose of this survey was to determine exactly what the majority of children liked best in the course of their daily routine in various activities so that they could be planned for them according to their wishes . . . and just as this survey was made trying to find out what boys and girls prefer we made the same survey among a group of women in regard to the automobiles they had driven. . . . Because those women placed a good deal of importance on driving, riding comfort and beauty the 1937 Silver Streaked Pontiac was first. . . . Thousands of new Pontiac owners have frankly declared that the Pontiac is the finest car they have ever driven regardless of price. . . . And that is not hard to see why . . . because when it comes to the big, important features that make ordinary driving a real pleasure, few more expensive cars and certainly no other low priced cars can match the luxurious extra values of this marvelous new Silver Streak. . . . Everything points to Pontiac. . . . It's not only the most beautiful thing on wheels . . . it's the finest low-priced car in America today.

A woman was nominated for President in 1940 yesterday down in Washington. At the Molly Dewson Round-up given for Mary Dewson, the vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee, by the women attending the Inauguration ceremonies, she found much praise heaped upon her and heard herself not only nominated as the 1940 President, but described as the champion woman organizer of the globe. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt attended the affair and virtually every woman of

high position in the Administration was present. . . . Mrs. Roosevelt was wearing a wine-colored crepe gown and the gold chatelaine watch which has her initials on it and the one she once told us was given to her by her husband as a wedding gift. . . . There has been so much excitement in Washington. While we were there we interviewed many outstanding people and those interviews we will tell you about in later broadcasts. There were so many interesting things to attend . . . at the Central Housing Committee luncheon we saw western governors in ten gallon hats and eastern governors in pearl gray spats. . . . Frederick A. Delano, nephew of the President and chairman of the housing committee spoke about the poor housing conditions in this country and he declared that share croppers and city slum dwellers sink to their depths for one reason . . . poverty . . . he said: "In spite of this nation's industrial supremacy I doubt if we have greatly improved on the living conditions of the urban poor of the middle ages, who swarmed in their hovels like rabbits in a warren." He declared that this country is alive now to the housing condition and that improvements will be made!

The funniest thing we saw was when the world's most bewildered donkey was led from a crowded lobby at the Mayflower Hotel. . . . In the space of a few hectic moments Queenie, the official mascot of the Democratic party, had been given away three times and photographed until she blinked at the sight of a flash bulb and was half deafened by the oratory of party chiefs. . . . Being the official mascot of a victorious party on the eve of inauguration was almost too much for Queenie . . . phlegmatic though she was. . . . She balked once during the ceremonies and wouldn't take another bow. . . . She had to be petted and coaxed and fed. . . . Postmaster James Farley was saying "Where's the sugar?" . . . and a heckler said, "Hey Jim . . . you're a fine guy to be asking where's the sugar. . . . I always thought you knew where the sugar was." . . . Queenie was brought to Washington by the Mississippi delegation in payment of an election bet between Lieut. Gov. J. B. Snider of Mississippi and Lieut. Gov. J. E. Harley of South Carolina that Mississippi would give a bigger percentage to Roosevelt than South Carolina. The Mississippians were declaring that the bet was lost by only the fraction of one per cent. . . . Gov. Hugh White of Mississippi and Snider formally presented Queenie to Harley . . . then in turn Harley presented her to Mr. Farley and then Mr. Farley responded with a promise that he would give Queenie to an assistant who has a farm in Maryland. . . . And from the dejected and disgusted look on Queenie's face we felt sure that she would be glad to get away from even important things like inaugurations because there had been too many people making a fuss over her right there in the gilt lobby all decorated with palm trees . . .

hurrying bellboys and an audience that jammed the lobby and overflowed up into the galleries. . . .

I see that my time's up so I'll have to say good-bye now until next Monday—I'll be back then at this same time. Good-bye until then.

RADIO PICTURES RELEASE

No. 1935-17

REVIEW ITEMS ON CURRENT MOTION PICTURES

Manuscripts such as the following are released by the publicity bureaus of motion picture companies with permission for use by station reviewers. Thus the station reviewers get material and the motion pictures get publicity. Not infrequently the material is used as it comes, without any changes adapted to local situations. The review items which follow are broken up so that transcriptions, possibly suggestive of the next item, might be played between them.

RADIO PICTURES RELEASE

Motion Picture Review Items

RKO Radio Pictures	Broadcast News
<i>From:</i> Ken Hallam	<i>Number:</i> 1935-17
	<i>Date:</i> 10/30
<i>For release at once</i>	

Broadcasting experience indicates 125 words per minute average talking speed

Lily Pons, singing in RKO Radio's *I Dream Too Much*, will appear against backgrounds as varied and glamorous as her flittings between the concert and operatic stages of two continents. From a simple home setting to the magnificent Paris Opera House, from a carnival merry-go-round, where Miss Pons sings the whimsical Jerome Kern melody, *Jockey on the Carrousel*, to a Paris cafe where you will hear her in Kern's delightful *I Dream Too Much*—these are among the high spots of the film.

Everyone is familiar with this adorable diva's success in opera. So her singing on celluloid of the arias from *Lakme* and *Rigoletto* which have made her famous need no fanfare. But her interpretation of Jerome Kern's original compositions which should carry you away on the wings of entrancing melody, bring new worlds to Miss Pons' diminutive feet.

Famous Tunesters from *Roberta* in *To Beat the Band*
115 words

The "California Collegians," musical madcaps from the stage production of *Roberta*, were making merry on the RKO Radio lot in *To Beat the Band* when I walked Fred MacMurray. There followed much handshaking and bear-hugging, for Fred was a member of that gay gang of musicians before he was spotted as good leading man material. He lately scored a personal hit opposite Katharine Hepburn in RKO Radio's *Alice Adams*. RKO finally succeeded in luring the rest of this versatile band into pictures. You'll be seeing their amusing antics and hearing their syncopated rhythms, of which there are plenty, in the forthcoming *To Beat the Band*, in which they assist Helen Broderick and Hugh Herbert.

* * *

Ginger Rogers Stars in *In Person*
136 words

RKO has found exactly the right sort of gay, romantic role for Ginger Rogers' first starring vehicle, titled *In Person*. This story is from the pen of Samuel Hopkins Adams, author of *It Happened One Night*, 1934 Motion Picture Academy prize-winner. With a swell story, some top-notch tunes, such as *Out Of Sight Out Of Mind*, *I've Got a New Lease On Life* and *Don't Mention Love To Me*, Miss Rogers fulfills every confidence placed in her by RKO Radio studio officials since her first big dancing role in *Flying Down To Rio*. From that time forth, when her fan mail averaged five and six thousand letters a month, blond Ginger of the smiling face and dancing feet has been heading straight for further glory. You'll find her more thoroughly captivating than ever in *In Person*.

* * *

Margot Grahame and Walter Abel Teamed Again
70 words

Margot Grahame and Walter Abel, two of the finest players in pictures, have completed their splendid dramatic parts in *The Three Musketeers* which opens at the Radio City Music Hall this week. They immediately went to work on something totally different from the Dumas masterpiece. This is titled *Two O'Clock Courage*. Miss Grahame and Abel are supported by a bang-up cast in their new film. Watch for more news later.

* * *

RKO to Film Dickens' Novel
56 words

Little Dorrit, one of the few Dickens' classics which has not as yet been filmed, will be produced by RKO Radio Pictures. Anne Shirley, now working in *Chatterbox* will be starred. Gladys Unger is doing the screen adaptation.

In case you've forgotten the story, it's about a little seamstress who supported her family and finally inherited a fortune.

* * *

Follow the Fleet
Starts on
Navy Day
129 words

Someone at the Radio lot believes in black cats and lucky sevens. Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers' new musical, *Follow the Fleet* starts on Navy Day. What more auspicious occasion for the cameras to start grinding on this nautical musical?

In *Follow the Fleet* Astaire and Rogers are co-starred for the fourth time, making them the most teamable team in the business. Once more they dance and sing to Irving Berlin's musical score, than which there isn't anything finer, judging from the tunes he wrote for *Top Hat* which are still ringing in our ears.

Harriet Hilliard, pretty radio songstress whose screen test revealed exceptional ability, is cast in an important role. Incidentally, she is singing on the Shell Chateau program over an NBC tie-up on November 9th.

* * *

Wheeler and Woolsey Go
Wild West
45 words

The Rainmakers, Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey's latest side splitter is ready for release so these two comic artists have turned to the *Wild West*, which is the title of their next for RKO Radio Pictures.

Bert Wheeler says it should be another *Covered Wagon*.

GREEN PASTURES

PLAY REVIEW

Written by a small station reviewer, this play review is not untypical of those commonly heard. Permission for publication kindly granted.

GREEN PASTURES

PLAY REVIEW

If you had your own way about Heaven, what would Heaven be like? Now, let's ask that question another way. Suppose some one should give you the chance to make the most perfect country you could think of; suppose you should put everything into this country that you think fine and lovely and enjoyable, and suppose you should leave out of this coun-

try everything you don't like? What kind of a country would we have? I think the answer is pretty obvious. You would probably put into this perfect country of yours a whole lot of the things you have only a little bit of now; and you would probably keep at least a little bit of each of the things you have a whole lot of now. That's the way human beings work. We picture Heaven in terms of the things we don't have but would like to have. And that's how the play *Green Pastures* came to be written. Marc Connelly, who wrote *Green Pastures*, began wondering how it was that the colored preachers of the deep south could talk of God and Heaven and Bible characters in such familiar terms. He had heard, for example, an old colored preacher tell the story of King David. And the preacher had been downright personal in the telling; even intimate and imaginative. But the intimacy was the result of thinking of David in terms of human flesh; black flesh at that. And the imagination was limited to life of the deep South as the preacher knew it.

So Marc Connelly asked himself: How is it that these colored preachers of the far south talk about Bible characters in such homely terms; how is it that they talk about them in such human terms? And then he began to understand the answer. He remembered the old Greek saying that if the lions had a God it would be a lion. We think about religion in the only terms which are familiar to us. And so, the colored folks of the Mississippi delta region think about God in terms of their own life, too. And that is what the play, *Green Pastures*, is about. It represents Bible characters, the flood, Heaven, and a host of other religious conceptions in the terms of the mind and life of the colored man of the southern swamps. For instance, the biggest celebration in Heaven turns out to be a celestial fish-fry, and one of the little angels gets a fish-bone stuck in her throat. Of course, the angels are all black. So is Noah. So is Noah's wife. So are they all. Wisely did the Greeks say: If the lions had a God it would be a lion.

Green Pastures is, therefore, in one sense, a psychological play, because it represents one conception of the Bible in terms of the imagination of a large number of people. But *Green Pastures* is a religious play, too, because it presents in vivid and highly dramatic fashion certain truths of religion which we frequently do not see because we are too close to the truths themselves. But that isn't all: *Green Pastures* can also be considered as a comedy, partly because of the nature of the plot and partly because of the almost endless supply of humorous scenes. It is an historical play; it is a literary play—in fact, it partakes of the characteristics of almost every standard type of drama. But it isn't a standard type at all. It might even be considered as a musical comedy because of the great number of powerful chants, songs and rhythms such as O, rise and shine; Halleluiah, Go, down, Moses—O, Mary, Don't you

weep; Hail de King of Babylon; Death's Gointer Lay His Cold, Icy Hands On Me; Blin' Man Stood On De Road An' Cried; Halleluiah, King Jesus, and a brilliant array of other swinging, singing tunes.

In short, *Green Pastures* is unique, it is educational, humorous, powerful, vivid and above all, highly entertaining.

WEATHER REPORT

Very often weather reports sent out by the United States Weather Bureau are read directly from the written report to the listening radio audience. Such a government weather report is included here.

WEATHER REPORT

Weather Bureau
U. S. Department of Agriculture

February 24

For Columbia and Vicinity. Fair to-night and Thursday; not much change in temperature. Lowest to-night about 26°.

For Missouri. Generally fair to-night and Thursday; not much change in temperature.

Weather Conditions. Skies have cleared from Kansas and Missouri southward. Snow is reported here and there in the north from Minnesota to New England, and rain is falling in Alabama and Georgia. Near zero temperatures prevail in North Dakota and Minnesota, but readings of 20° or lower do not extend south of Iowa and South Dakota, though nearly all central latitudes have temperatures below the freezing point. Fair and continued rather cold is the outlook for Columbia.

C. R. Rogers

HYBRIDS

MUSICAL MOMENTS

DRAMATIZED ANNOUNCEMENT

Scattered throughout this volume, with their respective programs, are many announcements, commercial and non-commercial. Some pages contain announcements only. One of the announcements in the following script is a dramatized announcement, one of the most frequently heard hybrids.

Permission for publication kindly granted by World Broadcasting System.

MUSICAL MOMENTS

Chevrolet Dealer Program

Program No. 287

The recent Federal Communications Commission clarification of section 176 states in part that a mechanical reproduction ". . . shall be identified by appropriate announcement at the beginning of the program . . . and at the conclusion." The new version of rule 176 does not state that the identification must be made before the program or after it. All electrically transcribed Chevrolet programs are identified as such by the announcer on the disc itself at the beginning of the program, and this continuity provides for the electrical transcription announcement to be read by you at the conclusion of the program. Please make it your responsibility to see to it that no other electrical transcription announcements are made locally in connection with this program, thus avoiding needless repetition and possible annoyance to listeners.

MCNAMEE. The Chevrolet Program!

(Music: Theme)

MCNAMEE. How do you do, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience. This is Graham McNamee, speaking for your Chevrolet dealer, who presents another transcribed "Musical Moments" program starring . . . Rubinoff and his violin!

(Music: Rubinoff solo strain to conclude theme)

MCNAMEE. Your Chevrolet dealer also presents the popular baritone . . . Mr. Jack Arthur. Our maestro starts the program with the rhythmic tune . . . "On A Typical Tropical Night" from the Mae West picture "Go West Young Man."

(Music: "On A Typical Tropical Night"—Orchestra.) (Santly-Joy)

MCNAMEE. One of the most popular love songs of the day sung in a thrilling manner. Jack Arthur brings us . . . "I'll Sing You A Thousand Love Songs."

(*Music: "I'll Sing You A Thousand Love Songs"—Arthur and Orchestra.*) (Remick)

MCNAMEE. Another Real Life Drama: Scene—the City Room of a metropolitan newspaper.

(*Clatter of typewriters—jingle of phone*)

JEFF. Hey, Jim . . . come here. I've got a tip on a scoop if you can land it.

JIM. Shoot, Jeff. I'm listening.

JEFF. Bert Ward tells me that local sales of the New 1937 Chevrolet are breaking all records.

JIM. But that's not a local story, Jeff. Chevrolet sales are setting new records all over the country.

JEFF. Well, maybe there's a story in the way they do it—a new sales plan, or something.

JIM. No mystery about it, Jeff. They're just giving the public more value for the money.

JEFF. So that's the answer, eh?

JIM. Figure it out yourself. The New 1937 Chevrolet is the only car of low price that gives such advantages as the New All-Silent, All-Steel Body, Perfected Hydraulic Brakes, Knee Action, at no extra cost, Shock-proof Steering, Safety Plate Glass All Around, New Diamond Crown Speedline Styling, new, more powerful, more economical Valve-in-Head Engine and Genuine Fisher No Draft Ventilation.

JEFF. Sounds like a lot for the money. It might be a good buy for my next car.

JIM. It's got everything for smooth, safe, thrifty motoring. Why not prove it for yourself, in a demonstration ride?

MCNAMEE. A single look—a single ride—that's the test that is convincing thousands that the New 1937 Chevrolet is the Complete Car—Completely New. Visit your Chevrolet dealer now, and prove for yourself that it offers the greatest motoring satisfaction ever offered in the low-priced field!

(*Music: "Easy To Love"—Rubinoff Solo.*) (Chappell)

MCNAMEE. (*Over music*) On the singing strings of his Stradivarius our maestro plays one of the newer ballads . . . "Easy To Love." Your Chevrolet dealer presents Rubinoff and his violin.

(*Music: Swells to finish*)

MCNAMEE. The orchestra paraphrases a popular title by playing "Love Marches On."

(*Music: "Love Marches On"—Orchestra.*) (Schuster Miller)

MCNAMEE. Take an early opportunity to see, drive and compare the New 1937 Chevrolet—the Complete Car—Completely New! ! Measure your next car by this new yardstick of value—the most modern motor car

in the low-priced field! *Measure the style*—by Chevrolet's smart New Diamond Crown Speedline Styling! *Measure the economy*—by Chevrolet's new, more powerful Valve-in-Head Engine—the thrift king of its price class. *Measure the safety*—by Chevrolet's New-All-Silent, All-Steel Body, with Solid Steel Turret Top and Unisteel Construction; Perfected Hydraulic Brakes, the smoothest and safest ever developed; Super-Safe Shockproof Steering, so true and effortless the car seems to guide itself; Improved Gliding Knee-Action Ride, the world's smoothest, safest ride; Safety Plate Glass All Around, at no extra cost. *Measure the value*—by the newest things in motor car beauty, safety, comfort and economy. In every comparison, you will get convincing proof that the New Chevrolet for 1937 is the only *complete* car—priced so low!

(*Music: Theme up and fade*)

LOCAL ANN. This is (name of local announcer) speaking for your Chevrolet dealer. This program has come to you electrically transcribed through the facilities of the World Broadcasting System. Your local dealer in Chevrolet cars and trucks invites you to listen to another Musical Moments program starring Rubinoff and his violin, with Evelyn Case as guest artist, on night at o'clock.

(*Music: Theme up to end*)

Station Identification

TRAVELS OF MARY WARD

DRAMATIZED ADVERTISING PLAY

Rarer than it used to be, the dramatized advertisement extended into a skit or play is still not uncommon. The device of using a fictitious character whose name suggests the sponsor or product advertised is called "personalizing the product." Characters such as Joanne Taylor (of John Taylor's Department Store), Lady Esther (of the facial cream) and Mary Ward (of Montgomery Ward) represent the feminine side of the personalizing method. A close relative of the device is the "symbolizing" of the product through creating such a character as Johnnie for Phillip Morris. Permission for publication of this manuscript kindly granted by Mary Ward.

THE TRAVELS OF MARY WARD

Episode No. 119

Thursday, Feb. 4

(*Music: Theme "Country Gardens"*)

NARRATOR (*music fading behind announcement*). "The Travels of Mary Ward."

(Music: Theme up and fade)

NARRATOR. True life incidents . . . human, interesting experiences from the lives of Ward customers . . . brought to you each day with the friendly greetings of Montgomery Ward. *(Pause)* Our story opens today in the Streeter home where Mrs. Streeter is very earnestly asking Mary's advice. It seems that Mr. Streeter is causing his wife considerable unhappiness and Mrs. Streeter doesn't know just what to do. You see, like most wives, she loves her husband for better or for worse. But here they are.

(Fade)

STREETER. When Dick first began running around and leaving me out of it—I was mad as—as anything. I was sure of course that he was in love, or at least infatuated with somebody else.

MARY. And you were just mad?

STREETER. Well, I had no idea who it could be. So there wasn't anybody to be jealous of. Then—

MARY. Pardon me, is there now?

STREETER. Well, yes. A young girl that I know Dick sees a lot of. At first I was crazy jealous and terrible afraid. I mean afraid of what might happen. After all, men do break up their homes for young girls. We hear of it all the time.

MARY. Yes, to their ultimate sorrow of course eventually. But you can't make them see it at the time.

STREETER. That was what I was afraid of. I've passed the time of silly youthful jealousy. Imagining things, you know, torturing oneself as we all did when we were first in love. But we have now, or we DID have, something so much deeper. Dick and I were like one person, he was part of me. And our life together—our home—was me. Until all at once I realized he wasn't part of me at all but somebody I hardly knew. Somebody who was liable to do anything—to shatter all this—to go away out of my life entirely—and leave me here alone—like a—a half a person.

MARY. You don't think now he would do that? You're not afraid any more?

STREETER. Not so much. I think he was infatuated for a while. But I think that has worn off for some reason. He's been much kinder recently. And he takes more interest in things around the house. He ordered some shrubbery for the yard last night. Made out a nice order. He says he's always wanted a Spirea hedge and he's going to have one.

MARY. Well, that's a good sign. A sign of permanence, I mean.

STREETER. That's what I thought. I haven't got that awful fear any more. But I wish we could be like we used to. Why Dick never thought of going out without me. Now he goes two and three nights a week,

sometimes he doesn't get in until nearly morning. Don't you know I wonder where he is?

MARY. Of course you do. Lots of women would have been foolish enough to shatter everything here—through pride if for no other reason. I should say you've shown a wonderful lot of good judgment.

STREETER. Oh, I've had my times when I've said I'd do just that very thing, but breaking up a home, and tearing two lives apart, that have been ten years growing together—it isn't an easy thing to do.

MARY. I should say it isn't.

STREETER. And before I'd make up my mind WHAT to do my anger would be gone, and I'd just want him back. And our life together.

MARY. Do you think he is just weak?

STREETER. Yes, I know him and have lived with him. Dick is vain for one thing. He's very handsome you know.

MARY. Yes, he is.

STREETER. And he likes to be thought a good fellow. The younger set call him Dick—the girls say Dicky. He likes that. Makes him feel young. The girls like to dance with him and they flatter him. Dick's nearly forty you know.

MARY. And that has its significance.

STREETER. Yes, that's what I mean. Since this has been going on, and I've sat at home so much, I've had time to think of my friends. Lots of them are in just my position. Men are so vain of their youth and vigor. The last thing they can bear to think of in this world is that they are slipping a little. Especially a man whom women have always noticed like they have my husband.

MARY. Yes. Tell me—why don't you go out with him? Doesn't he want you to?

STREETER. At first he used to ask me, but I couldn't go and I said so. So he got started—you know—going without me. I thought he'd be contented to stay at home like I was. But he wasn't. So little by little, it got worse and worse, until now he doesn't even ask me. Just gets ready, comes and kisses me and leaves. Or calls up from the office and says he won't be home. I will say for him he always does that. He never stays out and leaves me to wonder if he'll be home or not.

MARY. Mmm. Let's go back a little. You said he used to ask you but you couldn't go. Why?

STREETER. Well, I guess it was a mistake. But you see, I'm one of these domestic, one-man women. (*Slight laugh*)

MARY. Yes.

STREETER. I started out with the idea of helping my husband, not bothering him about anything, being independent of him so far as making him any worry or trouble was concerned. And, saving his money.

MARY. I see. In other words, you didn't have clothes to go.

STREETER. No. Not the way women dress now and especially the younger set that he likes. I wouldn't go and have him ashamed of me. I thought it was better not to go at all. And then I thought that when he saw I couldn't go, he'd stay home too. Or get tired of having his little flight. Instead of that—he is worse and takes it so for granted now that he goes alone.

MARY. I see. Well, marriage is a very complicated thing. Some men would appreciate your living the way you did. Others wouldn't.

STREETER. And mine is one of the ones who wouldn't.

MARY. Every marriage has to be worked out individually. We can't lay down any general rule for it. What makes it work in one case fails utterly in another. But if we want it to work, we have to study it and act accordingly. And it looks to me like, in this case, since Mr. Streeter evidently isn't going to change, you're going to have to.

STREETER. How do you mean?

MARY. Go with him. Get yourself some clothes and go along. Go without him if he doesn't ask you. You're a good looking woman. Dress yourself up. You'd be more attractive than any young, inexperienced girl. Just youth alone isn't nearly the attraction to men that it used to be.

STREETER. But I can't now. As I said—I tried to get along with as little as possible for years there—to help him. Or I thought I was helping him. I see now I wasn't. Then when this all first started, I was so miserable I didn't care for anything. And of course I didn't get any clothes. And Dick is spending a lot of money, the way he's living. You know he must be. I'm almost afraid to write a check any more.

MARY. I think you're being foolish there. Sometimes a little financial jolt is just the thing to wake a man up to the fact that he does have responsibilities. It's a good way for his wife to say to him—look, I'm here yet.

(Both laugh)

But I do realize your position. To start all over with a wardrobe is a big thing to do. You told me once you sew well.

STREETER. I can. I used to make all my things when I had the heart.

MARY. Do you want your husband back badly enough to make a real effort?

STREETER. Oh, Miss Ward, how can you say that?

MARY. Just to see how much you meant it. Let's talk a little. I'll go out to the car and get my catalog for spring.

STREETER. Wait. We have a Ward catalog if that's what you want. That's *(fade)* where Dick sent for the shrubbery. *(up)* Here it is. That's the one, isn't it?

MARY. Yes, this is the new one. That's what I want. Let's turn to the piece goods and just see a minute.

(*Leaves turn*)

Page 224. Here we are. Now I imagine the first thing you would be interested in is something to wear for evening.

STREETER. Naturally.

MARY. Let's turn past these patterns and things and on over to page—let's see—230. Yes this is the page.

STREETER. Oh, what colors.

MARY. Aren't they beautiful?

STREETER. What is the material?

MARY. Those up there are Ward's washable flat crepe.

STREETER. Washable? In those colors?

MARY. Yes, in these 24 different true tone colors. Like these colored disks printed here.

STREETER. Miss Ward, mark one or two that YOU think would be becoming to me.

MARY. Well, you might have a dress of this danger red (*laugh*).

STREETER. (*Little laugh*) That's coming a little too close to home. I'm afraid I wouldn't enjoy that.

MARY. I was just joking. I wanted to see if I could make you laugh. But this beautiful gaiety green would really be lovely on you—or this ruby rose. You want color. And either of those would be the thing for you.

STREETER. That spring violet is lovely, too.

MARY. Yes for daytime. Not for evening. Shades of violet and orchid are apt to go dead under the light. You'd have to try it to see if it did. And what you want is something NOW. I'd say the ruby rose—just to show everybody how young and attractive you CAN look.

STREETER. I notice here there are four prices.

MARY. Yes, and let me tell you. Always get the best material you possibly can. With Ward's low prices, you can afford the very best. Materials show the difference in quality at sight. And a few cents a yard will often make the difference between something you regret and something you are immensely proud of. To say nothing of the long time wear of the better grades. Now, down here is something else—even more luxurious for evening things. We sell lots of this for blouses too.

STREETER. What's that?

MARY. Lustrous silk satin crepe. Crepe on one side—satin on the other. The reason we sell that so much for fine blouses is because it is neva-wet processed. That makes it wear longer, besides being water and perspiration resistant. Fine under coats, you know.

STREETER. It would be. Nice for dancing too.

MARY. That's what I was thinking. Now that comes in fifteen colors and at only 69 cents a yard. It is 39 inches wide.

STREETER. It wouldn't take very much for a dress, would it?

MARY. No, about four yards. Figure that up. Plus your work.

STREETER. Well, at least I would have something to think about besides sitting here waiting.

MARY. I had that thought too. When we're busy we're never so miserable.

STREETER. Look at all those lovely prints, Miss Ward.

MARY. Yes, aren't they exquisite? And talk about quality—look at this middle price here at \$1.09 cents a yard. Made of pure Japanese silk—not a thread in it that isn't pure silk. And these designs have been made by the very finest artists, too. Think what a spring outfit you could make of this grey one here with the red and navy and white daisies in it. You'd want a little red hat with that—and a red purse and grey shoes. Grey shoes are tops for spring.

STREETER. You make me feel all young already.

MARY. My goodness, you are young. Don't be foolish. Over here on this opposite page you see Ward's rough crepes—tree bark crepes—fine for more tailored things for the street. Oh—up here. This is marvelous.

STREETER. Where?

MARY. This all silk imported tropical broadcloth. You *MUST* have something of that later on. A jacket dress, I'd say. Tailored. See you have about every color in the chart to choose from.

(Back door)

STREETER. I—maybe it's Dick. There's a party tonight and I was so afraid he was going. But he's home early. Maybe he isn't going.

MARY. Evidently not. Shall we turn on?

STREETER. Yes—what about a street outfit, Miss Ward? Coat and dress. An ensemble. I made a beautiful one for myself once.

MARY. Let's turn back a few pages then.

STREETER. Oh, wait. I wanted to ask you something.

MARY. Yes?

STREETER. What are all those numbers after the colors? Like in this silk broadcloth up here. See? It says—aqua blue, 601. What does that mean?

MARY. That? That's the finest thing that has ever been in any mail order catalog. It takes all the guess work out of ordering by mail. Did you see this page in the front of the book?

STREETER. No, I haven't really looked at this, you know.

MARY. See, here is a color chart. Printed in the actual colors of our fabrics. When a number is given after a color like that, all you have to

do to see JUST what you're buying is to look for that number on this color chart—here it is—601. This would be the color right here.

STREETER. Oh, is that it. Well, what do you think of that?

MARY. You see how many blues there are for instance. And look at all these greens. So it isn't enough to simply say that a dress is green. What green? You read the number, turn to this chart, look the number up and there you are.

STREETER. And you could choose your accessories by that couldn't you?

MARY. You certainly could. And that is very important for colors are certainly tricky these days. So many new shades, and new names for everything. But this makes you absolutely sure. Now let's see about the street ensemble. Page 227.

(Leaves turn)

Right up here at the top—this very first one—is the one I'm going to recommend to you. All wool tweed suiting—54 inches wide at \$1.69 a yard.

STREETER. All wool?

MARY. Every thread. Tested in our own Bureau of Standards in New York. It's the correct medium weight for spring. It's a new serviceable weave, and is just the type of material seen in ready-made suits in the better shops.

STREETER. 54 inches wide?

MARY. Yes. You see how little it would take. A plain one-piece tailored dress, very simple, and a loose coat is what you want. And you can line the coat with that flat crepe we were looking at. In matching color. Very, very smart.

STREETER. These colors have the numbers after them too, don't they?

MARY. Yes. You can consult the color chart as I said, and see exactly what your material will look like before you ever send for it.

STREETER. I'll do that. Miss Ward—do you suppose I could send for material for an evening dress if I sent today—and get it in time to make a dress for a week from tomorrow night?

MARY. I'm sure you could. The order will be filled the day it is received and it's only over night for mail from Kansas City here. And an evening dress isn't the trouble to make that a dress is with sleeves.

STREETER. I was thinking—I KNOW there's to be a dance a week from tomorrow night—

MARY. Get a new foundation garment at the same time you send for your material. Get a corselette and have it of satin lastex. Satin underthings help a woman awfully to feel young and gay, you know.

STREETER. Oh, hello Dick. Come in, dear.

DICK. Hello. Why, how are you, Miss Ward?

MARY. How do you do, Mr. Streeter?

DICK. I heard voices in here, but I didn't know who it was. So I just went right on upstairs. I'm glad to see you.

MARY. Thank you.

STREETER. Sit down, Dick. I'm so glad you came home early.

DICK. Thanks, dear. I haven't time. I just came home to change clothes.

STREETER. Oh. Aren't you—aren't you—going to stay?

DICK. (*Very airy*) No—sorry, but I have to go back to the office. I'm going to be working late tonight.

STREETER. What time—do you think—you will be home? Of course, it doesn't make any difference—only I could keep dinner warm for you.

DICK. No, don't bother. I'll probably drop around to Natalie's party a little while before I come home. Just look in, you know. I won't stay long.

STREETER. Well—all right, Dick.

DICK. Don't wait up for me. You know how those things are. Good-bye Miss Ward, glad to have seen you.

MARY. Goodbye.

DICK. Goodbye, dear. Don't wait up now.

(*Kisses her. Pause. Door open and shut*)

STREETER. (*Almost in tears*) Oh—I had so hoped he—wouldn't want to go tonight.

MARY. Have patience, my dear. It's a *week from tomorrow night* that I want to hear about.

(*Music: Theme up and fade*)

NARRATOR. And so do we, Mary. We hope that Mrs. Streeter shows the old boy a thing or two. Golly, if we could only be at that party. I'll have to take that up with Mary. (*Pause*) Now we must leave the neighborly representative of Montgomery Ward for another day, but BE SURE to tune in again tomorrow, at this SAME time, for another friendly little visit with Mary Ward.

(*Music: Theme up and out*)

JOANNE TAYLOR

DRAMATIZED ADVERTISING INTERVIEW

Theme

Saturday, Nov. 7

ANNOUNCER. It is ten o'clock in Kansas City. And now—John Taylor's—a step ahead on Petticoat Lane—takes you to the office of Joanne Taylor. Let us go in here at John Taylor's entrance and take this elevator to the fifth floor. There we alight and turn to the left, and this is Joanne Taylor's office.

(Door open)

COLEMAN. Hello, there. How are you this morning? Won't you come in please.

(Door shut)

Isn't this a lovely day? You don't know how much I missed my visit with you yesterday morning. Every day I look forward to my visit in your home—and when I miss it—well the day doesn't seem quite right. This morning as I made my usual round through the store I was surprised at the number of new things that had come in during the one day I was out of town. Bright new sweaters, a large shipment of cocktail dresses, gay new hats—oh—yes—I must tell you about some new lamps that Mr. Standing just brought in to show me. I have one of them on my desk in front of me now—and I know if you could see how quaint and attractive they are—how much they seem to brighten the room—that you'd have one on your desk in front of you too. They are made with the hobnail crystal bowls—large hobnails that harmonize with either the English or early American patterns. The eight inch shades are of that grand *clair de lune* that may be washed with a damp cloth, are color fast, moth proof, spot proof, odorless, heat resistant and durable. The pleated shades may be had in either blue, green, gold or white, trimmed in a grosgrain ribbon bow, and a row of clear beads at the bottom of the shade. These lamps are \$1.95 complete. And as a suggestion—while we do have them at this low price—why don't you buy them as Christmas gifts for those friends of yours who are particularly hard to please? . . . Hobnail lamps with *clair de lune* shades, fifth floor gift department—\$1.95. . . . Now Miss Keller—I can tell by the sparkle in those bright eyes there's something—

KELLER. Miss Coleman—it's just that you promised me all morning you'd tell me about your trip to Columbia, but something interfered every time. And I'm just dying to hear all about it.

COLEMAN. Oh, I had a grand time.

KELLER. You spoke at Stephens College Thursday night.

COLEMAN. Yes, at a dinner—the first dinner of the year given by the radio department.

KELLER. Radio department? Do they teach radio there?

COLEMAN. Oh, yes. A regular radio class taught by a Mr. Lawton. The members of the class put on a most interesting program at the dinner. They gave me the loveliest corsage—I wanted to save a rose for you and Jane but I stayed a little longer than I intended to.

KELLER. That's all right. We're so glad to have you back—when you're in the office we don't need mere roses.

COLEMAN. Oh, Miss Keller. This is almost too much for me. We thank you.

KELLER. Go on. What happened after the dinner.

COLEMAN. Then I spoke to another group of Stephen's students—a secretarial group. There were guests there who were residents of Columbia. I talked to a very charming girl after the meeting who said she and her mother had listened to our broadcast for years and were especially interested in you and Jimmy.

KELLER. Really? Gee, I wish they'd come in to see us sometime.

COLEMAN. Perhaps they will.

KELLER. And then yesterday you spoke at the University of Missouri.

COLEMAN. Yes, at from ten to eleven o'clock to one of Mr. E. K. Johnston's classes. He's professor of advertising you know. And at eleven o'clock I spoke to Journalism students in the assembly hall.

KELLER. I know you enjoyed being in the School of Journalism again.

COLEMAN. I surely did. It certainly brought back happy recollections to see Dean Frank L. Martin, and Miss Grinstead and others of the professors under whom I've studied years ago. And Miss Keller, the new Journalism building is beautiful.

KELLER. That School of Journalism was the first one established in the world, wasn't it, Miss Coleman?

COLEMAN. Yes, established by one of the sincerest friends and best men I've ever known. The late Mr. Walter Williams.

KELLER. I know. I've often heard you speak of him. Did you see any students you knew?

COLEMAN. I recognized the faces of several students who have visited the office—both at the University and at Stephens. And then at noon I was speaker at a Gamma Alpha Chi luncheon—that's an honorary journalism sorority of which I was a member.

(Phone ring)

KELLER. *(Laugh)* I should have known to have deadened that telephone.

COLEMAN. Why Miss Keller *(laugh)* what would our public do?

(Phone click)

Hello. Joanne Taylor's office. Miss Coleman speaking. . . . Oh hello, Mrs. Clinton. How are you today? . . . That's fine. . . . The new Phoenix hosiery? . . . They're called the stream-line hose, Mrs. Clinton. They're

(Typewriter)

different from the old-fashioned square heel hose because their heel is shaped in a gradually tapering point—very slenderizing and flattering to the ankle. . . . Yes, they wear unusually well—the heels are especially re-inforced for long service as well as beauty. . . . We have the stream-line hose in the three thread chiffon for \$1.15 and the two thread evening hose called "Thrill" for \$1.65. All right, Mrs. Clinton . . . yes I have your address. Those will be out on the 1:30 delivery . . . I know

you'll have a lovely evening. . . . Yes, indeed. Thank YOU. . . . Good-bye, Miss Clinton.

(Typewriter stop)

(Phone click)

KELLER. Miss Coleman, will you sign these letters please?

COLEMAN. Surely.

(Door knock)

Just put them here, please, Miss Keller. Come in please.

(Door open)

Good morning. Won't you come in?

MATTHEWS. *(Fade in)* Thank you.

(Door shut)

This is the Joanne Taylor office, isn't it?

COLEMAN. Yes, I'm Miss Coleman. This is my secretary, Miss Keller.

(Acknowledgments)

COLEMAN. Here, have this chair by my desk.

MATTHEWS. Thank you. Miss Coleman, I'm Dr. Black's secretary.

COLEMAN. Oh, really? I know Dr. Black quite well.

MATTHEWS. I have very little time to shop and he said he felt quite sure you could save me both time and money.

COLEMAN. Thank you. I certainly will be glad to try.

MATTHEWS. I need a dress—a dress that I can wear in the office Saturday mornings—and until four o'clock Saturday afternoon—and yet one that will be smart and dressy enough for dinner at a hotel and a movie or perhaps dancing afterwards. You see, I go with a young man who also works in the Professional Building and we always stay downtown after work.

COLEMAN. I see. And since you are dark—and already have black accessories, I suppose you prefer—

MATTHEWS. I prefer a black dress with color on it somewhere, Miss Coleman. I think black is always good.

COLEMAN. Yes, that's true. And it is as smart for dancing as it is for office wear. A new shipment of cocktail dresses arrived yesterday, and I noticed that over half of them were black combined with brilliant color. There was one of tricoledo crepe with a swing skirt—

MATT. Oh, I love those new skirts. They're so grand to dance in.

COLEMAN. Aren't they. This skirt is quite full—an Alix adaptation with green braid about an inch wide around the bottom of the skirt, around the band of the short boxy puffed sleeve, and the high Chinese neckline. This same Kelly green also binds a long narrow bow and through all the green braid are several strands of gold metallic thread. Black self-covered buttons run the full length of the dress in the center front from the neckline to the hem.

MATT. I do think I might like that. Is there a belt, Miss Coleman?

(Typewriter)

COLEMAN. Yes, a narrow black belt with a long narrow buckle—it's about five inches long I would say.

MATT. And how much is this dress, Miss Coleman?

COLEMAN. \$19.95. We have dozens of new attractive cocktail length dresses at that price, Miss Matthews, so if this dress isn't suitable—

MATT. I feel sure it will be Miss Coleman. I can't wait to see it. Dresses are on third floor, aren't they?

COLEMAN. Yes, to the right, as you leave the elevator.

MATT. Black tricoledo crepe, full swing skirt banded in green and gold, \$19.95. There. Do I have it right?

COLEMAN. That's right. Just ask the saleswoman for that new black dress with the tiny waistline, short puff sleeves, and swing skirt. She'll know the one.

MATT. All right, Miss Coleman. And thank you so much for helping me. You don't know how I appreciate it.

COLEMAN. Certainly, Miss Matthews. I hope you'll come back and see us.

MATT. You know I will. I'll wear the dress in when I have more time—

(Typewriter stop)

COLEMAN. All right, you do.

(Door open)

KELLER. *(Fade in)* Goodbye, Miss Matthews. I'm so glad to have met you.

MATTHEWS. *(Fade)* Thank you. Goodbye.

COLEMAN. Goodbye.

(Door close)

KELLER. Miss Coleman—that dress would be grand for college girls too, wouldn't it?

COLEMAN. It surely would. It's a perfect date dress. . . .

(Phone ring)

Pardon me.

(Phone click)

Hello. Joanne Taylor's office . . . oh, hello there, Betty. How are you? That's fine. What can we do for you today? . . . Why that is a new type of lingerie by Vanity Fair called Keens, Betty. . . . Yes, K-E-E-N-S. They're made in sizes 13 to 17. . . . The panties, pajamas, brassieres—all of them are made with a lustrous diagonal stripe—satin stripe . . . oh no, they don't have to be ironed—grand to take away to school. . . . The skin-tite panties have elastic at the waist and legs, and are seamless

in the front and back. They're seventy-nine cents, and the bandeaux are fifty-nine cents apiece. . . . Yes, fit just like paper on a wall. And there's a little all-in-one suit I'm sure you'd like, panties and bra attached—backless except for a narrow strap of elastic. The names of the colors are just as unusual as the garments themselves—there's sunblush—a coral shade, star-dust—a soft blue, seaspray—shining white, and spun-gold. . . . Yes, the panties are 79c and the brassieres are 59 . . . all right, Betty. I'd be glad to . . . let's see that address is? . . . Yes 39—67th Terrace. . . . All right. Tell your mother hello for me . . . all right. . . . Goodbye.

(Phone click)

COLEMAN. That telephone ringing reminded me—did you hear anything from Mary Ellen while I was gone?

KELLER. I talked to Bill a minute last night—but he's still so excited I never can understand a word he says. He says they still have the bag packed though and are expecting to go to the hospital again any minute now. *(Laugh)* Wonder if they'll have a police escort again today?

COLEMAN. Those youngsters certainly have had a time. None better in the world though. *(Door knock)* Come in, please.

(Door open)

Oh, Miss Gilmer. Do come right in. I've been expecting you.

GILMER. *(Fade)* Good morning, Miss Coleman.

(Door close)

COLEMAN. Here have this chair. Miss Gilmer, may I present my secretary, Miss Jeannette Keller.

GILMER. How do you do, Miss Keller.

KELLER. I'm so happy to meet you, Miss Gilmer. I've heard so much about the beautiful portraits you've done.

GILMER. Thank you, Miss Keller.

COLEMAN. I've just been telling Miss Keller that portraits you had painted were in the Lee Memorial and Virginia Historical Society at Richmond, Virginia, and in the Courthouse at Chatham, Virginia—as well as in some of the finest homes in the east.

GILMER. Well, of course, I'm a native daughter of Virginia, so perhaps they exaggerate my talents.

COLEMAN. No, from what I've heard, Miss Gilmer, I'm sure they don't. Didn't I hear that you'd travelled around the world studying and that you'd studied in Paris with the great Lucean Simon?

GILMER. Yes, and in London with Brangwyn. I enjoyed them both so very much.

COLEMAN. Miss Gilmer, I'm sure if anyone could tell us of the significance and importance of National Art week—you can. And since Na-

tional Art week begins next Monday, I wonder if you'd tell our radio audience just what it means to people in Kansas City—as well as art lovers all over America.

GILMER. I'd be glad to.

COLEMAN. Tell me first, Miss Gilmer, isn't Mrs. A. J. Maurer (*Give title*).

GILMER. Yes, she is, Miss Coleman. And she has worked tirelessly to see that National Art week is given its proper place in Kansas City. (*Mention work*)

COLEMAN. I have met Mrs. Maurer, and I am sure that her efforts will be successful. Now Miss Gilmer, if you'll just step over here to the microphone, please—

GILMER. Surely.

COLEMAN. I'm most happy to present to you, our radio audience, Miss Mary Gilmer, a distinguished Kansas City artist, of nation-wide reputation.

(*Speech by Miss Gilmer*)

COLEMAN. Thank you so much, Miss Gilmer. I'm sure everyone feels, as I do, that Kansas City is fortunate to have the opportunities that National Art Week brings to us.

(*Phone ring*)

Pardon me, please.

GILMER. Surely.

(*Phone click*)

COLEMAN. Hello. Joanne Taylor's office.

(*Theme*)

ANNOUNCER. John Taylor's penny saver for today is men's flannel night shirts, for today, and today only, at \$1.15. Monday these night shirts will be their regular price—\$1.50. So call Victor Seven-five-six-oh (7560) today. John Taylor's telephone number is Victor seven-five-six-oh (7560). And now John Taylor's bid you good morning and invite you to be listening in again Monday morning at ten o'clock.

THE MARCH OF TIME

DRAMATIZED NEWS

The first program of dramatized news to achieve national attention was *The March of Time*. A true hybrid, fusing a variety of continuity methods and types, this manuscript is in the general nature of a dramatized news summary. Permission for publication kindly granted by Time, Inc.

THE MARCH OF TIME

Presented by TIME, Inc.

Thursday, October 15, 1936

10:30-11:00 P.M.

*(Marching feet up to fanfare)**(Voice of time)*

The March of Time!

(Music)

VOICE OF TIME. On a thousand fronts the history of the world moves swiftly forward. A thousand new facts, *(fade)* new details of the world's news come into being every hour. How can the busy man get it all. . . .

With those words, on the night of March 10, 1931, nearly six years ago, the Editors of *Time*, the Weekly Newsmagazine, introduced a new technique of reporting the news by radio, the re-enactment by radio of the memorable events of the week. They called it "The March of Time." Tonight, as we bring you the three hundred ninety-fifth performance of "The March of Time," looking forward to the sixth year of these dramatic presentations of the world's news, we look back on the years since that evening in March, 1931, when over the air came the first act of the broadcast of the first "March of Time."

(Music)

Chicago! Famed thunder and blazing Chicago Mayor, Big Bill Thompson, campaigning for re-election on the platform, "Punch the King of England on the nose," is celebrating his primary victory at the polls in the executive offices of Chicago's City Hall.

FRIEND. Congratulations, Bill! *(Shouts of "Hurray for Big Bill!")*

THOMPSON. Thank ya, ha, ha, ha.

SECOND FRIEND. Oh, Bill, here's Mayor Walker on the phone.

THOMPSON. Thanks. Hello, hello, that you, Mayor Walker?

WALKER. Congratulations, Bill, my old friend. We're proud of you.

THOMPSON. Thank you, Jimmie!

WALKER. A great campaign, and a great victory. You're just the man to turn the city of Chicago into a paying proposition.

THOMPSON. Ha, ha, ha, that's a good one, Jimmie. Ha, ha, ha.

WALKER. Well, Bill, goodbye and God bless you!

THOMPSON. Goodbye. . . . Who's on this other line?

SECOND FRIEND. It's Governor Huey Long.

THOMPSON. Hello, hello, Huey.

HUEY. Hello, Bill. Congratulations!

THOMPSON. Thanks, Huey.

HUEY. Now, Bill, if you have any trouble up there keeping 'em gangsters in line, or 'em voters either, just feel free any time to call on Huey P. Long.

THOMPSON. Thanks, Huey. So long.

HUEY. So long, Bill.

THOMPSON. Now, boys, gather round while we rehearse that new campaign song dedicated to my rival, Tony Cermak! Ahem! Now all together!

(All singing, orchestra fade in "East Side, West Side")

Tony, Tony, where's your pushcart at?

Can you picture the World's Fair Mayor,

With a name like that?

(Fade) What a job you are holding

Now you're trying for two. . . .

VOICE OF TIME. So the "March of Time" began, bringing to its stage three 1931 news characters at their swaggering height—*(Segue)* characters whose careers it is to follow down and out through the years to come. Big Bill Thompson, discredited at the polls, is to go down to political limbo; Tony Cermak, World's Fair Mayor, is to be assassinated in Miami, Florida, by a bullet intended for the President-elect. Jimmie Walker is to face charges of corruption and graft, beat a retreat to Europe; and Louisiana's Kingfish, Huey Long, is to die by assassination in the corridors of his Baton Rouge capitol. And as the "March of Time" is beginning in 1931, another career is ending. *(Spanish music)* In the Spanish capital of Madrid, on the night of April 14, 1931, *(singing register)* mobs march through the streets, shouting, singing, in tumultuous celebration. In hiding in the ancestral Royal Palace of the Spanish Bourbons, King Alphonso XIII receives the Count de Ramanones.

ALPHONSO. My people—listen to them, Ramanones. Tonight they are transported, maddened by the illusion of some strange new freedom they hope to gain under the Republic. I have prepared a manifesto. *(Singing fade down, segue to royal march)* You will read it to my people after I am gone . . . read it to my people, as I read it to you now. I leave Spain because my people will it. I ask God that all Spaniards shall understand their duty as deeply as I do mine. I leave my throne to save my countrymen from fratricidal civil war.

(Music up and down)

VOICE OF TIME. Fleeing Madrid that night, King Alphonso cannot foresee that the fratricidal revolution he leaves his country to prevent will five years later sweep all Spain, claim the lives of 150,000 Spaniards, with 400,000 more wounded.

(Music)

As time marches into 1932, down into history goes the second year of the world depression; the signing of the Hoover Moratorium; the death of Knute Rockne; Professor Piccard and his new stratosphere balloon; ahead the world will see the bottom year of the depression; the appear-

ance of technocracy, the Lindbergh kidnapping; Manhattan's Rockefeller Center.

(Chinese battle music)

VOICE OF TIME. But looming largest in the news of 1932 are the war clouds which gather in the Far East, as the distant clash of arms echoes momentarily for the first time in the great hall of the Council of the League of Nations. *(Murmur)*

SZE. Gentlemen, members of the League of Nations. There must indeed be a serious defect in the machinery for international peace, if, after five weeks, the common efforts of the United States and the League of fifty-two nations are insufficient to protect China, one League member, from Japan, another. *(Fade. Begin faint bombardment which gets louder, wipes Sze out with music)* Others nations have been able to protect their property and the lives of their citizens in China and Manchuria without resorting to aerial bombardment.

(Music and bombardment up and down)

VOICE OF TIME. But the Japanese invasion of Manchuria has already begun, first in the piecemeal devouring of ancient, often-conquered China. Next is Tsintao, then Shanghai, and the most savage and unmerciful bombardment of civilians in military history, a shock to all the world. *(Fade bombardment)* An invasion that will not end until Japan has walked out of the League and taken over four hundred and fifty thousand square miles of Manchuria. And while the far-off islands of Japan seek through the year 1932 the solution of their economic ills by the ancient method of the Samurai sword, five thousand miles away a similar solution is sought by different means. *(Wintergreen chorus and fade)* To the sardonic strains of the Kaufmann-Ryskind-Gershwin Pulitzer Prize musical comedy, *Of Thee I Sing*, the "March of Time," first under its own sponsorship, then as the Columbia Broadcasting Company's medium of reporting the news of the election year, brings to U.S. audiences the nation's Thirty-fourth Presidential campaign. The Governor of the State of New York and 1932 Democratic Candidate.

ROOSEVELT. My friends, we will break foolish traditions and leave it to the Republican leaders to break promises!

VOICE OF TIME. The Republican candidate and Thirty-first President of the United States:

HOOVER. The past three years have been a time of unparalleled economic calamity.

ROOSEVELT. Throughout the nation men and women, forgotten in the political philosophy of the present government, look to us for guidance and for a more equitable opportunity to share in the distribution of national wealth.

HOOVER. If the tariff protection is taken away, as my opponent pledges

he will take it away, the grass will grow in streets of a hundred cities, a thousand towns, the weeds will envelop the fields of millions of farms.

TIME MARCHES ON!

(Music)

VOICE OF TIME. In strike-torn post-war Germany, surging from obscurity to a challenging victory at the polls in late 1932 is an undaunted movement, aping Benito Mussolini's Blackshirts. Into the chambers of sainted old President Paul von Hindenburg marches a brown-shirted leader, a young Austrian housepainter, Adolf Hitler.

HINDENBURG. Herr Hitler, you command only a plurality. What power do you ask?

HITLER. Precisely the same power that Mussolini exercised after his march on Rome ten years ago, Herr President! We National Socialists demand the right to command the entire Reich!

HINDENBURG. Before my own conscience and my duty to the Fatherland, I will not entrust such power to a party which intends to make such selfish use of it. In opposition, Herr Hitler, I trust you will always keep in mind your responsibility to the German people and your duty to the Fatherland!

(Music)

(Marching and singing "Deutschland uber Alles" in, then down and back)

VOICE OF TIME. But in the closing months of 1932, the aged field marshal's grip weakens, and early in 1933, once Corporal, now Chancellor Hitler and his brownshirts march to power.

(Singing finish simultaneous with voice of time. Mob "Heil Hitler")

VOICE OF TIME. ("*Marseillaise*" *sneak in*) Germany is Hitler's. In France, Europe's great peacemaker Aristide Briand has just died, and to defy Germany's ancient foe, Reichsfuehrer Hitler lays plans to throw a reborn German army into the prohibited Rhineland. ("*Giovinezza*" *in and down quick*) In Italy, Blackshirt Benito Mussolini, dictator number one, is celebrating the march on Rome's tenth anniversary, already dreaming of adventure in East Africa; and Reichsfuehrer Hitler, dreaming of Germany's war-lost colonies, makes friendly overtures toward Rome.

("Internationale" in and down quick)

VOICE OF TIME. In Moscow, Soviet dictator Stalin winds up his first Five-Year-Plan in four years, launches the second Five-Year-Plan, and, believing that Reichsfuehrer Hitler's avowed intention is to seize Russia's wheat fields, begins to build up the world's biggest army.

(Music: "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf")

VOICE OF TIME. But in the United States, two bright omens shine

through the gloom of 1933, depression's third dark year: taken to the heart of the nation are Walt Disney's "Three Little Pigs" and their joyous defeat of the Big Bad Wolf, while across the country goes a wet stampede which in a few short months is to bring, by the 21st amendment to the Constitution, an end to National Prohibition—13 years, 10 months, 19 days old.

TIME MARCHES ON!

(Taps)

VOICE OF TIME. As it must to all men death came in the opening days of nineteen thirty-three to Calvin Coolidge, sixty, thirtieth President of the United States. President during the most prosperous days the Nation had ever known, his death four years later came in the darkest period of the worst depression in the country's history. *(Taps finish)* Lower and lower sinks the country's morale in the months awaiting the inauguration of a new President.

(Organ music)

Then, early on the morning of March fourth—the day of his inauguration as President of the United States—in a plain white chapel in Washington, Franklin Delano Roosevelt sits, head bowed. And at the chancel rail kneeling is his old Groton schoolmaster Endicott Peabody. *(Organ up to finish)*

PEABODY. Almighty God, Who hast given us the good land for our heritage, save us from violence, discord and confusion, from pride and arrogance and from every evil way. Most heartily we beseech Thee, with Thy favor to behold and bless Thy servant Franklin, chosen to be President of the United States.

(Music)

VOICE OF TIME. Few hours later, a new President stands on the inaugural platform before the Capitol. The great crowd massed below falls solemnly silent, as, facing Chief Justice Hughes, he takes the oath of office. Then he turns *(fade in Roosevelt)* to the watching hundred thousand.

ROOSEVELT. This is a day of national consecration. It is the time *(bring in full)* to speak the truth, the whole truth, frankly and boldly. The people of the United States in their need have registered a mandate that they want direct, vigorous action! *(Cheers)* It is to be hoped that the normal balance of executive and legislative authority may be wholly adequate to meet the unprecedented task before us. But in the event that the national emergency is still critical . . . I shall ask the Congress for the one remaining instrument to meet the crisis . . . broad executive power . . . as great as the power that would be given to me if we were in fact *invaded* by a foreign foe! *(Big cheers)*

(Music, cheers)

VOICE OF TIME. One hundred thousand depression-weary citizens, gathered on the capitol grounds and blackening the pavements of the avenues beyond, stand hypnotized from the first vigorous words of the President's inaugural address, their reactions noted by one who was there looking into the faces of the crowd—Anna Eleanor Roosevelt.

MRS. ROOSEVELT. The crowd was so tremendous, and you felt they would do anything if someone told them what to do. It was all very, very solemn and a little terrifying—as if we were all of us doing it blindly—in a tremendous stream—and none knew where we were going to land!

(Music)

VOICE OF TIME. Direct, vigorous action! The new President declares a bank moratorium, calls Congress into session on four days' notice. Seven important bills passed within a fortnight! Rapid-fire Presidential messages shoot one after another into the Senate and House. The ground is being laid for the National Recovery Act! Then the NRA becomes law, and Hugh Samuel Johnson becomes its administrator. Suites of new offices open, (*typewriters, office sounds sneak, here carry under scene*) a hastily mobilized staff is bustling with frantic activity while workmen are still installing equipment. And booming through the noisy offices and on out across the nation is the blustering voice of the General. (*Office effects under*)

JOHNSON. We're gonna do this job in a goldfish bowl. We'll listen to everybody before we get through. How it's going to work out, where it's going, I don't want to say.

NEWSHAWK. What will happen to objectors who don't go along with the Blue Eagle, General Johnson?

JOHNSON. We'll crack right down on them! If anybody tries to trifle with that bird, he'll get a sock right on the nose!

(Music)

VOICE OF TIME. 557 NRA codes later, in the Supreme Court of the United States, Chief Justice Hughes addresses a hushed chamber. (*Chamber effects, courtroom echo, crowd*)

HUGHES. Without in any way disparaging the Administration's motives, we find that the code-making authority conferred in section three of the Recovery Act is an unconstitutional delegation of legislative power.

(Music up and down)

VOICE OF TIME. With the unanimous, sweeping Supreme Court decision outlawing NRA, the whole structure of the New Deal is changed, and the Nation becomes acutely aware that the judicial and legislative departments of its government are locked in the greatest conflict since the Administration of Abraham Lincoln—a conflict in which the New Deal is later to have its second essential pillar, the Agricultural Adjustment Act, knocked from under it; then in rapid succession go the Bankhead

Cotton Act, the Guffey Coal Bill, the New York State Minimum Wage Law—all broad reform measures envisaged in the original New Deal. . . . And as the U.S. Supreme Judiciary is thus thrown into controversial relief, there passes from the U.S. scene the oldest and wisest jurist of his day—retired Justice of the Supreme Court, Oliver Wendell Holmes, who leaves behind him a tradition of all that was best in nineteenth century liberalism.

HOLMES. Only when you have worked alone, when you have felt around you a black gulf of solitude more isolating than that which surrounds the dying man, and in hope and in despair have trusted to your own unshaken will—then only will you have achieved. Thus only can you gain the secret isolated joy of the thinker, who knows that a hundred years after he is dead and forgotten, men who never heard of him will be moving to the measure of his thought.

(Music up and down)

VOICE OF TIME. The stirring first months of 1934 bring the first anniversary of the New Deal in the fifth year of U.S. economic depression. With the populace still mobilized under a state of emergency, a new relationship is established between the President and the people of the United States—frequent Presidential speeches, the new, intimate Roosevelt Fireside Chats. The March of Time, after following Franklin Delano Roosevelt through his campaign of 1932, and most of the exciting events of 1933, complies with a White House request to omit from its re-enactments the voice of the President.

By spring the depression's low definitely passes. Then, suddenly, the public eye which for two years has been fixed unceasingly upon Washington turns to New York's Bronx, then to Flemington, New Jersey, to follow an arrest, an indictment, a trial.

WILENTZ. Look at him, panther-like, gloating, feeling good! That animal! Public enemy number one of the whole world! Bruno Richard Hauptmann!

CONDON. Hauptmann is the man to whom I gave the ransom money.

HAUPTMANN. I never saw Condon. I was home that evening. It was my moosic evening.

LINDBERGH. The voice of that man is the voice of the man who took the ransom money for my son.

WILENTZ. And didn't you climb up that ladder, and go into that room and crush that child's skull with a chisel?

HAUPTMANN. No. No. No!

(Music up and down)

VOICE OF TIME. All the world knows the outcome of that trial in a little green-doored room in the death house of New Jersey's State Prison two years later.

In the fertility of 1934's spring, time pauses before a little cottage on the Canadian frontier, recording there a brief unprecedented notation in man's history. The full moon climbs the sky above the little Ontario farmhouse, the doctor comes and goes, the parish priest arrives.

DIONNE. Father, you've come! My wife, she's better now.

FATHER. Ah! here are the babies!

DIONNE. Yes, they still live, thanks to the good Dr. Dafoe, but please, Father, give them Church baptism quickly, before it is too late.

FATHER. What shall the names be, my son?

DIONNE. Marie . . . er . . . that is, we had only *one* name ready, Father, but now with five of them, and my wife so sick. . . .

FATHER. One will do. If thou art not baptized, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost . . . Marie Dionne, thee . . . Marie Dionne . . . (*music sneak*) thee . . . Marie Dionne, thee . . . Marie Dionne, thee . . . and Marie Dionne, thee.

VOICE OF TIME. Early in 1936, in a sombre bed-chamber at Sandringham Palace, standing by an ancient carved four-poster bed, Lord Dawson of Penn, the royal physician, places a document upon the cover before the eyes of his semi-conscious patient.

DAWSON. Your Majesty, the Privy Council have drafted this order creating a Council of State to act for England during your Majesty's illness. . . . The Council is composed of the Queen and your Majesty's four sons. . . . Allow me to put this pen into your hand. . . . Allow me to guide your hand as you sign it, your Majesty. (*Scratch of pen*) Thank you, your Majesty.

(*Music sneak, never up*)

VOICE OF TIME. His hand guided by the hand of his physician, George Windsor traces his official signature, George R.I., performs the final action of his reign. (*Bells toll*) That night, in the twenty-sixth year of his reign, as it must to all men Death comes to George Frederick Ernest Albert Windsor, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India, George the Fifth, King by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland, and the British Dominions beyond the seas.

In Geneva, by 1936, a great new building has been completed—a building which in 1931 was designed to house the proudest deliberative body in the world—a palace for a mighty League of fifty-four nations, charged with the sacred duty of maintaining world peace. But between the year of that building's planning and the year of its completion, the once proud League sinks lower and lower in world repute. Defied by Japan in Manchuria, by Germany in the Rhineland, then by Italy in Ethiopia, the League invokes its most powerful weapon—sanctions. They fail, the Legions of Benito Mussolini march triumphantly into Addis Ababa, and to Geneva goes fugitive Emperor Haile Selassie.

HAILE. Eight months ago, my confidence in the League of Nations was absolute. I regarded it as impossible that fifty-two nations, including some of the most powerful, should be defeated by a single aggressor. (*Pause*) If I return to Ethiopia, what reply can I take home to my people?

TIME MARCHES ON!

(*"Oh Suzanna" and carry through under*)

VOICE OF TIME. (*Vague crowd under*) From the ominous breakdown of European diplomacy, attention in the U.S. turns to another quadrennial spectacle, the thirty-fifth Presidential campaign. A new political face, red-haired, jut-jawed John Daniel Miller Hamilton of Kansas, (*crowd murmur, echo*) emerges as leader of the Republican Party.

HAMILTON. I nominate for the Presidency of the United States—Alfred—Mossman—Landon!

(*Wild cheers into Suzanna up and down*)

VOICE OF TIME. Unanimously endorsed is the little-known Kansas Governor, chosen to be Franklin D. Roosevelt's opponent in 1936. In Des Moines the adversaries meet, lunch together. Says Nominee Landon:

LONDON. President Roosevelt is a very fine, a very charming gentleman.

VOICE OF TIME. And Nominee Roosevelt—

ROOSEVELT. I reciprocate!

VOICE OF TIME. Temperately the contest begins. But as the campaign swings into its full heat, the 1936 issues loom more and more important. Relief, farm policy, government spending. Tariff, taxes, federal power. The Republican and Democratic partisans are at sharper odds than ever before. And the March of Time again picks up the voice of Nominee Roosevelt.

ROOSEVELT. My friends! A baseball park is a good place to talk about box scores. Tonight I am going to talk to you about the box score of the government of the United States. I am going to tell you the story of our fight to beat down the depression and win recovery. From where I stand it looks as though the game were in the bag.

LONDON. The American people know that it is more than a game—that our very existence depends on keeping our financial house in order. But if the Administration wants a baseball analogy—it is written clear across this country: Twenty-five billion dollars spent. Thirteen billions added to the public debt. Eleven million unemployed left on base.

(*Music sneak under*)

ROOSEVELT. Between us and a balanced budget stood millions of needy Americans denied the promise of an American life. To balance our budget in 1933 or 1934 or 1935 would have been a crime against the American people.

LONDON. What is the farm policy of the present Administration? In my opinion it has none. Like the automobile manufacturers, it believes in bringing out a new model every year.

ROOSEVELT. I accept that simile. The automobile of today is the same kind of vehicle in principle, as it was twenty years ago. But because the automobile manufacturer did not hesitate to pioneer—because he was willing to make yearly changes in his model—the nation now drives a car that is vastly improved. Good as it was for its day, we have passed beyond Model T farming.

LONDON. I do not promise the moon. I promise only what I know can be performed: economy, and such security as can be provided by a generous people.

ROOSEVELT. Better conditions on the farms, in the factories and in the homes of America are leading us to the spiritual figure of the psalmist—green pastures and still waters.

(*Music*)

VOICE OF TIME. Thus the six years since the "March of Time's" beginning, a momentous era, whose history has been a record of truth stranger, more exciting, more vital than fiction—a record which has been and is being reported each week vividly, crisply, fully in the printed pages of "*Time*," the Weekly Newsmagazine. Which of the two Presidential candidates of 1936 will take the oath of office before Chief Justice Hughes next January 20th? In the months and years ahead, what governments will fall, what dictators, wise men, statesmen, fools, will stride across the stage of the world's news? This week no man can say. No man in his imagination can conceive the exciting, stranger-than-fiction true story which the pages of *Time* will be telling through the weeks and months to come . . . telling it tersely, completely, with an eye to its humor, its tragedy, its significance. And in their search for new ways to illuminate the affairs of men and the stride of nations, which each week the printed pages of *Time* record, *Time's* editors have also created the March of Time on the air, then the March of Time on the screen, now shown in 6500 theatres throughout the U. S. And during the past year *Time's* editors have been developing another medium of news reporting. It is to tell you about *Time*, the Weekly Newsmagazine, and later to tell you more about a new medium for focusing the world's news that the editors of *Time*, starting tonight, have once again taken the March of Time under their own sponsorship.

(*Fanfare*)

Again next Thursday at this same time the editors of *Time* the Weekly Newsmagazine will present—The March of Time!

(*Music*)

TIME MARCHES ON!

EDUCATION IN THE NEWS

DRAMATIZED NEWS FOR SPECIFIC AUDIENCE

In principle, and largely in structure, similar to *The March of Time*, this hybrid is dramatized news for a specific audience because the subject matter is limited to a particular field. Permission for publication kindly granted by the United States Office of Education, Department of the Interior by James D. Strong.

"EDUCATION IN THE NEWS"

"THE BIG PARADE—OF EDUCATION"

WEAF & Red Network

Time: 6:00-6:15 P.M.

Date: Sept. 14

Day: Monday

(Street scene)

NEWSBOY. *(Fading in)* Extra! Extra! All about the Big Parade! Extra! *(Fade)*

2ND NEWSBOY. *(Fading in)* Extra! Extra! Thirty-three Million On Their Way Back to School! Extra! Extra! *(Fade)*

ANNOUNCER. As an NBC educational feature, the United States Office of Education presents—

NEWSBOY. Education in the News! *(Quick fade)* Right here! Extra! Extra!

(Out)

ANNOUNCER. The news in education this week is America's greatest parade—the annual march back to school! We bring you a description of that parade today—the parade of Americans of all ages. This is purely an imaginary parade. We are pretending that all the pupils in the United States are going to start off the school year by marching along famous Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington with the whole nation in a reviewing stand in front of the White House, to watch them go by—pupils and students and teachers. And what a parade that would be if it really happened! It would make Armistice Day and Inauguration and Labor Day, all rolled into one, look like an orphan's family reunion. Well anyway, we want you all to take your places here beside us in the reviewing stand and look for your sons and daughters, sisters, brothers—cousins and nieces and nephews as they pass. There! All comfortable? All right—introductions are in order. On my right is Mr. Foster Williams, the voice of the Office of Education, who brings you the program *Education in the News* each week. And on my left, his old friend, the *Inquiring Citizen*.

(Music . . . band music fading in)

Listen! It's begun! The first band at the head of the parade! I can almost

see them at the corner of the Treasury Building, so I'll turn the microphone over to Mr. Williams and the Inquiring Citizen who will tell you what a parade of American education would be like. Mr. Williams!

WILLIAMS. Right here! And my imagination is in fine working order. I can see that band quite plainly—it's from the University of Illinois. And they're all in brilliant orange and blue! Beautiful, isn't it, Mr. Citizen?

CITIZEN. Wel-l-l. It *sounds* beautiful but I can't seem to see anything but a microphone and a studio wall. I guess my imagination's all worn out trying to visualize a way of paying my bills!

WILLIAMS. Oh, look here now—you'll spoil the whole thing. Try to picture it! A blue cloudless sky—brilliant sunshine, bunting, flags!

CITIZEN. (*Skeptically*) Mhm!

WILLIAMS. Peanut vendors! Balloons. Apples-on-a-stick!

CITIZEN. (*Hungrily*) MMMMMMMM!

WILLIAMS. Teeming millions of gay people! Pretty girls!

CITIZEN. A-a-a-h! I'm beginning to see it now. Isn't there some music?
(*Music: up as band nears*)

WILLIAMS. Of course. 150 pieces in the first band alone! Drums! Bugles! Fifes! Saxophones! Piccolos!

(*Music: band passes and fades*)

CITIZEN. (*Wonderingly*) Yes, sir—I could almost hear it! Go on—what else?

WILLIAMS. What else? We've not begun yet. Why if this parade were laid end to end it would reach from Washington to San Francisco—and back again—with enough left over to make another solid line four abreast as far west as Lincoln, Nebraska!

CITIZEN. Well, that's going to call for some pretty strenuous imagining, but I'll do my best. What's going on now?

WILLIAMS. Hm! Let's see—what would happen next! The school boy patrol, of course. And here they come—four abreast—a fine looking bunch of youngsters too. All in yellow slickers, heads up, shoulders back—they look grand!

CITIZEN. (*Doubtfully*) So they do—so they do—er—how many would you say there were?

WILLIAMS. Oh—about 250,000.

CITIZEN. Two hundred and fifty thou—! Good heavens!

WILLIAM. Here! Where are you going!

CITIZEN. Well, if I have to imagine 250,000 school boy patrols helping ten million children over ten thousand streets.

WILLIAMS. (*Laughing*) There's nothing wrong with your imagination! Come on back and look at the parade!

(*Marching feet under*)

WILLIAMS. This is the biggest parade of all time. This is the parade of American education—33,000,000 youngsters and adults going past us. When you go home tonight you had better make arrangements for Thanksgiving dinner and you had better take some time off to buy Christmas presents. Hurrah! There's another band . . .

CITIZEN. Hurrah! Thanksgiving Dinner and Christmas presents. What do you mean?

WILLIAMS. I mean that when you agreed to review the parade of American education you undertook something. This parade of children and adults who are going to school will go on night and day. . . .

CITIZEN. Night and day.

WILLIAMS. Night and day, four abreast, through October 1, through Hallowe'en, through Armistice Day, through Thanksgiving Day.

CITIZEN. Through Christmas, I suppose.

WILLIAMS. Right, and past New Year's Day. And if we're lucky and all the pupils and teachers march at the regular infantry rate the last marcher will pass the White House on January 24.

CITIZEN. Next year?

WILLIAMS. Yes, January 24 of next year. This parade of Americans to school will continue 132 days.

CITIZEN. What a spectacle! A parade 132 days long. Well, I guess I might as well move a bed into the reviewing stand. What is the line of march in this parade of American education?

WILLIAMS. Let's see—after the schoolboy patrols would come the nursery school children and kindergartners.

CITIZEN. How long will they be passing?

WILLIAMS. About three days and nights.

CITIZEN. And then . . .

WILLIAMS. And then the elementary school children and junior high pupils—that's the biggest contingent—then high school, special schools, colleges, and universities, adults—there are lots of them going to school nowadays—and finally the teachers.

CITIZEN. Wait a minute! My imagination is beginning to work. Now. If each pupil were fully equipped, they would carry 33,000,000 pieces of chalk, which would require 5,000,000 erasers (*growing excited*) and 42 billion assorted paper airplanes, pencil tablets and baseball bats.

WILLIAMS. All right! All right! You're doing fine.

(Pause)

CITIZEN. 6 days have elapsed! It is now Sunday, September 20, at 7 P.M.

WILLIAMS. Hello there, Mr. Citizen. You got back just in time. There go the last of the kindergartners—the San Diego youngsters, and listen to that band from Atlanta. . . .

(*Music: children's voices, singing*)

. . . that means that the head of the elementary school division of this parade is coming down the Avenue. This is the part I must see because my daughter Jane is in the Baltimore delegation. Don't you have some children or nieces or nephews in this parade?

CITIZEN. Sure—I'm just like any other citizen. Every American has somebody in the big parade of education. I'm watching for the Virginia troop.

WILLIAMS. Here they are!

CITIZEN. I see them! Right over there by the piano—er—I mean—in front of Lafayette Park! I can hear their marching feet!

(*Music: music and marching feet*)

ANNOUNCER. 17 days have elapsed. It is October 1, and still the elementary school children are marching by. Wait a minute—there's trouble here!

(*Child crying*)

WILLIAMS. Oh, this is too bad. Even an imaginary pupil appears to be able to get herself lost. Where are you from, little girl?

LITTLE GIRL. (*Weeping*) I'm from . . . I'm from Public School No. 32 New Orleans an' I'm lost! (*Weeping*)

WILLIAMS. Good heavens! That contingent went by three days ago. Here quick—call that policeman!

CITIZEN. B-but there isn't any policeman. That's Mr. Kimball, our announcer.

WILLIAMS. Oh, your imagination has fallen down again. Do try to *pretend you're* . . .

CITIZEN. Oh, all right. I'm imagining a policeman (*fading*) Officer! Officer! (*Pause*)

ANNOUNCER. Hallowe'en. 47 days since the parade started. The New York City elementary school children started past the White House in this march of American education four days ago, and the last Public School has just gone by.

WILLIAMS. My goodness. Here comes Detroit. . . Here comes Detroit!

CITIZEN. Why get so excited about Detroit grade school youngsters?

WILLIAMS. Why? Well I've got two nieces and a nephew in Detroit. They will be in the Detroit delegation in this parade.

CITIZEN. How can you ever see them in that crowd?

WILLIAMS. I'd know them anywhere. There they are. Hello Jean! Irene! George! Hello!

(*Pause*)

ANNOUNCER. Two months have passed. It is now November 11, Armistice Day. Our elementary school children are still marching by.

WILLIAMS. This army of education is eight times as large as the army

the United States raised during the World War. And still they come—children in the grades—from Oklahoma, from Delaware—from Texas. . . .

(Pause)

ANNOUNCER. Thanksgiving Day! The children in the elementary grades and junior high school are still marching on.

WILLIAMS. Three hundred years ago the Pilgrims engaged a teacher, Mr. Higgison, to instruct a handful of young children in Plymouth. That first teacher and his class have grown into this mighty army of 33,000,000 marching by in this imaginary parade of American education.

(Pause)

ANNOUNCER. December 16. Christmas is only 9 days away. The end of the battalion of elementary school youngsters is in sight. It required 90 days and 90 nights for them to pass this imaginary review stand in front of the White House. Mr. Williams and the Inquiring Citizen are back in the stand so we will turn the microphone over to them.

CITIZEN. I never realized before, Mr. Williams, what a tremendous enterprise education is in the United States. Are we going to see the high school boys and girls now?

(Hammering—banging on pipes)

WILLIAMS. Yes, here they come around the Treasury Building with flags flying.

CITIZEN. Say, what's all this noise—all this hammering?

WILLIAMS. Oh, I forgot to tell you. That's the carpenters and plumbers. They're turning this reviewing stand into a steam heated apartment. This parade of American education has a long time to go yet so we might as well make ourselves comfortable.

(Music: Another band approaching)

CITIZEN. Good idea! That tune's familiar. . . . Now let's see that's—

WILLIAMS. The High School Cadet's March written by John Philip Sousa. And do you see who's playing at the head of the procession?

CITIZEN. Washington high school cadets!

WILLIAMS. Right. Sousa wrote that march for Central High School in Washington.

(Pause)

ANNOUNCER. Christmas. A big holly wreath hangs on the White House door, and the Christmas trees at the entrance are bright with colored lights. High school pupils are still marching down the Avenue.

(Gong, shouts of Happy New Year)

(Music: "Auld Lang Syne")

ANNOUNCER. New Year's. This imaginary night and day parade that

started at 6 o'clock September 14 is still going strong, and the high school students are still going by.

CITIZEN. New Year's! I'm going to celebrate when this parade is over. I didn't know it was going to take all this time when I agreed to review it—132 days and nights.

WILLIAMS. Well, don't blame me. We can't help it if Americans and their children want to go to school in greater numbers than the people of any other nation. Say! Here comes the Harvard delegation!

CITIZEN. Harvard?

WILLIAMS. Yes, the first college in the United States which is celebrating its three hundredth anniversary this week! The Boston Latin School—a high school—is three hundred and one years old this year. Hurrah!

(Music: Music and cheering up)

CITIZEN. Hurray!

WILLIAMS. There was *one* high school of 1635. Now there are 28,000 high schools, public and private, with more than 5 million pupils.

(Pause)

ANNOUNCER. January 7—the last night school pupil has just passed the reviewing stand. There were more than two million of them, and they marched by for more than eight solid days.

WILLIAMS. And here come the first of a million college students with the Annapolis midshipmen in the lead.

(Music: "Anchor's Aweigh")

CITIZEN. And the cadets from West Point right behind them, I'll bet. What college or university will have the most students in line?

WILLIAMS. Columbia, I think—about 30,000.

CITIZEN. If they're going by at the rate of 10,000 an hour, that means three hours of Columbia University students.

WILLIAMS. That's right, but college and university students are really a small group. It will take about four and a half days including the students in teachers' colleges.

CITIZEN. Four and a half days for college students—90 days for elementary pupils to pass. . . .

(Pause)

ANNOUNCER. Here we are—the morning of January 14—four months have elapsed since this day and night parade of American education past the White House started.

CITIZEN. Well, I was all ready to go home when the colleges finished. Who are these people? They look like everyday citizens—women and men.

WILLIAMS. Right—they are citizens. Adults going back to school.

CITIZEN. Not many, I hope . . . for the sake of my getting home for the Fourth of July!

WILLIAMS. There are twice as many as there are students in colleges and universities.

(Pause)

ANNOUNCER. Eight days have passed since January 14, when citizens who will go to school this fall, started by. And now we come to the last contingent in the parade.

WILLIAMS. The teachers who take care of this great army of students, the Quartermaster Corps who feed the minds of the great Army of Education, and there are a million of them, one to approximately every 32 pupils and students.

(Pause)

ANNOUNCER. January 24. One hundred and thirty-two days and nights have passed since the parade began. The last colorful marcher has been lost to sight as the sun goes down behind the Lincoln Memorial. The dying notes of the last band linger on the evening air and the crowd is melting slowly away.

WILLIAMS. What a parade! The future of the country in review! And now, Mr. Inquiring Citizen, you can let your imagination rest on the picture of American Education on parade!

CITIZEN. I'd like to, but now you've got my imagination working and I see the other side of the picture.

WILLIAMS. What do you mean?

CITIZEN. I see a different sort of parade—disorganized, drifting, hopeless. There's no bunting here, nor bands. The marchers are clothed in ignorance, poverty, and neglect. These are the children and young people who aren't joining in the big parade back to school. The route of these lies not along the wide sunlit avenue but on dark back streets of lost opportunities.

WILLIAMS. Oh, yes—I know about those too. There are four and a half million of them—children of school age, out of school and out of work, or too young to work—and the greatest parade of all will be when they are added to the ranks of those who have just passed before us in review.

CITIZEN. And may that day come soon!

(Music: . . .)

ANNOUNCER. You have been listening to the program of Education in the News by the Federal Office of Education. Today's program marks the opening of the new school term. To help the radio audience understand what going to school means in the United States an imaginary review of the parade of all the pupils and students and teachers down Pennsylvania Avenue in front of the White House was arranged. One in every four Americans marches in the parade to school. Marching four abreast at regular infantry rate this great parade of American education

went on continuously from 6 o'clock, September 14, to 6 o'clock on the evening of January 24. In connection with this march back to school, Mr. John Lloyd, Assistant Editor of the Federal Office of Education, has prepared an amazing little article entitled "Curious Facts about Our Schools." Copies will be sent free for the asking. Simply send your request—a post card will do—to "Education in the News," Office of Education, Washington, D.C. Let me repeat—to secure a free copy of "Curious Facts About Our Schools," write to "Education in the News," Office of Education, Washington, D.C.

(Music: Closing fanfare)

ANNOUNCER. This program, a regular NBC educational feature, is a presentation of the Educational Radio Project, Office of Education, United States Department of the Interior, in co-operation with the Works Progress Administration. This is the National Broadcasting Company, RCA Building, Radio City.

THE WORLD IN REVIEW

DRAMATIZED MAGAZINE REVIEW

The "World in Review" is the most complex in structure of all the hybrids which have come to the attention of the collector of this volume. Permission for publication kindly granted by Hearst Magazines, Inc. by W. S. Baring-Gould.

WORLD IN REVIEW

SCRIPT: Ed. Cleland.

ANNOUNCER. Here's the "World in Review!"

(Orchestra: Fanfare)

(Segue to opening theme: fade)

ANNOUNCER NO. 2. We present a vivid digest of timely and important articles in the current issues of *Cosmopolitan*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *Pictorial Review* and associated magazines.

(Orchestra: Theme up full and out)

ANNOUNCER. In the World of Aviation:

(Orchestra: First chord in upscale chord progression)

(Second chord in upscale chord progression)

FIRST WOMAN. Think of flying to Europe and back in one day!

(Orchestra: Third chord in upscale progression)

FIRST MAN. Imagine flying at a speed of 500 miles an hour, 50,000 feet above the earth!

(*Sound of airplane taking off: fade out*)

ANNOUNCER. These are not idle dreams for the indefinite future, says Donald E. Keyhoe, former aide to Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh. In his *Cosmopolitan* article he predicts great strides in conquering the stratosphere . . . and says: "Aviation Is Going 'Upstairs' in 1937!"

(*Orchestra*)

WOMAN. Just what IS being done toward flying a man-made meteor through the infinite spaces of the stratosphere?

KEYHOE. (*Doubled*) Four of America's leading aircraft manufacturers are today designing large passenger planes equipped for high altitude flights. One major air line is already planning to use stratosphere ships in coast-to-coast service so as to avoid the ordinary storm levels, gradually increasing its operating height as equipment is improved. Air commerce officials are urging the Post Office department to request bids for transcontinental mail service in the stratosphere.

ARMY OFFICER. The Army Air Corps has just completed a new laboratory for tests connected with altitude flying. Three well known universities are conducting medical experiments in co-operation with the government to determine the effect of various pressure levels upon the human body!

(*Orchestra*)

SECOND WOMAN. What are the European nations doing along these lines?

MAN. (*British accent*) The British are now experimenting with a special stratosphere plane at heights up to 50,000 feet, and in their latest air-chamber tests have proved that pilots with pressure suits can go to 80,000 feet with safety.

MAN. (*With German accent*) Germany has made rapid strides in the perfection of ships to fly in the stratosphere. These ships are like sealed tubes and experiments with them are most gratifying.

MAN. (*With French accent*) La Belle France is keeping pace with the rest of Europe with its high-altitude experimental planes.

MAN. (*Italian accent*) We of Italy have a separate division in which the pilots are being trained for military operations in the stratosphere. Next year will certainly see amazing progress in the realm of stratosphere flying!

(*Orchestra*)

THIRD WOMAN. Tell me, just what IS this "stratosphere"?

KEYHOE. It is a zone of rarefied atmosphere approximately 8 miles above the earth's surface. Its height varies with seasons and the latitude, but at all times it is free from storms and bumpy currents, and it offers the added advantage of terrific speeds—speeds made possible by the lowered resistance of extremely thin air.

MAN. What has been discovered in this "New World" 8 miles above the earth?

KEYHOE. Pilots with oxygen helmets and airmen in sealed cabin planes . . . exploring these icy upper regions . . . have learned many strange things. At 68 degrees below zero, engines overheat and cabins must be cooled. There is an altitude where sky and earth seem to change places. Higher up, the stars shine constantly; planes will be guided by celestial navigation, like vessels at sea. And speeds are so great that only long-distance flights will be practical; glides to airports will have to start from points 200 miles away.

(Orchestra: Theme down and under)

ANNOUNCER. From the pages of the current *Cosmopolitan* we have presented a few facts about that unexplored realm 8 miles above the earth, the stratosphere. The *complete* story, written by Donald E. Keyhoe, appears in the February issue of *Cosmopolitan Magazine!*

(Orchestra: Theme up and out)

ANNOUNCER. "In - the - World - of - Fashion!"

(Orchestra)

ANNOUNCER No. 2. The woman of smart tendencies asks the question:

WOMAN. What shall I do . . . in the matter of accessories . . . and little "extras" . . . to acquire *added* chic and smartness?

ANNOUNCER. Diana Vreeland, fashion expert of *Harper's Bazaar*—the authentic fashion magazine—has some timely suggestions to make.

(Orchestra: "The Night Is Young and You're So Beautiful" down and under)

VREELAND. (*Doubled*) Why don't you have a big square blond shell powder box with an enormous diamond initial on top?

FIRST WOMAN. Why don't you give your husband a red feather carnation to wear in his buttonhole?

SECOND WOMAN. Why don't you keep your artificial decorations spic and span in handboxes of cellophane, thick, and hard as plate glass?

(Orchestra: Music up and again under)

ANNOUNCER. For the winter-resort, Miss Vreeland suggests the following:

VREELAND. (*Doubled*) Why don't you go serenely out in the snow in a court jester's hood of cherry-red cotton velvet? Why don't you put a massive bracelet on the outside of your black suede day glove? Why don't you slip into black astrakhan bootees after skiing?

FIRST WOMAN. Be terribly smart in your black tweeds by adding a monkey-fur finger-tip-length jacket. Why not have Molyneux's plain-

buttoned-to-the-hem evening dress copied in black linen for the South?

SECOND WOMAN. Why don't you get some very flat inexpensive fur and have it made into a little sleeveless waistcoat to wear under your ski jacket . . . the back of suede, the front of leopard, ocelot or pony? This will look extremely smart when you get warm and take your jacket off.

VREELAND. (*Doubled*) Remember, all the following furs would be excellent for coats to put on after skiing or sleigh riding . . . guanaco, cut three-quarters and made like an Austrian sportsman's coat . . . or opossum, baby bear, ocelot or wolf.

(*Orchestra: Music up and again under*)

ANNOUNCER NO. 2. As a sort of "last word," Diana Vreeland suggests:

VREELAND. (*Doubled*) Why don't you remember that if you never scrub across the ends of your nails with a nail-brush, your varnish will remain twice as long?

FIRST WOMAN. Why don't you try a gold luster coffee set, arranged on a black linen tray cloth?

SECOND WOMAN. Remember, that the smaller your head, the more extreme shoulders you can wear on your coats and the more extraordinary your accessories, furs and all your effects may be. These same exaggerations combined with a large headline give a top-heavy, theatrical and badly thought-out composition!

(*Orchestra: Segue to theme down and under*)

ANNOUNCER. These are but a FEW of the MANY helpful suggestions for achieving greater smartness . . . to be found in the January issue of *Harper's Bazaar*.

(*Orchestra: Theme up and out*)

ANNOUNCER. "In the World of Success!"

(*Orchestra*)

ANNOUNCER NO. 2. Do you want your boy to earn as much income as his abilities merit?

(*Orchestra: Chords*)

ANNOUNCER. Now is the time for parents to look ahead . . . for the sake of children who are but a few months old, and who cannot—for some years to come—take an active part in the shaping of their future!

ANNOUNCER NO. 2. According to Ray W. Sherman's timely article in the current *Pictorial Review*:

SHERMAN. (*Doubled*) In the system under which we work and live today, everyone has a chance. There is no limit to achievement, success and to the consequent rewards. And what we must decide as we shape the

rules for these baby boys of today is whether we want them to continue playing this sort of game or not! If that cooing youngster of yours has it in him to be a Ford, Chrysler or Rockefeller . . . are we going to let him?

FIRST WOMAN. I say *yes!* It all boils down to this; the right of a person to work as hard as he wants and to keep what he makes for himself.

FIRST MAN. He should be allowed to go as far as he can go, by hard work and honest toil. If there is no hope for reward, why should he *try?*

SECOND MAN. That's *right!* And *trying* is what makes for SUCCESS! Take the case of Henry Ford. In 1880 he arrived in Detroit . . . a farm boy, not unlike thousands of other boys just off the farm.

THIRD MAN. Yes. . . His first job, in a machine shop, paid only \$2.50 a week. It cost him \$3.50 to live. So he got *another* job . . . an overtime job in a watch-repair shop, where he got \$2.00 for working from 7 to 11 each night.

WOMAN. THERE'S an example of one who is willing to WORK HARD to succeed! After *two failures* in the automobile field, Ford—at the age of 40—founded the company which is the present Ford Motor Company. He has had no path of roses . . . but he has made a *success* of what he started out to do!

SECOND MAN. Henry Ford made money. But in the making of it he left a trail of benefits; cheap cars for everyone, good wages for workmen, improved industrial processes that were copied in industry generally and cheapened many products, a better living for millions of Americans.

SHERMAN. To the soap-box orator who would tear it down I say, "If Henry Ford had made less, would any of us have made more?" Answer that question! I demand an answer! If Henry Ford had made less, would any of us have made more?

FIRST MAN. Was Henry Ford's capital a weapon for oppressing labor or was it a tool for the manufacture of wages?

FIRST WOMAN. If he had not been permitted to keep what he earned, how could he have built a gigantic business that gave jobs to so many men?

SHERMAN. And if men aren't to be permitted to build businesses like this, who is going to provide jobs for us who want to work? We can't eat theories!

(Orchestra: Theme up full and out)

(Orchestra: Closing theme down and under)

ANNOUNCER. You have been listening to another "World in Review" program . . . bringing you dramatizations of important news articles in the current issues of *Cosmopolitan*, *Pictorial Review*, *Harper's Bazaar*, and associated magazines.

(Orchestra: Theme up and out)

ANNOUNCER. Listen next at for another "World In Review" . . . bringing you events of world interest, from the pages of the nation's foremost magazines!

THE STORY BEHIND THE SONG

DRAMATIZED INFORMATION

At first examination the following script appears to be an interview. However, the character of Billy Rose is portrayed by some one else, and hence the script is a dramatization. Usually the "Story Behind the Song" uses scenes in skit form in order to convey its information. Permission for publication kindly granted by WHB Broadcasting Company by M. H. Straight.

THE STORY BEHIND THE SONG

Dramatized Information

Announcer	Control Operator	Talent
<i>Client:</i> Missouri ("Story Behind the Song") No. 1		
<i>Date:</i> Wednesday, December 16. <i>Time:</i> 9:50-10:00		

(Theme: "Missouri Waltz")

ANNOUNCER. The Missouri Clothing and Jewelry Company, 1300 Grand Ave.—presents "The Story Behind the Song."

(Theme out)

ANNOUNCER. Just eight more shopping days before Christmas! But there's still plenty of time if you make the Missouri, southwest corner, 13th and Grand, your Christmas headquarters and do all your shopping in this great store! Even more important—you'll find real savings at the Missouri, too, so it's easy to keep within your budget! In the Missouri's mammoth stock you'll find exactly what you want for every member of the family! Greatest of all is the Missouri's new Customized Credit plan, which enables you to buy the things you want and pay for them on exactly your own terms! Even though the Missouri's prices are low, there are no interest, carrying charges, or extras of any kind for this remarkable service! Shop today at the Missouri, while there is still a large selection, and if you have no account, it takes but a moment to open one! For your convenience, the Missouri will be open until 9 o'clock every evening until Christmas!

(Incidental music)

ANNOUNCER. Yesterday we told you a story about Billy Rose, songwriter and Broadway producer, when he was a youngster. Billy, at that time showed a determination to win despite all odds and that habit never left him. After leaving school, Billy became secretary for Bernard Baruch

and used to take notes at meetings attended by such great industrialists as Morgan, Lamont, Charles M. Schwab, and others. Naturally, Billy determined to become rich and not long after decided that songwriting was the way to do it. So he quit his job and a few months later went to call on Danny Winkler of the music publishing company, DeSylva, Brown, and Henderson. . . .

(Incidental music)

WINKLER. You say, Mr. Rose, that you have been Bernard Baruch's confidential secretary?

BILLY. Yes sir—but I quit my job about three months ago to become a songwriter—decided I could make more money that way.

WINKLER. Hmmm—ever studied music. . . .

BILLY. Nope—that is I hadn't until I decided to become a songwriter.

WINKLER. You know, of course, that most of our successful songwriters have studied music for years—don't you think you've got a lot of nerve to try to crack that game?

BILLY. No—not especially—you see I don't think I'm a genius or anything like that—but I just think I can write songs—it seems to me it's a business just like anything else. . . .

WINKLER. Well, you're about the first embryo songwriter I ever met that didn't confide to me on first meeting that he was a genius. What you been doing since you quit your job?

BILLY. Well, I went down to the music room at the Public Library and studied all the songs that have been hits for the last 40 years.

WINKLER. You did, eh?

BILLY. Yes—I wanted to see what they had in common—see if there weren't some things they all had. Then, if I wanted to write a hit tune I'd put those things in mine. . . .

WINKLER. *(Laughs)* That's a new one all right—then, what did you do?

BILLY. Oh, I hung around Lindy's where all the songwriters hang out and listened to what they had to say—and talked a little—and tried to find out everything I could about the business.

WINKLER. Not such a bad idea at that—and so now that you've done all that preparing you're going to become a songwriter—is that it?

BILLY. No sir—I *am* a songwriter—I'm not going to *become* one.

WINKLER. *(Laughing loudly)* This is the best yet—just like that you quit a secretarial job and declare you're a songwriter—*(Laughs)* A declared songwriter.

BILLY. Well, while I'm here I'd like to have you hear some of my stuff.

WINKLER. Sure—sure—let's go find a piano—I'm curious to see what a declared songwriter can do!

(Incidental music)

ANNOUNCER. The first song Billy Rose ever wrote sold 100,000 copies and he followed it soon after with "Barney Google" which sold 2,000,000 copies. Here's a recording of "You're Like a Toy Balloon" a tune use in "Casa Manana," a recent Billy Rose production.

(Recording: "You're Like a Toy Balloon.")

ANNOUNCER. All indications point to the gayest holiday season in many years! That means, ladies, that if you have the fun you *should* have during the holidays, your wardrobe should have some additions. The Missouri, southwest corner, 13th and Grand, has everything you'll be wanting—clever, fresh new holiday attire at prices that spell real savings. You'll find a dazzling collection of winter formals—all the newest styles—with prices starting at \$7.95! And you've never seen a more complete array of brilliant new fashions for street and semi-formal wear, with a large group at the amazingly low price of \$5.95! Then, of course there are winter coats—all kinds and styles—fur, fur-trimmed fabric, and sports styles in a wide price range! And if you want a winter coat that is warm, serviceable, and definitely new in style, at a very moderate price, see the beautiful fur-trimmed, all-silk lined coats the Missouri offers at the sensationally low price of \$18.75! Everything you select may be charged on your Customized Credit account. For your convenience, the Missouri will be open until 9 o'clock every evening until Christmas.

(Theme)

ANNOUNCER. This program was produced and announced by Dick Smith and is a presentation of the Missouri Clothing and Jewelry Company—1300 Grand Avenue. Listen this afternoon at 3:30 when the Missouri brings you the WHB Staff Frolic and tomorrow at 9:50 for another "Story Behind the Song."

OUR AMERICAN SCHOOLS

DRAMATIZED INFORMATION

Sometimes, in the giving of information, an author is interested in creating a point of view, and selects his facts accordingly. This type of information-giving borders very closely on argument. The manuscript reproduced here is a dramatized informational round-table, attempting to create a point of view on the part of the listeners.

Time: 6:30-7:00 P.M. E.S.T.

Date: Sunday, November 27

National Education Assn. Headquarters Building, 1201 16th St., N.W.,
Washington, D.C.

THE SCHOOL BOARD KEEPS THANKSGIVING

Richard R. Foster

Research Division, National Education Association

Introduction: We take you now to mythical Middleville, where we are privileged to listen in on another meeting of the Board of Education. Many of you will recall the five members of this board and its capable superintendent of school. Mr. Barnes, the president, is cashier of the First National Bank; Mr. Jones is a local hardware merchant; Mrs. White is president of the Women's Club; Dr. Smith is a prominent physician of the city; and Mr. Brown is a plasterer.

All members are present and awaiting the call to order as we enter—
(*Fade-in on two conversations proceeding simultaneously.*)

BROWN. Well, it'll be interesting to see what the new administration can do.

SMITH. Yes, I think this is a time for intelligent optimism. Regardless of a man's political views, there is good reason for taking new heart and pulling harder than ever for economic recovery.

BROWN. Conditions may not improve very fast, but they're on the way up. If we can only get by the winter safely!

JONES. I think the taxation problem is the worst we have.

WHITE. Yes, if we learn anything from this depression I hope we learn how to equalize the tax burden without cutting out important services.

JONES. But the farmers've got to get better prices for their crops. We've got to increase buying power all over the country before conditions will improve very much.

WHITE. There's no argument about that. The question is how to do it.

BARNES. (*rapping for order*) Sorry to interrupt, but it's time we got started. The meeting will please come to order.

(*Sound of moving chairs as members are seated.*)

BARNES. Before we begin, I want to inform the board that we're to have a visitor tonight. Just before dinner Joe Green called me on the phone and asked if he might speak to us for a few minutes. He says it's extremely important.

SMITH. Green, eh? He's chairman of the local Relief Committee.

JONES. Yes, I know Joe Green right well. Guess he's doing a good job raising money for the Fund. What's *he* want?

BARNES. He didn't say—except that it was urgent. Said he'd like to come early, so he ought to be here any minute.

WHITE. What's to be done while we're waiting?

BARNES. I was about to suggest that we postpone our *routine* business

until we've heard Mr. Green. In the meantime, is there anything special to be discussed?

SMITH. (*after brief pause*) Where's Superintendent Harrison tonight?

BARNES. He won't be here, unfortunately. He's attending a conference of school superintendents over in Mayville.

WHITE. What a worker that man is! Always on the go!

SMITH. And he's improved our schools a hundred per cent. Yes sir, we've got a humdinger of a superintendent. That's one thing we can be thankful for!

WHITE. I'll say so! And when you come right down to it, we've a *lot* to be thankful for. For instance, we finished out the school term last spring, and we opened on time this fall. I know three districts over in Laramie County where the schools haven't opened yet, and Heaven only knows when they will!

SMITH. Yes, but I wish it hadn't been necessary to make that deduction from the teachers' *salaries*. It seems to me poor policy to reduce the buying power of any group.

BROWN. But it's poor business to leave your *budget unbalanced*, too. We should be thankful the cut was *only five per cent!*

BARNES. Well, I'm sure we did the right thing in not changing the salary schedule itself. We've left the way open to resume the regular scale of pay as soon as conditions permit.

JONES. I'm not so sure about that. I kinda think we ought to've reduced salaries more'n we did. People can live a lot cheaper now than they could a year or two ago. I saw in the paper just the other day that the cost of living has gone down twenty-one per cent in the last three years.

SMITH. Yes, I've seen those figures. Published by the Department of Labor at Washington, aren't they? But Harrison tells me they don't apply to teachers.

JONES. Why not? What's the difference?

SMITH. I can't explain it as well as the superintendent does, but here's the way *I* understand it: We know that teachers are expected to maintain a relatively high standard of living. They have to keep up a good personal appearance or the *parents* will object. And above all, they have to spend money for cultural and professional growth. Such things as lecture courses, books, professional study and summer schools—the *progressive* teacher needs all these. But here's the important point—these and many similar items haven't gone down in price the way *food* has.

JONES. I still don't get your point.

WHITE. Oh, *I* do! You mean that the average person spends a larger part of his income for food, and the cost of food has fallen more than anything else; while the teacher must spend a smaller proportion for

food, and a much larger amount for cultural and professional things *which cost about as much as ever.*

SMITH. That's it, exactly. It means that teachers, as a rule, *can't maintain the necessary standard of living* if they have to take large reductions in salary.

BROWN. You say Mr. Harrison told you about this? Where'd he get his information?

SMITH. He said the National Education Association had something on the subject.

BROWN. Well, I don't want us to take any backward steps unless it's absolutely necessary.

WHITE. Speaking of Mr. Green and the Community *Relief* Fund, I understand our *teachers* have contributed more to the Fund this year than ever before.

BARNES. That's true. And they did it voluntarily, too. The superintendent told them the need was greater than ever, but he said he didn't want any teacher to give more than she could really afford.

BROWN. I think that's right. A teacher shouldn't feel that her job depends on how much she gives to charity.

SMITH. Well, it all goes to show that it pays to employ high-grade teachers. These people are real public-spirited citizens, as well as good instructors. We've good reason to be proud of our teaching staff.

BARNES. We lost three good ones when we cut out the kindergartens this year. By George, I wish we could have kept them!

JONES. Well, it was a question of either cutting out the kindergartens or firing some of the other teachers.

BARNES. I know it, but it's too bad just the same.

WHITE. I'm glad we didn't reduce the number of teachers in the grades and high school, though. That would have increased the size of classes.

JONES. Maybe we ought to do it anyhow. What difference does it make if you add five or ten pupils to a class of thirty? A good teacher oughta handle 'em all right.

SMITH. That depends on what you mean by "handling" them. I s'pose the average teacher could keep them from tearing up the desks and throwing 'em out the window. But I don't see how she could teach 'em very much.

JONES. Why not? They all have the same lessons, don't they? They all cover the same arithmetic problems and the same spelling words.

WHITE. Oh, but they don't, Mr. Jones! That's where you're mistaken. The teachers try to give every child the *kind* of work he needs most, and the *amount* he can do well.

SMITH. And that means she must give a lot of attention to each pupil.

WHITE. And how, pray tell, can a teacher study the needs of each pupil carefully if she has forty or fifty in her class?

JONES. Guess maybe you're right. When did we start this "individual" method of teaching? It's new to me.

SMITH. It's relatively new to all of us. Still, I think our teachers have been working along that line for quite a few years now. Psychology has shown the tremendous differences in children, and the need for *educating* them according to their abilities and interests.

WHITE. (*With mock seriousness*) Mr. President, I move that Mr. Jones, being ignorant of the progress in the Middleville schools, be required to visit them and report back to the board. (*General amusement*)

JONES. (*Protesting*) But I *have* visited the schools. Guess I'd better go again, though.

WHITE. You should have gone during American Education Week. The teachers and pupils all made a special effort to show visitors what they're trying to do. I was really quite amazed myself, and I thought I knew *something* about it.

SMITH. American Education Week *is* getting to be a *real institution*, isn't it? It's bringing parents into closer contact with the schools. I talked with a number of them afterwards, and they're all enthusiastic about the work that's being done.

WHITE. The thing you notice *most* is how the teachers are trying to develop initiative, and cooperation, and independent thinking in the children. The whole atmosphere is different from the schools you and I attended.

BROWN. You know, we've always believed that the schools should produce *good citizens*. But when I look at some of us *grown-ups*, I think the education we received must have *lacked* something.

SMITH: The trouble was that we *studied facts*, but we didn't learn their *real meaning*.

BROWN: I think you're right. We had to do too much *memorizing* and not enough *thinking*. Too much *reciting* and not enough *constructive activity*.

BARNES. Well, our schools aren't perfect even today, but I'd hate to see them slide back to where they were when I was a boy. You know, I don't think school money was ever spent as wisely as it is now.

SMITH: I agree. Money is never well spent unless you get a high-quality product in return.

JONES. It's all very well to talk about what you'd *like* to have, but if you haven't the money you can't spend it. That's what thousands of school districts all over the country are up against right now. Our people in Middleville have been paying their taxes pretty well so far, but if busi-

ness doesn't pick up pretty soon, we'll have to make a bigger cut in our budget next year.

BARNES. Well, the coming winter's going to be mighty hard on lots o' folks. But now that the presidential election is over, I'm expecting a big increase in confidence and general optimism. And after all, the confidence of the people is going to be a big factor in economic recovery.

SMITH. Yes, it's a fact that a majority of people wanted a change in administration. And now that they're *assured* of a change, they're bound to be more hopeful.

WHITE. Well, I'm not a pessimist, but we've got to have statesmen who will put *first things first*. And one of the first things to be preserved and improved in times like these is the education of the children.

(*Knocking is heard outside the door.*)

BARNES. That's probably Mr. Green. (*Louder*) Come in! (*Mr. Green enters.*) Hello, Mr. Green, glad to see you. We've been expecting you.

GREEN. Good evening. Sorry I'm late. By Jove, it's a raw night outside! That wind cuts like a knife!

BARNES. Yes, it's much colder tonight. There's a place for your coat on that rack. Do you know all these people? This is Mrs. White—Mr. Green.

GREEN. Yes, I know Mrs. White. How d'you do?

WHITE. Good evening, Mr. Green.

BARNES. And you know Mr. Jones, too. This is Dr. Smith, and over here is Mr. Brown.

JONES: Hello, Joe, how are you.

BROWN. Pleased to meet you.

SMITH. We're glad to have you with us, Mr. Green.

GREEN. Thank you, I'm happy to be here.

BARNES. Take this seat over here, Mr. Green, if you don't mind. (*Brief pause*) As I said a few moments ago, Mr. Green has asked to appear before us tonight on what he says is a very important matter. It's the policy of this board to encourage the interest of school patrons and citizens in its general policies, and to grant a hearing to anyone who wishes to make constructive suggestions for the general welfare of the schools. I don't know what Mr. Green has on his mind, but we'll be glad to have him speak for himself. Go ahead, Mr. Green.

GREEN. Thank you, Mr. Barnes, I'll be as brief as I can. Members of the board:

As your president just intimated, I do have a suggestion to make, or, to be exact, it's more than a suggestion; it's a request—a very unusual request, I realize, but one which is very important, and, I believe, entirely justifiable under the circumstances.

As you know, I am chairman of Middleville's Relief Committee, and it's in that capacity that I'm here tonight. Our fall campaign for con-

tributions to the Relief Fund has been under way for nearly two months now, and I'm happy to report that more money has already been received than in any previous year. And right here I want to commend the school teachers of Middleville for the part they've played in achieving this result. They've not only helped to advertise the campaign in their classes and elsewhere, but they've personally contributed nearly four thousand dollars to the Fund itself.

But I must come to my point. In plain words, the need for funds is still much greater than the total contributions so far received. As you know, the demand this winter is going to exceed anything we've ever seen. More people are without jobs and money than ever before.

JONES. How much do you need?

GREEN. A conservative estimate calls for \$500,000 to carry us through the winter. Up to now we've collected a little better than \$280,000.

SMITH. That leaves more than \$200,000 to be collected.

WHITE. But you aren't through with your campaign yet, are you?

GREEN. No, Mrs. White, we're not. We'll keep on soliciting contributions all winter, probably. But there doesn't seem to be the ghost of a chance that we'll get more than a few thousand more. You folks know how hard we've been pushing this thing. Most of our people have given to the limit already.

SMITH. A very *serious* situation. How do you propose to handle it?

GREEN. That brings me to my real reason for coming here tonight. Gentlemen, it's a well-known fact that this board of education has accumulated, during the past ten years or so, a school building fund of approximately \$150,000. Now, in view of the present extreme emergency, I've been instructed, as Chairman of the Relief Committee, to ask that the amount in this fund be loaned to the Committee for use in relieving economic distress during the coming winter.

BARNES. (*Slight pause*) This *is* an unusual request, Mr. Green. You say your Committee wants to borrow this money? For how long?

GREEN. Well, frankly, I don't know. That is, I don't know just when we'd be able to repay it. Maybe in three or four years, and maybe not for eight or ten. It'll depend a good deal on how long this depression lasts.

BARNES. I see. And I presume you'd be willing to pay the usual rate of interest?

GREEN. To be honest with you, Mr. Barnes, I'm afraid we couldn't promise to pay any interest. You see, we'll need every cent we can scrape together to meet the annual demands for charity, and to repay the borrowed principal. I realize, of course, that our request isn't strictly legitimate from a business man's viewpoint, but the situation we face is desperate! It's not really a matter of business at all, but of plain Christian charity.

JONES. I'd never thought of using that money for relief purposes.

SMITH. You realize, Mr. Green, that this fund has been accumulated for a definite purpose. It's to be used in building a new grade school to replace the old Lincoln School on Third Street.

GREEN. Yes, I understand that. But I also understand, Dr. Smith, that you don't plan to build for several years yet.

SMITH. That's true. We need the new building badly enough—the Lincoln School is overcrowded and it's a regular fire-trap, too—but the building fund isn't large enough yet. We figure it'll take another hundred thousand to put up the kind of building we need.

GREEN. Well, I don't doubt that a new school building is desirable. But right now it's a question of what we need *most!* As our Committee sees it, we *can* get along for a number of years yet without a new grade school. But there are hundreds of unfortunate people in Middleville who literally *cannot live through the winter* without generous financial assistance. It's not as if these pupils were suffering physical hardship in the old building. They have plenty of heat, and most of them are sent to school well-fed and well-clothed. But these unemployed people will have neither food, clothing, nor adequate shelter unless the community provides it, and their children won't be able to attend school at all!

WHITE. But Mr. Green, this is the *people's* money you're asking for. It's been budgeted and saved for a definite purpose. I don't know about the legal side of it, but it seems to me we've no *moral* right to use this money for any other purpose.

JONES. I'm not so sure about that.

GREEN. Of course, Mrs. White, I'm not here to dictate to you people. But I believe most folks will agree that the money couldn't be used for any higher *moral* purpose than the relief of human want and suffering. And I'm sure the legal side of it can be taken care of.

BROWN. Do the newspapers know anything about this proposal?

GREEN. Not generally. Tom Avery of the "News" learned I was coming here tonight, but I managed to stall him off. Told him there'd be no information until after this meeting.

BARNES. There'll be plenty of argument when the public gets hold of this, and it won't all be on one side of the question, either. But the board's got to make the decision. And you'll have to give us a little time, Mr. Green, to discuss your proposition from all angles.

GREEN. I expected that, of course. And now that I've presented my case, I may as well be going. In conclusion, though, I just want to leave one main thought in your minds: The success of Middleville's relief program depends in large measure on the decision which you five people reach. We need \$200,000 more than we have. We can get a little help from the Red Cross, but not enough, and our citizens have already given

almost to the limit. The \$150,000 from your building fund will enable us to carry on. Remember, that the construction of your new school building can be postponed. But the care of these unfortunates who are hungry and cold is an *immediate necessity*; it can't be postponed, and so far as we can see, it can't be adequately financed without your assistance. Thank you for giving me so much of your time. If you decide tonight, you can reach me at my home. I'd really like to know about it as soon as possible.

BARNES. We'll get in touch with you, Mr. Green, but I can't promise how soon it'll be.

GREEN. Very well, then. Good night!

ALL MEMBERS. Good night, Mr. Green.

(*Sound of door closing, and then a slight pause*)

BARNES. Well, *there's* a problem for you. I suppose there *are* two sides to it.

JONES. Mr. President, maybe I've got the wrong slant on this thing, but I can't help thinkin' Mr. Green is right. We're facing the worst depression winter we've ever had, and our first duty is to those who can't help themselves.

WHITE. But we're a school board, Mr. Jones, not a relief committee. Seems to me our *first* duty is to provide good educational conditions for our children. And next to good teachers, a comfortable, well-planned, and well-equipped school building is one of the most important things.

BROWN. What's so bad about the Lincoln School anyhow? It's old, of course, and not especially beautiful. But with a few repairs it oughta last us for another ten years.

JONES. That's what I think! The kids don't need a palace to go to school in. They don't have one at home—leastways most of 'em don't. An' they oughta learn to use a thing until it wears out. When *I* was a boy we *had* to! Nowadays we give our kids so much they get reckless and extravagant. They don't know the value of money any more!

SMITH. That's putting it pretty strong, Jones. The people of this country aren't going to be satisfied with what you and I had when we were boys. The whole trend of things is toward a *higher standard of living*. This depression has slowed us up some, to be sure, but we're on the way. And we aren't planning to build a *palace*—just a modern and comfortable schoolhouse that will be adapted to the needs of children and a place where they'll enjoy working.

WHITE. Well, no one's more in sympathy with the work of Mr. Green's committee than I am, but I'm *flatly opposed* to granting his request! He doesn't seem to realize that *nothing* can do more for this country—for the happiness and prosperity of its people—than the right kind of education for its children. But the *right* kind isn't limited to the three R's, and it can't be carried on in an overcrowded, rickety old building

without adequate lighting or ventilation. If children are to grow up into good citizens, with an appreciation of the finer things in life, we've got to give them beautiful surroundings. They must come in contact with great teachers, and have a place to work which will inspire them instead of disgusting them. (*Very slight pause.*) Character is better caught than taught. And it's caught from *buildings*, and statues, and paintings—as well as from *people*. Personally, I'm ashamed of that old Lincoln School! I *only wish* we had enough money to start building a new one tomorrow!

SMITH. So do I, Mrs. White. We'd not only give the children a break, but we'd put some o' these unemployed men to work.

BROWN. But we *haven't* enough to start building yet, and until we have, seems to me we ought to put what we've got where it'll do the most good.

WHITE. That sounds all right, but how do we know we can get that *money back* when we need it? Mr. Green himself said they couldn't promise to repay it on any particular date. And it'll be a *crime* to postpone that new building for another eight or ten *years*. Children grow up only once, and educational opportunities denied them now can't be made up for later.

BARNES. Mrs. White is right, gentlemen. We'd be false to our most solemn obligations if we failed to provide necessary school facilities at the earliest possible moment. Suppose we lend the money to the Relief Committee and then can't collect it when we're ready to build? We can't go out and pick money off the trees!

SMITH. And there's no telling *how* long it might take to raise *another* fund. For two years now we haven't added anything to this one, and it may be some time before we will.

JONES. We can float a bond issue.

SMITH. But we've always tried to avoid that, Jones.

BROWN. There's nothing wrong or financially unsound in issuing bonds for a school building, is there?

SMITH. No, Mr. Brown, there isn't, and many communities prefer to do it that way. But here in Middleville the board has for years followed the policy of accumulating a building fund in advance of the actual need. In this way, we don't have to pay any interest—in fact, the fund increases more rapidly because of the interest which it *earns*. Not only that, but we've never believed in saddling a lot of debt on the next generation. We *ourselves* ought to pay for the educational facilities which *our* children enjoy.

WHITE. That's just the way I feel about it, Dr. Smith. It's all right to talk about issuing bonds five years from now, but remember, the people of Middleville would be paying off the principal for the next twenty years, and a lot of interest besides!

JONES. I know, but there's plenty to be said on the other side. Why shouldn't the next generation help pay for its *own* education? I think a school building should be paid for while it's being used, not before it's even built!

BROWN. I'm inclined to agree with you, Jones.

JONES. And another thing: the relief of poverty and unemployment in this generation's got to be paid for right now! It can't be postponed!

BARNES. (*Rapping with gavel and breaking in on preceding speech*) Excuse me for interrupting, Mr. Jones, but there's one fact we must keep before us. It's not a question now as to whether it's better, theoretically, to finance a building by a bond issue or by the pay-as-you-go plan. Nor is it a question as to whether this board of education shall adopt one plan or the other. The board has already accumulated a considerable sum in anticipation of building needs. The *real* issue is whether this sum shall be diverted to another purpose, admittedly worthy, or whether the money shall be held in trust to provide better housing for pupils and teachers in the future. *This* is the question we must decide.

JONES. (*After a very brief pause*) Mr. President, I move that this board loan the entire sum in its building fund—about \$150,000—to the Middleville Relief Committee, the same to be repaid, without interest, whenever such repayment becomes possible.

BROWN. Second the motion.

BARNES. You've heard Mr. Jones' motion and Mr. Brown's second. Any discussion?

WHITE. Mr. President, I *do* think we ought to consider this further before voting on it! It's too important a matter to decide in a hurry!

BARNES. (*Slight pause*) Do you wish to withdraw the motion, Mr. Jones?

JONES. No, I don't. There's no use dawdling over this thing. I like to deal with business matters fast, and clean the slate for the next problem.

SMITH. Well, it's apparently going to be a tie, with the president casting the deciding vote. Let's have the motion.

BARNES. Very well, then. If there's no further discussion (*slight pause*)—all those in favor of the motion . . .

(*At the word "favor," the telephone rings*)

BARNES. Just a minute—will you answer that phone, Mr. Jones?

JONES. Yes, I'll take it . . . (*calmly*) Hello . . . Who? . . . Oh, yes (*tensely*) What's that? Fire?

BARNES. Fire? Where?

JONES. (*Turning from phone*) It's the *Lincoln School!* They just discovered it!

(*Begin siren and fire bell several blocks away*)

BROWN. The Lincoln School! On fire?

WHITE. Look—out the window! You c'n see it from here!

SMITH. Look at that! It's blazing like a furnace!

(Siren and bell grow louder for a few seconds, then gradually fade out)

Conclusion. And so we leave the Middleville Board of Education in a moment of mixed emotions. Whatever else this board may or may not have to be thankful for, it should be grateful indeed that the old Lincoln School did not burn during school hours, when the lives of scores of children would have been endangered.

Thousands of school boards throughout the nation are at present faced with difficult problems. A great majority of these boards are earnestly striving to maintain a high standard of educational opportunity for the children of their respective communities. *Your* school board deserves your active interest and cooperation, whether its chief problems are concerned with the employment of capable teachers, or with the financing of a needed school building. Help your school directors to make wise decisions for the welfare of your children!

THE WORLD IS YOURS

DRAMATIZED INFORMATION

Dramatized information, as well as any other dramatic form, can have frames and narrators. This episode of "The World is Yours" has both; the framework is an authority interview. Permission for publication kindly granted by the United States Office of Education, Department of the Interior, by James D. Strong.

EDUCATIONAL RADIO PROJECT

THE WORLD IS YOURS—No. 31

"THE MAYA"

Time: 11:30-12:00 Noon *Date:* January 3 *Day:* Sunday

(Music: Theme—Not too slow)

ANNOUNCER. *(Building)* The World is Yours! An NBC Educational Feature!

(Music: Theme establish and lower humming under as)

ANNOUNCER. *(Over)* Men have searched the earth, the air, even the sun and the stars in their never-ending quest for knowledge. And now the Office of Education, United States Department of the Interior—brings you the wonders of that unique establishment—the Smithsonian

Institution—dedicated to the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men!

(*Music: Knowledge—Knowledge. . . .*)

ANNOUNCER. This morning we bring you the story of the glories of an ancient race—The Maya. . . .

Let us stand in the Central American Gallery of the National Museum of the Smithsonian and listen to a gentleman soliloquizing:

SCIENTIST. (*Bitterly*) Go on and smile, you ironical imp! Go on and smile!

MAYO. Jim, what's the man muttering about?

JIM. Don't be impolite, darling.

SCIENTIST. I heard you, young lady. I was enjoying the ironical smile on this little jade figure.

MAYO. 98 B.C.!

JIM. Great Scott, that's two thousand years old!

SCIENTIST. Yes, a fat old man in green sits in a case in the Smithsonian after two thousand years.

MAYO. Why do you call that smile ironic?

SCIENTIST. You see, I'm a sculptor. I've been down to Central America where this little fellow comes from. I went to see the great sculpture that exists even among the ruins today.

JIM. Ruins of what?

SCIENTIST. The Maya temples.

JIM. The Maya? Why, they're the peasants in Yucatan, aren't they?

SCIENTIST. (*Bitterly*) Yes, working in the fields for a bed and a plate of food so they can work the next day and the next until they die. But once their ancestors were kings and high priests and mathematicians and great artists.

MAYO. How sad . . . what happened to the Maya?

SCIENTIST. It's the tragedy of a people who developed a civilization almost unequaled in the history of mankind, and who today till the soil and die forgotten. . . .

MAYO. I never knew much about ancient civilization in the Western Hemisphere.

SCIENTIST. Naturally. We in America hear about the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome.

JIM. Tell us something about the Mayas.

SCIENTIST. I'd be only too happy. Perhaps that little jade man will enjoy the story, too . . . every time I look at him I conjure up in my mind a picture of how that great culture began . . . three thousand years . . . or more before the birth of Christ. . . . Nomadic tribes from the gulf coast plains of Mexico . . . constantly moving from place to place in search of food.

(Organ: Begin scene immediately with organ behind throughout)

CHIEF. Gather your women and children together. It is time to journey again.

MAN. No!

CHIEF. I have commanded.

SECOND M. You are our leader, but be merciful . . . we are tired from wandering.

CHIEF. I know what is best. We can not grow crops here. We will starve.

SECOND M. But the season of planting has come again and again and again and still we wander. . . .

MAN. Whither shall we go now?

CHIEF. To the south. Call your women!

MAN. Women, gather your skins and your earthen vessels. We are leaving here.

WOMAN. Whither now?

(Wailing of women)

CHIEF. *(Crisply)* Silence! *(Pause. Then reverently)* Oh, God of our fathers, bring us to a land where the sun may ripen our crops, where the rain quenches the thirst of the dry soil, to a land where we may have time to create, to worship, to dream. *(Slowly)* God of our fathers, must we spend the rest of our days in toil and hunger?

(Music: Organ up and blends into the rhythmic marching of feet . . . the marching continues behind)

SCULPTOR. Centuries passed, the old died, the young grew up and still they wandered searching for a land where they need not be slaves to the earth. Through southern Mexico they wandered . . . paused . . . and

(Marching feet out. Organ out)

centuries more passed . . . and sometime toward the end of the first century before Christ, the Maya reached Guatemala, where they founded Uaxactun (*Wab-shock-toon*), the earliest of the great cities. Guatemala—where the climate was warm, the soil fertile. . . .

JIM. And now they had ample leisure in Guatemala for the dreams and creations?

SCIENTIST. Yes. By 500 A.D., they had evolved a culture of which any land might be proud.

MAYO. In what did they excel?

SCIENTIST. Architecture, painting, sculpture. Great temples rose from high pyramids more exquisite than those in Egypt. Monuments were erected and on them their calendar dates were carved . . .

JIM. Calendars . . . in 500 A.D.?

SCIENTIST. The ancient Mayas calendar was the greatest achievement of time calculation ever presented by any people of a comparable culture.

MAYO. But that involves mathematics!

SCIENTIST. Of course. And in mathematics the Maya rank with the world's best. They were the first to invent the concept of zero.

JIM. That staggers me. To conceive of nothingness and use it as a stepping stone. There's a philosophic people for you!

SCIENTIST. Yes. This remarkable discovery produced a science of astronomy which competes with our own.

MAYO. You mean . . . even today?

SCIENTIST. Yes. They had a 365-day year with months and days similar to ours. Why, their time calculations were so accurate that priests knew the time of the eclipses of the sun and the moon with absolute exactness.

MAYO. Were the priests the astronomers as well?

SCIENTIST. Yes, they were sincere, human and wise men. The Mayas were deeply religious. Their entire history is intricately woven with the skeins of devotion to their gods. Even their great architecture and sculpture show their piety. I can visualize the high priest in one of their great cities seated in his temple chamber . . . (*Fade*) and to him had come . . .

(*Note: No musical transition here, please!*)

HIGH PRIEST. (*Angry*) And you call yourself the finest carver in this city!

CARVER. Holy one, thou art tired!

HIGH PRIEST. (*Angry*) Tired! Verily, I'm tired! Since sunrise I've sat in council with the astronomers of the realm. We compared zodiacs, calculated the sun's course for the next katun, arrived at the date for the next total eclipse, perfected our theories on a new mathematical concept—(*Breaks off*)—And now you . . . you stupid carver . . . you bring me this . . . this abominable drawing. . . .

CARVER. (*Sullenly*) But it's a good plan. From it I can make a great monument.

HIGH PRIEST. (*Angrier*) A great monument! Bah! Listen to me! (*Quietly—disturbed*) The farmers mutter among themselves. There is no rain. Their maize is withering in the fields, the soil is hard as jadeite. Everyone knows that the God of Crops is angry. And . . . when I ask the carvers to plan a monument pleasing to the eyes of our god . . . you bring me this! (*Angry again*) Bah! (*Climax*) Give it to me. . . .

CARVER. Holy one! No! Do not destroy it!

(*Tearing of paper*)

HIGH PRIEST. Take thy plan and go!

CARVER. (*Angry*) What god givest thee the right to destroy the work of a master craftsman?

HIGH PRIEST. (*Bellows*) Insolence! Soldiers, take this man away and shave his head.

SOLDIERS. (*Lightly*) Ha—we will, never fear.

CARVER. (*In fear*) Oh, holy one, I pray thee. Visit not this curse upon me. . . . Don't . . .

SOLDIERS. Hold thy tongue. Silence. . . . Be still. . . .

CARVER. (*Pitifully pleading*) Holy one, I will be disgraced!

HIGH PRIEST. (*Sardonically*) I could forgive your insolence. But when you call that monstrosity of yours art! When you dare offer this as a monument to the God of Crops . . . (*Disgust*) . . . Take him away. . . .

CARVER. No. No. No!

(*Struggle and voices of soldiers and carver trail off*)

HIGH PRIEST. (*Laughs*) He will look like a baboon with his head shaven. (*Then he changes his mind*) No—I will release him. I forgive him. He cannot help being a bad artist. (*He laughs*)

YOUNG PRIEST. Holy one . . . ?

HIGH PRIEST. Yes, young priest?

YOUNG PRIEST. Here is another sculptor with a plan.

HIGH PRIEST. I will not see him. I'm tired. . . .

GORSAB. (*Eager—young—timid*) But, holy one, I have a plan. . . .

HIGH PRIEST. I'm weary of plans and stupid artists. (*Suddenly*) Wait—wait—what have we here? Let me see that plan. . . .

GORSAB. (*Eagerly*) Oh, yes, holy one. Here. . . .

HIGH PRIEST. Hm . . . Who are you?

GORSAB. I am Gorsab of Hammel.

HIGH PRIEST. Explain this plan.

GORSAB. (*Eagerly*) Here is the figure of Ah Non Ich. I will carve green feathers from the quatzal bird on his headdress . . . they will reach to the ground. His breast plates will be colored jade, and his sandals and his skirt will be studded with jade.

HIGH PRIEST. Ah . . . yes, how high will it be?

GORSAB. It will be the height of a tall man with his arms raised up to the midday sun.

HIGH PRIEST. The colors?

GORSAB. Yellows, reds, and greens . . . very bright . . .

HIGH PRIEST. Good, they will harmonize.

GORSAB. Here will be carved the dates of the astronomical congresses, here the dates of the publishing books, and here . . . along this border . . . the date of the new school system which thou hast established. . . .

HIGH PRIEST. And this space?

GORSAB. This space is for the recording of the years of the eclipses and this for the recording of the floods and famines. . . .

HIGH PRIEST. Enough! (*Enthusiastic*) We have found a carver who knows his craft. Priests! Seest thou this plan? Seest thou the purity of line?

BOLI. Yes, holy one. And the perspective . . .

HIGH PRIEST. Excellent! Ah . . . it will be a work of beauty. Gorsab, my son, I commission thee to carve this monument. Do thy best, so that in katuns to come the tribes of that day will know that we were a race who put beauty and our gods above war and greed. Boli!

BOLI. Yes, holy one?

HIGH PRIEST. I have a message for thee to write. To people of the realm! A monument to Ah Non Ich, God of the Crops, will be dedicated the eighth Ahau that falls on the position eight Chen. Let incense be burned in the high places, and let each according to his wealth and rank offer sacrifices to the gods, even if it be but the cocoa seeds of a humble peasant. . . .

(Organ. Up and out)

MAYO. They may have had stone gods, but they could teach us reverence and compassion.

SCULPTOR. They could teach us tolerance, too, and a sense of beauty. Here we are at the height of the first great empire of the Maya—it was about this time when suddenly in this city and others like it (*Fade*) devastation occurred and . . .

(Note: No music here, please!) *(Crowd effect with great drum behind off mike)*

ILI. (*E-lee*) Gorsab, beloved! The drum . . . it speaks in thy honor. . . . These people assembled here honor thee. . . . Why are thou still?

GORSAB. (*Awed*) I am afraid, Ili.

ILI. Afraid?

GORSAB. I should be happy on the day that a monument of mine is offered to the God of Crops. . . . I should be happy because on this day I can ask you to be my wife.

ILI. (*Softly*) Gorsab!

GORSAB. But I am not happy . . . I feel as if . . . as if . . .

ILI. Yes?

GORSAB. Last night I had a horrible dream. I was standing in the middle of a sunlit field and the shadow of a vulture passed over me. I looked up and I could hear the beating of his wings. . . .

ILI. And . . .

GORSAB. I could not see him. I had a strange, dark feeling . . . as if something evil were about to happen. That omen followed me all day. It never leaves me. . . .

ILI. There is nothing to fear. Come. Be joyful. You should be the happiest of men today . . . to stand beside the High Priest.

VOICE. Silence. The Holy One of the Mayas!

(Crowd effect dies out)

HIGH PRIEST. People of the Maya, today I dedicate a monument to the great Ah Non Ich, God of Crops. It is carved by Gorsab of Hammel, the

youth who stands here beside me. It will remain through the ages as a tribute to the excellence of his craftsmanship, and to our great God of Crops for whom he conceived it. Oh, my people, these many sunsets that have come and gone without the falling of rain are the full measure of payment for our sins. But, Ah Non Ich is good. We bring him this beautiful monument and he will receive it. Rain will fall upon our land again. Our maize shall once more be green. And when the time of harvest is come, our storehouse shall overflow . . .

(Rumble of earthquake)

VOICE. *(Frightened)* What is that, oh Holy One?

SECOND VOICE. Holy one, what evil is come upon us?

THIRD VOICE. I thought I felt the earth move.

FOURTH VOICE. Some evil spirit is about!

(Second tremble)

ILI. *(Whispers fearfully)* Gorsab! Hold me! I'm afraid!

GORSAB. Do not worry beloved. You are safe with me. Holy one, what was that?

HIGH PRIEST. Silence! *(Raising voice)* People of the Maya, Ah Non Ich is not pleased with us. Let us pray to him . . . *(Pause—tremble behind)* Oh, Great Ah Non Ich, forgive us our transgressions against thee . . .

CROWD. *(Repeat in chorus)* Oh, Great Ah Non Ich, forgive us our transgressions against thee . . .

(Rumble of earthquake—growing gradually under)

HIGH PRIEST. *(Over earthquake)* Spare us from disaster! Spare us from disaster!

(Earthquake up full—under)

(Music: Sneak in chorus. . . . Wailing terrible)

ILI. Gorsab, it is an earthquake!

GORSAB. Oh, beloved, my dream, my dream . . .

VOICE. Holy one, save us . . .

SECOND VOICE. Holy one, pray for us . . .

THIRD VOICE. The earth is become a living monster . . .

FOURTH VOICE. Help! Help! *(Screams)*

CROWD. *(Screams and cries over sound)*

(Organ: Dramatic crescendo and out)

MAYO. And was the city destroyed by the earthquake?

SCIENTIST. Yes. And during the century which elapsed between 530 A.D. and 630 A.D., this Golden Age of the Mayas ended.

JIM. From earthquakes?

SCIENTIST. No one knows. We do know that the entire population of all the cities deserted their homes in Guatemala, their palaces, their temples, their private homes.

MAYO. And doesn't anyone know why?

SCIENTIST. There are some who say earthquake. Some say yellow fever. Some say war. Some, failure of crops . . . Others . . . religion.

MAYO. Surely that wasn't the end of the Mayas. . . .

SCIENTIST. No. They were made of sterner stuff. . . . The survivors remembering how their ancestors had migrated, wandered north to Yucatan, bringing with them all the science and culture that they had developed.

JIM. And what happened in Yucatan?

SCIENTIST. That was the Second Golden Age of the Maya. . . . Come over here, I want to show you something. . . .

(Music: Chorus up and out . . . fade to)

SCIENTIST. In Yucatan, during the Second Golden Age, the Mayans rebuilt their old civilization. . . .

JIM. It was really a renaissance then, wasn't it?

SCIENTIST. Yes. And it took them three hundred years to bring it about. But when it was done, Yucatan was a land of beauty and culture. . . . Look at this stone gateway.

MAYO. Heavens, Jim! Serpents at the base of each gatepost. . . . Look at their gaping mouths. . . .

JIM. Must have taken ages to do that carving with stone chisels!

SCIENTIST. It did, but it was important that it was done well because this stone gateway was the entrance to the greatest of Mayan Temples. . . .

MAYO. What dignity! And that exquisite carving! I suppose the Mayas built their temples on hills, like most ancient races?

SCIENTIST. *(Laughing)* Better, they built hills to put them on. Look at this model of the great pyramid of Kukulcan made of cut and polished stone.

MAYO. Why, the steps must be endless on the pyramid itself. . . . Look on the top, Jim!

SCIENTIST. Yes. Temples were built on top of great pyramids throughout the land for various ceremonies.

JIM. Always as beautiful as the other ceremony you told us about?

SCIENTIST. Yes, but cruel. For now human sacrifice was practiced.

MAYO. That would have amazed the early Mayas.

SCIENTIST. Yes. But the Mayas managed to keep their burning zeal for beauty even in their human sacrifices. For instance, the sacrifice of a young girl to the Rain God. In Chichen Itza, *(chee chen itza)* there was a great well, as wide and deep as a small lake. On a bright sunlit day . . . a procession *(fade)* would walk to the . . .

(Organ: Pageant music . . . up and out)

OLD MAN. When will she be brought from the temple?

YOUNG WOMAN. Be patient, old man.

OLD MAN. I have been waiting here since dawn.

YOUNG WOMAN. So have these other thousands. Be still.

OLD MAN. In the old days in the south there was no human sacrifice. What is happening to us?

YOUNG WOMAN. Quiet, old man. Times change. The gods wish it.

(Music: From afar comes the faint chanting of the chorus)

YOUNG WOMAN. Listen . . . the procession is approaching from the temple!

OLD MAN. My eyes . . . I can not see . . . tell me what is happening.

YOUNG WOMAN. The priests are coming first . . . their robes are made of feathers . . .

OLD MAN. I can smell incense!

YOUNG WOMAN. Yes . . . the air is perfumed . . .

(Music: Chanting grows louder)

OLD MAN. Where is the bride? Can you see her?

YOUNG WOMAN. Yes.

OLD MAN. Is she young?

YOUNG WOMAN. A mere child, beautiful as the dawn.

OLD MAN. Where are they now?

YOUNG WOMAN. Wait. I must stand on tip-toe . . . ah, yes . . . they are standing near the well. Give me your present, old man, and I will fling it towards the water for you.

OLD MAN. Here . . . only a piece of jade. . . I hope we will be blessed with rain. . .

YOUNG WOMAN. Hush . . . the priest is raising his hand!

(Music: Chorus out)

PRIEST. Great God of Rain, we offer to thee this young girl for your bride, beseeching thee to receive her into your dark, green bosom and bring us rain for our crops. Cause the sky to split asunder and pour its waters upon our thirsting fields! I have spoken, Great God of Rain! *(Calls out)* Priests, hold the girl high in your arms!

VOICES. Ai, Holy One. Ai.

PRIEST. Beat the drum. . .

(Music: Steady beating of drum)

PRIEST. Now out with her! Far into the water!

(Exclamations of crowd)

VOICE. She falls!

SECOND VOICE. She has struck the water!

PRIEST. *(Intoning)* Receive her, oh God of Rain, as our sacrifice!

VOICE. Look, holy one, she has risen again to the surface!

SECOND VOICE. The God has refused our bride!

(Cheers from the crowd)

PRIEST. (*Loudly*) Priests, I command you to fetch her from the water! Quick! (*Pause. . . .*)

(*Music: The chorus chants low . . .*)

PRIEST. Oh, God of Rain, you have refused our sacrifice and made us joyful! We know you have blessed us and will send us rain! (*Proclaiming*) People of Chichen Itza, as High Priest, I command you to honor this girl whom the god has refused. Give her every gift that princesses might receive! Let there be merriment and festivity! Dance and sing in the squares! The God of Rain is good. The God of Rain has spoken!

(*Chorus: Up for ten seconds and fade and out into:*)

MAYO. I'm certainly glad that had a happy ending!

SCIENTIST. I wish our entire story had as happy an ending. But enemies came and destroyed the morale of the Mayas. Tribes split among themselves. Civil wars continued for many years. And with the constant shedding of the blood of brother against brother, the intellectual life began to languish and the final disintegration of a two-thousand-year-old civilization began.

JIM. Leaving us all those beautiful temples in Guatemala and Yucatan?

MAYO. And their statues! And their books!

JIM. Their calendars and their records!

SCIENTIST. Now . . . that is the final chapter to a tragic tale.

JIM. What do you mean?

SCIENTIST. In the Sixteenth Century, the Spaniards arrived in Mexico and Yucatan. The survivors of the ancient Mayas were subjugated by them. Cortez and his followers made slaves of them, took the gold from the country, the jewels, the precious metals. Then, when they had done all this, they took their science and their art and their religion from them.

MAYO. How terrible . . . but that was the time of the Spanish Inquisition, wasn't it?

SCIENTIST. Yes. Man's inhumanity to man. The Bishop of Landa moved by fanaticism, set about to save these heathens . . . but he did this in a curious fashion . . . and one night he waited for his aides to do his bidding. (*Fade*) It was the beginning. . . .

(*Note: No music here, please!*)

BISHOP. Pedro?

PEDRO. Yes, Father?

BISHOP. Have you given the orders?

PEDRO. They are piling logs in the great square.

BISHOP. (*Sadistically*) Ah!

PEDRO. (*Disturbed*) Reverend Father . . .

BISHOP. Yes?

PEDRO. Must you do this thing?

- BISHOP. (*Sincerely*) It is the will of God.
- PEDRO. (*Sarcastically*) And the will of His Son?
- BISHOP. (*Shocked*) Pedro!
- PEDRO. (*Simply*) I am sorry. I do not think He would have wished this.
- BISHOP. (*Angrily*) You're impudent.
- PEDRO. (*Simply*) I am a pious man, holy father.
- BISHOP. Do you insinuate that I am not!
- PEDRO. (*A shrug in his voice*) If the cap fits, your eminence . . .
- BISHOP. Come back here, you impudent wretch! Call him back, Manuel!
- MANUEL. He is gone.
- BISHOP. Well, let's go to the square ourselves . . . open the door. . . .
(*Door opens—shuts*)
- BISHOP. Ah—look—what a fine fire is burning! The books will kindle well!
- MANUEL. (*Half-heartedly*) No doubt.
- BISHOP. You—too—think I do wrong? (*Firmly*) I am the Bishop of this province and I give the orders.
- MANUEL. It shall be done.
(*Mumble of crowd*)
- BISHOP. Look how the natives are gathered around the fire!
- MANUEL. They are angry.
- BISHOP. Command them to be quiet. I wish to speak.
- MANUEL. Silence! His eminence the Bishop wishes to address you.
- BISHOP. My good people . . . before we Spaniards arrived on these shores, you were heathens . . . worshipping idolatrous gods . . . your practices were sacrilegious . . . your feet were on the path of evil . . . but tonight I am setting your souls free . . . every book of your nation is to be burned page by page . . . every stone of your monuments to be destroyed!
(*Wailing of crowd*)
- It is best . . . I bring you the true way to a better life. . . .
- MAYA PRIEST. Reverend father!
- BISHOP. Who speaks?
- MAYA PRIEST. I—Chan the Maya priest.
- BISHOP. I sent you into the jungle. Why did you not stay?
- MAYA PRIEST. I shall return to the jungle tonight. But I have come to say a word to you.
- BISHOP. Speak.
- MAYA PRIEST. You talk of your God . . . you talk of good and evil . . . well, holy man, let me speak of good and evil to you. . . .
- BISHOP. Speak.
- MAYA PRIEST. We Mayas were a great nation when you were savages

living in caves like beasts of the forest . . . we had a great art . . . we built stone temples as a tribute to our gods . . . we wrote books when you could not even speak!

BISHOP. Silence!

MAYA PRIEST. Hear me out. We were good and pious. And now you tell us how to live! Who are you to dare teach the Mayas how to live! How dare you mention the name of your God and yet persecute us! How dare you speak His Word and then desecrate it!

BISHOP. Speak no more, I say!

MAYA PRIEST. You have beaten us. You have destroyed the beauty of a thousand years! But you can not take from us our faith, our goodness, our art! Now burn our books, destroy our idols and set up your own in their place! I shall not curse you, for you are a holy man like myself. I only feel great sorrow in my heart for you . . . great sorrow. . . .

BISHOP. Seize that man!

SOLDIER. Yes, Excellency.

BISHOP. Now give me that torch!

SOLDIER. Here.

(Wail of natives . . . bonfire . . .)

BISHOP. *(Ecstatically)* Now get your hammers and break every tablet and altar in Yucatan and Mexico!

(Organ: Crescendo . . . up and out)

SCIENTIST. Now do you wonder that that little fellow sitting in his glass case is smiling ironically? I've been down there and seen the Maya in the field at work. I've heard my friends discuss him. . . .

(Note: No music here, please!)

MAN. How was your trip, B. T.

B. T. Fine.

MAN. Where did you go?

B. T. Central America. Yucatan. Swell place for a rest. Lots of fishing.

MAN. Who does the work down there, B. T. . . . the natives?

B. T. Yeah . . . the Maya Indians. They work for a dime a day and believe me, they work! One morning I passed a Maya on my way fishing and when I got back in the evening he was still in the field. . . .

MAN. *(Without too much interest)* You don't say! Well, the boys are waiting at the club. Let's eat. . . .

(Music: The chorus rises in a sad, plaintive call. . . . As)

VOICE. *(Same as chief in first scene—slowly)* Oh, God of our fathers, must we spend the rest of our days in toil and hunger! . . .

(Music: Chorus crescendo and out)

ANNOUNCER. Here's a special announcement for those on our mailing list. Thousands and thousands of you have answered the letter we sent you a few weeks ago. You have told us how very much you want this

program to continue. I am delighted to announce that "The World Is Yours" *will* continue. Your response makes us very happy and also very humble, realizing as we do, the great sense of responsibility to our huge listening audience. We shall try to justify your loyalty by bringing finer and finer programs to you—and the names of everyone of you who wrote in will be put on our new mailing list. You won't have to write in for another thirteen weeks.

And as a new feature—absolutely free of charge—each week we'll send you "The World Is Yours" *Advance*—an innovation in radio—16 pages with pictures, maps and supplementary material for the next months' programs to help you go further with any subject which happens to be of special interest to you. To those of you who are not on our mailing list—send your name and address to "The World Is Yours"—Office of Education—Washington, D.C. I repeat the address: write to "The World Is Yours"—Office of Education, Washington, D.C.

(Music: Theme)

ANNOUNCER. This unusual educational feature is brought to you by the office of Education, United States Department of the Interior—with the Smithsonian Institution—and the Works Progress Administration. Remember—"The World Is Yours"—next Sunday morning—same time—same station—this is the National Broadcasting Company, RCA Building, Radio City.

PRO AND CON

DRAMATIZED DEBATE

A rare type of program, the scripts of "Pro and Con" are an outgrowth of recognition of the fact that the hybrid is more effective at the microphone than are many of the traditional platform methods of presentation. Permission for publication kindly granted by Milton Dickens.

KING FOOTBALL—A BUSINESS OR A GAME?

Program No. 1. *Series:* Pro & Con *Station:* WSYU-WSYR

Time: 8:30-9:00 P.M. *Day:* Saturday, November 28

Continuity by Milton Dickens, Syracuse University.

GAIL. Syracuse University Debaters present . . .

Ed. "Pro—and—Con."

(College music theme song (Record 157-A) up for 15 seconds: then fade to background)

GAIL. The controversy of the week is . . .

ED. King Football! A business? Or a game?

(Music up again 15 secs. then fade out)

DICKENS. Tonight we raise the curtain on a new kind of radio discussion. In each program of this series, the Syracuse University Debaters will give you a pro and con picture of some timely public question. They will give the necessary background and will crystallize the main arguments for both sides. They will do this by means of short dramatization, open forum debate, question and answer, pointed quotation. And now . . . the debaters invite you to draw up a chair and join with them in a rapid-fire survey of both sides of our controversy for this week. The question came to a head just one week ago today . . .

(Transcription of crowd noises up briefly, then fade to background)

VIRGINIA. Saturday afternoon, Nov. 21st. One of the smallest and meekest crowds of recent years gathered to see the closing game of the season in the forlorn hope that Syracuse might break this season's losing streak and end the 12-year-old Colgate jinx.

BOB. But the final score read: Colgate 13; Syracuse 0.

(Crowd noise out)

VIRGINIA. No sooner had the big game ended than the battle moved from the gridiron to the campus, the street corner, the fraternity house, everywhere that people meet.

BOB. Disappointed followers of the team protested loudly. There was talk of a New Deal in athletics. All Syracuse joined the hue and cry.

VIRGINIA. The move to fire Coach Vic Hanson, which had been gathering head-way for over two years, reached a climax. But Monday morning, Hanson said . . .

CHARLY. "I think I should have another year to vindicate myself. I don't propose to quit under fire."

BOB. And says Acting-Chancellor Graham . . .

JOE. "No change in the coaching staff is contemplated."

BOB. On Monday morning, the entire football squad visits Acting-Chancellor Graham in a body. Says Captain Vannie Albanese . . .

JIM. "Chancellor Graham, the boys want me to tell you that every single one of us is for Vic Hanson. He's been our best friend. He's a great coach. And it's not his fault."

BOB. But on Monday afternoon, Coach Hanson and Acting-Chancellor Graham hold a two hour conference and within a short time after this meeting, the newsboys are shouting on the streets . . .

(Street noises up)

JOE. Extry! Extry! Coach Vic Hanson resigns! *(Repeat)*

CHARLY. Read about it! Hanson quits Syracuse! Wuxtry! *(Repeat)*

(Street noises fade gradually out)

(Murmur of girls' voices fades in)

BOB. Meanwhile, at a sorority house . . .

MARION. The papers say Vic Hanson has resigned!

SYLVIA. Isn't it a crime? He's so young and handsome, too.

PHYLLIS. I'll bet every girl on campus will feel sorry for him.

MARION. Well, I'm glad it's all over. Now I'm going after a date with Vannie Albanese.

SYLVIA. I heard he felt so badly, he only had one date during the season.

MARION. Poor kid! All of them had a terrible year.

PHYLLIS. You should go steady with one of them and know all. They aren't in town half of the time, and on Saturday nights they are here, they're too tired to dance or go any place.

SYLVIA. I think Reckmack has the cutest dimples.

PHYLLIS. I hear he can pass, too. Personally, I like Kane.

MARION. It makes me sick the way the men's cheering section dropped off.

SYLVIA. Men don't like a losing team. But I've felt proud of the women's cheering this year.

MARION. Women are different than men.

PHYLLIS. That's right. There's no getting 'round the fact that personal liking for the players influences the women more than the men.

MARION. That reminds me, what strategy do you girls think I ought to use to get that date with Vannie?

(Murmur of girls' voices gradually fades out and noises of bar-room fade in. The latter include portable phonograph in far corner of studio, clink of glasses, and six men laughing and talking boisterously about ten feet from microphone. These barroom noises swell up briefly, then fade to a background)

CHARLY. . . . and so I said, this guy Albanese is the only first rate player on the Syracuse team. I figured nobody's won any money by betting on Syracuse the last ten years, so I put mine on Colgate.

BOB. What odds 'ja give?

CHARLY. He wanted 4 to 1, but I talked him down to 3.

JIM. What'll it be, gents?

BOB. Fill 'em up.

CHARLY. It sure is a rotten mess when you have to bet against your own team. Now when I was on the Hill, we had some *real* players, an' plenty of 'em.

BOB. Wonder what's goin' to happen to Hanson? I *know* what'll happen if the alums have anything to say.

JOE. Paper, mister? Gotta wuxtry.

BOB. *Hanson resigned!* Gimme a paper.

(Gus, Dave, and Lenny are located in a line at distances of 2, 4, and 6 feet respectively from microphone as they pass the next phrase along the line)

GUS. Hanson's resigned.

DAVE. Hanson's resigned

LENNY. Hanson's resigned.

CHARLY. *Hey, bartender, make it snappy!* We gotta drink a toast!

JIM. Here ya are, gents.

(Sound of glasses placed on counter)

CHARLY. Here's to a big-time coach, big-time schedule, big-time players, and a chance to win some heavy dough on the Colgate game!

(Clink glasses together)

BOB. You said it, Jim, you said it.

(Barroom noises gradually fade out)

(Street corner noises gradually fade in)

LENNY. Good afternoon, Professor Hawkins.

MALCOLM. How do you do, Dr. McRae. Are you walking back?

LENNY. Yes, I generally walk. It's about the only kind of exercise I have a chance to get.

MALCOLM. Did you enjoy the game Saturday?

LENNY. The game? Oh yes, Colgate. I enjoyed it thoroughly.

I thought the boys put up a very hard fight.

MALCOLM. I understand that some of the students and alumni are quite dissatisfied.

LENNY. On account of losing, I presume.

MALCOLM. Precisely. There's some talk of dismissing Mr. Hanson.

LENNY. Is that so? Of course, I suppose everyone enjoys winning, but it seems hardly fair to blame the director so severely.

MALCOLM. Well, probably it's nothing but a rumor.

JOE. *(Some distance from microphone)* Extry! Extry! Vic Hanson resigns!

LENNY. What is that newsboy shouting?

JOE. *(Nearer)* Read about it. Hanson resigns.

MALCOLM. Well, now isn't that too bad.

(Street noises fade out)

(Noise of clicking typewriter begins)

BOB. In the office of the *Syracusan*, student magazine, editor Ralph Wallenhorst writes in favor of greater subsidization for football. Says student Wallenhorst. . . .

GUS. "A third of a million dollar business is being run like a cross roads grocery store. . . . Fordham, Princeton, Duke, Colgate, and Pitts-

burgh get their pick of the football material. Syracuse takes what's left. Syracuse University, if it wants a winning football team, had better go out and buy one."

BOB. Meanwhile, in the offices of the Syracuse *Daily Orange*, student newspaper, one of the editors is busy defending the other side of the question in last Tuesday's issue. Says the editorial. . . .

LENNY. "Buy an expensive coach. Then what? Buy his expensive retinue of assistant coaches. Then what? Buy an expensive contingent of young football stars, which every expensive coach demands. Then what? Send those stars to an expensive prep school for training. Then what? Your traditional rival goes you one better. You try to keep up. So it goes—until the fantastic bubble breaks . . . but the die is cast. All aboard for the trip across the Rubicon . . . where the circus holds sway. . . ."

(*Noise of typewriter out*)

BOB. Thus, all Syracuse has been talking football for the past week and still the controversy rages. But the question is not limited to our community, nor to any particular year. As a matter of fact, it all began on . . .

CHARLY. Nov. 6th, 1869. First intercollegiate football game played in this country by Princeton and Rutgers. Listen to this account of the battle as reported by the Rutgers student newspaper *Targum* . . .

GAIL. "On Saturday Princeton sent 25 picked men to play our 25 a matched game of football. The strangers came up at 10 o'clock and brought a good number of backers with them. . . . Previous to calling the game, the grounds presented an animated appearance. Grim looking players were silently stripping, each one surrounded by sympathizing friends while around each Captain was a little crowd intent upon giving advice. . . ."

CHARLY. Thus, intercollegiate football was born. Rutgers and Princeton, playing an informal game, with no standard rules, planted the acorn which was to grow into the spreading oak of present day football. Suppose we review a few of the high lights in that phenomenal growth . . .

DAVE. Nov. 15th, 1873. First Yale-Princeton game. The game was delayed for an hour and a half because of failure to obtain a ball! Another delay occurred when the ball burst and had to be repaired.

PHYLLIS. In 1873 also, came the first gesture which was to develop into our modern intersectional game. Some of the boys at Michigan wrote to friends at Cornell, challenging them. Rules were agreed upon by correspondence and it was decided to have 30 men on each side. The game was to be played at Cleveland. But when President White of Cornell heard about the proposed arrangement, he forbade the Cornell team to go, handing down this famous statement . . .

MALCOLM. "I will not permit 30 men to travel 400 miles merely to agitate a bag of wind."

GUS. 1892. A. A. Stagg completes his first year as coach for the young University of Chicago. He announces the total gate receipts for the entire season as \$732.92.

LENNY. 1905. Football almost rings its own death knell! Charges of brutality have multiplied for the past ten years. Many college presidents suspend the sport. Parents forbid their sons to join the team. President Theodore Roosevelt calls a conference to save the game he loved so well. 28 colleges are represented at this fateful conference. They completely reorganize the rules. Mass plays are prohibited; hurdling overruled; the forward pass made legal! The length of the game reduced! Modern football has begun.

BOB. 1917 to 1921. Football spreads to small schools and to all sections of the country. Admission prices go up. Big Time College Football has definitely arrived. The Rose Bowl becomes an annual spectacle. And it's long live King Football!

(During the last speech band music: College songs introduced and continued through the following passages)

JOE. 1926. Soldiers Field, Chicago, 110,000 rooters pay \$635,000 to watch Army defeat Navy.

DAVE. 1929. U.S.C. vs. Notre Dame—113,000 fans fight for seats, the biggest crowd in football history.

GUS. That same year, like a bombshell, comes Carnegie Bulletin 23! The evidence shows that leading colleges hire players.

LENNY. 1931. 50 deaths are reported for the football season.

BOB. 1935. John Da Grossa, President of the American Football Institute, says:

CHARLY. "My survey indicates that gambling is undermining the sport of football, and that coaches are unwittingly aiding the gambling element by making pre-game predictions of winners and scores."

BOB. In reply, says Coach Pop Warner of Temple . . .

JIM. "The best way for anybody to go broke is to bet money on the coaches' selections."

BOB. 1936. The Atlantic Refining Co. announces that it will pay \$20,000 for the privilege of making Yale's games into commercial radio programs. Says John R. Tunis, noted sports writer, in this month's *American Mercury* . . .

MALCOLM. "At last we have an old established university admitting openly what has long been a fact: that college football is a racket. Yale is cashing in on this racket. A great educational institution is finally calling a spade a spade . . . and a football a golden egg."

BOB. Mr. Tunis goes further. He classifies leading American universi-

ties into three groups. In group number one, the amateurs, he lists such schools as:

CHARLY. Brown, Hamilton, Hobart, Union.

BOB. In group number two are the semi-professional schools. In this category we find:

CHARLY. Cornell, Maryland, Notre Dame, Harvard.

BOB. In group three are the professionals. They include:

CHARLY. Fordham! Columbia! Colgate! Syracuse!

JIM. Nov. 28th, 1936. During the last ten weeks, football has attracted over forty million spectators and has cost forty million dollars.
(*College music fades out*)

VIRGINIA. Mr. Chairman, I strenuously object to this monstrous national spectacle. Big-time football is injurious to the players and undesirable for the rest of the university.

DAVE. I join with Miss Casey. Football is injurious to the players from several points of view. For example, it interferes with their intellectual development. Last week, in the *Daily Orange*, Capt. Vannie Albanese stated . . .

JIM. "Football does many things to a player. It makes him wonder if he came to school to study or to play football. Trying to study is almost a joke. Footballs bounce from between the lines of the textbook. I defy anyone to say that a person can play football and study at the same time, doing both well."

PHYLLIS. Furthermore, it is emotionally abnormal. If a team wins, the players receive a blast of heroic super-publicity which is not good for young men in their early 20's. It develops abnormal personality traits and makes the rest of their lives seem like an anti-climax. If the team loses, the emotional strain is even worse. Just listen to what George Owen, Jr., former All-American from Harvard has to say . . .

JOE. "In almost any other sport, you can suffer reverses and not feel that the world is coming to an end, but not in football. If the team does not win, you are a failure. College football has grown to be a stern and relentless business."

VIRGINIA. Let me carry the indictment a step further and point out the physical toll exacted by King Football. Between 25 and 40 boys are killed each season, and over 100,000 are injured severely enough to require medical care. In spite of improved protective measures, a statistical study by Professors Eastwood and Lloyd of N.Y.U. shows that football is by far the most dangerous American sport. There is something wrong with a game in which hospital stretchers are a part of the standard equipment.

GUS. To complete the case against modern football from the players standpoint, consider the financial problem. I argue that the player is the

financial goat. He receives a reward in no way comparable to the amount of work, the physical and emotional risk, or the size of the gate receipts. Football players are merely the puppets of coaches, graduate managers, and a few others who take none of the risk and most of the money.

SYLVIA. Mr. Chairman, the opponents of present-day football have had their say on this point and now several of us would like to present the other side of the argument. We will also begin by considering the players' point of view. May I quote that same article in last week's *Daily Orange*. Capt. Albanese said . . .

JIM. "The real football player possesses a fever for the game in his blood that never leaves him. A gash on the face is not felt. A sprain is a very minor injury and noticed only after the game. Win or lose, a real football player loves the game."

SYLVIA. In other words, the very fact that the game is rough and dangerous is one of the reasons why almost every American boy likes to play it. If I had the time, I could cite for you a great many statistical studies as reported, for example, in Carnegie Bulletin 24 showing that a large majority of football players, both in college and in later life, are well above the general population in health and physical fitness. Studies also show that almost all deaths and serious injuries result from small boys playing unsupervised sand lot games, which would indicate that what we need is more so-called big time football and less of the so-called pure amateur sport. As for the other arguments, let's go back to the night of the Colgate game. A member of the Syracuse team took his best girl to a fraternity dance . . .

(Sound of swing music)

(Laughing and talking of men and women)

BOB. If you don't mind, let's sit this one out.

BETTY. Tired from the game?

BOB. Yeh, dog tired.

BETTY. I don't see why you do it. All you've done the last three months is work and train.

BOB. If I weren't practising football, I'd probably waste the time or spend it running around and getting into trouble.

BETTY. Seems to me you could find a job of some kind that wouldn't be so much of a grind.

BOB. Nobody is likely to suffer by having learned not to be afraid of hard work.

BETTY. But it's been every afternoon . . .

BOB. A little discipline never hurt anybody.

BETTY. Yes, but it seems to me that you boys ought to get more out of it.

BOB. We do pretty well. It's been a real pleasure this year to work with a man like Vic Hanson. He taught us a lot more than just football. And he taught us that too. Most of us will get a lot better job when we graduate than we could have hoped for if it wasn't for football.

BETTY. But don't you get tired of being criticized every time you lose a game?

BOB. We don't believe everything we read in the papers. It doesn't take long to learn what it is to be a hero one day and a bum the next.

BETTY. Then you really think you get a square deal?

BOB. I'm satisfied with at least one thing I got.

BETTY. What's that?

BOB. Well, honey, I did meet *you* here.

(Dance noises up briefly then fade out)

SYLVIA. Thus, Mr. Chairman, the average football player receives valuable training in discipline, hard work, and cooperation. He gets an education instead of a job in a coal mine. He prepares himself for a better job in later life.

JOE. Suppose we leave the point of view of the players. I believe that modern football is detrimental to the rest of the university. In the first place it makes hypocrites out of the administration. In order to satisfy one public demand they must practice professionalism; in order to satisfy another, they must profess amateurism. Thus, we have the discouraging spectacle of great universities shouting at revival meetings while living in sin. As an editorial in the *Christian Century* says . . .

MARION. "Whether colleges hire athletes is of little importance, but that they should lie about it is important. We would be satisfied with honest professionalism, but cannot stomach dishonest professionalism."

GAIL. I would like to answer that charge. Most universities make no secret of the fact that they give athletic scholarships. As a matter of fact, the Southern Association insisted on publicizing the point. And in spite of many rumors, it is very difficult to prove that any college gives its players more than a scholarship or possibly a job earning room and board.

DAVE. Therefore, the only question is: do scholarships and jobs constitute professionalism? I think not.

VIRGINIA. What's the difference between giving a boy \$300 cash or giving him a \$300 scholarship?

BETTY. I can answer that. He can't *spend* a scholarship. A scholarship, in other words, does not represent money. It represents his chance to get a college education.

VIRGINIA. You draw a distinction where there is no difference.

BETTY. Not at all. If Syracuse, for example, had a truly professional approach, it would mean that Dr. Bryan would visit the owner of, let

us say, the Green Bay Packers and would say, "How much would your club charge to represent Syracuse next fall—we'll need about 8 games." Then, next fall the manager of Green Bay Packers would bring a team down each weekend to represent Syracuse on the gridiron. *That* would be professionalism.

GUS. Since our time is short, let me leave that point and hasten on to another attack. This is also in terms of the administration. I believe that big-time football gives a small group of alumni too much power which they are not qualified to exert beneficially.

PHYLLIS. Mr. Chairman, that may happen occasionally, but is neither necessary nor inevitable.

GUS. Yes, it is. Once a school invests money in a coach and a squad of players, it must make that investment back at the gate and is thus forced to cater to the alumni for support. What happens *then*, is recent history.

PHYLLIS. You refer to the case of Vic Hanson?

GUS. Yes. The papers said Hanson was forced to resign because of "pressure from a certain group of alumni." Nobody seems to know the names of that group, but the "pressure" obviously worked. That's a clearcut case of power without responsibility. And the case is by no means exceptional. Listen to what the late Dean Briggs of Harvard has to say about alumni groups . . .

MALCOLM. "They have pounced upon many a president, many a dean, many a chairman of the committee on athletics. . . . 'He tried to buck the alumni' is the epitaph which marks the end of many an administrative career."

MARION. Mr. Chairman, I think our friends of the opposition are citing extreme cases. Let's look at the effect of football upon the vast majority of university graduates. In those average cases, football is often the only bond of interest to connect them with their school. The late President Kinley of Illinois said football justified itself for many reasons. Among others . . .

LENNY. ". . . by helping us to retain the interest of the alumni and the public."

MARION. And so I say, that football should be praised for its wholesome effect upon the vast majority of college graduates, rather than blamed for the excessive enthusiasm of occasional small pressure groups.

JOE. Our friends seem to be good at making excuses. Let them explain away the fact that big time football is universally attended by drinking, betting, and rioting. This is a problem, which the administration ought not have to handle; a temptation which students ought not have to face.

GAIL. Human beings invented occasions for drinking and betting long before they started attending football games.

DAVE. It's foolish trying to solve a problem by running away from it. If an apple tree has a few rotten apples on it, there is no need to chop down the whole tree.

VIRGINIA. Abolishing football spectacles would not abolish drinking. I doubt if such a move would have any effect on the liquor business of the country.

DAVE. Maybe not, but it would eliminate the need for colleges seeming to sponsor that business.

BETTY. I would like to raise another argument. From the standpoint of the faculty and of the general student body, I maintain that football interferes seriously with the regular scholastic work. From September until Thanksgiving, the student body is constantly stirred up by the game which was played last week, or the one to be played next. Classes are even dismissed for pep meetings or to allow the students to follow the team out of town.

JOE. There is a great deal wrong with that picture. The truth is, football provides the campus with a strong common bond of interest and creates college unity. It provides a good clean topic of conversation and thought. It is a necessary supplement to the academic work of the classroom.

CHARLY. You are describing what football ought to do, not what it does. The trouble apparently is that people think because a little of it might be a good thing, a whole lot of it is better. Big time football, in short, isn't a game at all. It's a business. It's not a simple recreation for the students. It's a gigantic spectacle for the mob. Universities are put in the same class as Hollywood and the Municipal Zoo. Take the case of Iowa. Two weeks ago, newspapers all over the country carried the headline: Oze Simmons Quarrels with Coach. This story dates back to 1933 when Simmons rode into Iowa City on a freight train explaining . . .

LENNY. "I hear they allow negroes to play football at Iowa."

CHARLY. For 2 years, Simmons was a sensation in the Big Ten, but this year Iowa got into a slump which reached bottom when Minnesota defeated the Hawkeyes 52 to 0. It is Monday afternoon following this defeat. The players are gathered in the gym for a lecture on their mistakes against Minnesota. According to the papers, Coach Solem criticized Simmons severely, and a quarrel ensued. Suppose we imagine the scene . . .

(Noise of players talking, click of cleats, etc.)

JIM. Let's have quiet, everybody. That football game Saturday was the worst exhibition I've ever seen from an Iowa team. You fellows have got to learn that you can't play this game individually. You've got to cooperate. Only one man at a time can carry the ball. The rest of you

have got to block and clear the path. None of you were doing that last Saturday. I'll begin with you, Simmons—I watched you carefully and on all the plays where you didn't have the ball, you were just standing around. I didn't see you blocking out on any play . . .

(Noise of Simmons going to door and opening it)

Hey! Wait a minute! Where do you think you're going?

LENNY. I'm through. I'm quitting. That's all.

JIM. Oh, no, you're not. I guess I've got something to say about that. Who do you think you are, anyhow?

LENNY. "All I know is, I've taken too much abuse this season, and I've taken more punishment than I did my sophomore year. I've taken all I'm going to take. I'm through."

JIM. So you can't take it, eh? You're the only man on the team who hasn't the guts to take his criticism.

LENNY. "I'm tired of having you screaming at me. You don't scream at the other boys that way. Good-bye."

(Door slams. Murmur of men's voices)

DAVE. Good riddance.

MALCOLM. Simmons is nothing but a publicity hound.

GUS. I'm tired of seeing his name in the papers.

JIM. All right, you mugs, quiet. We'll see if this is a one man team.

(Gym noises fade out)

JOE. But next day C. M. Updegraff, Chairman of the Board of Athletics, calls Oze Simmons and Coach Solem to his office for a conference. Sports writers are waiting outside the door.

(Sound of door opening)

GUS. Hey, Simmons, you and Solem made up?

LENNY. "I know we'll get along fine now. Everything is settled satisfactorily."

GUS. What did they do, offer you more money?

LENNY. "No, I just want to stay at Iowa and get my education. If I had wanted to make money, I wouldn't have come to Iowa. In my sophomore year, I had offers from Northwestern, Michigan, and Ohio State."

JOE. In other words, Mr. Chairman, modern football puts the university in an entirely false light. It distorts educational values out of all proportion. It's a case of the tail wagging the dog.

CHARLY. If that is true, we'll get nowhere by cutting off the tail. Probably what we should do is strengthen the rest of the dog. But we, who like big time football, are willing to let our case rest on the contention that it has a definite and necessary contribution to education. The Simmons case is most exceptional. Usually players and coaches are closely knit by common bonds.

GAIL. I agree. Few spectacles are brighter, few afford a more complete feeling of satisfaction, few give you such a sense of goodwill, than the thousands of spectators who gather into cheerful crowds during the flaming days of autumn to watch young men play a team-game eagerly and fairly.

DAVE. Football provides students, faculty, and general public with a chance to release the emotions which are so completely pent-up during most of our daily lives. A man can stand up and yell or swing his arms or sing at the top of his lungs. Mental hygiene teaches that civilized people need more of such emotional safety valves.

DICKENS. As your chairman, I hate to interrupt this discussion, but our time is short and we must summarize. The debaters opened by describing recent events which make King Football the controversy of the week. Next, they described the historical background. Finally, they attempted to crystallize the arguments pro and con. Those favoring a change from modern big time football, opened the argument by presenting four disadvantages to the players. The intellectual . . .

VIRGINIA. Football takes the players' time and energy from their classes.

DICKENS. The emotional . . .

VIRGINIA. Super-publicity distorts the personality.

DICKENS. The physical . . .

VIRGINIA. Football is the most dangerous American sport.

DICKENS. The financial . . .

VIRGINIA. Players do not get their share.

DICKENS. But the other side rushed immediately to the defense and listed off advantages to the players. They also began with the intellectual . . .

GAIL. Football gives an education to many who could not otherwise have it.

DICKENS. The emotional . . .

GAIL. Players learn to take publicity for what it's worth.

DICKENS. The physical . . .

GAIL. Properly supervised, football is manly, not dangerous.

DICKENS. The financial . . .

GAIL. Gate receipts make possible intra-mural and minor sports.

DICKENS. Turning from the players to the rest of the university, the debaters argued rapidly pro and con. Said pro . . .

JOE. Big-time football makes colleges hypocritical: professing amateurism, but practicing professionalism.

DICKENS. Con . . .

LENNY. Giving scholarships is not professionalism.

DICKENS. Pro . . .

JOE. It gives alumni too much power, which they abuse.

DICKENS. Con . . .

LENNY. In most cases, it is a pleasant bond of interest, holding the average graduate to his Alma Mater.

DICKENS. Pro . . .

JOE. Football is attended by drinking, gambling, and rioting.

DICKENS. Con . . .

LENNY. People found occasion for such things long before football was invented.

DICKENS. Pro . . .

JOE. Football interferes with the regular classwork of the whole college.

DICKENS. Con . . .

LENNY. It supplements the classwork and gives the campus a common interest.

DICKENS. Pro . . .

JOE. Big-time football provides the mob with a circus spectacle entirely out of line with educational purposes.

DICKENS. And con . . .

LENNY. To most of us, it is a wholesome emotional release and a happy recreation which takes us out-of-doors and helps balance the ordinary routine of the classroom or office.

(Theme song in background)

DICKENS. Thus, we reach the end of the first pro and con program presented for your entertainment and information by the Syracuse University Debaters. The young ladies taking part tonight were: Gail Drought, Virginia Casey, Sylvia Altshuler, Marion Stock, Betty Potter, and Phyllis Kidwell. The young men were: Bob Cox, Charly Odell, Lenny Edelstein, Jim Fazio, Malcolm Hinman, Joe Fisher, Dave Morton, and Gus Amrose. If you have enjoyed this new type of debate program, then tune in again three weeks from tonight at this same hour and you will hear another controversy discussed by the debaters PRO and CON. . . .

(Theme song up)

INTERVIEWS WITH THE PAST

DRAMATIZED INFORMATION

This dramatized informational script employs the round-table and interview methods, and hence is one of the more involved hybrids. Permission for publication kindly granted by the Educational Radio Project, Department of the Interior, by Mildred Higgins.

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
Office of Education
Washington

EDUCATIONAL RADIO PROJECT
SCHOOL RADIO SERVICE

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INTERVIEWS WITH THE PAST

NUMBER 6—"CATHERINE THE GREAT"

CAST

Ted: slightly bookish; serious minded; nat- ural leader Jack: fun loving Betty: sophisticated Doris: "beautiful but dumb"	}	(Students)	Catherine: speaks with Russian accent; voice deep, haughty, vain; a commanding pres- ence.	}	(Adult)
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See Last Pages for Production Suggestions

MUSIC. (*Fanfare*)

ANNOUNCER. Interviews with the Past!

MUSIC. (*Theme . . . up for few bars, then fade behind and out*)

ANNOUNCER. The woman we are going to interview today has been called by many names. A recent screen play termed her "The Scarlet Empress." Her own people whose lives were made happier by her rule hailed her as the Mother of Her Country. History has given her the title of Catherine the Great. Napoleon praised her as "the only woman worthy to wear a beard." But she herself would be glad to discover, if she could return today in fact instead of fancy, that posterity has forgotten her mistakes, and remembers her as she wished, as a progressive Queen with a reverence for liberty. When our young reporters interview her you will hear her answer in her own words and understand why she deserves the title "The Great." And now here we go with Ted and Jack, Doris and Betty, as they set out to interview "Catherine the Great."

TED. It's easy to see we're interviewing a Queen today! Jack's got on his best suit!

JACK. Ted's had a hair cut! (*Sniffing loudly*) Bay Rum too!

BETTY. You'd better have brushed up on your history instead of your hair!

DORIS. I wonder if she'll tell us her beauty secrets!

TED. The picture in my history looks as if being an Empress was her biggest beauty secret.

BETTY. Aren't you mean?

DORIS. My aunt saw one of her dresses in a museum—you know, when she was abroad.

BETTY. (*Eagerly*) Oh, how was it made?

DORIS. Very full, and stiff enough to stand alone—

JACK. (*Interrupting*) Hey! Cut out the fashions!

TED. What do *you* know about Catherine the Great?

JACK. She was the queen that Elizabeth Bergner made famous.

BETTY. Anyway her husband was mad!

DORIS. And his name was Peter!

TED. (*Sarcastically*) It's a wonder you bright movie fans wouldn't think it was Doug Junior! You'd all pass in Hollywood History anyhow!

DORIS. I read that the night before her wedding she wrote in her diary, "Ambition alone sustains me."

JACK. No wonder, with a husband who spent his time playing with tin soldiers!

DORIS. (*Sighing*) It must have been awful being historical!

TED. Silly! They weren't historical in their day! Catherine was just like any girl!

JACK. Then people's idea of good looks must have changed in the last 200 years.

TED. It wasn't her feminine appeal that made her popular—it was her mind!

JACK. Oh yeah?

DORIS. Anyway she had a lot of suitors after Peter died!

BETTY. Wasn't she a little—I mean didn't *people talk*?

TED. (*Scornfully*) You kids make me tired! Looks! Boy friends! They weren't what made Catherine great!

ALL. (*Ad lib*) No? What was? Tell us! etc.

TED. She had a new code of laws drawn up that are modern even today!

BETTY. She *did*?

TED. Yes, and she gave the people more liberty than they'd ever had.

JACK. I bet they'd rather have had bread! People were so poor in Russia in those days, they had a wolf for every door!

ALL. (*Groaning*) Ow! Terrible! Awful!

DORIS. (*Sniffing*) I never did see what men liked about highbrow women!

JACK. Doris is jealous! Never mind, maybe you'll never be called Doris the Great, but you look great to me!

DORIS. Thanks, Jack!

TED. Here we are, folks. Company manners!

(Rap on door)

BETTY. This is our sixth interview with celebrities of the past and I still get the—the *(Hesitates)*

JACK. The whim whams!

DORIS. The molly gubbles! *(Giggles)*

TED. *(Aside)* Hush! Here she comes.

(Door opens)

TED. Good afternoon, Your Majesty! You were expecting us, I believe.

CATHERINE. *(Graciously)* Will you enter?

OTHERS. *(ad lib)* Good afternoon, Your Majesty. We are honored, etc.

(Door closes)

TED. *(Coming up)* We are honored to interview a woman who was as great a ruler as any man in history!

CATHERINE. *(Haughtily)* "As great? I wished to be greater than a man—greater than all men!"

DORIS. *(Aside)* With that figure no wonder they called her the Great!

BETTY. *(Aside)* Shh! *(To Catherine)* My book said, Madame Catherine, that you surpassed men in wisdom and women in charm!

CATHERINE. *(Graciously)* "You admire me because I passed laws with one hand and did needlework with the other?"

DORIS. We're a little bit excited, Your Majesty! It isn't often we meet anyone so simply divine!

CATHERINE. "Why number me among the divinities? Is it so enviable a place where men have put onions, cats, serpents and crocodiles?"

BETTY. *(Aside)* She has both the boys wide-eyed already!

TED. The truth is, Your Majesty, we don't know quite what to talk to you about.

CATHERINE. "I love to hear the truth at all times. You can speak without hesitation, and please have no fear of disagreeing with me!"

ALL. *(Ad lib)* Thanks a lot! Very kind of you, etc.

CATHERINE. *(Laughing)* "I am not like Czar Paul who said, 'There is no important man in Russia except the man to whom I am speaking, and he is only important as long as I am speaking to him!'"

ALL. *(Laughing)* Ha! Ha! That's good! etc.

TED. First of all won't you give us your rules for success, Your Highness?

CATHERINE. "My father presented me with these instructions when I

left home. 'Be gracious to inferiors. Ask no favors. Respect money. Do not interfere in others' affairs. Make no intimate friends!' "

JACK. But how could you rule a country without confidants?

CATHERINE. "I have made war without generals and peace without ministers!"

JACK. (*Aside*) Wow! And history without a press agent!

TED. What are the things a good ruler should know?

CATHERINE. "First, that we are created for our people, not our people for us."

BETTY. That's wonderful, Your Majesty!

CATHERINE. "That many other things besides kings and queens rule over mankind—"

DORIS. What are they?

CATHERINE. "Religion, the climate, maxims, the example of past ages, manners and customs!"

ALL. (*Ad lib*) That's true! That's good etc.

CATHERINE. "For example, Nature and climate domineer over the savages. Manners govern the Chinese, laws tyrannize fiercely over the Japanese, the past ruled Rome and custom governs Europe!"

JACK. (*Aside*) And slogans run America!

TED. But didn't your new laws change your people's lives?

CATHERINE. "Laws come from legislators, but customs from the whole people. If changes are necessary it is bad policy to alter by law what ought to be changed by custom."

DORIS. How do you change people's habits, Your Majesty? I know a boy that's awfully untidy!

JACK. (*Retaliating*) And I know a girl that giggles!

CATHERINE. "One means of altering custom is by example."

DORIS. Ha!

BETTY. What's another way of changing people's habits, Your Majesty?

CATHERINE. "The more a people have free discussion with one another the more easy it is for them to introduce change."

TED. I thought most kings and queens were afraid of free speech!

CATHERINE. "A man once dreamed that he had killed a king and when he told his dream the king had him put to death."

DORIS. I don't like people who tell their dreams either!

CATHERINE. "He declared that the man would not have dreamed it by night if he had not meditated on it by day."

TED. Do you think that was right?

CATHERINE. "That was tyranny! Words are never a crime unless they incite a crime."

DORIS. But what's the use of speaking your mind if there's nothing in it.

CATHERINE. "Ah! Most men let themselves be guided by prejudice and false understanding. And that is why abuses creep into whatever passes through the hands of men!"

BETTY. Shh! Your Majesty! (*Whispering*) You're on the air! A million men are probably listening to your poor opinion of them!

CATHERINE. "Eavesdroppers need not expect to hear compliments!"

ALL. (*Laugh*)

TED. The other celebrities of the past told us the same thing, Your Majesty! That people won't get a better government till they take a real interest in it themselves.

CATHERINE. "The case of asserting and the incapacity for examining into an affair make men affirm the most absurd ideas!"

TED. You're right! People believe what they want to hear!

CATHERINE. "Those counterfeit saints who pretend to inspiration should be punished only by ridicule!"

ALL. (*Ad lib*) There's an idea! Swell!

CATHERINE. "Ridicule might abase their pride and scatter whatever admiration of their false doctrines nestles in the weak minds of the populace!"

JACK. Democracy will never be in danger in this country as long as we keep our American sense of humor!

TED. Didn't you find, Your Majesty, that most people hate to think?

CATHERINE. (*Laughs in agreement*) "I said to my Senate 'I summon you to examine the laws of your country and you spend your time gossiping about me!'"

DORIS. (*Aside*) I'd've just loved to have heard what they said.

JACK. (*Aside*) I know. You'd like to have been a little mouse in the wallovich!

TED. What did you do in your day, Your Majesty, when you had hard times?

CATHERINE. "Economic books rained upon me, but I threw them into the fire! I eat, and always shall eat my bread without them, the brawlers!"

TED. But how did you cure things without a knowledge of economics?

CATHERINE. "Perhaps the best cure is that of the Prince de Ligne. I said to him 'Prince, I understand that you were ill? Has the doctor cured you?'"

BETTY. (*Aside*) I love it when they tell stories!

CATHERINE. "'No, Madame,' said he, 'I treated myself after a fashion of my own. I applied leeches to Corbetzel, and gave Segur a black draught and now I am myself again!'"

ALL. (*Laugh. Ad lib*) Good! etc.

TED. Did you believe in giving money or jobs to people that were unemployed?

CATHERINE. "Not money. Those to whom we give nothing, demand nothing. But those to whom we give but a trifle desire that increased and afterward are hardly able to be satisfied."

JACK. You're right, Your Majesty. People get the gimmies awfully quick!

CATHERINE. "There was not in my empire a single peasant who could not put his fowl in the pot when he liked, but as time passed they preferred turkey to fowl."

ALL. (*Laugh*)

TED. But without charity how are you going to keep people fed?

CATHERINE. "There follows the necessity of employing all the people usefully, of encouraging and assisting industries."

DORIS. Why, I think you had a wonderful idea for curing your depressions, Your Majesty—just give everybody a job!

JACK. (*Aside*) You're so bright, Doris! Your parents must be proud of you!

BETTY. (*Giggling*) The trouble with me is—everybody's ideas sound all right!

CATHERINE. (*Laughing*) "You are like my Prime Minister who had no ideas of his own. He tricked himself out superbly in other people's fine feathers and had a father's heart for the brain child begotten by another."

ALL. (*Laugh. Ad Lib*) That's pretty good! etc.

TED. What did you do about crime in your day, Your Majesty?

CATHERINE. (*Smugly*) "Would you prevent crime? Order it so that the light of knowledge is diffused among the people!"

DORIS. It must be awfully hard to educate people in Russia, because they'd have to learn to read Russian, wouldn't they?

JACK. Yes. They learn it steppe by steppe! . . . You know—you've heard of the steppes of Russia?

OTHERS. (*Groan*) Ow! What a pun! etc.

CATHERINE. "Education is the fundamental institution that trains us up to be citizens!"

JACK. (*Aside*) I had to write something like that a hundred times on the blackboard once!

CATHERINE. "What a resource against human calamities is a mind well stored! Yet if my marriage had been happy I might well have been like the women of India who deem it a scandal to know how to read!"

DORIS. (*Excitedly*) Then if you hadn't been unhappy you might never have been The Great!

CATHERINE. "Eighteen years of loneliness led me to read many books. Voltaire formed my mind. I sent for him to come to Russia."

BETTY. Did he come?

CATHERINE. "Humph! He wrote me 'When you have raised the temperature of your country from thirty above zero to sixty I will live there. But my ideas freeze at thirty!'"

ALL. (*Laugh*)

TED. Did your scholar friends give you practical advice, Your Majesty?

CATHERINE. (*Laughing*) "Philosophers are queer creatures! They seem to have been sent into the world to unsettle things which people were as convinced of as that two and two make four."

JACK. We Americans want two and two to make ten!

CATHERINE. "I told Diderot, 'You philosophers write on patient paper. I, poor empress, am forced to write on the ticklish skins of human beings!'"

TED. Won't you tell us about your laws, Empress?

CATHERINE. "I spent two years writing them. When I showed them to a statesman he exclaimed, 'Madame, these are principles to overthrow walls!'"

ALL. (*Ad Lib*) Splendid! Fine! Good for you!

CATHERINE. "I did my duty only. It was my part in the play—there was no other rôle for me."

BETTY. I bet your people were crazy about you, Your Majesty!

CATHERINE. "A soldier said to me, 'Little Mother, I wish that I might die for you—not just once, but all the time!'"

JACK. You believed in war, didn't you, Your Majesty?

CATHERINE. "I hated violence. They called me the 'Empress of Peace.' Yet if you want to eat your honey you must kill the bees who would rob you."

TED. What is the best kind of preparedness?

CATHERINE. "Three things are necessary to wage war. . . . Money . . . money . . . money!"

DORIS. (*Pouting*) I think it's mean of you boys to keep a famous beauty talking about war and laws when we girls want to hear about love.

CATHERINE. "I never counted myself as very beautiful—but I pleased and therein lay my power."

TED. I should've thought your sad experience with marriage would've made you dislike men, Your Majesty?

CATHERINE. (*Dryly*) "I knew how to forget when needs be!"

JACK. (*Aside*) I hope you girls heard that! You and elephants never forget!

DORIS. (*Aside*) Pooh!

BETTY. What makes marriages unhappy, Your Highness?

CATHERINE. "I am one of those women who always believe it is the husband's fault if he is not loved."

BETTY. Benjamin Franklin told us the wife was always right.

DORIS. Oh, please tell us what kind of a man makes the best husband?

CATHERINE. "He must show as much of friendship as of love, and above all he must tell the truth."

BETTY. Shouldn't he say pretty things too?

CATHERINE. "A flatterer is a boiler that is always boiling—and cooks nothing."

ALL. (*Laugh*)

TED. Now tell us what kind of women men like, Your Majesty.

CATHERINE. "Racine's women, browbeaten, sanctimonious and always ready to swoon on the least provocation made me grind my teeth! Their snivellings and whimperings put on for show leave me absolutely cold."

DORIS. I can't imagine Your Majesty whimpering for any reason!

CATHERINE. "Tears are a form of repentance. Not to do anything again is the best repentance."

TED. I don't wonder Your Majesty had lots of admirers! Men like women with spirit!

CATHERINE. "I was never more myself than in moments of danger. If I had been a man I would have risked everything for glory and had my head knocked off in my first campaign!"

BETTY. Girl's don't have any chance to show courage nowadays!

CATHERINE. "There are many kinds of courage. Nobody would hear of inoculation. They thought it witchcraft."

ALL. (*Amazed*) They did! How strange! etc.

CATHERINE. "I sent for an English doctor. 'My life belongs to me,' I told him. 'I have great pleasure entrusting it to you to establish the reputation of vaccination!'"

JACK. That was great!

DORIS. What should we girls do to be popular, Your Majesty?

CATHERINE. "Be gay, Madame! Only so can life be endured!"

BETTY. But how can we keep from being jealous?

CATHERINE. "In order not to be jealous there is only one means—not to fall in love at all!"

DORIS. Ought a girl to accept the first nice boy who proposes or wait?

CATHERINE. (*Laughing*) "Well, one thing you have is worth two you *may* have!"

TED. Our time is almost up, Your Majesty. Before we go won't you tell us which of all the nice things said about you, you liked best?

BETTY. Was it that ambassador who said, "All who love letters are your subjects?"

CATHERINE. "No, I liked to be complimented as a woman. I loved best the compliment given me by a Frenchman—"

DORIS. What was it?

CATHERINE. "She is a charming woman who ought to live in Paris!" "

ALL. (*Ad Lib*) Oh! I see, etc.

TED. It's been wonderful talking to Your Majesty.

BETTY. Oh thank you, dear Empress Catherine!

JACK. Good bye, Your Majesty!

DORIS. There's just one thing more I'd like to ask. . . .

CATHERINE. "And that is—?"

DORIS. Now that you've talked with us four what amazes you most about the Present, Madame Catherine?

CATHERINE. (*Slowly*) "Not the fruits of progress in science, in the arts, even in nature. The surprising thing is that only mankind remains unchanged!"

(*Music: Theme up then fade behind*)

ANNOUNCER. You have been listening to "Interviews With the Past." Every word spoken by Catherine the Great was a direct quotation from her own lips. Perhaps you feel inspired to read more about our guest celebrity today and her strange and colorful life. The American Library Association has prepared a list of important books about Catherine the Great which we shall be glad to send you free upon request. Many of these books can be found in your local library. Write to and the list will be sent you at once. And listen in next week at this same time when these young people will interview another celebrity of days gone by.

This is station

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE PRODUCTION OF "INTERVIEWS WITH THE PAST" No. 6

Catherine the Great

The character of Catherine the Great will be difficult to cast because it requires delicate handling of dialect as well as difficult characterization. Historically Catherine was of German origin and came to Russia after she had matured. In learning the Russian language, she carried into her speech certain German speech characteristics so that when speaking English her dialect was neither pure Russian nor German but a sort of hybrid dialect—more Russian, however, than German.

On the matter of dialects generally, one method of observing and learning the manner in which a foreigner speaks the English language is to visit a restaurant operated by a foreigner. Do not hesitate to explain to the waiter, waitress or proprietor your particular problem and request

the person to read specific speeches from a script to observe the diction, rhythm, intonation, and inflection of his or her speech.

Catherine, in addition to having a Russian-German accent, should have a rather deep commanding voice and should speak slowly and deliberately. A study of the script will reveal much more about her character so that the actress playing the part may be able to interpret the character with deeper understanding.

GOOD READING ON CATHERINE THE GREAT

(1729-1796)

ANTHONY, KATHARINE SUSAN. *Catherine the Great*.

Published by A. A. Knopf. New York. 1925.

(A brilliant psychological study of the Russian queen, dramatically told.)

CATHERINE II, EMPRESS OF RUSSIA. *Memoirs of Catherine the Great*.

Published by A. A. Knopf. New York and London. 1927.

(Selections from the famous queen's autobiographical writings, kept secret for more than 100 years after her death. Translated by Katherine Anthony.)

COLOVINA, VARVARA N. *Memoirs of Countess Golovina*.

Published by D. Nutt, London. 1910.

(The memoirs of a lady at the court of Catherine II, translated from the French by G. M. Fox-Davies.)

GRIBBLE, FRANCIS HENRY. *The Comedy of Catherine the Great*.

Published by E. P. Dutton Co. New York. 1932.

(A human book, wittily written, of the Russian queen and her succession of favorites.)

HOETZSCH, OTTO. "Catherine II."

Included in *Cambridge Modern History*, vol. VI, pp. 657-701.

Published by Macmillan Co. New York. 1934.

(A good historical account of the life and reign of Catherine II.)

KAUS, FRAU GINA. *Catherine: The Portrait of an Empress*.

Published by Viking Press. New York. 1935.

(A full-length, sensitive portrait of the queen.)

MOLLOY, FITZGERALD. *Russian Court in the Eighteenth Century*.

Published by Chas. Scribner's Sons. New York. 1905.

(The Russian present is viewed through the schemes, plots and crimes of Catherine I, Peter II, Elizabeth, Peter III, Catherine II and Paul.)

POWYS, L. "Great Catherine."

Published in the *Mentor*. Crowell Publishing Co. Springfield, Ohio.

October, 1928. Pp. 1-13.

(A psychological study of Catherine the Great.)

SERGEANT, PHILIP W. *The Courtships of Catherine the Great.*

Published by T. W. Laurie. London. 1905.

(An entertaining account of Catherine's love affairs.)

WALISZEWSKI, K. *Romance of an Empress.*

Published in New York. 1900.

(A popular account of the life of Catherine of Russia, of her loves and intrigues.)

THE SAFETY MUSKETEERS

DRAMATIZED INFORMATION

A hybrid may have any purpose. The ulterior, or indirect, purpose here is persuasive (See Introduction). Permission for publication kindly granted by Educational Radio Project, Department of the Interior by Mildred Higgins.

THE SAFETY MUSKETEERS

No. 8—*Watch Those Knives! (Safety on the Farm)*

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

Office of Education, Washington

EDUCATIONAL RADIO SCRIPT EXCHANGE

15 MINUTE SCRIPT

(This program is a product of the United States Department of the Interior, Office of Education, Washington, D.C. The script remains the property of the Government, and must not be sponsored commercially.)

CAST

FARMER. 40 years. Rustic type, hearty

CAPTAIN JIM. 35 years. Firm, straight-spoken, yet with enthusiasm

PAUL. 15 years. Voice bright, authoritative and manly

ULYSSES. 15 years. Negro—very wheezing drawl, slowly spoken

JOSHUA. 9 years. Eager, dreamy

See Last Page for Production Notes

(*Siren cold—up and fade down on cue*)

ANNOUNCER. Accidents are America's Public Enemy Number One!

(*Auto engine ambulance bells*)

ANNOUNCER. On the highway—in the home—in the factory and on the farm! The law of averages works mercilessly. *You may be next!*

(Music: Theme safety musketeers)

(Rap rap rap of gavel)

ANNCR. This week the Safety Musketeers are camping in the country with Captain Jim. On a nearby farm is farmer Briggs in the hay field busily moving—listen. . . .

(Horses running and snorting and machinery going—stops)

FARMER. Git up there, Nancy—git up!

(Horses snorting and start moving—machinery starts)

FARMER. Come on—get up there.

(Hold whirring of machinery and moving of horses)

JOSHUA. *(Distance)* Oh, Paw-paaw!

FARMER. Hello, son!—Git up—git up. Yeah—what is it, Joshua?

(Horses snorting)

FARMER. Lookout, Joshua, get away from that mower. Whoa—Whoa!

(Horses snorting and machinery stops)

JOSHUA. It's alright, Paw.

FARMER. Joshua—get out of here! Do you want to be chewed up by that mower?

(Barking)

JOSHUA. Com'ere boys—here! Shucks, paw—he's only foolin' round!

FARMER. Foolin' nothing! These mower knives don't fool if you get too close. Go on now, son—run along. I've got lots of alfalfa cuttin' here to finish 'fore sundown. Git up there. *(Clucking tongue)* Git up!

(Horses snorting and start moving machinery going sustain)

JOSHUA. *(Off)* Hey, Paw?

FARMER. Git up there—drat that Nancy! *(To son)* What is it now?

JOSHUA. Aw-er lemme drive the mower, willya Paw?

FARMER. No! Git up there, git up.

JOSHUA. Aw, please Paw, I can drive it. I'll show you.

FARMER. No! I've told you before—it's too risky for you to be playing around with. Why—Nancy here isn't half-broken yet. First thing you'd know, she'd heave you right smack on those knives.

JOSHUA. Aw, Paw. *(Coaxing)* Lemme show yer, huh?

FARMER. Nothing doing. Go on—run along home to your Maw, son.

JOSHUA. Aw, I wanna to drive the mower.

ALL. *(Ad lib greeting from distance)*

JOSHUA. Oh, look—Paw—there's Captain Jim and the boys coming now. *(Calling)* Hello!

FARMER. Whoaa—whoaa there, Nancy—whoa up.

(Horses snorting and stop machinery)

ALL. *(Exchange ad lib greeting)*

JIM. Hello, Mr. Briggs.

FARMER. 'Lo there—Captain Jim! Looking for me?

JIM. Yes. Good morning.

FARMER. (*Chuckle*) Well—I've got just the campin' grounds you folks are looking for—right up yonder.

ALL. Hot dog! Hear that, fellows? Gee that's great.

JIM. Great Scott! Now how'd you guess what I wanted to see you about?

FARMER. (*Laughing*) I didn't have to guess much. It's this young rascal of mine. He's got a way of getting his nose into things.

JOSHUA. Aw, I didn't say so much.

(*General laughs*)

JIM. Well—Mr. Briggs—that's fine. We certainly—

FARMER. Now—don't say a word. You know, I haven't forgotten the help you and your Safety Musketeers gave me pullin' Joshua here out of that old shed wreck the other day.

(*Horses snorting*)

FARMER. Whoa—there. Sufferin' catfish! Sure was right foolish keepin' that old shed standing round so long.

JOSHUA. It was my fault anyhow, Paw—I pulled her down.

FARMER. Yeah—and mighty lucky, son. Why you might've gotten killed.

(*Horses neighing*)

FARMER. Come on along, Captain Jim—I'll show you where to pitch your tents.

JIM. Fine.

PAUL. Oh—er—Captain Jim—can we go along, too?

JIM. No, Paul, just stand by for a few minutes—(*Going*) We'll be right back.

PAUL. Okay.

FARMER. (*Going*) Come on—it's just up behind those elms a bit.

(*Horses neighing*)

PAUL. Say—your dad's swell, Joshua.

JOSHUA. You bet! Where's Jane, Paul?

PAUL. Over at your house.

JOSHUA. What's she doing over there?

PAUL. Helping your mother make apple pie.

ULYSSES. Mmmmm—dat's right. And boy do ah lak apple pie? Yas-sah! Come on—let's run back and git some.

(*Horses snorting violently*)

PAUL. Lookout for that horse!

JOSHUA. She's alright. Whoa. . . See she's quiet already.

PAUL. What's the matter with her?

JOSHUA. Horse flies. They bite like tarnation.

ULYSSES. (*Striking leg*) Ouch. Yeah—dey sho got big teeth. Say

boss—you got plenty hay-grass on dis field. No wonder dem horses ain't actin' jest right.

JOSHUA. Aw—that's not grass—that's alfalfa.

ULYSSES. Alfalfa?

JOSHUA. Yop—can't you tell?

PAUL. Gosh, I didn't know that.

JOSHUA. Listen—do you fellows know that the best time to cut this hay is before it dries?

PAUL. Is that so? Why?

JOSHUA. Well, 'cause you get more that way. And do you want to know something else?

ULYSSES. Yeah—whutz dat, boss?

JOSHUA. If you cut hay when it's too green—and store it away—it can rot and start a big fire.

ULYSSES. Is dat de troof, boss?

JOSHUA. Yop—no foolin'!

PAUL. But how does green hay start a fire? Is it spontaneous combustion?

ULYSSES. Spont-an-who-who's dat?

PAUL. Spontaneous combustion. You know, starts fire by itself.

JOSHUA. Don't know 'bout that, Paul. But it can ketch fire—cause we had one last year started just like that.

PAUL. Gosh, you're a real farmer, Joshua.

JOSHUA. Aw—that's nothing. Say, I can even handle this mower!

PAUL. You can?

JOSHUA. Wanna see me?

PAUL. Don't know. That looks kind of dangerous.

ULYSSES. Yeah—especially dem things on de ground. Look here boss, what's dem?

JOSHUA. They're hay-cutting knives.

ULYSSES. Knives?

JOSHUA. Yeah—see—when the horses move—that mower cuts down everything before it. Watch!

PAUL. What're you doing?

JOSHUA. I'm going to show you how it works.

PAUL. You'll get hurt.

JOSHUA. Git up there—git up.

(Horses snorting and machinery moving)

JOSHUA. *(Moving)* See—it's easy.

PAUL. Sure—but stop it, will you?

(Horses snorting and still running)

PAUL. What's the matter? Can't you stop them?

ULYSSES. Can't you stop them?

JOSHUA. (*Puffing*) Yeah—whoa—whoa there—whoa!

(*Horses and machinery slowing down*)

JOSHUA. There—see—they've stopped. Whew!

PAUL. (*Whistle of relief*) Boy—that was close.

ULYSSES. Umgh—umgh.

JOSHUA. Aw—I knew I could handle them, and Paw said I couldn't.

PAUL. Well—I guess your dad knows best.

ULYSSES. Dat's right, boss—don' go messin' round wid dat—it sho looks lak ready trouble to me.

JOSHUA. Shucks. There's nothing to it. It's easy as pie. Ooh—I'll tell you what we'll all do.

PAUL. What?

JOSHUA. You fellows stand on the axles. We'll go riding.

PAUL. No, sir!

ULYSSES. Ride on dis fancy razor blade? Nossuh, boss—not fo' me.

JOSHUA. Aw—come on—it'll be fun.

ULYSSES. Nossuh, you better git yo'self another hoss and buggy, boss—cause dis one sho nuf ain't for you.

JOSHUA. Well, I don't care. If you won't go I'm going to ride it alone.

PAUL. You will?

JOSHUA. Yop.

ULYSSES. Better not do dat, boss. Yo' pappy's comin' right back.

JOSHUA. You—you wouldn't snitch on me—would you?

PAUL. Of course not—but if he finds you—he'll be mad as blazes.

JOSHUA. Aw—I don't care. He won't do anything. Git up there—git up.

(*Snorting of horses*)

JOSHUA. Git up—come on—git up there.

(*Horses moving and machinery going*)

PAUL. Hold on, Joshua!

ULYSSES. Wait fo' us.

(*Whirring of machines and horses going*)

JOSHUA. Git up—git up—How do you like this fellows?

PAUL. Go slow—we can't keep up with you.

ULYSSES. Yeah—go easy boss. . . . Ahm dead tired.

JOSHUA. Alright—I'll slow 'em down. Whoa—whoa!

(*Horses snorting and running hard*)

JOSHUA. Whoa—whoa.

PAUL. (*Off*) Wait for us—stop.

JOSHUA. (*Puffing*) I can't—they're pulling too hard. Whoa—whoa!

(*Whirring of machinery and horses up hard*)

ULYSSES. Man—lookit him go!

PAUL. Come on—hurry! We've got to stop him.

ULYSSES. Heah ah come, Paul. Ahm comin'.

(*Horses slowing up and snorting*)

JOSHUA. Whoa—whoa—whoa—whew!

PAUL. Joshua—you got them?

JOSHUA. Yeah. I got 'em. Crickets—that Nancy sure has a hard mouth.

(*Bumping of cutter on ground*)

JOSHUA. Whoa—whoa up there. Whoa!

(*Horses neighing and stopping*)

PAUL. What's happened? What's that bumping for?

JOSHUA. It's the knives. They're clogged with hay.

ULYSSES. Whut you goin' to do now, boss?

JOSHUA. Clean 'em. I can't leave 'em like that.

PAUL. You are?

JOSHUA. There's nothing to it. Just pitch this cutter up and take the hay out. I've seen dad do it lots of times.

(*Horses snorting and dog barking*)

PAUL. Wait! You can't do that, Joshua.

JOSHUA. Huh, why not?

PAUL. Didn't you say that if those horses got moving—those knives'll start cutting.

JOSHUA. Gee, I almost forgot. We've got to hold the horses. Grab one, will you, Ulysses?

ULYSSES. Not me, boss—ah ain't goin' hold dem hosses.

JOSHUA. Oh—go on—You hold May and Paul'll hold Nancy.

PAUL. We'd better not. We're not used to horses. Wait until your dad gets back.

JOSHUA. Oh, come on, Paul—I can fix it. Just hold him for a second, huh?

PAUL. I don't know.

JOSHUA. Oh—aw-right. If you won't—(*Going*) then I'll fix it myself.

PAUL. Wait! Aw-right—come on, Ulysses—I guess we haven't got much choice here.

(*Horse snorting*)

PAUL. Whoa—whoa—you grab this one. Easy now—don't scare him.

ULYSSES. Me scare him? Not me.

(*Horse snorting*)

ULYSSES. (*Fearfully*) Mah knees sho is rattling lak dey wuz fixin' to go places.

JOSHUA. Aw—it'll only take a jiffy. Hold 'em, now. I'm going to fix it.

PAUL. Careful.

JOSHUA. Yeah. (*Working*) Ow!

PAUL. Who-whoa back there—back.

ULYSSES. Back up—back up there!
JOSHUA. (*Yell of pain*) Hold it!
ULYSSES. Whoa—whoa—back!
PAUL. What's the matter?
ULYSSES. What's happened?
JOSHUA. (*Panting with pain*) Hold the horses—my foot's caught.
(*Horses snorting sustain*)
PAUL. Hurry!—get out—can't hold them!
ULYSSES. Back up there—back.
PAUL. Are you out?
JOSHUA. (*Groan*) No! I can't get loose. Move the horses back.
(*Horses snorting*)
PAUL. We can't. (*Puffing*) Cut the shoe!
JOSHUA. (*Groan*) I can't (*groan*) It's no use.
ULYSSES. Paul, I can't hold him back. (*Puffing*)
PAUL. Here comes Captain Jim. Hello-o-o—Whoa—now—whoa!
JIM. (*Distance*) Hello!
FARMER. (*Off*) What's the matter?
JOSHUA. (*Groan*) My foot's caught. Help!
PAUL. Hurry, Captain Jim—We can't hold the horses. (*Groan*)
JIM. (*Off*) Coming.
FARMER. (*Off*) Hold 'em—we're coming!
(*Horse snorting*)
FARMER. Here—give me those horses. Back up there—back up.
JIM. Back 'em up—git 'em back.
FARMER. Whoa—back up there.
JOSHUA. Help me! (*Groan*)
JIM. Here—give me that foot. (*Calling*) Back 'em back!
FARMER. Back up there Nancy—back!
(*Horses snorting*)
JIM. Okay—he's out.
FARMER. (*Up*) Son—are you hurt?
JOSHUA. (*Groaning*)
JIM. Here—let me get that shoe off. (*Taking shoe off*)
JOSHUA. (*Groaning*)
JIM. There—it's off—quick—let's have a look at this foot.
JIM. Ulysses.
ULYSSES. Yeah, Cap'n Jim?
JIM. Run back to the tent and get the first aid kit—hurry.
ULYSSES. Yassah, Cap'n Jim. (*Going*) Ahm going right now.
FARMER. Sufferin' catfish! Does it look bad?
JIM. No. Lucky thing he had that shoe on. It sure saved him.

FARMER. Saved him—Good Lord—those knives would have cut through that shoe like butter.

JOSHUA. (*Sobbing*) I'm sorry, dad. I didn't mean to do it.

PAUL. Think he'll be alright, Captain Jim?

JIM. (*Laugh*) Oh, yes—he'll be alright now. He'll just have to stay off that foot for a while. But we'll fix it up.

FARMER. Whew! As for you young feller, I've a good mind to give you a real tannin'—just to teach you a lesson.

JOSHUA. (*Sobbing*) Aw—Paw I only wanted to have some fun.

FARMER. Fun! Why—why you might have lost your foot.

JOSHUA. (*Sobbing loudly*) I know it.

FARMER. (*Softening*) Oh aw-right, son—don't cry. I'm not mad—only kinda worried cause somethin' might have happened 'count of this foolin' round, that's all.

JIM. Your dad's right, Joshua—you can't fool around with dangerous tools like this mower. He'll teach you how to run it one of these days.

JOSHUA. You will, Paw?

FARMER. Sure, son, sure. When you get a little older.

JIM. But right now you have got to leave this to the folks who know the safe way to handle it—because this mower is a dangerous thing if it's loose in the hands of the man who doesn't know how.

ULYSSES. (*Coming up*) Cap'n Jim—Cap'n Jim—(*Up*) Here's de first aid kit.

JIM. That's the stuff. Here—get that stocking off, Joshua—I'll have that foot fixed for you in a jiffy. (*Fade*)

(*Rap-Rap-Rap of Gavel*)

ANNCR. And now stand by Young America—here is a direct message to you from the American Red Cross. Mr. John Melpolder, Consultant on Home and Farm Accident Prevention. It Reads as Follows: . . .

"In view of America's shameful accident record, the American Red Cross has joined the frontal attack on accident by intensively fostering accident prevention in the home and on the farm and establishing emergency first-aid stations on the highways. Ninety per cent of accidents to children result from the carelessness of grown people. Yet parents are eager to do all they can to guard their safety. There is no law that can create safe homes and farms. A man's home is his castle; his farm his domain. He should always search for and reduce existing hazards. Infants, children, and adults, including the aged, are safeguarded by his alertness and precautionary measures. As long as accident hazards are ignored, unnecessary crippling and killing will continue. Don't make the farm a set of traps to kill and cripple children. Don't put off tearing down or restoring any decrepit structures on your premises. Your

child may be crushed by the debris when tottery beams yield to the law of gravity.

Look to all the farm buildings. Falling barn doors have caused serious injuries to many. In Spartanburg, South Carolina, last March, only a ten-inch iron pin, which happened to be driven into the ground nearby prevented a double-planked barn door from crushing a 10-year old boy to death. As it was, the child suffered a broken leg. That door need not have fallen.

A storm comes up suddenly. Any old shed may seem a place of refuge. But is it? The wind may blow it in on you or anyone who steps inside. Ruins of wooden or tile silos may topple any time. Even one brick falling from an old chimney may kill a child.

Then, too, consider the fire hazard from warped old wooden structures. In dry weather, especially, what fine tinder they make! The flames may readily leap to granaries and barns filled with the season's harvest.

Again in October, many of the 3,700 chapters of the American Red Cross will distribute through the schools, millions of inspection blanks to aid parents in self-checking common hazards in their homes and on their farms, with a view to their removal. Children will be instructed by their teachers as to how they may help and how they may play a large part in accident prevention. Every parent will wish to cooperate with his children. Every boy and girl should get in this national safety drive with the Safety Musketeers—and the aim is to make the home what it should be—The Safest Place on Earth. Let's prove that Farm Casualties Can Be Reduced. Thank you."

(Applause)

Music: (Theme "Safety Musketeers" closing—then hold hum low for)

ANNOUNCER. You've just heard the Safety Musketeers—brought to you by the (group) of the (school, college, camp). If you believe in safety education—won't you drop us a postcard—or a letter—and don't forget, the Safety Musketeers comes to you next week—same time—same station.

This is station

PRODUCTION NOTES

How to produce the sound effects:

Horses snorting: Use several boys. Pursing the lips and blowing will give this effect.

Horses running: Two people using empty cocoanut shells cut in half—or tea cups—hit in a box of earth will be satisfactory. The rate of running speed can be varied as needed. To get the effect of horses trotting on solid earth or sod play cocoanut shells on chest close to "mike."

Whirring of mower: Use a recorded sound effect—if this is obtainable. An electric fan propelled slowly while hitting paper may work. Some experimenting will soon get the desired effect.

Horses neighing: This, too, can be easily imitated.

AMERICAN YESTERDAYS

DRAMATIZED INFORMATION

The following script is a unit-in-series hybrid. Historical dramatization seems to lend itself very easily to radio needs and is possibly the most frequent instructional hybrid. Permission for publication kindly granted by Educational Radio Script Exchange by Mildred Higgins.

AMERICAN YESTERDAYS

Historical Radio Series

No. 1—"George Washington, the Farmer"

Educational Radio Script Exchange, Office of Education,
Department of the Interior

Edited for the Educational Radio Script Exchange by
Mrs. Dorothy Calhoun
(15 Minute Script)

This series prepared and featured by the Pittsburgh High Schools over Station WWSW. Made available for use by educational and other non-commercial organizations through the co-operation of the Pittsburgh Public Schools and the Office of Education. This script remains the property of the Office of Education and must not be sponsored commercially.

CAST

George Washington	Young officers (3)
Martha Washington	Cornelia, servant
Nellie Custis	Callie May, servant's child
Sir Humphrey Knight, overseer of Mount Vernon	Joe, valet
Dr. Laurie, estate physician	Mrs. Forbes, housekeeper
Lund, an overseer	Mose and Joe, colored servants

(Music: Fanfare)

ANNOUNCER. American Yesterdays!

(Music: Theme up few bars; then fade behind)

ANNOUNCER. Measured in the annals of time, what we call history is only a record of what happened yesterday. Viewed in that light, such stirring events as Paul Revere's Ride, Washington Crossing the Delaware, and Lincoln Freeing the Slaves, are but yesterdays in our Country's life. These men were *our* forefathers . . . let us know them better!

Today the (group) of the (school, college, camp) presents the first of a new series of historical radio dramas—"American Yesterdays." "George Washington, the Farmer." We all know the story of George Washington, the General, and George Washington, the First President of the United States. But few know the intensely human story of George Washington, the Farmer, who rode his fields at Mount Vernon, supervised the tilling of his soil and discussed crops with his neighbors. Today the (players) take us to Mount Vernon, in the year 1758. In the living room of one of the farms on the estate the overseer, Sir Humphrey Knight, is working on his accounts while the pickaninnies roll on the floor about his feet . . . (*Fade*)

(*Music: Up for a moment . . . then fade behind and out*)

CALLIE MAY. (*Crooning*) Go to sleep mah honey

Don you cry no mo. . . .

CORNELIA. Callie May—git yosef out ob dar quicker'n yo can say Jack Robinson. Marsr George is comin' home soon. He don' want no no-account chile mussin' up his room wid her rag babies.

CALLIE MAY. Marsr George he always gib Callie May a dime! (*Sings*)
A dime! A dime!

HUMPHREY. (*Coming up*) Wait a minute, Callie May. Maybe you'd better run down to the stables and ask old Uncle Pete if the stalls are ready for the horses.

CALLIE MAY. Yes sa, Yes sa! (*Going*)

CORNELIA. How long you reckon de young marsr stay home now, Mars Humphrey?

HUMPHREY. No telling, Cornelia. This French-Indian War has kept him away a long time! Is the table laid in the big dining room?

CORNELIA. Yes, sir. De chicken's on the spit and de pone's in de oven. I 'clares-to-goodness I think I hears him comin' now.

(*Noise and confusion outside*)

HUMPHREY. Yes; here he is—and some officers with him.

WASHINGTON. (*Entering*) Well, well—it certainly is good to be home again. How has everything been going, Humphrey?

HUMPHREY. Very well, sir—but there are many things we must discuss tomorrow.

WASHINGTON. Why wait until tomorrow? Here you, Joe, run to the stable and help Pete feed and bed the horses.

JOE. All right, Mars George. (*Going*)

1ST OFFICER. (*Sniffing*) Mmm—I smell something good.

2D OFFICER. (*Sniffing*) Chicken—as I'm a sinner.

WASHINGTON. Here, Cornelia, see that my guests are shown to their rooms.

CORNELIA. Yassir, Masr George. This way, Gemmun! (*Going*)
(*Door opens*)

1ST OFFICER. Come on, Lee. (*Going*)

2D OFFICER. Lead the way, Cornelia.

3D OFFICER. I know what I'll do tonight. I'll sleep in a good bed.
(*Going*)

(*Door closes*)

WASHINGTON. War is certainly a profitless business, Humphrey! This Braddock campaign against Fort Duquesne has kept many a man from his farm.

HUMPHREY. I've done the best I could alone.

WASHINGTON. I'm sure of that. And I hope things have been faring well during my absence.

HUMPHREY. Well, sir—the tobacco crop has been particularly good this season.

WASHINGTON. That's good.

HUMPHREY. But with the exception of a few scattered fields the land seems extraordinarily poor.

WASHINGTON. That's bad.

HUMPHREY. There's a new gully washing out in the back field.

WASHINGTON. I noticed that the last time I was at home.

HUMPHREY. As soon as we plow, the next rain wears gullies on the hillsides and slopes.

WASHINGTON. Well, well, this will have to be stopped. Have some of the men go out tomorrow and fill all gullies with tree stumps, stones, bushes, dirt, rails—anything to stop this work of erosion.

HUMPHREY. Very well, sir.

WASHINGTON. What about the animals?

HUMPHREY. The sheep are giving a good yield of wool.

WASHINGTON. That's good.

HUMPHREY. But they're lean and the meat is stringy. And by the last count we have only 65 old sheep and 48 lambs.

WASHINGTON. That's bad.

HUMPHREY. We ought to try some new method of feeding, I think.

WASHINGTON. Well, Humphrey, it looks to me as though we would have our hands full here for the next few years.

HUMPHREY. Do you think the war is over so that you can plan to settle down and be a farmer, Mr. Washington?

WASHINGTON. I should hope so. I'm twenty-six years old. It's high time I began my life's work.

HUMPHREY. Yes, I always said that you were born to be a scientific farmer, sir.

WASHINGTON. These things we must combat by experiment and improved methods at Mount Vernon, Humphrey. Poor soil, inferior animals, erosion and all diseases that effect our plants and animals.

HUMPHREY. Shall we go over the records now, sir?

(Dinner bell rings distant)

WASHINGTON. No, bring your books to my room tonight and we'll make plans for the future; I must get ready for dinner now.

HUMPHREY. Well, sir—here's good luck to Farmer Washington!

WASHINGTON. Thank you, Humphrey, That's the name I would prefer to be called rather than Captain, or even Major!

(Music: Patriotic fanfare)

ANNOUNCER. But Washington's hopes of a peaceful career as a country gentleman were to suffer setbacks. The Revolution kept him from his beloved Mount Vernon for eight years. When it was over the great leader said farewell to his army and retired, as he hoped to end his days in the peaceful life which he had sacrificed so long for his country's sake. We find him sitting at his desk writing a letter while two colored plantation hands mix soil in a box nearby. . . . *(Fade)*

WASHINGTON. There! That letter is finished! I hope it puts a stop to this gossip about the first presidency! I think I deserve a little peace and rest now, don't you, Mose?

MOSE. Oh, yassir, yassir! But ah don' call farmin' prezactly a rest, Massr Washington. No suh!

WASHINGTON. *(Laughing)* It looked restful from Valley Forge! Now let me see what I've written here. *(Reading)* "I am now, I believe, fixed at this lovely seat with my agreeable consort for the rest of my life, and hope to find more happiness in retirement than I ever experienced amidst a wide and bustling world." Here, Joe, see that this letter is sent by the next post. On your way out ask Master Lund to come in.

JOE. Yassir, Marse Washington! *(Going)*

(Door closes)

MOSE. Mars Washington, seems to me like de plants in this here fifth compartment is doin' well, but in number eight and nine they's doin' better yet.

WASHINGTON. Let me see what kind of soil we used in those compartments. *(Reads)* "Number five contained the muck from Muddy Hole Creek."

(Door opens)

LUND. *(Off mike)* Did you send for me, sir?

WASHINGTON. Yes, Lund, we had better plan for the improvement of Muddy Hole Farm. Take a look at this box.

LUND. (*Coming up*) Still experimenting with spoonfuls of soil, sir?

WASHINGTON. See how well those plants have done! They are the ones that were raised in the soil that was mixed with the muck from Muddy Hole Creek. It seems to me if the rain has washed away the fertile top soil it's our business to carry it back again.

LUND. What is your idea, sir?

WASHINGTON. Tell Davy from Muddy Hole Farm to have the men scoop up all the muck they can and spread it over the fields before the next plowing.

LUND. What fertilizers were used in these compartments? They seem to be doing exceptionally well.

WASHINGTON. In number eight we used sheep manure and in number nine black mold from the gully on the hillside.

LUND. I suppose you would like that used some way, too, sir.

WASHINGTON. Yes, on every farm have the overseers send a contingent of men into the woods to scoop up the leaf mold.

LUND. Very well.

WASHINGTON. Another contingent can be sent into the pasture lands to gather up the sheep manure. See that this is scattered over the poorer fields, Lund.

LUND. Have you definitely made up your mind not to plant any more tobacco?

WASHINGTON. Plant fewer and fewer fields in tobacco. It is ruining our land.

LUND. But, sir—there is plenty of land! What if some is spoiled?

WASHINGTON. The general custom has been first to raise a crop of Indian corn which according to the mode of cultivation is a good preparation for wheat; then a crop of wheat; after which the ground is respited for about eighteen months, and so on alternately without any dressing until the land is exhausted. I'm going to change that.

LUND. But Mr. Jefferson is already looking to the great West.

WASHINGTON. I do not believe with Jefferson that we can buy an acre of land cheaper than we can manure an old one. We must think of future generations.

LUND. What shall we plant in the west field where the tobacco field flourished last year?

WASHINGTON. Plant that with Luzerne. It will make good fodder for the cattle.

LUND. By the looks of the corn crop there the last two years it seems as though the smut and rusts will put an end to that crop in the future.

WASHINGTON. Not if we can persuade every farmer to disinfect his

seeds with a solution of alum or brine. I found from my experiments last year that there was a great reduction in the percent of diseased plants after those seeds had been disinfected, and at the same time it greatly improved the soil.

LUND. In Europe the land is so scarce the farmers are more careful, I hear.

WASHINGTON. My countrymen are too much used to corn blades and corn shocks, and have too little knowledge of profit of grass lands.

LUND. Is Mistress Washington any better this morning?

WASHINGTON. I am waiting now for a report from Dr. Laurie.

(Door opens)

MOSE. *(Off)* Here's Dr. Laurie, Mars George. Kin he come in?

WASHINGTON. Send him in, Mose. . . . Good morning, Doctor. How is your patient?

DR. LAURIE. *(Coming up)* Still weak, sir, yet a little improved. You must impress upon her that she is to take no part in the running of the household for some time.

WASHINGTON. That I will surely do. I have already sent for a Mrs. Forbes who, if suitable, will take care of the household.

DOCTOR. Supervising sixteen rooms is too hard work for Mrs. Washington.

WASHINGTON. How is the boy, Christopher, getting along?

DR. LAURIE. Not so well. I have cauterized the wound but it does not look very promising. From all appearances the dog seems to have been mad.

WASHINGTON. We must waste no time. Here, Lund, see that preparations are made at once to send him to the specialist at Lebanon.

LUND. Yes, sir; right away, sir.

WASHINGTON. I see by the records here, Dr. Laurie, that Betty Davis is on the sick list again. What's the matter with her?

DR. LAURIE. The usual thing, sir.

WASHINGTON. If pretended ailments, without apparent causes, or visible effects, will screen her from work, I shall get no work at all from her: for a more lazy, deceitful and impudent huzzy is not to be found in the United States than she is.

DR. LAURIE. What you say is true, sir, but by the way she moans and groans I cannot tell whether she is sick or not.

WASHINGTON. I never found so much difficulty as you seem to apprehend in distinguishing between real and feigned sickness; when a person is much afflicted with pain. Nobody can be very sick without having a fever, nor will a fever or any other disorder continue long upon anyone without reducing them.

DR. LAURIE. That is true!

WASHINGTON. Pain, also, if it be such to yield entirely to its force, week after week, will appear by its effects; but my people (many of them) will lay up a month, at the end of which no visible change in their countenance, nor the loss of an ounce of flesh is discoverable; and their allowance is going on as if nothing ailed them at all.

DR. LAURIE. You would have made a good physician, General Washington.

WASHINGTON. All farmers should know a little in the art of healing. I will look over your reports and give you further instructions in the morning.

CALLIE MAY. (*Calling from away*) Mars George, Mars George, some woman here wants to see you.

WASHINGTON. Who is it, Callie May?

CALLIE MAY. (*Off*) She say she's Mrs. Forbes.

WASHINGTON. Come right in, Mrs. Forbes. Be seated, please.

MRS. FORBES. (*Off mike; approaching*) Thank you, sir.

WASHINGTON. What countrywoman are you, Mrs. Forbes?

MRS. FORBES. English, sir.

WASHINGTON. What is your temper, Madam?

MRS. FORBES. I shouldn't be telling you, sir, but even my husband, sir, always said I had a sweet and even temper.

WASHINGTON. Do you have much knowledge in cookery and understand ordering and setting a table?

MRS. FORBES. Oh, yes, sir—though I do say it myself, sir, I gave great satisfaction to your friend Governor Brooks of Richmond. Although I shouldn't mention it, sir, they were always having company.

WASHINGTON. Well, you will find a great deal of company here, also, Mrs. Forbes. Are you sober or do you like strong drink?

MRS. FORBES. Oh, no, sir. I never care for strong drink, sir. Unless it be a little brandy, sir, when I have a bad cold, or a little wine with an evening meal.

WASHINGTON. Well, my good woman, I find you satisfactory. You will have a good, warm, decent and comfortable room to yourself to lodge in and will eat the same victuals as are served at our table, but not sit at it. Have Caroline show you to your room and you may begin your duties at once. I will depend upon you to see that no slightest responsibility falls upon the shoulders of Mrs. Washington. Callie May, take Mrs. Forbes to your mother.

(*Door opens*)

LUND. (*Off*) It's Lund, sir, back again. Is there anything more you wanted to see me about?

WASHINGTON. What do you think of my plans for my new barn?

LUND. (*Coming up*) Why, it looks as if the barn will have sixteen sides.

WASHINGTON. Yes, it has.

LUND. What is the advantage of that?

WASHINGTON. I am having it equipped with a specially constructed threshing floor with tiny slits, which let the grain fall through to the clean surface below. This will be less costly than the old method, for many of the old seeds were mashed and wasted. Another thing, it will be more sanitary, since the seeds will not be mixed with litter and trash.

LUND. (*Enthusiastically*) I'll venture to say that this will be the best barn in the United States.

WASHINGTON. My plans are that every year you will find some improvement in the land, buildings and machinery. Right now I am working on the idea of a barrel plow which, if perfected, will greatly improve the planting of all seed crops.

LUND. I wish you would come with me now to inspect the new sheep that were born this morning.

WASHINGTON. Gladly! What a difference this is from the pursuits of the last few years. There I was dealing with death. Here on the farm our business is with life. . . . (*Starting to go*)

ANNOUNCER. But still there was to be no retirement for George Washington, until eight more years at the helm of the new republic had passed. (*Fade*) Then at last, in 1798, we find him sitting on the porch at Mt. Vernon with his step-granddaughter, Nellie Custis.

NELLIE. Come, sit here, grandfather. It is very pleasant out here this evening.

WASHINGTON. (*Coming up*) It is, indeed. I think that nothing the world offers me could give me greater pleasure than the peace and quiet of my beloved Mount Vernon. Don't you feel the same, Martha?

MARTHA. I, too, have missed it so much in these last eight years! The Presidency was a great honor, but I am a home body.

WASHINGTON. Yes, I have been away more years than I would have wished. Little did I think when I brought you here to be the mistress of Mount Vernon that so many years would elapse with us in strange parts, my dear.

MARTHA. Nor little did I think when I married you, George, that you would ever be the master of such wide and far flung estates.

NELLIE. Grandfather, does anyone really know just how many acres of land you own?

WASHINGTON. Yes, my child, I keep close account of my lands. To my nearest count I have more than sixty thousand acres.

MARTHA. And you've done so well with your lands, George! You raise the best crops in the land.

NELLIE. And the happiest slaves, Grandmother. I have heard it said that he has at least a hundred and fifty.

WASHINGTON. Only a hundred and twenty-five, Nellie, and by the terms of my will they will all be freed and taken care of after the death of your Grandmother.

NELLIE. You seem very much pleased, Grandfather, with being "Farmer Washington" once more instead of President of the United States.

WASHINGTON. It was the life I always wanted, Nellie.

NELLIE. I suppose you'll be reading your beloved books about fertilizer and all those thrilling subjects now!

WASHINGTON. I have not looked into a book since I came home; nor shall I be able to do it until I have discharged my workmen, probably not before the nights grow longer, when possibly I may be looking in Doomsday Book.

MARTHA. Such talk, George! You are still young!

(Music: Negroes singing in distance . . . steal in under following)

WASHINGTON. I was the first, and am now the last of my father's children by the second marriage, who remains. When I shall be called upon to follow them is known only to the Giver of Life. When the summons comes I shall endeavor to obey it with good grace.

(Brief pause)

MARTHA. Our people are happy tonight. How sweet their voices sound!

(Music: Negro singing swells and continues to finish)

ANNOUNCER. You have been listening to the story of "George Washington, the Farmer," another episode in "American Yesterdays," series of historical dramas, presented by the (group) of the (school, college, camp). Next week the players will present "Braddock's Defeat." We invite you to listen to this stirring tale of our yesterdays. Same time, same station.

This is Station

HAVE YOU HEARD?

DRAMATIZED INFORMATIONAL INTERVIEW

Employing a narrator who is also the central figure in an authority interview, this product of the Educational Radio Script Exchange is a true hybrid in which several continuity types are fused. Permission for publication kindly granted by Educational Radio Project, Department of Interior, by Mildred Higgins.

United States Department of the Interior, Office of Education,
Washington Educational Radio Script Exchange

15 Minute Script

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HAVE YOU HEARD?

(By Marguerite Bair Felber)

No. 1—*The Work of Rivers (Gradation)*

CAST

Friendly Guide: mature, warm, friendly voice; authoritative	Pa: Southern planter; gruff, vindictive
The Girl: interested and interesting; very much alive	Jud: his son; weak, frightened
Nancy: young lady; slightly Southern	Court Crier: monotonous voice
Lee: her beau	Chief Justice: deep, solemn voice
	Dyar: U. S. attorney
	Gregory: Texas attorney
	Keeling: Oklahoma attorney

(*Opening: Fanfare*)

ANNOUNCER. Have You Heard?

(*Music: Theme . . . fading behind*)

ANNOUNCER. How much do we know about this world in which we live? Have you heard that every day there are a million things going on all about us—amazing things that, for the most part, we see, but do not understand? Tonight (or This afternoon) the (group) of the (college, school or camp) presents the first of a new and fascinating series dealing with the mysteries of natural science. (*Theme fades out*) And here is the man who will conduct the programs and interpret for us many of these familiar yet unfamiliar mysteries of our daily lives. Ladies and gentlemen—your Friendly Guide!

GUIDE. Good evening (or afternoon), friends! For our opening program we are going to talk about rivers. Have you heard that you can tell the age of rivers? Have you heard that men used to steal rivers? Have you heard that one river has moved a great American city several miles? Come along with us and see for yourself, these and many other curious facts about rivers! . . . For instance—have you heard that if you go to the floor of the Grand Canyon, there you can see some of the oldest exposed rocks in the world?

GIRL. How old are they?

GUIDE. Two billion years old.

GIRL. Just think of being able to see anything as old as that!

GUIDE. They belong to the Archaeozoic Age, the oldest age known to man. But have you heard that beneath them there are even older rocks?

GIRL. Older than two billion years?

GUIDE. Yes—but no living man has ever seen them.

GIRL. Why can't we see them? And how can you tell how old the rocks are?

GUIDE. (*Chuckling*) Wait a minute! One question at a time!

GIRL. (*Laughing*) All right.

GUIDE. Scientists can tell the relative age of rocks by studying their stratification and position and by analyzing the included minerals.

GIRL. What do you mean by that?

GUIDE. Well, for instance, the rocks that were formed during the Archaeozoic Age are terribly contorted. Furthermore, they contain no signs of former life—fossils of plants and animals such as younger rocks contain. They plainly show the forces that were at work during that age, which was the earliest in the earth's history.

GIRL. But I still don't see how they know how long ago that was. . . .

GUIDE. Scientists can estimate the age of the earth by analyzing radioactive minerals.

GIRL. I'm afraid you'll think I'm terribly ignorant, but—

GUIDE. (*Laughing*) Radioactive minerals are minerals which are constantly decomposing. As they decompose they form a distinctive type of lead—a lead which is different from the ordinary kind. By ascertaining the amount of this new lead relative to the amount of the radioactive mineral still unchanged, scientists can determine approximately how long the decomposition has been going on. In this way they found that these Archaeozoic rocks are around two billion years old.

GIRL. (*Small gasp*) That's amazing! And you say that there are rocks still older than that?

GUIDE. Yes, but you can't see them because they are underneath the Archaeozoic rocks an indefinite distance. Lava flows or molten rocks cutting across or forced in between the layers of the earth's crust have their origin in this inner mass called magma. (*Spelling it out*) m-a-g-m-a.

GIRL. You're getting too deep for me!

GUIDE. (*Chuckling*) I'll try to make it as simple as possible. . . . The rocks of the Grand Canyon tell an eloquent story of the work of a river. . . .

(*Music: "Where the Silvery Colorado Wends Its Way." Fade in . . . continue as BG*)

The silvery Colorado River . . . the second longest river in the United States—is responsible for cutting the deep and beautiful Canyon, known as the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

GIRL. Now how could a little river affect such an enormous area as the Grand Canyon?

GUIDE. The Colorado River formed the Grand Canyon by cutting through rocks, as they were slowly uplifted.

GIRL. What uplifted them—I mean, lifted them up?

GUIDE. The crustal movements or warping of the earth's surface in this region pushed it upward—and the Colorado River, which carries a load of a million tons of sand and silt daily past any given point acted as a liquid file, carving out the vast Grand Canyon over a mile deep in places and varying in width from eight to eighteen miles. Have you heard that this river formed not only the Grand Canyon but 18 other great canyons along its course as well?

GIRL. It doesn't seem possible that a river could do that.

(*Music: Out*)

GUIDE. The accomplishments of rivers are numerous and amazing because they are the most powerful agent of gradation.

GIRL. Gradation—now what is that?

GUIDE. Gradation, spelled g-r-a-d-a-t-i-o-n, is the greatest destructive force on earth! It is any process tending to wear down the surface of the earth, such as erosion, chemical weathering, and so on. Rivers, for instance, have been changing the face of the earth for ages, cutting away and transporting the land to the sea. The final resting place of all our land would be under the sea, if it were not for crustal movements of the earth, which raise the land—and volcanoes, which throw out millions of tons of material to build up the land.

GIRL. And I always thought that rivers were valuable and helpful to people.

GUIDE. They are. They enrich the soil along their courses with fertile deposits, provide avenues of transportation, and sources of power, and are valuable in many other ways. However, under certain conditions, rivers are a great menace to life and property.

GIRL. (*Musingly*) Why are rivers so different? I have seen broad ones, narrow ones, some with straight courses and others that looked like corkscrews—some with steep banks, and others that had no banks at all.

GUIDE. Rivers are different because they are of different ages. Just as you can tell a child from an adult by his features—so can you distinguish between young, old, and middle-aged rivers.

GIRL. (*Laughs . . . unbelievably*) How?

GUIDE. Well, as I say, rivers are somewhat like people. When they are young they are small, very active—as they grow older their valleys grow wider and when they reach old age they *slowly* wind their way to the sea.

GIRL. (*Laughing*) It *does* sound logical!

GUIDE. Certainly. Young rivers flow swiftly, are narrow and have V-shaped valleys. Mature rivers are wider, and have gentler slopes, while old rivers are broad and meander slowly through wide plains.

GIRL. But why do some rivers have so many curves in them?

GUIDE. The "curves" you speak of are the meanders and are formed when obstructions deflect its current. This usually happens in a river's early maturity when the current has slowed down somewhat and is easily turned aside by obstacles. It takes just one obstacle to start a series of bends and meanders, because once a curve is started, it is increased by the current which is directed into it. Like this! (*As though illustrating graphically*) As the current flows out of the curve it strikes the opposite bank of the river and develops a curve there. The repetition of that swinging current sets up a series of meanders. As the gouging out continues the curves become more and more pronounced, until sometimes they are very close to each other—so close in fact that during a flood the river often cuts through the narrow neck of land at the beginning of a meander, straightening its course and at the same time forming an "ox-bow" lake by filling up each end of the curve with deposits.

GIRL. What kind of lake?

GUIDE. "Ox-bow"—so called because it is "U" shaped, like the bows that used to go around the ox's neck and attached to the yoke.

GIRL. Oh, of course.

GUIDE. Many of these ox-bow lakes can be seen along the Mississippi River. But let me take you back to the year 1870 and show you some incidents that happened because of the meandering of the Mississippi River. . . .

(*Music: Steal in "Swanee River"*)

A man and woman are talking as they walk along the levee in Cairo, Illinois. . . . (*Fade*)

NANCY. (*Pause—2 seconds*) You *know* I'm looking forward to our vacation in New Orleans, Lee, honey. But mercy, *how* I dread that long boat trip down the river.

LEE. I wish there were some other way, Nancy . . . but it will be only a short while and then we'll be in New Orleans. . . .

(*Steamboat whistle distant*)

NANCY. Look, there's our boat being loaded over there . . . shall we take a stroll over, Lee?

LEE. Wait! Nancy, look!—land o'Goshen, read that sign! (*Laughing*)

NANCY. Where? . . . Oh! . . .

LEE. (*Reading*) This steamship company in consideration of the comforts of its passengers has purchased rights of way on land between several bends of the river. You can walk across the land between the

bends in about fifteen minutes, whereas it takes the ship about a half day to go around them.

NANCY. Well, I never. . . .

LEE. If you get tired on the ship you can get off on one side of the bend, have a picnic or a rest and catch the boat on the other side of the bend later on. . . . (*Laughing*) Sugar—your worries are over. That means we can get off the boat, picnic along the way down!

NANCY. That'll be almost as good as the trip to New Orleans!

(*Music: Agitato*)

GUIDE. Warfare comes to the river because of its erratic meandering. Land war! . . .

(*Music: Sneak music*)

(*Roar of the river nearby*)

Midnight on the great river. . . . Except for the wild sounds of the night, everything is still. . . . The moon passes a cloudy hand over its face as out of the dimness emerge three figures. . . .

(*Music: Segue to "Old Man River"*)

(*Slosh of horses hoofs*)

PA. (*Away . . . gruffly and not too loud*) Giddap! Go 'long there!

(*Coming up*) All right, Jud . . . this yere's the place. . . .

JUD. Watcha gonna do, Paw?

PA. Ah'm goin' to make us rich!

JUD. But how?

PA. You'll see! We'll be as rich as old man Culpepper.

JUD. But what are you fixin' to do?

PA. Ef the river had-a run past our plantation all of these years instead of runnin' past his'n, he couldn't've loaded his cotton right on the boats and beaten us to market.

JUD. Ah know, Pa—but—

PA. From now on the river is going to run past *our* plantation.

JUD. But you can't change the course of the river, Pa!

PA. Oh, I can't, can't I? Well, you just wait and see! We'll start right yere. Ah'll plow a few furrows—then you come after me with that shovel and clear out the trench.

JUD. We can't make an opening big enough for the whole Mississippi, Pa.

PA. The river will take care of that if we just give 'er half a chance—just listen to it—!

(*Roar of river up and down*)

PA. She's risin' fast! Ole Miss'll cut 'er own channel if we just give 'er a little start.

JUD. But won't this run down the value of Old Man Culpepper's property?

PA. Sure it will—way down. But it will make us four times as rich! Now come on there—get busy! Giddap, Maud!

(Horse and plow starts to move off)

JUD. What will they do to us if they catch us?

PA. *(Off mike)* They won't catch us.

JUD. But what if they did?

PA. *(Off)* String us up, ah reckon—but you gotta take some risk; you don't want to be poor white trash all your life, do you?

JUD. No.

PA. *(Off)* Giddap!

(Horse, man and plow fade in distance)

(Music: "Old Man River" . . . up and out)

GUIDE. Once the water began to flow through one of these ditches the miracle was as good as accomplished, and no power on earth could stop it. The water cleaved the banks away rapidly—and as the channel became larger the banks peeled off in chunks half an acre wide, putting the plantation of the man who dug the ditch now on the river's bank, and leaving the formerly valuable plantation way out on a big island. After the water-course around it shoaled up, forming an ox-bow lake, river boats could not approach within ten miles of it.

GIRL. *(Laughing)* That's what I'd call "early American racketeering"—"hi-jacking a river!"

GUIDE. *(Amused)* That's right! After this happened several times, precautions were taken when necessary—and watches were kept on those narrow necks of land—and it was just too bad for the fellow who got caught attempting to cut a ditch across them!

GIRL. Would they really "string him up"?

GUIDE. I should say they would!

GIRL. Oh! *(Surprised)*

GUIDE. It wasn't always necessary for ditches to be cut, however, to change the course of the river.

GIRL. Why not?

GUIDE. Sometimes, when the neck of a bend became very narrow, the river would push right through it—straightening itself, at the same time shortening its length.

GIRL. *(Amazed)* Well!

GUIDE. For instance, there was a neck only half a mile wide opposite Port Hudson, Louisiana. You could walk across it in fifteen minutes, but you had to travel 35 miles to go around it in a boat. When the river cut across that neck it shortened its length 35 miles.

GIRL. I never heard of a river shortening itself before.

GUIDE. Well, the Mississippi shortened itself two hundred and forty-two miles in only one-hundred and seventy-six years!

GIRL. H'm!

GUIDE. This, of course, was very important to traffic on the river.

GIRL. It's amazing to think that a river's innocent meandering could cause so much concern!

GUIDE. You think *that's* a lot of concern? Listen—did you ever hear of the Red River boundary dispute between Texas and Oklahoma?

GIRL. No.

GUIDE. Well, wait till I tell you about that!

(*Music: "Red River Valley." Steal in as background*)

. . . The Red River flows along the northern frontier of Texas and was formed by the union of several headstreams—The Prairie Dog, the Salt River and the North Fork of the Red River. It forms the boundary between Texas and Oklahoma, then flows southeast through Arkansas and Louisiana to join the Mississippi.

(*Music: Fade out under following*)

The Texas boundary line, as agreed upon by the United States and Spain in 1819, was to run up the Sabine River from its mouth to 32 degrees north, then northward to the Red River. But Red River has two branches, and Texas, of course, claimed the north fork. This resulted in many boundary disputes from 1819 to 1896 when the United States Supreme Court finally fixed the boundary at the Sabine fork, awarding Greer County, located between the forks, to what is now Oklahoma. This settled the matter for a little while—but when oil was discovered in the Big Bend area in Wichita County, Texas, the boundary disputes began again, and the case was taken to the Supreme Court. . . . It is Tuesday, April 25, 1922. The scene is the United States Supreme Court . . . the crier rises. . . .

(*Small murmur of voices that stops as Crier speaks*)

CRIER. (*Monotone*) The Honorable, the Chief Justice, and the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! (*Pronounced "Oh-Yay"*) All persons having business before the Honorable, the Supreme Court of the United States, are admonished to draw near and give their attention, for the court is now sitting. God save the United States and this Honorable Court.

CHIEF JUSTICE. (*Off mike*) Case Number 20, Original—the State of Oklahoma versus the State of Texas. Six and one-half hours allowed for the argument of this case.

DYAR. May it please your Honor that this case comes up here as an original case between the State of Oklahoma and the State of Texas, and the facts are these: As Intervener for the United States I wish to state that the Red River, through a large part of its course, has in a broad sense, two sets of banks—in many places nearly flood plain banks and bluff banks—and the real question to be solved is *which* of these banks

on the south side of the river is to be taken as the boundary line between Texas and Oklahoma?

GREGORY. (*Plaintiff*) I represent the State of Texas, and the facts are these: The law recognizes that when a river forming a boundary line changes its course by the usual process of erosion and accretion the boundary line continues to follow the river and changes with it. Oklahoma claims that there was formerly a river between it and the bluffs of northern Texas—but this is not true. The Big Bend Area has been increased by natural processes of erosion and accretion! Therefore, I maintain that this land rightfully and lawfully belongs to the State of Texas.

KEELING. (*Defendant*) I represent the State of Oklahoma and the facts in this case are these: The treaty between the United States and Spain, in 1819, fixed the boundary line between Texas and Oklahoma—but the Red River ran further south then and has since made itself a new channel further north. Trees over 100 years old prove the Big V Bend area is of old formation—and not recently built up—as the Attorney General of the State of Texas would have you believe! The Red River abruptly left its channel and made for itself a new one, leaving the intervening land undisturbed. I therefore claim that this area should belong to the State of Oklahoma! (*Fade*)

(*Music: "Red River Valley" . . . up and down*)

GUIDE. And that is how a river innocently caused law suits. The Red River Boundary Dispute was up before the United States Supreme Court one time after another, until finally the south bank of the Red River was fixed as the boundary line at the water mark most usual the year round.

GIRL. I didn't know that there were so many interesting things to learn about rivers.

GUIDE. Oh—I've told you only a few of the interesting things about them. For instance—have you heard that a river was one of the causes of the Boxer Rebellion in China? That rivers, even as old as the Mississippi, can be rejuvenated and become young and active again? And that, strangely enough, the old rivers do the greatest damage?

GIRL. Oh, tell me about them!

GUIDE. There isn't time now. But you may have one of my leaflets entitled "Curious Facts about Rivers," and read all about these things for yourself.

GIRL. Thanks; I'd love to!

(*Music: "Beautiful Ohio." Up briefly and fade*)

GUIDE. By the way, have you heard that there is a mountain range of coal at the South Pole?

GIRL. Coal! At the South Pole?

GUIDE. Enough to supply all the people of the earth for centuries! . . . I'll tell you about it next week!

(Music: Theme . . . up and fade behind)

ANNOUNCER. What about this? A mountain of coal at the South Pole? How did it get there? What can we do about it? Tune in station next Tuesday at this same time for another presentation of "Have You Heard?" by the (group) of the (college, school or camp). If you, too, would like to have a copy of the leaflet "Curious Facts about Rivers," drop a line to "Have You Heard?" (school or camp), (city, and state), or in care of station The leaflet is free. Simply write on a letter or postcard, please send me "Curious Facts about Rivers," and address (*Repeat address*)

(Music: Up and fade)

This is station

GENERAL PRODUCTION NOTES ON "HAVE YOU HEARD?" SERIES

Most important is the selection of the right voices for the Friendly Guide and the Girl.

The Guide, as his title implies, should possess a warm, friendly, rich voice inspiring a knowledge of and a love for his subject; perfect poise, and a genial understanding and sympathy with those who wish to learn. Needless to say he should familiarize himself completely with every term and name used in each program. Any hesitancy or stumbling in reading or pronunciation in this part will be fatal to the production. The Guide should have an adult voice, though not necessarily middle-aged.

The Girl is the representative of the audience. Her voice should be that of an intelligent young woman. She must be alert, keenly interested in everything she's hearing; at times deeply impressed, at others light, without being flippant; have an infectious sense of humor without being impertinent. If she realizes that she is not simply a foil or stooge for the Guide, but an important, integral part in the presentation of the material, since the interest of the listener depends largely upon the attention shown by her, she will give a good performance.

In cases where it is possible, try seating the girl and guide at a table with the microphone between them, and let them converse naturally in an informal manner. This may give them an ease and naturalness that is difficult when they are standing, holding their scripts. On the other hand, this method may be conducive to a loss in alertness and "life" in the production. Try both positions, and choose the one that best suits your particular cast.

If a "table mike" is used for the Girl and Guide, an additional "stand mike" must, of course, be used for the other characters in dramatizations, and for sound effects. For further detailed suggestions, see the individual production notes accompanying each script.

The Theme Music

If an orchestra is available: Play the first four measures of "Triumphal March" from "Sigurd Jorsalfar" by Grieg (Fischer Edition). Stop for first announcement; then play the next eight measures and stop.

At the end of the show repeat this procedure whenever two music spots are indicated. If only one is shown on your script start as a closing-theme after the four introductory measures. If your show runs "on the nose" (see Radio Glossary) you will only have to play eight bars as a closing theme. If your script runs short keep playing to fill out the time until the moment arrives when your announcer has to start his last announcement. This moment has to be predetermined by carefully timing the last announcement. Also ask your operator to tell you at what second your program has to leave the air. For instance: The operator tells you to leave the air 20 seconds before the hour. The last announcement takes 30 seconds to read. That means your theme song must fill all available time up to 50 seconds before the hour. Should you happen to find no convenient place in the music at that time, then "fade down" your orchestra and let the operator fade you out (for which purpose the production man will give the conductor a signal to cut after the fading is completed) or he can let you play "under" the announcer's speech and "bring" your music "up again" after the conclusion of the last announcement. The former method is used on most NBC-network-programs, the latter on CBS.

If no orchestra is available: Secure the Victor Record No. 35763 A "Triumphal March" from "Sigurd Jorsalfar" by Grieg through your radio station and handle it in the same way as the orchestra. You will find by going over the opening several times that your announcer has just enough time to say the first phrase: "Have you heard?" in the slight pause after the four measure introduction. In that way you do not have to stop the record from playing. At the end you will have to stop the record after the introduction and after a while start it again where you left off. This point can easily be determined by the micrometer arrangement on the sound-effects turntable.

(Note: For more and complete general suggestions that will aid this series, or any other radio presentation, study carefully the "Production Manual" and the "Radio Glossary" supplied free upon request by the U. S. Office of Education, Washington, D.C.)

PRODUCTION NOTES—SCRIPT NO. 1

CAST

See General Notes for two principal characters.

Nancy and Lee should not attempt any heavy Southern accent. A mere

suggestion of the locale (Cairo, in Southern Illinois) is carried out in her expression "honey," and in their names, Nancy and Lee. They should be young, happy, enthusiastic, and somewhat excited over their anticipated holiday.

Pa should be a man with a heavy voice, uncultured, with a Southern accent, but not heavy enough to suggest the negro. He is taciturn, vindictive, and determined on his course of action.

Jud is a young man of less positive nature than his father—a little doubtful and reluctant. He has the same local characteristics of voice, and is perhaps just a little "dumb."

The Crier speaks in a monotonous, rather high voice.

The Chief Justice should have a deep voice, with dignity and authority.

Dyar, Gregory, and Keeling should sound like mature professional men. A suggestion of the typical accent of the South-west will be valuable in coloring the parts of the two latter, but is not absolutely essential. However, it is important that their voices be of different quality to give clarity and color to the scene.

In the direction, "Reading" in the Boy's part, have him read a little more slowly and hesitatingly than he speaks his lines, so that a difference is quite apparent in this speech and the first half of the next, up to (*Laughing*). He should then resume his "talking" manner.

It might be well here to mention that the director should caution his actors against a style which sounds like reading. Tell them that the more talking and the less acting they do, the more realistic the program will sound.

Sound Effects: Steamboat whistle—distant. There are square, box-like whistles about a foot long on the market which are used in major studios for this effect. If one of these is not available, a boy or man can be found who, by cupping his hands over his mouth and making a "Whoo-o-ing" sound several times, some distance off mike, can simulate this effect.

Roar of River Nearby and Roar of River, Up and Down, can be had on recordings, but if these are not available, fill a large wash-tub half-full of water, and draw a flat paddle through the water, being careful not to hit the bottom or sides of the tub. A little experimenting will determine the speed and vigor necessary to give the proper volume and quality of sound.

Slosh of Horse's Hoofs and Horse and Plow Starts to move out may be produced with half coconut shells, or rubber suction cups "clogged" slowly in a box containing earth, together with a slight creaking sound often to be found in an old wooden chair to suggest the creaking of the wood of the plow.

VERY SPECIAL NOTE

It is the conviction of the Office of Education that the mere broadcasting of educational information, no matter how well done, does not in itself serve its full purpose. We believe that educational programs should bend every effort to catch the attention of the listener and so interest and inspire him that he will be impelled to look into the subject further.

To that end, in each script of this "Have You Heard?" series, we include in the close the offer of additional supplementary reading material—sometimes a short monograph on the subject of that broadcast, such as "Curious Facts about Rivers" offered in connection with Script Number One—or some regular government publication, as "The Collection and Preservation of Insects" with Script Number Five.

The monographs are offered free. Some of the government publications are likewise free—others have a small cost, usually five or ten cents. In a few rare instances they run up to twenty or twenty-five cents.

In the case of monographs, we shall be glad to supply one copy free, which you can reproduce by typing, mimeographing, multigraphing, or any way you choose, in whatever numbers you require. You would of course have the cost of duplicating and mailing. The number would probably run from one to several hundred.

When the offer is a regular government publication, the mail can be directed straight to the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C., and you will be spared the entire handling of it. Each script carefully stipulates whether a publication is free, or must be purchased. If the latter, the price is plainly stated at least twice.

In addition to furthering the educational objectives outlined above, and providing a real, additional service to your listeners, these offers also give you a valuable check on the extent of your audience and the pulling power of your program. If you feel that each week is too often to make the offers, we earnestly urge you, for your own information and guidance, to select certain offers at stated intervals and try them out for the sake of what you will learn for yourselves from so doing.

Although an offer is included in each of these scripts, it can be dropped out very simply—merely by eliminating it from the closing.

NOVELTIES AND SPECIALTIES

TEN MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD

REVIEW SPECIALTY

The specialty field is so undefined that it can almost be captioned "miscellaneous." Here, however, is a script which can without much hesitation be classified as a review specialty. It is a sample of scripts which are sent out by motion picture companies for use on local stations.

TEN MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD

With Dave Keene

(Your Film City Reporter)

(ANNOUNCER'S NOTE: King Football is firmly ensconced in his Hollywood throne these days, and has all the film city guys and gals ga-ga with excitement as the pigskin season reaches its full height. Hollywood loves a winner, and the panting populace has swung over from the famous Trojans of Southern California, to U.C.L.A., a team that's bowling over all competition out here. Yes sir, footballs are in the air, and fashionable week-end resorts are deserted while your favorites sit out in the broiling sun cheering their champions on. Otherwise, Hollywood is . . . Hollywood. And here are some of the things which have happened during the past week.)

Hollywood's old cry for new faces is growing louder each day.

From border to border and coast to coast, talent scouts are on the fly . . . giving the double-o to hundreds of men, women, boys and girls . . . interviewing every performer who indicates that he or she may have what movie audiences want.

This search for talent is not the haphazard thing it was five or six years ago. Today, it amounts almost to a new profession, one which requires infinite patience and an unerring eye for fresh talent.

Night clubs, plays, cabarets, amateur shows, obscure foreign pictures, little theatre groups, college productions—they are all covered by motion picture scouts who leave no stone unturned, no door unopened, no entertainment uncovered—in a relentless search for talented newcomers.

Busy New York talent scouts interview 75 applicants a day, take in a matinee, dine where there is a floor show, attend an evening theatre performance, and then patronize several night clubs, all in search of an unknown who might become a movie star.

One significant point brought to the attention of these scouts is the fact that promising men actors are much more difficult to find than women.

Listen to the words of Oscar Serlin, internationally known talent scout:

"(Quote) Most men consider acting primarily as a career for women. In consequence, there aren't as many men pushing themselves forward. We have to find them. The boys are starting to realize, however, that acting is a career that offers everything. It offers recognition and wealth. The actor can be an individual and an artist. We have no trouble in convincing the women. Most of them have aspired to be actresses since they were babies. They're not at all shy in stepping up. They welcome an opportunity to go into the movies (End of Quote)."

Some of the players Mr. Serlin has brought to the screen include Bette Davis, Lyle Talbot, Sidney Fox, Lanny Ross, Fred MacMurray, John Howard, Joe Morrison, Dean Jagger and Eleanor Whitney.

* * *

Whenever milady thinks of Bing Crosby, she evidently conjures up a picture of moonlit lakes, a boy and a girl in a canoe, lilacs hanging from overhead, a tender voice floating o'er the water, and all that sort of romantic thing.

All of which, of course, is easily understood. For Bing is a singing fool, has a good sense of humor and a pleasant face. We don't like to wreck illusions, but we know something about Bing that doesn't quite agree with his present romantic Love-in-Bloom set-up.

Hold on tight, girls, here it is.

Bing Crosby, your Bing, the fellow who sings such tender songs at you, that Bing used to wash cucumbers in a pickle factory. No foolin'. It's true. And we'll say it again. Bing Crosby used to wash cucumbers in a pickle factory.

It was years ago, of course. During prohibition, a brewery in Spokane, Washington, was converted into a pickle dispensary, and Bing, attending Gonzaga University, was earning his way through college.

Bing, who is now working in the musical production, "Anything Goes" has traveled a much more romantic path since then, and his biographer some day might title the story of Bing's life—"From Pickles to Pictures."

* * *

College chorines are the particular joy in the life of famed dance director, LeRoy Prinz, now putting 100 girls through some snappy routines for the musical picture, "Collegiate."

He has a group of collegiate cuties working for him at present, and insists they are superior to any other class.

"I try to pick my kids for smartness and alertness," he declares, "and the college-trained girls are outstanding. They are accustomed to receiving and following directions and seem to have a more natural knack of learning routines."

LeRoy's chorus girls are among the few members of the cast of "Collegiate" who actually went to college. Director Ralph Murphy was graduated from Syracuse University, and Ned Sparks went to Presbyterian College, in Toronto. But Joe Penner, Jack Oakie, Frances Langford, Lynne Overman and Betty Grable have got along successfully without the benefits of a "higher education."

* * *

The name Henry Hathaway may not be as familiar to you as that of Gary Cooper or Clark Gable, but out Hollywood way Henry is a pretty important guy.

He is one of the outstanding directors in the Film City, and here lately his stock has soared because of his unerring direction of such pictures as "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and "Peter Ibbetsen."

Right now, Henry, who as we said before is an important guy, is up at a place called Big Bear, high in the California mountains, directing the all-color film, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

The other morning, Henry noticed at breakfast that his toast wasn't buttered, so he had it returned to the chef, along with a request that it be buttered.

Back came the toast, unbuttered and still as dry as a politician's speech, and along with it a note from the chef which read: "Nuts. Butter your own blankety-blank toast."

Hmm, evidently Henry isn't so important as we thought.

* * *

The name Barney Glazer may not be familiar to you, either, but he, too, is an important guy out Hollywood way. He is a well-known producer, his latest production being, "The Big Broadcast of 1936."

A day or so ago, Mr. Glazer sat in the shoe shine chair of one Oscar Smith, gentleman of color, and official bootblacker for the Paramount Studio.

"Put a real shine on 'em this time," Mr. Glazer said to Mr. Smith, "No smudges like last time."

Mr. Smith looked at Mr. Glazer and shot back, "Jes you leave it to me. Don' you tell me how to run my business. You stick to makin' movies and I'll be the feller that shines your shoes."

Mr. Glazer grinned and subsided, while Mr. Smith polished his boots and mumbled to himself something about shoemaker stick to your last.

* * *

Flash! Scoop! Exclusive!

Carl Brisson, continental singing star whose next production is called "Ship Cafe," recently had a set of quintuplets at his house.

The quintuplets are five little mongrel purps born to a stray dog Brisson picked up in San Pedro last week. The new arrivals bring the number of the star's dogs to eight, for he had a pair of shepherd dogs before the recent arrivals at his Bel-Air home.

They are as yet un-named.

* * *

Notes in the news of the week: We told you earlier on this program about Bing Crosby's pickle proclivities. He has another eccentricity. He is simply wild about Rimsky-Korsakov's composition, "The Flight of the Bumble Bee." . . . Larry "Buster" Crabbe, the sea-going Western star, is currently nursing a painfully burned neck, the result of a pistol battle for a scene in "Drift Fence," a rip-roaring Western in which the villain gets the gate and the hero gets the goldmine. . . . Edward Everett Horton's rousing baritone, stilled since "The Gay Divorcee," will once again be heard in melodious song in "Her Master's Voice." . . . Elizabeth Patterson, who is featured in "So Red the Rose," a story about the Civil War South, is a Daughter of the Confederacy. . . . Claudette Colbert, winner of the Academy Award, was recently notified that she had been given a new honor, this time the Scroll of Honor of the Associated Society of British Cinematograph Patrons. For your information, Claudette's next opus will be "A Bride Comes Home." . . . Mae West and Marlene Dietrich are getting rather palsy-walsy these days. They work at adjoining sound stages at the same studio, and are constantly visiting each other, the German star always being on hand when Mae records a tune for "Klondike Lou." . . . Many years ago a young fellow participated in a pageant given by a theological seminary where he was a student. The few words he spoke in the pageant so impressed him, that he deserted pursuit of the cloth for a stage career. Today, you know him as George Barbier. . . . George Raft reveals that it was his grandpaw who introduced the merry-go-round into this country. . . . Joe Penner proved such a hit when he appeared on Al Jolson's radio program as a guest artist a few weeks ago, that the Mammy-singer has asked the duck-man to do a repeat . . . and so we come to the end of today's lecture, which will be resumed promptly one week hence.

THE WOMAN'S SIDE OF HOLLYWOOD

REVIEW SPECIALTY

Similar to the preceding script in type, but limiting the subject matter to women and to personality and human interest items, this review specialty is a motion picture publicity release.

THE WOMAN'S SIDE OF HOLLYWOOD

Dorothy Sharpe

The next time you see Marlene Dietrich—you'll have breath! Not that she hasn't been breath-taking before—in her characterization—in her exotic Spanish rôle and all the other parts which have charmed her fans. But in "Desire" you'll see Marlene as the modern, fashionable and ultra-sophisticated person Hollywood knows her to be.

Travis Banton has outdone himself on the gowns for this Paramount production and has put into the Dietrich collection many new interpretations of the current style trend. Probably the outstanding feature of the wardrobe is the eloquent expression of drapery which this designer has used in several costumes. And although every designer today is draping fabric this way and that, the Banton method, as worn by Marlene, will startle and intrigue even the most blasé follower of fashion.

* * *

It might be a good idea to follow the wise example Gladys Swarthout is setting, girls. This, you know, is the season of the year when your curly locks need a bit more than the usual attention you give them. And if Paramount's singing star, la Swarthout, considers this extra ritual important enough—what with all her songs and scenes in "Give Us This Night" on her mind I guess the rest of us could crowd in a little "hair care" somehow.

At this time of year, in almost every climate, one needs scalp massage, hot oil treatments and an extra amount of brushing. It probably comes from exposure to the summer sun—frequent swimming sessions, and all that sort of thing. But the fact remains, as Gladys points out, that during the late fall a woman must pay added attention to her crowning glory. The Swarthout system includes saturating the hair with warm oil, wrapping it in a towel for ten or fifteen minutes and leaning over a steaming tub of hot water. Then, with the finger tips, massage the scalp and finish with a bit of brisk rubbing together of the ends of the hair. Next, of course, comes the shampoo with a bit of oil melted in with the soap and after several lathers and rinsings a good stimulating tonic as a final touch. I know this sounds like a lot of energy but, as Miss Swarthout points out—the result is more than worth the time spent.

* * *

Claudette Colbert will bring you all a present in "The Bride Comes Home." Clothes, again—that's my subject, but I want to prepare you

RADIO CONTINUITY TYPES

for a real view of the sort of wardrobe every girl in the world should study these days. Claudette plays the part of a girl from a well-to-do family but she emerges and goes into the business world. Her frocks, therefore, are a grand combination of chic and thrift. And I guess we all need cheering up when it comes to what the well-dressed working girl should wear.

* * *

Chatting with Sylvia Sidney, at present exiled from Hollywood and on location at Big Bear where "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" is in production, it occurs to me that thousands of Sidney fans will soon find out what she really looks like. And if you don't think Sylvia's coloring is something worth waiting to gaze upon—then you just don't know. Incidentally there's a scene in her new picture "Mary Burns, Fugitive," where the plot calls for a verbal description. When I heard this I remembered that a lot of you probably weren't sure that her eyes are blue, her hair a real shade of brown and her skin a fair one with just a shade of ivory. I don't want to sound too gushy but despite the fact that everyone agrees about the Sydney dramatic ability—not everyone realizes what a real beauty she is as well! But "Trail of the Lonesome Pine" will settle all that very nicely.

* * *

Believe it or not—in spite of the fact that Christmas shopping is in order—the fabric most in demand in the wardrobe at Paramount studio is chiffon. Which is depressing news for the velvet lovers—but very exciting information for the girls who plan to dance a lot during the holidays. Yes—this is just a way of telling you that Travis Banton is sponsoring chiffon as a right-through-the-winter material. And when you add to the flattery a chiffon gown has the moment it's on—the beauty of said gown in motion—your holiday season is practically certain to be a success.

Confidentially—that's why Ida Lupino spent two hours convincing Paramount's wardrobe director that he simply must sell her the ivory gown she wears in "Anything Goes." Ida has a special date for Christmas Eve—and she believes in preparedness.

* * *

If anyone wants to establish a common bond with Gary Cooper, at present emoting opposite Marlene Dietrich in "Desire" all they have to do is lunch daily on avocado and tomato salad. I'm not sure just how the avocados are everywhere Cooper fans may happen to be—but in Hollywood this luncheon fad is spreading like wild fire.

VEST-POCKET MYSTERY

Arthur B. Reeves

STORY

Stories, original or otherwise, interpretive readings, comic monologues, etc., classify as novelties or specialties. (See Introduction.) This "*Vest-Pocket Mystery*" was one of a series given by Mr. Reeves on the General Electric Circle, and was published in the GE Circle Bulletin of November 29, 1932.

VEST-POCKET MYSTERY

Arthur B. Reeves

Scarley Scott, Connie, Beth and myself had just about reached the sixth green in the course of our little foursome, when overhead the drone of an airplane suddenly switched into a deadly hiss and miss.

Scarley looked up into the clear sky that had followed the shower and started to sprint.

Connie and Beth and myself followed.

A moment and the ill-fated plane had buried its nose in the seventh green, barely missing a couple of players. The broken tail stuck up at a tragic angle.

We found that the two players who had come so close to being buried beneath the wreckage were our old friends Inspector Barney and Lieutenant McDonald.

Strangely, the plane had not caught fire. Scarley was over there in an instant, climbing into the wreck. There was a girl strapped in the passenger seat—dead—blood on her forehead. She had been killed by a bullet—not by the crash of the plane.

"There's no pilot," cried Inspector Barney.

The girl was Lilian Dashley. Instantly, it flashed through my mind that Lilian was one of the three heirs of the Dashley millions—the others being her sister Nadine, and her brother Russell, the scapegrace of the family who had recently taken to aviation.

Inspector Barney assumed charge. Scott wagered that he could break the case before the central office. Barney took the bet. Turning to us, Scott directed Connie to find Nadine Dashley and get her story; Beth, to run down all reports of flying at the airport; while I was to look up the brother, Russell, and his private flying field. Scott himself took the office of the Dashley estate in town. We were to meet at the Country Club at six.

Inspector Barney swaggered in at the appointed time that night. The plane was Russell Dashley's, whose flying field was only six miles from

the Club. And Barney expected by telephone, telegraph or teletype to locate him at any minute.

Scott merely smiled at this information.

He turned to Connie inquiringly:

"Nadine Dashley and Roy Lovett met at St. Michael's rectory in town," she said, "at precisely three-thirty and were married. They're off on their honeymoon in Roy's racer," Scott turned to Beth:

"Roy Lovett has been flying at the airport," she answered, "but he was working for Russell Dashley up to last week. He wasn't at the airport, but they could see Russell Dashley's plane take off from his private field at three-fifteen."

Scarley turned to me:

"I picked up a state trooper," I reported. ". . . we found a collapsed and half-burnt parachute on the river road. It was soaked by the shower, but the name of Russell Dashley was on it."

Scarley wound up the evidence with the information that they had just discovered a check of the Dashley estate with the endorsement of Lilian Dashley in Russell's favor for a hundred thousand dollars—and the endorsement of the dead girl was a palpable forgery.

Inspector Barney smirked at this.

Scarley disregarded the smirk, with the quiet question to the Inspector of how long it should take to drive from Dashley's private flying field to St. Michael's.

"Twelve minutes," said the Inspector.

In answer to Scott's rapid-fire questioning, he placed the time from the airport to St. Michael's as *over* twenty minutes, on account of the stop-lights.

Hibbs, one of the Club attendants, slipped up beside Scott. "Mr. Russell Dashley outside to see you, sir," he whispered. Scott motioned to show him in.

At the sight of Inspector Barney, Dashley's face clouded, as if he sensed a frame-up. He denied knowing anything of the fake check—or about Lilian.

"I've been in New York since last night and I can prove it," he asserted. Inspector Barney reached for the bracelets, but he was interrupted by Scott.

"Just a moment," said Scarley. "Examine that wreckage and you'll find that this is just a simple case of observation. Russell Dashley had installed an automatic mechanical balancing device on that plane. His one-time friend, Roy Lovett, used this device to start the pilotless plane from the ground with the dead girl strapped in the passenger seat. The burned parachute belonging to Dashley was planted on the river road by Lovett. The shower was over ten minutes before that plane even took

off. Remember, Inspector, it's only twelve minutes from Dashley's private flying field to the church. Think back over everything that's been and you'll see it checks. Roy Lovett planned to remove two of the three Dashley heirs in a way that would give him just time to meet the third at the church."

ANSWER ME THIS

INFORMATIONAL NOVELTY

Although the question and answer form of this script suggests the interview, it must be classed as a novelty because of the unusual way in which the material is handled. Permission for publication kindly granted by the Educational Radio Project, Department of Interior, by Mildred Higgins.

ANSWER ME THIS

American Cities Series—No. 1—New York

United States Department of the Interior, Office of
Education, Washington

Educational Radio Script Exchange 15 Minute Script

(This program is a product of the Office of Education, United States Department of the Interior, Washington, D.C. The script remains the property of the Government, and must not be sponsored commercially.)

CAST

Announcer Two Question Masters

(Music: Theme . . . first strain)

ANNOUNCER: Answer Me This!

(Music: Theme . . . second strain)

ANNOUNCER. An educational Question and Answer game presented by the (group) of the (school, college, camp).

(Music: Theme . . . to finish)

ANNOUNCER. Here is a chance to test yourself and see how much you really know about this land we live in! Ladies and gentlemen—your two Question Masters—Foster Williams and Jack Kearney!

FOSTER. How do you do, folks. I'm Foster Williams.

JACK. And I'm Jack Kearney! Suppose you open the show, Foster.

FOSTER. All right, Jack. Ladies and gentlemen—for the next six weeks Jack and I are going to take you on an "Answer Me This" tour of some of the principal cities of the United States. Whether you've ever visited them or not, you've read about the Bowery of New York, the Loop of

Chicago, the Cherry Blossoms of Washington, D.C., and the Mardi Gras of New Orleans! They are all part of the American tradition—places you will want to know more about!

JACK. That's right! And to play this game you'll all need pencil and paper. Now it's a lot more fun if you get right in at the beginning, so while you're getting your paper and pencil, our chorus will sing—a song of today's first city—little old New York!

(*Music: "Sidewalks of New York"*)

FOSTER. Now we're ready to begin. When we ask the questions, all you write is the answer. Don't try to put down the questions—only the answers. . . . The chorus just sang that familiar tune "Sidewalks of New York." "East Side, West Side, all around the town. . . ." By the way, what is the dividing line between the East Side and the West Side in New York? That's our first question. What divides the East Side from the West Side in New York?

(*Music*)

JACK. The extreme lower tip of Manhattan is called the Battery. This 21-acre park is still a popular spot with visitors. It is from here that you take the boat out to the Statue of Liberty—Staten Island—and Ellis Island. Now for the second question. Why do they call this tip of Manhattan the Battery? Why is it called the Battery?

(*Music: "The Last Rose of Summer." Girl soloist*)

FOSTER. The Battery has changed considerably in the last eighty-six years since Jenny Lind first sang that song in Castle Garden. That was a great night for Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale—and for P. T. Barnum, the great showman who brought her to America. Yes, the Battery has changed, but the old grey-stone Castle Garden still stands—although it is known by another name today, it is still as popular as ever. What is the old Castle Garden called today? That's the third question. What is the Castle Garden known as today?

(*Music: "On a Sunday Afternoon"*)

JACK. From the Battery, on a Sunday afternoon, crowded ferryboats churn six miles across the bay to Staten Island, another borough of New York. When the visitors reach Staten Island they find that New York is six miles away, and New Jersey only a stone's throw . . . which makes us ask—Why is Staten Island a part of New York instead of New Jersey? That's question number four. We may as well be frank and say you probably won't know—but if you don't the answer is so surprising that you'll want to listen for it later in this program.

(*Music: "We're in the Money"*)

FOSTER. A short walk up from the Battery is a narrow little street—only a block long—that is nevertheless the money capital of America.

Well, to prove it, don't they call the people there "Capitalists"? They call them other things there, too, sometimes—for this is Wall Street. Now here's a good question for number five. Why do they call it Wall Street? How did Wall Street get its name?

(*Music: "Rose of Washington Square"*)

JACK. Washington Square—only half a mile from the Bowery and yet a million miles apart in mood and atmosphere. The trim red-brick Colonial houses, the pretty square of grass, and, of course, beautiful Washington Arch—and, incidentally, the radio workshop of the Educational Radio Project. Where is Washington Square? That's the sixth question. Where is Washington Square?

(*Music: "The Bowery"*)

FOSTER. The Bowery, famous in song and story. The birthplace of many celebrated New Yorkers; the dwelling place of New York's first gangsters; the most rough-and-tumble, dangerous street of the gay nineties. But answer me this—where is the Bowery—and where did it get its name? That's question number seven. Where is the Bowery and how did it get its name?

(*Music: "Penthouse Serenade"*)

JACK. Gone from Fifth Avenue are the elaborate brownstone mansions. Millionaires now live high above the city, in their duplex penthouses. Not all of these millionaires are members of the "Four Hundred," however—which gives us the question number eight. Who are the Four Hundred, and how did the term originate? Who are the Four Hundred, and how did the term originate?

(*Music: "Moaning Low." Girl solo*)

FOSTER. Harlem, home of the Blues, the swing bands, Cab Calloway, and Father Divine, dwelling place of the New York Negro. Where is Harlem—and how did it get that name? That's the ninth question. Where is Harlem, and how did it get its name?

(*Music: "When Frances Dances with Me"*)

JACK. On hot summer nights, subways are filled with young people seeking a respite from work at Coney Island. Here are the hotdog vendors, the wax museums, the calliopes, the boardwalk and beach, and Luna Park. Here's our tenth question. How did Coney Island get its name? This is another question with an amusing answer if you don't already know it. How did Coney Island get its name?

(*Music: "Manhattan Serenade." By Lew Alter*)

FOSTER. As each new skyscraper is erected like the Woolworth building, the Empire State and Radio City—there are certain people who "view with alarm" this additional iron and stone piled on the little island of Manhattan. They say that if the weight continues to increase the whole

island is liable to sink into the ocean. As a matter of fact, every time a skyscraper goes up, the island actually gets lighter! Can you tell me why? That's question number eleven. Why does the building of a skyscraper on Manhattan actually lighten the weight on the island?

(*Music: "Funiculi Funicula"*)

JACK. We call New York the melting pot. Here gather races from every country on earth. More Jews than in Jerusalem, more Italians than in most Italian cities, more Germans than in most German cities. To visit these communities is to lose oneself in the past. Where is the Ghetto? Where is Little Italy? Where is New York's Berlin? That's question number twelve. Where are the following—the Ghetto? Little Italy? New York's German Village?

(*Music: "Ach du Lieber Augustine"*)

FOSTER. Now for the answers. A group of to whom the foregoing questions were put, answered an average of out of the twelve correctly. Let's see how many of them you have right! Take it, Jack.

JACK. Okay! The first question was—What divides the East Side from the West Side in New York? Answer: Below Washington Square, it's Lower Broadway. Above Washington Square it's Fifth Avenue.

FOSTER. Number two. How did the Battery get its name? Because this lower tip of Manhattan was once fortified and bristling with cannon, for the protection of the City.

JACK. Three. The Castle Garden in which Jenny Lind sang, was once a part of this fort on the Battery. What is the Castle Garden called today? It is now the Aquarium.

FOSTER. Four. Why is Staten Island a part of New York six miles away, instead of belonging to New Jersey, only a stone's throw away? Because in the grant of land the King decreed that all the islands in New York harbor around which a boat could be sailed in a day belonged to New York. Those early New Yorkers wanted Staten Island so badly that they dragged a boat through the narrow marshy channel that separated it from New Jersey, just barely getting the boat through in 24 hours. A few minutes longer, and Staten Island would have belonged to New Jersey.

JACK. Five. How did Wall Street get its name? Because one side of Wall Street was once the outside wall of the city—a defense against the Indians.

FOSTER. Six. Where is Washington Square? Washington Square is less than two miles above the Battery, about one-fifth the way up the Island. It is the north-eastern boundary of Greenwich Village—and the beginning of Fifth Avenue which extends northward from it for 145 blocks.

JACK. Seven. Where is the Bowery—and how did it get its name? The Bowery is a long narrow street on the lower East Side between Chinatown and the Ghetto. Bowerie is the Dutch word for farm—and it was here that Peter Stuyvesant had his farm. The road leading to it became the Bowery.

FOSTER. Eight. Who are the Four Hundred, and how did the term originate? In 1899 Ward McAllister, a society leader, selected four hundred leaders in wealth and position whom he invited to his ball at Delmonicos. As a result the term "the Four Hundred" came to New York's exclusive society—although there are actually many more than four hundred so recognized there now.

JACK. Nine. Where is Harlem, and how did it get that name? Harlem, the most overpopulated section of New York, runs from 125th Street north to the Harlem River. Once an Indian village, it was settled by whites and named for Haarlem, a town in Holland.

FOSTER. Ten. How did Coney Island get its name? Coney Island, the other side of Brooklyn from New York City, got its name from the great number of conies that used to run wild around there. Conies, by the way, are rabbits.

JACK. Eleven. Why does the building of a skyscraper in Manhattan actually lighten the weight of the island? Because the stone excavated for the foundations weighs more than the structure. The stone is carried out into deep water on scows and dumped.

FOSTER. Twelve. Where are the following—the Ghetto? Little Italy? New York's famous German village? The Ghetto is east of the Bowery. Little Italy used to be around Mulberry Bend, but it was cleared out for a new court house. Now the Italian settlement south of Washington Square has adopted the name. Yorkville is New York's German village. There you will find an active center of German musical life and hear the familiar tongue of the Fatherland.

(Music: "Ach du Lieber Augustine." Or some other short fast German number for finish)

ANNOUNCER. There you are—how many of them did you have right? Tune in next week, same time, same station, when Foster Williams, Jack Kearney, and the chorus from (school, college, camp) will conduct their next "Answer Me This" contest. Next week's city will be Washington, D.C. Do you know why George Washington put the White House two miles from the Capitol? Find out next week in—"Answer Me This!"

(Music: Closing theme)

This is Station

GENERAL PRODUCTION NOTES "ANSWER ME THIS" . . .
AMERICAN CITIES SERIES

Cast

You will find this series highly informative and easy to produce.

Besides the announcer, there are only two speaking parts. At first thought this may be considered a drawback by groups that wish to use as many actors as possible. Of course these two parts can be done by different persons each week—however, in the interests of good production we recommend that the best two speakers be carefully selected, and then continued throughout. (We'll tell you in a moment how you CAN use more people.) You will, of course, use the names of your own question masters where we use "Foster Williams" and "Jack Kearney."

In selecting the two Question Masters, they must be brisk, "punchy," commanding, yet pleasant and stimulating. Typical masters of ceremonies, but with noticeable contrast between their voices. Allow approximately five seconds, by stopwatch, between questions to give listeners a chance to write down their answers. Once your Question Masters have worked together and established their tempo and style of delivery, they can be very effective.

Music

Here is where you can use as many persons as you may desire. The *theme* can be sung by a glee-club, chorus or quartet—played by an orchestra—or a phonograph record used. If all these fail, you can still use a piano. Aside from this first program, there is only one incidental song each week. (In subsequent programs, twice the number of questions were used, but there were so many good songs about New York that we spread ourselves a little for the opening.)

For this *incidental music* a chorus may be used, of whatever numbers you wish; or it may be as small as a quartet. If none is available, there is still the recording, or the piano. There is available at the Office of Education an incidental song especially written for this program, "Get Your Pencils and Paper Out," which can be used as a secondary theme with all of these programs, if desired, starting with the second one. One copy of this song, words and music is available free upon request.

For the theme—if an orchestra is available . . .

Play the "Minuet from the Symphony in E flat" by Mozart (Carl Fischer Edition) beginning 20 measures before the Fine sign. After playing 4 measures stop for first announcement; after playing second four measures stop for second announcement; then proceed playing the twelve measures preceding the Fine sign. That is your opening theme.

At the end of the program begin the entire Minuet from the beginning and fill all the time up to the last announcement. This moment has to be predetermined by carefully timing the last announcement. Also ask your operator to tell you at what second your program has to leave the air. For instance; the operator tells you to leave the air 20 seconds before the hour. The last announcement takes 30 seconds to read. That means your theme song must fill all available time up to 50 seconds before the hour. Should you happen to find no convenient place in the music at that time, then "fade down" your orchestra and let the operator fade you out (for which purpose the production man will give the conductor a signal to cut after the fading is completed), or he can let you play "under" the announcer's speech and "bring" your music "up again" after the conclusion of the last announcement. The former method is used on most NBC-network-programs, the latter on CBS.

If no orchestra is available . . .

Secure through your radio-station Victor Record No. 22059 A: "If I Were King" Overture by Adams. You will find by going over the opening several times that after every musical phrase there is just enough time to permit the announcer to say his opening announcements Nos. 1, 2, and 3. Then continue the first melody-theme for 8 measures and "cut." Use that same melody-theme to close your show with. (See above instructions.) After the opening of the show you will find music indicated after the announcer asks the audience to get pencil and paper out. At that point secure any record of "Good News" or similar fitting fast tune and play one chorus only (about 30 seconds) and "cut."

VERY SPECIAL NOTE—ALTERNATE CLOSE

One of the serious handicaps of educational broadcasting is the difficulty of checking up on the listening audience—who's listening—and what do they think of it? Here is one way to check up on *your* audience.

It is the conviction of the Office of Education that the mere broadcasting of educational information, no matter how well done, does not in itself serve its full purpose. We believe that educational programs should not only catch the attention, amuse (yes, entertain!) and instruct the listener, but they should impel him to do something himself.

In this cities series we hope that the listener will become so interested in the places and people discussed, that he will want to learn more about them. One way to give him a gentle push in this direction, is to *leave unanswered the last two questions*—recommending that he find the answers for himself, and suggesting the help of his local librarian.

When we first broadcast this series, we found quite a number of persons writing in and requesting the list of questions and answers each

week. So we included an announcement at the close that we would send out the entire list, including the answers to the last two questions, to anyone who wrote in for them. The result is history. From every state in the union the cards and letters came. We knew what sections of the country were interested in what subjects. We learned what types of listeners were following our broadcasts. It furnished us an important yardstick of listener-reaction.

We are, therefore, appending herewith a typical "mail pull" ending. It shows you how to hold back the last two answers and offer the questions and answers to those who want them. We also include a sample sheet of the questions and answers boiled down for distribution. You would, of course, have to prepare these each week—condensing the material to go out and duplicating it, by typing, mimeo- or multigraphing. Both departments should furnish good training for certain of your groups. In addition, there would be the cost of mailing—from one to several hundred a week. Perhaps you would feel the goodwill engendered would be more than worth this.

Any way, here is the alternate ending—for your consideration. After Foster finished his tenth answer, Jack, instead of giving the eleventh answer, says . . .

Alternate Close

JACK. The answers to numbers eleven and twelve—Why does the building of a skyscraper in Manhattan actually lighten the weight on the island?—and—Where are the following—the Ghetto?—Little Italy?—New York's famous German village?—we are going to leave for you to look up for yourselves. Your librarian can help you. Or, if you prefer, we'll be glad to send you the entire list of questions and answers on New York. Keep them for your own information, or to try out on your friends.

FOSTER. Why not send for the list and spring the questions at your next party—or when some of your friends drop in. The questions and answers are free. Just drop us a line—a postcard will do. Say—"Please send me questions and answers on New York City." Address "Answer Me This," in care of (school, college, camp), (city and state), or Station

(Music: Theme; fade quickly behind)

ANNOUNCER. Tune in next week, same time, same station, when Foster Williams, Jack Kearney, and the chorus from (school, college, camp) will conduct their next "Answer Me This" game. Next week's city will be Washington, D.C. Do you know why George Washington put the White House two miles from the Capitol? Do you know how you may visit the White House? Find out next week in "Answer

Me This." Meanwhile—remember, all you have to do to get the full list of today's questions and answers on New York, is to write to "Answer Me This," care of (school, college, camp), or this station.

(Music: Theme up to finish)

This is station

SAMPLE QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS FOR DISTRIBUTION
FOLLOWING BROADCAST

(Your Own Letterhead Here)

Whether you have ever visited New York or not, you have read, about, and no doubt day-dreamed about, many of its historic and fascinating places. The Battery, the Bowery, Washington Square and Greenwich Village are but a few of its many points that pique our interest and stir our imagination, even as we mention them. We think you will find particular delight in these questions and answers on "little old New York."

- I. What divides the East Side from the West Side of New York?
- II. Why do they call the lower tip of Manhattan the Battery?
- III. What is the Castle Garden that still stands in the Battery, known as today?
- IV. Why is Staten Island a part of New York instead of New Jersey?
- V. How did Wall Street get its name?
- VI. Where is Washington Square?
- VII. Where is the Bowery and how did it get its name?
- VIII. Who are the Four Hundred, and how did the term originate?
- IX. Where is Harlem, and how did it get its name?
- X. How did Coney Island get its name?
- XI. Why does the building of a skyscraper on Manhattan actually lighten the weight of the island?
- XII. Where are the following?—the Ghetto? Little Italy? New York's German Village?

"ANSWERS"

- I. Below Washington Square it's Lower Broadway. Above Washington Square it's Fifth Avenue.
- II. Because this lower tip of Manhattan was once fortified and bristling with cannon, for the protection of the city.
- III. The Castle Garden in which Jenny Lind sang, was once a part of this fort on the Battery. What is the Castle Garden called today? It is now the Aquarium.
- IV. Because in the grant of land the King decreed that all the islands in New York harbor around which a boat could be sailed in a day

- belonged to New York. Those early New Yorkers wanted Staten Island so badly that they dragged a boat through the narrow marshy that separated it from New Jersey, just barely getting the boat through in 24 hours. A few minutes longer, and Staten Island would have belonged to New Jersey.
- V. Because one side of Wall Street was once the outside wall of the city—a defense against the Indians.
 - VI. Washington Square is less than two miles above the Battery, about one-fifth the way up the island. It is the north-eastern boundary of Greenwich Village and the beginning of Fifth Avenue which extends northward from it for 145 blocks.
 - VII. The Bowery is a long narrow street on the lower East Side between Chinatown and the Ghetto. Bowerie is the Dutch word for farm—and it was here that Peter Stuyvesant had his farm. The road leading to it became the Bowery.
 - VIII. In 1899 Ward McAllister, a society leader selected four hundred leaders in wealth and position whom he invited to his ball at Delmonicos. As a result the term “the Four Hundred” came to mean New York’s exclusive society—although there are actually many more than four hundred so recognized there now.
 - IX. Harlem, the most overpopulated section of New York, runs from 125th street north to the Harlem river. Once an Indian village, it was settled by whites and named for Haarlem, a town in Holland.
 - X. Coney Island, the other side of Brooklyn from New York City, got its name from the great number of conies that used to run wild around there. Conies, by the way, are rabbits.
 - XI. The material excavated for the foundations weighs more than the steel structure including its lofty towers. This material is carried out into deep water on scows and dumped.
 - XII. The “Ghetto” is east of the Bowery. Rivington Street, Hertu Street and Grand Street are a few of its famous thoroughfares. Little Italy was once around Mulberry Bend but that has been cleared out for a new court house and the Italian settlement south of Washington Square has adopted the name. Yorkville is New York’s German Village. There you will find an active center of German musical life and hear the familiar tongue of the fatherland.

VARIETY SHOWS

ALKA-SELTZER BARN DANCE

VARIETY SHOW

Although the variety show is a collection of various continuity types, the broadcast program is usually made up largely of music. Particular featured musicians, comedians, speakers or dramatists often appear in successive broadcasts and become a regular part of the show. At other times the featured performers are different each week, and are usually known as "guest artists." In the ALKA-SELTZER BARN DANCE, with few exceptions, the same performers appear every broadcast. Permission for publication kindly granted by the Wade Advertising Agency by E. Fink.

Advertiser: Miles Laboratories, Inc.

Program Title: "Alka-Seltzer National Barn Dance"

Chicago Outlet: WLS

Time: 9:30-10:30 P.M. EST *Date:* April 4 *Day:* Saturday

Production *Announcer* *Engineer* *Remarks*

Rebroadcast: 11:00-12:00 P.M. EST

(Ensemble: Opening theme. "Hot Time Parody")

(Ring cowbells loudly!)

(Continue playing "Turkey in the Straw" until signalled out)

JOE. Hello, hello, hello . . . everybody, everywhere! . . . *(Ring cowbells!)* . . . Well, well, well . . . just listen to those cowbells ring! They ring out your invitation, friends, to join our happy hayloft gang in another full hour of old-time singing, dancing and good fun! Yes, sirree, folks, it's the one and only National Barn Dance sent to you tonight and *every* Saturday night direct from the old WLS hayloft here in Chicago by the Miles Laboratories of Elkhart, Indiana, makers of ALKA-SELTZER tablets! . . .

The latchstring is always out here in the old hayloft, friends, so just come right on in and join in the fun and frolic! We'll all forget our cares and troubles and have a rollicking good time together! . . .

Well, here we are, already, in the month of April! That means that Spring is in full swing and Summer in the making. . . . April, we all know, usually brings a lot of rainy days, but we should worry! "April showers bring May flowers" . . . and after the rain, there's always the rainbow and the sunshine! . . . All right, girls and boys . . . there's no time to lose, so gather 'round and let's start the ball a-rolling with a couple of happy songs!

(Ensemble: "Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella" and "There's a Rainbow Round My Shoulder")

(Segue to Square Dance)

(Hayloft band, Arkie and Dancers: "Bully of the Town")

(No dancing or calling until cue by Jones)

JOE. *(Talks over music)* *(Laughs)* Well, say, there's no holding this crowd tonight! They just can't make their feet behave! . . . That's right, boys . . . make those fiddles sing, 'cause we're ready now for a dust-raising, old-time square dance! . . . Come on, Arkie, and get things organized! . . .

(Arkie Ad Libs Getting Couples on the Floor)

JOE. Hurry, boys . . . get your honey and I'll get mine and away we go for a high old time!

(Square dance loud to close!)

JOE. *(Ring cowbells!)* Say, it looks like our Barn Dance gang is all set to tear the roof off this old red barn tonight! . . . *(Laughs)* . . . Yes, sir, something tells me we're going to have a lot of fun at this party!

(Opening Announcement. From stage)

JOE KELLY. Well, folks, here it is the first Saturday night in April. You know, sometimes the month of April is as contrary as an old mule . . . and it is always the most treacherous month of the year as far as our health is concerned. Did you ever notice how much havoc the changeable weather in April causes . . . and how easy it is to catch cold at this season of the year? Now if you happen to be suffering with one of those miserable sniffing Spring colds, you will be mighty glad to learn that it may be the easiest thing in the world for you to get prompt, definite relief from your discomfort. That's right. Call Alka-Seltzer to the rescue. Not only does Alka-Seltzer bring remarkable relief but it also helps build up your alkaline resistance, which makes it much easier for you to throw off the effects of a cold. And what's more, it's really pleasant to taste . . . not at all like medicine. Try it the next time you want REAL relief from a cold. All druggists have Alka-Seltzer Tablets in 30 and 60 cent size packages. Just make sure you get the genuine product. Always ask for it by name.

JOE. Well, well, well . . . crown me with a crocus! Here are those Four Spring Warblers, the Maple City Four! Howdy, boys, and welcome to our party! . . . How about you four fellows hollering down our rain barrel tonight? *(Laughs)*. We'd all like to hear that old favorite of yours, "The Green Grass Grew All Around." That's just the tune for this time of the year.

AL. All right, Joe . . . and just to put everybody into the spirit of the song, I'll start it off with a bit of woodland symphony!

(Maple City Four: "Green Grass Grew All Around")

JOE. (*Sings*) "*And the Green Grass Grew All Around*" . . . (*Laughs*)
By golly, you've got me doing it now, Maple City Four! . . .

SALLY. Hi there, Joe!

JOE. Why, hello, Sally Foster! My, but you're a treat for sore eyes! . . .
Say, will you be a nice little girl and sing one of your lively songs for us?

SALLY. Of course, I will, Joe. . . . Any particular song you'd like to hear?

JOE. No, anything you select will be all right with us, Sally. . . .
Come on, Otto, bring your boys and play for Sally.

(*Sally Foster and Twisters: "Wait for the Wagon"*)

JOE. That was swell, Sally! Just bring the old wagon around any
Saturday night and we'll all take a ride with you! . . . (*Laughs and com-*
motion) . . . oh, oh . . . hold everything! Something tells me that Uncle
Ezra is about to arrive!

HEZZIE. Yeah . . . here he comes now, Joe!

JOE. Sure enough, here is Rosedale's Ambassador of fun and frolic,
the old Jumping Jenny Wren, Uncle Ezra himself! Well, well, the party
is just beginning! Give him a toot on the tooter, boys!

(*MC4, Hot Shots and Twisters: "Hail Hail Parody"*)

(*Uncle Ezra's entrance and dialogue*)

EZRA. (*When on stage*) Hello, Joe . . . hain't missed nothin', have I?

JOE. Hi, there, you old Jumping Jenny Wren! . . . Welcome to the
old hayloft! How'ya feeling?

EZRA. Finer'n a Humming Bird's pin feathers! . . . How's everything
going? . . . Zippy?

JOE. You betcha, but, Uncle Ezra, I think I've got spring fever.

EZRA. Well, that's nothing to fret about. . . . Spring fever is the
most delightful malady on earth. . . . It spreads clean through your whole
system and gives you the most comfortable dern feelin' . . . a sort o'
sweet, dreamy laziness that you'd rather *have* than shake off.

JOE. Did you ever have an attack of it, Uncle Ezra!

EZRA. Did I? . . . I get it just as soon as "The ice breaks up and the
streams all roar and the soft air blows through the open door." . . . Hot
ziggety, how's that for poetry?

JOE. Fine, Uncle Ezra . . . but say, what can I do for Spring fever?

EZRA. Well, most folks just do nothin' at all, but I know a sure
cure fer it.

JOE. You do?

EZRA. Yep, and this cure is more pleasant than the disease itself.
. . . Here 'tiz:

"The only cure for a man I know
Is t' git right out o' town and go

Where th' wild ducks swarm an' the geese go by,
 An' the trout an' bass are a jumpin' high;
 The only thing thet'll cure him then
 Is t' git away from his feller men
 An' loaf all day by some laffin' stream
 An' fish an' whistle an' sing an' dream,
 An' listen t' birds an' bugs an' hear
 The voice o' the woods in his eager ear,
 An' smell the flowers an' watch the squirrels,
 An' cast a fly where the eddy whirls,
 An' ferget thet there's cities, houses an' men;
 Ferget thet he's got to go back again;
 Ferget when on a moss grown bank he's curled
 Thet there's anything else in this whole wide world
 But just him an' the birds an' bugs an' things
 Thet live right thar where the wild stream sings. . . ."

Joe, that's a sure cure and the best one I know.

JOE. Gee whiz, I feel better already after hearing that, Uncle Ezra.
 . . . How's everything down in Rosedale?

EZRA. Fine, Joe . . . lots of spring fever down there, too.

JOE. There is?

EZRA. Yep, and lots of "sparking" going on. . . . Park benches and parked cars are full of young folks "billin' and cooin' " these moonlight nights. . . . (*Laughs*) Oh, it's the same old story, every Spring everywhere. . . . Joe, you remember Pearl Henspeckle, don't you?

JOE. Oh, sure . . . how is Pearl?

EZRA. Doing all right. . . . She's got a beau this Spring. . . .

JOE. Finally got one, eh?

EZRA. Yep, I reckon Leap Year had a lot to do with it. . . . Last night her beau called at her house and stayed till ten o'clock.

JOE. You don't say so!

EZRA. Yes . . . old man Henspeckle got tired of waiting fer him to go home and opened the parlor door and ketched him settin' on the sofie with his arm around Pearl's waist.

JOE. Oh, oh . . . I bet Pearl was scared?

EZRA. Nope . . . the girls of today don't scare so easy, Joe . . . but the old man was powerful mad. . . . He yelled: "Daughter . . . tell me, what does this mean?" (*Laughs*) . . . And what do you think she told him, Joe?

JOE. (*Laughs*) What did she tell him, Uncle Ezra?

EZRA. She said: "Papa, come back in twenty minutes . . . I'll probably know by that time." . . . (*Laughs*) Oh, Joe, half of the world never knows how the *other* half gets *that way*.

MAX. (*Whistles like a robin*)

EZRA. Joe, there's a robin in the hayloft tonight . . . hear him?

JOE. Yes . . . (*laughs*) . . . he's a good big robin, too.

EZRA. Yes, I see him now. . . . Dog take your hide, Max Terhune, I mighta know it was you. . . . Come on now and give us some more of your imitations. . . . How about it, Joe, kin I produce our old friend, Max Terhune, the Hoosier Mimic?

JOE. You sure can, Uncle Ezra.

EZRA. Folks, here comes Max Terhune who can imitate any dern critter that flies, creeps, crawls or walks on legs! . . . Give us some samples, Max!

(*Max Terhune: Bird imitations*)

JOE. Fine business, Max Terhune! Now, don't go away, because here are three more song birds from woods of Wisconsin, Verne, Lee and Mary, and I know you'll enjoy hearing them sing, "Riding Around in the Rain." . . . All right, girls!

(*Verne, Lee and Mary, Octette and Orch: "Riding Around In the Rain"*)

EZRA. Ridin' around in the rain don't bother young folks when they're in love, does it, Joe?

JOE. I should say not, Uncle Ezra.

EZRA. Well, it don't bother me none, either. . . . (*Laughs*)

JOE. That must mean that you're in love too, Uncle Ezra. (*Laughs*)

EZRA. Well you know it's spring, Joe . . . and you can't never tell!

(*Second Announcement: From stage*)

JOE KELLY. Well, would you look who's here. Howdy, Jack Holden. Say, what you got there?

JACK HOLDEN. I got a letter.

JOE. Where's it from?

JACK. It's from one of our friends out in California.

JOE. What's it about?

JACK. It's about Alka-Seltzer!

JOE. Well, why don't you read it?

JACK. I was just going to ask if you'd let me.

JOE. Here, give it to me . . . I'll read it. Yep, it's from California all right. Here's what it says:

"I operate a gasoline service station on a busy corner. In this line of work, you must always have a smile and a cheerful word for everybody. But sometimes on the "morning after the night before," it's mighty hard to do anything but frown and feel sorry for yourself. So when I come to work in the morning feeling low, I go across the street to the corner drug store and have a glass of Alka-Seltzer. After that, I really feel like smiling because I know it won't be very long before I'm feeling

as fit as a fiddle. In this work I'm in, competition is keen and I can't afford to run the risk of losing customers."

JACK. You know, Joe, what that fellow says is right. The competition in *every* line of business is keen these days. There are mighty few people who can afford to be only "half on the job." And if you lose too much time from work, there's always three or four others right there to take over your job. But nowadays, most folks know that there is an easy, pleasant way of getting relief from their common ailments such as headaches, upset stomach, distress after meals, and the like. They've learned that Alka-Seltzer brings the kind of relief they want . . . in a hurry. And if you'll try it just once, you'll agree that there's nothing like the quick, definite relief it brings. But see for yourself how helpful Alka-Seltzer can be. Get a 30 or 60 cent size package of these modern, effervescent tablets from your druggist without delay. Or, if you'd like a glass of Alka-Seltzer while you're away from home, you'll be glad to know that you can get one at any drug store soda fountain.

JOE. Thank you, Jack Holden! . . . Hey, folks . . . here comes your crazy "daffy-dils" . . . yes, sir, it's the Hoosier Hot Shots! Boys, it's your turn next. . . . "Rattle" up your musical tinware and rattle off a song of the season! . . . Let it rain, let it pour!

(*Hoosier Hot Shots: "It Looks Like Rain"*)

EZRA. Boys, I'm proud of you. That was real music, wasn't it, Joe?

JOE. You said it, Uncle Ezra. It was the peak of perfection! (*Laughs*) Now, folks, how would you like to hear the voice of Henry Burr? . . . (*Applause*) Well, he is right here and he has promised to sing one of those sweet old songs everybody likes, "Wake Up Little Girl."

(*Henry Burr, Octette and Orch.: "Wake Up Little Girl"*)

JOE. Thank you, Henry Burr, that was just what we wanted! . . . Well, Uncle Ezra, what do you say? Is the time ripe for some more square dancing?

EZRA. Hot ziggety, Joe! Now, you're talking. Yes, sir, the time has come for us young fellers to snuggle our arms around the waists of these pretty girls and swing 'em on the corners!

JOE. (*Laughs*) Okay, Uncle Ezra . . . a square dance it is! . . . And I'll bet you've got your girl all picked out. . . . Fiddle up, "Devil's Dream," boys . . . get your partners, everybody . . .

"Balance all and your partners swing

Down the center and bust the ring

Ladies forward and gents to meet;

Swing them ladies clear in the street!" . . .

You call it, Arkie! . . .

(*Hayloft Band, Arkie and Dancers: "Devil's Dream"*)

(*Fade for Station Break*)

JOE. (*Ring cowbells*) Yes, sir, folks, it's the National Barn Dance sent to you by ALKA-SELTZER! . . . We're right in the middle of our regular happy-go-lucky Saturday night hayloft party and I'll tell the world we're having a swell time! We sure hope you're all enjoying it with us! . . . Hey, Maple City Four, it's your turn again. How about some good old fashioned harmony?

AL. All right, Joe, how would "Clover Blossoms" suit you?

JOE. Nothing could suit us better, Al. Go right ahead, Maple City Four and sing it. John Brown is ready for you at the piano!

(*Maple City Four: "Clover Blossoms"*)

JOE. Boys, that was as sweet as clover honey! . . . Now, where did the Belle of the Barn Dance, Lulu Belle, disappear to? Oh, yes, just as I thought . . . there she is over there with Skyland Scotty! Just look at them . . . holding hands and making goo-goo eyes at each other! Ah me, ain't love grand! . . . (*Laughs*) Hey you youngsters! Everybody is waiting to hear you two sing one of your famous duets! Hustle right up here and sing to your hearts' content!

(*Lulu Belle and Scotty: "Seventeen Come Sunday"*)

JOE. That was right nice, Lulu Belle and Scotty, and much obliged!

(*Horses' Hoofs. Pat Petterson*)

CHAS. Whoa! . . . Whoa! . . .

JOE. Hello, there stranger! Light and set! . . . (*Laughs*) Well, say this is no stranger! It's Charlie Marshall! . . . (*Applause!*)

(*Charlie Marshall and His Boys*)

CHAS. I am the flame of youth, with my L an' my L . . . my F an' my G I'll have you know. . . .

JOE. Hold on, Charley, what do you mean . . . with your L and your L, your F and your G?

CHAS. Aw, I git tired of sayin' the same thing all the time, Joe . . . my lute an' my lyre, my flute an' my guitire. . . . I am the spirit of rugged individualism . . . (got that'n out of *True Confessions*). . . . Oh, the North wind shall blow, an' we shall have snow, an' what will the robin do then poor thing (end "quote"). . . .

JOE. Hey, for goodness sakes, Charley . . . this is Spring. What do you mean by saying we shall have snow?

CHAS. My mistake, Joe . . . for a minute I thought I was Admiral Byrd. Shall we just have a shower instead, Joe?

JOE. That's the spirit, Charley. . . . Ah April showers bring May flowers. . . . "In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." . . .

CHAS. Heavens to Betsey, Joe, I do believe your voice is changing . . . you are adolescent.

JOE. Never mind . . . skip it. But tell me, don't you ever feel romantic

in the Spring, Charley? . . . the trees budding out . . . the grass turning green . . . the little brook bursting through its armor of ice and babbling its merry way to the sea . . . the time of the year when all nature is milk and honey. . . .

CHAS. By golly, Joe that reminds me . . . our old cow is going to be fresh this month . . . (*sigh*). But I do love the great outdoors, Joe. Ah, would that I was King of the Forest . . . with a starry crown an' a sceptre every inch a King an' every foot a ruler.

JOE. I'm glad you feel that way, Charlie . . . I'm glad you like the great outdoors.

CHAS. You' dern tootin' . . . it's so well ventilated.

JOE. I wish every one could enjoy it as we do, Charley. . . . Do you realize that in this glorious land of ours there are thousands of families living in one room?

CHAS. Gosh, they sure must be crowded.

JOE. Oh, Charley, you're hopeless . . . why can't you be a little more ethereal . . . more esthetic?

CHAS. I'll bet you ask all the cowboys that.

JOE. Ah, but to feel the call of the wild . . . the call of the woods . . . the call of Spring!

CHAS. Shall I call my boys in, Joe?

JOE. (*Exasperated*) Oh . . . yes, call them in if they'll come in.

CHAS. What? You doubt my ver— ver— my truthfulness? . . . You don't think my boys'll come in? . . . I'll show you . . . come on in, boys!

(*Maple City Four come in and answer "Here we are!"*)

CHAS. Heck . . . them ain't *my* boys! . . .

JOE. (*Laughs*) I should say they aren't . . . that's the Maple City Four.

CHAS. You don't reckon my boys have at last failed me, do you, Joe?

JOE. Looks like it, Charley. . . . No! . . . Here they come now!

BOYS. Here we are!

CHAS. What did I tell you! Avaunt brave knights . . . would'st lay 'em in the aisles with a dad burned cantabile? Then to horse! An' may the best man win! . . .

(*Charlie Marshall and Boys: "Take Me Back to Colorado" or "Beaver Creek"*)

JOE. That was great, Charley! . . . So long—we'll be looking for you and your boys to be riding our way next Saturday! . . .

(*Orchestra starts playing introduction to "Garden in the Rain"*)

JOE. Say, that's a pretty melody! I wonder what that is?

EZRA. Why that's "A Garden in the Rain," Joe and Lucille Long are going to sing it for us.

(*Lucille Long, Octette and Orchestra: "A Garden in the Rain"*)

(Bring in applause (10 seconds) and fade to PF Studio)

(Third announcement from WLS Studio)

CHAMBERLAIN. Folks, while all the boys and girls are enjoying a square dance in the old hayloft, we're going to take just a moment to tell you something you'll want to hear. Whenever you are troubled with common aches and pains that are associated with excess acidity, just remember that there's nothing like a refreshing glass of Alka-Seltzer to help you get back on the healthy, happy side of life in a hurry. That's just what Glen Cook found out one night. He and his wife had been to a party with some friends. They had a fine time and didn't leave for home until quite late. And it was the same old story—Glen felt the after-effects of the party.

(Fade out on this last line)

(Car drives up)

GLEN. Helen, I feel miserable. And the quicker I can get to bed, the better off I'll be.

HELEN. I'm sorry but you don't deserve any sympathy, Glen. I told you before we started out not to eat too much of the midnight lunch we were going to have. You know how you always suffer for it afterwards.

GLEN. All right. All right. Rub it in. Oh boy, how my head aches.

(Car stops—cut motor)

HELEN. Well, I'll come to your rescue this time, Glen Cook, but never again.

(Car door opens and closes)

GLEN. That's mighty nice of you, dear. And just what are you going to do about it?

HELEN. I have something in the house that was just made for bad little boys like you who eat too much lobster salad and chocolate cake and are never satisfied until they've had three or four cups of coffee after midnight.

GLEN. You have?

(Unlock house door—open and close it)

HELEN. Yes. Now you come into the kitchen here with me and I'll fix you something that'll settle your stomach in short order.

GLEN. And what are you going to do?

HELEN. I'm going to fix you a glass of Alka-Seltzer. Marion made that suggestion just as we were leaving the party tonight.

GLEN. Yeah, I thought of Alka-Seltzer, but we haven't any in the house. I used the last tablet the other day. And I don't know of any drug store that's open at this time of night.

HELEN. Yes but we do have some in the house.

GLEN. Say that again.

HELEN. Yes, I got some this afternoon when I was out shopping. You see, I thought you might be needing some after tonight's party.

GLEN. Helen, you're a mind reader. What a wife I have—what a wife. Say, you'd better put in two tablets. We've got a big day ahead tomorrow and I want to be sure that I'll be feeling good so's I can enjoy it.

CHAMBERLAIN. Thanks to Alka-Seltzer, Glen *did* enjoy himself the next day. Friends, why let a headache, an upset stomach, or distress after meals spoil your plans for a good time? Follow the tried and true Alka-Seltzer way of relieving your discomfort quickly and pleasantly. You know, it's no wonder that Alka-Seltzer is so effective. One or two of these modern, effervescent tablets in a glass of water makes a refreshing, alkalizing solution which contains an analgesic (sodium acetyl salicylate). You drink it and it brings prompt, definite relief from everyday ailments associated with excess acidity (alkaline deficiency). Once you've experienced the pleasant relief it brings, you'll keep a package of these remarkable tablets in your home at all times. Why not get one from your druggist right away? He has them in 30 and 60 cent size packages. Alka-Seltzer is also served by the glass at all drug store soda fountains. Be wise, friends—alkalize with Alka-Seltzer!

(Stage only: Tune Twisters)

(Hayloft Band, Arkie and dancers: "Golden Slippers")

JOE. Whew! That was a rootin' tootin' shootin' square dance, all right! . . . And say, Uncle Ezra, you were stepping around extra special like in that dance! . . .

GIRLS. *(Crowding around Uncle Ezra)*

JOE. Hey, girls—leave Uncle Ezra alone!

EZRA. Never you mind, Joe! I like the ladies! . . . *(Turns to girls)*

(Uncle Ezra and girls: Special feataure spot)

The Buggy Ride (Original Ms.)

Light Cavalry Overture

Riding Down the River Road

Mary's a Grand Old Name

Waiting at the Church

JOE. *(Laughs)* Say, Uncle Ezra, that certainly was an interesting story—but kind of sad like! . . . Well, now folks, something is really going to bust loose around here now . . . the Maple City Four and the Hoosier Hot Shots have joined forces and they insist that "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More."

(Hot Shots, MC4 and Twisters: "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More")

JOE. Boys, maybe that wasn't so good, but it was plenty loud and lively! *(Laughs)* . . . Well, friends, we've had a mighty good time up here in the old hayloft singing and playing some of the old familiar

songs about sunshine and rain and springtime. . . . Now, as our party draws to a close, let us listen to Fritz Meisner and our hayloft ensemble play and sing, "Green Fields and Blue Birds" and "Trees."

(Fritz Meisner, Girl Trio, Octette and Orchestra: "Green Fields and Blue Birds" and "Trees")

(Ensemble and Orchestra: "Seeing Nellie Home")

(Fade for closing announcement)

*Alka-Seltzer National Barn Dance—(WLS-NBC)—Sat., April 4.
Closing announcement: (From WLS Studio).*

CHAMBERLAIN: Friends, the makers of Alka-Seltzer sincerely hope that you have thoroughly enjoyed yourself at tonight's hayloft party. They also hope that you will remember to use their famous product whenever you want *real* relief from headaches, distress after heavy meals, sour or upset stomach, and those many other common ailments that can be so troublesome. These effervescent, pain-relieving tablets are sold by all druggists in convenient 30 and economical 60 cent size packages. Alka-Seltzer is also served by the glass at all drug store soda fountains. Once you've used it, you'll know why it's called "the nation's favorite."

Now, until it's time for another big party in the old hayloft next Saturday night, good night and good health to you all.

NBC ANNOUNCER. The Alka-Seltzer National Barn Dance, with Joe Kelly as Master of Ceremonies, has come to you from the stage of the 8th Street Theater and Station WLS in Chicago, over a coast-to-coast network, through the facilities of the National Broadcasting Company.

KRAFT MUSIC HALL

VARIETY SHOW

In this variety show the use of the guest artist is a prominent feature, although permanent features are retained week by week. Permission for publication kindly granted by Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation by W. G. Shanks.

KRAFT MUSIC HALL

Date: January 2

ANNOUNCER. The Kraft Music Hall!

(Music: Kraft Hollywood salute, played by Jimmy Dorsey's Orchestra, forte and fade—continuing under all announcements until Crosby's first song)

ANNOUNCER. The Kraft Music Hall, with its permanent cast of stars, Bing Crosby . . . Jimmy Dorsey and his Orchestra . . . and Bob Burns.

Our special guests tonight, Cecil B. DeMille, Hollywood's most famous motion picture producer; Ruggiero Ricci, phenomenal young violinist; Eleanor Whitney, Bobby Grayson and Bobby Wilson, stars of the Rose Bowl game; and many others. Presenting now, Bing Crosby!

("Eenie Meeni," Bing Crosby, Jimmy Dorsey and Orchestra, Trio)

CROSBY. Good evening, good people. And a New Year's welcome to the Kraft Music Hall! At first we thought of having an audience here at the Kraft Music Hall tonight, so the audience could listen to the show, and you could sorta listen to the audience. On second thought, however, being as this is essentially a radio show we decided to cut out the middle man, and let you folks do your own listening.

It's a great pleasure to welcome our distinguished guests here tonight. . . . Cecil B. DeMille, the great motion picture producer; Ruggiero Ricci, celebrated young concert violinist; and Eleanor Whitney, Paramount's new dancing star. But these people don't complete our all-star bill. Say—we've got Jimmy Dorsey and his Orchestra and they're going to fill the night with music. Bob Burns, Van Buren, Arkansas, will be in charge of the quip-and-jest department. And many another talented performer will grace this here new stage.

(College music under following)

(Insert football interview)

(Grayson-Wilson spot)

CROSBY. Now, ladies and gentlemen, if there are any football fans among our listeners, you know that the big game of the year took place in the Pasadena Rose Bowl yesterday, when Stanford beat Southern Methodist University, by a score of 7 to 0. *(College music)*

Two names figured prominently in the game . . . Bobby Grayson of Stanford, and Bobby Wilson of S M U. . . . Real All-Americans, both of them.

Both of these Bobbies are here tonight, and I want you to meet 'em. Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Bobby Wilson.

WILSON. How do you do?

CROSBY. And Mr. Bobby Grayson.

GRAYSON. How do you do, everybody?

CROSBY. I guess I don't have to introduce you fellows to each other?

WILSON. No, we met yesterday.

CROSBY. Well, tell me, how did it feel?

GRAYSON. It felt like those Texans blamed me personally for what happened at the Alamo. *(Laugh)*

CROSBY. How did you feel about it, Bobby Wilson?

WILSON. Well, I don't know. I was too busy to notice.

CROSBY. Ladies and gentlemen, these boys are not exaggerating. Bobby Grayson is walking with a decided limp this evening, and Bobby

Wilson certainly acts and looks like he was in a football game yesterday. . . . Now tell me, Bobby.

BOTH. Yes, Bing.

CROSBY. One at a time, boys . . . just to keep this whole thing straight, I'll call you Bobby W., and I'll call you Bobby G. . . . Now, Bobby W., what would you say was the real reason that Stanford won the game yesterday?

WILSON. Well, I'd say they were just ready for it . . . yesterday was the first time our offense has been stopped. Those Stanford ends played a wonderful game of football. I'd say it was too much Topping . . . and I guess the score will tell the rest.

CROSBY. Is that about the way you'd size up the game, Bobby G.?

GRAYSON. Well, Topping was certainly great yesterday, but all of our line played a wonderful game. Then you don't want to forget that boy Paulmam our sophomore quarterback pulled us out of a hole with that quick kick. How about that? Wasn't that some quick kick, Bobby?

WILSON. Um-hum.

CROSBY. That was really a colossal kick. . . . Well now, these boys are both very modest, and I don't see any hope of getting them to talk about themselves, so I think I'll just ask Bobby Grayson to tell me a little about Bobby Wilson. Give your opinion, will you, Bobby G.?

GRAYSON. Well, I guess everybody knows about Bobby Wilson's past record and I'd like to say this: . . . He served notice on us early yesterday what kind of a man he was, when he ran through our whole club in the first quarter. He sure ought to have had a touchdown on that play if he had any kind of a break . . . and also Wes Muller told me after the game that Wilson could sure take it for a little fellow. Wes told me he hit him so hard three or four times, he didn't think he would get up.

WILSON. One time I didn't want to get up.

CROSBY. I can imagine . . . that big guy Muller really hits 'em. Well, Bobby W., how about giving us your impressions of Bobby Grayson's performance in yesterday's game?

WILSON. It sure was some performance. Our boys had been practising for two weeks to learn how to stop Grayson, and then they couldn't do it. He stopped every pass that came his way, and of course he was the fellow that took the ball from the 14 to the 6, just before Stanford scored. You know Staff Shufford was our best defensive man . . . and when Shufford missed Grayson, I knew we were up against something bad.

CROSBY. Well now, as I understand it, that's the last game that these boys are going to play for their respective colleges. . . . Tell me what are your plans from here on, Bobby G.

GRAYSON. Well, I'm going to go over to Hawaii with Pop Warner for those two games over there. . . .

CROSBY. Now just a minute . . . is that the only reason you're going to Hawaii?

GRAYSON. (*Laugh*) I should say not! I'm gonna get married over there. Are you going to go on that trip, Bobby?

WILSON. Well, they asked me to go, but I've got exams.

GRAYSON. That's gonna be a grand trip. Couldn't you take your exams on the boat?

WILSON. If I could do that, I'd go.

CROSBY. That shows you that's the trouble with college—all that studying and all that stuff. Well, boys, it was mighty nice of you to come up here tonight. . . . I want to thank you both, and I really and sincerely, right from the ticker, wish you all the luck in the world.

BOTH. Thanks, Bing. So long.

CROSBY. So long, boys. . . . Jimmy Dorsey, will you take it?

(*"Old Man Harlem"—Jimmy Dorsey and his Orchestra*)

CROSBY. (*Over first chorus*) You are tapping your feet, ladies and gentlemen, to a tune called "Old Man Harlem," played by Jimmy Dorsey. In the next chorus, you will hear Mr. Dorsey going to town on his stream-lined clarionetta.

(*Number concludes . . . segue to jazz vamp*)

CROSBY. Jimmy, I want to tell you that was a very stylish piece of clarinetting.

DORSEY. It should be. I stayed up all night practicing.

CROSBY. Why don't you work daytimes, like other people?

DORSEY. Then when would I play golf?

CROSBY. Play golf! Why, Jimmy Dorsey! Do you mean to stand here in front of me and tell me you allow a mere pastime to interfere with your professional career? My boy, in that direction lies madness. And another thing . . . see that you don't keep me waiting on the first tee tomorrow.

(*Number up . . . and play to finish*)

CROSBY. And now, my friend Don Wilson has something he wants to say to you.

(*First commercial*)

(*Introduction to announcer*)

ANNOUNCER. Ten years or so back, one of the most popular cook books was entitled "A Thousand Ways to Please a Husband." I can't compete with the authors of that book in *number* of suggestions, but in just six words I can tell you one *easy, sure* way to make the head of your house happy. Give him Creamed Old English Cheese!

That's the delightful sharp Cheddar Kraft made expressly for folks

who like cheese with a full, tingle-on-the-tongue snap. The kind of cheese for which English taverns and coffee houses have long been famous.

But when Kraft experts set about to give America such a cheese, they wanted to *improve* upon it . . . to make it soft and easy-to-spread. To time-mellowed English-type Cheddar they *added* rich cream . . . *just* the right amount. So you can spread Creamed Old English on crackers . . . for an after-dinner snack with the coffee. You can spread it on bread for delicious sandwiches, plain or toasted. You can melt Creamed Old English to a smooth golden sauce that's marvelous on vegetables and eggs and sea food. Try a package of this fine, aged Cheddar cheese tomorrow. Remember the name—Creamed Old English—made by Kraft!

ANNOUNCER. (*Fortissimo*) Bing Crosby presents . . . the sensational quartet, the Four Blackbirds!

CROSBY. (*In a confidential tone*) Well, folks, the announcer speaks pretty well of you—and I think you're swell—but sensational is the word that's been kinda kicked around here in Hollywood. Would you say you're really sensational?

FIRST TENOR. That's what everybody tells us, Mr. Crosby.

CROSBY. Well, I guess that takes charge of that. You're making a picture now, with Harry Richman—is that right?

FIRST TENOR. We just finished that, Mr. Crosby.

SECOND TENOR. And it was sensational.

CROSBY. Uh-huh. Well now, we've heard from the gentlemen of the ensemble. How about the young lady? Probably the folks don't even know that we have a quartet with three male voices and one girl. Isn't that rather unusual?

GIRL. Sure, but I'm an unusual girl, Mr. Crosby.

CROSBY. Well . . . looky here! Well, tell me, where do you people hail from?

SECOND TENOR. I'm from Charleston, South Carolina, and Joe, here, is from Macon, Georgia.

CROSBY. What about you other two?

GIRL. Oh, we're from the South.

CROSBY. Oh, really, way down South. Well, anyway, I know you've worked hard, and I'm glad you've made good in pictures. Ladies and gentlemen, it's a pleasure to present the Four Blackbirds, singing . . . "Night Winds."

(*Vamp out. "Night Winds," Four Blackbirds*)

(*Burns theme in and out*)

CROSBY. Friends, an old favorite of the Kraft Music Hall . . . first citizen of Van Buren, Arkansas, Mr. Bob Burns.

(*Heraldry into theme, which continues under the following*)

CROSBY. Now, Bob, as I understand it, your home town, Van Buren, Arkansas, gave you quite a homecoming the other day. Tell me, Boy, how does it feel to be met at the train with three bands?

BOB BURNS. I can't just get up here and talk as though nothing has happened. I suppose most of you know that this is my opening shot on a brand new contract and I want to take time right here to tell you that I'm awfully happy.

You know, I have been broadcasting for quite some time but I wasn't happy in my work. There was something wrong. I couldn't put my finger on the trouble but I knew there was something lacking. Finally one day it suddenly dawned on me what the trouble was. I knew what was wrong with my broadcasts. I didn't have a sponsor.

I hope you will profit by my mistakes. If you are figuring on taking up radio as a career, don't waste time like I did. First, get yourself a sponsor. You never know till you get one what comfort they are.

Another thing I want to tell you is that since you heard me last on the Kraft show back in New York, I have touched the high spot in my life. On my way out here from New York I went through my home town, Van Buren, Arkansas, and they gave me a Homecoming. I have heard of local boys being met at the train by a band, but I believe I am the only one who has been met by three bands. Besides the Van Buren band there was the band from Fort Smith and the Jug band from Baby-long, another suburb of Van Buren. I never saw such a parade in my life. They had ox teams, men leading hound dogs—and some more men leading some of my kinfolks that they had brought in from the mountains.

I think one of the main reasons why they gave me the homecoming was so they would have an excuse for bringing my relatives into town. Van Buren wanted something to laugh at. I left Van Buren in the first place because they laughed at me. They laughed at me this time till I started telling them jokes. Then they stopped.

It made me kinda proud to see the way my folks entered into the spirit of my homecoming. One uncle bought a pair of shoes in honor of the occasion. He said he never wore shoes before because it interfered with his business. He was the champion peach and strawberry picker of Crawford County. Sometimes they plant strawberries in the peach orchards down there and they both ripen at the same time. Many a time I have seen my uncle picking peaches with his hands and strawberries with his toes at the same time. Now you take 40 some odd years of this without shoes and your toes get developed and kinda spread out. I was there when he bought his shoes, and before he could get his shoes on, he had to *braid* his toes.

Of course my aunt was there with all her children, and she knew all the folks would be looking at her babies, so she thought it would look kinda toney to have some of those store-boughten things babies wear. They are them things that you fold into triangles. In fact my aunt had so many babies that she thought that's what they meant by the eternal triangle. She had some of the things that she had made herself. She said she wasn't ashamed of them but she wasn't going to let her babies advertise flour any more till she got a sponsor. Well, she sent her oldest boy to the store for a dozen of the store-boughten ones and when the clerk wrapped up the dozen she said, "that will be a dollar." My cousin said "They are advertised one dozen for 98 cents." The clerk said, "Yes, 98 cents is for the things, and the two cents is for tax." My cousin said, "Well, we don't need the tax, . . . Maw pins 'em on."

Well, that night they gave me a reception in the gold room of the C. C. C. clubhouse and by the time I got home, my kinfolks had taken up all the beds and I didn't have no place to sleep, so I took the front door off the house and laid it over the bath tub. It made a good bed and I slept pretty good, but along in the middle of the night it did get pretty chilly around the letter slot.

But it really brought tears to my eyes when Mama told me how it affected Papa when he heard me play the bazooka over the radio from New York. She said that while I was talking, Papa just sat there listening and didn't say a word. Then he heard me playing my bazooka. When I was half way through my solo, Papa got up and walked over and took the radio in his arms—and threw it out the window.

Tonight I know my people are listening in and I'm going to play an old selection that they used to hear me play as a boy.

Mr. Dorsey, will you have your boys play?

("Lonesome Road," Burns, Bazooka solo)

(Burns routine. . . . Music continues for a few seconds then fades entirely. At conclusion of Burns routine, Burns goes into Bazooka solo, "Lonesome Road." Heraldry. Segue to jazz theme)

CROSBY. *(Over music)* Well, you've heard quite a lot of music from the Jimmy Dorsey band, in fact you can hear them right now . . . but you really haven't made the acquaintance of the band until you hear Miss Kay Weber. So I take the greatest kind of pleasure, seriously, in presenting Miss Kay Weber, singing "The Gentleman Obviously Doesn't Believe in Making Love." She'll be surrounded and supported by Jimmy Dorsey's Orchestra. All right, Kay. . . .

("The Gentleman Doesn't Believe"—Jimmy Dorsey and his Orchestra—Kay Weber)

ANNOUNCER. Bing Crosby presents Ruggiero Ricci in the Kraft Music Hall.

(Orchestral heraldry . . . fades into dignity theme No. 1 which continues, under the following)

CROSBY. We're all humble in the presence of authentic genius. And here with me in the Kraft Music Hall is a young man who, if you will pardon the expression, has stood the musical world on its ear. Now, of course, you're not gonna take my word about violinists. My musical education has been confined to the reverse side of popular sheet music. But I do know there is something thrilling, something that lifts you up . . . in the way this young man plays. I know beauty when I hear it, and I guess you do too. And I swear you'll hear it now, when Ruggiero Ricci plays a lovely melody from Tschaikowsky. Sanford Schusel is at the piano. Ruggiero Ricci!

(Theme out. Melody . . . Tschaikowsky, Ruggiero Ricci. Dignity theme No. 1)

CROSBY. Thank you, Ruggiero. Now will you tell us a little about yourself? You've been a concert violinist, I understand, for some six years.

RICCI. Yes, since I was nine.

CROSBY. I guess you've played in all parts of America?

RICCI. Yes, throughout the United States and in Canada and Cuba.

CROSBY. How old were you when you knew you wanted to be a violinist?

RICCI. Oh, about six, I guess. As long as I can remember.

CROSBY. Thanks . . . that explains a lot, son. Ladies and gentlemen, Ruggiero has been soloist for the Manhattan Symphony, the New York Philharmonic Symphony; and he's won great success wherever he's appeared. It's really a delight and a pleasure to have him here. Now Ruggiero Ricci plays . . . Paganini's famous "Perpetual Motion"!

("Moto Perpetuo." At close of violin solo heraldry rises then fades for commercial)

(Second commercial)

(Middle commercial)

ANNOUNCER. An English epicure relates an experience in America!

ENGLISHMAN. Ever since I've been in the States I've been searching for a cheese with a bit of a snap to it . . . the flavor of sharp Cheddar we get at my club in London. Well, in a food shop this morning, I was in conversation with the proprietor, and told him what I was looking for. So he produced a handsome little package from which he sampled me a bit of the cheese on a cracker. Well. I popped it into my mouth, shut my eyes so I could get the savour of the thing and definitely my search was ended! The flavor was most delicious! Exactly what I wanted.

"I say, you've got something here," I remarked. "Has it a name?"

"Oh, yes indeed," the gentleman assured me, "it's Creamed Old English . . . made by Kraft."

"Very interesting," I replied, and I suggested that he do up a couple of packages for me. So I went out whistling "Yankee Doodle," feeling very set up.

ANNOUNCER. You can get Creamed Old English at your regular food store. Pick out a package tomorrow from your dealer's display of Kraft products.

(Station break. Hollywood Salute and Theme)

ANNOUNCER. The Kraft Music Hall . . . with Bing Crosby, Bob Burns and Jimmy Dorsey and his Orchestra. Tonight we have as guests in the Music Hall, Bobby Grayson, Bobby Wilson, Ruggiero Ricci, and many others. And here is Bing Crosby himself.

(Music: Dorsey theme)

CROSBY. *(Over music)* Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to take you back to the year 1924. You remember the summer of old 1924? The Democrats' had a convention in Madison Square Garden that summer, nominating John W. Davis for President on the 124th ballot. . . . Mah Jong was slipping as the national pastime, and cross word puzzles were on the way up. . . . Calvin Coolidge was in the White House, and the Giants were leading the National League. . . . Red Grange, the Galloping Ghost, was at the University of Illinois, resting up for his last season of football. While Nurmi, the Phantom Finn, was resting on his laurels as the conqueror of Joie Ray in the two-mile. . . . Gene Tunney was heavyweight champion of the world, and not yet an authority on Shakespeare. Paul Whiteman's band was playing the Palais Royale on Broadway and killing the people, and what was the tune the kids all used to ask for, ten times a night, as they danced around in their short skirts and bell-bottomed tuxedos? See if you remember it. . . .

("I'll See You in My Dreams"—Bing Crosby and Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra)

CROSBY. Eleanor Whitney is the little girl you may have heard described as "the fastest tap dancer in the world." She's gonna give us a demonstration in just a minute, but first I think you ought to meet Eleanor. Eleanor, where did you learn to tap?

ELEANOR. I learned what I know from Bill Robinson.

CROSBY. Well, honey, that's the best place there is.

ELEANOR. Oh, Bill is grand. And he's been wonderful to me.

CROSBY. How'd you happen to become his star pupil?

ELEANOR. Well, when I was a little girl I lived in Cleveland, and one day when I was about ten years old my Mother took me to the theater and Bill was dancing there and I was absolutely fascinated. I finally

persuaded Mother to take me backstage and when I met Bill he taught me one of his routines in fifteen minutes.

CROSBY. Quick study, huh?

ELEANOR. After that he used to give me a lesson every time he came to Cleveland, and finally my Mother and I went to New York and I studied with him for two months. He still coaches me—but he's never let me pay him a cent for all he's done.

CROSBY. Well, Bill's a great guy, no doubt about that. But tell me, how'd you get into pictures?

ELEANOR. I really don't know. I had a chance to take a screen test at Paramount about five months ago, so I went to the Paramount School for three days, took the test, and went right into "Millions in the Air."

CROSBY. Wait—wait a minute. What's that Paramount School? I don't know any school over there.

ELEANOR. Why it's just a—you know, a school.

CROSBY. A school? What do they teach? Algebra or something?

ELEANOR. No, they just sort of get you ready for your screen test.

CROSBY. Oh, I catch on; like cramming for an exam. Well what about your part in this new picture?

ELEANOR. "Timothy's Quest"?

CROSBY. Yeah, I guess you're gonna do a lot of dancing in it.

ELEANOR. No sir, in "Timothy's Quest" I'm strictly dramatic.

CROSBY. Oh yeah? Well tonight you're gonna be strictly terpsichorean. I picked that one up at the Paramount School, I guess. Come on, Jimmy, a little something for Miss Eleanor Whitney.

CROSBY. (*During Whitney number*) Hit it!! woop—easy—lightly—careful that's it—ooh (*humming, singing, whistling*) look out now! Right on the nostril. Yeah.

(*Whitney dance routine. "Double Trouble" fading after opening bars for Crosby announcement*)

CROSBY. (*Over music*) Your ears, ladies and gentlemen, are hearing the first few bars of "Double Trouble," a swing tune played by Jimmy Dorsey's band. "Double Trouble" also enlists the services of the Jimmy Dorsey Trio.

(*Number concludes. Heraldry*)

ANNOUNCER. Kraft Music Hall. Bing Crosby presents . . . Cecil B. DeMille.

(*Segue to Dignity theme No. 2*)

CROSBY. Last Sunday, Cecil B. DeMille, Hollywood's most distinguished citizen, celebrated a very important date in film history. It was the 22nd anniversary of his starting production on "The Squaw Man," the first feature length film made in Hollywood. Film pioneer, cultured

gentleman, master showman, scholar and world famous director, Cecil B. DeMille has made a unique place for himself in the motion picture hall of fame. It's a great honor to have him as our guest on the first of this new series of programs. With a deep bow—and with a slight tinge of uneasiness—I bring you . . . Cecil B. DeMille.

(Segue to heraldry and back into Dignity theme No. 2 which fades out completely after DeMille's first speech)

(Insert DeMille interview)

DEMILLE. Uneasy? Why, Bing?

CROSBY. Because after all the years you've been in the picture business, gee, I feel like a novice. You were known around the world before I was out of grade school.

DEMILLE. I've watched your career since the days when you were just a screen voice—not a screen personality. You used to come out to Paramount Studio to sing a song or two and charge \$50 for being "dubbed" in as we call it. We thought that by charging us \$50 you were holding us up. Today we wish we could get an afternoon of your singing for a dozen times that price. Then we'd really be saving money.

CROSBY. *(Laugh)* You know, I'll never forget the first time I met you socially. I was a little disappointed because, well you weren't stomping around in puttees, and waving a megaphone, and giving a general fire-eating exhibition.

DEMILLE. I don't eat fire, Bing. I play with it sometimes, and I've substituted the microphone for the megaphone.

CROSBY. Oh, yes, I noticed that, when you were filming the "Crusades." One day when I went out to watch the doings you must have had at least 500 knights on the set. Tell me, was that real armor those guys were wearing?

DEMILLE. Yes, including the Arabian Knights all the armor was practical.

CROSBY. I guess it had to be—in case you lost your temper.

DEMILLE. I never really lose my temper.

DORSEY. *(Laugh)* OH, IS THAT SO?

DEMILLE. No, the worst treatment to which I ever subject an actor is a touch of sarcasm, and I do that for a purpose.

CROSBY. What's the purpose, Mr. DeMille?

DEMILLE. Picture that set, with 500 people on it, just as you saw it. That wasn't a mob, Bing. That was a collection of 500 individuals, each with his own private troubles; I come on the set and my job is to transport all these people back to the twelfth century, get them thinking about the parts they are playing, make them forget themselves. How can I do it? I must, first of all, focus their attention on me. Why? Because

one fellow over there has a terrible toothache. The toothache fills his whole mind. He can't think of anything else. Another is thinking about the date he has. Another one is hoping that one of the newspaper people on the set will notice how well he rides a horse. Another is perhaps thinking about his sick wife at home. I've got to be very much the dictator, and knock all those thoughts quickly and surely out of their heads—swing the focus of those 500 minds from the actors themselves to the picture and parts they are playing. If sarcasm will do the trick, I use sarcasm; if a little joking is what's needed, I joke. I'd do anything to get them to play the scene well—I'd even croon.

CROSBY. (*Laugh*) Oh, now—would you like to give us a sample of your crooning?

DEMILLE. I don't want to crowd you out as King Crooner.

CROSBY. (*Laugh*) Oh, thank you. Well, maybe you'll tell us how you happened to go into pictures, Mr. DeMille.

DEMILLE. Nearly a quarter of a century ago, I produced a play by Mary Roberts Rinehart at the Harris Theatre in New York. The leading man was a youth named Walter Hampden. The play was a dismal failure, and I was broke. Jesse Lasky had just run into some tough luck too, and we were sitting comparing our bad breaks in the old Claridge Grill at 44th Street. He asked what I was going to do. I said: "I'm going to seek adventure." He said "I'd like that, too; let's go into the motion picture business," and I said: "Let's." We turned over the bill of fare and formed the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company on the back of it. While we were engaged in dividing up the new-born child, Samuel Goldwyn walked into the grill. He was a glove manufacturer, and the Government, I believe, had just taken the tariff off gloves, so he was broke, too. He asked what we were doing. We said: "We have just formed a motion picture company." Sam sat down and became a partner right then and there. We capitalized for \$20,000 and figured we could raise or borrow the other \$5,000—or \$5,000 each. That left one quarter of the company to be disposed of for \$5,000. We all three tried to sell that one quarter. I went to my brother and asked him for the money. But he said he thought he ought to keep the money to pay my train fare home.

We tried hard to sell that \$5,000 worth of stock but everybody looked at us with raised eyebrows or were not at home. I came west with Dustin Farnum to make a picture, in Flagstaff, Arizona. We got off at Flagstaff but the country didn't look right so we got back on again and went as far as the train did, which was Los Angeles. We looked around Los Angeles and its vicinity for some place we could use as a studio. . . . There was a quiet little lost corner of Los Angeles with beautiful dripping

pepper trees, big orange grove hills, and sunshine. They called it Hollywood. I rented a stable there for \$25 a month and started work. Within 24 months that unsold quarter of the company was worth several millions. And that was the beginning of Paramount Company. The moral of this is . . . that the darkest, coldest hours really do come just before the dawn: and that what we think is failure is often the beginning of success. You have only to keep swimming and not let failure drown you.

CROSBY. Yes, Mr. DeMille.

DEMILLE. Don't say that to me, I've been getting it all my life.

CROSBY. Uh—ye—well I mean all right. Well I want to thank you very much for coming up here tonight, Mr. DeMille, and I hope that maybe some day I'll—I'll be in a picture you direct.

DEMILLE. I'd like to have you, Bing. You'd be surprised what I could do with a crooner.

CROSBY. Ouch! (*Laugh*)

(*Music up*)

(*Just before close of interview Dignity theme No. 2 is re-introduced and ends in heraldry. Motif then segues to jazz theme*)

CROSBY. (*Over music*) Now a most unusual banjo picker . . . Paddy Patterson. Folks, Paddy really gives a banjo a fit. He plays on various parts of the strings, thumps the instrument in unexpected parts of its anatomy, and in general makes one banjo do the work of one, two, three or four. Paddy Patterson.

(*Banjo solo . . . Paddy Patterson*)

CROSBY. Ever since "The Last Roundup" the boys have been looking for another epic of the plains. I think they've got it in "Boots and Saddle." So with the assistance of Buffalo Bill Dorsey, I'll sing the same with your kind indulgence.

(*"Boots and Saddle"—Crosby*)

(*Third commercial*)

(*Closing commercial*)

(*Introduction to announcer*)

ANNOUNCER. If you like mellow-ripe cheese with a considerable snap to it, by all means get a package of Creamed Old English tomorrow. This is the cheese Kraft makes especially for folks like you.

To produce it, Kraft experts take fine, aged English-type Cheddar and add rich cream to make it spreadable. You get all the old-time sharpness plus the smooth texture modern methods of cheese making have made possible.

Serve Old English and crackers to top off a dinner you want to be extra good. Use this fine cheese in sandwiches . . . plain or toasted. And discover what richness it gives to cooked dishes!

You'll find Creamed Old English in your food dealer's display of the many varieties of Kraft Cheese. Treat yourself—and your family—to a package of Creamed Old English tomorrow.

All Kraft Products sold in Canada are made in Canada.

(Kraft Hollywood Salute)

CROSBY. Next week the Kraft Music Hall stage is again gwine to resound with fun and frolic, music and madness, song and story and possibly a potpourri. As honored guest . . . Mischa Levitzky, the renowned pianist; Joe Venuti, hot fiddler extraordinary; The Parks Sisters and the Radio Rogues; Rupert Hughes, world famous author; and many others. All the steady help of course is going to be around too—Bob Burns, Jimmy Dorsey and his Orchestra, and your humble servant, Moe Crosby.

(Heraldry and Kraft Hollywood Salute. Heraldry to close)

(Announcer's sign-off)

WILSON. Tune in the Kraft Music Hall at this same hour next week, when Bing Crosby will present Mischa Levitzky, Joe Venuti, Rupert Hughes, the Parks Sisters and the Radio Rogues.

The Kraft Music Hall, announced by Don Wilson, has come to you from the NBC Studios in Hollywood.

Included in tonight's program were "Eenie Meeni Mini Moe," from *To Beat the Band*, "Lonesome Road," from *Showboat* and "Double Trouble" from *Big Broadcast of 1936*.

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

WOODBURY'S PAUL WHITEMAN

VARIETY SHOW

The comedy team, the guest artist, and other features of this variety show are typical of the current trend, coupled with the use of a featured master of ceremonies who performs musically as well as orally. Permission for publication kindly granted by Jergens-Woodbury Sales Corporation by J. B. Sparling.

WOODBURY'S PAUL WHITEMAN

Lennen & Mitchell, Inc., 17 East 45th Street, New York
 Station: WJZ Network: National Date: Sunday,
 November 8. Time: 9:15-10:00 P.M.

(Orchestra: Fanfare)

HAVRILLA. Paul Whiteman's Musical Varieties!

(Orchestra: Theme . . . Fade for announcer)

HAVRILLA. The makers of Woodbury's Facial Soap with the filtered sunshine element and Woodbury's germ-free Cold Cream present the Dean of Modern American Music . . . Paul Whiteman!

(Applause)

WHITEMAN. Good evening, Friends. It's great to be back in New York after a summer in Texas. I had a grand time there, but I'm glad to see all of you again! The whole gang is here.

HAVRILLA. Judy Canova, Annie, Zeke, and our guest of honor—who'll be with us from now on, is that most popular young singing star, Frank Parker!

(Applause)

PARKER. Thank you, Alois Havrilla. All I can say is . . . it's a great break to be on this program, and I like it a lot. And, if anyone drops a hat, I'll sing.

HAVRILLA. That's what we hope, Frank.

PARKER. But first . . . how about some of that swell Whiteman music. . . .

(Orchestra: "Swinging on the Swanee Shore" . . . Fade for announcer)

HAVRILLA. Paul Whiteman plays that current dance hit . . . "Swinging on the Swanee Shore."

(Orchestra: "Swinging on the Swanee Shore")

(Applause)

HAVRILLA. And now . . . the man with the glorious voice—the one and only Frank Parker.

(Parker & Orchestra: "Stars in My Eyes")

(Applause)

(NOTE: Guest artist portion of program, featuring Texas Rangers and Bob Ripley, cut.)

(Orchestra: "Bojangles of Harlem" . . . Fade for announcer)

ANNOUNCER. The whole country dances to this melody . . . why don't you? Paul Whiteman plays . . . "Bojangles of Harlem."

(Orchestra: "Bojangles of Harlem")

(Applause)

ANNOUNCER. When you were a little girl did your mother ever say to you:

WOMAN'S VOICE. "Come now, darling, eat your spinach and your carrots. They'll put roses in your cheeks."

ANNOUNCER. Every modern mother knows that certain vitamins in fresh vegetables and sun-ripened fruits have a definite effect on the clear, fresh quality of the skin, and there's *one* vitamin that Nature must have

intended you to get directly through your skin. For it's very scarce in natural foods. That's Sunshine Vitamin D.

Today a favorite complexion soap . . . Woodbury's Facial Soap . . . supplies a concentrated amount of this important vitamin in its lather.

Skin scientists have incorporated "Filtered Sunshine" Vitamin D into Woodbury's already famous formula. This is a *revolutionary* step in skin care . . . an advantage you get from no other popular brand of soap except *Woodbury's*.

Use Woodbury's yourself, and let your *children* bathe and wash with this "Filtered Sunshine" soap. It's only 10¢ a cake at drug, grocery, department and ten cent stores. Order 3 cakes of Woodbury's tomorrow sure!

(Orchestra: "Night Is Young" . . . Fade for announcer)

ANNOUNCER. One of the big hits from the Casa Manana show at the Ft. Worth Frontier Centennial was "The Night Is Young." Paul Whiteman plays it for you now, as he played it there. . . .

(Orchestra & Debs: "Night Is Young")

(Applause)

(Orchestra: Reprise . . . "Swinging on the Swanee Shore" . . . Fade for announcer)

HAVRILLA. You are listening to Paul Whiteman's Musical Varieties. We shall continue immediately after your station announcement.

(Station break)

(Orchestra: "Avalon" . . . Fade for announcer)

HAVRILLA. Act two of Paul Whiteman's Musical Varieties, brought to you by the makers of Woodbury's facial soap with the filtered sunshine element and Woodbury's germ free Cold Cream. . . .

(Pause)

ANNOUNCER. Paul Whiteman carries on a tradition which he established in his concert interpretations of a popular song . . . with "Avalon."

(Orchestra: "Avalon")

(Applause)

(Orchestra: "Down Home Rag" . . . Fade for announcer)

ANNOUNCER. It's that old trouble of Paul Whiteman's, that menace of the mountains . . . Judy Canova with her sister Annie and her brother Zeke.

(Applause)

JUDY. Howdy, Mr. P.W.

P.W. Hello, Judy.

ZEKE. Good evenin', ever'body.

ANNIE. Good night, ever'body.

P.W. Well, I see you finally got to New York, Judy.

JUDY. We sure did, Mr. P.W. And we'd have got here sooner only we came from Ft. Worth by airplane.

P.W. Airplane! But that's the fastest way you could travel.

JUDY. I know, but Zeke made a mistake and bought us tickets to Los Angeles.

P.W. Why on earth did he do that?

JUDY. The tickets to Los Angeles was two dollars cheaper.

P.W. You mean that you went all the way to Los Angeles in order to get to New York?

JUDY. That's nothing. We met a woman who was going all the way to Reno just so she could get to Niagara Falls.

P.W. Well, tell me about the trip, Judy.

JUDY. We went up ten thousand feet.

P.W. Were you frightened, Judy?

JUDY. No, I wasn't skeered.

ZEKE. Then why was your teeth a chatterin'?

JUDY. I brushed 'em that morning and I couldn't do a thing with 'em.

P.W. Were Zeke and Annie affected by the height?

JUDY. Lordy, yes. Zeke was so skeered he wouldn't sit down.

P.W. Wouldn't sit down? Why not?

ZEKE. That airplane was too shaky to set all my weight down on it.

ANNIE. I asked the pilot if they had many wrecks on that airplane.

P.W. What did he say, Annie?

ANNIE. He said the worst one they'd ever had was Judy. . . .

JUDY. That'll do, Annie. Go get your hat and coat.

P.W. Personally I never travel by air. I guess I'm not built for flying.

JUDY. You're a tellin' I!

JUDY. You know, Mr. P.W., I went up and spoke to the pilot. I asked him what made us keep going higher and higher all the time. He said it was the elevator. So I said, if the dang thing has an elevator, ring for it and let me off on the ground floor.

P.W. But, Judy, didn't you get a thrill out of looking down at the beautiful panorama below?

JUDY. There was a fella—looking at what?

P.W. The beautiful panorama.

JUDY. I'll bet you laid awake nights thinking of that one. Hey, Zeke, what's a panorama?

ZEKE. A panorama is a soft straw hat.

JUDY. Dog take me, Zeke, you sure are smart.

P.W. (*Chuckle*) You didn't finish telling me about your airplane trip, . . . what else happened?

JUDY. Well, the only time we was really skeered was when the airplane come sailing over Newark. We sure was high up. I looked out the

window and asked the hostess what that little bungalow was down there below.

P.W. Yes, what was it?

JUDY. She said it was the Empire State Building.

P.W. But isn't it remarkable how gently they bring you down?

JUDY. That's what you think. The hostess said: We are now twenty thousand feet over Newark . . . Climb out . . . we're down! I said. Well wait a minute till my stomach gets here.

P.W. Well, anyway, you're here safe and sound. Tell me, Judy, was that the longest trip you ever took?

JUDY. No indeedy. One time I and Annie went from Atlanta to . . . No, we didn't go from Atlanta either . . .

ZEKE. It was me that went from Atlanta.

ANNIE. Yeah, and they're still after you, Zeke.

JUDY. Get under the house . . .

P.W. By the way, Judy. . . Did you see this story in the paper about you coming back to New York?

JUDY. Why no. Lemme see it, Mr. P.W.

P.W. Here it is, right here.

JUDY. Lordy, it sure is purty, ain't it? Zeke, read what it says.

ZEKE. All right, Judy. Which part do I read? The black or the white?

JUDY. Read the white—there's more of it.

P.W. No, no, Zeke, read the second column.

JUDY. Read what?

P.W. The second column.

JUDY. I don't see nothing like that. Zeke, what's a column?

ZEKE. Column is how you feel when you ain't excited.

JUDY. Listen to that, Mr. P.W. Wouldn't you think Zeke had been to college? You know we none of us feel very good tonight, Mr. P.W.

P.W. Why, what's the trouble, Judy?

JUDY. Well, we got a tellygram that our Grandpappy died.

P.W. Why that's too bad. I'm awfully sorry.

JUDY. You know Grandpappy was a famous scientist.

P.W. Is that so?

JUDY. Yes sir. He discovered 76 new kinds of insects in his lifetime.

P.W. Why that's remarkable. I suppose he had to search all over the world.

JUDY. Nope, he found 'em the day he combed out his whiskers.

P.W. How old was he when he died?

JUDY. A hundred and ten.

P.W. A hundred and ten! Just think of that. What caused his death?

JUDY. Women and liquor.

P.W. Women and liquor?

RADIO CONTINUITY TYPES

JUDY. Yep, he couldn't get either one, so he just laid down and
CANOVAS. "Nobody's Darling But Mine."

(Orchestra: "It Ain't Right" . . . Fade for announcer)

ANNOUNCER. All the people in the Whiteman organization are personalities . . . and one of the most popular is Jackson Teagarden. People who know their swing recognize him as one of the leading—if not *the* leading hot trombone player of our day . . . others like the way he sings. . . . In this next number, ladies and gentlemen, you pays your money and you takes your choice. . . .

TEAGARDEN. "It Ain't Right."

(Applause)

ANNOUNCER. From Schenectady, New York, comes an interesting letter telling of Miss Ruth Bishop's experience with Woodbury's Facial Soap. Miss Bishop writes:

WOMAN'S VOICE. "For twelve years I used Woodbury's soap. During that time my arms cleared of all the blemishes that make short sleeves embarrassing, and my face remained clear and fresh. Lately I've been using any soap that was in the soap dish. My face became rough and chapped and felt drawn and tight after washing. I immediately returned to Woodbury's. Now my skin is almost as clear and soft as before."

ANNOUNCER. Thank you, Miss Bishop. We're delighted that Woodbury's has proved so *good* for your skin. Yet it isn't surprising. You see, this soap is scientifically blended according to the formula of a skin specialist, and it now contains "Filtered Sunshine" Vitamin D. Woodbury's helps oily, dry or normal skin. Common skin faults are quickly corrected by this basic beauty care. Even within a week a sallow complexion begins to look brighter. If you'll follow the simple directions given in the booklet wrapped with each cake, you'll find your skin smoother and fresher within 30 days and Woodbury's with "Filtered Sunshine" Vitamin D is only 10¢ a cake. Try it tomorrow!

HAVRILLA. It gives us pleasure to again present the leading romantic tenor of our day . . . that popular young star of radio . . . Mr. Frank Parker. . . .

PARKER. "Tell Me Tonight."

(Applause)

(Orchestra: "When Did You Leave Heaven?")

(Applause)

(Orchestra: "De-lovely" . . . Fade for Ramona)

RAMONA. Mr. Announcer.

HAVRILLA. Yes, Miss Ramona. . . .

RAMONA. First thing I did when I got back to town, I went to see the new Cole Porter show . . . Red, Hot and Blue. . . .

HAVRILLA. The music is swell, I think. . . .

MUSICAL VARIETY TYPES

of the songs . . . "De-Lovely" . . .

present Woodbury's beauty consultant, Miss

tonight I can help even *one* woman to prevent her skin from getting old and becoming old, I'll be satisfied. But I know there are many of you whose complexions will be smoother and younger if you follow this simple beauty routine every day.

It should be washed once a day, at least, with Woodbury's Facial Soap. This removes surface dirt and the dead skin that makes your complexion scaly and rough. Wash with Woodbury's Facial Soap before you go to bed. Then smooth on a rich application of Woodbury's germ-free Cold Cream. This lubricates and softens the skin, takes away that dry, parched look. The Vitamin D ingredient now in Woodbury's Cold Cream is absorbed to help give your skin new vitality and healthful glow. And while Woodbury's Cold Cream is *on your face*, it helps prevent germs from causing blemish-infections. This cold cream is *germ-free*.

When you use Woodbury's Facial Soap to *cleanse* your skin and Woodbury's germ-free Cold Cream to *soften* it, you *do not need* any other dry skin treatment. Your complexion will stay beautifully fresh and smooth. Let me remind you to try Woodbury's Facial Powder, too. See how evenly it spreads and how well one of its six smart shades becomes you.

(Orchestra: "Glory Road" . . . Fade for announcer)

ANNOUNCER. Paul Whiteman brings you Jacques Wolfe's dramatic "Glory Road" . . . sung by Bob Lawrence and the King's Men. . . .

LAWRENCE AND KING'S MEN. "Glory Road."

(Applause)

(Orchestra: Theme . . . Fade for)

ANNOUNCER. Paul Whiteman will present another big musical variety show next week, same time. . . .

WHITEMAN. See you then . . . right after Walter Winchell, you know . . . and we'll all be looking for you . . . Judy Canova with her sister, Annie and Zeke . . . your favorite, Frank Parker . . . and all our gang . . . 'til then, don't forget those grand Woodbury products for the skin you love to touch. And this is yours truly, Paul Whiteman.

ANNOUNCER. Heard on tonight's program were (*musical credits*). This is Alois Havrilla bidding you goodnight for the makers of Woodbury's Facial Soap with the "Filtered Sunshine" element, and Woodbury's germ-free Cold Cream.

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

REALSILK PROGRAM

VARIETY SHOW

A variety show in which straight utilitarian speaking, not music, and not dramatic continuity, is the featured item is unusual. The Realsilk Program, with "The Spectator," Edwin C. Hill, is such a program. Note that the straight talk, the interview and the hybrid (in this case dramatized information) are all employed. Permission for publication kindly granted by Leo Burnett Company, Inc., Advertising by J. T. Ainley.

REALSILK HOSIERY MILLS, INC.

Edwin C. Hill & Orchestra

Time: 10:00-10:30 P.M.

Station: WJZ

Date: October 11

*(Fanfare into theme 1)*ANNOUNCER. *(Over music)* Presenting the Spectator . . . Edwin C. Hill.*(Music up—hold 10-15 seconds—Fade under)*

ANNOUNCER. The Realsilk Hosiery Mills presents the second of its Sunday evening half hours. A radio program created for your enjoyment and entertainment through the collaboration of two established favorites . . . Edwin C. Hill, one of the nation's most graphic and colorful commentators—and the Realsilk Hosiery Mills of Indianapolis, makers of the new Personal Fit Hosiery for Women and Super-Service Socks for men.

(Music briefly and out)

ANNOUNCER. Realsilk is sold in only one way . . . by direct, personal, human approach to you, the customer. And so Realsilk felt that only one man can make the same direct, personal human approach to you, our radio guests. Realsilk feels that none other has the graphic, imaginative command of phrase and language; the same great ability to interpret the passing scene; the same quick sympathy and human understanding. It is with great pleasure, therefore, that Realsilk presents as the Spectator . . . Edwin C. Hill.

(Applause)

HILL. Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, I come to you again in the rôle of Spectator of the American Scene. Both at home and abroad the past week resounded with notable events which will take their place in history. . . . Most sensational of all was the challenge flung out by Soviet Russia. For the Great Bear which walks like a man threatened to go to the help of the radical Spanish government unless Germany, Italy and Portugal were forced to stop aiding the Fascist rebels with war planes and munitions. This comes as the Rebels slowly but surely

close in for the capture of Madrid, the Spanish capital. And distressed Europe again quakes to the threat and fear of war. . . . A war which we will most certainly keep out of. . . . Over here, of course, the most important news of the week centers around the race for the Presidency. Three weeks from next Tuesday more than forty million American men and women will go to the polls to cast their votes either for Franklin D. Roosevelt or Alfred M. Landon, or it may be for minor candidates. The registration everywhere is breaking all records, and politicians on both sides wonder what it means. King Football commands the allegiance of the American people after a million-dollar World's Series closed a successful baseball season. The teams that will fight it out for the mythical championship seem to be taking the football map by and large, Princeton, Notre Dame, Northwestern, Minnesota, Pittsburgh and Southern California—giants all. . . . As for the rest, the old U.S.A. turns in a pretty good report.

The Spectator notes all such important news and comments on them for your interest, but we do not feature, in these Realsilk Sunday evenings the people or the events that make the headlines of Page One. My sponsors have given me the opportunity to interpret the American Scene in a new and different way. You know, most of the worth-while work of this America of ours is done by men and women whose names seldom appear in print. They are the people who are the very backbone of the real America. In a few minutes I am going to present to you a man whose routine job with precious stones goes deep into human life and human nature. He brings lovers together with his tokens of Cupid, and assists them to the altar with his symbols of Hymen. His work calls for knowledge which embraces a wealth of history and romance and tragedy. But first, the melody of Harry Sosnick and his orchestra.

(Music: full number)

HILL. The lore of precious stones goes back to the dim days when the man and his wife lived in caves and fought the sabre-toothed tiger and the hairy mammoth. We may own no gems ourselves, but we are fascinated by the stories and legends of the curious part they have always played in human life. Since the days of the ancient Greeks, gems have had a language of their own, especially well known to lovers. The Emerald (so they say) detects false friends and insures true love. The ruby detects poison and safeguards life. The pearl stands for purity and innocence. If you wear agate you insure health, long life and prosperity. But opals, as lovely as they are, portend injury and mental or physical trouble—so the superstition goes. The sardonyx stands for married happiness and the topaz symbolizes fidelity and friendship and, oddly enough, keeps you from having bad dreams. And the diamond (our hero of the

evening) signifies purity, strength of mind and promotes love and harmony between man and wife. So the old Romans believed anyway. And for thousands of years people have had the notion that the diamond was the most powerful of all stones in its influence upon humanity both physically and spiritually. To this very day, in India, when a baby is named, tiny diamonds are sprinkled over its head to give it strength and virtue. . . . Gems and jewels are among the most fascinating things ever turned out by the hand of the Creator, and tonight we bring to you a man who lives with them, deals in them—Mr. Chapin Marcus, Vice President of Marcus & Co.

MARCUS. Good evening, ladies and gentlemen.

HILL. Mr. Marcus, I have taken the liberty of introducing you as a kind of pal of Cupid and Hymen—engagement and wedding rings, you know.

MARCUS. Well, I suppose I am, in a way.

HILL. All right. Here's something I would like to know, and maybe some of the ladies would like to know: why are engagement rings always worn on the third finger of the left hand?

MARCUS. For a very interesting reason, Mr. Hill. The curious belief goes back thousands of years that a nerve runs straight to the heart from the third finger of the left hand.

HILL. How is business in these romantic circles of platinum and diamonds?

MARCUS. The best in years. As we come out of the depression, young men get up the courage to pop the question, and the young woman the spunk to say yes. Hard times mean a decrease in engagements and marriages. In good times, up they go.

HILL. You have been selling rings for a long time, Mr. Marcus. Have you noticed any interesting change in the etiquette of buying the engagement ring?

MARCUS. Decidedly. And that change, in itself, symbolizes the liberation of women from the rigid, old-fashioned, Victorian social restrictions.

HILL. Just what do you mean?

MARCUS. Well, Mr. Hill, in your Grandmother's day it would have been regarded as most unladylike for her to have accompanied her fiancé to buy the ring. But today the bride-to-be takes the young man by the arm and says: "We'll attend to this little matter together, my lad!"

HILL. There's a whole book on the emancipation of women in that, Mr. Marcus.

MARCUS. You can learn a lot about women from a jeweler, Mr. Hill.

HILL. When she leads him in, does she purchase stones other than diamonds for her engagement ring?

MARCUS. Only occasionally. When the Duke of Kent gave a sapphire to his fiancée, the Grecian princess, it started a temporary vogue. But almost all engaged girls want diamonds.

HILL. Do styles change in engagement rings?

MARCUS. Indeed, yes. The round diamond is still most popular, but other types of cutting are asked for.

HILL. Tell me, Mr. Marcus, how do you experts judge the value of a diamond?

MARCUS. By color—perfect blue white preferred—perfection of cutting, brilliance, freedom from imperfections. No inexperienced person seeking to buy a diamond should ever try to pass on its value. He should go for advice to an expert jeweler.

HILL. When we think of diamonds we are apt to think of coronets, diadems, necklaces and bracelets—magnificent costly jewels. But is that the most important part of the diamond industry?

MARCUS. On the contrary, the biggest sales of diamonds are to the multitude. Over fifty per cent of the diamonds mined find their way into industry. Industry could hardly exist without the use of diamonds.

HILL. Just what do you mean, Mr. Marcus?

MARCUS. Well, for grinding purposes the big motor car companies buy them in lots of one thousand. All miners use diamond drills to reach coal, gold and copper. The very fine wires in electric light bulbs could scarcely be made without drawing them through diamonds.

HILL. You almost make me believe Mr. Marcus that we could have no New York skyscrapers without diamonds in industry.

MARCUS. You are perfectly right—nor could there be New York subways or tunnels under the Hudson River, or Boulder Dams or Muscle Shoals or any other great engineering achievement.

HILL. The diamond seems to play a most important part in human life.

MARCUS. Much more than most people realize. It is not merely an article for display by the rich but its uses enter very directly into the comforts and luxuries which reach the poor and middle class.

HILL. Mr. Marcus, I want to thank you very warmly on behalf of Realsilk for bringing to us some new and extremely interesting facts and ideas about jewels.

MARCUS. Thank you, Mr. Hill, I've enjoyed our interview very much.

(Applause)

HILL. In a few moments I will sketch the thrilling and romantic history of the biggest and most famous diamonds in the world—diamonds that have caused the fall of thrones and changed the history of great nations. But first, another offering of Mr. Sosnick's melodies.

(Orchestra: Full number)

GRAUER. Skirts are shorter this fall—very much shorter. This means that wrinkled ankles will be more conspicuous. It means that twisted seams in the back of the stocking will be more glaring. It means that you need better fitting hosiery. As far as we know there is only one way to be sure of improving the fit of your silk stockings—that is through the new service now being introduced by the Realsilk Hosiery Mills of Indianapolis. This company is now offering an entirely new kind of hosiery known as Realsilk Personal Fit. You actually measure yourself for this new kind of hosiery. You furnish five dimensions—foot size, of course, but also ankle size, calf size, and size around the top, and hosiery length. On the basis of these measurements, out of hundreds of leg-patterns constantly in process in our mills, we furnish the pattern of hosiery which most closely matches your own individual dimensions. This new kind of hosiery will fit you better than you have ever been fitted before. Your stockings will appear more sheer. The seams will stay straighter. And you'll get longer wear with better fit. There isn't any other place in the world where you can get this unique personal hosiery service. The Realsilk man or woman who calls on you will tell you all about it and will supply you with a convenient measuring device. When you think of short skirts think of Realsilk.

(Orchestra: wedding theme)

HILL. The diamond, as I said a moment ago, is our hero of the evening. But its rôle in human affairs has not always been heroic. In many ages and many lands it has been the villain of stark tragedy. There is an old belief that great diamonds have ever been linked with trouble and often death. Away back in the Seventeenth Century, in the time of Louis the Fourteenth, there was an enterprising rascal named Tavernier. He made his way to India and stole from the head of a Hindu God the great blue stone which blazed under the temple's lamps as its single eye. Retribution followed fast. Tavernier was assassinated and over 250 years every owner of that great blue gem, the Hope Diamond, has suffered violent death, or some form of disaster. The great Orloff diamond, a yellowish beauty, once among the Czar's Crown jewels, was likewise stolen by a French sailor from the eye of an idol in a Brahman temple, and stolen from the sailor by a ship's captain. Prince Orloff bought it for 90,000 pounds and presented it to Catherine the Great, and they say that a thousand men and women have died in the lust and greed for that yellow jewel. The Kohinoor of 106 carats is, probably, the most famous of the great diamonds of the world. It blazes today from the crown of King Edward the Eighth. But in olden days the Kohinoor passed from conqueror to conqueror, from Persia to India, and if it had been gifted with vision, would have seen enough blood flow to fill a great river. The greatest diamond ever found was the Cullinan. It was

picked from the yellow clay of a new mine in the Transvaal in 1905. Clear and white, it then weighed more than a pound and three quarters. And Fate has always placed these magic stones in a setting of romance or tragedy—always the unusual and amazing. Tonight we bring you such a tale of modern times—our own day—the tale of the miraculous find of a great diamond—the greatest stone of our generation—which whimsical Fate tossed into the hands of a poor and discouraged farmer in South Africa—the great Jonker diamond.

(Sneak music in . . .)

HILL. In the early part of 1934 a cloudburst had drenched a small farm in the District of Pretoria, South Africa. As the torrential down-pour rips across the land, and the wind howls and the rain beats against the windows of a little farmhouse, Jacobus Jonker, gaunt and bearded, stares out on his flooded fields. His wife and seven children sit silently regarding him, until at last, the wife speaks. . . .

(Cross fade music into rain effects)

WIFE. Jacobus . . .

JACOBUS. *(Dully)* Yes, wife.

WIFE. Come away from the window, Jacobus. You frighten me.

JAKE. I hate the rain, Mina!

WIFE. Will hating make it stop?

JAKE. Nothing will make it stop, Mina. Nothing will make life bearable on this farm. *(Rain effects up)* We've made a mistake, Mina. It's taken me eighteen years to find it out. . . .

BOY. Wait, father, it can't rain forever. . . .

JAKE. It has rained enough to ruin all we've done today and last week and the week before. This rain has washed even my poor rows of corn as bare as a desert.

BOY. Then we can plant again.

JAKE. No, son, we'll never plant again . . . not here.

WIFE. Jacobus, what are you saying?

JAKE. I mean it. We are through, Mina. Through with this whole senseless, unlucky business. Find diamonds, the grounds will not even give us food to eat.

WIFE. But what will we do?

JAKE. We'll leave here. We'll go away. Anywhere—anything will be better than the wasted years we've spent on this farm.

WIFE. But this has been our home for eighteen years, Jacobus!

JAKE. Have we one thing to show for those eighteen years?

WIFE. Have I complained, Jacobus?

JAKE. No, Mina, you have been good. Never complaining. But what's the use? It's not fair to you or these young ones. All those years grubbing

in the dirt, sweating, hoping. Always hoping, and did we ever find a single stone worth weighing?

WIFE. See, Jacobus, the rain is *stopping*.

BOY. Yes, father, the sun is coming out. Perhaps our corn is not all ruined.

JAKE. No son. My mind's made up. We're quitting this miserable place tomorrow. Your mother and you children must have another chance.

BOY. But, father . . .

MINA. Karl, your father is right, there can be no good luck while we stay here.

JAKE. The matter is settled, son. Call one of the Kaffir boys. See to it that the wagon and the cart are ready to move us tomorrow. We've done our last farming at Elandsfontein.

(Orchestra: Music up full for bridge . . . music out . . . farm theme 6 bars)

MINA. Karl will be back from the fields in a moment, Jacobus. The Kaffir boys are helping him. He is going to put the tools in the shed.

JAKE. Ya, Mina, and those tools will never leave the shed again. Not in my life.

MINA. Now, Jacobus. Don't talk any more about it. Rest a while, have a pipe. I will get our supper.

JAKE. *(Sighs)* I haven't been very good to you, my wife. Not as I wanted to be.

MINA. I am happy.

JAKE. How can you say it? Poverty . . . failure . . .

KARL. *(A great shout, off mike)* Father! Father! We've got it! We've got it!

MINA. What on earth . . . ?

KARL. *(Coming up)* Father—Mother *(Bursts into the scene)* Oh mother! God bless you, Mother! It's happened—happened at last!

JAKE. In heaven's name, son! Are you mad?

KARL. Mad? Mad with joy, Father! Look!

(A split second pause)

JAKE. *(Quietly, fervently)* Praise be to God! It's *real!*

(Play remainder of scene in reverential awe)

MINA. Real, Jacobus?

JAKE. Our boy has found a diamond.

MINA. What? That? It can't be. Oh, no, Jacobus, why it—it's as big as an egg!

JAKE. Yes, Mina. And a diamond.

MINA. But are you sure?

JAKE. Positive.

MINA. Not so big! It must be worth a fortune.

JAKE. More money than we had ever hoped to see.

MINA. Oh, Jacobus!

JAKE. Where did you find it, son?

KARL. In the south field. Hans, the Kaffir boy, found it deep in a rut.

JAKE. The rain . . .

KARL. Had washed it clean. If it hadn't been for the rain. . . .

MINA. You wouldn't have found it. Wouldn't have even seen it. Oh Jacobus, you should ask God's forgiveness for what you said.

JAKE. No, Mina. I'll thank God that what I said has come true. We have done our last farming at Elandsfontein.

(Music—Farm theme 2 bars)

HILL. And so this egg-shaped gem which had but a few hours before been one with the stones of the field in a sparse and barren farmyard, had become one of the great gems of all time. Tremulously the Jonkers regard their find. Their incredible good luck leaves them speechless. Mamma Jonker puts the huge stone in the toe of a stocking and knots the stocking around her neck. She goes to bed, Jacobus Jonker and his sons, guns and revolvers across their knees, sit in anxious night-long vigil. There was no sleep that night in the little farmhouse.

(Music)

In the morning, bright and early, Jacobus Jonker and his wife stand before a desk in the office of the Diamond Corporation. The Director stares in amazement at the stone which Jonker has placed before him.

(Music out)

JAKE. Well, Mynheer Director?

DIRECTOR. My friend, I've been in the diamond fields of Pretoria for twenty years. This is the most wonderful gem I've ever seen.

JAKE. Then you will buy it?

DIRECTOR. That is what I am here for. Do you wish to sell now?

JAKE. But, of course, Mynheer Director!

DIRECTOR. See here, Jacobus. Would you consider sixty-three thousand pounds?

JAKE. Sixty-three thousand pounds!

DIRECTOR. A generous offer, Jonker—but I believe the stone is worth it!

JAKE. Sixty-three thousand pounds! I cannot think in such figures. They make my head dizzy.

DIRECTOR. Then let me explain. Even after the government tax, you and your wife should realize from this sale well into two hundred thousand dollars.

JAKE. Herr Director—do you mind if I—I just sit down for a moment?

DIRECTOR. Why, certainly.

MINA. Think, Jacobus—Think what this means. At last we can have what we've always wanted. A house with green shutters!

(Orchestra: Music in for transition hold very briefly and fade for)

HILL. A house with green shutters! That was the first purchase made by these simple, honest folk upon whom fortune had so benignly smiled. A new house, a car for his son, three new suits of clothes, and generosity toward his fellow man—that was what the greatest diamond of our generation meant to the man who found it.

Meanwhile, news of the great discovery was flashed to the diamond marts of London, Amsterdam, Antwerp, Paris, New York and created among gem experts a major sensation. Competition to possess the stone was keen; bids mounted higher and still higher, for the great dealers saw in this gem the opportunity of a lifetime. Finally the superlative prize was captured by the celebrated American gem dealer, Mr. Harry Winston of New York. The Jonker Diamond began its journey to America. And one day, early in 1936, by ordinary registered mail, this fabulous stone, worth a king's ransom, made its dramatic appearance in America. It was exhibited all over the United States and then only a few months ago it was brought to New York to be cut. First stage in that painstaking process by which the diamond in the rough becomes a marvel of reflected sunshine, a thing of superlative beauty and fascination. Cutting a diamond is one of the most delicate operations in fine craftsmanship. Realsilk is happy tonight to present to its audience one of the men chosen by Mr. Winston for that exacting task. Leo Kaplan is here, to tell you the story of how he held the priceless Jonker Diamond while his father struck the one blow that would perfectly cleave the stone.

HILL. Mr. Kaplan, is cleaving a diamond a very delicate operation?

KAPLAN. The easiest way to answer that question, Mr. Hill, is to say that Lloyds of London refused the risk of insuring the Jonker.

HILL. That's the answer. Lloyds will take a chance on anything except changes in women's fashions. Were you very nervous when you held that million dollar stone for your father to cleave?

KAPLAN. My nerves were stretched like a rubber band, Mr. Hill. When Joseph Asscher of Amsterdam cleaved the great Cullinan diamond, he had doctors and nurses in the room on the chance that a slip of his hand might bring on heart failure.

HILL. A slip of the hand would ruin the job?

KAPLAN. Completely, Mr. Hill.

HILL. How do you experts go about the job of cleaving a diamond?

KAPLAN. Well, the cleaver is very much like a surgeon. He may have performed the operation many times, but each new stone presents a different problem.

HILL. Is much preliminary study needed?

KAPLAN. To cut the Jonker, we made more than one thousand models of plaster and at least 160 of lead.

HILL. Why did you need so many?

KAPLAN. To make sure of the grain. You see, a single perfectly directed blow will split a diamond with comparative ease if it strikes the plane of cleavage, or the grain of the diamond.

HILL. And what tools are used in this cleaving process?

KAPLAN. Once the grain is established, a V-shaped groove is cut in the surface of the rough stone with another diamond. A hard steel wedge is then inserted in the groove and the blow is struck with a counterbalanced weight.

HILL. Tell me exactly what happened when you split the Jonker.

KAPLAN. Well, when all the preparations were made, the groove cut, the wedge inserted, the stone fixed firmly in a cement bed, I held the wedge and my father struck the blow.

HILL. A year's preparations for a single blow? What happened just before the weight fell?

KAPLAN. Well, I'm afraid Father and I held our breaths rather anxiously.

HILL. I'm sure you did. And when the blow fell, did the stone split as you planned?

KAPLAN. Exactly—I looked down at the two pieces and fairly shouted: "It's perfect!"

HILL. How many stones will there be finally?

KAPLAN. Twelve.

HILL. Were many carats lost in the cutting?

KAPLAN. A little over three hundred. Every rough diamond loses from forty to sixty per cent in cutting.

HILL. And I understand there were only three rough diamonds in the world any larger before it was cut.

KAPLAN. That is true—the Cullinan, the great Mogul and the Excelsior, and then the Jonker. But there is no stone as rare in color as the Jonker.

HILL. And it was actually sent to Mr. Winston in this country by ordinary registered mail?

KAPLAN. That's quite true, Mr. Hill. Mr. Winston told me it was sent at a cost of only sixty-four cents!

HILL. Well, thank you, Mr. Kaplan, for coming to the Studio tonight and giving the Realsilk audience one of the most interesting first hand stories we're all likely to hear in some time. I thank you on behalf of our listeners, my sponsors and myself.

KAPLAN. It's been a pleasure, Mr. Hill, only . . .

HILL. Only what?

KAPLAN. I don't know but what I'd rather help split another Jonker than face another microphone.

(Laughter and applause)

HILL. Under any circumstances I suspect we'd find Mr. Leo Kaplan a very calm young man.

(Orchestra)

And this, ladies and gentlemen, concludes the Spectator's share in the second of Realsilk's Sunday evening programs . . . programs, as I told you, in which we are to hear on succeeding Sunday evenings at this time the stories of unassuming people doing various and extraordinary things—important people doing vital and necessary things—the kind of people, in short, who make America the grandest of all countries—I thank you!

(Music: 5 seconds)

ANNOUNCER. Remember, if you buy hosiery during the coming week—there is a new idea in hosiery—Realsilk Personal fit. You measure yourself for it. There is only one way to get it, that is through the Realsilk Representative.

Flight 13 - done just 3 days
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