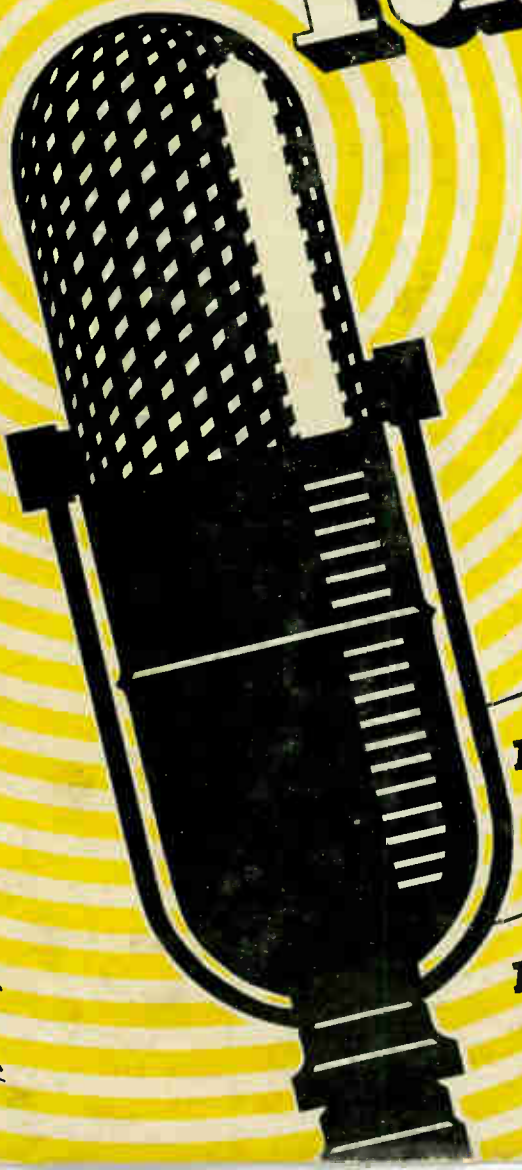
How to Audition for RADIO

by TED COTT



A Handbook for Actors

A Workbook for Students

RG

How to AUDITION FOR RADIO

A Handbook for Actors
A Workbook for Students

By TED COTT

You're on the air! With these electrifying words an unseen world opens up before you. It is your job to conquer, convince, and captivate this audience. And your career in radio depends upon how well you can impress the station director of your talents and ability to accomplish this ideal. It is the purpose of this book to help you — whether a newcomer or an old hand at acting — to get that job in radio on which you have set your heart and toward which you have devoted many years of conscientious effort.

This radio handbook covers the three important phases of auditioning: the audition itself, language of radio, actual scripts. Beginning with fundamentals, the author discusses how to create the right impression at your interview, the script as a vehicle for your talents, the microphone and voice modulation, dra-

(continued on back flap)

(continued from front flap)

matic poise and pause, signals and cues, where to look for a job, how to conduct yourself at the audition, sample audition reports, 10 practical pointers, and many other essential facts for anyone making radio his life's work.

Because radio has a language all it's own, Ted Cott has included a *Radio Actor's Dictionary*. You will need to speak this language if you intend to get ahead in radio. Here you will find explained, among many pages of radio terms, such expressions as ad-lib, bite it off, commercial, cross fade, disc jockey, fluffs, mud, operations sheet, run-through, script, soap opera, tag line, take it away, and many more.

The last part of this volume contains sample scripts actually used in radio performances: dramatic bits, comedy spots, monologues and dialogues, narrations, and commercials. Here, indeed, is the long-needed guidebook for every actor contemplating going on the air.

GREENBERG : PUBLISHER
NEW YORK

CAREERS

Whatever kind of restaurant you are planning to open, this book tells you how in practical terms of facts, figures, and percentages. From kitchen lay-out and planning menus to decorating and training help, this book directs you on the profit path.

HOW TO BE A SUCCESS IN THE RESTAURANT BUSINESS

by GRAY and DE LO PADUA

$3.50

Made to order for returning GI's and all who want to be their own boss. All the basic facts plus 13 special features on specific retail stores, written by experts in their respective fields.

A SMALL STORE AND INDEPENDENCE

by

GREENBERG and SCHINDALL

$2.00

A step-by-step home study course with actual problems to help teach yourself this fast-growing profession. Prepares you for big opportunities in movies, television, sales films, educational programs, advertising, etc. A basic commercial-artist career book.

HOW TO DRAW ANIMATED CARTOONS

by

ALVIN EPSTEIN

$2.50

GREENBERG : PUBLISHER • NEW YORK

How To
AUDITION
for
RADIO

A HANDBOOK FOR ACTORS · A WORKBOOK FOR STUDENTS

by

TED COTT

Director: Programs and Operations, WNEW, N.Y.
Instructor: Radio Script Writing and Dramatics,
College of the City of New York
Author: The Victor Book of Musical Fun; Isn't It a Crime?

GREENBERG · PUBLISHER · NEW YORK

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

How To Audition for Radio

To my three J's:

JEAN
JONNIE
JEREMY

FOREWORD

by ARCH OBOLER

Radio broadcasting is a creative excitement for everyone concerned with it—from artist in front of the microphone to the man who waits a lonely vigil with a series of watercooled transmitting tubes. If that excitement were not pervasive, the nerve tensions of meeting the hourly, daily, and weekly deadlines would be quite unendurable.

Perhaps no one experiences the creative wonder of radio at a higher level than the actor, for the actor is the direct participant in the miracle of radio—the fact that the words spoken reach at once into millions of minds and recreate the emotional picture which the actor wishes to project through the medium of the playwright's words.

With none of the tedious rehearsals and memory feats of the theater, with none of the lack of continuity and organic integration of the motion pictures, the radio actor, in the flash of pulsating waves, stands before an audience whose vastness is an almost frightening reality.

The first steps are always the most difficult, and the getting into radio, because of the competition of others who sense its potential excitements creatively, is an increasingly difficult problem. Since the first step of the first step is the audition, this book of Mr. Cott's is a very necessary one. Working as they do under the pressure of the radio deadline, the radio director and producer have little time to correct and improve the faulty audition. First chances, many times, are last chances, and the right way must be the first way.

Presuming, then, that the actor or actress who reads these words will do a worthy audition and become a part of that amazing group of radio actors who, day in and day out, play their parts on the broadcasting stage, I have a heartfelt request. I beg of you not to fall into the way of what I call the *easy characterization*. By that I mean that even finding excitement in one's work does not preclude that insidious disease of finding

the *easy* way of doing which begins to affect a creator when his income is fairly certain and the acceptance in his own craft is sure. That is the time, for the actor, when the *easy characterization* becomes a menace. Instead of examining a part in terms of its characteristics, its context to the story as a whole, and its relation to the other characters, the actor does a memo *take* in remembrance of similar characterizations done in other plays, and begins to use that similar characterization for all parts which come within speaking terms of each other. All ingenue parts become as one; all juvenile parts become as one; the angry businessman in the broadcast of November becomes the angry businessman in the broadcast of December, or the forlorn housewife of Tuesday's play becomes the forlorn one of another play on Wednesday.

The result of this growing habit of superimposing yesterday's characterizations on today's acting problem is that the actor eventually loses that brightness of approach, that originality of interpretation which is the source of radio-acting greatness; the next step is the retreat into radio acting as a business.

I deny that radio broadcasting is, at its best, a business; I believe it is a privilege of public service. To weigh words on the scale of so much for so little is to deny oneself and others that high excitement which *is* radio broadcasting.

And so, having arrived at the point at which I began, I tip my hat to you who begin. Make each attempt a new beginning, always, and the doing will be good.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This page is a note of thanks to the following persons for permission to use material written by them in our workshop section. No public performance of the selections is allowed; they are designed for practice only.

Thanks to: Arch Oboler, Russell W. Davenport, Milton Robertson, Steve Carlin, Max Berton, Norman Barrish, Alice Hurst, Jeff Seldon, Janice Griffiths, The Radio Writers' Laboratory, Gene Wang, Arthur M. Kaplan.

Thanks, too, to: Bernice Judis and Max Weiner of WNEW for advice; Earl Ryan and Dr. Robert Love of the City College School of Business and Civic Administration for encouragement; Leo Garel for the drawings.

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION

Most books are written to be read; this one to be used.

There is no sure formula here for radio success. If we could distill our words into liquid form and bottle them for general use, the directions on the label would read, "Shake *yourself* well before using!" The pages of this book are, for all practical purposes, blank. They need the catalytic action of your ability before they have value. A piano is just a piece of furniture until experienced fingers race across the keyboard interpreting the black dots on the five lines that represent a musical script. Radio scripts need the same attention. A misplaced comma once started a war; an actor unfamiliar with microphone technique can blast a program's success more effectively than a two-ton blockbuster. A pianist's introduction to his instrument will decide whether he will play chopsticks or Chopin. An actor's introduction to the microphone will determine his future as a ham or a Hamlet.

How to Audition for Radio proposes to help you make friends with a microphone and influence audiences. Remember, in radio, it's victory through *ear* power. Clear your throat. Stand by. You're on the air!

How To Audition for Radio

PART ONE

Radio Actor's Tools

Meet the Microphone

Somebody, somewhere, once said that America lies between two polls: Fortune and Gallup. Operating on the same wave length, a poll was conducted of several hundred visitors to a radio station. The question asked was a simple one: "What impressed you most on your visit?" The answers when tabulated, showed the two most impressive objects in radio to be the clock and the microphone. The clock will be discussed in time.

Before talking into the microphone, let us talk about it. The radio actor spends so much time in the company of this instrument that a nontechnical explanation of what happens in the split part of a second, from the time he clears his throat to the instant his voice reaches the ears of the radio audience, is surely the first order in understanding the radio business.

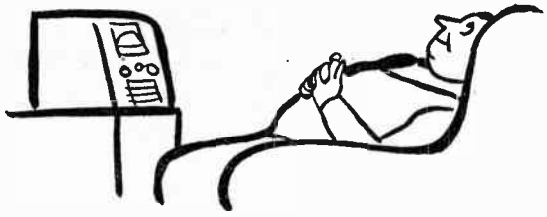
It is important to realize first what the microphone is made of. Its covering—with which you are familiar—has the joint job of protection and decoration. Underneath that hard exterior is a slight membrane, a sliver of metal that reacts in sympathetic vibration to any sound waves that are sent in its direction. Those sound waves are the actor's voice. Perhaps we can best explain it by asking you to recall your experience in dropping a

stone in a pool of water. You will recall that a series of circles or waves start moving outward. Now let us assume that a little piece of wood is floating near by. As the waves reach the wood, it is taken into partnership, and moves in the same rhythm as the waves. That is perhaps the easiest explanation short of a six months' course in an engineering school.

The technique of radio broadcasting consists of making two changes or transformations: the sound waves are transformed into electric currents by the microphone, and the electric currents are transformed into radio waves by the transmitter. When the home receiver picks up the radio waves, the same operation occurs, only this time in reverse, for the radio waves are picked up by the home antenna, transformed into electric currents by the receiving set, and transformed back into sound waves by the loud-speaker.

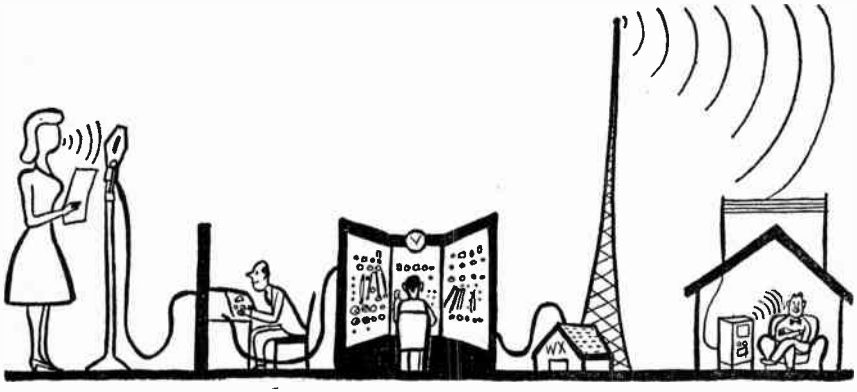
Now let us go back and stand beside the actor as he faces the microphone, remembering that each voice has its own characteristic series of sound waves. When these sound waves hit against the thin membrane in the microphone, the membrane moves sympathetically—it vibrates with the same incidence as the voice sound waves. Then the membrane goes to work and creates a feeble electrical impulse. Feeble? It's about three-billionths of a watt. You would have to amplify it twenty billion times to light one 60-watt electric bulb.

This feeble electrical impulse needs some help. And so it moves through wires from the microphone to the control room where an amplifier joins the work of building up the signal the actor's voice has started. From the studio control room the actor's voice, now in the form of electricity, travels through another wire to the master control room where it is again checked and sent, still in electrical form, to the station transmitter—this time traveling over a private radiotelephone wire. When it reaches the transmitter, it is projected from the towers into the air. The electrical quality is preserved, but it is now a radio wave traveling through space with the speed of light, seeking a sympathetic ear. And light travels 186,000 miles per second.

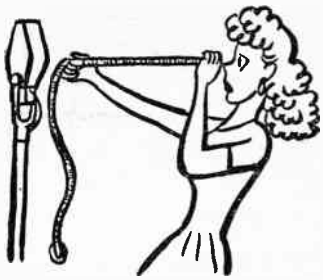


A person sitting at home, who decides to hear the program on which you are performing, sets his radio dial to the wave length on which your station operates. The waves, which by now are very feeble, bounce against the antenna—commonly called the aerial—of the radio set and are transformed and amplified by the home radio amplifier from radio waves to electric current, then to sound waves coming from the loud-speaker to the listener. If it's funny, he laughs. If it's bad—well, that's why there are switches on radio sets.

But now let us follow the actor's voice. Here is a cartoon that will help. After you have studied it, reread the text.



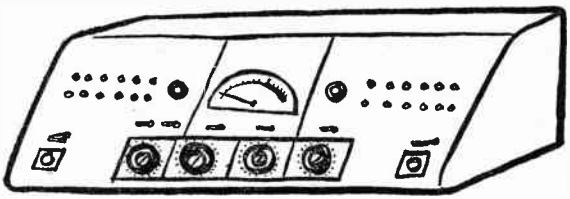
Level Heads and Zero Level



Now that you have met the microphone and know that all you have in front of you is thin membrane, we must investigate microphone technique. In explaining this abused awesome phrase, we can immediately simplify it by separating its two words—microphone and technique. Technique is a way of doing things; there is a technique for painting pictures, for dancing, for movies, for writing books, and so on. Pictures require a sense of color; dancing a sense of rhythm; movies, patience; and books, imagination. All these qualities must be had in equal parts by the radio actor.

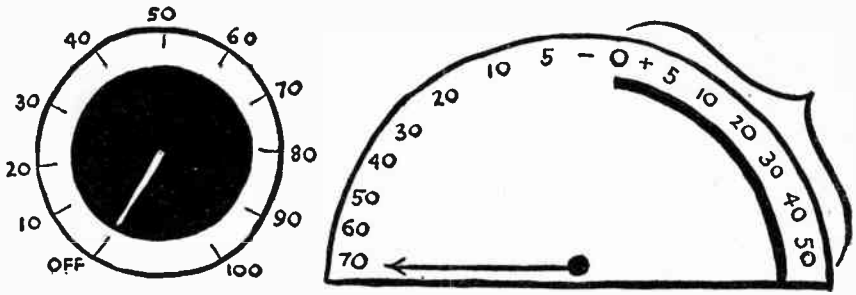
The microphone is there to help you. But there are two important facts that you, the radio actor, must know in relation to the microphone. One is how much voice volume you are going to offer to the microphone; the other is how the microphone is going to help you balance the volume.

Because most people new to radio feel that they must shout or at any rate raise their voices to be effective, the matter of volume is a basic point to be settled. The actor does not need to shout to project his voice. Your projection will impose your mood on the listener. As elsewhere in life, the person who speaks authoritatively, but quietly, makes the best impression.

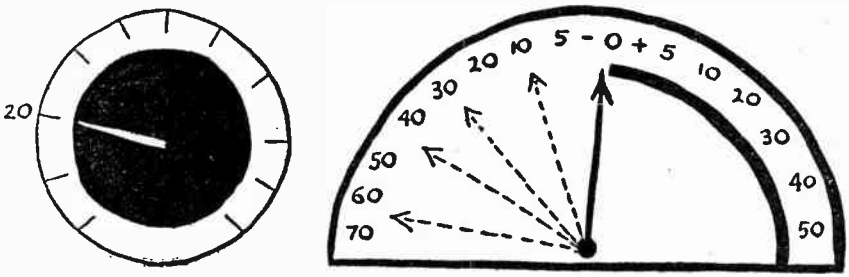


As you speak into the microphone, the control of the amount of volume rests with the control engineer. He controls your voice, "riding" the level so that it will not overmodulate—that is, distort the transmitting equipment. Engineers have worked out the maximum level of volume that may be fed without causing distortion. This is known as zero level and is indicated by a gadget called the volume indicator, or VI.

On the amplifier in the control room there is a series of knobs, each of which controls a channel. So let us focus on your particular channel—the one that connects your microphone to the control engineer's amplifier. This channel is controlled by a knob, somewhat like the knob which increases or decreases the volume on your home radio. But the knob used by the control engineer is calibrated; that is, it has graduations as shown in Figure 1.

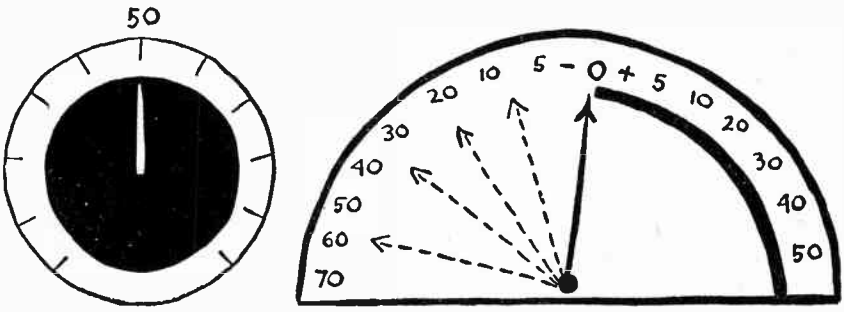


Let's look over the shoulder of the engineer and see what happens when a radio tyro starts reading his audition material. His voice is rather loud. The engineer has turned the knob to zero to make sure that the peaks of the voice volume don't exceed the zero level. (See Figure 2.)



Being completely nontechnical, let us say that the control "pot" (engineers' slang for knob) is open about twenty points. Since the control engineer, behind the glass window, is trying to help the aspiring actor in front of the microphone, he presses the talk-back (see "The Radio Actor's Dictionary") and asks the actor to use less volume, to continue to create the mood he is working on from the script, but to project the material with more dramatic intensity and less volume. The actor follows his directions to the letter.

Let us look over the engineer's shoulder again and see what the control panel shows now. (See Figure 3.)



This time we discover that zero level is still being maintained, but that the pot is now opened fifty points. The change is important; it enables us to draw an important conclusion. The engineer takes a piece of paper and illustrates for us the opening of the pots horizontally. It looks like this:

A. |——————|
B. |————————————————————|

He is glad to explain why the actor sounds better the second way. "Well," he says, feeling his way cautiously as is the way with engineers, "suppose you were a dancer. Would you rather dance on Floor A or on Floor B? Of course, you'd pick B; there's more room to move around in. And although the radio actor stands still, his voice must move around to create a feeling of dimension, a lifelike quality.

"An actor who uses one tone of voice all the time sounds dull.

Some stage actors project their voices before the microphone in the same way they do on the stage. That makes it necessary to bring the pot down, and then the actor's voice hasn't any room to move around in; it gets cramped and it sounds monotonous.

"When a radio actor uses less voice, and lets us open the pot wider, without our being afraid he will start screaming and jumping the needle over zero, we can add shades of softness and loudness to his voice. Then, there are also pauses."

The engineer jerks his finger over at the author and says, "He'll tell you about pauses later. But that's the basic idea. Less voice, less monotonous effect. We have to sit on your voice all the time if you shout, and this makes it sound cramped."

Balance Your Voice to Balance Your Budget

A good rule for radio actors to keep in mind is: Drama is conflict; conflict is best shown by contrast.

Repeat that a few times. Then let's analyze it.

A man is walking along the street. He meets another man, says "Hello," and moves on. That is a situation, but not a dramatic one.

Let's change the story line. A man is walking along the street. He meets another man who stops him, saying, "I've wanted to talk to you, Jim."

Jim answers, "There's nothing you can say I'd want to hear."

To this comes the rejoinder, "You know what I have to say. It's about—Mary."

In the first story, a man met another man. Nothing hap-

pened. In the second, a man met an acquaintance who wanted to say something the first man didn't want to listen to. This time the story has the elements of a dramatic situation because the element of conflict is present.

Now let us follow the second story into production. A man with a deep placid voice meets another man with a deep placid voice. Using the same tonal qualities and rhythm, they carry on the dialogue.

Two other actors are assigned to the same part. One is a man with a bass voice; the other is a tenor with a nervous quality. Their tonal characteristics are different; the tempo of their reading differs.

The first team's performance lacks interest because there is too much sameness. The second performance holds the interest because a new element has entered—the element of contrast. The responsibility for the development of conflict and contrast is shared in the studio by the actor and director, but when you are preparing an audition by yourself, you must take on the responsibility for both.

Conflict resolves itself into three over-all situations: (1) man vs. man; (2) man vs. self; (3) man vs. his environment. Study your script to discover the element of conflict.

Your next task is to utilize the all-important element of contrast, as contrast balances a performance. There must be contrast between two or more characters in a play, but contrast must also be developed within the speeches each actor has by himself.

Pick a monologue from the end of this book and read it aloud. Don't give any emphasis; give equal value to all words. What results is a monotonous tone that lacks interest. Now read it again. This time use emphasis, change of pace, pauses, contrasts, different levels of voice.

Another method of balancing a performance is accomplished by the microphone. When two actors share one microphone, the control engineer has but one control factor to accommodate both voices. Therefore, if an actor with a voice weaker in tonal quality than yours is playing opposite you, his voice is balanced

against yours by giving him a position closer to the microphone. Equal-distance positions are incompatible with good voice balance.

When you next go to the theater or the movies, notice the scrupulous pains taken to make pleasing scenes through the correct balance of physical properties and actors. In radio, the balance must be solely that of voices. Make as interesting a voice picture as you can. Avoid the temptation to follow through in the same tempo that another actor is using. That is a tendency with radio beginners.

One pause is worth ten lines. Walter Winchell brought this radio technique to the attention of radio actors and writers some years ago in his column. To prove it, read the following two speeches and compare their effectiveness.

> My name is Otto Schiller. I was a doctor in Austria till the Nazis came. They stole my home, burned my books and when I turned to pick up my case of instruments, to help other people, they whipped a bullet into my spine. I want all the world to know the Nazis did this. (GETS HYSTERICAL) The Nazis did this to me. I will never forgive them. Never.

> My name is Otto Schiller. I—(MAKES SOUND OF PAIN—PAUSE)—I have a bullet in my spine. The Nazis did this. (PAUSE) (SLOW) I will never forget.

The second speech, with a dramatic pause after the grunt of pain, fulfills the mood of the first with economy of words and emotion.

Simplicity is more effective than complexity. How many times have you been disappointed by an over-orchestrated version of a popular tune? An analysis of Guy Lombardo's perennial popularity shows that it is due to his amazing, but effective, simplicity.

As a radio actor, you must create a sense of reality and belief in what is being portrayed even though you have only sharply defined sounds to work with. At musical comedies, drama, and

the movies, there are masses of people to respond to the acting. In general, you do not have this response in the radio studio, but you must create it through illusion.

The power of a radio station is judged by its watts, but its popularity with listeners is judged by its "whattage"—what is said, and what gets it across to the listeners.

The Director

Conductors of tours in radio are fond of pointing out as a special exhibit the man who works in the glass cage. He's the director—the closest thing radio has to a traffic policeman. Having studied the laws of drama, his job is to arrest you for any violations. He is responsible for law and order: the laws of drama and the orders of the sponsors. He uses his hands as much as a policeman on the busiest corner, but wears a stop watch instead of a star. He gives his instructions over a talk-back microphone. His occupational disease is not flat feet, but ulcers. This is humanly understandable if medically regrettable. His is the final authority, an authority based on responsibility. The power of authority necessarily carries with it the privilege of criticism.

This does not mean that the actor is under the thumb of the director, that he can turn thumbs down on the actor's career unless his orders are observed. On the contrary, the director welcomes creative interpretation on the part of the actors; but

since his is the responsibility, he must make the final decisions. Some actors resent the director's interference, but this is characteristic mostly of the poor ones.

Each actor must remember that he is but one of the elements in the program. The director is concerned with music, sound, other members of the cast, the announcer, the sponsor, and the time. His ingenuity does not stop with the rehearsal; he must constantly keep the whole in mind, slowing an actor down, speeding him up, after consulting his stop watch and his conscience. His pantomime is as expressive as Chaplin's, and the amazing vocabulary of his pantomime is an unwritten language that says what he means in the silence demanded by radio operations. He manages an expressive and often eloquent conversation without words in a medium that is otherwise extremely vocal. Obviously, rapport between the actor and the director is important.

Your first contact with the director is with his memory. He has remembered your audition, or you have been recommended by the casting director. After you have been hired for a part, you appear *on time* for rehearsals and first look over the script. Frequently, your first conception of your part may be changed by the development of the character as you read. All in all, an over-all impression is needed before you get to work on your particular part. After you have received your assignment, you mark up your part or parts in the manner you have chosen. You are now ready to start.

From now on the director is in charge, and each has his own technique. Some shout, others give no help at all. Some direct the phrasing of every sentence. Adaptability on your part is the password.

Vocabulary in Pantomime

When the "on the air" sign lights up, the only sounds allowable in the studio are those designed for the radio audience's ears. The director has lost the use of his talk-back microphone; his only contact with the actors is his well-developed signs indicating approval, disapproval, and corrections. The director, as the co-ordinator of all the elements, is stationed in the control room. He is the only member of the performing team who has the proper radio perspective; in fact, he hears the action at four times the volume of the listener in order to spot the flaws.

It is almost impossible for the radio actor to realize he has changed his position at the microphone and is now too close, or that he has speeded up his tempo or slowed it down. The director must communicate with the actor at all times, and instead of the interstudio communication system, he must use a vocabulary in pantomime. The alphabet of this specialized language is his hands, which he deploys like a general with three brigades at his disposal. A double responsibility develops here: the actor must glance up at the director with frequency, and the director must give his signs cleanly and sharply. A badly worked-out signal with the hands is just as hard to understand as mumbled speech.

Here is a list of the most common signs the director uses. After a while they should become the second nature and first concern of an actor. Remember that the signals work both ways. The actor may make any of these signs, followed by a questioning look, as a request for guidance.

THE NEED	THE SIGNAL
Start your speech	Forefinger points directly at the actor.
To increase actor's volume	Hands move upward, palms up.
To decrease actor's volume	Hands move downward, palms down.
Slow up	Hands move apart slowly, as if drawing out an accordion.
Speed up	Index finger extended. Director twirls it clockwise quickly.
To cut	Index finger drawn across the director's throat. This should be made with precision. Some directors seem only to be fixing their ties nervously.
Move away from the mike	Full hand moves away from the face.
Move closer to the mike	Full hand moves toward the face.
Give station break	Hands drawn into fists, side by side, move in breaking motion as though each fist holds the end of a stick.
On time (this is a sign of reassurance)	Index finger touches nose.
Start theme melody	Form the letter T with two fingers.
Watch me (given when cue is about to come up or as a sign that the actor has not been watching the control room for instructions)	Forefinger touches eye.
Give the network cue	Clenched fist shown to announcer. (In local stations this has an over-all meaning: get off the air with regular closing line.)
Fade-out	Right hand extended, fingers wave as hand is lowered. Director usually moves hand in the same tempo the fade-out should have.
O.K.	Thumb and forefinger close to make a circle. Other fingers kept away from the circle in order not to confuse the sign.

Making Your Mark

The script handed to you is not a crutch designed for your support; it is a road map for traveling through the program with accuracy and effectiveness. When you use your script as a crutch, you are a dramatic cripple. Never say in answer to a director's correction, "Well, it says here in the script . . . " The script must be a pliable object easily changed or cut. While the actor's script is of paramount importance, equal importance must be attached to the pencil *with eraser*, which is as valuable to you in rehearsal as is the wrench in the plumber's kit.

That pencil must be quickly available, and you will find it of constant use. Its first job is to mark the script, showing you exactly where you come in at all times. Actors mark up their scripts in so many different ways that the natural inference is that this must be a matter for personal research and development. One actor may just circle his character's name in the margins; another will draw a line stretching from the character's name underneath all the lines he has to speak. An actor who is doubling (see "The Radio Actor's Dictionary" in the latter part of this book) sometimes uses differently colored pencils to mark each part he is interpreting. I have even known one actor who drew lines through the words themselves; he claimed he could perform better that way. A rule here is obviously unnecessary. It has been pointed out that dialogue is essentially a matter of give and take. When an actor uses markings that

isolate his part from the rest of the cast, he is dangerously putting up a barrier between himself and the other players.

Actors also mark up their scripts with hints for reading them. Underlining a word means more emphasis. Putting two lines after a word is a signal for a pause. An accent on a syllable in the manner of the dictionary is a clue to pronunciation. And a little mark like this (∧) calls for a rising inflection. So many techniques have been self-developed that these points must be regarded only as suggestions that are open to your modification. Markings are as indicative as handwriting and some day perhaps may be a new science for the graphologists to explore.

The one thing that is standard is the pencil. Its presence is as important to you as the microphone. A spare should be always handy, and an eraser in working condition is invaluable. Most actors prefer a number-two lead pencil, since most corrections are made while they are at the mike with no support other than the script itself. A sharp point tears the paper and writes too lightly for rereading.

Cope with your copy, but don't be a copycat. You can make your mark in the radio world better with a pencil mark!

On the next two pages you will find reproductions of two scripts containing several in-use techniques.

JUSTICE: Well, Mr. Brooks? // (pause)

BROOKS: Yes, Judge?

JUSTICE: Have you got an explanation?

BROOKS: Of course I have.

JUSTICE: Well, why didn't you tell the sheriff?

BROOKS: He didn't give me a chance to say it...

SHERIFF: Yes, I did. I asked him what he was looking for...

JUSTICE: Let Mr. Brooks answer this, Sheriff. Why didn't you tell him? Didn't you know he was an officer of the law?

SHERIFF: He certainly did. I showed him my badge.

JUSTICE: Well, Mr. Brooks?

BROOKS: Well, then he arrested me... and I just decided to keep my mouth shut.

JUSTICE: Now, look, Mr. Brooks... how about telling me why you were crawling along on your knees on Church Lane. // It seems sort of a silly thing for a grown man to be doing....

BROOKS: Now don't you act that way. It ain't silly.

JUSTICE: (PATIENTLY) All right then. //. Why were you crawling on your hands and knees? ???

BROOKS: I was just lookin' for my wife...

JUSTICE: You were what?

BROOKS: I was just lookin' for my...

~~JUSTICE: Carson him, Sheriff... he is going to faint!~~

~~SHERIFF: (DISGUSTED) Naw, Judge -- he's all right -- just drunk...~~

~~JUSTICE: Drunk, eh? Well, that'll be twenty-five dollars fine. Hold him up, Sheriff, before he sits~~

Sound: Gavel

Justice: Well, that'll cost you $25.00 (more)

NATALIE: (CONT'D) (UP MORE) Joe! Here he comes! It's him! It's really him! (CHOKING UP) Oh-h-h, Joe!

JOE: What'd he have to come up here for, anyway? With a million other places to go trout fishing, he had to pick...

NATALIE: Oh, Joe! Be quiet, can't you? He's over there talking to Moriarty. I... I can almost hear his voice.

JOE: (FIERCELY) So what? You've heard it before, haven't you? And what's the matter with my voice?

NATALIE: Don't be ridiculous, Joe. And please be quiet!

JOE: Aw-w-w, nuts! I'm getting fed up with this! Look at you... you're as pop-eyed as a pike!

NATALIE: (IGNORING HIM) I'm going over closer...

JOE: What's he mean to you, anyway? He doesn't even know you're alive.

NATALIE: Maybe I could... just touch his coat....

JOE: (GROWLING) Aw-w-w...

NATALIE: I wonder what he'd say if I spoke to him.

JOE: I could kill that pretty punk!

NATALIE: (DISAPPOINTED) He's going, Joe... look. Moriarty's takin' him out to his cabin....

JOE: Yeah... and the sooner he gets out of here the better. I... I could murder that guy!

CUE: MUSIC UP SHARPLY FOR TIME BRIDGE

CASEY: (FADE IN) Yeah... it sure is quiet, all right. It's so quiet I can hear my hair rustling every time it stands up on end.

Coffee at Colbee's

Colbee's, a gathering place for radio actors, is a restaurant in New York City where there is almost as much food for thought as for the body. Located in the Columbia Broadcasting System building (and Colbee's has its counterpart in all radio centers), it is a living mural of radio's workmen. It's here that radio's latest serial queen asks for a peanut butter sandwich in the luscious tones that thrill millions; where Kate Smith sits at the counter, nibbling a salad, next to an ingenue who is drinking a cup of coffee to buck up her nerves before keeping her appointment with Marge Morrow for her first audition. It's here that Mike is undoubtedly the name of the waiter, and not an engineering term; where radio waves are less frequently discussed than permanent waves; where call letters are requests for a second cup of tea.

This is radio, not at rest, but at ease. Musicians, engineers, sound-effects men, arrangers, writers, and actors all move in and out, making friends, kidding about last night's fluff and next week's audition. Lunch hour comes about twenty times a day, as radio actors must arrange their lives to accommodate the hectic schedule of radio.

It is here amidst the noise of greetings that sound advice is uttered by people who never had time to make the rules because they were too busy practicing them. It is over these coffee conferences that ideas have been born, that practical techniques are discussed. A concentrated eavesdropping would be a Phi Beta Kappa key to many of radio's secret doors.

Let's listen and perhaps we'll discover some tricks of the trade that have helped to make successful radio careers.

"The most wonderful thing happened yesterday. You know this bad cold I've had? It left me with a husky voice. My voice dropped about three tones. Well, one of the engineers showed me a little trick. You see your voice sound waves come from two places, from your head and your chest. The chest tones are the deep ones; the head tones are the high ones. So if you tilt the microphone so that it is higher than your chest, the microphone membrane favors the higher tones, and the voice sounds less bassy. Of course, it works the other way too. If you have a high voice, tilt the mike downward to pick up the chest tones." . . .

"I've just done the funniest thing in a show. We played a scene in which the whole cast was supposed to be on horseback. To make it sound natural, the director made us bounce up and down while we were speaking. It gave a wonderful realistic quality. In fact, I've found out that if you put yourself through the motions of the action called for by the script you get some swell effects." . . .

"Is my face red! I've been trying to meet that director for weeks. So I waited for him when he was about to go into the studio. I stopped him and asked when I could see him. He snapped at me like a dried-up twig, 'Young lady, if I ever do see you, it won't be now. I have a show to do'." . . .

"I have a running part on that new show. It all started in a funny way. Just as a gag I developed some impersonations of Churchill, Walter Winchell, and H. V. Kaltenborn. One day they needed somebody to imitate Churchill for a few lines. So they called on me to do a double. It was the easiest entree I've had in that agency. Now they've found out I can do other things, and they call me regularly. It was that little parlor stunt that helped them remember. Why not get up on some impersonations? You never know when they'll come in handy." . . .

"The most difficult job I've had is to whisper. It's very effective of course, but unless you project your whisper, you lose the effect. And it isn't easy to project a whisper. Whispering requires a lot of practice." . . .

"I got a good write-up on a show the other day, and I had it reprinted and sent to all the directors on my list. When you're in the advertising business, you forget sometimes that it pays to advertise. I had three calls from directors who said my little piece of paper jogged their memory." . . .

"That director is awfully hard to see, but I hit on a campaign. I sent him a cigarette during the shortage. Just a cigarette wrapped in cellophane with my name. The next time I called I didn't give my name. I sent in word that the girl who sent the cigarette was outside. It worked. If I could only hit on more stunts like that, maybe I'd get a chance to see everybody." . . .

A Point of View

An audition is an interview for a job. Make no mistake about it, radio is show *business*. Any expectancy of a senior partnership in the business requires a real understanding of business methods.

In any business interview, it is always necessary to understand the requirements of the position you want to fill and, wherever possible, to appreciate and take into account the personality of the interviewer. An employer or personnel director who is interviewing an applicant for a particular job has an easier task than the audition director who must get a complete picture of the auditionee's special abilities and then find where they can be used to advantage. In the first case, the brunt of the

cataloguing is on the interviewer's shoulders; he knows what he is looking for. In the second case, the burden of proof rests with the auditionee; it is his job to make a place for himself. Casting demands are constantly changing, and the person being auditioned must therefore give a varied performance, but must be sure to leave the auditioner with the impression that he has an aptitude for a particular type of radio work.

Perhaps we can explain this best by turning to a business interview. Some time ago a young lady who had done many kinds of jobs in radio—from sweeping the studio and running a switchboard to writing and acting—came in for an interview. Saying that she had no particular job in mind, she enumerated the many various kinds of work she had done, so completely mixing up the interviewer that he was convinced she would not be much good at any one of them. Had she listed her various jobs, but spotlighted a particular aptitude, she might have made a good impression. When a job in that category turned up, she might have been remembered. But by scattering her "pitch" for a job, this girl had failed to leave a clean-cut impression.

This also applies to a dramatic audition. While it is important to give an over-all impression, do your best type of characterization in such a way that it remains in the audition director's memory.

Don't be afraid of type casting. Your ability to project a particular type is your way of getting your foot in the door. The director will then be willing to give you a chance at other things. When you have once acted for him, you are part of the operation; his ear is then more easily accessible. Certainly, even from your everyday experience, you realize that it is easier to talk to someone you already know than to someone you are trying to impress for the first time.

This suggestion to specialize, while giving an over-all impression, is not as hard to do as it sounds. Let us say that you have five different selections prepared for your audition. The very act of including two of your specialties, one at the beginning and the other topping off your work at the end, is a good

way of highlighting your talent. On the other hand, let us say that you are an expert at dialects, or you can imitate a variety of voices. The ability to do a number of parts will make you invaluable for the shows (and these are many) which call for many short parts and consequently require doubling.

You must be aware constantly that you are trying to market a commodity in a buyer's market. There are more actors than there are jobs. The radio industry claims that it is constantly in search of new talent, and while this is true to a slight extent, the fact is that the talent is usually in search of radio. Your ability is a marketable commodity; whether you have limited or mass distribution is a combination of ability, opportunity, and luck. You can force the luck in many cases. Your carefully prepared audition is a sounding board for your ability. Your main object is to sell your talent in such a way that it will be remembered.

Your audition is a calling card for a job. If it gets thrown into the wastebasket, you will have lost your contact. If you have sold your talent, when you return looking for a job, the auditioner will say, "Oh, yes, you're the girl who did those ingenue parts so well. Yes, I remember you. I'm glad you dropped in, even though there's nothing just yet." You follow through until you complete the sale. From then on, you're on your own check.

The Market Place

Actors who are out to make their mark in the radio world usually start off with a question mark: Where do I look for a job in radio?

A list of names and addresses would not match the permanency of the other material in this book for they are constantly changing. Therefore, our index of the market place must be a breakdown of the various units of activity in radio. The telephone directories, *Radio Annual* with its invaluable lists, such publications as *Actor's Cues*, AFRA's magazine *Stand-By*, and occasional compilations in *Variety* and *The Billboard*, are good to start with. In general, no matter where you are, the potential job givers will come under the following categories:

Radio Stations. All stations at one time or another arrange dramatic programs. In many places there is a need for actors who are willing to trade time for experience; this is true especially in the small stations where ambition is scarcely matched by resources. This experience is invaluable. Difficult conditions are severe taskmasters, but they help to develop confidence and pile up mike hours. Local stations in the larger cities use actors, although the fees are small, usually these organizations are more easily tapped than the large stations for the first job. They are the most fertile field for new talent. Independent stations are the most progressive forces in radio, matching ingenuity against larger competitors' bank rolls. In each case, determine the name of the director (a phone call will set you in the right direction) and send him a letter. This is usually followed by an audition.

Networks. The four major chains operate dramatic casting departments in each of their key cities. Aware of their responsibility as planners in the public interest, they manage to give an amazing number of young people a chance. Casting directors weed out the impossible, and for the promising actors attempt to arrange a meeting with the large staff of program directors of the network. Actually, the chance for an audition is greater than the chance for a job. In all fairness, it must be pointed out that some jobs develop from this system, but the percentage is small.

Advertising Agencies. Most advertising agencies have a radio service department for their clients. Auditions are arranged for applicants who possess a fair amount of experience, and the

casting director in the agency usually has a great deal to say about the hiring of the actors. Program directors have so many assignments that frequently they place their casting problems in the capable hands of their casting directors.

Independent Producers. Independent producers are production units, sometimes called "package producers," who are responsible for the production of programs over facilities other than their own. These small organizations usually have no casting director, but have a general director who will give as many auditions as he can fit into his schedule.

Transcription Companies. There are quite a few organizations specializing in the production of recorded programs, and they have a constant demand for actors. While they prefer experienced actors, for a novice may spoil many hours of work in the final cutting (see "The Radio Actor's Dictionary"), they often use new voices. This field is growing all the time and is well worth the actor's interest.

Talent Agencies. Most talent agencies of any size have a member of their radio department on the lookout for new actors. This talent scout does not search solely for radio possibilities. An actress with a great amount of beauty is a prospect for the movies or for stage parts. Many of these agencies are package producers as well as talent agencies and consequently have acting jobs at their disposal.

This list is your beat, your daily assignment.

A Board of Experts

The men and women who have been kind enough to participate in the roundup of advice which is given in the following pages are anxious to help you. They have the most easily opened doors in the radio business. This alone is an indication of their interest and friendliness. In radio circles you will find their names high on any list of best-liked people.

They are the broadcasting industry's most humane citizens, whose long experience and even clashes with impossible and unreasonable actors have not hardened their hearts or softened their judgment. They must be the yardstick of talent measurement. They know better than most what it means to want a job, what it means to get your foot in the door. Yet you must realize that while they want to help you get a job, their job is to hire the best.

Eleanor Kilgallen, casting director of Young and Rubicam, one of the biggest and best of the advertising agencies, is a compound of good looks and good sense, and serves and is served straight from the shoulder. Her past experience embraces radio acting and the position of casting chief of NBC and CBS.

After conducting many dramatic auditions, I feel that there are three basic rules that all aspiring radio actors should keep in mind when auditioning.

1. *Don't defeat yourself before you start.*

The audition director is not sitting in the control room hoping that you will be bad. He wants to find and encourage new

talent. A case of nerves can ruin your breath control and shake the director's confidence in you. Radio is a high-tension business, and auditions are a test of your reaction to nerve-racking situations.

2. *Choose the proper material.*

Select material that will show you off to advantage. Don't read poetry or burst into blank verse. There is practically no demand for either in radio. Stick to your type. If you are fortunate enough to have a range from baby cries to great-grandmothers, fine. If you do only one type (ingenue, juvenile, lead, or character), choose material showing that type in varying moods. It's better to do one type well than to attempt many and miss on most of them.

If you can do every possible dialect, including the Icelandic, that's great too. But, only if you do the dialect well. Accents should not be so authentic and thick that the listener can't understand the speech. The flavor and rhythm should be there, but there must always be clarity.

I feel that excerpts from plays and radio scripts are the most advisable to use for an audition. It's a bit dangerous to write your own material. It's better to let a couple of boys like Kaufman and Hart write your dialogue than to let loose the Shakespeare in you. The excerpt should be a minute or a minute and a half in length. Have four or five selections. It's better to be overprepared than underprepared.

Work on sight reading; it's most important. Many actors are fine in the prepared part of the audition, but fail miserably in the sight work.

3. *Be able to take criticism.*

If you are told by the director after the audition that you aren't ready yet, or that you haven't enough natural talent to meet the competition, be able to take it. The standards in radio are very high. You're competing with veteran radio, stage, and screen performers. You have to be outstanding to hold your own among such a group. If you are told by several directors that you have no talent, forget about radio and try some other field.

If you have possibilities, improve the flaws and then tackle network radio.

Auditions are the basis of your radio career. Approach them intelligently. If you have real talent and determination, you'll make the grade. If you haven't, radio doesn't want you.

You've picked about the hardest but most satisfying business in the world. Good luck to you!

Jack Grogan is production manager of WNEW, New York. Nine years as announcer, director, singer, and disc jockey, set the scene for his present position. A talented actor himself, he has entered "stage right" in many distinguished theater pieces. His advice, in the form of an audition recipe, has soundness and dramatic calories.

Take one microphone; put in it a mixture of singleness of purpose, originality, brevity, and sincerity; season well with variety; and your performance recipe will more than likely appeal to the tastes of the "customer" in the control room.

This, and the advice which follows, is offered by one who has been sampling wares in the audition room for many years and is convinced that almost all of us can be better cooks.

High on my list of do's and don't's for embryonic actors and actresses who face the ordeal of an audition are the following excerpts:

First of all . . . relax. I know this is easier said than done, but nervousness or tension during your few precious moments in the studio is bound to affect your performance to its detriment. And, after all, contrary to the general opinion of harassed actors, the auditioner is rooting for you and wants you to be good. In almost every instance, that is his sole reason for giving auditions . . . to discover new and worth-while talent. So, remember, he's on your side and will give you every break and consideration possible.

The second ingredient in my recipe is . . . sincerity! As you know, or will come to know if you succeed as a radio performer, the microphone is a highly delicate instrument, almost human in its sensitivity. It can detect immediately a falseness in your

portrayal, and it magnifies that flaw relentlessly. A sincere or honest performance is highly valued by all directors, and to this end, on entering the studio, forget all extraneous matters. Don't think of your audition limitations, of the personality of the auditioner, or of the time factor. Immerse yourself completely in your readings and forget everything but acting and being your characters.

As for the time factor, you should have that under control before you enter the studio. In most cases, you'll be allotted five to seven minutes to present your material, and you should have your scripts very carefully timed to this contingency. Naturally, I'm writing here of a general, or "getting acquainted" audition, and not a specific voice audition for a particular part.

Regarding the choice of material, I believe firmly that your script for audition should be as original as possible and should show as much variety as you are capable of. If you're adept at writing, write your own scenes by all means. Or maybe you have a talented friend who'll oblige. The advantage here is the obvious one that the freshness of a script is bound to appeal to the auditioner's ear, and he will be much more likely to listen closely than if the scene you're reading is one he's heard a dozen or a hundred times. Personally, If I've heard one ingenue give Terry's famous speeches in *Stage Door*, I've heard a thousand, and, I sadly add, they were usually not nearly as good as Margaret Sullivan's performance. You're putting yourself on a needless spot if you attempt to repeat famous or well-known play excerpts which are associated with a great actor or actress.

Make your scenes short and varied! It is much better for you to present a dozen thirty-second scenes with twelve different characterizations or dialects than to concentrate on just two or three long scenes. One young man recently spent his entire six-minute audition period in reading Shakespeare to me. It was pretty but, needless to say, of little practical value to me in judging his versatility or ability.

Use as many styles and voices as you command. Run your gamut of comedy, tragedy, romance, young and old voices, in as many different roles as you can skillfully assay. And create

variety by spacing your material properly—that is, follow a romantic excerpt with a dramatic or character voice. Above all, keep your characterizations short, pithy, and varied, but emphasize your specialty.

Be considerate of the director's time and his inclination to courtesy. Use your allotted six or seven minutes only, then ask if more is wanted. It is much better to stop than to be stopped!

Lee Bland is typical of the smart young men who have brought the Columbia Broadcasting System to its high estate. We now pause briefly for Lee Bland's identification. His CBS title reads, "Supervisor, Network Operations, in charge of CBS Announcer Auditions." Another branch on his family tree would credit him with the position of instructor in radio announcing, Division of General Education, New York University. His advice to announcers is titled, "Webster Never Took an Audition!"

Audition: a hearing to try out a speaker or performer, says Webster. A fate worse than death, says many an announcer. If you are one of that many, then you have the wrong ideas about auditions, for an audition is only as bad as you make it.

Too many announcers exaggerate out of all reasonable proportion the importance of an audition. After all, it is only a hearing. A few people—probably the lowest Hooper you ever had—actually want to listen to you. Their job is to find announcers, so they are hopeful your performance will be good.

Stop feeling sorry for yourself when you audition. You work feverishly to acquire a big audience on the air; why moan about your audience at an audition? You have fewer people to please in an audition. Do you get frightened when a listener telephones or writes to criticize your performance? Certainly not. Then why get frightened when a handful of critical listeners asks to hear you?

Expect to be tense in the audition. It is a natural reaction. Most performers, even veterans, are keyed up before "curtain time." But, do not let that nervous tension run away with you. Instead, let it be the spark to kindle a keen performance. Concentrate wholeheartedly on the job to be done—that of delivering the script as well as you know how.

Usually you are given the script in advance so that you may study it. If not, ask for a little time. But if you have to read it cold, then do as well as you can, and let it go at that.

Assuming you get the script in advance, first read it to fix the text in your mind before reading it aloud. Analyze the script as a whole, then part by part. Note the different types of copy; they are designed to test you for variety and versatility. Size up the mood and meaning of each part of the script and plan to delineate the characters intelligently.

Time permitting, study carefully and reread those parts which cause you most difficulty. Underscore troublesome words, above which you may insert your own phonetics after you consult a dictionary. Some announcers prefer to delete the original word and depend wholly on their own phonetics. It is vitally important to understand your copy but not to over-rehearse. Too many readings aloud may result in a loss of freshness and spontaneity.

When you go to the studio, the engineer will first check your volume level. In the test, make every effort to establish your normal volume. Although you should be able to speak equally as well standing or sitting, choose the more comfortable position. And take the suggestions of those in the control room, as they are familiar with the characteristics of the studio.

The audition is about to start. While you await the go-ahead signal, concentrate on making sense with the script and on being your natural self. Set the mood of the first part of the script and, when you get the signal, pause long enough to scan the opening phrase or sentence before you begin. Allow yourself a momentary breather between the different parts of the script to establish the subsequent mood, and signal for a mike "cut" if you are plagued by frogs. Be constantly aware that you are on the air and keep your head.

After the audition, be grateful for criticism and do not alibi your mistakes. The criticisms and comments are intended to be constructive. If you have a sincere interest in joining the organization for which you are being auditioned, you will make every effort to correct any faults. One poor audition

will not break you; it might make you if you profit by your mistakes.

Webster never faced a mike. Those who have can give more meaning to his definition of *audition.*

*A*nalysis
*U*nderstanding
*D*elineation
*I*magination
*T*hought
*I*nterest
*O*riginality
*N*aturalness
*S*incerity

Bob Novak is currently director of Talent and Program Development of the Mutual Broadcasting System. If Who's Who *were doing an article about him, they would find much material in his directorship at Young and Rubicam, his outstanding work as radio director of the New York War Fund, and his position as top radio man for the National Concert and Artists Corporation. At Young and Rubicam, Bob was director of auditions, and amazed everybody by actually giving the auditionees a complete analysis of their trial by jury. Furthermore, when actors proved worthy, Novak made appointments for them with the directors so that they could get jobs.*

"IS THIS TRIP NECESSARY?"

(*A journey into the thoughts of an actor's mind*)

"Nothing is so practical as thought."—Cecil.

Well, I've decided to crash radio. Wish I knew somebody in the game; it might be easier. Oh well, others have made it, why can't I?

(You can, but proceed with caution.)

Let's see now . . . guess I better run over to the library and look over some audition material. They'll have a good variety

of stuff; I'll pick out a batch of it. Those directors expect versatility.

(Careful now! Don't be misled by that article you read about a popular radio actor who plays everything from kids to killers. Such versatility is the exception, not the rule.)

Yep, this ought to do it. I'll read up on a few of these. This soldier fits me pretty well . . . and I can surely get away with this newsboy . . . and this neurotic husband is a cinch. Now what'll I use for contrast? Think I'll take a shot at this Irish cop—might as well try a dialect—what can I lose?

(Everything, brother! Give judgment a break. If you're not sure of that Irish cop, better forget doing it!)

What else, now? Hm, maybe I'll do a few lines of this Shakespearean thing. It'll show up my diction. And this old farmer's a honey. I should be able to fake my voice enough to get away with it.

(Speculation again. You can't speculate in radio; you've got to be sure. You're going at this the wrong way, chum.)

Well, that's enough to give them an idea. Now I better write to some stations and agencies for auditions. I can rehearse this stuff after I hear from them.

(Don't be too sure about that. You might get a reply sooner than you think!)

Gosh, didn't think they'd answer so fast. That's a week from Monday; oh well, I can be ready by then . . . I think.

(You hope! The audition day rolls around, and you strut your stuff. You are considerably bothered by the fact that you received a curt "Thank you," with nothing at all mentioned about the fact that you are a sensational new discovery.)

Gosh, a guy certainly gets a cold reaction from these guys. Couldn't have been my work . . . I rehearsed the stuff two

nights in a row . . . surely I gave him enough to judge me by.

(You sure did, brother! Let's take a peek at the report.)

AUDITION REPORT

Joe Sap Name	Voice Range About 19–24 but tried 12–60
17 Barrow St., N.Y.C. Address	Voice Quality Average. Could be more effective if not lost in pseudo characterization
Govenor 2-5400 Phone	

COMMENTS

Possibly okay for juveniles, but not enough material to judge. Not capable of doubling or of dialects. Tried both with poor results. Voice range limitations hampered sincere character interpretation. Insufficient thought represented in approach to audition material.

Joe Sap lacked the first major requisite to qualify him for acting fame—intelligent thought. No matter what the profession or how extensive the study behind it, without adequate thought motivating the individual's application of that study, he might as well consider his career days numbered.

I question the conclusive value of anybody's advice on "do's" and "don't's" for actors. A good actor is not the product of a set of rules. Thinking, in itself, is not enough. But the sound application of thought is everything.

If Joe Sap had used his head, he would have realized that he wasn't expected to portray everything from screaming newsboys to lumbago-afflicted farmers.

He would have selected appropriate audition material far in advance of the time he wrote to request an audition, and he would have devoted every possible spare moment to the study of that material.

He would have concentrated all his efforts on a few selec-

tions that illustrated his ability to the greatest possible advantage, instead of attempting to convey an impression of versatility which never actually existed, and which he could have discovered for himself had he applied practical thought.

He would have pondered the possibility of whether his material might render the impression that he was a jack-of-all-trades and master of none.

In short, there was absolutely nothing wrong with Joe Sap's audition that a little intelligent thinking couldn't have prevented!

Don't be a Joe Sap!

S. Carl Mark comes within an ace of being one of the best-rounded men in radio. This refers not so much to his waistline, which he carries with dignity, as to the amazing diversity of jobs which he carries off with distinction. He was an actor, a radio announcer in both New York and Cleveland, a writer, a crack special-events man, an instructor in Radio Dramatics at the City College School of Business and Civic Administration. Currently his job is that of radio director of the Al Paul Lefton Advertising Agency. His comments, both as one who has taken auditions and given them, are summed up under the heading, "Breaking the Ice!"

There's one remark that many budding actors make that gets me hopping mad. "It's not what you know, but who you know that gets you the breaks." The inference is that the budding actor in question has sterling talents which are shunted aside because other less talented people use personal connections to get the jobs.

Who you know (or should it be "whom"?) is mighty important, but I submit the following points with the suggestion that you etch them in your mind forever:

1. No person without talent or of inferior talent ever succeeded in radio on the basis of personal connections either with a sponsor, a director, or an advertising agency executive.

2. Nine-tenths of the successful actors in radio got to know the "who's" by virtue of first, having talent; and second, knocking on doors until they got in to see Mr. Who to sell him on their ability.

Now let's be specific. How do you arrive at that golden moment when you stand before a microphone, script in hand and lump in throat, and the director points the finger at you that is the go-ahead signal for the first sound you make over the air?

Of course, you could hop the next train to New York and try to get a juicy part in "Portia Faces Life" or "Mr. District Attorney." You could, but you won't. Instead, you'll sit down and make a list of all the radio stations within easy access of your home town. You'll learn the name of the program director of each station, and you'll write him a letter—neatly typed—in which you request information about dramatic programs on his station, outline your training and experience in dramatics, and apply for an audition. Keep your letter terse and businesslike. Don't gush about how you're dying to get on the radio, and everybody says you have a perfectly marvelous voice. If you're a girl, omit the passionate lavender stationery heavily scented with your best perfume. Submit facts clearly and concisely.

In almost every case you'll get an answer. The majority will probably be to the effect that Station Blank has no new dramatic programs in production and is contemplating none, hence they are holding no auditions. Some replies may be to the effect that dramatic programs over the respective stations are produced by outside groups, such as civic organizations, little theaters, schools and colleges, churches, and the like. A small percentage of replies will be invitations to come in for an interview or even an audition.

Information on how to conduct yourself in an audition is contained elsewhere in this book. If you receive an audition at a near-by station, follow the steps outlined carefully, and good luck to you. In the case of discouraging or side-stepping replies, however, your next step is to study the program schedule of the stations you've marked for attention. Note particularly the local dramatic programs locally produced. Make a point of listening to them carefully on the air. Jot down the names of the organizations sponsoring the programs and the name of the person credited as the director. Then write or telephone that

person in each case, submitting your experience and training and requesting an audition.

You should expect and will get turndowns. Don't scratch those names from your list. Perseverance is called for . . . lots of it. It's a good idea to let yourself be seen around the radio station where you can approach the program director and others concerned with the production of dramatic shows and let them get to know you. For the most part, you'll find them friendly, accessible, and a trifle flattered at the attention you bestow on them.

Get to know the announcers at your local stations. Frequently they double as directors of programs and can give you good advice and valuable tips on who, how, and where. If impressed with your ability, they may even be able to use you on their own programs.

If you're a girl, you may find that proficiency at shorthand and typing, or running a switchboard, may be an open sesame to a spot before the microphone. Understand that most local stations are small closely knit organizations, with staffs sometimes comprising as few as ten people and rarely more than forty or fifty. Almost none retain a staff of full-time actors. If a voice is needed for a small part in a drama or to read a stray line in a dramatized commercial announcement, a director frequently calls on the girl nearest at hand, who may be a stenographer or receptionist.

From the man's standpoint, breaking into radio is somewhat easier. There is always a demand for announcers, and this is especially true at local stations. For some unfathomable reason, announcers are nomadic souls who rarely settle down in one spot and take root. Most of them have their eyes set on the "big time" in New York or Chicago or Los Angeles, and every move they make is calculated to advance them to a larger station in the direction of the key network-originating cities. Thus, opportunities present themselves frequently when a man is able to fill in for an absent announcer.

Learn the routine of station operation, the handling of turntables and control equipment and, incidentally, perform in

dramas. I make this unqualified statement, based on eleven years as an actor, announcer, producer, and station executive from the smallest to the largest stations. If you've got what it takes to succeed in radio, sooner or later you'll get a chance to demonstrate it over the air in your home town. If you've got a friendly personality and know how to be persistent without being offensively aggressive, you'll find a ready ear.

"All right," you say, "after six months or a year on a local station in any capacity, where do I go from there?"

That depends on what you've learned in that period of time. You may learn that radio is not for you—that while you have a certain amount of talent to get by in your home ball park, you cannot measure up against the vastly stiffer competition you'll meet in the big leagues. That's why you'll try to study yourself as coldly and dispassionately as possible during the break-in months. You'll make recordings of your work and listen to them over and over again, comparing them with the performances of the network people you hear every day. You'll measure the degree of your week-to-week improvement and calculate how much additional improvement you can make. You'll absorb all the advice and sage counsel of the older hands with whom you work and put it into daily practice. *You'll take with several grains of salt the praise you'll receive from your friends, relatives, and even fellow workers, because you'll know their opinions about your work are colored by their closeness to you.*

Let's say that by every unprejudiced yardstick you apply, you're convinced that you're of big-time caliber. You now broaden your perspective and prepare for the next step upward.

In the order of their importance, the centers of radio dramatic activity throughout the country are: New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Detroit. Most other large cities offer a certain amount of work, depending on local conditions: for example, Boston, Baltimore, Cincinnati, and St. Louis.

Make a study of the radio center nearest your home. List the stations and program directors and write, applying for interviews and auditions. By the time you have put in six

months at a local station, you should have a representative library of records of your voice. Select the best of these and offer them via mail for audition. *Do not send recordings unless you are notified by a station that they will listen to them.* Otherwise, they may lie on a cabinet in the recording room for months before receiving attention. In your letter, request that the recording be returned to you *express collect.* This will facilitate quick return of your transcription.

Marge Morrow has probably given more auditions than any other person, a claim that can be verified in every language, including the Scandinavian. Miss Morrow is director of auditions of the Columbia Broadcasting System. During a brief absence from that network, she was a talent scout for Warner Brothers. Her kindness has become almost a legend—a statement that was carefully chosen and is easily proved. Miss Morrow takes the stand.

What do I look for in an audition? That's a very difficult question. Perhaps it's easier to tell the things I find, for which I am not looking.

Fundamentally, every person who auditions actors and actresses hopes for the perfect one—in other words, one with good experience as a background, not only in radio but in the theater, even in stock companies. Academic training helps too and, of course, gives the necessary poise and the sureness we all desire in front of the mike.

We have to be understanding, however, because most of the time we are hearing virtual amateurs. Or, if not that, their experience has been in small towns and cities where they have done a little bit of everything and have not had to meet the kind of competition that exists in New York, Chicago, or Los Angeles.

Where is the difficulty? Mostly in the lack of good material. This cannot be stressed too strongly because most people not accustomed to radio err in this direction. Here is where about 90 per cent of my auditionees let themselves and me down. Granted it is the toughest thing in the world to find a monologue which makes sense and sustains interest. Therefore, I usually urge that excerpts from plays be attempted.

To some people radio seems an easy medium. For example, a well-known established actress from the legitimate theater once said to me, "In the theater you expect to make the rounds for several seasons, then get a small part which may get you a larger one next season and may get you into pictures ultimately." The performer bears no animosity toward the director or producer who tells him he must have experience, that he must work and study hard to be ready when and if an opportunity arrives. But the actor apparently feels that radio does not entail the same response on his part.

While it is the custom to ask for some experience before we give auditions here at Columbia, we feel that anyone who has acted professionally is a likely candidate. It need not have been in radio, because I feel that an actor is an actor in any medium and needs but slight adjustment to fit into any of the major fields—that is, radio, theater, or movies. And theoretically that is really true, but you'd be surprised how many times it goes astray.

For instance, I auditioned two people on the same day—a man and a woman—who had both appeared very successfully in Broadway and road companies, but had never done radio work. I had seen them and liked their work, but their auditions were incredibly poor. The man had chosen for his material an excerpt from a Brontë novel, a portion from *Catherine Was Great*, *Death Takes a Holiday*, and *The Boor*. Even though an actor has never done radio, he must have listened at least once or twice in his life, and I am sure he never heard that type of material on the radio. Nor have many actors had a chance to play the classics in the theater, so why try them?

The woman, on the other hand, had been told not to take anything from plays because they were all hackneyed, so she had written her own material, a sketch in which she tried to do all the parts. It was a failure.

Summing it up quickly, I guess the thing we look for most often is simplicity—both in material and attack—and that's the one thing we rarely get.

Summing Up

Six leading auditioners of radio have put their cards on the table. Let us turn them up and get a combination picture of "How to Audition for Radio."

1. Don't be awed, be auditioned. Audition directors are anxious for you to succeed; their job is to find good talent.

2. Don't take an audition unless you are ready for it. Don't be like the Irishman who was asked if he could play the violin and replied, "Don't know. Haven't tried yet." Radio auditions are your chance for a job, so don't take your product out of the laboratory unless it's ready for the production line.

3. Select your material with care. An audition looked at from an over-all view must be paced like a performance. You're the star of that show, give full display to your abilities. Don't use archaic material, don't use trite material; don't pick material that doesn't suit you.

4. Don't be nervous. But if you must be, then don't be afraid of being nervous. Nervousness is a common disease that may some day yield medical material more potent even than penicillin. Nervousness can sharpen your performance.

5. Don't overdo your audition. Practically all our great experts noted the importance of simplicity. Just because an audition is the time you are expected to make an impression doesn't mean its the time to set off fireworks. That extra-emotional scene might very well be left out if it tempts you to over-emote. Simplicity backed by sincerity leads to success.

6. Don't preface a selection with a long introduction. I once heard an actress give a full minute social analysis of the character she was about to portray. Needless to say, this tip-off on what you are going to do is bad business. It immediately sets up a yardstick for measurement of your performance. That's the reason, too, why you should not take too familiar material. Jack Grogan pointed out the classic example of the scene from *Stage Door* which invites comparison with Margaret Sullivan.

7. Don't fumble with your audition material. Have it set up neatly for easy handling. Auditioners are not too patient

while waiting for you to look through a four-hundred-page book for the part you selected. It is better to arrange all your material on cards or in script form.

8. Be businesslike about your audition. Dress as you would if you were looking for any other job. The girls with the most expensive dresses don't get all the good jobs. In many cases the director auditions you blind; that is, he doesn't even see you. Write or type your requests for auditions or any other forms neatly.

9. Vary your types, but do well all those you selected. An audition is not the time to take chances. Reprise those types you do best of all. You must give the auditioner something to remember you by.

10. Don't be afraid to end your audition before you are asked to stop. Always have enough to carry on with if you are requested to do so. Plan for an average of five to six minutes, but hold an equal amount in reserve.

PART TWO

Radio Actor's Dictionary

Simplicity of expression and brief, easily understood instructions are a stern necessity in radio work. This has caused all persons connected with the radio industry to contribute to the development of a language of their own for behind-the-scenes use. On the following pages you will find an alphabetical list of radio slang, expressions, and instructions, with their meanings as well as additional comment, which should be a helpful passport to your auditions. Usage varies with a station's location, but this list may be accepted as radio's version of Basic English.

ACROSS THE BOARD. A program which is on five times a week. The phrase is derived from the large board set up by a program director for listing all the programs on a certain station or network. "Book it across the board," is said when a program for a Monday through Friday schedule is signed.

AD-LIB. This is derived from the Latin *ad libitum*, meaning "at one's pleasure." But its radio application is legion and dangerous. Basically, an ad-lib remark is a spontaneous addition to the program, an impromptu phrase that frequently adds color and naturalness to a program. Strangely, the best ad-libs are rehearsed—in the sense that they are prepared in advance. The speaker achieves an "ad-lib quality," as distinct from a "read quality." Carefully rehearsed dramatic shows do not lend themselves to ad-libs, though in these same dramatic shows an actor frequently must resort to an ad-lib when he has fluffed a line and must cover up. (See *Fluff*.) Ad-libs are best applied in comedy shows and in light variety programs. The best ad-lib I have yet come across was an amazingly quick recovery made by Ralph Dumke, who had a program sponsored by Ward's Bread. A small group of boys was invited to take part in the program, and a friend, who was a writer for a rival company, brought his young son to watch the show.

Ralph delivered the commercial and wound up by asking the boys to shout out what bread was the best bread. The audience, with one exception, yelled. "Ward's Bread!" The rival writer's son had piped up the name of the competing firm. A shocked silence was ended when Dumke proclaimed in a magnificent ad-lib, "That's the greatest tribute Ward's Bread has ever had! Boys prefer it by a vote of thirty to one!"

AFRA. Alphabet soup language for the American Federation of Radio Artists, the most important trade union for radio actors and announcers. AFRA has set up contracts with all the networks and with many radio stations, designed to protect working conditions and establish minimum fees for performance on sustaining and commercial programs (both network and local) transcriptions, and auditions. AFRA has won a fine reputation by the service given its members for its real appreciation of industry problems. Until an actor has worked sufficiently to entitle him to full membership, he asks for and receives a working permit. He need not be a member of AFRA to get a job. After he has won his first job, he is required to get a working permit and eventually pay the full initiation fee and keep up his dues as a member in good standing. Complete rules and regulations, as well as the current scale of payment, may be obtained from your AFRA local. Members of the Screen Actors Guild and Actors Equity are entitled to certain reductions in the initiation fee. A station signed with AFRA may not hire anyone who is not a member or who does not have a working permit. AFRA is a good friend of the actor; he would do well to follow its activities by attending meetings and reading carefully its monthly magazine, *Stand-By*.

B.G. Script writers' shorthand for background.

BIT. A small part.

BITE IT OFF. A sharp command to end abruptly whatever you are doing. It is used for musical cues and often by directors who are trying to achieve an effect.

BLASTING. When the director asks you to back away from the microphone with the injunction that you are blasting, he is referring to your use of too great an amount of volume, which overmodulates and consequently causes sound distortion.

BRIDGE. A link between two scenes.

BRING IT UP. A direction calling for more volume. This is

given mostly to the engineer from the director. Often it is a direction issued to the actor to use more voice in speaking so that his volume may be controlled more effectively.

CALL LETTERS. These are the identification of a radio station. The Federal Communications Commission regulations require a station to identify itself once every half hour. By an international treaty, different letters were assigned for each country. Mexico, for example, starts all its call letters with X, Canada with C. In the United States, all stations east of the Mississippi River start with W, and all stations west of that division with K. Some station call letters seem to confound this rule, but they are exceptions; for example, KYW in Philadelphia is surrounded by a solid wall of W's. This is the result of a switch of the station from a western state. Call letters often have significance, but not always. Examples: WJZ stands for New Jersey, the "new" in WNEW for Newark and New York, WLIB for the word "liberty," WGN in Chicago (which is owned by a newspaper) for the initial letters of the words "world's greatest newspaper." WNYC is a municipal station, and its letters stand for New York City. Station call letters are at once an introduction and an identification, and station slogans are frequently tacked on them to help the listener remember the station. Examples: WNYC, New York City's Own Station; WJR, Detroit, the Friendly Station. Call letters have functional as well as esthetic value. They are a cue as well as a coat of arms. When the call letters are given, it is a cue for the next program that the previous program is over. (See STATION BREAK.)

CANS. Earphones. Cans are used mostly by engineers but are often given to actors in shows when complicated switching cues are involved.

CLAMBAKE. A program hastily thrown together and loosely constructed, which lacks evenness and a unifying quality. Many special-event programs fall into this category, since the elements of the show are rarely under control. A successful special-event program is a real triumph. Even a well-prepared program, unless welded together with dramatic unity, can become a clambake.

COLD. A cue to start a program or scene which begins without a theme or musical introduction or any other background effect.

COMING UP. A warning cue. When the number of seconds remaining before airtime is determined, the director will say, "Coming up in ten seconds." This is the signal for attention, a warning to stand by.

COMMERCIAL. An announcement for the sponsoring company's product. Also a program for which the time on the air as well as the talent is paid for by the advertiser. The entertainment factor on these programs is designed to get the attention of listeners; the commercial announcements to sell the product to them. Commercials are usually targets for the slings and arrows of the outraged, whose bitter denunciations, however, are not mass-typical. Radio, now in its twenty-fifth year, has learned how to appeal to the public, and the United States has been unusually successful with the present method of advertising products by means of entertaining programs. The advertisers ask only a few minutes of the time they have bought to entertain the public in order to acquaint them with their products. The advertising in newspapers and magazines makes it possible to bring news and good reading matter to the public at low cost. Radio needs commercials to pay the operational costs for the nonsalable and specialized programs that must be underwritten by the stations in the service of the community.

CONFLICT. This has two connotations. It is a basic element of dramatic action. In radio work, it has a second application. When an actor finds that he will have to miss part of a rehearsal because he has two assignments at the same time, he asks the director if it is agreeable to have a conflict. Sometimes this is allowed, depending on the caliber of the artist, his particular function in the show, and the length of his part. Directors frown on this practice, but in the case of busy actors, whose very activity is predicated on outstanding ability, they sometimes make exceptions.

CONTINUITY. In radio, this usually refers to the lines read by an announcer when introducing speakers and giving the commercial announcements. (See SCRIPT.)

CONTROL ROOM. A soundproof room set apart from the studio by glass, which enables the control engineer and the director to see and be seen, but which isolates the studio sounds. Thus, the engineer can control the volume, as he hears the program through a loud-speaker as it sounds on the air. Usually,

the loud-speakers are much larger and the volume much louder in the control room than in the listener's home. This is to enable the director to spot the flaws readily.

COPY. In radio, this word is used interchangeably with the continuity and script. (See CONTINUITY and SCRIPT.)

COWCATCHER. An announcement that precedes the opening of a program, delaying the opening until the announcement has been made. This is employed by advertisers who want to mention more than one of their products on their radio time. The cowcatcher plugs one product, while the program sells another product of the same company. This should not be confused with a spot announcement. (See also SPOT ANNOUNCEMENT and HITCHHIKE.)

CREEPER. An actor who keeps creeping closer to the microphone during the performance after the ideal distance has been set in rehearsal. This is an unconscious act, and the director usually backs the actor away with visual cues during the show.

CROSS FADE. This is the term used to explain an important transitional device in radio. While one set of sounds—an actor's voice, perhaps, and sound effects or music—is being faded out, another set of sounds is faded in simultaneously. This is a tricky device, and it usually requires extensive rehearsals. In all cross fades, the actor should watch the director very carefully for signals. (See FADE.)

CROWD NOISE. This effect, one of the most dramatic possible in radio when well done, calls for the complete co-operation of each radio actor. When a crowd noise is indicated, the director relies for the depth of sound on a sound-effects record of a crowd, but he must depend on the actors in his cast for the quality of definition. It is here that no star system prevails. When a crowd noise is indicated, the entire cast must participate, even the leading players. By supplementing the recorded sound with live actors, the director is able to control the degrees of shouting and shading. In addition, the actors must participate intelligently by saying something that jibes with the action. They should not engage in ordinary conversation or repeat someone's telephone number.

CUSHION. Radio programs must keep their scheduled rendezvous with the clock on a split-second basis. Rather than risk running over the time, the director will cut a little more

material than is necessary and arrange an artificial cushion to fill in until the closing cue must be given. This cushion may be music which can usually be repeated without being too obvious a pad.

CUT. A signal to stop. (See "Vocabulary in Pantomime.") Also refers to the act of making a record. The expression is "to cut a record." A record is made by a sharp needle that cuts into the smooth surface of a disc, creating valleys which exactly reproduce the original sounds when the record is played.

CUT-IN ANNOUNCEMENT. If a national advertiser wishes to allow room on his program for the local distributor to make a personalized announcement pertinent to his particular community, a prearranged cut-in announcement is effected which allows a local announcer time to insert his message. The best example of this is the Sealtest program, the sponsors of which operate locally under different community names. At a prearranged signal, announcers from all over the country can cut in with their local commercial. The Mutual Broadcasting System has a show called "Let's Play Detective," during which, at a given signal, local police chiefs are cut in with their own solution to the crime. The program then continues from the original source.

DEAD AIR. This is an ungraceful moment of dead silence caused by a variety of ailments such as losing a place in a script or a delay in starting a program. Dead air must be carefully distinguished from a pause which is made purposely for dramatic effect. Dead air is one of the ghosts of radio, since a few seconds on the air seem like minutes. In connection with such a silence, a director might ask his cast to "close up the hole"—that is, pick up its lines faster to compensate for the seconds of dead air that disturbed the rhythm of the program.

DEAD MIKE. A mike that is not in use. In order to operate, a microphone requires collaboration between the actor setting up the sound waves and the engineer controlling them. Make sure that the mike you are using is "live." (See LIVE.)

DEFINITION. Clarity of transmission is one meaning. A good production allows the listener to distinguish between the actors' voices in a drama or to identify the sections of an orchestra. When the director calls on an actor for more definition, he wants the actor to define his characterization so

that it is a little sharper than the other members of the cast.

DISC JOCKEY. An announcer with a special aptitude for pleasant chatter in between the playing of records. Disc jockeys are in a class by themselves, and in most independent stations they outclass the network announcers in income. Martin Block, who is the top man in this field, is the highest paid announcer in radio. WNEW once took a full-page advertisement in *The New York Times* to acclaim his salesmanship and claim his income as the highest of all radio announcers. (He gets $75,000 a year from WNEW alone, aside from his network fees.) Disc jockeys are men who can inject their personalities into the framework of a program of records. It is important to differentiate between disc jockeys and regular announcers who are assigned to a program of records. In the second case, the records are the stars of the show; in the first, the announcer. Important disc jockeys who have come to the top by imagination and resourcefulness are Al Jarvis of KFWB; Jerry Lawrence, WMCA; Dick Gilbert, WHN, who started the vogue of singing with the records; Arthur Godfrey, WABC; Maurice Hart, WNEW's high-priced substitute for Block and handler of the Music Hall program. Every station has a whole stable of disc jockeys. The final determination of their success is salesmanship; they merchandise their sponsor's products, their records, but most of all themselves.

DOUBLE. The radio actor's version of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Certain scripts call for many parts of short duration. Consequently, the director hires actors who can double—that is, handle more than one part. Doubling sometimes requires actors to talk with themselves. This was quite frequent in radio's early days, the best example being Amos 'n' Andy. Two men took all the parts in the show, changing voices and yet managing to give uncanny definition to each part. Actors who can double are especially valuable, but each characterization must be sharp and clear.

DRESS REHEARSAL. The final rehearsal. This term corresponds to the stage equivalent when the entire cast appears in the costumes to be worn in the regular presentations of the show. Dress rehearsal is a last checkup on rightness, a final opportunity for re-evaluation. In radio, they are particularly important for timing purposes as well as for taking exact

levels of voices and sounds. The final cutting of the script takes place after the "dress."

DUB. Transposing material from one record to another record. This is useful in eliminating mistakes or in changing topical mentions. It has a further use in arranging commercial auditions: if one sponsor turns a program down, the director can dub in a new commercial while cutting out the first one.

DYNAMIC. A directional microphone that belongs to the family of condenser microphones. Very deep bass voices, for example, are sometimes matched with a condenser which cuts out some of the roll in the voice, making it more pleasing to the ear.

EIGHT BALL. A microphone characterized by nondirectional pickups and a 360-degree beam. This microphone is almost a double for the eight ball used in pool—hence the name. Its sides are round and smooth, and sound sent in its direction rolls up the side into the mouth, thus accounting for its nondirectional qualities.

FADE. Fades come in two styles, a "board fade" and a "physical fade." In the first, the control engineer does the work; in the second, the actor. A fade-out is comparable to the dissolve in the movies and the slow turning down of the lights on a stage. It is up to the director's discretion to decide on its use. A fade may be used merely as a perspective device. For example, if an actor is leaving the scene, he fades from his "on mike" position to give the effect of departure. Frequently, when enough mike positions are not available, the director will ask the actor to do the fade. This is accomplished by moving away from the mike, or in very live studios by moving toward the dead side of the mike. In cases where a quick fade is needed, the actor will turn quickly while still talking, turning in the manner of a soldier when given the command, "About face!"

FEED-BACK. This condition develops when the doors to the control room and studio are both left open. The actor speaks into the microphone; the loud-speaker in the control room carries the voice; the microphone in the studio picks up the voice from the loud-speaker; and the sound chases itself through the circuit. The result: squeals and howls. Technically, this is a coupling of the input to the output of the amplifiers.

FILTER. A device controlled by the engineer to eliminate certain tonal characteristics. The

bass part may be removed or filtered out, or the treble tones may be eliminated. The actor should realize that this is a mechanical procedure and use his normal delivery. Incidentally, a telephone is basically a microphone of inferior quality, accentuating the "highs" (treble) and filtering out the "lows" (bass). Radio microphones are designed to give as lifelike a quality as possible; consequently, filtered tones are used as effects, such as "The Voice of Conscience."

FLAGSHIP STATION. The key station of a nationwide network. This designation was coined by *Variety* magazine.

FLUFF. An unconscious mistake. This is the nightmare of all radio performers. Some examples of fluffs have become part of radio history. Milton Cross is reported to have once announced the A and P Gypsy program as "The A and G Pipsies." Another is a happily forgotten announcer who introduced a remote dance broadcast as coming from "The Maroon Reef" of a certain hotel, instead of The Marine Roof. Fluffs are unexplainable, unavoidable, and understandable.

GOBBO. Radio's most prominent isolationist is a movable screen, usually constructed of a wooden frame and some soft absorbent material. Its primary function is to deaden live studios by reducing the area of pickup. It is a way of improving the acoustics of a studio that does not meet the requirements of a program. By placing a series of gobbos around the area desired, that area is isolated from the rest of the studio. In scenes where filter effects are required, a series of gobbos constructed like a prefabricated house isolate the filter mike from the cast microphones. (See FILTER.)

GOOSENECK. A microphone stand with a flexible neck.

HITCHHIKE. An announcement or dramatized commercial which follows the regular program, usually for a product other than the one plugged on the show itself. The hitchhike usually slices off a minute of the program itself and nestles between the close of the show proper and the station-break cue. Since many programs are followed by spot announcements, the addition of the hitchhike results in a series of commercials. Consequently, this practice is frowned on in some radio circles. (See SPOT ANNOUNCEMENT and COWCATCHER.)

HOG-CALLING CONTEST. A competitive audition for announcers.

HOP. Volume.

HOT SWITCH. A fast transfer from one point of origin to another.

HUNGER. In radio, a bad performance is spoken of as being "from hunger."

KICK THE NEEDLE. The act of pouring too much volume into the microphone. This makes the volume indicator (VI) move across the zero mark into territory where the actor's voice is AWOL. When the director tells an actor that he is kicking the needle, the actor must compensate by using less voice or by backing away from the microphone.

LAY AN EGG. A program that fails. (See TURKEY.) A series of bad performances is called an omelette.

LEAD. The most important male or female part in a program. Second leads are important but subsidiary to the leads. (See BIT and DOUBLE.)

LEVEL. The amount of volume noted audibly or measured electrically.

LIVE. A word of many uses in radio. One application is to distinguish a "live" from a "transcribed" show. In the former, the actors appear in person; in the latter, they perform exactly as they would for broadcast, but the production is recorded and can be played thereafter from transcriptions. In another use of the word, "live" is contrasted with "dead," in the sense that a live studio has acoustical treatment that emphasizes the "highs," thus giving a live quality. A dead studio, which emphasizes the basses, is excellent as a speaker's studio and for programs where an intimate effect is desired. The open side of the microphone is sometimes described as the live side, as distinct from the other parts which are dead and do not pick up sounds with the proper presence. (See PRESENCE.)

LOCAL. A program that is heard over only one station. Also, a station that is independent of any network, operating in one community and programming to meet local interests. These stations are sometimes more effective than the network stations because of their localized slant. Most people think in terms of the networks when radio is mentioned, yet the records show they listen as much and more to the independents. Radio actors should not sneer at local stations as "two-by-fours." Remember that two-by-fours are used as foundations in some of our biggest buildings. New talent will find a breaking-in place

more readily at a local station than at a network. Local stations have a greater feeling for improvisation. They must balance ideas and imagination against budgets and consequently need to keep their eyes open for new talent all the time.

LOG. This is a minute by minute breakdown of all programs broadcast over a station, and is a written record required by the Federal Communications Commission regulations. It is invaluable in checking station performance as it provides an affidavit for the advertiser, stating exactly when his broadcast or spot announcement went on the air.

MARRY. This is a director's way of asking an actor to link two speeches together. Assuming that cutting the sixteenth and seventeenth lines of a script will make the action move forward more evenly, the director will marry two sentences. Sometimes the actor may have to add a transitional word so the marriage won't go on the rocks.

MASTER CONTROL. The hub of the engineering part of a station. The wires leading into the individual studios are the spokes of the wheel. The master control acts as a check on the quality of sound and also performs all the switches necessary in moving a program from studio to studio. It is often referred to with awe and affection as "Master."

M.C. (EMCEE). This stands for master of ceremonies, the person who binds all the elements of a show together. Most M.C.'s have a quick wit and the facility for ad-lib. Others are effective because they impart an ad-lib quality in their reading of prepared continuity. The basic difference between an M.C. and a narrator is in looseness of delivery. M.C.'s are the most sought-after and most needed class in radio. The M.C. talent is hard-won, the result of much microphone experience, usually as an announcer. Best emcees in radio would include the names of Don McNeil, Ralph Edwards, Bob Hawk, Clifton Fadiman, Harry von Zell, Tom Brennerman. Best narrators would be Orson Welles, Martin Gabel, Joseph Julian.

MIKE HOG. A performer who elbows other actors away from a direct position in the microphone's beam.

MUD. A muddy tone is one that fails to carry any lifelike quality or interest. Sometimes it is the fault of interpretation on the actor's part. Frequently—and this develops often when ribbon mikes are used—approaching too close to the

microphone will result in a boomy or muddy quality. The word takes its place in the phrase, "in the mud," which is used when suggesting that an actor change his position or his nuances. Best example is the speaker who buries his voice in the pages of his script and never looks up.

NAME CREDIT. This is the height of ambition for all radio performers. Somewhat shamefully, for years the names of radio actors were kept a deep secret from the radio audience. The claim was made that the audience preferred to associate characters with voices rather than with names. An economic reason was also the root of the trouble; if actors remained unknown, they could not command high fees. When the radio audience became familiar with such names as Santos Ortega, Kenneth Delmar, Maurice Tarplin, Betty Winkler, Adelaide Klein, Irene Wicker, Martin Gabel, Alice Frost, and others, these actors had an additional commodity to sell. Announcers, who started out by merely giving their initials in the first part of radio's history, had more control of the microphone and soon began to give themselves name credit. Radio actors had to fight for this pat on the back, which is not only an honor but a sound economic necessity. Writers and directors are now also achieving this recognition. Your name is your trade-mark. The winning of name credit carries with it a personal responsibility for expending greater effort and giving more careful attention to detail. It is hoped that name credits in radio will encourage the improvement of broadcasting.

NEMO. Any program originating away from the studio. The name is a corruption of the word "remote."

NETWORK. Two or more stations tied together by telephone lines for the simultaneous broadcasting of programs. Networks are both national and regional. The four national networks are NBC, CBS, the American Broadcasting Company, and the Mutual Broadcasting Company. Regional networks are the Don Lee Network on the West Coast, the Texas State Network, and the Michigan State Network. Networks can and do pay more for talent than individual local stations because the costs can be divided among the number of stations broadcasting a program. (See LOCAL.)

ON THE BUTTON. Parallel term to "on the nose." Buttons are plentiful in radio because

programs must get off the air on the button.

ON THE CUFF. A job which is done without payment.

ON THE NOSE. Running exactly on time. Actors should look at the director frequently during the actual performance. Radio, operating as it does on a split-second routine, is still subject to human error. Sometimes an actor will read his lines slower than in rehearsal or perhaps faster. The director compensates for this by frequent cues to the performers to speed up or slow down. Putting the finger to the nose means, "Keep to the prearranged tempo; everything is going as rehearsed."

ONE SHOT. A program that is not part of a series.

OPERATIONS SHEET. This is an assignment sheet which lists each program, its time, sponsor studio or other point of origin, engineers assigned to the show, announcer, and other pertinent information. This is the announcer's guidebook to his daily work. Actors frequently consult it to find out from what studio their show is to broadcast. An added value is its listing of rehearsal times.

P.A. Press agent. There are many publicity men in radio whose main concentration is on shows as a whole, and their exploitation of an actor is part of the exploitation of the show on which the actor is performing. There are a few P.A.'s who handle rising radio actors, but their fees are too large for the beginner. (They must be, if effective results are to be obtained.) After a certain amount of success, during which the program P.A. or the network P.A. does the work, the actor may want more personalized help. Best P.A. jobs on radio actors were performed for Jay Jostyn, who plays "Mr. District Attorney"; Ben Grauer, Davis Award announcer; and Ralph Edwards, who started as an announcer and became an important radio personality. P.A. also stands for the public address system used in most radio studios to allow the audience to hear softly spoken lines of actors and minute sounds made by the sound-effects men, which might otherwise be missed. Radio actors and radio sounds in general are not projected for volume effects as in the theater, and a P.A. system is important.

P.L. A private telephone line.

PLAYBACK. Playing a recording. Also the turntable that plays the recording.

PLATTER. A record. Also referred to as disc, pancake, fried egg.

PRESENCE. The term is used to denote an important point of balance. Radio actors work in a medium with no dimensions. They must try to create the illusion of dimension by coming in closer to the microphone for intimate effects, and by fading away when leaving the scene of the action. Frequently the director will complain that the actor hasn't enough "presence." He is referring to the fact that the actor is not projecting his lines so that they give the illusion of being part of the scene in progress. In most cases this is corrected by the actor moving in closer to the microphone; at other times it may mean that the actor should use a more intimate style of delivery.

READING. For a reading, the actors sit in the studio without using the microphones and read the script aloud, getting basic characterization and intent from the director. After the reading, the cast takes its position at the microphone for the run-through. This method is used by most directors although some prefer to start directly on mike, particularly when rehearsal time is short.

REPEAT. The second broadcast of a radio program. To compensate for different time zones, programs are sometimes repeated a second time to reach other listeners at a better hour for a peak audience. A nine o'clock program from New York would reach Los Angeles listeners at six. To reach the peak audience at nine on the West Coast, the program is repeated from New York at midnight. Actors receive extra fees for repeat broadcasts.

ROVER BOY. An advertising agency junior executive. Someone pleasant who is learning the business.

RUN-THROUGH. First reading on microphone. This is a reading for polishing. The director balances the actors' voices, starts integrating sound and music, and gives detailed attention to each part of the performance.

RUNNING PART. A part in a serial that stretches over a period of time. A running part does not necessarily mean that each actor will be on every program of the serial, but it indicates that he is a member of the cast family and will be called on frequently during the series. Running parts are the backbone of the radio actor's livelihood, since they insure a fairly stable element in the actor's earnings.

SCHMALTZ. An eloquent musician's word that has dramatic application. It means thick

and sirupy, oversweet. Certain kinds of schmaltz are effective. Other kinds act in the same way as too much sugar in coffee—too sweet to digest.

SCRIPT. This is the best place to explain the interchangeable names given to the material written for radio programs. Script refers to the program as a whole. Continuity usually refers to the lines read by the announcer, usually for musical shows, introducing speakers, also the commercial announcements. Script in a more specific sense is applied to dramatic shows. Copy is another word used for written material. Their interchangeability is demonstrated by the titles given to the writing departments of the different networks. CBS has a Program Writing Department; NBC has a Script Division; other stations call their writers the Continuity Department; and still others group them as the Copy Department.

SEGUE. The transition from one musical number to another without a break. The word also has dramatic application. Seguing from a musical number to an actor's line and seguing speeches are common devices to heighten effectiveness.

SITTING MIKE. This type of microphone is designed to stand on a desk or table for use by an actor who prefers sitting to standing. It is particularly useful in putting inexperienced speakers at ease and is also important when an actor or a speaker has a long stretch of copy to read. A fifteen-minute speech would be tiresome to deliver standing up.

SOAP OPERA. A daytime serial. The original source of this phrase is the movies, as western pictures were dubbed horse operas. The fact that radio's first daytime serials were almost wholly sponsored by soap companies accounts for the substitution of the word "soap" when the phrase was adopted by radio.

SPIEL. The advertising copy. The man who reads it is a spieler.

SPOT ANNOUNCEMENT. A commercial announcement that is not part of a program. Spot announcements are usually presented during the station break, though many stations insert them in the body of programs, stopping the program for the familiar announcement, "Here's a transcription." One of radio's most irritating practices is "double-spotting"—putting two spot announcements one after the other. Spot announcements run in three lengths: fifteen seconds, thirty seconds, and sixty seconds.

Many spot announcements are transcribed, and this has become a lucrative field for radio actors who must be paid each six months if the sponsor continues to use the announcement. (Compare with COWCATCHER and HITCHHIKE.)

STATION BREAK. The announcement of the station call letters in compliance with the regulations of the Federal Communications Commission and also to acquaint the listeners with the station so that it will be remembered. (See CALL LETTERS.) The station break serves a third purpose of equal importance: ending a program with the station call letters is a cue to the master control room for switching to the next program. CBS, for example, always gives the system cue, "This is CBS, the Columbia Broadcasting System," thirty seconds before the next show is to start. This enables the member stations of the network to identify themselves in the station-break period. Station breaks in recent years have become a break for the advertiser who can buy the few seconds in between such popular programs as Fibber McGee and Molly, and Bob Hope, for little money and capitalize on the huge audiences these two shows have developed.

STRETCH. This is a cue used primarily during performance. It is given by pulling the hands apart as if drawing out an accordion, and is the director's way of saying that the performance has been speeded up too much and the program will end too soon. It also may be a sign to slow up a reading for dramatic value. Overquick readings sometimes result in ineffective performances, and the director tries to regulate the pace of the performers within the framework of the show as a whole.

STUDIO MOTHERS. Mothers of juvenile performers who accompany their children on their radio jobs. The extent of professional quality of the young actor is almost always in direct ratio to the mother's professional behavior.

SUSTAINING. A program which has no sponsor. The radio station pays all the costs of the production as well as supplying the time. Sustaining shows are provided by stations to fill in the time between the sponsored shows. Naturally, fees on these programs are not as high as those on commercial shows. Some of the magnificent "sustainers" on radio that went on to commercial sale are the Philharmonic and NBC Orchestra programs, "The Chamber Music Society of Lower

Basin Street," "Let's Pretend," "Report to the Nation," and "The Man Behind the Gun."

TAG LINE. The final line of a scene, of a speech, of a program. Usually a tag line has a resolution quality to it. A script or scene may end with "Good-by now, see you soon," but it is not as effective as a tag line to a scene which reads: "She said that, did she? Well, I'll get even with her if it's the last thing I do!" A perfect tag line is Walter Winchell's regular closing epigram; it resolves the entire program and ties it up in a very neat knot.

TAKE FIVE. This is a direction given primarily to musicians, but it is frequently used by dramatic casts as well. It means "take a recess of five minutes." This is given to prevent the actors from getting stale, to allow them to smoke a cigarette, to relax, to renew their energies for additional rehearsal time.

TAKE IT AWAY. A cue to begin. The engineer will get the go-ahead signal from the master control room, usually by seeing a light flash on the panel before him. In remote broadcasts, the engineer is on a private line to the studio. When the time for starting has arrived, he gets the verbal go-ahead signal over the earphones. "Take it away." The phrase, in a sense, can be used both fore and aft, as "Good morning" can be said when greeting and leaving an acquaintance. Just as "Take it away" means to start, it is sometimes used to finish as a way of saying, "We're through in here. Carry on."

TALK-BACK. To get the proper perspective on a program, the director stations himself in the control room to gauge the radio values of the individual performances. To interrupt, correct, and suggest improvement, he has a microphone at his side which can be turned on by pressing a button. It is important for the actor to remember that when the director is using his talk-back he cannot hear what the cast is saying in the studio. It's a one-way broadcasting system. To question the director after his suggestion, the actor must wait till he hears the click before going ahead.

THIRTY-THREE AND A THIRD. This figure indicates a number of revolutions per minute. It is used in recording and playing programs on a transcription. Records operate at 78 r.p.m. A switch is provided on radio equipment to accommodate both speeds. When a 33⅓ transcription is played at 78, it sounds like Donald Duck.

33⅓ transcriptions, because of their slower speeds, can carry as much as 15 minutes on one disc.

TIGHT. A program in which too much material is available for the time allotted. Usually, directors compensate for programs that stretch, through a natural inclination to slow up during airtime, by prearranging cuts with the cast as an emergency measure. If a show is tight in dress rehearsal, the director may cut some material and advise the cast to pick up the tempo as a compensating factor.

TRANSITION. A moving from one scene to another. Transition is achieved by a variety of devices, which include fades, cross fades, sound effects, music, silence, and narration. It has another connotation for the radio actor: transition of mood is the important dramatic principle which governs the shadings and variety inherent in any characterization.

TURKEY. Borrowed from the theater's vocabulary, this means a flop, a show that fails, a performance that misses fire. The legendary derivation is interesting. In the early eighteen hundreds, traveling troupes of players were paid off in produce instead of money. Turkey was especially plentiful in those days and was not seen on the best tables. It was customary to reward some of the bad actors with turkeys. Companies of this caliber were called turkey companies.

TURNTABLE. A machine built for the playing of records and transcriptions.

WOOF. More of a sound than a word. Used to check levels by engineers. Before feeding a program for recording, for example, the engineer lines up by calling off a number of peaks, the point the volume indicator needle reaches, so that the other engineer may synchronize his levels. The "woof" sound keeps a fairly constant peak long enough for the engineers to check. It is also used to synchronize watches. The engineer will say, "Fifteen seconds coming up to 9:51," and then wait fourteen seconds and say "Woof" on the fifteenth second.

PART THREE

Radio Actor's Workshop

Your passive participation in this book now becomes an active one. You cannot watch the parade any longer; you must join in or the parade will pass you by. This part will be more fun and -- a word of warning -- more work. The following section is the work part of this book. So let's move from the lecture hall to the laboratory.

Printed on the following pages are excerpts from scripts, all of which have had radio performance. As a laboratory must operate under laboratory conditions, these scripts are printed exactly as they appear for use in a radio studio. Authorities who advocate "Be Kind to Books" would sternly say that the only mark in a book should be the bookmark. But that would indicate only your place in a book. A well-marked radio script may help you make your place in radio. So supply yourself with pencils and erasers, and feel free to make as many marks as you wish on the scripts appearing in this book.

The selections cover a variety of needs. There are dramatic bits, comedy spots, monologues and dialogues, narrations and commercials for both women and men. When you are using this book away from the classroom and require another voice for a script, recruit any able-voiced member of your family. Most people fancy themselves as performers, and this may cause them to become more sympathetic toward your ambitions.

Teachers will find this section good assignment material, and the students will be eager to hear readings of the same piece by different members of the class.

Stand by! You're on the air!

For the Women

The scenes contained in this section are designed for reading by one performer. Several volumes of radio plays are available, however, which include two and three character scenes.

(SITUATION: A GIRL WHO HAS LED A DRAB UNEVENTFUL LIFE IS MARRYING A MAN WHO OFFERS HER THE CHANCE OF AN EXCITING FUTURE, AND SHE'S TAKING IT DESPITE HER MOTHER'S OBJECTIONS.)

GIRL: Stop it, Mom . . . there's no cause to cry. Not over what I'm doing. I'm happy about it — why shouldn't I be? What's the complaint — that I don't know enough about him? That you don't marry a man you've known for only three weeks? I know enough — enough to see that it's going to be exciting. Maybe up on the roof one day and down in the cellar the next — but it'll never stop moving. Maybe, when the grand party's over, I'll be out in the

cold, but I don't care -- not any more. Security and quiet -- what's that mean? I've had security and quiet all my life -- I've had it until I thought I'd go mad with the sameness of it. You don't know about that part of it, do you? -- about the sleepless nights and the tears and the feeling inside of me -- the drying up with frustration and fear that life would be over before I'd begun, before I'd gotten any part of it for myself. What my husband is -- promotor, race-track tout, shady enterprise man -- I don't know, and I don't care. It makes no difference to me. All I know is, I'll never stay put in one place for long and I'll never have time to grow old and shapeless and drab. It'll be go, go, go, with life, life a crazy mad pattern that sparkles and glitters and takes your breath away . . . and even if it doesn't last . . . even if it's on the town now, and in the gutter later, I don't care. I'll have made up in one short year for all my wasted ones up to now.

(A YOUNG WOMAN, WITH A VERY UNHAPPY HOME LIFE, CYNICAL, IS HESITANT ABOUT FALLING IN LOVE.)

WOMAN: Am I too young to be a cynic? Huh, I was a cynic in my cradle. I got it all from the start, and it wasn't very pretty. Love was a word I never heard at home -- I never saw its face there, but I saw plenty of ugliness and cruelty -- and two people who hated each other, but were too unhappy and wretched even to do anything about that -- except to go on being more wretched, and go on living together. Of course there are parents that love

each other, but they weren't my folks -- and there are homes where kids are happy, but I wasn't one of those kids. My world was an upside-down world with all the beauty long spilled out. Love didn't exist, but poverty did. And so did money — the money we never had and the money I was going to get. Well, I got it all right. I arranged my life to suit myself — a pretty, well-ordered pattern, with no emotion to mess it up. I wasn't particularly happy, but I was used to not being happy. I was a still-life decoration — a charmingly composed picture hanging on the wall. Not a picture to move you, but it wasn't supposed to — it was just a nice decoration. That's what I've wanted my life to be. I've seen people being made suckers of by their hearts before, and tearing themselves apart. And it never touched me . . . but now . . . I feel like my shell has cracked away from me . . . and I feel so helpless. I want to run, escape. But, there isn't any place to run to — no way of escaping from your heart. So, I guess there's no way out but to take my chance. Pull the picture down from the wall, throw it on the fire. It's not me any more. . . . I may wind up a sucker like the others, but I'm taking my chances with the rest of the world.

(SITUATION: WIFE OF A WARD POLITICIAN WHO HAS BECOME A SENATOR DISLIKES THE SOCIAL CONVENTIONS THRUST ON HER IN THE ROLE OF SENATOR'S WIFE.)

WIFE: All them Washington hostesses . . . the rocks on 'em matchin' the crystal chandeliers — and

them shakin' my hand and scrapin' and curtsin' — to who? To me! Me, Kitty Donovan — excuse me, it's Mrs. Kathryn Donovan now. The Senator and Mrs. Donovan request the pleasure of your presence . . . pleasure me foot! It's a pain, that's what it is — a pain where it hurts the most. I don't like them, the anemic bedazzled frips. Sure, I know, you've come up a long way, Jim . . . a long way from the ward days when it was drinks for the boys and a dinner basket for the poor on Christmas . . . a long way from the railroad flat and the washin' and scrubbin'. Only I ain't really changed any. Sure, I wear hundred dollar dresses, and these jewels ain't Woolworth's . . . but I'm still Kitty Donovan, and I'm still one of the boys . . . and when we go to a fancy reception and walk up to it from the limousine with the crowds lookin' on outside and sayin', "Gee, looka that swell lady," I feel like sayin', "Swell lady, hell. I'm one a you folks, and I'd a damn sight rather be with you at a beer garden — the special Sattidy night turkey dinner, than with these grand dames that drip ice water instead of blood." Then I've got to remember me place. I've got to remember that I'm one of the grand dames too . . . the name ain't Kitty any more — it's Mrs. Kathryn Donovan — the wife of the famous Senator . . . and I've got to go on and smile and show my teeth with the rest of them.

(AN OLD SCRUBWOMAN, WHOSE GLAMOROUS SHOWGIRL DAUGHTER HAS BEEN MURDERED, IS BEING INTERVIEWED BY A REPORTER.)

SCRUBWOMAN: Look mister, you're peddlin' the wrong papers, see? I ain't got no news to tell you, except that she's my daughter, and you know that already. Don' know how, cause you can bet she never told. Why would she wanna do that for? Why would she wanna show me off to her friends? She ain't never done anything for me . . . not if I was to come an' beg. Well, I never begged. Bet you're surprised, huh? About her bein' my daughter, I mean . . . her with a face like a hundred carat diamont and comin' from a piece of burned-out coal like me. Well, there was plenty of fire in me once, and I had no cause to be ashamed of my looks. There was plenty of men . . . all I had to do was crook my little finger and they'd come runnin' . . . flowers an' cabs an' the best places in town, an' me with them Gibson girl pompadors and them tight-waist dresses. There was one feller — he owned a big cabaret — okay, I know — you don' wanna hear my biography . . . it's my daughter — she was good copy for the papers. But dontcha wanna ask, how come I never bothered her all these years, when she was goin' up, an' I was goin' down? . . . when I'd be seein' her pictures in all the papers about her bein' the star of this show an' that show, and in all the night clubs . . . and that sparkler on her finger weighin' a ton . . . and me in a

lousy roomin' house with no money for rent. How come I didn't ask her for nothin'? Money — that was just peanuts to her. Only I didn' ask. I never asked, cause she was payin' me back now, an' I knew it. She wasn't one to forget anything . . . not the times I'd leave her behind at home and go out to a swell cabaret, sportin' new dresses, an' she wearin' rags . . . or the beatings she got, and the times she went hungry. . . . No. I wasn't much of a mother to her. Guess if she didn't learn how to take care of herself, she wouldn't of lived this long — guess that's the only thing she got from me — learnin' how to take care of herself. So she put it to use. That's how she got up there, and when she did, she didn't owe me nothing — there was nothin' to pay back.

(A SMALLTIME DANCER, AFRAID OF THE YEARS OF DISAPPOINTMENT AND FRUSTRATION AHEAD, WANTS TO BREAK WITH HER DANCING CAREER.)

DANCER: Who am I kidding, Harry? I'm not going to get anywhere . . . nobody's going to hand me the stars to pin in my hair — not you or anybody else. I used to think like that once — a thousand years ago — when I was seventeen, when I started looking for a job, and thinking that my dancing feet would carry me right up to the moon faster than you could blink an eye. And for a while, it was almost like that — jobs, and plenty of dates with

important people in show business, and promises. I was pretty then — real pretty I mean — with a body that looked like it knew a lot, and a face that looked like innocence itself. Now it's different. Now I'm twenty-five, and they match up. Now it's a job here, and a job there — and they get fewer all the time. Do you think I want to go on like that? I've seen how it's been going, how the dames who weren't as pretty got ahead and I didn't. Guess they were smarter. Guess they were better dancers. Me? I'm not too smart . . . and I'm not too good a dancer. Oh, I'm agile all right, and I can follow all the routines, but I'm not very original. In five years from now, what'll I be? — a carbon copy of all the dancers who'll be just starting in . . . only they'll be seventeen, and I'll be thirty. I'm tired of it, Harry — tired of the waiting for nothing, tired of dancing in circles, and riding down a blind alley. Let's break with it . . . cut it all. They can get along without us. They don't need my dancing, or your promoting. We'll get ourselves a nine to five job, and be little people, and be happy about it. Let's do it, Harry!

(THIS MONOLOGUE IS A FAIR TEST OF WHAT, IN FOOTBALL, WOULD BE BROKEN FIELD RUNNING. IT CALLS FOR COMPLETE STOPS, SWIVEL SWITCHES IN MOODS AND EMOTIONS. THE WOMAN SPEAKING IS YOUNG, BUT WITH A MATURE QUALITY. A BIG SISTER TYPE.)

MARGE: My name's Marge Andrews. I'm a dancer. I came here to New York to . . . (BREAKS OFF) But I don't want to talk to you about myself. I want to talk to you about Mary . . . Mary Carson. We lived together here in New York. The future may have looked black to a lot of people, but not to Mary. She had more bubble than champagne, more hope than an Edgar Guest poem. Black? How could the girl think anything was black when her whole mind, her whole life faced one direction . . . the lights on Broadway. "Marge," she used to say to me, "Marge, some day I'm going to have my name in lights on Broadway. It's something I've always wanted, dreamed about, prayed for." Not much happened to either of us for about six months; a couple of shows that had a consecutive run of three acts. And every night we used to walk along Broadway and stop in front of the Times Building and watch the moving headlines spell out the news in big electric bulbs, stories about generals and senators and new inventions. And then we'd walk along the side streets, and Mary would grab my hand like a three-year-old and say, "Look, Marge, look, there's Katharine Cornell's name up there on the theater, and there's Fredric March. Some day, some day soon, my name will be up there. You wait and see. I'm going to have my name in lights on Broadway." Her hope was like a magazine serial, with a new chapter added every month. Then one day Mary fell for a guy. He was worse than a rotten apple . . . he was the

inside worm. I tried to keep her away -- break it up. But that stubborn hope turned to . . . well, just stubbornness. Joe drank a lot . . . too much. And one day Mary came in singing like a lark with a Metropolitan background. She told me she was going out to the beach with Joe. He'd just got a new car. They were going to test its capacity. Well, I tried to stop her from going. But she wouldn't listen to me. So . . . I lent her my lipstick and my blue scarf, and away she went. I had a funny feeling in the pit of my mind, something told me that . . . Well, that night Mary hadn't come home yet, and I slid my way through the crowds on Broadway, going no particular place, you understand, just looking for tomorrow.

Well, I thought it was all so silly. I gave myself a good talking to, and convinced that it was better to look at tomorrow instead of for it, I decided to get a preview of tomorrow's headlines. I looked up at the big moving headlines on the Times Building. The lights spelled out the latest speech of a senator from Texas and the story of an auto crash on a Long Island highway . . . and . . . and . . . and then I saw her name. "AUTO CRASH ON LONG ISLAND HIGHWAY. UNIDENTIFIED MAN AND MARY CARSON KILLED.'' . . . (IN A WHISPER) . . . Mary . . . killed. . . . And I stood there ready to cry my eyes out. But the tears wouldn't come. They just wouldn't come. And I started laughing . . . (LAUGHS

. . . THEN BREAKS OFF . . . PAUSE . . . VOICE BREAKS) You see, I suddenly realized . . . Mary got what she wanted. . . . She had her name in lights . . . on Broadway!

(THIS PIECE IS A SUPREME TEST THAT RUNS THE GAMUT FROM ARSENIC TO OLD LACE. IT CALLS FOR SKILL IN PACING, TEARS, SMILES, HOPE, FEAR, ANXIETY, POETRY. THE SECRET HERE, I THINK, IS TO GUIDE YOUR PACING BY CHANGE OF MOOD RATHER THAN TONE OF VOICE. THIS WAS WRITTEN FOR A SPECIAL BROADCAST ON WNEW BY MILTON ROBERTSON.)

WOMAN: SOFTLY, WITH HELD PAIN.
Sometimes,
in the heavy loneliness of my room,
the scratching of my pen makes a
patterned black and white,
where words design a tale to please
another's heart.
Sometimes,
in the heavy loneliness of my room
the scratching of my pen
becomes the howling of my heart. . . .
Sometimes,
sometimes like now,
the words are little animals of
biting pain.
Torment stabs out from even syllables.
A hypen is the dagger in my heart.
Dearly beloved . . .
a million miles away beloved . . .
beloved of my memory . . .
how can I make the truth spill out into
this transient diary . . . and yet keep ache
from greeting you?

Yes . . . there is ache beneath the words,
beneath the syllables spaced near
the punctuation marks. . . .
Yes, there is ache,
but you must never learn the code.
Translate in terms of love,
decipher not the pain.

MUSIC: SWELL SOFTLY AND UNDER.

WOMAN: Listen . . . listen to my letter!

SOUND: EACH TIME THE LETTER IS PRESENTED IT WILL BE DONE VIA FILTER MIKE TO DISTINGUISH THE WORDS THAT LIE BEHIND THE LETTER.

WOMAN: ON FILTER.
Dear heart . . . your letter came, and I
was glad.

WOMAN: Decipher not the pain . . . the lie.
Your letter came, but you did not.
Your words were slashed across the paper,
but you were not there, dearly beloved,
you were not there.

WOMAN: ON FILTER.
Dear heart, the world is well for me.
I move from day to day . . . so busy in my
work.

WOMAN: Oh, you must never learn the code
I move from day to day. . . .
The first day bleak, the second day still
bleaker . . . and the third . . .

oh, never learn the code . . .
"So busy in my work!"
What work can pull a shade across the mind?
What work, what million days and nights
can crush the haunting of my yesterday?

MUSIC: UP SOFTLY STRIKING ROMANTIC NOTE UNDER.

WOMAN: No. . . . Push the fields and meadows back to maps, and push the tranquil skies back to the books of poetry.
My yesterday contains no epic mood.
No memory, designed by clever hands
and velvet tongue.
My yesterday is made of heels upon a concrete walk.
My yesterday is made of melody as simple as a vagrant breeze.
I'm haunted by a simple sound,
an exclamation point to conversation.
Dearly beloved . . .
a million miles away beloved.
Listen to my words.
Listen to my letter speak.

WOMAN: ON FILTER.
I know that you'll be safe. . . .
I wish it so. There's nothing can defeat such hope.

WOMAN: Decipher not the pain,
seek not the code,
for there you'll find my fear

as naked as new marble . . .
cold as death . . .
as mad as laughter in the empty night.
My fear is all of that!

SOUND: MUSIC UP SHARPLY . . . DISCORDANT WAIL.

WOMAN: Your shattered body on a mountain ledge.
Your shattered body sprawled upon the mud.
Your fingers clutching at the sky,
the face with pain, the skin drawn taut
with pain.
I cloaked my mind, and bit my tongue,
and even shrieked into the night.
Perhaps the sound would frighten
thought away.
But now . . . it's out.
My fear is that . . .
of you and nevermore
of you beneath the heart.
Your eyes beclouded by the soil . . .
the dream, the hope of you
racing through the earth like rain.
The touch and feel of you
the roots for some strange crop.
No, no. . . . It cannot be.
My prayer . . . my hope, the mystic signs,
the omens in the sky.
No bullet can destroy the iron of my hope.
No bomb can penetrate the armor of my prayer.
It cannot be, dearly beloved.
It cannot be.

SOUND: MUSIC SWELLS UP SHARPLY AND OUT.

WOMAN: Listen to my words. . . .
Listen to my letter speak.

WOMAN: ON FILTER.
There's so much to do . . . so many things.
Your friends keep asking after you.

WOMAN: Dearly beloved,
the fears, the doubts,
the hates,
the poison of lost thoughts . . .
they'll come again,
but always they'll be damned by faith,
knifed by hope,
and driven out by surety.
These words I'll write.
They're yours as well as mine.
They need no code.
Decipher, and you'll find no pain.
For here is truth to outlive all the
moments of sad lie.

SOUND: MUSIC UP AND UNDER IN NOTE OF STRENGTH.

WOMAN: WE are two who are one.
And one can never be alone
when one is part of another!
Oh, send your look across the sea.
Send your ache across the mountains.
Send want and loneliness
to come and rest beside my own.
And I will guard them with a tenderness.
Till that yesterday of memory

is the once again of togetherness . . .
the always.
This I will do, dearly beloved.
This, I will do.

MUSIC: UP TO CLIMAX AND FILL.

(RUSSEL W. DAVENPORT WROTE A POEM OF AMERICA WITH TWO MAGNIFICENT DRAMATIC PASSAGES. THIS SCENE FROM "MY COUNTRY" IS SPOKEN BY A YOUNG GIRL, THE SISTER OF A SOLDIER WHO HAS JUST BEEN REPORTED DEAD IN ACTION.)

GIRL: When Pop got the telegram he didn't know what to do.

It was just after noon and Pop had come in to wash up for dinner and Mom was in the kitchen and she hollered to Pop to answer the door and it was the telegram.

I was standing there in the hall and I watched him read it and then I watched him just stand there:

He didn't know what to do.

Then he kind of crumbled it in his hand and he turned with his head bowed and put one foot on the stairs and held on the bannister:

And then he just went upstairs, slow, like a great weight, and then I thought I knew what it was and I was scared and began to cry:

But I didn't know what to do, either.

So I just stood there: and then without thinking I ran up the stairs after Pop and went right in:

And Pop was sitting there on the edge of the bed with his knees spread wide apart and his hands holding on the edge and the telegram crunched up under one hand:

And he looked at me when I came in — he just looked. And then he said, "Hello, Sis . . . Hello, Kid," he said.

He didn't know what to do.

"Is it — ?" I said. "Is it — ?" And he just nodded his head slow and held out the telegram and I took it.

But I couldn't read it. I just saw "Adjutant General" and then I saw backward until I saw "KILLED IN ACTION":

Then I couldn't see anything at all.

"We've got to tell Mom," Pop said. "We've got to tell Mom."

And I thought, "Poor Pop — poor old Pop." And then I thought, "Gee, he wants me to help him. He didn't say 'I,' he said 'we.' He wants me to help him."

But I didn't know what to do.

So I just turned and looked out the window down the valley toward where the river goes into the willows:

And I saw our pasture, where it comes down out of the woodlot, and I saw our meadow as bright green as May in the sun:

And I looked at the stone wall that Larry had fixed when he was a kid and the stile he'd made so's Mom could get to the orchard easy:

And I looked down through the window of the shed, and I saw Larry's motorcycle propped up and the sun was shining on it through the window:

And the breeze came in from around the back of the house and I smelled the blossoms of the old crabapple the way it was when we were kids and used to pretend it was jasmine:

And I turned around to Pop and just let myself down onto his knees and cried . . . and cried . . . and cried. . . .

(THIS SCENE FROM THE "WELBURNS, A CONFIDENTIAL REPORT" IS AN ARCH OBOLER GEM. MRS. WELBURN IS ADDRESSING AND TELLING OFF A GROUP OF HER NEIGHBORS WHO HAVE BEEN TWISTED INTO ANTIDEMOCRATIC ROADS. SHE COMBINES DETERMINATION WITH A CERTAIN INNER CONVICTION THAT SHOULD MAKE THIS AN INTERESTING EXERCISE.)

ANN: (UP). Neighbors, one of you just said to me that this would never have happened to us if my

husband had minded his own business! All right, I'm going to mind his own business now — out loud! What is my husband's business? To sit behind a wall and open his eyes only when money is put into his hand and to close his eyes to the hurt of other people? No! This is his business: To live as a man in a world of men — men who can say what they think and do what they feel is right — without hiding their faces behind masks! Yes, neighbors, some of you hidden behind masks did this to us tonight! And why do you wear masks? I'll tell you! So that you can't see the shame in each other's faces as you go about your business — the business of turning America into a shambles of hate and suspicion and despair! Oh, I know, it's become fashionable to become one of you! Well, let me tell you this — the fashion is running out — America is learning that you are not America nor Americans! Those that you scheme and plot against are far more American than you! Their religion's different from yours? Their accents different? Their faces different? All right, here's an answer given by another neighbor not so very far from here not so many years ago. He said: "Let's stop this talk about this man or that man of this race or that race being inferior. Let us discard all these things and unite as one people throughout this land, until we shall once more stand up by declaring all men are created equal." The neighbor's name who said that? (SOFTLY) Abe Lincoln. Good night, neighbors. (FADE) Go to your homes. . . .

(NORMAN BARASCH, WHO WRITES FOR THE TOP NETWORK COMEDY SHOWS, WROTE THIS MONOLOGUE, WHICH IS A CROSS BETWEEN MRS. MALAPROP AND MISS DUFFY. TIMING FOR LAUGHS IS AS IMPORTANT AS THE BROOKLYNESE DIALECT.)

BROOKLYNESE: I'm tellin' ya, I had some week . . . I went out to look for a new job. Y'know, I lost that job in the taffy factory . . . that's what happens when you lose your pull. . . . Anyways, I walked into this guy's office to apply for a job as a secretary and right off the bat I pulls a fateful blunder . . . when the guy asked me to sit down, I looked around for a chair. . . . So he tells me I'm not quite the right type. . . . Needless to suffice to say, I didn't get the job. Well, that took care of Monday. . . . Tuesday, Momma and me went up to visit my Aunt and Uncle in Hartford. . . . Poppa came down to the station to wish us a bum voyage . . . gee, the least he could do was to hope we had a nice trip. . . . Well, the reason we went up to Hartford was because my Aunt and Uncle were celebratin' their golden anniversary . . . imagine . . . twenty-five years married . . . and what a grand old couple . . . they never have any arguments, they never have any fights, they never have any squabbles . . . in fact, they never talk to each other. . . . Of course, their daughter was there, too . . .

that would make her my cousin, if my arithmetic is right . . . sometimes I feel sorry for her . . . she's such a homely girl . . . she's got a complexion like a stucco house . . . I'm not sayin' it's her fault she's not pretty . . . she certainly tries hard enough . . . she keeps goin' down to the beauty parlor and they keep rejectin' her . . . poor kid . . . but we all can't be attractive, can we? . . . Life is like that. . . . Gee, I hope I never have a week like that again.

(THE GRANDE-DAME TYPE IS ALWAYS A POPULAR TARGET. THIS ONE HAS NOT ONLY A CHANGE OF HEART, BUT A CHANGE OF PACE AS WELL.)

WOMAN: Another cup of tea, Mrs. Smythe? Oh, but you must, dear, I insist. Sugar? But aren't you afraid two might spoil your charming figure? We're not as young as we once were, you know! Cream? Oops! Oh, I'm terribly sorry, darling. Did I spoil your dress? So clumsy of me. Forgive me, I wouldn't do anything to ruin that perfectly lovely dress. Wherever did you find it, dear? Such exquisite material. And what a heavenly fit. Oh, but of course. Now I remember. You wore it to the Beaux Arts two . . . or was it three . . . no, two years ago. Why, it hardly shows any wear or tear. Looks almost like new. . . .

It's so trying to find the proper ensembles . . . what with the war . . . oh dear, will

it always be this way? Perfectly ghastly affair, isn't it? Oh well, we must try to be brave, and not think too much about it. . . .

It does seem rather a shame that we can't run the car as often as we'd like. . . . I'm sure there's plenty of gasoline about somewhere. . . . The government is simply trying to browbeat us into obeying their silly rules and regulations. How childish! Now if John had won the senatorial election last year, he would have nipped this ridiculous rationing business in the bud. . . . Poor John! He's been terribly worried about John Jr. ever since the boy left for the Pacific. . . . Of course, I worry a great deal too . . . but I'm sure it can't be so very bad. John Jr. can take care of himself. He was quite the athlete at college, you know . . . and he has such a clever mind. . . . He writes quite often, of course, and says everything is going along nicely. He's on a little island . . . it has such a queer name . . . can't be much of a place . . . I . . . oh, dear, I can't ever remember names.

More tea, dear? The boy has been writing a good deal of your precious daughter. I do believe he's grown very fond of dear Nora. She's such a lovely creature. I've always hoped . . . oh . . . excuse me. (OFF) Mary . . . Mary, will you see who's at the door? You know Mary is the only servant we have left. The others have gone into defense plants.

Silly of them . . . and it's been perfectly dreadful trying to manage. . . . Yes? (OFF) Yes, what is it, Mary? Well, don't stand there in the doorway, child. Bring it here. Probably a telegram from Aunt Julia. We've been expecting her. Here, now . . . excuse me, won't you, Mrs. Smythe? It will only take a minute . . . I . . . this . . . OH! The War . . . De---part----ment . . . re---grets . . . in----form . . . you . . . John Blake, Jr. . . . KILLED! Oh! (LONG PAUSE) (SLOW) Mary, could I have another cup of tea?

(THIS PIECE BY MILGON ROBERTSON IS AN EXAMPLE OF DOUBLE ACTION. TWO THINGS ARE BEING DONE AND THE TRANSITIONAL EFFECTS FOR CHANGE OF PACE MAKE THIS A GOOD WORK PIECE. THE WORDS IN PARENTHESES ARE SPOKEN BY A NURSE TO A WOUNDED SOLDIER WHOSE ARM SHE IS BANDAGING. AT THE SAME TIME SHE TELLS HIM A STORY.)

MARIA: (Hold still soldier) You think I am too young to be with soldiers at the front. Why, even our children are fighting the Germans. Coming up through the village I saw a young boy . . . he couldn't have been more than seven or eight . . . (Lift your arm please) . . . This lad was watching the planes coming over the village. When he discovered the planes belonged to the enemy he raced to the little pile of stones in the middle of the road . . . (hold this scissors, please) . . . Afraid of the bomb? Not that boy . . . his stones flew up in the air like fierce wishes, each stone on the trail of the other (That's

it . . . now the other hand, please. . . . And if I hurt don't be afraid to cry out) . . . Yes, he kept throwing those stones at the planes . . . and he cursed them . . . no, curses weren't in his vocabulary . . . he cursed them with little animal cries of anger . . . No, of course he couldn't reach the planes . . . but our soldiers marching past saw him flinging his stones . . . and they marched ahead with a quicker step . . . their eyes seemed to shine as they passed him . . . shine with a promise of the stones they would throw . . . Yes, even little children are part of this war.

(THIS NEXT MONOLOGUE IS ADAPTED FROM A SERIES THE TOWN CRIER OF CHUNGKING. IT IS A FULL-BODIED DRAMATIC ITEM THAT ACHIEVES ITS EFFECT FROM A QUIET TENSENESS.)

WOMAN: It was a dead city. A city where even the ghosts had fled . . . A city that bore its own burial monuments of twisted steel, earthquaked streets. And of the 10,000 buildings that once stood proud against the sun, only 30 of these remained . . . 30 buildings . . . You who listen far away . . . you who hear these words in the quiet of your homes . . . with the soft hum of a peaceful world singing outside your windows . . . know the world we lived in. A world barren of all comfort . . . barren of all food . . . cold and wet and sharp with hunger. A hunger that was always there sitting inside of you like a constant pain, gnawing away night and day

. . . a world where disease moved in a constant cycle of attack and death . . . a world where hope shone like a candle . . . a candle that flickered . . . but never went out . . . I foraged the city and even beyond for the little food we must have . . . the grain, the herb, the crust that would keep us alive . . . and even more important . . . that would keep our little boy alive. It is hard on the hearts of parents to sit and watch their child leave them . . . leave them to move to heaven to look for food. It is hard to win freedom this way . . . in a way it is almost as hard as bringing to the world a new child . . . the pain of a new freedom is hard on us . . . but when you can see freedom . . . feel freedom, then you can see tomorrow.

(THE SILLY WOMAN TYPE IS A FREQUENT VISITOR IN FRONT OF THE RADIO MIKE. PLAYED FOR LAUGHS, SHE IS A TARGET THE ACTOR OFTEN SHOOTS AT AND MISSES BY AN OVER-BROAD CHARACTERIZATION.)

FEMALE: (GIDDY) Isn't this the loveliest party? . . . I mean, really . . . everything is so . . . Oh, I beg your pardon . . . Oh dear . . . I'm so terribly sorry, do you think it will wash out? . . . You don't? Well I . . . oh excuse me, I see someone I know, don't you fret . . . you know what they say . . . everything comes out in the wash . . . (GIGGLE) . . . Hellooooooooo, daaaaaaarling, its been ages . . . but I remembered you by your dress . . . Oh dear, have I said something

"Pas de tout" . . . I see now that it really isn't the same dress . . . you've had it altered . . . But after all . . . well I never . . . walked right away from me . . . Some people . . . I mean REALLY! Freddie! . . . Freddie Sinclair . . . daaaaarling, how are you . . . I haven't . . . you're not Freddie, well isn't that strange . . . you have the same peculiar nose . . . I always said . . . Freddie, if it weren't for your nose I'd simply adore . . . What's that? . . . That's terribly RUDE of you, young man . . . Such a social menace . . . One at every party!

(A WOMAN WHO HAS BEEN MARRIED TO A GANGSTER PLEADS WITH HIM NOT TO TAKE ON A CERTAIN JOB WHICH SHE FEELS WILL SURELY RESULT IN HIS BEING SHOT. SHE'S TOUGH, BUT MUST PACK A FEELING OF TENSENESS AND PLAIN SIMPLICITY.)

WOMAN: Listen, Joe! I know you don't like women to nag at you. But a word at the right time is better than a bullet in the wrong place. And I . . . Joe, please listen. I was down at Murray's house yesterday. He's worried about you too. The thing you're going to do is a sure cinch for you to get caught. Murray says the cops know all about it. They've set up a trap and you're walking into it like a baby taking its first steps. And just like that baby you're going to fall flat on your face unless somebody takes you by the arm. And I'm elected. So far it ain't by a majority vote. We're all tied up, 50 per cent

in favor and 50 per cent against. You listen to me now. I've stuck with you for three years . . . watching you get better in this business of being bad. Maybe my side of decency isn't any better than yours . . . but my sense of staying alive is a lot better. Maybe I didn't mind your doing anything as long as you did it without a gun. We took a bad beating in those early days, and I could understand that maybe you had to take things in your own hands. But now you're not going after food anymore! Your hands are hungry for diamonds. You're out of your league and I'm pulling you right back. (SHE SOFTENS) Oh, Joe, I want you home every night . . . with me . . . I don't want to visit you at the Big House or . . . or at the cemetery. Please, Joe, please, say you won't do it. Say you won't!

(THIS SCENE, IS FULL OF DRAMATIC INTENSITY. ITS SECRET IS TO SUPRESS ANY TEMPTATION TO SHOUT. IT IS PART OF A SCRIPT ABOUT THE LIFE OF CATHERINE OF RUSSIA BY GLADYS WAGSTAFF PINNEY, RELEASED BY THE RADIO WRITERS' LABORATORY. THERE IS A RESTLESS AND RELENTLESS QUALITY TO CATHARINE WHO IS IMPERIOUS, YET SENSITIVE.)

CATHARINE: Why doesn't he come? Isn't it enough that he is gone for weeks attending the peace conference, fighting in the Turko-Russian war? No! Upon his return he must absent himself from the palace! Absence makes the heart grow . . . sadder. (PACES. IN CLOSE) Potiemkin, Beatujev

— none of them knows where he is. A splendid staff I have, I must admit. A Captain of my army absents himself and no one knows where he has gone! (PACES ANGRILY. SMOTHERED, ANGRY INAUDIBLE WORDS. THEN IN AGAIN.) And you, Helaine, a hundred times you have watched Orlov for me — and yet you say, now, you know nothing about him! Oh, if this were the first time perhaps I should think less of it! . . . (PACES) I might believe that he is with the soldiers in the barracks or drinking in one of the taverns — but I have sent guards everywhere and they cannot find him! He won't be able to give me that excuse this time! (MIMICKING HIS DELIBERATE, SMOOTH SPEECH) "My darling, a man must have a little time to himself." . . . That's what he'll say to me when he returns in the morning! Then he'll probably add: "A man must have relaxation — laughter, Catherine! Surely you would not want me to make a swine of myself in your palace as I am permitted to do in the taverns!" Ah, the same excuses, over and over until I know them by heart! (IN CLOSE) Helaine, (SLOWLY) Helaine, Always remember when love goes, everything else seems very empty . . . very . . . very empty!

(THIS TRICK PIECE BY JEFF SELDEN MUST BE PLAYED STRAIGHT TO BE EFFECTIVE. IT IS FOR A YOUNG GIRL, WHO TAKES HERSELF VERY SERIOUSLY.)

YOUNG GIRL: It doesn't hurt so much now . . . it's more of a dull ache . . . I know that there are others who have had moments like this . . . but somehow . . . somehow I find little solace with that thought . . . Yes, I've cried, cried till the tears refused to come . . . I've thrown things, broken dishes . . . I've been silly, I suppose . . . but my pride was so terribly hurt . . . so terribly hurt . . . Men are such fools . . . wonderful necessary fools . . . but what do they know of a woman's heart . . . what do they know of lonely hours of waiting and praying . . . Who was it said . . . "Love is not love which alters when it alteration finds" ? . . Shakespeare I think . . . something else you said Mr. Shakespeare . . . "Vanity thy name is woman." Maybe . . . maybe if all men knew and understood women like you . . . then we could be spared this heartbreak and shame . . . The whole neighborhood will know about this by tomorrow . . . laughing secretly behind my back, laughing . . . because you have taken the most important thing in a woman's life from me . . . left me without a date on New Year's Eve.

(GLADYS WAGSTAFF PINNEY WROTE THIS IN A SCRIPT CALLED "BORDERLINE." IT TELLS OF A WOMAN WHO FEARS MARRIAGE TO PAUL BECAUSE SHE THINKS THAT HER LOVE RESTS WITH HER FIRST HUSBAND. IN AN AUTO WRECK SHE HEARS HER FIRST HUSBAND SPEAK TO HER. HER CUE TO HIM IS: I'VE WANTED TO BE WITH YOU, JULIAN! THE FOLLOWING MONOLOGUE IS HIS ANSWER.)

JULIAN: (DEEPLY) You've been with me so many times, my dear. Countless times when I've talked to you and you've answered me. But, there's been one thing that troubled me greatly . . . You've seemed to grieve so. Beth . . . there's nothing to weep about . . . lie staring into the dark about . . . it's all so simple, dear. You see, what matters most is HOW you live . . . how much happiness you GIVE . . . That's ALL that matters. That's why I wonder if you should stay. You made me so happy, Beth . . . I think perhaps if you were to go back, you'd give just such happiness to Paul! You see, you're on the borderline between life and death . . . Part of you is here with me . . . and the other part . . . It's hard to explain . . . almost impossible . . . but here, where souls live, so much we thought mattered, as humans, has no meaning whatever. Now that I've seen you, talked with you . . . as two spirits speak and pass . . . you'll be content, Beth. I'm very happy . . . very content. I don't miss you as you think I must . . . because I'm with you in still, small moments when you call out to me. It will always be like that.

(THIS MONOLOGUE BY ALICE HURST IS A GOOD WORKSHOP EXAMPLE OF TYING IN WORDS WITH PHYSICAL ACTION. WHEN THE WOMAN PLAYS WITH THE BABY YOU WILL HAVE TO MATCH THE ACTION WITH YOUR PACING. THE WOMAN HAS SUFFERED, IS SUFFERING.)

WOMAN: I've told you again and again, Bob. It won't work. Why you insist on dragging me through this. Tearing me to bits. You're just a brute, that's all. You haven't any feelings, or you couldn't think any baby could take the place of our own.

Yes, I know. I haven't been much of a wife to you these past few weeks. But when the doctor told me I never could have another baby . . . It was all that kept me going after little Petey died. The thought of another baby. Now, Bob, I've nothing to live for . . .

I won't go in there. I won't. You just don't understand. Petey was part of us. Our own flesh and blood. He was . . . us. I don't want somebody else's baby. It would just make the hurt worse.

All right, Bob. I'm looking at them. And I want to scream. Rows and rows of them. Little orphans. Nobody wants them. And I wanted Petey so much. So very much. It just isn't fair. Let's get out of here, Bob. You tried. It just won't work, that's all. Did you have to pick up that child, Bob?

All right, so she's whining. Nothing wrong that a dry diaper won't cure. Now leave that diaper alone, and let's get out of here. Here, let me. Anything to get you out of here fast. There. Almost forgot how. She's smiling now. Scrawny little tyke, isn't she. Look, Bob, she's holding my finger. Won't let go. Put a little fat on her and she'd be real cute. She's a cuddly little thing. Got her arms around my neck. Guess she's kinda picked me. What Bob? Yuh, you're right. It's a wise child.

For the Men

And now the actors approach the microphone. Here again the scenes selected are of varied nature and give scope for all types of abilities.

(THIS IS A VIRTUOSO MONOLOGUE OF SUSPENSE. THE ENDING IS FOREORDAINED. IT WILL BE A SUPREME TEST OF MOOD AND PACING, AND FOR STUDY PURPOSES CAN BE SPOKEN BY A WOMAN WITH A FEW CUTS.)

MUSIC: SINISTER THEME . . . FADE BEHIND.

SOUND: CLOCK TICKS . . . SWELL AND HOLD UNDER.

GEORGE: (NARRATING) Tonight I have a rendezvous with death. Tonight, for the hundredth time, I shall stop a man's heart, still a man's breath, write "Finish!" to a man's destiny. Yes, tonight I shall kill. (BEGIN FADE) For I am the killer.

MUSIC: CLASH OF CYMBALS DROWNS OUT TICKING: CONTINUE OMINOUS THEME, FADE BEHIND.

GEORGE: (NARRATING) This is no ordinary murder story. No corny melodrama, glittering with fake coincidences, and phony ridiculous clues, and bizarre unrealisms to tickle the foolish fancy with a bit of artificial horror. This one is true.

MUSIC: PASTORAL . . . FADE BEHIND.

GEORGE: (NARRATING: MUSINGLY) I was only ten when I first felt the urge to kill. I remember it well. It was a warm summer's day, and I was running home from school with a friend, a fair-haired boy named Danny, and we took the long way home, up along the mountain cliff.

MUSIC: SNEAK IN PASTORAL THEME AND HOLD UNDER.

GEORGE: (NARRATING) We stopped to linger on the edge of the cliff, staring down at the tiny farm-houses deep in the valley below, and the —

MUSIC: FAINT CYMBAL CLASH: CONTINUE PASTORAL THEME UNDER.

GEORGE: (NARRATING) — fascinating idea suddenly struck me that with a quick push of my hand Danny would go flying down, down, down to the bottom of the cliff. I had the power to destroy him.

MUSIC: SNEAK IN AND HOLD UNDER.

GEORGE: (NARRATING) I struck out my hand -- and pulled him away from the cliff's edge. I was angry. But he looked as though he'd read my strange secret thought. Yes, a strange thought -- but exciting, fascinating -- and it would haunt me for a long, long time. (FADE MUSIC) When I was seventeen, in my freshman year, I had a fight with Dan, my roommate, about a girl. I don't remember who she was any more. But she broke a movie date with me, and later I found that she'd gone with Dan instead. That night he admitted it, lying in his bed, while I stood near him, in my pajamas, an open penknife gripped in my hand behind me. I had my eyes on his throat. But (PAUSE) I turned away, silent, trembling, and went to bed. I lay awake, my brain raging and storming with hatred for him -- and the desire to kill -- to kill. . . . (FADE BEHIND)

SOUND: CLOCK TICKS . . . SWELL AND HOLD UNDER . . .

GEORGE: (NARRATING) Five years later, I murdered Danny. Yes, and it was the perfect crime, I tell you -- perfect! Nobody could touch me for it. For Dan had to die in the electric chair, and the state needed an executioner. (LONG PAUSE) The warden gave me the job!

MUSIC: OMINOUS CYMBAL CLASH. BRIEF MUSIC AND FADE BEHIND.

GEORGE: (NARRATING) A little later I had a news item from my wife. Our son, whose coming we

learned about the night I killed — another Dan. He resembled that other Dan, too — the same twinkling blue eyes, the same golden hair, the same merry, constant laughter. He told me, when he was ten, that he wanted to be a doctor. Be a doctor! That would cost ten thousand dollars. Ten grand. Eight years to raise ten grand — to give my son a great career. The state still needed an executioner — a regular man to take over a job that nobody wanted — at one hundred dollars a head. I still had my first fee tucked away — never wanted to spend it. Ninety-nine more, then — in eight years. How simple it became. (FADE)

Day after day I searched the papers hungrily — devouring the headlines — hoping, yes, hoping for bigger and better crimes — crimes with killing. Yes, murder was my business. Cold, relentless murder — exciting, thrilling, deliberate murder. My score reached twenty, and twice twenty, and then I reached the halfway mark. Yes, I'd killed fifty — and I was respected and befriended and honored by sweet timid people whose very souls would scream with loathing and horror had they known, as we dined at social dinners, or danced at parties, or sang hymns in church on Sundays that my hands were stained with the blood of twoscore and ten.

MUSIC: PASTORAL STRAIN: HOLD UNDER . . .

GEORGE: (NARRATING IN PLEASANT MOOD) Dan was growing handsome and strong — a magnet for eager greetings and admiring smiles wherever he passed. He was clean and fine, and his mind was quick, and at sixteen he was proud of his manhood before him, and I was proud of him. I had vowed an inner vow that on his eighteenth birthday I would give him ten thousand in cash. I was only one hundred dollars short; I'd collected ninety-nine fees. Not a dime came from my own pocket — no, that would have spoiled the game. My goal was for a hundred victims to give their lives to the plan I had planned. Not one more; not one less — just a hundred. Then (LAUGHS) I could retire to my memories.

MUSIC: SNEAK IN FRENZIED MOOD AND HOLD UNDER . . .

GEORGE: But something happened. For almost a year there was no supreme penalty pronounced in the entire state. No other called me. Three murderers were slain by the police before capture. A kidnapper committed suicide. Two men escaped before trial and were shot. Fate conspired against me — and my days grew full of anger as my deadline came nearer and nearer. . . . And then the word came from the radio of a young killer, captured by the police. A killing! My mind cleared — became serene and still, like a deep pool. In Wellington! So the execution would be mine — my hundredth and last victim.

MUSIC: CYMBAL CLASH: CONTINUE OMINOUS THEME INTO . . .

SOUND: TICKING CLOCK: HOLD UNDER.

GEORGE: (NARRATING SORROWFULLY) Yes, tonight for the hundredth time I shall take a human life. As ninety-nine times before, I shall stop a man's heart, still a man's breath, write "Finish!" to a man's destiny. Tonight, on my son's eighteenth birthday, I shall have ready the gift I promised for this day. Yes, Danny, I'll have the ten grand.

SOUND: UP TICKING CLOCK: A MUSICAL BEAT FOR THE FOLLOWING.

GEORGE: But that night my joy smothered in my throat, and took its place next to my heart that was stuck there. Cassidy, a cop I knew, came to see me. Danny had been in a jam. There was a killing in Wellington and — my brain froze at attention. I knew it! I was to make my hundredth killing — my own son. But then Cassidy went on — "Danny," he said "Danny . . . he was standing by the scene and was killed by a bullet that didn't know its way. Danny's dead." (LONG PAUSE)

Tonight I'll have the ten thousand dollars. Tonight Danny will be avenged. Tonight I kill — for the hundredth time.

(LETTER AT MIDNIGHT.)

FATHER: I'm going to read you a letter. It's from . . . my son. . . . It reads: Dear Father . . .

MUSIC: BEGINS . . . CONTINUING FAR BACK BEHIND.

TOM: I started to date this letter December sixth, and now I see it's half an hour after midnight, and I remember how meticulous you were about times and dates — so I changed the date line. It's a very warm night . . . one of the many subtropical nights down here that have steamed away all memory of my good New England ancestry. Oh, please understand me — I'm not ashamed of the long generations of us who had to break ice from around the wells, but — oh, it's good to be warm — and quite alive.

And it's about being alive that I want to write you, Father. In your last letter you made a wish for me — do you recall? You said that you wished that I could have in this, my twenty-third year, the life you knew when you were twenty-three. And then — you filled five solid pages with memories of that year . . . "The glorious turn of the century!" you called it. America after long years of struggling was sitting down to enjoy her new richness of soil and forest and mines — the accumulation of all the hard work of all her little people. And men like you built their homes and raised their fam-

ilies and put their money in the banks . . . and life outside was bright and glistening. Men wrote about WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER and sang DAISY BELLES and read of David Harum and applauded actors playing Beau Brummell and Monte Cristo and Ben Hur and Floradora. The glorious nineteen-hundreds . . . yes . . . and America was rich and growing richer . . . and everything would always be that way . . . for we, indeed, were quite the wisest — and there was no world but our world, and there were two broad oceans all around us . . . and life was good and safe . . . safe . . . everlastingly safe!

And that's why you wanted to give me your old world, Father . . . to give me safety! But now I tell you I don't want it! For in that safety was a decay that grew and grew . . . a rottenness of men who thought security could be bought with strong beams in their houses and thick vaults in their banks! Who talked of Christ . . . and who applauded evil when it grew powerful! Who thought that the world of their family was more important than the world of men! That safety, Father? No! Not at the price of a world where men grow fat and children hungry! Not a world where every fifty years they blast and bomb and burn your churches . . . where power feeds itself on persecution . . . where greed stands upon the throats of all the little people! I don't

want that world, I tell you! This is my world, and this is my day! For now at last men fight — and know that they are fighting against the miseries you forgot were in your world! Good and evil, clearer than ever before in the history of man, stand facing each other across the blood and tears. Yes, this is my day, Father . . . our day — our fight! I may die — today — tomorrow — very soon, perhaps . . . but I'll be fighting for my world — and even dead, it will be my world! A world of people living in the peace that will come — must come — the peace of all brotherhood of men together at last in common decency — in simple justice.

MUSIC: ENDS.

FATHER: SLOWLY . . . WITH GREAT REPRESSED EMOTION . . .
So ends the letter from the man . . . who was my son . . . dated December seventh . . . Pearl Harbor.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT.

(IN "THE BISHOP OF MUNSTER" THE SPEECH IS DELIVERED IN CONVERSATIONAL TONE . . . NOT IN CONVENTIONAL DULL MONOTONE OF CLERGY. THERE IS NO INTENT AT HEROICS OR SELF-SACRIFICE.)

BISHOP: For many years I have stood before you, preaching the word of God. Each Sunday I spoke a sermon, and each sermon had a text. I have sat at a desk for hours on end writ-

ing these sermons, in a great seclusion, looking out on the peaceful city of Munster. Then the calm of our life was sadly interrupted, our friends became silent, the doors of our houses were shut, the sweet serenity of our land became a world of living dead. We waited in the fervent hope that the dead would come back to take their place among us, that the tears of loneliness would be wiped away by the joy of many reunions, that suffering and misery would be forgotten in the pleasures of work and home.

But the seclusion of those days is no longer possible I cannot today preach a sermon nor can I cite you a text. The words I have written will bring you no comfort. I want to talk to you, rather than preach to you. I come to you in the full warmth of confession, for now I know that you — you who have so patiently listened to me these many years — you are my leader.

Last Sunday, in the prayer to God for the care of the ill and weary, for the maimed and tortured, for the oppressed and persecuted, we bowed our heads and prayed for the Sons of Israel, we prayed the Almighty in his omnipotence would be merciful to the Jews of our Vaterland in their misery of body and soul. On Sunday, the Bishop of Munster was visited by the police. He was informed that unless he refrained from including the Jews in his prayers, certain punishment would follow.

And so I stand here today, before God and before man, the Third Bishop of Munster, happy that I have been able to give voice to the silent thousands whose lips have been sealed by the truncheon and the whip and the rope and the gun. Yes, I am the Third Bishop of Munster.

The First Bishop of Munster, over a hundred years ago, defied a cruel state that deprived its men and women of the right to worship according to their conscience. The First Bishop of Munster died from the blows of a paid assassin.

The Second Bishop of Munster spoke from his pulpit against a state that chained its men and women to a life of slavery in the open fields. And the Second Bishop of Munster rotted in a cell of that civilized state, until that state destroyed itself.

Today, I pray not for the Jews. I pray for the German people. It may be the last prayer that you shall hear. I cannot be unfaithful to my God and my Lord, I cannot belie these holy sacraments. I pray for those two hundred thousand men and women whose bodies rot in the concentration camps of the state; I pray for the two hundred and seventy-six friars now on trial for treason. I pray for the minister of the gospel who gave unction to a dying worker and was arrested for whispering the word of peace. I pray for this

church and all other churches, that they shall remain open to the people, that they shall always be able to come here and find rest and solace and protection within these walls, in the benevolent shadows of these saintly images.

It isn't difficult for us to understand why the Nazi government has let loose its terror against the men of God. In its highest sense the church is a physical and spiritual salvation. It cannot and it must not accept a state that is ruled by murder and assassination. The word of justice can find no response in the brown hearts of those who proclaim against freedom of thought. But let them know we can make no peace with a state that marches its youth to death, its workers to hunger, its women to slavery. We can make no peace with this state until we can once again maintain the simple dignity of our daily life. They will torture us, and imprison us, as they have the pastors of the Protestant Church. They will accuse us of foul crimes, as they have the leaders of the Catholic Church. They will try to silence us, and close these doors, so that you who protest against the law of blood can find no meeting place. But let them know that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come shall separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

I shall speak until my lips are sealed. I have come out of the seclusion of the ministerial life to take my place with the teachers, the workers, the preachers of Germany. I have returned to the people as one of the people. This church belongs to the people, it is yours now and forever. Let any one among you next Sunday come to this pulpit and lead, for by your suffering and your hope you have been confirmed in your leadership.

SOUND: OFF-MIKE TRAMP OF MARCHING FEET . . . SUDDEN CLOSING OF DOOR.

BISHOP: I ask you to remain quiet. (VERY CALMLY) The police have arrived. Thou that makest the boast of the law, through breaking the law, dishonoreth God. Friends, farewell, I shall not be alone. Along with the thousands of brave German workers, I too shall stand, with Ossietzky, Mirendorf, the Catholic Luebke, Brandes, and Thaelmann, with poet and statesman, with the nameless thousands I too shall stand. Pray not for my liberation but for the freedom of a great people.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures . . .

SOUND: THERE IS A SCREAM AS OF A WOMAN . . . AND THE MUSIC HITS.

(IT'S ALWAYS A GOOD IDEA TO HAVE A COUPLE OF ACCENTS UP YOUR SLEEVE TO SERVE TO A PROSPECTIVE DRAMATICS

EMPLOYER. IT DEMONSTRATES VERSATILITY AND GENERAL UTILITY. IN AUDITIONS, TO BE EFFECTIVE, THESE DEMONSTRATIONS SHOULD BE SHORT. ACCORDINGLY, THESE PRACTICE PIECES ARE SHORT. YOU WILL NOTE ALSO THAT THE DIALECT IS NOT SPELLED OUT. IT'S UP TO YOU TO TAKE CARE OF THAT.)

IRISH: I'm tellin' you. It's the most embarrassin' experience of my life. About fifty years ago I was a doorman at Carnegie Hall. A foine place. In those days they had the concert hall upstairs and a movie theater downstairs. I had to tell all the foine people where to go. So, I found out that there was a feller called Paderwewski upstairs and a French picture called — and sure, I'll spell it for you — L-E-S M-I-S-E-R-A-B-L-E-S. I shouted out in me brogue that was just off the boat from Ireland: "Paderwewski upstairs! Less Miserables downstairs." Now wasn't that a silly thing to do?

FRENCH: Monsieur, the men of France know women. We 'ave the most beautiful women in the world. Perhaps we know that love is as universal as music. And so I give you this toast — to the women of France: "May life be full of days, and may those days be full of life!"

RUSSIAN: In Russia, we have known what it is to die. Millions . . . millions of us. I knew three children . . . Sacha, Alexander, and Vladimir . . . three little children who walked

to their death when they should have been running to skip rope. . . . It is sad.

SCOTCH: Look now, all this stuff you hear about the Scotch bein' a tight people who watch their pennies is a lot of nonsense. That's for the jokebooks. . . . Now, mon, mind you I think they charge too much for them books . . . but if you want to laugh, they're worth double.

GERMAN: We people in Germany do not laugh at Hitler. How many times have we stood trembling by the radio and heard that voice cry "Achtung!" — and sat there, holding our breath between our teeth that were clenched like a fist. They should take his bones and bury them in the mud and put a monument on top — "Here lies Adolph Hitler. This is absolutely his last territorial demand in Europe."

COCKNEY: 'Ello! 'Ello! This is Mr. 'Arrison . . . 'Arrison . . . 'ARRISON. You wants I should spell it? All right. Listen! Haitch, hay, two hars, a hi, a hess, a ho, and a hen . . . 'Arrison!

(THIS DRAMATIC BIT IS FROM AN ARCH OBOLER PLAY CALLED "HATE." ONE OF A SERIES DONE IN WARTIME, ITS EMOTIONAL IMPACT IS A REAL CHALLENGE TO THE ACTOR. THE MAN OF FAITH WHO SPEAKS IS A MAN WHO HAS USED WORDS AS HIS TOOLS ALL HIS LIFE. EACH HAS A VITAL PART IN HIS EXPRESSION.)

PASTOR: With my hands . . . I killed a man . . . In a world where men are killing, I am but one of many . . . but I am a minister of God. (CRIES OUT IN AGONY) A Minister of God! The God of love, the God of Mercy, the God of peace! . . . (PAUSE, THEN QUIETLY) The God of hope . . . Almighty God, I killed a man because suddenly I saw that if he and his lived, there was no hope! I saw a barren world where unspeakable wickedness rode to power on the backs of monsters of steel, and always these monsters were theirs alone, and so the power was always theirs! I saw the death of the human spirit before their guns and on their gallows and under the scalpels of their surgeons and the poisons of their chemists!

I saw a world changed in just a handful of lives from a place of everlasting hope for all men, to a great cattle yard where they were the masters, and men, bred to stupidity, struggled and died without protest, without memory of man's past, without hope for the future. Without hope for the future -- and he threw the words into my face, and suddenly within me there was the hate that had been within my son, the hate that I have seen on the faces of my neighbors as they had seen the bread torn from their mouth! For my bread, oh God, had been faith and hope for all mankind, and this man was taking that from me, from us! "And the Lord spake unto Moses, Go unto Pharaoh, and say

unto him, Thus saieth the Lord, Let my people go, that they may serve me." But they will not let us go, oh, Lord! Not for a thousand, not for ten thousand years! There is no peace with them — there is only hate, a hate that must rise within us, too, and never rest until their wickedness is gone from the earth! . . .

(DOWN, TENSELY) All this was in my head, and suddenly my hands were on his neck, and I killed, killed! Almighty God, I have killed a man! (MILITANTLY) Must I ask your forgiveness?

(THIS NEXT SELECTION FROM "MY COUNTRY" IS AN ACTOR'S PARADISE, AN ELDORADO FOR EMOTING. RESTRAINT HERE WILL BE DIFFICULT BUT NECESSARY. IF DONE WELL, IT WILL GENERATE A SLOW-BURNING IMPACT THAT WILL EXPLODE IN THE LISTENERS' CONSCIOUSNESS. THIS IS THE BEST FRIEND OF A SOLDIER SPEAKING. HIS SIMPLICITY MAKES HIM A POET, BUT HIS BACKGROUND IS MORE CALICO THAN SILK.)

BUDDY: I was his Buddy.
It might just as well have been me.

We're all huddled there under the bank that rises up from the beach to where the Germans're waitin' for us;
And they have an emplacement up there and they're pottin us with a coupla mortars;

And the Louie says, "We gotta get them outa there.
We'll just die like pigs, here," he says.
"Who'll go up and get 'em?"

So Larry steps up and he says, "I will, sir." And because I always went with Larry, I said I would too.
But I'm scared. No kiddin'.

So we climb that there bank.

I ain't never stood naked on Main Street, but that's the way I feel up there, except it's lead comin' at you instead of just people starin';

And I guess it's right there I make up my mind I'm gonna get it, because it's easier that way than tryin' to expect to live in all that lead.

Anyways, Larry starts like he's gonna take on the whole army:

He must be six or eight years ahead of me and I see him take a grenade, and I see his arm go back to throw it:

Then it's the damnedest thing I ever felt.

I see that grenade lobbin' through the air, and I see Larry fall, like he didn't have any legs. He just falls.

But I swear to God I don't know whether it's him or me that's hit. It might just as well have been me. Anyways, I fall, too.

I don't remember nothin' then:

I must've chucked all my pineapples because when the Louie comes up he says, "Fine work, Carlson," he says, "nice job."

I'm kneelin' there beside Larry, lookin' at his face, and when the Louie says that it hits me hard;

Because when I hear the Louie use my name like that, then I know I'm alive:

And I look down to Larry, and then I know he's dead, not me; and I just put my head down onto his chest and blubber like a goddam kid.

I've thought about it in the night a lot of times. It might just as well have been me.

Nobody'll ever take away that feelin' I had about Larry when I got mixed up;

And for my money that's what the chaplain was talkin' about before we got into them lousy barges: I never seen it so clear before, and I guess I never will again.

And ever since then I've had an idea: I guess maybe I'm a bit off my nut, the way you get, but the idea keeps comin' back and comin' back, and I wish I could express it.

The idea is that when I got mixed up that way between Larry and myself — well, that's the way it is;

And the idea is that if you could see it that way all the time, mixed up like that, the world would be a hell of a lot different --

That's the idea.

But you gotta look at it a long time, like it is when a flare falls in the night: you have to wait.

And I guess I won't ever be able to express it very well . . .

All I can say is there's somethin' we don't see most of the time, except in times like that: I know it like I'm sittin' here --

(THESE NEXT SELECTIONS ARE FROM A RADIO PLAY "GHOST STORY" BY ARCH OBOLER, A WRITER SO EFFECTIVE THEY OUGHT TO START A STATION USING HIS NAME AS CALL LETTERS. THE VERY BRILLIANCE OF THE WRITING PERMITS THE SPEECHES TO BE READ WITH OR WITHOUT ACCENTS.)

POLE: My name is Joseph Rozanski. I lived in the largest city in my country, Warsawa. I had an education much above my station in life because my father was a very scholarly man and he taught me many things. I became an apprentice to a machinist, and soon I was working in a factory and making a good living. I met a girl . . . I loved her . . . we got married . . . we had three children. Life to me was good. I had my work -- my family -- and that was enough. Trouble in the

world? I did not care. I had what I wanted.

I was working in the factory when the bombers of the Germans came. Just before the first bomb hit I remember I was thinking, "Tomorrow I will take the family to the country for fishing." My family is in the country now. The Germans were very careful on their first bombings. Poland was first — it was important to show the rest of the world what the bombers could do. My family is in the country — under the ground. Trouble in the world? I did not care. I had what I wanted. (TENSELY) That was my crime.

CZECH: My name is Anton Marshak. I lived in Praha. Praha was very beautiful. I worked for Skoda. It is one of the great factorfes of the world for munitions. Small guns and great artillery and shells and bombs and naval artillery and antiaircraft guns — the finest in the world. When Munich came I said, "What does it matter — as long as I can sit at my machine and can work, what does it matter?" Then the Germans went into Sudetenland, and I said to my other workers, "You see — that is all they wanted! What was Germany for the Germans! . . . "

I was a great fool. Soon they were in Praha. Soon we at the machines were

slaves, and they were the masters. Czechs are not good slaves. But I said to the others, "Let us stay at the machines and work — good work." But they said, "No — the Germans will use the machines against our friends." I said, "Czechoslovakia has no friends!" While the others worked slowly and badly and did many acts of sabotage, I kept on working as always. I made the machines that are killing those who are the friends of my Czechoslovakia. (WITH REPRESSED EMOTION) That is my crime.

FRENCHMAN: My name is Paul Renée. I lived in Pordais which is a factory town fifty kilometers from Bordeaux. You see my hands — ever since there have been machines, there has been a Renée whose hands have known how to do wonders with iron and brass and steel. I owned a small factory, and of all the workers I was the best. I made little things — most unimportant — and most profitable. Life was very good and very secure. I laughed when I heard that the foolish Allemands were marching again. The Maginot Line of fortifications — had the Nazi madmen forgotten the Maginot Line? Yes, between them and my factory was always the great Maginot Line! That was my strength (VOICE FLATTENS) but there was no strength in me — only in the thought that there was concrete and steel to protect me! So I went

on making profitable things with my machines — amusing — beautiful — profitable things. . . . The Maginot Line . . . I forgot that in this war there was no protection in defense . . . there was only the protection of the will to win. I forgot that. (TIGHTLY) It was my crime.

RUSSIAN: I — yes . . . I will speak. I lived in a Union of Workers. For many years my people had starved and had struggled for a dream that each passing year brought closer to reality. A union of men no one of whom had too much . . . no one of whom had too little. . . . To make this come true in our land, we put our lives into the machines that turned our soil and drilled into it . . . into the machines that would change our nation in one man's lifetime from a place of great stupidity and great unequality into a worker's paradise. But most of all, the machines worked to make the other machines of war, for there was an enemy of all workers crouching beyond our borders, an enemy we knew would reach out a hand of friendship and strike with the other. Yes, the machines of war, and always our leaders told us that the skill of one worker at his machine gives strength to a hundred soldiers! For bravery in this new war, they told us, would not be enough — when the enemy has more airplanes in the sky than you have, when his guns outshoot

yours, when his tanks go faster than yours, then brave flesh alone and the strength that is within a free man is not enough, for the bombers do not think of freedom, and the tanks do not think of freedom, and it is the bombers and the tanks and the guns that win the war. This our leaders told us, and then the war did come, and at first I was very brave as I sat at my machine and sang the songs of the workers. But the enemy came closer and closer — and his Stuka bombers were in the sky, and his Panzer divisions came closer and closer — and I began to have great fear. They were strong, the enemy. No one had stopped them. COULD they be stopped? . . .

And then the sound of their guns was in the air — but our leaders told us to keep working! Our soldiers would turn them back! The machine must keep working! But my hand on the machine was like water! Our soldiers stop them? No! No one could stop them! I left my machine! I left the factory! I ran! We were lost! All of us lost! . . . I left the machine . . . in a union of the workers. . . . (TEARS IN VOICE) My crime was the greatest of all!

(THIS SPEECH FROM "AAF NEWSREEL" BY RICHARD PACK SHOULD HAVE A NATIVE FLAVOR, SPICED WITH SIMPLICITY YET USING THE VOICE TO GENERATE THE ACTION PARTS OF THE PIECE.)

VOICE: Gee, I don't know what to tell you. Maybe you'd like to hear about Frank Farrell, bombardier of a Flying Fortress called — no kidding — "Friday the Thirteenth." I don't know whether you have to be plucky to fly a plane with that name, or just lucky.

Anyway, just before we reached the target, antiaircraft shrapnel hit Lt. Farrell in the leg. German fighters were coming in at us in bunches. But Farrell never faltered. Despite his wounds, he kept meeting each attack with a stream of bullets from his nose turret gun. On the bombing run, we got it again. A shell hit the chin turret and wounded Farrell a second time — this time in the hand. The force of explosion threw him off his stool — knocked off his oxygen mask and headset. But even that didn't stop Farrell! He struggled back to his bombsight — made a few rapid adjustments, and in a second, it was Bombs Away! . . . And the bombs were whistling down toward a Nazi plane factory. As we streaked for home, enemy fighters roared in again for the attack, and Lt. Farrell's guns sent one Focke-Wulf down in flames. Then, when he ran out of ammunition, he just jumped to the right nose guns and fought off attacks from that position until once more his ammunition ran out. . . . Our navigator had also been wounded during the bomb run. Farrell and one of the gunners now had time to administer first aid. Then — and only then — did he take care of his own wounds!

I talked to him after we came home and asked if he ever had to jump. "Jump!" he said, "Didn't you hear how unlucky umbrellas are?" (CHUCKLE) Yes, he's quite a guy.

(YOU COULDN'T POSSIBLY READ ANY OF THESE SPEECHES "STRAIGHT." THEY NEED A TWIST OF VOICE AND AN HONEST CHARACTERIZATION.)

NARRATOR: When is a paratrooper not a paratrooper? — When his name is Sergeant John J. O'Connor! How come? . . . Well, listen to this odd story that came from the Normandy beachhead, by way of London. . . .

MUSIC: DRAMATIC LEAD-IN.

NARRATOR: (OVER MUSIC) A couple of days after D-Day, German units attacked and captured a barn that was being used by our forces as a medical aid station. But they didn't hold it for long — paratroopers counterattacked and recaptured the place. When they took over, they freed some American prisoners — among them, Sergeant O'Connor. . . .

O'CONNOR: Boy — am I glad to see you! I thought I was gonna take a conducted tour to Germany as a guest of the Krauts!

TROOPER: Guess we got here in the nick o' time, as they say in the books — my name's Miller — what's yours?

O'CONNOR: O'Connor, John J. —

TROOPER: Glad t'meetcha, John —

O'CONNOR: I sure am grateful to you paratroopers for getting me out of this jam.

TROOPER: Glad t'oblige — say, wait a minute! What do you mean — us paratroopers? Ain't you one of us? Ain't you a paratrooper?

O'CONNOR: Nope — don't you see the wings? — I'm Air Corps.

TROOPER: Then, what the devil are you doing around here? There's only paratroopers fighting around this piece of France.

O'CONNOR: Sure, I know that.

TROOPER: So where'd you come from?

O'CONNOR: I jumped with your boys — with the airborne troops — on D-Day.

TROOPER: No kiddin'!

O'CONNOR: No kiddin'.

TROOPER: But why — how come — what happened?

O'CONNOR: (CHUCKLING) Brother, that is quite a story. . . . I was radioman on a troop carrier command plane that brought some of you boys in on June sixth. Well, just as we're about over the jumping place, the

pilot goofs off and sounds the Abandon Ship bell by mistake . . . so, being a little nervous about it being D-Day and all, I don't stop to ask any questions. That bell says, Abandon Ship — and I abandon! . . . I take to my chute and the next think I know I'm floating down to France. . . .

TROOPER: With the paratroopers!

O'CONNOR: With the paratroops! . . . Yeah, and I land right in a hot spot — under Nazi machine-gun and mortar fire. I twist my knee bad, too, but I manage to take refuge in the woods. The Jerries finally catch up with me though, and hold me in this barn, which is where you came in —

TROOPER: So, whatcha gonna do now?

O'CONNOR: I gotta get me back to England quick — my outfit probably thinks I'm AWOL.

TROOPER: (KIDDING HIM) You wouldn't like maybe to stay with us would you, Jack? My C.O. might arrange a little transfer for you into the airborne infantry.

O'CONNOR: No, thanks! . . . I don't mind flying in the air, I don't mind walking on the ground. Accent the positive, brother, I don't want to mess with that mister in-between.

(THIS IS TENSE DIALOGUE THAT ONLY HAS VALUE IN A TIGHTLY PLAYED PERFORMANCE. GENE WANG WROTE IT FOR A NETWORK SERIES. IT IS FULL OF SLY INNUENDO.)

SOUND: CAR MOTOR RUNNING.

STU: What did you want to talk to me about, Sam?

SAM: Well, it just happens, Mr. Archer, I ran across a little information you might want to buy.

STU: I doubt it.

SAM: No, you don't. Otherwise you never would have come out here to meet me.

STU: KEEP talking.

SAM: Well, just last week, I stumbled across some very vital documents, the kind the D.A. would be interested in. Remember that Park Avenue killing a year ago, where a guy named Dick Horrell . . .

STU: Horrell? . . .

SAM: Yeah. Well, this chap was knocked off very mysterious like, and it went down in the police annals as a very perplexing mystery. But, like I say, certain documents have now come to light, which prove you were in no little way involved in that matter. And my price for said documentary proof is a mere five grand. What do you say, Mr. Archer?

SOUND: CAR BRAKES TO STOP.

SAM: Hey, what's the idea of stopping the car?

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS.

STU: Get out.

SAM: Now look, Mr. Archer -- you don't want to take that attitude.

STU: Don't worry, Sam -- I'm getting out with you.

SOUND: CAR MOTOR CUT.

SAM: (LAUGHS) You know, for a minute there you had me worried. I was afraid you weren't going to pay off.

STU: Don't give it a thought, Sam. I'm going to pay off, and in the only way a rat like you (EFFORT) would understand.

SAM: Cut it out, Mr. Archer! You're choking me. Mr. Archer, please!

MUSIC: STING.

(THIS SCENE DERIVES FROM THE SAME SCRIPT AS THE PRECEDING DIALOGUE. IT CALLS FOR A WOMAN'S VOICE AS WELL AND SHOULD BE PLAYED IN AN OFF-BALANCE STYLE.)

CAROL: What do you want?

SAM: Always to the point, huh?

CAROL: That's right.

SAM: O.K. Why not? How're you fixed for cash?

CAROL: What's it to you?

SAM: You're not doing so good, huh. Well, in that case, I'll go easy on you. I've got some information I'll sell you for fifty bucks — but no checks.

CAROL: I wouldn't give you the time of —

SAM: (BREAKING IN) You better listen to me, Carol. Stuart Archer got himself killed this P.M.

CAROL: Three cheers.

SAM: You don't sound very broke up about it.

CAROL: I ain't. Are you?

SAM: Yeah. Whoever done it cut me out of a sale. Archer was gonna buy some documents from me for five grand.

CAROL: Well, what do you expect me to do about it?

SAM: Give me fifty clams to reimburse me for my trouble.

CAROL: You're out of your mind.

SAM: I am? How do you think it'll look if someone was to whisper to them that the hatpin that

sent Pal Archer to meet his Maker might very possibly belong to a dame named Carol Blake.

CAROL: You know too much, Sam.

SAM: That's my business, honey. But . . . you'd be surprised how fast I can forget, providing the fee is right.
SLIGHT PAUSE

CAROL: O.K. Here's your fifty.

SAM: Carol — believe me, as of this minute — my mind is a total blank.

MUSIC

(A TWO-WAY CONVERSATION TO DEVELOP NATURALNESS AND SIMPLICITY OF PERFORMANCE. THIS SCENE IS FROM A SERIES CALLED "COMBAT CORRESPONDENT" BY GENE HURLEY.)

SAMMY: (OFF MIKE) Hey. You Sergeant Booth, the Marine Combat Correspondent?

SOUND: TYPEWRITER STOPS.

BOOTH: Yeah . . . I'm Booth.

SAMMY: Well, look — can you write a story about me?

BOOTH: Maybe. What's your name?

SAMMY: Sammy. Sammy Perkins. RFD No. 1, Wilmington, Vermont.

BOOTH: Well, what have you done, Sammy?

SAMMY: Nothing.

BOOTH: I don't know . . . it's a little hard to make a story out of nothing.

SAMMY: Yeah, but it's my birthday. At least I think it is. This international date line gets me all mixed up — I don't know whether I was born yesterday or tomorrow —

BOOTH: Anything else happen besides your birthday, Sammy?

SAMMY: Well, I — I didn't get any presents. . . .

BOOTH: I see.

SAMMY: My Mom sure would get a kick out of seeing a story in my hometown paper about me. . . .

BOOTH: I couldn't guarantee that they'd print it, Sammy. All I can do is send it out, and it's up to the editor to use it or not. . . .

SAMMY: Then you will write one?

BOOTH: Sammy — you're the darndest story I ever handled. It's your birthday, but nothing's happened. Not even any presents.

SAMMY: But there must be something you can write about me.

BOOTH: Sure. Sure, Sammy -- I'll think of something. You come back later in the afternoon. Maybe some of the guys will give you a present or something.

SAMMY: THEM? Nope! They ain't got anything to give me. I gotta go out on patrol now -- but be sure and write something about me. Folks back home would sure get a kick out of seeing my name in the paper. . . .

BOOTH: Okay, Sammy, There'll be a story. . . .

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER FOR . . .

SOUND: TYPEWRITER.

BOOTH: (READING OVER IT) Today was Sammy Perkins' birthday -- and all his presents were . . . made in Japan. . . .

MUSIC: UP AND OUT.

SOUND: VOICE MURMURS UP IN EXCITEMENT. AD-LIB REMARKS IN B.G.

CARLSON: Hello, fellows -- keep smoking -- I just want your attention, not your salute. I thought we might as well get a few things straight right off the bat. You men have been chosen from the regular Marines for special duty with the Raiders. It's a new kind of outfit with a new set of rules. Discipline will be the cornerstone of

everything . . . but officers will hold their rank only because they can do everything they ask you to do . . . and maybe a mite more. . . . Whether you're a cook or a messman, a truck driver or a machine gunner, you'll be important because you're doing your job well, and for no other reason. . . .

The words, Gung-Ho, will be the yardstick of every man. It's Chinese. . . . Gung means work, Ho means harmony — work and harmony. We're going into the toughest training an outfit ever had. You'll turn as hard as steel or fall out. We have no place for weaklings. Any one of you will be privileged to speak your mind on any subject — to suggest, criticize, or approve. We're headed for the toughest fighting of the war. We'll train and fight to win. . . . That's all, men.

(HERE IS A BIT THAT CALLS FOR ELOQUENCE, THE WORDS MOVE WITH THE RHYTHM OF POETRY. ITS INSPIRATIONAL QUALITY CALLS FOR AN OUTSPOKEN EMOTIONAL QUALITY THAT CAN BE SUSTAINED ONLY BY INTENSITY. THE WORDS SING HERE AND A RINGING QUALITY MUST BE BROUGHT TO THE READING. THE SITUATION CONCERNS A YOUNG RUSSIAN SOLDIER WHO MOURNS FOR HIS TWO FRIENDS, AN AVIATOR AND A NURSE WHO DIED IN THE WAR.)

IVAN: This is the road of my childhood. My feet remember the stones and twigs. My eyes remember the trees and shrubs . . . there my

heart and her heart interwinded . . . and here is where Sasha and I discovered that we both loved her . . . memories are hard things to carry in one's heart . . . hard things . . . You, too, have gone . . . Maria and Sasha. Gone. You have fallen from the sky, dear friend, and you, Maria, are not with the earth. I remember three years ago when I came with the spring and the poem I couldn't speak . . . Sasha smiled and Maria understood . . . Now I have a poem . . . You two cannot hear it but I have a poem built of a great thing. Of (the) two people who can never die. Of two people whose blood sings through our land . . . of two people whose hopes and dreams race through the earth like a young rain . . . I speak it to the sky and earth . . . I speak it to the land they loved so much. Dear friends . . . you are a part of the great heart of the nation . . . you are a part of the soul that lies over our land. Wherever we look we shall see you . . . in tomorrow's brave parades . . . the new buildings that will sing to the sky . . . The cleansed avenues busy with laughter and love. You are part of that tomorrow that is racing toward us . . . you will live forever with us . . . This is my poem to you, Sasha, eagle of the sky. To you, Maria, sweet sister to all our men . . . This is my poem to you.

(HERE IS A CHARACTER PART. DESPITE THE MAN'S AGE THERE IS DETERMINATION AND STRENGTH IN HIM: THE VOICE MUST BE OLD, BUT THE SPIRIT STRONG.)

GOLOKOV: I am an old man. I am not strong enough for fighting so I am a guide . . . the errand boy in a war of men. I am not ashamed. This is important work too. Before, I was the curator of a museum . . . my life was devoted to caring for the ancient treasures of Sevastopol . . . Aah, what a joy that was. You know, some people think a museum gets depressing, but have you ever seen the eyes of those who discover the past? Have you ever seen a man or woman looking at the signs of yesterday? Ever watched little children as the first awe sweeps away the excitement and interest takes its place? A museum is the meeting place of the past and present. And it will be even more important when we get it back. Not only will it carry the history of the long past . . . it will carry, too, the history of this battle. I can see it now. In one room I will leave the mark of the shell that smashed through a beautiful painting. When the children come, I will say, "Look, little ones, let your eyes remember. This is the way of men who do not love humanity. This is the way they destroy beauty." Then I will take them into the next room. There I will build a miniature of the Sevastopol of today. I will build the underground factories where even now they are making

cartridges and shells for us. I will construct the hospitals, the pitiful bare and primitive hospitals where our fighters lie . . . knowing no sun but that which they carry in their hearts. I will build a front line and in that line there will be men of the sea and the land . . . men with the uniforms of sailors and flyers. And then there will be the women who refused to leave their land and their fighting men. I will paint the portrait of a woman who sent back her new born . . . "Take this child," she told the aviator . . . "Take him back to the big land and when he grows older and understands . . . tell him that his mother stayed in Sevastopol so that he would not grow up to be a slave." (SUDDEN STRENGTH) Lend me a gun. Let a bullet be my errand boy. Let me cast one stone at the enemy. Let me . . . (He quiets down, with a (sudden sad laugh) You see, I, too, want to be an exhibit in my museum.

(STEVE CARLIN WROTE THIS AS PART OF AN ADAPTATION OF A FRENCH SHORT STORY. DRAMATICALLY IT CHALLENGES THE ACTOR, GIVING HIM, AS A CANVAS ON WHICH TO PAINT, A CHANCE FOR DARK COLORS, SOFTLY SPOKEN)

RAPHAEL: In all this world, there cannot be one who is more accursed than I, Raphael Rolland . . . there cannot be one who feels the desperate despair that I feel. I have the sensation of being split into halves . . .

by a conflict that bellows through my brain like a winter's storm. For I must decide within the next few moments . . . whether I should die . . . in order that someone else may live.

Time was when I wanted to die . . . but the mocking gods had their joke . . . and so I lived. But now it is so hard to die. For I am rich and powerful . . . and even the library of my home . . . in which I sit . . . reflects my glory. This is no time to die. Then . . . before . . . my life should have slipped from me. That night . . . when I walked along the banks of the Seine . . . penniless and broken and lonely. The voice of the Seine was a soft voice . . . and it beckoned to me. Promised me peace. Then . . . then . . . my life should have slipped from me. . . . But the fates laughed . . . and I was interrupted . . . interrupted by a call for help. An old man had fallen by the riverside, had clung to life and a rock, held in the land of living, fighting off the insistent swirl of the river. I stood for a moment. Frozen. Then I jumped to his rescue, dashed down the hill, my arm became his lifeline. He gripped it with the strength of man who wanted to live. Slowly I pulled him to safety. Brought him out of the shadow and back to the earth. He looked at me and his eyes thanked me again and again. "You saved my life," he

said. "You saved my life!" . . . I saved his life. I, who had . . . who had . . . And then I started to laugh, and the eyes turned from gratitude to fear. "Why do you laugh, young man? You have saved my life." I looked at him, this old man who had fought to stay alive. Surely he deserved an explanation. "I came down here to the river . . . to lose my life . . . and instead . . . I save yours." . . . (slowly) Perhaps, this is the sign from the gods . . . I saved not one life, but two.

For the Announcer or Commentator

Every announcer or woman commentator will find these next three illustrations worthy workshop material in preparing to do commercial announcements. Not wishing to favor any particular product, we asked the Brand Names Research Foundation to allow us to incorporate some of the announcements that have been used on hundreds of radio stations by both commercial announcers and women commentators. Naturally, a woman reading the material would have a different approach — more of a personality reading. Men who are practicing for announcing chores will want to use more punch and emphasize selling points.

There was a smart crack in a recent Reader's Digest which was rather amusing — and it had a bit of deep psychology in it too. The magazine simply asked the question: "Did you ever see a man with a Phi Beta Kappa key wearing a double-breasted suit?" Since then I've been watching among my erudite friends, and I am afraid the answer is a definite

NO, for a reason which to all intents and purposes is pretty obvious. For Phi Beta Kappa is the oldest Greek letter fraternity; it has always emphasized scholarship; and it has become a nonsecret honor society with a membership based on academic records, symbolizing a high standard of scholarship requirement unequaled by any other fraternity. Naturally, the proud possessor of a Phi Beta Kappa key has no reason in the world to wish to hide the sign of his scholastic brilliance — and doesn't. As a gentleman and a scholar, he may prefer the more conservative single-breasted suit on general principles, but it also affords him an added attraction — a better chance to display the trade-mark of his learning. So the single-breasted suit is the trade-mark of the Phi Beta Kappa key wearer — as much as the key is the emblem of his erudition — and who indeed can blame him?

Trade-marks of achievement are always proudly displayed by eminent people who take pride in their doings — and you'll never find a dependable manufacturer, a public hero, or a star in any field without some conspicuous identifying mark.

When you hear the expression, "That man is worth his salt," it really and literally means just that. According to ancient Roman custom, a man's "salarium," or salary, was paid in salt. Around 45 B.C. salt was an accepted form of payment, just as money is today. In fact, surprisingly enough, salt is still used in certain Oriental countries as money. And it plays an even more important part in our lives here at home.

For example, how many times do you salt your food during the course of your three meals a day — with-

out giving a thought to the romance behind this outwardly prosaic item? Did you know, for instance, that the shoes you wear — in fact almost anything you can touch in your home — have a measure of salt or its by-products in some form or other? I'm sure that most of you never realized either that salt plays a role in traveling — by train, bus, or automobile. Yet this is true. Salt is used in the fabrication of glass for windows and windshields, in the lacquer on car bodies, and in countless other ways.

There is an unusual story behind all the things that we live by — perhaps not always so intricate as the "salt story." But the names and brands on the simplest daily purchase invariably symbolize some similar factual history. Try to familiarize yourself with them whenever possible, for it makes buying just a box of crackers a much more interesting task. The chances are that the name on it has a story of its own to tell — far more interesting than fiction.

Knowing what a name or phrase means and how to use it properly is always an asset. And it saves many a faux pas (foe-pah), whether one is shopping or socializing. For instance, when you're out buying, if you don't know your brands of food, let's say, you could very easily turn that dinner party into a dilemma by purchasing all the wrong food combinations. Or if you're mingling with the Army, you could really put your foot in it socially, by thinking that all "fogies" are old. Because in the regular Army, a "fogey mark" often identifies a young serviceman. You see, a fogey mark, or as they sometimes call it, "hash mark," is a diagonal stripe worn on the left sleeve of the serviceman. Each stripe means he has enlisted for three years. Owners

of these distinctive marks receive 5 per cent extra pay for each hitch, or fogey stripe. But you could hardly call a serviceman an "old fogey" just because he has seen three years or so of military service.

The same thing applies to that shopping stint that you perform almost every day. It's one thing to be familiar with the brand names, trade symbols, and other distinctive marks on merchandise and know that they stand for quality. But more than that, each one symbolizes certain services that each product so marked will perform for you. So why not take advantage of this extra chance to help yourself when you're shopping — and really get "up" on what each of those familiar brand names stands for?

ANNCR: Station _____ presents, "Mr. Words and Mr. Music." An informal introduction to the men who write America's music.

THEME: UP AND OUT

ANNCR: The earnest looking man sat at his desk carefully reading and rereading the lyric he had just finished. Suddenly the phone rang, "Bud Green speaking . . . Who? . . . Oh, hello . . . No, I haven't seen today's papers . . . The New York World's Fair Management are burying three songs in a time capsule . . . The three compositions most indicative of the musical trends of this century . . . Uh-huh . . . Sibelius' "Finlandia," John Philip Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever," and one of mine? . . . What . . . What!!!! "Flat Foot Floogie With A Floy-Floy"! (PAUSE) Bud Green had a right to be surprised. Of all the hit songs

he had written, the one he least expected was chosen to be buried with two of the world's most famous compositions in a time capsule, not to be opened for a thousand years. And here it is, "Flat Foot Floogie."

MUSIC: BREAK 1

ANNCR: Bud Green was born and educated in New York City. Even as a schoolboy he wanted to be a songwriter, and took some of his efforts to Harry Puck, a publisher, who realized that the boy's work had merit. He referred him to Archie Gottler, a successful composer. With Gottler and Joe McCarthy, Bud wrote his first published song. But it wasn't until 1923 that he really reached his stride with, "Whose Izzy Is He?" and then in rapid succession, "Alabamy Bound," "I Love My Baby," and "Way Down South in Heaven." The following year Bud and Sam Stept formed a publishing as well as writing partnership, and scored heavily with, "That's My Weakness Now." If you'd like a sample of a lyric by Bud Green, we can listen to "Sentimental Journey."

MUSIC: BREAK 2

ANNCR: The talkies invaded Hollywood, and Bud Green was called on to provide lyrics for some pictures. Out of his California venture came hits like, "I'll Always Be In Love With You," "Do Something," and "Good Little, Bad Little, You." In 1932 Bud returned to Broadway, and immediately invaded the field with "Dream Sweetheart" . . . followed by

"Moonlight On The River," "Swingy Little Thingy," and "Any Way The Wind Blows." Right now, we're "Alabamy Bound."

MUSIC: BREAK 3

ANNCR: Tommy Dorsey, visiting his parents, heard a song written by one of Father Dorsey's music pupils, Michael Edwards. The melody was lovely, and Tommy had an arrangement made for his orchestra. Wherever he played, he featured "Dancing With You" . . . and although the boys in the band were crazy about it, the public reaction was lukewarm. Tommy took his problem to Bud Green, who found a fresh slant. An idea so good that "Dancing With You," became a prize winner of 1937 under the title of, "Once In A While." Bud Green had scored again.

MUSIC: BREAK 4

ANNCR: You have been listening to Mr. Words and Mr. Music. A visit to Tin Pan Alley. Won't you join us again _____ at _____?/ _____
(DAY) (TIME) (ANNCR)
speaking.

THEME: IN AND OUT

MUSIC: PIANO THEME: A TRADITIONAL TREATMENT, THEN AN ABRUPT TRANSITION TO A BOOGIE WOOGIE VARIATION AND FADE UNDER.

ANNCR: OFF THE BEATEN PATH!

MUSIC: BOOGIE WOOGIE THEME UP AND OUT ON CRASHING CHORDS.

ANNCR: The way things are -- that's the traditional. But there's no tradition here . . . we're breaking new ground, starting from scratch. It's a departure from the usual, an emphasis on the unorthodox, an accent on the strange . . . It's a radio test tube with a different formula -- words and sound and music that don't stick to the road, but get . . . OFF THE BEATEN PATH!

MUSIC: A FEW PIANO CHORDS.

ANNCR: And tonight it's music . . . eighty-eight keys throbbing with a kaleidoscope of rhythm . . . provided by ten fingers provided by . . . Jose Melis . . . currently featured at the piano of the Ruban Bleu . . .

MUSIC: A FEW MORE CHORDS.

ANNCR: Talk of prodigies -- the old world doesn't have a monopoly on them. Sure, there was Mozart . . . but down in Havana, in 1923, there was three-year-old Jose Melis. A three-year-old kid at the piano -- what does he do -- make sounds like these?

MUSIC: THE EFFECT OF A CHILD LABORIOUSLY PICKING OUT A SIMPLE NURSERY TUNE ON THE PIANO.

ANNCR: No, that was much too simple for Jose, for he had that spark that made a three-year-old kid different from the other kids. Sure, maybe he did play with mudpies same as the others, but he also played with appogiaturas, glissandos and arpeggios. His mother, a pianist herself, was his first teacher. Seven years later, when Jose was ten, he had his diploma in

music and was ready to do a bit of teaching himself.

It's a far cry from Havana to Russia, but it's an easy non stop flight — by piano. And here's an arrangement to out "chorniyah" the "Ortchi Chorniyah" and out "Volga" the "Volga Boatmen." It's Russian caviar spiced with jive . . . as Jose Melis presents an eight bar medley of . . . Russian BOOGIE WOOGIE.

MUSIC: RUSSIAN BOOGIE WOOGIE: (Dark Eyes and Volga Boatmen)

ANNCR: Seven eleven . . . Ever hear those numbers before? All right, let's not get down to the vernacular now — we're talking about music, and those two numbers are two milestones on Jose's road up the musical ladder. His first concert was given at the age of seven. At eleven, he was in Paris, eager and ambitious and very proud of the scholarship he had just won to the Ecole de Musique. There was another young man who came to Paris too . . . about a hundred years before Jose did, and he was pretty handy at the piano too. His name ? Frederic Chopin. And now we do a musical broadjump across a century to say . . . Mr. Chopin, meet Mr. Melis . . . and meet a polonaise or two, and maybe a prelude and a waltz and an impromptu thrown in . . .

MUSIC: CHOPIN MEDLEY: (2 polonaise, 1 prelude, 2 waltz, 1 impromptu)

ANNCR: At the Paris Conservatorie, Jose Melis studied under able teachers — Alfred Cortot, for example. They say that nothing is ever

really forgotten, that the mind is a store-house of knowledge. So think back, Jose . . . is there anything in your Paris days that might have influenced an original piece you wrote called "Amor Tropical" ? Well . . . maybe the music part of it, but surely it wasn't Cortot who taught you how to sing along in Spanish . . . or how to whistle . . .

MUSIC: AMOR TROPICAL (with Spanish song, and whistle accompaniment)

ANNCR: Take a city . . . a big city . . . a bright light, white light city with a million rhythms pounding away in a million different tempos, and the shifting tides of people, like surf . . . coming . . . and going. Take the scene and distil it through the great musical consciousness that was Gershwin . . . and it's "Rhapsody in Blue." And take it and interpret it through this arrangement and the fingers of Jose Melis and you'll get . . .

MUSIC: RHAPSODY IN BLUE:

ANNCR: Him? That guy? Hah! His right hand doesn't even know what his left hand is doing. Who are we talking about? I don't know . . . but it certainly isn't Jose Melis. In Jose's case, his right hand knows what his left is doing, but it just doesn't care . . . because it's obvious that his left hand can well take care of itself. And to illustrate: Here is Jose Melis' left hand taking over . . . with an original composition its owner wrote at

the age of fourteen . . . "Nocturne for the Left Hand."

MUSIC: NOCTURNE FOR THE LEFT HAND.

ANNCR: Europe was all right . . . There was Paris, Madrid . . . but it was America that Jose belonged to, and it was Havana that was his home, so when the time came, he went back. But musically, Havana had its limitations, and so it was up to the States for Jose Melis . . . up to Boston, to the Luncey School of Music, and further work in harmony and composition . . . and then it was down to New York, to do graduate work at the Julliard School with Josef Lhevinne. Going . . . going . . . going . . . it was perpetual motion . . .

MUSIC: BEGINNING OF "PERPETUAL MOTION" PIECE . . . THE FIRST FEW BARS . . .

ANNCR: Wait, Jose -- it's got to be introduced first. Oh well, Jose just took me at my word, I guess . . . so he might as well go right into it , . . Von Weber's "Perpetual Motion."

MUSIC: PERPETUAL MOTION:

ANNCR: And then, in the course of time there came the familiar letter . . . "Greetings." Yes, from the President. So, like a couple of million other Americans, Jose reported to his draft board. Even in the army he didn't lose touch with music -- it was too much a part of him. He toured with army shows, and when he was back in civilian clothes, he must have liked the idea of playing for GI audiences,

because he became the musical director of USO shows, and toured through thirty-five states of the Union, playing before servicemen and women.

Right now, Jose Melis is composing the music for a forthcoming Warner Brothers film, and, as we've said before, he's staggering audiences with his Ruban Bleu pianistics.

Well, we're going to end this program in just a couple of minutes, so let's end it on a sentimental touch, a bit of early American nostalgia. It's a Stephen Foster tintype, retouched a bit of course, by the sparkling arrangement provided by Jose Melis . . .

Stephen Foster's "Swanee River."

MUSIC: SWANEE RIVER.

ANNCR: And that's the end. We were OFF THE BEATEN PATH, and now we're back on the road again. But don't worry . . . next Sunday at the same time, we'll lose our way again, and find something that's strange and different and quite unorthodox. Tonight's program featured the piano of Jose Melis, currently appearing at the Ruban Bleu in New York. Next Week, it's a soundman on a spree . . . SOUND MAN'S HOLIDAY.

So be with us again at that time, when we go . . . OFF THE BEATEN PATH.

MUSIC: QUICK RUN UP THE SCALE TO END IN CRASH CHORD EFFECT.

ANNCR: This is WNEW, New York.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

The number of books *on* radio acting can be counted on the fingers of one hand; the books *for* radio actors are fortunately more numerous. This list of published radio plays and source material is appended for reading and practice. Moving out of the classroom and into the radio studio, the student and teacher who wish to apply the practice of the monologue to the performance of scripts with two or more characters will find this list a valuable guide.

CORWIN, NORMAN — *Thirteen by Corwin*
Henry Holt & Co.
More by Corwin
Henry Holt & Co.
On a Note of Triumph
Simon & Schuster

COULTER, DOUGLAS — *Columbia Workshop Plays*
Whittlesey House

CUTHBERT, MARGARET — *Adventures in Radio*
Howell Soskin & Co., Inc.

GAVER AND STANLEY — *There's Laughter in the Air*
Greenberg: Publisher

KOZLENKO, WILLIAM — 100 *Non-royalty Radio Plays*
Greenberg: Publisher

OBOLER, ARCH — *Fourteen Radio Plays*
Farrar & Rinehart
Free World Theatre
Random House, Inc.
Plays for Americans
Farrar & Rinehart
The Oboler Omnibus
Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc.

OFFICE OF EDUCATION—A complete file of scripts available for broadcast can be obtained by writing Mrs. Gertrude Broderick, Department of Interior, Washington, D.C. There

are available many excellent scripts which were first produced on the networks.

WRITERS' WAR BOARD—Monthly script selection of vital dramatic shows. Write to Rex Stout, Chairman, 147 West 42nd Street, New York City.

WYLIE, MAX *Best Broadcasts*
Whittlesey House