MAX WYLIE

Radio Writing

RADIO WRITING

BY

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COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

INTRODUCTION BY

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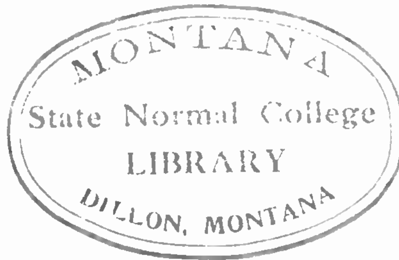
Illustrated with Photographs



FARRAR & RINEHART
INCORPORATED
NEW YORK TORONTO

World Radio History

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INTRODUCTION

DURING the first several years of broadcasting as a medium of information and entertainment, there was practically nothing of what we know today as radio writing. Talks, announcements, and after a while, adaptations of stage plays—these comprised the non-musical part of radio fare. But with the rapid growth of the medium, and the advent of network broadcasting, the need for original writing for the radio cried out to be satisfied. It was. Hundreds of men and women have since written professionally, and tens of thousands have attempted to do so.

The remarkable thing is that with this flood of writers and would-be writers for the radio, there have been comparatively few who have turned their attention to writing about the craft they are practicing. The earliest and best of this handful of books survived a single edition and has been out of print for years. From time to time other volumes have been published, in many cases formed largely by the reprinting of previously broadcast scripts, with some slight attempt at analysis of the scripts in question.

Mr. Wylie has approached his problem from the point of view of the teacher attempting to give to a class the clearest possible exposition of the principles and practices he wishes them to learn. His experience as a teacher, coupled with his practical knowledge obtained in his professional capacity, has given him unusual equipment for the preparation of a book on radio writing. On minor matters of detail it is possible to differ with Mr. Wylie, but no man familiar with the day-by-day operations and requirements of radio broadcasting can do other than give wholehearted praise to him for preparing these chapters.

He, too, has followed the path trodden by others before him, in that he has included examples of plays that have passed through the discipline of the studio and been broadcast, and he has been wise in so doing, because in no other way is it possible to give point and clarity to the instructions which it is his aim to drive home to his readers. As a contrast he has also a

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small chamber of horrors, replete with dialogue, which fortunately will never reach the ether. The choice of material for such a purpose is, of course, all important, and the student will find that Mr. Wylie has been in general most discriminating and happy in his selection.

It is a pleasure to any man sincerely interested in the progress and improvement of the craft with which he is concerned to see new tools made available for students of that craft. I wish for Mr. Wylie's book that success which the ability of its author and the quality of its contents richly merit.

LEWIS TITTERTON
Manager—Script Division,
National Broadcasting Company, Inc.

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PREFACE

In this book I have endeavored to show both the student and the interested layman what the standard practices of modern broadcasting really are, and I have tried to make this as clear as I could by illustrating the successive points of the text with true samples of those problems and properties which are typical of the industry today. I have no preachment to make.

Radio makes severe demands on all of those who work in it, and if this were not so, it could not continue to interest the many thousands who are actively engaged in the business of broadcasting. In this respect it is in no way different from other professions. Rewards are in proportion to effort.

As to the new writer, I wish him well and I hope he will take the suggestion so often made throughout the pages ahead —to read widely. I have never known a writer whose work or whose thinking was damaged by the habit of wide reading; in fact I have never known anyone who was other than enriched by the practice. Good radio writing is difficult; all good writing is difficult. And that is both its challenge and its appeal to the intelligence. Over three centuries ago there was a fine philosopher who said all this very simply in a short and compelling sentence: "All things excellent are as difficult as they are rare."

M. W.

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PART ONE

SCRIPT

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CHAPTER I

GENERAL MISCONCEPTIONS

SERIOUS misconceptions exist regarding the profession of radio writing. Most of these misconceptions are understandable and many of them are inevitable. All of them, however, are unfortunate. Radio writing has no more significant distinctions, no more esoteric techniques, no more regulations and unvarying practices than has, for example, playwriting or scenario writing. It is of course true that in many details a radio script does not resemble a script which has been prepared for stage performance. But these points of dissimilarity, while important in themselves, are not important as writing problems, and in fact do not present writing problems.

Throughout this book it will be frequently emphasized that radio writing—thus far the orphan child of accepted literature—reacts as do its more fortunate cousins of the screen, the stage, and the novel to the irresistible force of one argument alone: *there is no substitute for good writing.*

In the case of radio itself, the truth of this can be perceived at once when one realizes that the finest broadcasts which have been heard in this country since the inception of the industry have been the work of the superior writer—and I have deliberately avoided saying the superior "radio" writer. Thus far the vast percentage of excellent broadcast material in the dramatic field has been the work of reputable dramatists or scenarists or short-story writers or novelists or poets; the work of men of shrewd and practical competence; in short, the work of those men who can express the thought and emotion of invented characters in a moving and convincing way. Such is and always has been the source of the best radio material.

Radio, of itself, has developed almost no writers. It has appropriated almost all of them, at least all of those who could tell a good story. The medium used for this storytelling has been of secondary concern. If the elements are present in the original and if these elements are properly recognized and intelligently treated, a good radio adaptation will probably re-

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sult. But this, in the artistic and creative sense, has not been radio writing. It has been an effort in translation; it has been a work of appropriation, an appropriation whose legitimacy depends upon the skill of its treatment but whose real existence depends upon the work of some able craftsman who quite likely never anticipated the electrical accident of the microphone.

Because adaptation represents a large part of radio's most effective shows, we shall in subsequent pages examine critically and, I hope, constructively, a quantity of adapted material, some good, some bad. It will be helpful to the student, however, in the course of these analyses to remember that the original piece—in whatever form it may have first appeared—was done by a good writer and was published for that reason and for no other. Good writers, wherever they come from, will always be responsible for radio's best programs.

It is not difficult to see why a filmy mysteriousness has been thrown about radio writing. The writers for the most part are either unpublicized or wholly anonymous. They work in invisible offices. They prepare sketches and stories for a battery of actors, directors, sound engineers and producers who in their turn reintegrate all the separate components in a rehearsal studio and who at an exact and pre-established second, put a show on the air. Somewhere during the speed and fury of all this work the writer becomes lost. He goes on writing, but he goes on being invisible.

To the lay public—to the thousands of individuals who have tried to imagine what this is like, and why and how it happens, and who have never had occasion to see—much is believed to be true which is false, much is thought to be important which is unimportant.

Radio most certainly does have its special techniques, and special requirements and observances in production. The rehearsal of any elaborate or difficult air show is more frequently than not a scene of wild activity, excitement, noise, and nervous tension. The routines of radio practice are what they are purely through the progressive evolution of the industry. To the writer, however, none of this is important. It is not important to the writer because it is not a matter of artistic preferences or necessities, but a matter of sheer technical incidentalism.

The writer should feel himself apart from all this fuss. In fact it is his privilege—if he so wishes—to feel superior

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to it inasmuch as what is going on in the studio is nothing but an active and vocalized interpretation of what came out of his typewriter; the animation of the pictures he has already drawn, the physical expression of words he has already written.

The writer, in this sense, is therefore the first and most important director of his own work. Nothing whatever would be happening, either in the studio or on the air, except for him. The cast reads the lines he has prepared for them; Sound engineers open the doors he indicates; the orchestra plays its transitional bars as the script requires. The story the writer has written is now being told. Substantially, then, what the writer says is what goes. How *well* it goes is the responsibility of the Production and Direction crew.

These remarks are in no way a disparagement of the uses or the abilities of directors, engineers, or production staffs. On the contrary, most of these men are proficient and many of them amazingly skillful in the dispatch and prosecution of their functions. All of them are indispensable. An expert director in charge of a good cast of radio actors can, and very often does, convert an inferior script into an acceptable air performance. He edits and he sometimes rearranges. He may even transfer lines from one character to another, for the reason that what may look right on paper may sound wrong in rehearsal. The director determines the extent, duration, quality, and volume of Sound sequences. All matters of microphone perspective, music, voice levels and Sound Effects are his entire responsibility. Further, he controls the broadcast as to its "playability"—shortening speeches which read too long, removing lags by judicious cutting, accelerating or retarding pace for the purpose of strengthening the value or the intention of any given scene. Figuratively speaking, he takes the negative, which is the script, gives it its chemical bath, which is the rehearsal, and produces the positive, which is the broadcast as it is finally heard on the air.

It is important to remember, though, that he has no function until he has a script; to remember too that the precise pattern of his directorial problems—as he works with them in the studio—is set down for him at the moment the script comes out of a typewriter. That is why I have said that the writer is the first and most important director of his own work.

The script is the thing. The writer may be unaware of the difference between the dead side of a velocity microphone and

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the diatonic range of a French horn and still do a very commendable job. I have no doubt but what F. Scott Fitzgerald—to pick a name at random—in his first radio effort, could and would do a superb piece of work, and I am assuming that he has no more authentic or special knowledge of the mechanical and technical uses of radio than has any other intelligent layman. He could put down a story that was a good story and put it down in dialogue that was good dialogue. That is all any writer needs to have in order to write good radio. I hasten to add that this much is a good deal.

Are there rules for radio writing? Is there a special decalogue the observance of whose every tenet and taboo a good script is sure to follow? Is there some magic filter that receives ideas in its neck and discharges sketches at its outlet? I do not believe that there is any such thing. One can no more tell the uninitiated how the thing is done than he can tell him how to build a swimming pool. It is necessary to know how many people are planning to swim in it; whether they are to be swimmers and divers or just waders; what sort of drainage is to be used; what sort of soil is to be removed; and how much is to be spent. So—when the question is flatly put: "How do you write a radio script?"—it is not only sensible but necessary to reply with a counterquestion: "How do you write *what* radio script?" Here we may be able to make some findings; here is the burden of our further exploration.

Actual Form of a Professional Piece of Script

Probably the most persistent query, in the thousands of letters which come annually to the Columbia Broadcasting System, is this: "What does a radio script look like?" The next few pages represent a fairly typical sample, and I suggest that the reader go through the piece first for the interest of the story episode itself and that he refrain from making mental notes.

The particular sequence which follows is a section taken from a much longer broadcast, one which was produced on Navy Day, October 27th, 1936. The Navy Day show is an annual CBS presentation. Here is the sample piece:

THE *VINH LONG* EPISODE

1 NARRATOR.—One of the most startling stories in the navy's splendid peacetime history is briefly chronicled in the

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Washington archives. It is the story of the U.S.S. *Bainbridge*—a destroyer. Some time before daylight on the morning of December 16th, 1922, the *Bainbridge*, crossing the Sea of Marmora in the Mediterranean, was steaming east toward Constantinople. On her bridge was her navigator and a seaman; below them stood the dogwatch lookout. It was a clear, quiet night, and the sky, unlighted as yet by the first glimmerings of the dawn, was spotted with tropical stars. The seaman turned to the officer of the bridge:

2 SEAMAN.—A ship to starboard, sir. Running a parallel course, I should say.

3 NAVIGATOR.—Sure enough. What do you make her distance?

4 SEA.—'Bout five thousand yards.

5 NAV.—Can you make out the cut of her bow?

6 SEA.—Well, not hardly in the dark. I'd call her a transport though by the looks of her funnel. There, you can see a bit of the bow now, sir.

7 NAV.—Yes—yes, she's a transport all right. Probably a Frenchman.

8 SEA.—Shall I talk to her, sir? Morse code on the bridge light?

9 NAV.—Sure, might as well. Probably as bored as we are. See who she is.

10 *Biz.—Dots and dashes . . . click not hum.*

11 NAV.—She's seen us. Here comes her answer. (*Reading*) V-I-N-H L-O-N-G. Sure. The *Vinh Long*. A Frenchman, here comes some more— (*Spelling*) Troops—Oil—Ammunition—Hydrogen—Families.

12 SEA.—That's a tough cargo. What would they be doing with hydrogen, sir?

13 NAV.—The French have a couple of dirigibles over the Dardanelles. Use 'em for reconnaissance. Been there since the War.

14 SEA.—Well, I'm glad it's none o' my family on 'er. Don't believe in mixin' wives and families with inflammables.

15 NAV.—Well, it's a calm night and it's cruise weather. Besides, the French believe in economy.

16 *Biz.—Engines up slightly . . . eight bells sound . . . four groups of two each.*

17 BOWERS (*coming in*).—Reporting for duty, sir.

18 NAV.—Oh, yes, Bowers. Well, get a little rest, Johnston.

19 SEA.—Yes, sir. Good night, sir.

20 NAV.—Good night.

21 *Biz.—Remote boom of explosion.*

22 BOWERS.—What was that?

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23 NAV.—The *Vinh Long.*
24 JOHNSTON.—Look! Look! She's afire!
25 NAV.—No. That was the hydrogen. A white flash. Tell the quartermaster to put the helm over, and, Johnston, call the Commander.
26 JOHN.—Yes, sir.
27 *Biz.—Whistle . . . shrill . . . speaking tube whistle.*
28 JOHN.—It's the engine room, sir.
29 NAV.—All right. Full speed. Forced draught. Enginemen and firemen stand by controls.
30 JOHN.—Yes, sir. (*Into tube and muffle voice*) Full speed and forced draught. All enginemen and firemen to stand by controls.
31 NAV.—The old man here yet?
32 BOWERS.—No, sir.
33 NAV.—Well, stand by for a general alarm. And call Sparks.
34 BOWERS.—Yes, sir.
35 *Biz.—Three long, piercing one-tone whistles.*
36 EDWARDS.—What's happened, Lieutenant? I felt the helm go over.
37 NAV.—A transport, sir. The *Vinh Long.* Explosion. There she is—half a mile.
38 EDWARDS.—Doesn't look very good. What orders have you given?
39 NAV.—Full speed. To go alongside. General alarm. And I've called the radio shack.
40 EDWARDS.—Good. Look there! Her afterhatches. She's afire now. Call all hands. Give the signal for "Away Fire and Rescue."
41 *Biz.—Up and down . . . fast siren . . . four times . . . men's voices off.*
42 EDWARDS (*commanding*).—Uncover the boats. Put out davits. Call the hospital and fire squad. Pumps, axes, pulmotors.
43 NAV.—Yes, sir.
44 EDWARDS.—Have you talked to the transport?
45 NAV.—Not since her lights failed. It's the *Vinh Long.*
46 VOICE (*off and calling*).—Three-e-e-e thousand yards!
47 EDWARDS.—A French transport. Yes, I know the ship. What's her cargo?
48 NAV.—She's carrying every explosive that's ever been invented. Hydrogen, ammunition, gasoline—
49 EDWARDS.—Any passengers?
50 NAV.—Five hundred.
51 EDWARDS.—That's bad. Did you signal forced draught to the engine room?
52 NAV.—Yes, sir.

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53 *Biz.—Signal bell . . . two dings.*
54 NAV.—Bridge!
55 VOICE (*through tube*).—Boats are out and ready away, sir.
56 EDWARDS.—All right. Hold positions. Where's Sparks?
57 SPARKS (*off*).—Here, sir.
58 EDWARDS.—Raise the French hospital in Constantinople, Sparks. They got some customers coming in.
59 SPARKS.—Yes, sir. How many, sir?
60 VOICE (*off*).—Two-o-o thousand yards!
61 EDWARDS.—All they can take. Tell them to prepare every hospital in the city for emergency. Same orders to the American and English consuls and the Red Cross. Clothes, medicine, doctors.
62 SPARKS.—Yes, sir.
63 NAV.—We're less than two thousand yards, sir. Do you plan to go alongside?
64 EDWARDS.—We'll go alongside if she's not too hot.
65 NAV.—And if she's too hot?
66 EDWARDS.—We'll go alongside anyhow. We're only alongside. Think of the people *on* her!
67 NAV.—Yes, sir. Very good.
68 EDWARDS.—Call the torpedo room. Order all percussion caps removed, and rack torpedoes with extra chains.
69 NAV.—Yes, sir.
70 *Biz.—Two bells . . . not ship's bells.*
71 EDWARDS (*shouting as if through megaphone*).—Hodges! Hodges! Get those searchlights on 'er!
72 HODGES (*off*).—Yes, sir. Already assembled, sir.
73 EDWARDS.—Put 'em on! Sweep her up and down!
74 HODGES (*off*).—Yes, sir.
75 NAV.—She's going bad now, sir. If we went alongside, she'd burn every line we tossed her.
76 EDWARDS.—Yes. Her boats are afire too. Everybody's swarmed into her bow.
77 VOICE (*off and shouting as before*).—One thousand yards!
78 NAV.—I can begin to feel the heat.
79 EDWARDS.—I'm afraid it's going to get worse before it gets better.
80 *Biz.—Explosion. Closer than first and continue rumble.*
81 NAV.—There goes the ammunition!
82 EDWARDS.—And most of her afterdeck.
83 NAV.—What do you think, sir? Alongside? She's hotter'n a furnace.
84 EDWARDS.—We'll go right in.
85 NAV.—It'll be impossible to stand alongside 'er, sir.
86 EDWARDS.—That's right. She'd burn our boats off their davits.

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87 NAV.—Then what?
88 EDWARDS.—We'll ram her! Get our nose into her. It's the only chance they've got.
89 VOICE (*off and shouting*).—Five hundred yards!
90 NAV.—And let 'em come directly aboard us?
91 EDWARDS.—Right! Lieutenant, general alarm to the ship. Stand by to ram.
92 NAV.—Yes, sir.
93 *Biz.—Siren fast up and down as before—three.*
94 EDWARDS.—Here she comes! Hold the rail! All right! Here it is!
95 *Biz.—Splintering crash . . . boom of steel snapping . . . screams . . . hold sequence up for ten seconds . . . roar of fire to continue through rest of scene.*
96 EDWARDS (*shouting*).—Keep those lights on the bow. Stand by to receive! Lieutenant, put the boats over. Pick up survivors in the water. Hodges!
97 HODGES (*off*).—Yes, sir!
98 EDWARDS.—Get one of those lights on the water . . . keep it there and keep it moving!
99 HODGES.—Yes, sir.
100 NAV.—Boats away, sir.
101 EDWARDS.—Any damage to us?
102 NAV.—No water coming in. None so far.
103 EDWARDS (*shouting*).—Keep those passengers moving aft. Keep passengers moving aft!
104 NAV.—Commander Edwards!
105 EDWARDS.—What is it?
106 NAV.—The *Vinh Long*. She's beginning to settle by the stern.
107 EDWARDS.—Anybody aboard her still?
108 NAV.—About thirty or forty. They're coming aboard us fast.
109 EDWARDS.—Let me know just as soon as the last man is off.
110 NAV.—Yes, sir.
111 EDWARDS.—Any of our boats back yet?
112 NAV.—Two boats are back. About seventy in them.
113 EDWARDS.—Hoist 'em up and get 'em under the pulmotors if they need it.
114 NAV.—Yes, sir.
115 EDWARDS (*off*).—Anybody left on 'er? Can you pick up anything with your lights?
116 HODGES.—Last ones just coming over the rail, sir.
117 NAV.—She's settling fast now, sir. She's raised our bow three feet. We're stuck pretty fast.
118 VOICE (*coming in*).—Commander! Commander! Here's the Second Officer of the *Vinh Long*.

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119 2ND OFF. (*French accent*).—Officier— Ze gasoline. She blow up. Ze fire already at ze tanks. She blow up.
120 VOICE (*off shouting*).—Last man aboard, sir. All boats up.
121 EDWARDS.—Call the engine room, Lieutenant. Full speed astern.
122 *Biz.—Four bells . . . engines turn over.*
123 VOICE.—We're not moving. We're stuck.
124 EDWARDS.—Starboard rudder!
125 *Biz.—Engines in hard.*
126 NAV.—She's still fast, sir.
127 EDWARDS.—Port rudder! Throw the helm clear over. We'll wiggle her out.
128 *Biz.—Screeching of steel plates . . . race of water.*
129 EDWARDS.—There! She's moving now. Keep her astern and full speed. We'll back away before we turn.
130 *Biz.—Engines up and hold . . . fade slightly . . . explosion off . . . roar of fire noise fading.*
131 NAV.—There she goes. Broke her right in two.
132 *Biz.—Whistle . . . speaking-tube signal.*
133 NAV.—Bridge!
134 VOICE (*through tube*).—Commander there?
135 NAV.—Commander, it's the torpedo room forward.
136 EDWARDS.—Hello.
137 VOICE (*muffled*).—Commander, this is Ryan. Reporting a hole in the torpedo room.
138 EDWARDS.—Below the water line?
139 VOICE.—Yes, sir.
140 EDWARDS.—How big is the hole?
141 VOICE.—Not very big, sir.
142 EDWARDS.—Well—stick your foot in it. We've got to make Constantinople.
143 VOICE.—Yes, sir.
144 *Biz.—Engines up . . . fade . . . bring in peep-peep of radio.*
145 NARRATOR.—Commander Edwards of the U.S.S. *Bainbridge*, in one of the most remarkable rescues ever accomplished in the Mediterranean Sea, took over seven hundred survivors aboard his destroyer and rushed them to Constantinople to shelters and hospitals waiting to receive them.

This particular piece does not lend itself to much extensive comment. It has been set down at this point to illustrate, for the student, what has already been propounded in theory: that the differences between radio writing and writing in any other dramatic medium are almost negligible, or certainly of very minor concern.

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Radio Dialogue and Narrative Conversation—A Comparison

Let us expand this illustration by re-examining the same material *minus* the decorations and directions which have made it *radio* material. Here it is now as a piece of narrative conversation:

Seaman.—A ship to starboard, sir. Running a parallel course, I should say.
Navigator.—Sure enough. What do you make her distance?
Sea.—'Bout five thousand yards.
Nav.—Can you make out the cut of her bow?
Sea.—Well, not hardly in the dark. I'd call her a transport though by the looks of her funnel. There, you can see a bit of the bow now, sir.
Nav.—Yes—yes, she's a transport all right. Probably a Frenchman.
Sea.—Shall I talk to her, sir? Morse code on the bridge light?
Nav.—Sure, might as well. Probably as bored as we are. See who she is.
Nav.—She's seen us. Here comes her answer. V-I-N-H L-O-N-G. Sure. The *Vinh Long.* A Frenchman, here comes some more—Troops—Oil—Ammunition—Hydrogen—Families.
Sea.—That's a tough cargo. What would they be doing with hydrogen, sir?
Nav.—The French have a couple of dirigibles over the Dardanelles. Use 'em for reconnaissance. Been there since the War.
Sea.—Well, I'm glad it's none o' my family on 'er. Don't believe in mixin' wives and families with inflammables.
Nav.—Well, it's a calm night and it's cruise weather. Besides, the French believe in economy.
Bowers.—Reporting for duty, sir.
Nav.—Oh, yes, Bowers. Well, get a little rest, Johnston.
Sea.—Yes, sir. Good night, sir.
Nav.—Good night.
Bowers.—What was that?
Nav.—The *Vinh Long.*
Johnston.—Look! Look! She's afire!
Nav.—No. That was the hydrogen. A white flash. Tell the quartermaster to put the helm over, and, Johnston, call the Commander.
John.—Yes, sir. It's the engine room, sir.
Nav.—All right. Full speed. Forced draught. Enginemen and firemen stand by controls.
John.—Yes, sir. Full speed and forced draught. All enginemen and firemen to stand by controls.

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NAV.—The old man here yet?
BOWERS.—No, sir.
NAV.—Well, stand by for a general alarm. And call Sparks.
BOWERS.—Yes, sir.
EDWARDS.—What's happened, Lieutenant? I felt the helm go over.
NAV.—A transport, sir. The *Vinh Long.* Explosion. There she is—half a mile.
EDWARDS.—Doesn't look very good. What orders have you given?
NAV.—Full speed. To go alongside. General alarm. And I've called the radio shack.
EDWARDS.—Good. Look there! Her afterhatches. She's afire now. Call all hands. Give the signal for "Away Fire and Rescue."
EDWARDS.—Uncover the boats. Put out davits. Call the hospital and fire squad. Pumps, axes, pulmotors.
NAV.—Yes, sir.
EDWARDS.—Have you talked to the transport?
NAV.—Not since her lights failed. It's the *Vinh Long.*
VOICE.—Three-e-e-e thousand yards!
EDWARDS.—A French transport. Yes, I know the ship. What's her cargo?
NAV.—She's carrying every explosive that's ever been invented. Hydrogen, ammunition, gasoline—
EDWARDS.—Any passengers?
NAV.—Five hundred.
EDWARDS.—That's bad. Did you signal forced draught to the engine room?
NAV.—Yes, sir.

We have seen now that a section of dialogue, and a section of the same dialogue fitted to the practices of radio—while distinguishable one from the other—are not alarmingly different as pieces of writing. The student and the prospective radio writer must never forget this. Whatever the observed differences may have been, this much remains true: there have been no *structural* changes.

The structure of good radio plays is the structure of good plays. It is as simple as this. I know of no single exception which violates this characteristic.

THE SECONDARY TRAITS OF THE RADIO SCRIPT

At the same time radio writing has secondary traits and singularities which are important because they belong strictly to the peculiar classification of radio drama and to no other.

Dramatic broadcasts for the most part are of shorter

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duration than either stage plays or movies. Their maximum run is one hour. Their most common form is the half-hour play, and the fifteen-minute episode—complete in one performance—is by no means rare. No cognizance is being taken at this time of the interminable fifteen-minute-a-day serial which may still be chugging along merrily after five or six years. But since a radio play is more often than not a short play, inescapable restrictions and compressions are bound to result.

This calls for an *economy* of writing. We cannot, for example, assume the novelist's privilege of poking around in the dark places of the minds of all his characters. Characterization in radio (enormously aided by good acting and as painfully hurt by poor) must be established at once. So must setting. So must situation. If the attention of the audience is not captured in the first full minute of a radio production, the play cannot escape a disastrous loss of listeners.

Methods for Commanding Immediate Attention

Attention can be caught at the outset either by the swift development of a situation, or by a strong promise of its development, or by powerful atmosphere, or by an intriguing and unfamiliar setting, or by an authentically familiar setting, or by a striking characterization. I do not know of any other ways to do it.

This necessity for arresting attention as soon as the program starts (and we may as well call it "shock-value" since that is what it really is) is not only an indispensability but a perfectly sensible one as soon as one examines its cause: a broadcast affords no visual appeal until it is well under way. No other form of modern entertainment—with the exception of poetry readings on Victrola records—is so handicapped.

Authors of stage plays almost never get anything moving for the first six or eight minutes of the first scene of the first act. Audiences are given an opportunity to get comfortable in their seats, to look at the cast objectively, to get used to the sets. No playwright could consider disclosing anything significant in his first few minutes simply because such a disclosure would be lost to three-quarters of the house. No. The audience is still whispering remarks to his neighbor, shoving his coat further under his seat, rustling a program. Playwrights know this, and although they naturally don't like it, they respect it sufficiently to wait for attention. Opening scenes of

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Radio Men Will Go Anywhere for a Broadcast . . .

Charlie Stark, on tough remote assignment, jams his way through a police cordon on his way to Howard Hughes (under plane wing), immediately after Hughes had hung up a new round-the-world record.

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. . . And Do Anything to Keep It on the Air

Sterling Tracey, of the West Coast Staff, strings a short-wave aerial to maintain contact with KNX during the California Flood of 1938.

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stage plays are devices to introduce characters and to give opportunity to the author to stretch his audience into that exact tension of emotionally responsive elasticity which is to support the full burden of what he has to say.

Motion pictures, in a very similar way, must dillydally for many minutes before we are permitted to know who is likely to be responsible for the trouble to come. We may first have a long shot of a fleet of battleships; then a closer shot revealing the distribution of the fleet into squadrons of cruisers, destroyers, and submarines; then a quick shot of the foredeck of the flagship with the ship's company standing in severe lines of attention while the band plays "Anchors Aweigh"; then a close-up of a couple of admirals (one of whom, as we are to learn later, is the father of an adorable but mischievous young miss who is terribly in love with a torpedo man with a tattooed chest who is really not what he seems but a Yale man getting material for his Ph.D. thesis on ballistics and whose tattoo—indelible ink really—will rub off at the proper time); then a camera pan to the deck of the *S-29,* a submarine, where we see some more sailors standing at attention; then a close-up of a briny sea dog of fifty who bellows: "Company dismissed!"; then a focus on a small group near the escape hatch at the bow, who are heard to say something like this:

BUTCH.—Whaddya think of the new captain, Pinkie?
PINKIE.—Boy, he certainly looks tough, don't he?
SLIM.—Boy, he sure does.
GUS.—Well, ya hadda be tough where he came from.
PINKIE.—Where was that, Gus?
GUS.—From the "O" boats.
BUTCH.—Yeah? Ya don't say?
GUS.—Sure. That's where. The "O" boats was so lousy they couldn't float by theirselves. The crew had to swim underneat' their keels and surface 'em that way. (*Laughter; pause.*)
BUTCH (*looking thoughtfully at the now-darkening water*).—Well, maybe he's tough, but if anything happened—anything bad, I mean—I'd sure be glad he was aboard.

We may have been in the theater for fifteen minutes by this time. And we haven't been bored. One thing, and only one, has prevented this: *movement.* We've been watching several billion dollars' worth of battleships in motion and it has indeed been very pleasant. We finally get under way—though much less punctually than the Navy—when Butch remarks that he is glad

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that the new captain is aboard because, although tough, he's a good man in an emergency. This line, for our purposes, has shock-value. Our imaginations have been seized. We have our first suspicion of disaster, a suspicion which becomes rewarded in the very next reel when, sure enough, down she goes.

Radio has no movement. At least it has no movement as such. From a sensory point of view it is as static as a novel. Like the novel it is forever committed to be one-dimensional. Whatever action occurs is the result of illusion and this illusion depends for its success, in the novel and the radio play alike, on the skill of the writer and on nothing else.

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CHAPTER II

PACING

"One-dimensional" has within the past two or three years become a catch phrase in radio. The term is useful in describing radio's physical restrictions, but beyond this its applicability is debatable. If we were to adhere to this definition, I wonder how we could explain the enthusiasm with which so many novels and so many stories are turned into motion pictures or adapted for stage presentation? Is there not something here which would suggest that books and stories *do* have movement and visuality? Were they not so endowed, how could they be considered as properties capable of profitable conversion to the eye? The answer is at hand: anything can be said to have movement and visuality which invites the imagination to invest it with these qualities. Movement, in radio, is something which has to be teased into activity. And in radio, as in the novel, it is just as necessary, and, further, it is achieved by identical methods. We shall try to get at some of these methods in the examination of our next play.

As contrasted with the novel, however, there is an important difference. I remember hearing Alexander Woollcott remark at one time that he was willing to give any author thirty pages. Mr. Woollcott is generous. No radio audience will do this. No radio audience will ever give an author one-tenth of this. If the program has not started something by page 3, there will be very few hanging on at page 5. This is the initial line of cleavage which separates radio writing from every other known form. Even television, when it comes—and as closely allied in its first phases to radio as it is bound to be—will have the privilege of loitering. Radio can't do this. It never has. It never will.

There is an interesting one-act horror play from the library of the *Grand Guignol*. It is called "Gardiens de Phare"—"The Lighthouse Keepers," and is the work of Paul Cloquemin. We will make a rather comprehensive examination of a radio adaptation of this piece. It affords excellent opportunity to chart some of the major channels which we must know. Despite the fact that this is an unorthodox bit for radio (a half-hour play

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with but two characters) it has many revealing elements, all of which are easily got at: immediate interest, unbroken reality, economy, superb pacing, exact balance, strong characterization, and an authenticity of atmosphere that never blows false.

Here is the play in its radio form. Read it through. After that we shall break it down and endeavor to find out—by turning over its several fragments—what it was that held it together.

THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS*

1 SETTING.—The living quarters of the Maudit Lighthouse, six miles off the west coast of Brittany. The room is circular and is located just below the lantern floor of the lighthouse. It is a hundred and fifty feet above the sea. It is roughly furnished. The walls are hung with rope coils, life preservers, signal flags, and lanterns. On stage are two couches, two chairs, a small oil stove, and a stool. Stage right is a control box—the electric switches for turning on and off the mechanism by which the light is revolved. The light itself burns oil, but its revolutions are driven by electric motors, and its flame is ignited by electric spark. It is late afternoon in March.

2 CAST.—Brehan, aged 55, the keeper. Yvon, aged 25, his son and his assistant.

3 *Biz.—Off mike, sound of high wind, muffled, as if being heard from inside . . . door opens . . . wind comes up strong . . . door slams hard and wind down again as before.*

4 BREHAN.—Well, Yvon, you all finished down below?

5 YVON.—Yes, all finished. I filled both the reservoirs. Pumped five hundred gallons into the reserve tank too.

6 BREHAN.—You were quick. You must have hurried a bit.

7 YVON.—I wanted to get through.

8 BREHAN.—You never get through work on a lighthouse.

9 YVON.—I don't mind working around the tanks, or even around the lenses—but Mon Dieu, going from one place to another I could hardly get up the staircase. It's two hundred steps, you know.

10 BREHAN.—Two hundred and six, mon fils. I've only kept this light for twenty years. You ought to be glad they didn't build the thing any higher.

11 YVON.—A hundred and fifty feet in the air is high enough for me. The wind outside is so strong it nearly blew me off the outside stairs.

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12 BREHAN.—That's nothing. Nowadays it isn't so bad—keeping a light. Nowadays electricity does most of the work. When I first came out here I had to pump the oil up here with a hand pump.

13 YVON.—There's still plenty of work all the same.

14 BREHAN.—There's enough. But it's easier. I've trimmed all the wicks and polished the reflectors and all I have to do is push the electric button—so—

15 *Biz.—Electric motor hum . . . metallic grind of turntable as light revolves.*

16 BREHAN.—She's on. One little click of a switch and every wick burning and the whole mechanism running easy as a clock.

17 YVON.—Yes, it's simple enough. But it takes a lot of tending— Isn't it too early to put the light on?

18 BREHAN.—Yes. I was just giving it a test. That new bearing. I always give her a test half an hour before lighting time . . . if there's been any change in the equipment. I'll turn it off now.

19 *Biz.—Switch clicks . . . motor out.*

20 BREHAN.—You can never take a chance—not when other people depend on you.

21 YVON.—What's that? Oh, yes, I suppose so.

22 *Biz.—Wind up slightly . . . then down.*

23 BREHAN.—What a night. And more wind to come too, if I know anything.

24 YVON.—You're right. It'll probably be a long night. (*Yawns*) I'm tired. I'm awfully tired.

25 BREHAN.—Already? But we haven't been out here more than six hours— But then—a whole month ashore—it goes by in a hurry. Makes one a little soft, too, n'est-ce pas?

26 YVON (*not hearing*).—What? What did you say?

27 BREHAN.—I say life ashore—well, one has a good time and the hard thing about coming back to the Maudit is getting used to seeing no one, being alone, climbing stairs, and being alone, absolutely alone.

28 YVON.—Yes, that's it. We're so terribly alone. Cut off from civilization by six miles of open sea. If we only had a telephone even, or—

29 *Biz.—Wind up with sudden violence, obliterating last line of Yvon's . . . Wind down.*

30 BREHAN.—Listen to that. Screaming like a woman. Sometimes it sounds almost musical too. Have you noticed that?

31 YVON.—Musical. I'd give it another word. I don't like it.

32 BREHAN.—Well, one has to call it something. One—one has to talk. Sometimes when there isn't anything to do, I talk to the seagulls or I talk to the water. One must talk. In a

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lighthouse one talks to oneself or to the rope on the flag-staff or maybe to the barometer. But that's all right—You are beginning to do it. It makes the loneliness—it makes it less lonely.

33 YVON.—I don't talk to myself.

34 BREHAN.—Of course you do. I hear your conversations—the pictures in your head that come out in words—

35 YVON (*grudging*).—Well, maybe—but it's silly—like women in an old ladies' home somewhere.

36 BREHAN.—It isn't silly. You mustn't think about it as silly.

37 *Biz.—Wind up, short screaming gust, then down as before.*

38 BREHAN.—High wind and heavy rain.

39 YVON.—It's getting worse—seems to emphasize the loneliness.

40 BREHAN.—That's because you've just been ashore. By and by your philosophies will grow to accommodate these little—these phases.

41 YVON.—I—I suppose they will. But it's so *wild,* it's so ugly here. Maudit is on a cruel crag all right.

42 BREHAN.—Of course it's a cruel crag. That's why there's a light on it.

43 YVON.—And that's why we're on it.

44 BREHAN.—Well, maybe. Maudit is on the wildest piece of rock on the coast of Brittany. That's what one of the inspectors told me and when those fellows say wild, they mean it.

45 *Biz.—Wind up and down suddenly.*

46 BREHAN.—More wind—(*pause*)

47 YVON.—Father—

48 BREHAN.—H'm?

49 YVON.—Father, you said it took about five years to be a good lighthouse keeper. I—I suppose that in five years you see about everything that could possibly happen in a place like this.

50 BREHAN.—Oui. I have seen it. I've seen it all.

51 YVON.—Everything?

52 BREHAN.—Everything but the lighthouse topple into the sea. I've seen wrecks and drownings, and men swimming in the surf. I've seen the lights fail; seen a time when I had to burn blankets and mattresses soaked in oil. Yes, I've seen a good deal, mon enfant.

53 YVON.—Have you ever been in a lighthouse when your partner—when your assistant keeper—when he—I mean—

54 BREHAN.—When he what?

55 YVON.—When he died?

56 BREHAN.—Yvon. Don't say such a thing.

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57 YVON.—I—I didn't mean anything by it. I just wondered if—

58 BREHAN.—That's a frightful thing to think. To die without a priest. It's unthinkable. That's no way for poor Christians to go (*rebuke*) and it is not anything to be talking about either.

59 YVON.—Well, I—I just said it. It just seemed to—sort of—occur to me.

60 BREHAN.—Non, non, mon fils. Don't ever say such a thing. Those things don't happen. God knows we are here to protect others. Surely we can expect that much protection in return.

61 YVON.—Yes—I hope—I mean—(*voice down . . . significant*) But wouldn't it be a dreadful thing?

62 BREHAN (*impatiently*).—What's the matter with you anyhow? I haven't seen you like this since we lost Pierre—

63 YVON.—It doesn't seem like three years. If only he could have lived.

64 BREHAN.—Yes. If only. That's the way with life. Things happen that hurt us, and the rest of us sit around and say, if only they hadn't happened. But they *do* happen—

65 YVON.—Mother could never console herself over the loss of Pierre. Just the other day I found her rereading the letter she got from the master of Pierre's ship.

66 BREHAN.—Yes, that letter. I practically know it by heart. It went like this: "During a severe southeast blow, I ordered a change in our course and a reefing of the foretops'l. Your son was the first to spring into the rigging. Halfway up the ratlines his foot slipped, and he fell, immediately disappearing in the sea."

67 YVON.—Oh, well, maybe my lot would have been no better—Even so, Pierre's life was a free life—a life packed with excitement, with limitless horizons, bright days and sudden dangers. Nothing like it is here—all caged up in a stone tower.

68 BREHAN.—Danger, mon fils, is possibly a good thing. But duty— Duty is the finest thing in the world. Don't ever forget that.

69 YVON.—All the same it's hard to be locked up this way. (*Sharply*) A man's nerves aren't supposed to stand anything like this.

70 BREHAN.—Nonsense. For thirty days out here we can be proud of ourselves—what we do for commerce, what we do for France—and what we are making out of ourselves.

71 YVON.—I've felt that sense of pride—many times. But since our return to duty this time—I don't know what's hap-

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pened to me. (*In and out of mike as if* YVON *were moving about*)

72 BREHAN.—That's nothing. Ça passe. It will go away soon.

73 YVON.—Yes, it will pass. Maybe tomorrow, maybe next week—

74 *Biz.—Wind up strong, hold, then take down.*

75 YVON.—Blowing harder than ever. It's going to get real ugly.

76 BREHAN.—It has to be ugly some nights.

77 YVON.—Why does it?

78 BREHAN.—So we'll know how beautiful it is other nights.

79 YVON.—I can't accept that. It's too grim to suit me.

80 BREHAN.—Some day you'll accept it, and be more of a man for doing so.

81 YVON.—That's only an opinion.

82 BREHAN.—Everything is only an opinion—or state of mind.

83 YVON.—No. Some things are actual.

84 BREHAN.—Perhaps.

85 *Biz.—Off mike . . . shrill crying of sea gulls.*

86 BREHAN.—Listen to those sea gulls. What a racket they make.

87 YVON.—Yes. They feel the bad weather coming.

88 BREHAN.—Don't worry about the weather. And do stop walking around so. Take it easy. Take it easy.

89 YVON.—I can't. I have to keep moving around like this.

90 BREHAN.—It's from being ashore—all those acres of open country. You got a little case of nerves—a crazy sort of thing for a lighthouse keeper.

91 YVON.—But I can't help it, I tell you. I'm all on edge.

92 BREHAN.—Maybe I could guess your trouble.

93 YVON.—I doubt it.

94 BREHAN.—You don't think so? Well, how does this sound—maybe you're in love with Marie?

95 YVON.—Yes. How did you know that? Marie and I are going to get married. Did she say anything?

96 BREHAN (*laughs*).—Pardieu. Of course not. You told me yourself—with everything you didn't say. I am very glad, mon fils. A splendid girl she is, and a wise girl, too.

97 YVON.—Wise?

98 BREHAN.—Wise to marry a lighthouse keeper. She'll always know where you are nights. (*Laughs*)

99 YVON.—Don't joke about it, father. We are very, very much in love.

100 BREHAN.—I'm not joking, mon petit. I congratulate you. I am very happy. Let me give you a kiss (*kisses him twice*). There now, good luck and God bless you.

101 YVON.—Thank you, father.

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102 BREHAN (*pleased*).—Ah, yes. A fine thing to have an honest wife. I hope you will have some strong sons, too. Some day he will come out here and keep the Maudit light like his father and grandfather, eh, Yvon? (*Laughs*)

103 *Biz.—Sea gulls cry . . . and fly against glass of light tower striking it with beaks.*

104 BREHAN.—Listen to those gulls again. If they don't stop banging into the glass, they'll break right through it. It wouldn't be the first time. It's probably so thick outside, they don't know where they're going. (*Going off*) Guess I'll take a little look around outside myself.

105 YVON.—Father.

106 BREHAN (*off mike*).—What is it?

107 YVON.—I wish you'd—

108 BREHAN (*off*).—What did you say?

109 YVON.—I said I wished—nothing—never mind.

110 BREHAN.—Well, I'll be back in a jiffy. Au'voir.

111 *Biz.—Door open . . . powerful wind up strong . . . take down as door slams.*

112 YVON (*shouts after*).—Father, father. Don't leave me alone in here. Father! Oh, my God, what has gone wrong with me. My head is whirling around like a wheel. (*Breaks off and begins to sob . . . chokes this off.*) Come out of this, Yvon. Get hold of yourself. He'll be coming back any minute.

113 *Biz.—Doorknob rattles and door opens as if with difficulty . . . wind up strong and door forced shut against wind . . . wind down.*

114 BREHAN.—Mon Dieu. What horrible weather. I'm soaking wet. It's been four years since we had a blow like this. Good thing we're on a pile of rocks. (*Off*) Guess I'll get out of these oilskins—and maybe polish up a couple of lanterns.

115 *Biz.—Rasp of heavy oilskin material as he climbs out of coat.*

116 BREHAN (*off*).—I'll begin with this one I guess. It seems to need it most.

117 *Biz.—Sound of lantern being moved off hook, its bail banging against the chimney . . . then sound of chimney being lifted by lever . . . removal of chimney . . . then sound of polishing the glass with paper . . . real kerosene lantern necessary for this effect.*

118 BREHAN (*continuing . . . not quite so far off mike . . . lighter vein*).—No, it's not so bad, really, Yvon. Makes me proud too, in weather like this—to think that but for you and me—nobody would be safe on the coast of Brittany. (*Sounds of polishing continue and tinkle of lantern and occasional banging of handle.*) And the worse the

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night, the more important we are. Maudit will be there. Maudit will always be there, shooting her long beam for fourteen miles into the darkness. Duty, mon fils. Duty, the first thing and the last thing in every man's life, n'est-ce pas?

119 YVON (*not hearing*).—I suppose so. (*Pause*)

120 *Biz.—Polishing sounds continue quietly . . . no talk for five seconds.*

121 YVON.—Father, what are you doing there anyhow?

122 BREHAN.—What am I doing? Why, you can see for yourself. I'm just polishing these lanterns. A good sailor is always polishing something.

123 YVON.—I wish you'd leave it alone.

124 BREHAN.—What do you mean? What for?

125 YVON.—I don't want to see it. It shines so much it hurts my eyes. It seems to be burning a hole into me.

126 BREHAN.—What the devil are you talking about?

127 YVON (*voice rising . . . and bring* BREHAN *into same perspective as if they were standing together*).—Gimme that lantern, I tell you.

128 BREHAN (*surprised and annoyed*).—Pardieu. What are you trying to do? Qu'avez-vous?

129 YVON.—Give it to me, I tell you.

130 *Biz.—Lantern snatched from* BREHAN *. . . bail banging against chimney . . . lantern flung . . . and it crashes, the chimney splintering . . . off mike.*

131 YVON.—There—now leave the others alone, too.

132 BREHAN.—You fool! What's the matter with you? Have you gone out of your head?

133 YVON (*frightened at the absurdity of his own act*).—I—I don't know. I don't know. I just couldn't stand—oh, I'm so terribly afraid of something—I can't tell—

134 BREHAN (*scornful and angry*).—Afraid.

135 YVON (*almost going to pieces*).—I'm afraid. I'm afraid. Something is stifling me. I can't stand being alone this way any more. I've had three years of it. I won't stand any more of it. I've got to get ashore. I tell you. I've got to get ashore *right away*.

136 BREHAN (*trying to comprehend . . . easier*).—Yvon, please try to be sensible. You're tired. You're letting this thing excite you. It's nerves. We all get them now and then. Tell you what, I'll take the first watch tonight. A good sleep will set you up.

137 YVON.—Sleep! If I could only sleep. If I could sleep and then wake up and see it was all just a dream I was having—

138 BREHAN.—Don't talk that way, mon petit. Of course you'll be able to sleep. You can't afford to carry on like this,

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Yvon. Supposing we both went to pieces like this and a ship broke up on the rocks below. No, no, Yvon. We can't afford to have these—these excesses. They lead to negligence. I know. I've seen it.

139 YVON (*faint*).—I know. I'm sorry. I should control myself —no matter what. I think I'll go out on the tower step. Maybe if I got a little air—

140 BREHAN.—Good. That's more like it. Hang on to the rail now. The wind—it's hurricane velocity by now.

141 YVON (*going off*).—Yes. I will. I'll hang on.

142 *Biz.—Door open . . . sudden wind squall . . . door closes against wind . . . wind screams and fades down as door shuts.*

143 BREHAN.—Poor boy. Poor boy. Now I'll have to get a broom and sweep up this mess.

144 *Biz.—Sound of broom sweeping up glass. During next monologue, speech is broken by sound of sweeping, banging of dustpan, picking up lantern, and occasional grunts, as if* BREHAN *were leaning over from time to time and picking up things.*

145 BREHAN.—What a thing for him to do. And him three years with the light. Three for him. But twenty years for me. Twenty years. I'm almost an old man now—old Brehan. (*Chuckles*) Just an old man who talks to himself when he's alone. Well, old folks can talk to themselves if they want to. It's better than not talking at all.

146 *Biz.—Off-mike shout, barely audible.*

147 BREHAN.—Eh? What was that?

148 *Biz.—Wind up slightly.*

149 BREHAN.—I thought that was somebody calling. I guess old Brehan is beginning to stoop a little in his mind as well as his back. Hearing things that don't happen—

150 *Biz.—Off-mike shout, more audible.*

151 BREHAN.—No. That was a shout. Am I getting the creeps like Yvon. Mon Dieu! (*Going off*) What could that have been?

152 *Biz.—Door opens, wind up.*

153 BREHAN (*shouting over noise of wind*).—Yvon! Yvon! Are you calling? (*Voice down*) Oh, here you are. I thought I heard you shouting. Come in out of the wet.

154 YVON.—Yes, I shouted. I guess I did, anyhow. I don't know why. I don't seem to be— Oh—

155 *Biz.—Door closes . . . wind down again.*

156 BREHAN.—Well, never mind that now. Here, come inside and take off your oilskin.

157 *Biz.—Rasp of heavy material of oilskin as it is removed.*

158 BREHAN.—Why, you're trembling all over.

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159 YVON.—Am I? I feel so hot. I feel like I was going to fall down.
160 BREHAN.—Maybe you've caught yourself a cold since we came out.
161 YVON.—Perhaps. I feel burning up—as if my lungs were on fire. Every breath—I need a drink of water, father, I'm terribly thirsty.
162 BREHAN.—Let me feel your head. (*Pause*) Hum, I thought so. Got a bit of fever. No, you'd better leave water alone. It'll just raise your temperature.
163 YVON.—But I'm dying with thirst, I tell you. Give me some water. Just a little water.
164 BREHAN.—NO.
165 YVON.—Please do. I beg you. Only the littlest bit.
166 BREHAN.—Don't be a fool.
167 YVON.—I'm sorry. I'm afraid—I'm afraid there's something awful the matter with me. I— I'm not at all myself. I feel like I was someone else, someone I didn't know. Some force seems to be moving my arms and legs and I can hardly hear what I'm saying— Please, please let me have just a little bit of water. I feel I'll faint—
168 BREHAN.—All right, then. Just a little, and drink it very slowly. Just sip it.
169 *Biz.—Water poured out of pitcher.*
170 BREHAN.—Here.
171 YVON.—Oh, thank you— I— I— (*Sudden alarm.*) Father, father—
172 BREHAN.—Comment?
173 YVON.—What can it be? I'm so thirsty, but I— I can't drink. The sight of it, of the water in this cannister—horrifies me.
174 BREHAN.—Better leave it alone then. It's fever. You'll be able to drink later on.
175 YVON.—Yes, perhaps. Later on. But the sight of it makes me sick. Take it away.
176 BREHAN.—That's your fever— Here, Yvon, come over on the couch and lie down awhile. And let me cover you up.
177 YVON.—No, I don't want to be covered. I'm too hot.
178 BREHAN.—You do what I say. There now. That's better. (*Pause*) Yvon. Why are you staring at me so?
179 YVON.—Listen, father—I have to tell you something—I can't keep it to myself.
180 BREHAN.—You tell me. Tell your father, mon enfant. What is it?
181 YVON.—It's about what we—what I—
182 BREHAN.—Go on. Don't be afraid to tell me.
183 YVON.—The other day—over at Cousin Santec's—

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184 BREHAN.—Yes, at Cousin Santec's. I remember. What about it?
185 YVON.—Santec's dog—that big hunter—
186 BREHAN.—Yes, I know. A fine animal. It was too bad they had to kill him.
187 YVON (*starts*).—Had to kill. So . . . They *did* have to kill him. Had to kill him because he was mad!
188 BREHAN.—But that was no fault of Santec's. He was always very kind to him.
189 YVON (*earnest . . . voice down*).—Father, that dog—that dog bit me. That's what's the matter. (*Voice rising*) That's why I'm dying with thirst. That's why my head is whirling. I'm mad. I'm mad! I'm turning into a mad dog like the hunter! (*Sobs*)
190 BREHAN (*terrified and incredulous*).—Lie down. Lie down. It can't be—mon fils—it's impossible.
191 YVON (*voice dead*).—It has already happened. Remember Guirec, the butcher? When he died? He had this fever and a thirst he couldn't bear. He couldn't drink either—not a drop. (*Voice beginning to rise*) I was there. I saw him. That means—it means that it's all over—when you can't drink. I'm mad. I feel the madness growing in my mouth—my eyes staring— (*Voice up suddenly*) I'm going to die like Guirec—howling and snarling like a mad dog. (*Sobs*)
192 BREHAN.—No, no, for God's sake!
193 YVON.—Yes, I am. It can't be anything else. It's been coming on for two days. I've been too terrified to say anything—
194 BREHAN.—Yvon, Yvon, mon petit, mon cher.
195 YVON.—Oh, father, I can't die like this. Not alone. Not here. I've got to get ashore. (*Screams*) I tell you I've got to get ashore!
196 BREHAN.—Yes, yes! I'll save you. Yvon, mon cher, mon cher!
197 YVON.—Oh, I want to live! More than anything! I *must* live! I've *got* to live!
198 BREHAN.—Yes, yes, Yvon! You're going to live. You'll be all right. This will pass. It's—it's your fever climbing.
199 YVON.—Do you think so?
200 BREHAN.—Yes, yes, I think so. Mon Dieu. Of course I think so.
201 YVON (*voice down*).—Father, what would it be like—what would you do (*quick*) if I *did* die? Would you throw me into the sea?
202 BREHAN (*startled*).—Yvon, you mustn't say that. It isn't true. It isn't going to be true— You—
203 YVON (*breaking in over*).—That's why I ran out on the

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tower step. That's why you heard me screaming! I— I wanted to throw myself into the sea. I wanted to so you wouldn't have to.

204 BREHAN.—My God, my God! Yvon. Have pity. You can't know what you're saying.

205 YVON (*dead voice*).—I know what I'm saying.

206 BREHAN.—Yvon, I'll take care of you. I promise. (*Idea suddenly*) I'll launch the dory and row ashore and come back here with a doctor!

207 YVON.—You know you can't do that—you can't row six miles in this weather. You could never get the boat in the water!

208 BREHAN (*going off mike*).—All the same I'm going. It's the the only thing.

209 YVON.—No, no, no! Don't do that! You'll never come back! Don't leave me alone.

210 BREHAN (*coming back in slow*).—All right. I'll stay with you then. (*Trying to be soothing*) Yvon, soyez tranquille. You must be quiet now. (*Going off mike again*) I just want you to be calm—just calm for a little while—while I— I know what I will do—

211 *Biz.—Short pause here . . . two seconds . . . then sound of rope being hauled through pulley . . . pulley squeak way off mike.*

212 YVON.—What are you doing?

213 BREHAN (*sound continues*).—I'm hoisting the distress flag. They'll see it the first thing in the morning. They'll send out . . .

214 YVON.—In this weather! No sailor alive could reach us. And no boat either.

215 BREHAN.—Perhaps the bad weather won't hold. Perhaps God will perform some miracle.

216 YVON (*sarcastic*).—God.

217 BREHAN.—Don't blaspheme that way, Yvon. God is a just God.

218 *Biz.—Sound of pulley wheel out.*

219 BREHAN.—There. It's flying now— No, no, Yvon—God is good. (*Feeling that he has to remind God of this*) He *must* be! The ten years I spent in the Coast Guard! Risking my life a thousand times! He owes me this much that you may live in exchange for the risks I have taken for others! He must! He must! He will! I know he will!— you wait and see—in the morning—yes, the first thing in the morning.

220 YVON (*not impressed*).—Yes, perhaps— How my head swims! How hot I feel! Oh, God, I'm sick—I'm sick—

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I'm sick—I feel something terrible—something coming—coming soon. (*Delirium*) Maman!—Maman!

221 BREHAN.—Mon pauvre—mon pauvre— Yvon, please, lie still.

222 YVON (*menacing*).—Keep away from me. Get away. I'm going out of my head. I'm going mad! Going mad! (*Inhales sharply through his teeth*)

223 BREHAN (*frightened*).—Mon Dieu! There's foam on your face.

224 YVON.—Get away, I tell ya. Get away. I can't bear you near me. If you don't get away—I'll—I'll— (*Threat rises*) Keep away! Keep away from me!

225 BREHAN.—Yvon! Yvon!

226 YVON (*beginning to scream at him*).—I tell you to get away!

227 *Biz.*—YVON *begins to snarl . . . bring this in close . . .* BREHAN *screams . . . sound of struggle.*

228 BREHAN.—What are you doing! Yvon! Let go of me! Let me go! (*Snarls continue*) I'll— I'll have to choke you, Yvon!

229 *Biz.—Snarling suddenly gives way to choking and gasping sound . . . strangulation continues but grows weaker and weaker . . .* BREHAN *pants with exertion . . . choking sounds out entirely . . . nothing is heard but* BREHAN'S *breathing . . . then sound of body fall.*

230 BREHAN.—My son! I've killed him! I'VE KILLED HIM!

231 *Biz.*—BREHAN *bursts into sobs. He weeps steadily for several seconds . . . over the sound of his weeping is gradually superimposed sound of wind rising . . . this comes up strong and obliterates weeping . . . wind rises to sudden shriek . . . then down slightly for:*

232 BREHAN.—Curse you! Curse your weather and your wind. Curse every black wave in your ocean's body! You've done this! You've taken my last son! Because I am here to snatch away your victims, *that's* why you've taken revenge! I curse the pitch-black spittle in your evil mouth. I hate you! I loathe you! I DESPISE YOU!

233 *Biz.—Breaks off quickly and falls into convulsive sobs . . . these recede slowly . . . far off mike the whistle of a ship is almost indistinguishable against the storm . . . sobbing continues quietly . . . whistle is heard again . . . more distinctly.*

234 BREHAN (*rousing . . . only half comprehending . . . in a whisper*).—What's that! A ship! My light. I haven't put my light on!

235 *Biz.—Ship's whistle closer.*

236 BREHAN.—She'll break up! She'll strike and break up. (*The full significance of this begins to take hold of him . . .*

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begins to laugh slightly) Let 'er smash. Let 'er rip 'er bottom out. (*Laughs hysterically*) I'll never put this light on. Never! Never! Never! Nobody ever came to help me. (*Laughs again*)

237 *Biz.—Whistle closer.*

238 BREHAN (*suddenly stops laughing . . . voice goes down very tender*).—No—nobody ever came. I'm going to stay with Yvon. My little Yvon. Mon pauvre cher— (*His tenderness becomes the enfeebled whimpering of an old man*) Yes, Yvon—I'm going to stay with you, mon petit. Old Brehan is going to stay with you . . .

239 *Biz.—Whistle again . . . close by.*

240 BREHAN (*startled*).—Mon Dieu! She's almost on us! (*Hesitant . . . beginning to take courage*) I—I can't do this! I'm a lighthouse keeper!

241 *Biz.—Whistle very close in.*

242 BREHAN (*the active man again*).—All right! All right! I'm coming! Where's the switch now! Where is it, where is it? Here! Come on now! Light!

243 *Biz.—Click of switch . . . sound of mechanism . . . metallic grind of turntable.*

244 BREHAN.—There it is! That did it! Yes, she sees it already. She's veering away.

245 *Biz.—Three short quick blasts of whistle . . . not quite so close as before.*

246 BREHAN.—So—you salute me, eh? You say thank you. All right. All right. Old Brehan says you're welcome. (*Sighs*) I've done everything I could— (*Pause*) Now—I wonder what I should do about Yvon. . . . (*Pause . . . suddenly startled*) Mon Dieu—my arm! It's bleeding! I wonder . . . I wonder if Yvon has bitten me!

247 *Biz.—Slow rise of wind . . . up to peak of sound load . . . sea gulls cry . . . slow fade . . . down and out on wind.*

AN ANALYSIS OF THE PROBLEM OF GETTING STARTED

This play would have been an impossible task for the student writer, even though he were given the key to the story. One scene, two characters, no plot. It has one good wallop in it and one equally good counterpunch and that is all the author has given himself to work with. How then did he do it? What kept it going?

First of all, the setting. It has a distinct flavor, a distinct smell. In the opening announcement we are given a sharply individual picture, a picture which to most listeners is sure to be new but which is nonetheless sufficiently detailed to be convincing. The fact that the room is "circular," that it is located

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below a "lantern floor," that it is spattered with the gear of a particular profession; all of these contribute to the believability of the setting—a rough and masculine and utilitarian one.

We know other things. We are a long way from the mainland, and we are to pick up our characters and our action just before dark. Further, we have an age contrast in our characters—this is to be a father-and-son story. In short, we know where we are and we very definitely know what it looks like. At this point we have been on the air less than forty seconds.

Now, examine cue 3, the first Sound cue. This instantly superimposes another layer of atmosphere, intensifying and particularizing the already established sense of aloofness, and bringing in a first suspicion of dread. The Sound sequence is planted early for this very purpose. It is useful in two other ways as well: our two characters are brought together in the course of this sequence and brought together in movement—one coming in to meet the other. We do not pick them up chatting quietly together. With Yvon entering from the wildness outside, we do not need to have any introducing done for us. They have to do it themselves. The Sound sequence is useful in this second way: because the door opens and closes during the sequence, the author has given himself an opportunity to show—by quick changes in Sound volume—just how bad the weather is.

What happens now that our two characters are "on stage"? They talk shop. What they say at the start is not important. But the *terms* they talk in are most important: *polishing, reservoirs, tanks, lenses, gallons, pumps, wicks, reflectors.*

I shall speak of this item many times again in the pages to come, and show its purpose and its effect in scripts of widely contrasting color. For now it will be enough to remember that a command of special terminologies is not only one of the most useful skills in the business of writing fiction but is also one which can be acquired without great effort.

The shop talk has acquainted us with the voices of our characters and given us some suggestion of their duties. This suggestion is turned into a functional reality with cue 15 when the revolving mechanism is tried out. But our characters are still indistinct as people, having said nothing to warrant any speculation on our part as to what may be intended, and having done nothing to arouse our dramatic expectations.

We do not have to wait very long for this. Very subtly something comes into the conversational atmosphere in the

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short dialogue sequence between cues 19 and 27. It is not a material entity. It is a thin and—we suppose—a meaningless insinuation. Perhaps the perceptive reader has already picked it up. The listening ear, if it were at all acute, would certainly catch it. It is not that there is something wrong with Yvon. It is rather that *maybe* something is wrong with Yvon. Maybe he doesn't like his father. Maybe he's afraid of storms. Maybe, of course, he just doesn't care about lighthouses. But whatever it is (and the listener, though subconsciously registering, is not yet worried enough to give it much thought), we find Yvon a preoccupied young man, more testy than his father, and less responsive.

A slight emotional situation has crept in in that short strip of talk between the cues mentioned. It would not take thirty seconds to play these lines, yet twice in that time, Yvon has not heard what his father is trying to tell him. This, we know, is not a normal reaction. It is an abnormal one.

In cues 27 and 28 which come next we have a strengthening of the effect of uncertainty, a very effective bit of emphasis through repetition. It has to do with their unreachable isolation, Brehan's line ". . . getting used to seeing no one, being alone, climbing stairs and being alone, absolutely alone." Brehan carries his point all right and with four mentions of the thing he ought to, but Yvon picks it right up and gives it a personal interpretation that is freighted with a good deal more than the casual irksomeness of solitude. He's afraid now, and we know it. And whether we like it or not, our nerves are going to jump every time his do.

No single force, no single effect, no single trick of writing, can, by itself, account for the affective sum of the story up to this point. Our sensation is the result of the combined impacts of all of these devices, adroitly integrated, neatly synthesized. If the radio writer can plant this much at the beginning, he has done more to assure the success of his story than any amount of subsequent plot development can possibly do. If he has, this early, caught the mind and the imagination of his audience and persuaded it to participate in the feelings and the futures of his characters, he is safe. His audience has become a seeing one.

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The True Function of Pacing as It Is Applied to the Radio Script

Next we shall investigate one of radio's most troublesome problems, troublesome because unapparent. It has to do with pacing. Pacing and timing are terms often used interchangeably in radio. I have never been able to understand why. They have nothing to do with each other. If they are related in any way, they don't look alike and don't behave alike. Their functions aren't even associable. Pacing is the responsibility of the writer, timing that of the director. Pacing is a change in quality, timing a shift in speed. Pacing has to do with thought and emotion, timing with delivery. There are too many intangibles surrounding and supporting the full meaning of pacing to permit a memorizable definition, but I believe I can approach one and will set it down: *Pacing is the method by which the dramatist advances his argument and moves the immediate focus of story development either from one character to another or from one idea to another.*

Pacing has a tonal value without which all drama would be dull and insipid. Dullness is the one and the only unforgivable sin in the writer's code. Every other fault is a misdemeanor. Good dramatists understand pacing by instinct. Bad dramatists have to learn what it is.

Let us look at a few lines beginning with cue 30. We have been on the air slightly over three minutes by now and have discharged all our introductory obligations. We are a long way from being ready to make gratifying revelations about Yvon, however, and in fact have hardly started teasing our audience with him. But we need some sort of change. We cannot afford to lose what atmosphere we have built, yet we need to get on. How is this done here? *By introducing a new subject of conversation.* It is as simple as this, and just as useful as it is simple. The instant we call attention to something not yet noted, we have refreshed our audience. Something else usually happens too. There is new character reaction to this new material. In this case we have it quite definitely. The indistinctness which has thus far blurred our image of Yvon—and of his father also—is giving way rapidly to the crystallizing delineations of a very particular person. He will soon be someone recognizable.

In the short section between cues 30 and 37 we make much progress in the way of characterization by setting off the father against the son. We have had a subconscious feeling

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about these two, suspecting the older man to be a warmer and a more generous spirit. We now find this to be true. In Brehan we find maturity, wisdom, experience, philosophy, and a pathetic sort of inarticulate romanticism. What do Yvon's responses reveal? That he is a young, realistic, apprehensive, blunt, and complaining apprentice. Brehan is, or seems to be, a liberal; Yvon an ill-tempered navvy with no more conversational aptitude than a snipe. He's a biter and a denier, and if we didn't suspect that there was something wrong with him, we'd be satisfied to leave him stranded on his rock. But we don't feel like doing this. For one reason, we're half afraid that he may break out with a bad case of nerves at any moment and we know if he does, we will. So when he snubs his father or contradicts him directly, it does not destroy our sympathy with Yvon as a person. We may even feel his chagrin at being told he is falling a victim to the habit of talking to himself, and if we do, we can certainly understand his headstrong objection to fraternizing with anything so senile.

We are talking about pacing. The sequence into which we have just looked is in both objectiveness and attitude very different from the one which precedes it. It does not seem to be very different until carefully scrutinized. The one which immediately follows is also different, being in effect a return to the opening atmosphere. Read swiftly, it all sounds like two men talking to each other in a lighthouse. Reread, it begins to take on the substance of careful dramatic prearrangement in which every overtone and undertone is deliberately strung to intrigue us and to do so without our being conscious of the tuning process. The techniques here are well concealed but their psychological effect is moving. This is the mark of the good craftsman.

As we go forward, I suggest that the student mark this book as frequently as he cares to. It will be a good idea now if he makes a marginal bracket which will include the dialogue between cues 29 and 37; another bracket from 38 through 46; and a third from 47 through 61. Checking them off in this manner will enable the reader to see these bits as separate sections and to see how they link themselves into their proper places in the rest of the story. Is there anything in these three sections of writing that calls for the resources of a superior intellect? Decidedly no. It is straight dialogue of the simplest sort, requiring no skill other than a capacity to set down a sequence of pertinent sentences. Remember too that the writer

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of this piece is completely untouched by anything corresponding to plot complications. He is working with one single idea, an idea which no doubt came to him out of nowhere and came to him as naked as the simple question: "Wouldn't it be terrible if a man broke out with hydrophobia while on duty in some remote lighthouse?"

If we were to offer such a suggestion to our friends as a casual subject of conversation, we would be told to take a brisk walk. This would discourage the instinctive dramatist not at all. Instantly the idea had seized his mind, he would begin to fit it into a physical setup, pick out his lighthouse, put people in it. From this most modest of germinal stages, he would move into the core of the problem he has given himself: "How am I going to make it *important?*"

Pacing as It Applies to Character Delineation

We have been looking at this very thing. The bracketed sections are fairly good evidences of this technique *at work*. We can have only a very mild sort of horror unless we are made to care about the *people* to whom the horrible things are to happen. Already we are forced into a rather reluctant respect for the older Frenchman—a sort of Oxford Blue of the geodetic survey. He's disciplined, competent, and resourceful, a good man for a lighthouse. Look again at cue 42: "Of course it's a cruel crag. That's why there's a light on it." This is far more revelatory than we had at first supposed. It is the expression of a practical man, a man who stands for no nonsense. Brehan, we are afraid, is unimaginative. But these characteristics do not divorce him from us. They do not because he has engaged our respect. He's kept the light burning for twenty years, hasn't he?

If Brehan has no use for rambling suppositions, Yvon has much. It is Yvon who does all the imagining, and it is through Yvon's hesitancies, his broken and arrested lines, that we are led to the climactic thrust. Yvon has been, first, querulous and stubborn, then gruff, and finally in the illuminating episode beginning with cue 47, intensely affecting. The fact though that he has been both gruff and stubborn up to this cue and that with this cue he begins a series of tentative and almost tender advances, explains why these very advances gain significant pulling power. When he finally comes out with the phrase: "When he *died?*" (55), we cannot avoid a strong feeling of sympathy. Furthermore, we are startled. Why should it

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interest him so? Manifestly, Yvon is afraid for himself. We don't know at all why but we suspect he may have reason. Definitely he wants and needs comfort, and knowing this we excuse and understand his previous irascibility. He's behaving like a man who's scared stiff.

What has all this to do with writing and with radio writing? Simply this, that an astute use of the immeasurable values of pace change has converted a sleazy concept into a piece of firm and enticing melodrama. I hope that it means something more than that too, in the light of our own analysis—that good pacing is an acquirable skill. Keeping people *excited* is the aim of the good dramatist, excited about a person or a circumstance. Pacing is the best club in the bag.

I see no good reason to go through the remainder of this playlet, pointing out all the pace changes which occur. There are about twenty more and the reader may work them out as he sees and feels them. If they are marked off, bracketed, or underlined, they will stand forth more vividly.

We have now seen how the lighthouse story got started; how with a short spot of realistic talk and a single identifying sound sequence, we were brought into an unusual locale and made to feel, if not at home in it, certainly very much in it; how with almost nothing to work with in the way of progressive development, there was progressive development and that it was created and sustained by constantly shifting the undercurrent of feeling, foreboding, and uncertainty; how through variations in the way our characters took things, and through changes in the focus of their conversation, we have moved forward.

If the reader has already noted the overhanging effect of cue 61 ("But wouldn't it be a dreadful thing?"); if he appreciates the dramatic irony in Brehan's disposing of the whole thing in his quick sentence (62) while we in the audience know we can't do any such thing; if he appreciates the distinction between the spot which cue 61 finishes, and the reminiscent digression which follows this cue; if he sees that these are devices calculated to keep things moving and keep them moving forward, he has then made a finding which he can put to immediate use.

With Yvon dead and the old man badly infected, we have probably spent about enough time in their lighthouse. But before leaving these unhappy people, there are one or two items not connected with the two subjects thus far explored—intro-

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ductions and pace changes—which the reader should look at and remember.

The Persistent Problem of the Monologue

In this play a very serious and continuing radio problem has been expertly solved. The problem is that of the monologue. Radio, still clumsy in the way it handles monologue, usually handles it by leaving it alone. Leaving it alone is surely the best way to handle it. Almost always the appearance of monologue in a script gives away the author and shows him as having stumbled into a quagmire that is the result of bad leakage in his structural plan. The writer, in such cases, has backed his play into a corner and must now back it out again. Such backing in and out is a dreadful thing to watch on the stage and even more distressing to a radio audience. The listener's illusion evaporates instantly.

But monologue is sometimes wise, sometimes even artful. It is really bad only if used when there isn't anything else to do—that is to say, when it is unavoidable. It can be good when the audience can be persuaded that it is inevitable. Here the monologue must exactly suit the character who speaks it, and its content must be both plausible and natural.

Without this character preparation, the only idea a monologue in radio may safely convey must be limited to those moods, reactions, or intentions manifested by interjections, or interjectory sentences. Thus, with our radio stage empty save for the lone actor, we may find that he is surprised, frightened, annoyed, amused, or disappointed, and find it out by his swift ejaculatory expression, his quick and spontaneous phrase. He can do this much with safety because in so doing his responses are as genuine as our own would be under the same conditions.

It is when our hero breaks out with a long and revealing statement that trouble appears. He may suddenly and for no reason—in the case of the inexpert monologue—begin wondering if he knows where the valuable papers are hidden and who sent the mysterious telegram and whether the poison will disable the engineer before the Midnight Flier strikes those boulders in the Big Horn cut. As soon as this sort of nonsense is well started, our audience begins to squirm and look sideways at his neighbor. It is like seeing the face of an old friend turn suddenly into a pattern of polka dots. This is the way we feel when a monologue takes us by surprise. There has been no character preparation for it.

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In the case of our characters in the lighthouse story we find (a) that Brehan openly acknowledges the habit of talking to himself; (b) that Yvon grudgingly acknowledges it; and (c) that "talking to oneself" is the normal result of being alone in a familiar and tiresome confinement. So it does not—it cannot—come as any surprise when we discover Brehan in the midst of his first monologue. He has practically told us to watch out for it. He has certainly shown himself to be a good one for puttering and muttering—a friendly old codger, intellectually rambling, and loose-hung.

Yvon's monologues are not so successful as his father's but the author still must be credited with having legitimatized them. Further, it is of much greater importance dramatically that we accept Brehan's, for by the time Yvon is out of the way, and the play still having a good four minutes to go, there is no one to take charge save Brehan and the Sound crew.

The author, by early planning, has prepared us for exactly this. Had he not done so; had he tossed in Brehan's final scene without this previous preparation, we would have had a poor play indeed, a jerky and bewildering tableau boxing its own shadow without either sense or reality.

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CHAPTER III

SOUND EFFECTS

THE layman is unshakably convinced that Sound effects are the pulse of the radio bloodstream, and that if broadcasters were denied this exciting accessory, they would be obliged to retire to some lesser level of cultural usefulness. I doubt if this is so. At the same time it is true that radio makes much use of its Sound Department.

Sound effects tease the imagination into an acceptance of illusions which could not otherwise be achieved. Sound effects have a positive and constructive value in the building and advancement of most scenes dealing with atmosphere or movement. But this value is both limited and measurable.

Sound is not an indispensable adjunct to radio. In a few moments I shall endeavor to illustrate this by incorporating the text of a thirty-minute script which contains no Sound cues at all. The script is interesting for a second—if incidental—reason. It is the work of a man I consider not only thoroughly competent but one of the very few writers I know to have been started, developed, and perfected (as a specialized workman) by the radio industry.

THE BASIC RULE FOR THE USE OF SOUND

May I repeat that Sound is not imperative. *If Sound does not clarify a piece of stage business; if Sound does not emphasize or fix a spoken line; if Sound does not intensify atmosphere, it does not belong in the script.*

The tyro may disagree with this, defending his opinion with the observation that all the broadcasts he has heard contained Sound effects of many sorts and frequencies and that they came at the rate of about one a minute. Unfortunately, this is close enough to the average to be bothersome, and it is unfortunate because it leads to trouble.

Here are some of the characteristic troubles: CBS each month receives many hundreds of unsolicited scripts and a large percentage of these scripts include Sound cues for such implausible niceties as: "sound of old man dropping page of

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parchment on thick rug"; "sound of cow kicking over pail of sour milk"; "sound of Captain Bligh thumping twice on fo'c'sle table to order bottle of wine he obviously has no time to drink."

Sound engineers never see cues like these. It is good for their sanity that they do not, but the Script Division sees them every day. I do not know what would happen if the Sound department were confronted, by accident, with one of the quoted directions, but I can imagine that the disturbance would be impressive. And why shouldn't it!

Such requirements raise questions, and here are the questions they raise: Does a young man—as contrasted with an old man—make a different sound when he drops parchment on a rug? a different sound when he drops parchment on a "thick" rug? Does a cow make a different sound when kicking over a pail of sweet milk as it makes when it kicks over a pail of sour? If Captain Bligh thumps twice when he wants wine he hasn't time for, are we to guess that he will thump but once when he has all afternoon? And why the fo'c'sle? Why not the ship's store?

I know nothing about kicking over sour milk and little about kicking over sweet, and while conscious that Sound engineers are more inventive than I am, I can still sympathize with their consternation when faced with a problem of such whispering distinctions. We can take this nonsense to its final absurdity by exploring the adverb "obviously." Let the reader remember that all the Sound engineer can do is to give two thumps. That is the actual extent of the direction. It's quite true that Sound can do much in the realm of thumping—loud or soft, near or far, coarse or tender. Sound can thump on a solid beam of mahogany one minute and on a hollow section of quarter-sawed oak the next; on the skull of a missionary or the bottom of a jug. Sound engineers have spent years with thumps, but the thump that will describe Captain Bligh as having thumped "on a table" which was the "fo'c'sle" table, that the thump meant he wanted wine, that the thump further meant that he couldn't drink the wine because obviously he had no time—this will take some thumping.

The sequence of the Bligh thumps—while more demanding than most—is very characteristic of a whole column of amateurish blunders. The "parchment" and the "sour milk" sequences belong in this column too. *These are not sound cues.* They are titles for pictures. They are straight prose for a

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reader. They are explanatory notes for an observer. They are totally without relation to the listener or to the Sound crew.

SECONDARY SOUND RULES

This very common error, one of the first symptoms of the beginner's work, can be avoided by the application of two simple rules:

1. *Never use adjectives or adverbs in a Sound cue unless those adjectives and adverbs qualify either perspective or volume.*

2. *Never use a Sound cue to indicate the physical action or intention of a character unless the action is already under way or the intention already known.*

Our next problem is more respectable than the preceding because it is more dangerous. And it is dangerous because usually it is the work of a literate writer, and very often a writer of good intelligence. Here is the most horrible example I ever saw:

1 *Biz.—Music . . . sharp, quick chord.*
2 DR. BURKE.—Oogallalla and his tribe have just returned from battle and the hunt. . . .
3 *Biz.—Sounds of many heavy feet with grunts and groans and gutturals . . . also tom-toms . . . clattering of wooden mace on shield.*
4 DR. BURKE.—They pile the day's kill in a heap. . . .
5 *Biz.—Heavy bodies dropping with a thud . . . intermittent tom-toms . . . somewhat disordered . . . scraping noises . . . grunts.*
6 DR. BURKE.—An antelope . . . a tiger-skin stripped from the body of that ferocious man-eater Oogallalla killed a few short hours ago . . . there are birds and other small game . . . the women of the tribe prepare the fires . . .
7 *Biz.—Rough female cackle . . . cries of children . . . barking dogs . . . crackling of fire . . . flint on stone, etc.*
8 DR. BURKE.—The women tend the young . . . and well toward the center of the cave a wounded warrior rests upon a couch of skins prepared upon a flat rock . . . the warrior groans . . .
9 *Biz.—Groans of wounded warrior . . . barking of dogs . . . sound of mingled gutturals . . . integrated chords of music . . . a tom-tom dirge . . . big music . . . thunder . . . tom-toms . . . fading . . . rising . . . fading.*
10 DR. BURKE.—Hear those grunts and groans . . . hear the shrieks . . .
11 *Biz. Sounds of music suited to the words.*

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12 Dr. Burke.—They roll their eyes . . . they look towards the angry heavens . . . someone flings an arrow . . . a messenger to their gods. . . .

13 *Biz.—The ping of arrows . . . the whirr of bows . . . the clash of clubs on rocks and spears on shields . . . shouts and screams . . . barking dogs . . . crying children.*

14 Dr. Burke.—Another casts a stone . . . thunder rends the sky . . . the rain pelts down . . . the skies grow black . . . they all rush to the mouth of the cave and point as forked lightning lights the world . . .

15 *Biz.—We hear all the sounds described in the foregoing coincident with the action and intermingled with* suitable *music.*

The mistake here is known as "overloading," and I am sure that even the most innocent novice has a working idea of the trouble illustrated. Overloading is the result either of bad judgment, overexcitement, or a visual instead of an aural perspective. Here it seems to be all three at once.

Reading the example, no one can doubt the literacy of its author. Yet he has contrived, in this naïve but vigorous rhapsody, to turn a few English sentences into a pestilence of untranslatable awfulness.

The trouble begins at once. While no director nor Sound engineer can object to "rising music," nor to "rising music with tom-toms," nor even to rising music with tom-toms and a scream or two, the groans and the grunts will begin to distress him. Should they all be run together or should they be cued in sequence? Does B prepare to groan as A's scream overrides the tom-tom, while C stands by ready to grunt?

This astonishing organum is soon amplified with "gutturals," "many heavy feet," and "the clattering of wooden mace on shield." Sound effects, theoretically, could introduce at this point the gutturals, the heavy feet, and the clattering, but if they could introduce a clatter so extraordinary as to indicate the rataplan of a mace that was wooden and that was rapping against a shield, then we are indeed living in an age of engineering marvels.

Next we move through a crashing parade of barking dogs, crying children, crackling fire, cackling females, integrated chords, tom-toms and thunder, pinging arrows and whirring bows, and stone flints, rocks, clubs and spears, and then on to the orchestral pay-off in which the musicians are urged to be "suitable." Even a nonunion piccolo player would balk.

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The writer has here taken to himself a stereotyped conception of the life and times of "Og, Son of Fire"—or a close friend—and bejeweled it with every ornament he could think of, which was more than enough. Further, he's attempted to make exciting *reading* out of his Sound cues. Granted that he has almost succeeded in this effort in that the directions are hardly less thrilling than the text, the listener is still embarrassed: he hasn't had time to hear anything because of the noise.

In trying to find the cause for so much hysterical business, we may have a clue in cue 7. Here we find that the fire is blazing away nicely just before the flint is struck that sparks it into combustion. The author is either very careless or very bad at firelighting. I believe he is careless—careless and joyously indiscriminate. I believe that when he had finished with his whiz-banging orgy, he looked at his script and it looked good to him. He didn't have to listen to anything. In fact he hadn't *heard* anything when he wrote it. Everything in it is completely visual. To him the assignment had been one in journalism. This is the way he took it and this is the way it came out. This, also, is the reason it went back where it came from. Though visual to him, he had given no time at all to making it visual to his audience. Quite obviously it had not entered his head that such an effort would have been most acceptable to the entire studio crew, as well as to those thousands of listeners who will now never know what they missed.

Sound is important. This is not and cannot be disputed. I have said, however, that this importance is a limited one, and for the student it will be safer to think of Sound as something to be used sparingly. Consider it, if you will, as vanilla in a cake recipe. Measure it out with care. A little of it is enough. It is another tool, another flavor, another voice which by judicious handling will serve its purpose in enhancing the whole.

If the modern symphony orchestra has been improved by the inclusion of a row of saxophones—and many claim this to be true—it is also true that good symphonies were composed long before saxophones were perpetrated upon us. Beethoven's scoring for the brass section of the orchestra of his time is considered pretty poor stuff today—his horns not yet having developed pistons—but his rating is still respectable and his music will bring enjoyment to many millions for more years than anyone can predict. Had the composer known of the existence of anything which would do for his orchestra what Sound does

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for a script, it is probable that he would have used this thing and used it well. But his not knowing about it seems, today, to have deprived him of little. He wrote a good script in the first place. Nothing can discredit this, not even saxophones. This analogy explains what is to me the relation of Sound to script.

It may be of some help to those who are still fearful of using Sound improperly if they were to put down boldly what they think should be said and then examine what they now see as if they were responsible for the reproduction in Sound of what they have written in words. Imagine yourself standing behind the Sound table with fifty pieces of equipment before you and a half dozen turntables of recorded Sound at either hand. Can these be ordered and blended to do what you have asked them to do? With very little thought put to the matter the average intelligence will see at once that the simpler operation is likely to be the more effective. It is likely to be more effective because, from the engineering point of view, it is under better control; and from the listening point of view there is less risk of distraction and less risk of misunderstanding.

I remember a remarkable Sound sequence in a script which came to CBS two or three years ago. It was a murder story, somebody being stabbed in a belfry. The victim, as I recall, was the bellman. He was in the belfry ringing the bells. (We can let this one go.) It was Christmas Eve, and very probably midnight. The killer crept up the shaky stairs. We were to see this, of course, by the heavy clumping and the heavier breathing. The sound of clumping changed somehow to a sound indicating that the killer had now reached the top of the last flight of stairs and had begun mounting a ladder which led to the belfry itself. A few pauses on the ladder. "The sound of a knife being pulled from sheath and placed between teeth. Another pause. The bells. A lunge and a scream. Body falling down. Silence. Only the bells."

The author of this, though deficient in Christmas spirit, had a certain pictorial sense. He had something else too which appeared only after reading a note which he had attached to the script. "In the final passage where the murderer approaches his victim, the first pause denotes he is getting his wind back and the second pause denotes he is studying how to strike his victim. The 'silence' called for should be only for a second or two denoting that the murderer immediately starts ringing the bells himself after he has killed the man, to avoid being caught since the bells keep on ringing. No suspicions are aroused."

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I like the idea of having the bells go right on, and although the maneuver is a device-type, I have no doubt but that this one was completely original with the author who sent it in. As to the sequence, there is little need to say anything since we have examined others even worse. But I have preserved the note just quoted because by the persistent frequency with which this author's mistake appears we must set it down now as rule three:

3. Never use the word "denote" in a Sound cue.

I think the reason is clear. If the sound, of itself, does not denote what it is intended to denote, it is no good, and all the denoting in the world can bring no more meaning to it.

These rules should help, but they will not solve everything. Nothing will; nothing save the application of sense. Self-criticism is the readiest attack, and dispassionate re-reading the best plan with which to start. Read your piece over not to see how beautifully it flows but how badly it creaks. Especially re-read the directions you have given the Sound engineers. When the offending spots have been found, it is probable that the cause also will soon appear.

Use "What" Sound?

Specifically what can a good Sound crew do? What is its ultimate extension? This cannot be answered satisfactorily by a word or two, but I believe it can be given an expression. Sound can reproduce, in quality, pitch, and volume, everything which the human ear can hear. Many of these sounds can be reproduced so accurately that even the most acute ear cannot distinguish the true from the manufactured.

The main reason the problem of Sound is permitted to be a complicated problem is because too often Sound is asked to do more than the ear itself can accommodate. If we look back for a moment to the demands which were made on the Sound Department in the cave-man script, we see what would have happened had the microphones been bombarded with everything called for: we would have heard just exactly what some neolithic Marco Polo would have heard if he'd been listening in on the hunting scene when it happened. He would have heard a mighty clamor. He would not have heard an intricate and resounding grouping of separable sound units, but the convergence of all these units into a great funnel of noise. And he would have covered his ears.

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I have mentioned some of the abuses of Sound, but it would indeed be unfortunate if the student, as a result of too much caution, were to become shy of the uses of Sound. By all means use it. It belongs to radio and to the radio writer. Its proper use, even if it won't sell the script for him, will at least mark the author as a noticing and thinking person.

Use *what* sounds? Any sounds with which you and your audience are acquainted or any sounds which are naturally associated with the business of your characters. If you want the unique friction squeak which comes from walking on dry snow on a very cold night, don't hesitate to use it. Sound Departments have it. There is no other sound in the world that is like it and its perfect reproduction is unmistakable—even to the quick succession of tiny crunches as the snow packs under your heel. Household sounds of every sort are constantly asked for and I know of no case in which the ingenuity of Sound engineers has here failed. I have heard garbage dumped, even to the suburban refinement of that back-porch operation in which the sink strainer is banged on the rim of the garbage can. Piping hot water comes out of a faucet with a different sound from cold water and this distinction (a little effete but sometimes wanted in hospital scripts) has been successfully accomplished. Sound effects can shake furnaces, pop corn, polish silverware, wash dishes, fry eggs, percolate coffee, drip jelly, stir batter, sweep, iron, and spin. Sound effects cannot knit, tat, crochet, or embroider. Sound effects can sprinkle the front yard, trim the hedge, spray fruit trees, paint the garage, roll the tennis court, mow the lawn, shingle the roof, or burn the house down entirely. But Sound effects cannot put a handkerchief over the face of an old lady just expired. They can do none of those things which you can only see. They can do all of those things which you can hear.

Whatever you may sincerely and constructively ask for, you may be sure in turn that a sincere and constructive effort will be made to produce it. Nothing delights a good Sound Department so much as a sensible challenge. In 1933 I saw the department spend four days in perfecting an assignment which required the turning of cream into butter with an old-fashioned rocking-churn. They did it, too, with the slosh turning into a stiffer slosh, and turning finally into no slosh at all, into nothing but the ball of congealed butter fat flattening dully against the ribs of the moving barrel.

This should be encouraging. It would be more encourag-

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"Terror by Night"

Earl McGill, second from left, director of the thriller series, checks a timing. At extreme right is Orson Welles, and next to him, Ray Collins. Opposite (with furs) is Martha Scott, young star of Thornton Wilder's play "Our Town." The cast is approaching the climax of the famous Polish horror, "The Bells."

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The CBS Writing Staff at WABC, in New York

Left to right, Gilbert Godfrey, William Fineshriber, Robert Smith (in rear), Margaret Lewerth, John Hines, the author, Lloyd Free, Nila Mack, Charles Jackson. (Note: before being appointed to the Staff, Godfrey, Smith and Hines were members of the Columbia Apprentice group. Lloyd Free is a Rockefeller Fellow.)

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ing still if an individual not acquainted with the curiosities and work habits of Sound engineers were permitted to spend a few hours in their company. In addition to the 55,000 different sounds which the CBS Sound Laboratory has devised and which it can turn on for the listener without rehearsal, there is still another aspect which brings something approaching nobility to this profession. Many of the sounds which it has captured are possible only after much invention, preparation, and previous experience. In order that a new engineer may be able to duplicate everything in the laboratory, a descriptive file of the more complicated sounds is kept and augmented as new effects are developed. These files make strange reading but something of their content should be known. The student will be comforted to find that the results of such able workmen are at his disposal.

In this file Sounds are listed under types such as Crashes (with subheadings of Landslide, Car, Airplane, Plate Glass Window, Shipwreck, Shipwreck in Ice, etc.); Human Body Assaults (Hitting a Man on the Head, Stabbing a Man, Knocking Man Down by Punching, etc.); Walking (on Hardwood Floor, Lady; on Hardwood Floor, Man; on Planks; on Ship's Deck; on Snowshoes; Ice; Mud; Sand; Hard Beach; Hard Beach, Damp; Pebbles; Cement; etc.); Motors and Engines (Ferryboat, Ferryboat Docking, Put-put, Sea-Sled, Ford Model T, Ford V-8, Airplane, single motor; Airplane, two-motor; Airplane, two-motor, one missing; etc.).

Surely these examples show an honest interest in the matter of Sound. And that laboratory findings will not be lost, but instead made quickly available for studio use, full explanations and directions are kept which describe in workable detail the manner in which the effect can be achieved. We have noted the classification "Human Body Assaults." According to the CBS Sound Division the human body can be assaulted in over thirty ways. One of the most popular is listed under the subtitle: "Hitting Man on Head." The file card gives us two methods: (a) "to hit a man on the head with a blunt instrument such as a blackjack, use hammer handle on head of cabbage," or (b) "hit back of your hand with damp powder puff (large puff as for dusting powder) and perform operation close to microphone." For "Stabbing a Man" the files recommend "sticking dull bayonet into head of cabbage or into raw chicken. Effect of flesh-tear if cabbage is used is realistic, since layers of cab-

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bage leaves are penetrated. Effect with chicken is better still since flesh-tear is real."

Walter R. Pierson, Chief Sound Engineer of the Columbia Broadcasting System, in an informal talk before the Institute for Education by Radio at Ohio State University made some interesting observations in the spring of 1937 regarding the development of his peculiar profession. Sound engineers in radio, he said, had to start from scratch. They preceded by five years the innovation of Sound in motion pictures, so were unable to draw anything from this source. Turning to the theater they found that Sound effects, as conceived by Broadway prop men, were few, inaccurate, and stylized, and that the whole field was restricted to little more than wind machines, rain machines, thunder sheets, klaxons, telephones, clocks, and doorbells.

Any perceptive playgoer knows this to be true and knows further that the Sound effects he has heard in stage plays have been most inadequate. Does the reader recall, for example, ever hearing any variation in the way off-stage doors are slammed in the theater? It is almost as if there were one privately owned portable door which moves around town from theater to theater and waits ajar in the wings for somebody to come along and slam it.

The past year has seen a marked improvement in Sound effects on the stage, and some play programs have even gone so far as to give special credit to this department, listing, along with costumes, lighting effects, technical equipment, etc., such a credit line as "Sound Effects by So-and-So," or "Animal Noises by ——," as in the play "Of Mice and Men." All this is a direct result of the influence of radio and its highly perfected Sound equipment. People who have seen "Our Town" and "Of Mice and Men" on the stage—to mention two examples—will recall the importance of Sound in both of these plays, apart from the spoken dialogue. In the former play we hear the milk bottles rattling in their steel basket as the milkman makes his rounds with his imaginary props; we hear the horse whinny, we hear the Boston train whistling far off in the hills, and the school bell summoning the children to school in the morning. Even more so does "Of Mice and Men" depend on Sound effects for its atmosphere: the opening scene is full of insect sounds, strange bird calls, and the cry of a coyote, to make us feel at once the loneliness of the swamp on the edge of the desert; and later we hear dogs howling, gun shots, horses

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champing in their stalls, and the iron clank of horseshoes striking the stake as the men pitch quoits off stage. These effects heighten the authenticity of the atmosphere of the play (they also help to cover up the sound of a murder) as they do of the radio script; and it is safe to say that this department of the theater has been developed and improved only because radio has made the public conscious of the dramatic value of Sound.

In fairness to the theater, it must of course be admitted that Sound on the stage does not require the same special attention it does in radio. If we aren't convinced by what we hear floating in from the wings or up from below-stage, we can at least make a good guess at the thing by watching its effect on the people before us. In radio there is no such opportunity. If the effect doesn't speak for itself when it is let loose before a microphone, the program will have to score a loss at that point.

To prevent this loss, Sound engineers have spent over fifteen years putting together crazy combinations of cellophane and peach baskets, cocoanut shells and razor blades, to create an exact and positive illusion. They have experimented with thousands of Sound recordings. These years have been at once highly imaginative and coldly practical, and the line of thinking and of experiment can be grasped from a few sample excerpts from Mr. Pierson's address at Ohio State.

In this speech he devoted one paragraph to doors. The quotation is interesting for what it reveals in the way of sheer conscientiousness of effort. "There are numerous types of house doors," he says. "Nearly twenty different models of these have been built and tried out in our laboratory. For utility studio purposes generally the best door we have found is a standard panel door, 45 inches high by 30 inches wide, and one and three-quarters inches thick. This is mounted in a heavy frame of 2 by 6-inch kiln-dried oak. The frame is of dovetail construction in order to avoid warping and to withstand rough handling. Heavy hardware must be used if realistic Sound is to be expected. On the side of the frame opposite the door-side, an acoustical baffle of one-inch celotex is hung on hinges. By opening or closing this baffle, the door may be livened or deadened at will. The baffle may be removed and a screen door inserted in its place, thus extending its usefulness. The whole unit is mounted on rubber-wheeled casters for quiet portability."

For water Sounds manufactured in the studio rather than taken from recordings, he says: "One of the most indispensable

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effects in radio is that of water splashes, swimming, lapping of water on the sides of a boat, and the like. We have found that the most satisfactory piece of equipment is a square metal tube of heavy copper, 20 by 12 inches. Inside this a canvas lining is fitted to keep the water from hitting the metal walls. This is important. If the water splashes against the metal, we do not get true unconfined water effects but the effect of water in a dishpan. And if we want a dishpan, we may use either a dishpan or our copper tub with the lining removed."

In their work with recorded Sound, the CBS laboratory assisted in the development of an extremely useful gadget. It is the record spotting device and makes it possible for a Sound engineer to hit the desired spot of a record on cue. "By throwing a switch the spotter can drop the pick-up arm to the record so accurately that it will actually split a word into syllables. In other words, the spotter not only spots to a particular groove on the record but also spots to any selected spot on the circumference of that groove."

This device is so useful that it can be found in almost any modern broadcasting studio which originates dramatic programs. But it is only one of many hundreds which today make up the full battery of the Sound resources of the major networks.

Any servicing department whose record of exploration covers questions of everything from cavity resonance in turntable consoles to signal time-lags in reverberation chambers is entitled to confidence and respect. The radio writer may turn over his Sound problem to the good offices of this unique fraternity without fear. If the writer can put it on a piece of paper, the engineer can put it into a microphone.

In bringing to a close our brief excursion into this strange but lively department, there are two points to be remembered and both of them have been made before: Sound can take care of your problem if it is a Sound problem, but Sound won't touch it if it is a problem in photography. The second point to remember is this: that Sound is auxiliary and not requisite; Sound is a technique but not an art, a creature of mechanics; and in the vast fleet of radio's dramatic realities, Sound will always be a tugboat, pushing and puffing at the heavier cargo of script.

Here, then, is the script written by Charles Tazewell, which has no Sound effects, and it is being incorporated at this time to put Sound in its place. This place is indeed a respectable

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one, and will continue to be so just as long as the writer recognizes that the virtues of Sound are qualitative and not quantitative.

J. SMITH AND WIFE

J. SMITH.—Known to friends and relatives as "Johnny—good old Johnny" whom you can touch for ten dollars and know that he'll not remind you of the debt for fear of hurting your feelings. He is thirty-one years old, a bit shy, and while not defeated by life, he has the resignation of thousands of his type. He is mild, unassuming, and he believes in three things—God, the printed bulletins issued at the Office, and the Ten Commandments.

AND WIFE.—"Mary"—just an ordinary girl who has become an ordinary wife and mother in the ordinary way. She was called "May" by the other girls behind the candy counter at the five-and-ten before she married Johnny—but the name May didn't fit her. It had a "party-girl" sound that she couldn't live up to. She has been married to Johnny for ten years. She believes in God, Johnny, and Johnny.

THE KEEPER OF THE GATE.—A kindly old man—wearied of seeing all the people who pass his way.

THE VOICE.—A deep, kindly resonant voice. One that holds all the kindness and compassion of all gods and all people. Not a ministerial voice—but one that is of the earth and the dust of the road.

There are no sound effects in this radio drama. There is no striving for dramatic effect. Its success depends entirely on the utter honesty and absolute simplicity of the players' work.

1 *Biz.—Chimes. . . .*
2 ANNOUNCER.—The story begins.
3 *Organ.—Light melody.*
4 THE VOICE.—"Therefore speak I to them in parables;
Because seeing they see not,
And hearing they hear not,
Neither do they understand. . . ."
5 *Music.—Harp continues for a moment, then dims down and out.*

(*The voices of* MARY *and* JOHNNY *have an awed, hushed note . . . two strangers who are not sure of themselves nor at ease . . . but finding themselves face-to-face with beauty they haven't the words to express.*)

6 MARY.—Gee— Gee, it's—it's awful pretty, isn't it, Johnny?
7 JOHNNY.—Yeah— Yeah—it's all right.
8 MARY.—Y'know what? It looks something like the gardens in Central Park—only diff'rent somehow.

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9 JOHNNY.—Yeah— Yeah, it does, Mary.
10 MARY.—I— I wonder how you'd get in there.
11 JOHNNY.—Well—I guess there must be a gate somewhere. People got to get in and out.
12 MARY.—Yes— Yes, sure they do. (*With forced gaiety*) They couldn't go climbin' over the fence, could they?
13 JOHNNY.—No, I guess not. They'd look pretty funny. Sure—there's got to be a gate.
14 MARY.—Sure— Gee— D'you s'pose they'd let us go in there?
15 JOHNNY (*with false assurance*).—Sure—why not?
16 MARY.—That'd be—swell, wouldn't it?
17 JOHNNY.—Yeah— Yeah, I guess it would. You could walk around an' look at the flowers. You always kinda liked them.
18 MARY.—Yeah— Remember the time that friend of yours took us out to Long Island?
19 JOHNNY.—Charlie Brown?
20 MARY.—Yeah—that was him. We rode in the rumble seat—an' we brought back all the flowers—dogwood they said it was.
21 JOHNNY.—Sure—sure, we had a good time, didn't we?
22 MARY.—Yeah— Gee—we had 'em around the apartment for 'most a week. I never saw flowers last so long.
23 JOHNNY.—Yeah—y'kept 'em till they were all dried up.
24 MARY.—Yeah—I know. I just kinda hated to throw 'em away. While they was around I could sort of look at 'em and remember what a swell time we had.
25 JOHNNY.—Sure—sure you could.
26 MARY.—The geraniums an' things I raised out on the fire-escape were pretty—the neighbors all spoke about how pretty they were. Mrs. Cohen asked me how I brought 'em up so healthy and all—but somehow they weren't like the ones we got out on the Island. You could close your eyes an' smell 'em an' think you was right out in the woods.
27 JOHNNY.—Yeah—I guess that was because they grew kinda wildlike. Those flowers inside the fence are something like 'em. If we could get inside—I—I don't suppose they'd let you pick any—but you could look at 'em.
28 MARY.—Sure—sure that'd be just as good.
29 JOHNNY.—Say—say, ain't that a gate over there?
30 MARY.—Yes—yes, I guess it is. It looks like it's all gilt or gold.
31 JOHNNY.—It'd be gold. They wouldn't have no call to use nothing else.
32 MARY.—Yeah— Gee— It's so bright it almost hurts your

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eyes, don't it? It's bright and shiny like my wedding ring was when I first wore it.

33 JOHNNY.—Yeah— Yeah, you know, I wish I'd had a chance to get you a good ring, Mary. I've been plannin' to for a long time—

34 MARY.—I know, Johnny—but don't you think about it. I was always happy an' sort of proud wearin' that ring.

35 JOHNNY.—Yeah, but—but that was just a cheap one—only gold-plated. I'd have liked to have got you a swell one—you know—solid.

36 MARY.—Sure—but that one was just as good—an' it meant the same thing. Why—why. I wouldn't have wanted a better one—it'd just been ruined with my hands in dish-water and washin' out the baby's diapers when he was little. Sure it would. Why—why it'd just been a waste of money.

37 JOHNNY.—Well, just the same I'd a liked to have got you a better one. I didn't have the money at the time—an' then later on—afterwards—it seemed like somethin' always came along to take the money—gas bills—rent—shoes for Tommy—an'—

38 MARY.—Yes—yes. I know. (*With reassuring earnestness*) But don't you never worry none about that ring, Johnny. I was crazy about it. Sure I was—an' I wouldn't have traded it for one with fifty diamonds in it that somebody else'd give me. Gee—I guess not. Not for a hundred an' fifty. It was a swell ring. Just—just swell.

39 JOHNNY.—Yeah, but— Say, ain't that a guy sitting there by the gate?

40 MARY.—Yes. Do you s'pose he's kind of a guard?

41 JOHNNY.—I guess so. They'd have to have somebody to kinda take care of things.

42 MARY.—Sure—sure they would. (*Timidly*) Do you think you might ask him if we could go in and just—just kinda look around? We could promise not to hurt anything—just look—an' that's all.

43 JOHNNY.—Sure—sure I'll ask him. (*Trying to hide how he hates to do it*) Sure—there's no harm in askin'. Lots of guys used to stop me on the street an' ask me how to get places. Y'know, strangers in New York for the first time. I don't know why they did it—but with hundreds of people on the street they used to pick me out to ask.

44 MARY (*proudly*).—Well—they could see that you was a New Yorker—an' knew your way around.

45 JOHNNY (*complacently*).—Sure—I guess that was it. I could always tell 'em too—an' how they could get there

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easiest—on a bus or subway. Gee—I betcha two or three used to stop me every day.

46 MARY.—I always thought you oughta had that job in the information booth down at Grand Central. Gee—I betcha you'd have been swell there.

47 JOHNNY.—Yeah—yeah, maybe I would. I used to think about that sometimes when I was standin' there waitin' for you. Remember when we used to meet there before we got married to go to lunch together?

48 MARY.—Gee, yes—you used to always get there first. As I came down the steps I could see you standin' there readin' a timetable like you was a big businessman goin' out to Chicago or Toledo or Detroit.

49 JOHNNY.—Yeah—I betcha I've read every timetable they had. The guy back of the desk musta thought I was a world traveler or somethin'. He used to say "Hello" and "Well—where are you goin' today?" I betcha he'd know me right now if I walked in there. I guess that's bein' pretty well known. I betcha there ain't nobody else in all the thousands of people that go by there he'd recognize right off like that.

50 MARY (*with conviction*).—No, I guess not . . . Gee. . . . D'you remember the trips we used to plan out of those timetables while we was eatin' lunch at the one-arm place.

51 JOHNNY.—Sure—for our honeymoon we was goin' to Washington, D. C.

52 MARY.—Yeah. We decided on that instead of Niagara Falls—it didn't cost so much—an'—an' it was more educational, too.

53 JOHNNY.—I'm—I'm sorry we didn't get to go.

54 MARY.—Well—well, I'm not, Johnny. (*Bravely*) It's better like it was. You—you get so dirty travelin' an'—well, we might have got sick or somethin' eatin' in hotels—an' change of drinkin' water. (*Seizing on thought*) There's somethin' that'll make you terrible sick. My aunt went out to Jersey some place one time—an' she wasn't used to the water an' she was sick in bed all the time she was there.

55 JOHNNY.—Yeah—but—just the same I wish we could have gone. But the furniture cost more'n I thought it would—an' then the first month's rent on the apartment in advance.

56 MARY.—Sure—it costs a lot to set up housekeeping. It's the little things—the pots an' pans an' salt an' sugar—an' stuff like that. Gee—gee, wasn't we broke when we moved in?

57 JOHNNY.—I'll say we were—but the place looked swell, didn't it? Of course the elevated went right by the windows.

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58 MARY (*quickly*).—But I didn't mind that. Why—it was sort of company when I was alone there in the daytime.

59 JOHNNY.—Well, it wasn't so much, I guess—but it was—was home.

60 MARY.—Sure—why I brought some of the girls from the store up there an' they were as jealous as could be. Sure they were. An' I showed them that picture of you—the one you had taken out at Coney Island in the airplane—an' they all thought you was handsome.

61 JOHNNY.—They did?

62 MARY.—Sure they did. Why, Maizie Greenbaum—she's one of the best girls they got down at the Forty-fourth Street five-and-ten on the candy counter—whenever they got stuck on a big shipment of toasted marshmallows an' couldn't get rid of 'em, they just put Maizie on 'em an' they disappeared. Well, she's a very valuable girl, an' Maizie said you was handsome enough to be in movin' pitchers.

63 JOHNNY.—Yeah?—Well, gee. I—I always tried to keep dressed up a little. That kinda makes a guy better lookin' than he really is, y'know. I—I guess I was wearin' that coat with the belt around it when they took that pitcher.

64 MARY.—Yeah—I always meant to have Maizie come up for dinner some night—

65 JOHNNY.—Sure—that would have been nice. Why didn't you?

66 MARY.—Oh, I don't know. We just sorta lost track of each other—you got so many things to think about after you get married. I s'pect she went right on up to the top—an' maybe is the manager of some department now—maybe cosmetics or jewelry.

67 JOHNNY.—Maybe not. Maybe she got married and gave up her career like you did.

68 MARY (*modestly*).—Ohhh. I didn't give up anything.

69 JOHNNY.—Sure you did. Why—if you hadn't married a mug like me there's no tellin' where you'd have ended up.

70 MARY.—I'd have ended up just the way I started—in love with you.

71 JOHNNY.—Gee— Gee—that's swell. I always kinda wondered if you might not be sorry that—that—

72 MARY.—Sorry? No . . . No—I'm *glad*. . . . Have you ever been sorry, Johnny?

73 JOHNNY.—No!—Gee—I should say not! Gee—no. Why—why, I don't know what I'd done the last ten years without you.

74 MARY.—Well—well, you'd have got along all right.

75 JOHNNY.—No, I wouldn't. Why—why how do you s'pose

I'd ever worked my way up to be head shipping clerk at M. Lapeedus an' Sons if you hadn't encouraged me?

76 MARY.—Gee. I never knew you felt that way about it before. I thought sometimes you mighta felt the baby and me was sorta holdin' you back from gettin' some place maybe.

77 JOHNNY.—Gosh—I don't see what ever made you think a thing like that. If you'd asked me I'd have told you. You don't wanta go 'round thinkin' things like that. Gee—all you had to do was say somethin' an' I'd have told you how I felt.

78 MARY.—Sure—I know that. It doesn't matter, Johnny—nothing matters as long as you love me.

79 JOHNNY.—Sure I do. . . . Here, let me show you how much. (*Second's pause*)

80 MARY.—Gee—gee—y'—y'better not do that, Johnny. The old guy's lookin' at us. Maybe they don't allow you to do things like that here.

81 JOHNNY.—Well, say—I don't see why not. If a fellow can't kiss his own wife.

82 MARY.—Well—he might not know we was married. There's no way he could tell just by lookin' at us y'know. He might think we was just bein' mushy sort of. Y'—y'better speak to him an' ask him if we can go through the gate.

83 JOHNNY.—Okay—sure I'll ask him. (*Hesitantly*) You—you better come along over with me—an'—an' then in case it's alright we can go right in.

84 MARY.—Sure—sure I'll go with you. (*Giggling nervously*) Gee—with those whiskers he looks somethin' like the old men we used to see ridin' on the Second Avenue El, don't he?

85 JOHNNY.—Yeah—yeah, he does—uh-uhhh. Excuse me, Mister—

86 GATEKEEPER.—Welcome, my children.

87 JOHNNY.—Uh—well, thanks—

88 GATEKEEPER.—You have just arrived?

89 JOHNNY.—Yeah—yeah, we just got here. We've been lookin' around some. That's—that's a nice place you got inside the gate there. Are you the—the watchman?

90 GATEKEEPER.—I am the Keeper of the Gate. Yes.

91 JOHNNY.—It sure is a nice place. What do you call it?

92 GATEKEEPER.—The Elysian Fields.

93 JOHNNY.—Gee—gee, that's a swell name. The Elysian Fields—ain't that a swell name, Mary?

94 MARY.—Yeah—yeah, it just sort of fits in, don't it?

95 JOHNNY.—It sure does. Yes, sir, it's just sorta tailor-made. I betcha a lot of apartment house owners would like to know about that name—it's got class, you know, like

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Ravenfield Court an' Towanda Terrace. Gee—I betcha they wouldn't have no trouble a-tall getting people to move into a place called Elysian Estates—or Elysian Gardens. No—no, sir—betcha they wouldn't have a single vacancy.

96 MARY (*low*).—Johnny—Johnny—ask him about us goin' inside.

97 JOHNNY (*low*).—Oh, yeah—sure. (*Aloud*) Uh—Mister—my wife was just askin' me if it would be all right if we went in there an' looked around a little. Y'see—she kinda takes to flowers an' outdoor things—you know how it is—an' we can promise you that we won't hurt nothin'.

98 GATEKEEPER.—What is your name, please?

99 JOHNNY.—Smith. J. Smith. This is my wife—Mary—J. Smith and wife I guess they'd have us down under.

100 GATEKEEPER.—I'll see if your names are in my book.

101 JOHNNY.—Gee, that's—that's sure nice of you. I don't know how we got here—or—or what we're doin' here. Y'see we took the boy—Tommy, his name is—he's eight years old—on sort of an outin' this mornin'—I think it was this mornin'—and somethin' happened—some kind of—of accident—

102 MARY.—Accident? Oh, yes. Something—something happened to the boat—

103 GATEKEEPER.—Then you both died this afternoon?

104 JOHNNY (*stunned*).—DIED?

105 GATEKEEPER.—Yes, my son.

106 MARY.—No—no! That isn't right. We're not dead—we're alive!

107 GATEKEEPER.—It is only the dead who pass this way, my dear.

108 MARY.—But we're alive! Sure—we've got to be alive because we've only lived such a little while.

109 JOHNNY.—Mary—listen—

110 MARY.—Johnny—tell him—explain to him—let him know that we aren't like he says!

111 JOHNNY.—Well—well, I don't know, Mary. Maybe something happened to us—in the accident—it's all kinda like a dream—but maybe he's right.

112 MARY.—But he can't be right, Johnny! We ain't had a chance to do all the things we planned to do!

113 JOHNNY.—Yeah—I know—but—

114 MARY.—Gee—don't you see? Who'll take care of Tommy? He's just a baby—who'll look after him?

115 JOHNNY.—Well—well, he'll be all right, Mary. Sure he will. His Granmaw—she's crazy about him—she'll look after him.

116 MARY.—But don't you see? That's not me—it's me he

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wants. Gee—who'll see that he does his lessons—an' that he don't fight with the boy in the tailor shop—

117 JOHNNY.—Aw—aw gee, Mary. You mustn't feel like that. We're here, an'—well, I guess there ain't nothin' we can do about it. We—we just got to take what comes along like we always have. Maybe—maybe we can get things fixed up when we go inside.

118 GATEKEEPER.—You said the name was J. Smith and wife?

119 JOHNNY.—Yeah—yeah, that's it, Mister.

120 GATEKEEPER.—I do not find such a name in my book.

121 JOHNNY.—You—you don't?

122 GATEKEEPER.—No.

123 JOHNNY.—But— Gee, it must—!

124 GATEKEEPER.—It is not here. I'm sorry.

125 JOHNNY.—Oh— (*Making a dismal failure of showing he doesn't care*) Oh, well, it—well, it doesn't matter, I guess.

126 MARY.—But, Johnny—

127 GATEKEEPER.—I'm sorry—very sorry. I really am.

128 JOHNNY.—Oh—oh, well, that's all right— It's not your fault. There's—there's no cause for you to feel bad about it.

129 MARY.—But—but couldn't there be a mistake maybe—y'know there's so many Smiths. Gee—there was a couple right in our block—and—

130 GATEKEEPER.—There is no mistake, Mary Smith.

131 JOHNNY.—Gee—well, do you think maybe they might not have got around to puttin' our names down yet? Maybe if we was to just wait around a little—

132 GATEKEEPER.—No, John Smith—it would be useless to wait. You see—the names here recorded are of those who have done some great unselfish deed during their lifetime. Some noble act in which they forgot themselves and gave all they had to comfort or to save another. They—and they only—may pass through these gates.

133 JOHNNY.—Gee—gee, that's pretty fine. But—but we never done nothin' like that, did we, Mary?

134 MARY.—No—no, we're just kinda—ordinary.

135 JOHNNY.—Yeah— But what becomes of ordinary people—like us? Gee—isn't there some place that—

136 GATEKEEPER.—Of course—there is a place for you—just beyond here. You'll be very happy there—because it has beauty too—but a different kind of beauty. As far as your eyes can see are golden streets.

137 JOHNNY (*trying to cover his disappointment with false enthusiasm*).—Oh—well, that's—that's pretty fine, isn't it? —Sure—sure, that'll be great, won't it, Mary?

138 MARY.—Yes—yes, just great, Johnny.

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139 JOHNNY.—Sure—why, I betcha—I betcha you never expected to see nothin' like that, did you?

140 MARY.—No—I should say not. That's pretty fine all right.

141 JOHNNY.—Sure—golden streets.

142 GATEKEEPER.—Perhaps I'm wrong—but you don't seem very happy about it.

143 JOHNNY.—Oh, well—well, yeah—we're happy, all right. At least—I am. Mary's a little—a little disappointed, maybe.

144 GATEKEEPER.—Disappointed?

145 JOHNNY.—Yeah—y'see she's always had streets. Nothin' but streets—with buildin's all around. Kinda crowded an' dirty, if you know what I mean. She always wanted a place outa town—commutin' distance, y'know—not a big house—just a little one—but with a yard an' maybe a tree or two—a maple or maybe a poplar. I always intended to try an' get her somethin' like that—but I—I just couldn't seem to make it.

146 MARY.—It wasn't your fault, Johnny. It was the money.

147 JOHNNY.—Sure—sure—but it was my business to get the money, wasn't it? Well—you can see how it is, Mister. I don't want you to think we're tryin' to push in or anything like that—because we ain't. It's just that we saw these—these Elysian Fields first and got the wrong idea, that's all. Y'see when you been walkin' on streets all your life, it's kinda hard to get all excited about more streets—even if they do happen to be made of gold.

148 GATEKEEPER.—I understand. And I'm sorry. But I can't alter the rules.

149 JOHNNY.—No—no, sure you can't. Gosh—we wouldn't ask you to do that. Gee, no—we wouldn't want you to get in trouble over us. Why, every place has got to have rules to keep things runnin' right. The place I worked at—M. Lapeedus and Sons—got out a little book of rules—with M. Lapeedus' pitcher in front. A lot of people used to ask me to do things that wasn't allowed—y'know, personal favors—but I never did it. If I felt myself weakenin' I just looked at Mr. Lapeedus' pitcher an' that sorta kept me from yieldin' to temptation. Sure—I'd say to myself—"Mr. Lapeedus wouldn't make no exceptions for nobody—that's why he's the big shot that he is." I worked for him for goin' on twelve years an' I never broke a rule.

150 MARY.—Yes, you did, Johnny. You broke a rule the time that—

151 JOHNNY.—Oh, yeah—yeah, I did. That was the day the baby was born. Y'see there was a rule that no employee was supposed to leave the building before five-thirty without gettin' permission from the head of the department. Well

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—they called me from the hospital about five—an' told me that everything was all right an' it was a boy. Well. Gee—I was so excited I felt like dancin' a jig or somethin'. You can understand maybe how a guy would feel in a spot like that. I waited until five-twenty—an' then I couldn't stand it any longer. I just got my hat an' left without sayin' a word to Mr. Corcoran, who was my boss. Gosh, I guess I was out of my head or somethin'—leavin' ten minutes early with Mr. Lapeedus payin' me for a full day's work.

152 MARY.—Mr. Lapeedus was nice about it, though, Johnny.

153 JOHNNY.—Sure—he's a swell guy—an' just like he always says at all the employees' banquets—a sort of father to all the people that work for him. Mr. Corcoran sent him up a full report of what I did an' why—an' you know what he did? Well—any guy who wasn't as big an' understandin' as Mr. Lapeedus would have fired me—but he sent down word that I was only to be docked half a day's pay for walkin' out that way ten minutes ahead of time. Gee—he's a swell guy—I wish you could meet him, Mister.

154 GATEKEEPER (*with quiet meaning*).—Yes . . . Yes—I'm looking forward to meeting Mr. Lapeedus—if he ever comes this way.

155 JOHNNY.—Yeah—you'll like him. I betcha he'll get in those Elysian Fields without no trouble at all. I betcha they'll reserve a whole page for his name in that book of yours. Yes, sir—he's a big shot. I—I guess you kinda had a quiet laugh all to yourself when you thought of two people like us tryin' to get into a grand place that's sort of reserved for big guys like Mr. Lapeedus.

156 GATEKEEPER.—I didn't laugh, Mr. Smith.

157 JOHNNY.—Well, I—I guess we'd better be movin' along an' not take up no more of your time. Gee—I guess I been talkin' your arm off an' keepin' you from doin' somethin' important.

158 GATEKEEPER.—No. I was just about to leave when you came along.

159 JOHNNY.—Oh—you're closin' up for the day?

160 GATEKEEPER.—Yes. There'll be no more wanderers on this road until tomorrow—I hope. Well—good night, my friends.

161 JOHNNY.—Good night.

162 MARY.—Good night, Mister.

163 GATEKEEPER (*away*).—The place you seek is just beyond.

164 JOHNNY.—Thanks—thank you.

165 MARY (*second's pause*).—Gee— Gee, it's quiet—isn't it, Johnny?

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166 JOHNNY.—Yeah—so quiet it kinda hurts your ears. Well—I—I guess we better get along to the place he told us to go.
167 MARY.—Yeah—yeah, I guess we better. Only—
168 JOHNNY.—Only what, Mary?
169 MARY.—Nothing—only—well—I don't suppose we'll ever be back at this place again.
170 JOHNNY.—No—no, I guess we won't. Why?
171 MARY.—Well—do you think we could just look through the gate before we go? Not open it, y'understand—just look through. It'd be somethin' to remember—somethin' to kinda think about—I don't know just how t'tell you what I mean—but somethin' kinda like those flowers we brought back to the apartment. Somethin' that would kinda remind us that there are swell things—beautiful things—even if we can't ever have 'em.
172 JOHNNY.—Yeah—yeah, I know what you mean. Gee, no—I don't think nobody'd care. That couldn't do no harm—just lookin' through the bars. I don't see how they'd have any rule against that. Sure—you go ahead an' look.
173 MARY.—Well—ain't you comin' with me?
174 JOHNNY.—Yeah—yeah, sure—I'll come along if you want me to. (*Second's pause*)
175 MARY (*breathlessly*).—Gee—gee—it's so pretty it sort of takes your breath away—
176 JOHNNY.—Yeah, it's—it's all right.
177 MARY.—It makes you feel— Oh, come on, Johnny—let's go on to where we belong!
178 JOHNNY.—You don't want to look at it no more?
179 MARY.—No! No—I'm all through lookin'—
180 JOHNNY.—But—aw, gee—aw, gee, Mary—don't do that!
181 MARY.—I'm all right—I'm all right, I tell you!
182 JOHNNY.—Please, Mary—please don't cry—there ain't nothin' that's worth you cryin'—nothin' anywhere!
183 MARY.—But I'm not cryin', Johnny. Honest I ain't. Besides—even if I was, it wouldn't mean anything. Don't I always cry when I'm happy? Sure I do. All women do that, I guess. Gee—a woman cryin' don't mean nothin'. Just nothin' at all. I'm just kinda—kinda tired. That's all it is.
184 JOHNNY (*the disappointments of years overtaking him*).—Tired. Yeah—I'm tired, too. Awful tired. Tired of bein' just ordinary—common—tired of bein' made to feel we don't belong—that we don't amount to nothin'—that we're just wash-outs!
185 MARY.—Johnny—Johnny—you mustn't feel like that—
186 JOHNNY.—But it's the truth, ain't it? Why go on kiddin' myself? All my life I've pretended I didn't care—an' I

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made up stories about how this one an' that one thought I was the works—but they didn't—they didn't even know I was alive!

187 MARY.—Johnny—you mustn't say things like that—they ain't true!

188 JOHNNY.—Sure it's true! They didn't even know I was alive—an' now—now they don't even know I'm dead . . . I'm still nobody . . . an' you're a nobody too just because you married me! That ain't right. There ain't no reason for them to put you in my class just because you're my wife! There ain't no sense in them makin' you cry—I tell you it ain't right!

189 MARY.—But I'm not cryin', Johnny—I told you— Gee—

190 JOHNNY.—We didn't ask to come here, did we? He said we died this afternoon. I thought when you died you died—but, no—it's just like it's always been! Even here they got a gate to keep people like us out!

191 MARY.—But, Johnny—don't you see—the man said this place was sort of special—for people that have done somethin' swell—somethin' big an' unselfish—

192 JOHNNY.—But we never had a chance to do nothin' like that—

193 MARY.—No—I know we didn't, Johnny. But it doesn't matter—we don't have to go in there. Why, we can be terribly happy any place as long as we're together. Sure we can. (*Trying to turn his attention*) Why, don't you remember how happy we were last night when we were gettin' ready for the trip? Gee—don't you remember how excited we were?

194 JOHNNY.—Yeah—yeah, I remember.

195 MARY (*still trying*).—An' this mornin'—gee—little Tommy was up before daylight, he was so afraid we'd miss the boat! Y'know he's goin' to look just like you, Johnny, when he grows up. I couldn't help noticin' when he went down the steps this mornin'—he's got the same way of walkin' an' the same way of holdin' his head.

196 JOHNNY (*yielding a little*).—Do you—do you think so?

197 MARY.—Sure. An' he talks like you, too. He's got the same habit of kinda smilin' at the same time.

198 JOHNNY.—Yeah? . . . (*With loyalty to her*) But he's got your eyes. Say—he sure was excited about goin' on the boat, wasn't he?

199 MARY.—He didn't talk about nothin' else for days!

200 JOHNNY.—Yeah—remember how his eyes stuck out when I came home and told him how I'd got Honorable Mention in the limerick contest an' they was givin' us a boat trip clear to Boston?

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Dress Rehearsal of "The March of Time"

At extreme left is Hugh Conrad, "The Voice of Time"; center background with arms upraised is Howard Barlow, CBS conductor, waiting for the next music cue; Sound Effects unit at right. (Note: explosion ball — actually a basket-ball bladder — on the floor between the Sound tables.)

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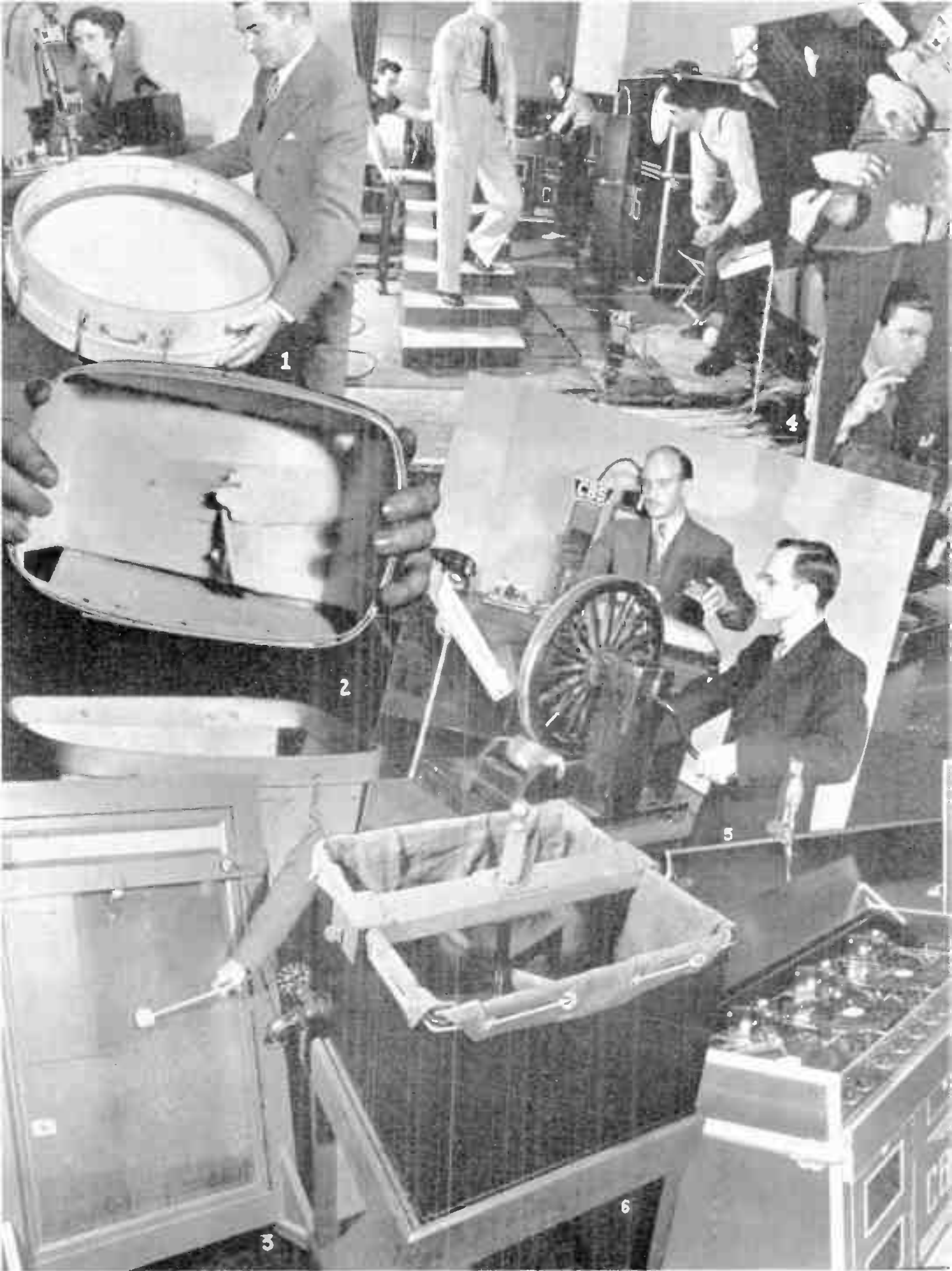

Basic S

1. Surf Drum (containing dried peas)
2. Tili baskets for splintering wood
3. Electrical thunder-screen
4. Footsteps on stairs, gravel, stone slabs
5. Horse and wagon effect
6. Water tank and paddle-wheel
7. Horses on dirt road
8. Explosion bladder and audio-oscillator
9. Triple turn-table wi
   channel speakers
10. Office sounds (rad
    stamper, time-clock)

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...d Props

...tters and dual

...machine, date-

11. Combination house and screen door
12. Freight car
13. Telephone (bell-tone, busy signal, ringing current tone, dial clicks)
14. Small iron gate
15. Revolver shot and body fall (in gravel)
16. Blowing ship's whistle with compressed air
17. Clocks reconstructed for Sound (by tripping the strike-control)

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"Gang Busters" in Rehearsal

Typical Sound Effects set-up. In right foreground goose-neck microphone picks up sound of gravel crunches. Center, carriage wheel; left, multiple turn-table.

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201 MARY.—Gee—d'you think I could ever forget it? You know what he done? He showed your name in the magazine to all the kids in the neighborhood!

202 JOHNNY (*pleased but trying not to show it*).—Did he do that? Gee—I guess if he saves it he can prove to everybody that his old man wasn't a dumbbell, can't he?

203 MARY.—Sure—I guess it ain't everybody that gets his name in a magazine that goes all over the country like that one. It was in great big type, too.

204 JOHNNY.—J. Smith—Honorable Mention. That's nearly as good as bein' on one of them rolls of honor, ain't it? J. Smith—Honorable Mention!

205 MARY.—That's right. Gee—that'll be somethin' for him to show people all right. An' I betcha he'll tell 'em how brave you were when the boat caught on fire.

206 JOHNNY.—When the boat?—Gee—ain't that funny? I'd almost forgot all about that—it seems so long ago.

207 MARY.—It was just last night—don't you remember? We was all asleep in the cabin—

208 JOHNNY.—Yeah—yeah—an' the smoke woke me up!

209 MARY.—Sure—an' you opened the door an' there was fire everywhere.

210 JOHNNY.—Yeah—that's right—somebody was yellin' that the boat was sinkin'—an' to get in the lifeboats!

211 MARY.—But we couldn't find any—they'd all gone away an' left us!

212 JOHNNY.—Yeah—yeah—I remember Tommy cryin'—he was so scared!

213 MARY.—Then the fire came all around us—you couldn't breathe—

214 JOHNNY.—An' we jumped!

215 MARY.—Yeah—you had Tommy in your arms—

216 JOHNNY.—And the water—it was terrible cold—

217 MARY.—Like ice! It made you numb all over!

218 JOHNNY.—But we started to swim for the lights on the shore—

219 MARY.—They were a terrible long way off—

220 JOHNNY.—Yeah—too far, I guess. I used to be a good swimmer—but I got kinda tired—

221 MARY.—You was holdin' us both up, Johnny—me an' Tommy. Gee—I don't see how you even got as far as that life preserver—

222 JOHNNY.—Gosh—gosh, I was glad to see that floatin' on the water. If it'd only been a boat or somethin' we could have all held onto it till somebody came along an' picked us up—

223 MARY.—Sure—but even I could see that one life preserver

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couldn't hold up all three of us—they're only made for one. Gee—didn't we have a time gettin' *Tommy* into it an' fixin' it so's it wouldn't come off—!

224 JOHNNY.—Yeah. He didn't want us to leave him, did he?

225 MARY.—No—but he promised he wouldn't cry when I asked him not to an' told him we were both goin' for help. An' he kissed me goodbye, Johnny (*her voice breaking*). He kissed me right here on the forehead because the life preserver kept me from gettin' close to him.

226 JOHNNY (*haltingly*).—Gee— Gee—I didn't mind dyin', did you?

227 *Music.—Start harp very dimly in the distance.*

228 MARY.—No—no—

229 JOHNNY.—I wasn't afraid—because I knew he'd be all right.

230 MARY.—Sure—that's it.

231 JOHNNY.—Nobody minds dyin'—for somebody they love.

232 MARY.—Sure they don't— Besides—we aren't dead, Johnny—because Tommy's still livin'—and he's us—you an' me together—

233 JOHNNY.—Sure—only he's better'n us—he'll grow up to be as big as the love you an' me have for each other—because he was born from that love—

234 MARY.—Yeah—we were just ordinary—but he'll be the kind that'll do some wonderful thing like that gateman said—somethin' you an' me never had a chance to do—somethin' unselfish an' fine. Why—maybe that's why you an' me died so he can do that, Johnny—

235 JOHNNY.—Sure—maybe we did.

236 *Music.—Harp grows louder.*

237 THE VOICE.—Oh, my children—come unto me—

238 MARY.—Listen—did you hear someone speak, Johnny—?

239 JOHNNY.—No—no, I didn't hear anything—

240 THE VOICE.—Those who dwell here with me have given much for my sake—but thou hast given more than any of these—for thou hast given all of little.

241 MARY.—Don't you hear it, Johnny? It's a voice I've heard somewhere before—

242 THE VOICE.—Do ye not know that I smile on the foolish things of the world that I might put to shame them that are wise; do ye not know I choose the weak things of the world that I might put to shame the things that are strong?

243 JOHNNY.—Yeah—yeah, I hear it, Mary. Only—only it isn't a voice—it's more like music—

244 THE VOICE.—See—"I will go before thee, and make the rough places smooth; I will break in pieces the doors of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron—"

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245 MARY (*in awe*).—Johnny—Johnny—look. The gate's standin' open—wide open, Johnny—

246 JOHNNY.—Yeah—yeah—

247 MARY.—I didn't touch it, Johnny—honest I didn't. I hope nobody'll think—

248 THE VOICE.—The gates never will be closed against such as ye. Come unto me—and I shall wipe away every tear from thine eyes, and death shall be no more; neither shall there be mourning nor crying, nor pain any more. Can ye not hear me? Come—

249 MARY.—Johnny—the Voice—it's speakin' to us—didn't you hear? It's askin' us to come on—to come in the gate—

250 JOHNNY.—Yeah—yeah, I heard—but—but we don't belong there. That's not our place—

251 MARY.—Maybe not—maybe we ain't never been nothin'— Maybe we ain't never done nothin'— But maybe somebody wants us just the same— Maybe—maybe—they do, Johnny— Let's go see—

252 *Music.—Harp up for a few moments . . . dim down and out. . . .*

This half-hour script has been presented over the Columbia Network five or six times since the year it was written (1934) and each time presented as a result of accumulated letters requesting it. When performed over the air, it has a tremendous effect. Even when read much of this effect can be felt. It has that quality necessary to all good drama, the power to transport. Of course it has a touch of hokum, but because this is device and not content, it would be ungenerous to carp about it.

In its connection with our discussion of Sound, the interesting and the instructive lesson which this play brings to us is that although the script contains no Sound cues, no strain of any sort has been put on the piece in order to avoid Sound. Not only is there no strain, there is not even an unorthodox leaning—in either action or development—in the entire play. Yet by the most rigid definitions of what constitutes a radio play, this certainly classifies as one. And it is not uneventful. It may be said that we participate in little physical activity or movement, and this is true. The eventfulness here, however, is an emotional one, and it is considerable. Emotion is nobler than action in all literary endeavor, and if action proceeds from no given emotional source, the action has been so much waste motion. Emotion is causative, action resultant.

Most new writers and most students of dramatic technique (and I found this equally true among the adult students at

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New York University where the average age was forty) are tempted to forget this ineluctable but stubborn verity. In their playwriting they seem to want to get something started and to get it started as impressively and quickly as possible. They invent action in the hope that it will beget more action. In radio this is almost always accompanied by Sound in greater amount and heavier volume. The amateur's theory in this regard seems to be that a great show of noise will take the place of visible excitements, that big collisions are better than little ones, that to tip over the Chrysler Tower is better drama than dumping the old lady's apple cart. There is something praiseworthy here no doubt, but something dangerous too.

In radio this danger is multiplied because of the simple fact that Sound is the only resource left the writer. Instead of using it charily, the new writer is more likely to plunge into his last remaining reservoir feet-first and make as big a splash as he can. Mr. Tazewell's story about J. Smith and his wife Mary is a fine refutation of the theory that noise is action, that crashes constitute climaxes, that audible decorations are synonymous with dramatic adroitness. His unconscious exposure of all of these fallacies is the more telling when looked at in this further way: the reader very probably would not have realized that the script, as a radio script, was in any way lacking. He would not have picked up the point that Sound was absent throughout. There was nothing in the story to make its absence noticeable. It wasn't necessary so it wasn't used; and it wasn't missed because it wasn't necessary.

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WRITING EXERCISES

1. Dramatize the "grindstone" scene from *A Tale of Two Cities,* including all the Sound suggestions which Dickens has given. If possible, play this scene with a cast, using all the Sound cues written for it, then rewrite the same sequence, confining all the Sound requirements to the grindstone itself. From this demonstration, the student can himself determine which is the better piece of radio. After making this determination, dramatize the rest of the chapter, confining Sound to the proportion found to be most effective in the demonstration sequence.

2. Dramatize the courtroom scene of *Les Misérables,* using all the Sound indicated in the original. Do the piece over again with no Sound other than gavel raps.

3. Dramatize the final battle scene from *Ivanhoe*—the attack on the castle—using every sound which Scott has written. What single background sound can the adapter employ which will create all the necessary impression of movement, violence, and excitement?

4. What is the sum-total contribution which Sound can bring to Poe's story, "The Tell-Tale Heart"? Dramatize this story in a half-hour show.

5. In Lord Dunsany's one-act classic, "A Night at an Inn," how should the writer employ Sound in order to create the entrance of the idol? Because Dunsany has had the three priests of Klesh murdered on-stage by three different ruses, what must the radio adapter do with Sound in order to create the same impression? Without dramatizing the whole play, write each one of the spots which will require Sound, assuming that Sound is here used to create visible impressions.

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CHAPTER IV

TRANSITIONS

New York University has a very active and very popular division known as the Division of Adult Education. Of the large number of evening courses being conducted by this division, each semester finds three or four courses in various branches of radio: engineering, production, script writing, and the like. Five or six staff members or department heads from the key stations of America's networks have been prevailed upon at one time or another to teach these courses. My own experience in this connection was most illuminating. One of the discoveries which I made at once was this: that the problem of converting a general writing talent into a specialized radio talent was fairly simple.

Another finding, just as quickly made, was the negative side of this proposition; that all the instruction in the world could do nothing whatever for the individual who lacked the primary writing instinct. But given this instinct, the problem of teaching and of learning radio writing became almost a mechanical one. This derived from the general fact that most of the mistakes made by the student writers were of a type which responded to treatment.

There was one difficulty, however, which did not yield so easily, and because it is something which must be completely mastered (and this in turn because it is everlastingly with the radio writer), we shall spend some time with it now. It is the problem of the transition.

The Purpose of the Transition

The purpose of the transition, of course, is to shift the action from one scene to another in either time or location or both. Most transitions advance the story chronologically by bringing us directly to what happens next. Transitions in radio may also advance the story structurally by bringing antecedent action to the members of the audience at the precise time it is important for them to know what this action is. These are known as transitions to flash-backs. They are as common in

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radio as they are in motion pictures, and serve the same purpose in each, the only difference being that pictures do it by dissolves, radio by Sound. But the mechanics of the transition in both cases are identical and we may therefore think of the transition as a device to get us from one place in our story to another.

Most radio dramas, because of time restrictions, run through their scenes in less elapsed time than do the scenes in any other dramas. And because of the physical simplicity of moving from scene to scene in radio, it is not unusual to find as many as eight or ten separate scenes in a half-hour script. We shall examine, in addition to some very good student work and an excellent tour de force by a former staff member of CBS, one of the most amazing curiosities I have ever seen in radio. I have preserved this boisterous monstrosity (which, I am glad to say, was not a student script) because in a semester at New York University I found many writers, and many that were really good, piling one scene on top of another without any intervening explanations at all; scenes which jumped forward in time twenty years without a murmur, chasing immediately on the heels of scenes which brought the reader face to face with total strangers, and did so without either apology, clue, or introduction. This is a basic fault, instantly marking the writer as dangerously amateurish, and even if the story is a good one, such a piece makes such awkward reading that it simply has no chance to sell. You *must* have transitions if your play has more than one scene. If you ignore or neglect this necessity, you will fail before you get started.

We shall look at several sections of a radio play whose indifference to the matter of transitions is close to whimsical, and I hope that it shocks the reader. If it does so, I will need to say little more about why we must respect the humble purpose of the transition. The piece is an original which deals with some involved love affairs, a golf match, a kidnaping, police, gangsters, hotels, lawyers, automobiles, nervous disorders, country clubs, and a jury trial. Its seventy-four scenes are crammed into fifteen minutes of script and the whole business is entirely innocent of transitions. Of the forty various characters, we need to know only a dozen or so. The two principals are young ladies of twenty who hate each other. The heroine is Virginia. The villain is Peggy. We encounter the pair in the midst of a golf match. Peggy is losing. This hurts her pride and gets her to thinking. She decides it would be a good idea

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if somebody were to kidnap her opponent, so that she (Peg) will automatically win by default. She turns to her caddy:

PEGGY.—Get four men. Then come back here. They must be husky men.
CADDY.—O.K. I'll get those greens-keepers. They look like toughs.
PEGGY.—That sounds good to me.
CADDY.—Here are those four tough guys.

There now follows some incidental golfing. Virginia bangs a beauty to the green. Peggy plots with the four toughs. It seems that they will need a room in which to hide Virginia once she has been kidnaped.

FIRST TOUGH.—We'll go on and get the room.
PEGGY.—Great.
SECOND TOUGH.—We've got the car all set.
PEGGY.—Great.
FIRST TOUGH.—We'll nab Virginia around the other side of the green.
PEGGY.—Great. Now it's my shot. Wham! That did it. Two hundred yards. Right up to hers.
SECOND TOUGH.—We'll grab her when she putts. Ed. There she goes! Virginia, come here! Give her the gag, Ed!

Ed now gives her the gag, and they spirit her away. Then:

THIRD TOUGH.—Bill, take the gag off Virginia. Give her the gas! We've got to make the Mexican line.
BILL.—First I'll dash in the clubhouse and grab the phone. Police station?
SERGEANT.—Hello, desk sergeant speaking.

Next we have three quick but confusing scenes, the major result of which seems to be that Peg has been double-crossed by the sheriff and the process server. A policeman arrives on the scene. Singlehanded he surrounds the hotel where the heroine is being held. From the hotel lawns he looks up at the various windows, and we come to this:

COP.—I'll take out my gun. These guys will do some shooting.
FIRST TOUGH.—Gang, grab your revolvers. The bulls are coming!
COP.—Start shooting.
SECOND TOUGH.—The jig's up. Oh! You got me in the arm!

Other detectives arrive by the wagon load. Without warning we are in the hotel lobby. An arresting officer starts the next scene:

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OFFICER.—Is Peggy Washer around?
DESK CLERK.—Not registered.
OFFICER.—Oh. I see her over there in the dining room. Hello, Miss Washer. You are under arrest.

But Peg Washer is no coward. She never bats an eye. Instead she pulls out five thousand dollars and offers the money to the man "to shut your trap."

OFFICER.—A bribe! No! I think you're mixed up in this. Anyhow, it's time to finish that championship golf match.
PEGGY.—How do you know?
OFFICER.—The boys are rolling the tenth green. Here's your driver. Give it a good one!

Through this remarkable piece of teleportation we find ourselves right back where we started. The golf match resumes at once and runs like this:

VIRGINIA.—I'm dead beat. But let's go on.
PEGGY.—No. I want time out. I want a cigarette.
TIM (Peg's lover).—Good work, Peg.
WILL (Virginia's lover).—You're O.K., Virgie. Don't let her trim you.
VIRG.—Don't you worry. I've got her number.
WILL.—Atta girl. Will you marry me? I've got some money saved. I love you, dear.
VIRG.—Yes, honey. Let me make this last putt. There. Now I'm champion for another year. Let's get a drink at the club. One old-fashioned please, waiter.

It's all over now but the trial. There is a long scene of cryptic cross-examination with many people we haven't yet met nonchalantly piecing the plot together from the witness box. Several objections are overruled, one is sustained, and then finally:

JUDGE.—The jury has heard the case. They will now retire to deliberate.
CLERK.—Five hours and the jury still deliberating. But there is a knock at the door. The jury has reached a verdict.
JUDGE.—I will read the verdict: "We the jury have found Peggy Washer guilty. She was the brains of the plot."
VIRG.—Good. But I pity her.
JUDGE.—Peggy Washer, this astonishes me. I know your father. I sentence you to twenty years.
VIRG.—Let's go home, Will.
WILL.—No, dear. We are going to the parson's.

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VIRG.—I love you, Will. But please be careful with all these traffic lights.
WILL.—I'll be careful if you'll be my wife.
VIRG.—There's a red light. Kiss me, Will.

This extraordinary ant heap (it was called "She Got Hers") is the best plea I can advance in the interest of the transition. The whole subject of the transition, like that of Sound, is made far more difficult than it needs to be. Improper comprehension of what the thing is and what it is supposed to do is the source of the trouble here. If the writer when putting down his directions for transitional routine would mentally change places with his radio audience, he would be safe in most cases. All that is happening really is a shifting of props or people.

Actual Methods of Transition

In radio this shifting can be effected in five different ways: it can be done atmospherically by music, or it can be done expositionally by an announcer's narration, or acoustically by Sound effects, or dramatically by voice-fades, or directly by a cued pause (dead air). Transitions can be effected also by various combinations of any of these single devices and that is the way they usually occur.

In the preparation of your own script, you may assume that you will have the sort of music you want at your disposal, since most stations which feed dramatic programs to any of the four major networks are adequately equipped with house orchestras. And you may also give full instructions as to what you want and how you want it. To the writer the advantage of knowing something of orchestral uses and practices is so real and so varied that the subject will be separately dealt with in a later chapter.

In the case of narration, where continuity of action is momentarily suspended in order to bring the listener to his next scene by telling him about it in words, there are many marked advantages. Much ground can be got over and got over quickly. That is its primary virtue—a purely pragmatic one—and from the utility point of view this device cannot be ignored. However, its single disadvantage is so disturbing that it makes a very debatable issue of the whole thing. And here is the point it raises: in a dramatic broadcast, any narration amounts to interruption. Continuity of illusion has been dislocated. We

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have been taken out of our play. We must reundertake the job of getting into it again. Naturally this is truer of the straight dramatic script than it is of the educational script. But in any script in which sustained illusion is at a premium, any fracture to any part of it will be made at the expense of the whole. And because I know of no broadcast play which was left undamaged by this device, I consider it risky and inadvisable. It is better to do your narrating at the beginning and be done with it.

The third transitional method—the use of Sound—brings this controversial department momentarily to an almost triumphant stature. Sound has great use here. The important thing to observe is this: in so far as possible use those Sound materials which have already become fixed in the scene, or else those Sound materials which will be familiar and recognizable to the audience as natural properties of that scene. In other words use the Sound surroundings of the locale in which you, as the writer, have already placed your scene.

The fourth means of transition, the voice-fade, is very common and I am afraid it will have to continue to be. The voice-fade is a necessary evil. Radio writers use it constantly and they usually use it in those scenes where there are no possible Sound effects and no music. In other words they use it when there is no other way out. In these cases the transition opens itself to the same criticism which was made of the monologue—that it is bad when it is unavoidable. There is something about both monologue and the voice-fade transition which seems to be forced, and although the voice-fade has become accepted by the radio audience because of long usage, there are other serious objections to it which should be noted for purposes of literary hygiene. One of these objections is the fact that because a voice-fade is so simply executed, the new writer will glut his script with them to the detriment of its playing power:—two or three voice-fades in a row is a tiresome thing to listen to. Worse than this, the discriminating listener cannot digest a succession of voice-fades without sensing their factitiousness, feeling their denial of reality.

In the experience of our own lives we do not hear people's voices fading into inaudibility except under two conditions: when the speaker is moving farther and farther away, and when the speaker's voice is buried by other sounds. Why isn't it sensible then to restrict, or attempt to restrict, the voice-fade in radio to those situations in which such a fade is natural? Let the actor whose voice is to be used for the fade-out be given a

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line which suggests his exit and given the line somewhere prior to his departure from the scene. In this situation, when the voice begins to trail off at the end of the scene, the listener is undisturbed. The illusion has been accurately preserved. The actor's voice is fading out because he too is fading out. It is the way voices sound when our friends leave our own homes. It is the way a dog sounds when he runs off barking at a ground hog on the other side of a field. Naturally we cannot always have our dogs running off after ground hogs because many scenes are physically static, and in these cases sudden injections of motion will appear false. But we should re-create, wherever possible, semblances of the familiar and the real.

The direct pause or cut-off, the fifth device, under a few special conditions is a handy thing to know, handy not so much for its technical usefulness to the writer as for its effect on the listener. It gives the listener a very decisive jolt. Something has suddenly truncated the action of the play. Somebody has flung a pan of ice water at the players. This jars the audience into the same sort of quickened attention they feel when a program goes off the air because of line failure. Dead air is unusual in radio programs. When the effect is artificially created by the direct pause or cut-off, the radio writer knows that the quotient of alertness among his listeners will go up. I personally consider the frequent use of this device a spurious and unnecessary trick, but there are times when it works very well. There are even times when it is indicated before anything else.

We shall see examples of some of these separate transition methods, and of combinations of them, in our next script. The piece is called "Cartwheel" and is the work of Vic Knight, a very able radio writer formerly of the CBS Production Staff. In a previous paragraph I alluded to this quarter-hour script and called it a tour de force. This is what it is and what it was intended for. The body of the story consists of over twenty scenes, each one of which gives us another episodic flash in the history of the cartwheel, or silver dollar, which we are following. Further, there is a sturdy O. Henry snapper on the end of it. That all of these twenty-odd scenes are packed into thirteen minutes of air time, and that they are therein made believable, is a triumph. The story, however, is not our curiosity at this point. Transitions are, and the Cartwheel script, averaging about one transition a page, is a good study. Here is the original script:

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CARTWHEEL

1 DEMPSEY (71 *years old*) (*hideous scream . . . up then muffled*).—Le'me go! Le'me go, I tell ya! (*Gasps*) Gimme my cartwheel—it's MINE! Cartwheel—*cartwheel*—CARTWHEEL! (*Guttural*) Cartwheel— (*Gasps . . . subsiding into moans*)

2 DOCTOR (*calmly, but firmly*).—Better get a strait jacket, boys—and truss him up. I'll be back in a moment. Don't leave.

3 *Biz.—Footsteps, gradually up . . . door opens . . . closes . . . moans fade, but are sustained in background after door closes, occasionally intensifying.*

4 DOCTOR.—Don't get excited—easy! (*Slight pause*) Are you his son?

5 SON.—Yes, doctor—I—I am. I guess he's—lost his mind—hasn't he?

6 DOCTOR.—No ordinary case, this. What—uh—what can you tell me about it? What's this—"cartwheel" he speaks of?

7 SON.—It's a long story, doctor. It goes back more than—fifty years. (*Starts fading*) Back to when Dad was just a young fellow, working in the United States mint, down in Philadelphia—

8 *Biz.—Simulation of coin edge-rolling machine, up five seconds . . . fade on cue. Whistling of "Strolling through the Park One Day" picks up off mike and approaches gradually, timed synchronistically so that end of music comes simultaneously with placing of a large container of coins on bench.*

9 DEMPSEY (20 *years old*).—There they are, chief—cut, blanched, and edge-rolled—as pretty a batch of cartwheels as you ever set eyes on! (*Clink*) Listen to it ring—no sound just *like* a cartwheel ringin', is there, chief?

10 FOREMAN (*unimpressed*).—Guess not. Get 'em cleaned up in a hurry, Dempsey. Just got word the president's bringing a party through this afternoon.

11 DEMPSEY (*startled*).—President Arthur? You mean he's coming *here?* To the *mint?*

12 FOREMAN.—That's right. Garfield used to drop in pretty often, but this is Arthur's first visit.

13 DEMPSEY.—Gee! (*With surprise*) Say, chief—look at this—LOOK!

14 FOREMAN.—What's eatin' ya?

15 DEMPSEY.—Why—the date on this (*Quick embarrassed laugh*) Why, chief—only *half* of the eights was printed

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on this coin—just half of an eight and it looks like a three—a 1384 silver dollar!

16 FOREMAN (*desperately*).—Good God, Dempsey—don't tell me that whole batch of dollars is—

17 DEMPSEY (*interrupting*).—Oh, no, sir! Only these last few —only—

18 *Biz.—Clink of coins, as if counting.*

19 DEMPSEY.—Only three of them, sir.

20 FOREMAN.—Phew! You like to scared me to death! Let me see 'em.

21 *Biz.—Jingle of coins.*

22 FOREMAN.—Sure enough—thirteen-eighty-four instead of eighteen-eighty-four! Only *half* of one of the eights. Well, I'll be—

23 DEMPSEY.—What'll I do, chief—toss 'em back into the bullion? There's only three of 'em an'—

24 FOREMAN.—No, Dempsey. Don't do *that!* If we throw 'em *out,* the run'll be short—better just let 'em pass. Forget it. And don't say anything to anybody. Chances are nobody'll ever notice it anyway. (*Laugh*) Pretty slick— (*Clink of coin . . . begin fading . . . slow*) a *thirteen*-eighty-four cartwheel. (*Laugh . . . fade*)

25 BLAKE.—Get closer to the phone, I can't understand you. (*Pause*) I can't be wrong . . . there were only *three* of those coins—I *know,* because I went to the mint personally and talked to a young fellow named Dempsey, the very chap who turned them out—now here's the point— you know enough about collectors to realize what this means to me—what's that? Precisely. With *all three* of those freak cartwheels, I'd have, without question, the finest collection of American coin in existence. Get me the other one—I won't be satisfied until I've found it. Hang the expense! (*Start fading*) I'd pay $25,000 before I'd see anybody else get that coin. (*Hang up*)

26 *Biz.—Cut dead . . . hold three seconds.*

27 DEMPSEY (*dejected*).—They always told me, Martha, that I'd make a lot of money in the mint, but that I couldn't keep any of it. (*Sigh*) Gee, I never thought I'd lose my job just because I told that coin collector about that cartwheel—just think, Martha—once it was in *my* hands—I made it—and *lost* it— But I'll find another job—maybe before the baby is born. And mark my words, Martha— some day, I'm gonna GET that cartwheel—yes, sir, I'm gonna get it— (*Start fading*) It may pass through a million hands, but some day I'm gonna get it.

28 *Biz.—Anvil ringing . . . then hammer laid on anvil.*

29 SMITH.—It'll cost ye a dollar, Morton. Might seem like a

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heap o' money for ya to pay, but if ya send off to that place what I told ya about fer yer store-teeth, th' hull thing won't run more'n five dollars. (*A bit more severe*) Do ya WANT me t'yank out them teeth, er *don't* ya, Morton?

30 *Biz.—Clink of silver dollar on anvil.*

31 SMITH.—Set down then till I git m'pinchers, an' don't be wastin' my time, 'cause I got that bay mare an' them three other hosses t'shoe yet t'day, an' I ain't hankerin' t'be delayed!

32 *Biz.—Fade into horses' hoofs lazily approaching on cobblestones . . . wagon wheels . . . a bell. . . .*

33 AGGIE.—Oh, you kiddo! There's the hokey-pokey wagon. *You* got money, Archie—why don't ya *buy* some?

34 ARCHIE.—Twenty-three skiddoo to you! I ain't gonna waste my silver dollar *that* way, Aggie— No, siree—I'm gonna hold onto it. Don't fergit—th' Floradora Sextette is comin' to the Casino nex' Sa'rday.

35 *Biz.—Cut . . . fade in next speech.*

36 EXECUTIVE.—While it is true that he impressed me as a very sincere and capable fellow, comma, Dempsey's past record shows that he was discharged from a job at the United States mint, period. This (*start fading*) indicates questionable character, comma, and I'd rather not have him in our employ, period.

37 GAMBLER.—Unlucky at horses, lucky at blackjack! Twenty-one the old army game. One seat open at blackjack, men, one seat open—

38 *Biz.—Clink of silver dollar at table.*

39 GAMBLER.—Goin' agin—blackjack, a dollar and up cards to the gamblers— (*Start fading*) Unlucky at horses, lucky at blackjack. Twenty-one the old army game—

40 *Biz.—Cut . . . take on cue.*

41 CLERGYMAN (*projected, on piano mike, as if from pulpit into large cathedral*).—O Lord, let us be worthy of these, thy blessings, and let them be acceptable unto thee, for it is more blessed to give than to receive.

42 CROWD.—AMEN.

43 *Music.—Offertory strains on organ . . . up four measures . . . fade, sustain in background very lightly . . . four separate clinks of money dropping in wicker basket . . . each a bit heavier . . . last (fifth) sound of silver dollar clinking in basket. Slight pause . . . organ up . . . fade-out on cue.*

44 ANNA (*a ribald laugh*).—Oh, Jacques—merci beaucoup! Cela fera bien l'affair— *Now* ze ma'mselle know why zey say DOUGHBOY!

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45 *Biz.—More laughter from Anna . . . and man . . . blending into combat, shells, shrieking planes . . . rockets . . . sustain for ten seconds . . . build to crescendo, fade into gasp and groan of man.*

46 PAT.—No use, Larry. Don't stick with me. (*Breathless*) I'm a goner—here—if you make it back—give this medal to Ma, will you—and better take these centimes—an' this cartwheel—I can't buy nothin' where I'm goin' now—(*Gasp*)

47 *Biz.—Three seconds dead silence.*

48 DEMPSEY (55 *years*).—And when you get your pay, son, don't forget—ALL in silver dollars!

49 SON.—Aw, gee, Dad, you still expect to find that twenty-five-thousand-dollar cartwheel, don't you?

50 DEMPSEY.—Sure I do, son. (*Start fading*) It may pass through a million hands, but—

51 BARKER.—Biggest and most stupendous show along the gay rialto! The one and only Rudolph Valentino. The perfect screen lover, in "The Sheik of Araby," sensational hit of the silver-screen. Step right up, a few choice seats remaining—

52 MARY.—Two, please!

53 *Biz.—Silver dollar clinking on glass . . .* BARKER *up . . . cut dead.*

54 BLAKE.—Yes . . . I'd *still* meet the price because it's worth it. But something tells me my coin collection will never be augmented by the third and last of those 1384 cartwheels. (*Wistfully*) Wonder where it is? Maybe it doesn't even exist any more. Maybe it went down at sea or perhaps some old granny is hoarding it in her attic chamber—or maybe—for all we know—right this very minute, it's in the hands of a—

55 MOLL.—*Thief!* So *that's* what I am, eh? A *thief* just because I'm taking a dollar of your filthy money to buy myself a bite to eat. Well, I'm *fed up,* see? Here's your dollar—stupid—take a good look at it—

56 *Biz.—Dollar breaking glass.*

57 MOLL.—It's the last one you'll ever see—you RAT!

58 *Biz.—Pistol shot and groan . . . very slight pause.*

59 DIRECTOR.—Cut! That was putrid! Let's shoot the whole scene again, and for Pete's sake, Barbara, let's HEAR that silver dollar *hit the looking glass!*

60 *Biz.—Traffic noises . . . build up . . . fade . . . sustain . . . in B.G.*

61 ELSIE.—It's only a dollar, Jim. Let's get one.

62 JIM.—But, Elsie—we don't need it, I tell you.

63 ELSIE.—But we *will* need it soon, honey.

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64 JIM.—I know, but let's wait, Elsie. I never *was* a plunger.
65 ELSIE.—No, Jim—please! Let's get it *now.* I want it—Jim—
66 JIM.—But, honey, I—
67 ELSIE.—*I've* got a dollar, Jim—this old silver one. I've held onto it for a long time—just for something like this—please, Jim—
68 JIM (*sighing*).—Oh, all right! But I can't see the sense of buyin' a baby buggy 'fore we've even got a baby!
69 *Biz.—Traffic noises up briefly . . . blend into confusion of voices.*
70 SPIELER.—The Indians on the reservations gather these precious herbs, barks and bitters, nature's own ingredients for nature's own panacea, Dr. Witherspoon's Magic Elixir. One dollar the bottle.
71 YOKEL.—I'll take one!
72 *Biz.—Clink of dollar in tambourine . . . begin to fade, shaking tambourine.*
73 SPIELER.—Thank you! Who else wants it? (*Fade*) Dr. Witherspoon's Magic Elixir, nature's own remedy for all man's ailments.
74 *Biz.—Knock on door . . . latch opens . . .*
75 BOY.—Telegram, sir, for Mr. Hemmingway.
76 HEMM.—Thanks.
77 BOY.—It's collect, sir—one dollar.
78 HEMM.—Oh—I see— Uh—who sent it?
79 BOY.—No signature, sir.
80 HEMM.—Well, come, come, I can't pay for something unless I know where it's from. After all, I—
81 BOY.—It's from Nevada, sir. Reno, Nevada.
82 HEMM.—Reno, Nevada? Here—here's the dollar.
83 BOY.—But this is only *half* a dollar, sir— Oh—I beg your pardon, I see—it's a cartwheel—thank you, sir.
84 *Biz.—Ripping open telegram.*
85 HEMM (*sotto*).—"HAVE CHANGED MY MIND STOP TAKING MORNING PLANE HOME—RUTH."
86 *Biz.—Crumpling of paper.*
87 HEMM.—Nuts!
88 *Biz.—Door slams . . . cut . . . hold dead three seconds . . . fade in next speech.*
89 SON (40 *years*).—He's been acting pretty strange, Ma, since he went to that fortune teller.
90 MARTHA (60 *years*).—Cartwheel—that's all he ever thinks about—that cartwheel. Wastin' his time—'cause you know he'll *never* see it agin.
91 *Biz.—Cut . . . hold dead three seconds.*
92 SPIKE.—Come on, glutton, divvy it up. What's th' haul?
93 HYMIE.—T'ree or four C-notes, I guess, countin' all dis

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chicken feed. Geeze, I didn't even leave dat cashier enough jack to keep a ladybug in hair nets.

94 SPIKE.—Nice goin'!

95 HYMIE.—Say, Spike—look at *dis!* A cartwheel! Must be sort of an antique, too—th' date's 1384. Geeze, dat must be way back in Buffalo Bill's time.

96 SPIKE.—Gimme it, ya dumb cluck. (*Slight pause*) Sure—jist as I thought—it's a phoney! ya ignorant—how could there be a U. S. dollar in 1384 when Columbus didn't even *find* th' place till 1776? Ain't ya never read yer civics?

97 HYMIE.—I never had much schoolin'.

98 SPIKE.—Well, here goes dis phoney cartwheel into da spittoon!

99 *Biz.—Clink of silver dollar on metal . . . cut dead.*

100 *Biz.—Dice . . . shaking.*

101 HIGHPOCKETS.—Snake eyes an' lil Phoebe hide in de canebrake—talk, school dice, TALK! 'Nunciate out loud. (*Dice land*) Hah! Seb'm done *come!*

102 *Biz.—Crowd reaction . . . surprise.*

103 HIGHPOCKETS.—Shoot de wucks! Who gonna fade me? Dat all de cash money in dis gatherin'? Ain't nobody got no mo' money?

104 *Biz.—Crowd reaction . . . ad libs . . . "dass all," etc.*

105 HIGHPOCKETS.—Sho nuff? Den I rolls.

106 *Biz.—Dice shaking . . . and landing.*

107 HIGHPOCKETS.—Hah! Seb'm she is! School dice, ya done done it! De ruckus am completed an' Highpockets say, "Aw reservoir, genmums."

108 *Biz.—Crowd reaction . . . resentment . . . gradually out.*

109 PEE-WEE.—Highpockets, man, you is RICH! Yo' mus' make yo'seff th'ee fo' hund'ed dolla's.

110 HIGHPOCKETS.—Heah—take yo'seff dis heah cartwheel, son, an' go now an' git yo'seff a bottle o' gin, o' sumpum else dat yo' craves.

111 PEE-WEE.—No, Highpockets! Doan gimme dis *cartwheel!* Gimme instead a dolla *bill.* Dis heah cartwheel is yo' lucky pocket-piece, yo' voodoo charm dat yo' done start wid befo' yo' win yo'seff all dat money.

112 HIGHPOCKETS.—Hesh yo' mouf, boy, an' make tracks. Highpockets kain't be bothad wid money dat jingles—oney de kind dat rustles—(*Laugh*)—go git yo' gin, now, an' lee' me by— (*Start fading*) I is sashayin' fo' de bright lights—git goin' now, an' (*project*) doan spen' yo' cartwheel all in one place!

113 *Biz.—Street noises . . . traffic . . . up, then sustain in B.G.*

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114 BUM.—Say, would ya give a buddy a dime for a cup of coffee?
115 SOAK (*hic*).—Cup o' coffee?
116 BUM.—Ye—yessir.
117 SOAK.—A dime for a cup of coffee? (*Hic*) But why should *you* charge me a *dime* when I know where I can get it for a nickel? S'outrageous!
118 BUM.—Aw, ya don't git me, pal. I'm hungry—*awful* hungry! I ain't seen food fer—fer *three days.*
119 SOAK.—You'd still reco'nize it. (*Hic*) Same old stuff. (*Laugh*) Here—take this silver dollar—get TEN cups of coffee . . . get TWENTY—get—(*hic*)—get goin'!
120 BUM.—Gee—thanks, buddy! (*Slight pause . . . then . . . sotto*) Sucker! That's 18 bucks so far tonight, an' the evenin's young!
121 *Biz.—Build up traffic noises to peak . . . slow fade-out.*
122 NURSE.—Shall I give him another hypo, doctor?
123 DOCTOR.—Uh—I think not— In his condition, I hardly believe he feels any pain.
124 NURSE.—He cried out all through the night, doctor—mumbled something hardly intelligible, except for an occasional mention of a—"cartwheel"—
125 DOCTOR.—Yes—I know. His son explained that to me last night. (*Sighs*) Just stay with him, Miss Maxwell. He doesn't have much farther to go.
126 *Biz.—Metronome, gradually up, then down and out under . . .*
127 SON (50 *years*).—I just wanted to thank you, Mr. Allison, for your sympathetic handling of father's funeral.
128 UNDERT.—Not at all, Mr. Dempsey.
129 SON.—I've brought the insurance check with me to settle the bill.
130 UNDERT.—Oh, yes.
131 SON.—Mother has endorsed it. Two hundred dollars. That's just about right, isn't it?
132 UNDERT.—The amount is slightly less, I believe, Dempsey. Yes—just a hundred and ninety-nine dollars, including the extra limousine—you've got a dollar change coming, Dempsey. Do you mind taking this—cartwheel?
133 *Biz.—Clink of silver dollar on desk.*

AN ANALYSIS OF TRANSITIONAL DEVICES

The first scene, as the reader has observed, is over after the first two speeches. Cue 3 introduces us to our next scene. Look at the cue a moment and see how neatly it accomplished its purpose. What the writer had to do here was to take us

from the presence of a doctor and a crazy man, and then transfer us to another room and to the presence of the doctor and the crazy man's son. This is a simple enough operation in itself but it is surprising how badly the amateur can bungle such a maneuver. Vic Knight in his handling of this bit of scene-shifting has not done anything brilliant. He has merely done the thing right. He has used the only two effects that were necessary, footsteps and a door. He has directed that the steps be brought "up." The reader can see what this does in the way of aural illusion. The doctor is approaching us.

Next he opens the door and closes it, and in so doing he *partially* closes out the sound of old Dempsey. Dempsey's moaning, however, is kept alive and this in turn not only helps to bridge the two scenes but it also gives an additional fillip to the contrasted scene which follows: worried relative waiting for doctor's verdict. This takes place in the direct foreground, immediately on this side of the door. The listener has not had to guess where the characters are because sound has told him; and further, since he knows where the characters are, he also knows where he is in relation to them, a valuable concomitant to all good scenic illusion in radio.

The son's voice starts to fade in cue 7. This voice-fade is excusable because here the son has absorbed the functions of a narrator. He is setting a scene (a flash-back) into which we are about to be taken. The voice-fade now merges with cue 8. I doubt if many radio listeners would recognize the sound of a "coin edge-rolling machine" and this direction would be a violation of one of the sound rules we have already laid down except for the fact that we have been told in so many words that our next scene will open in the Philadelphia mint. Not knowing what a good mint sound is, the audience accepts what it hears when it has been asked to do so. In this case it does not need to be a specialized sound because no use of the edge-rolling machine, as such, is made. Most anything would do here. We used recorded farm machinery in the actual air show and it sounded all right.

The machine fades out, and our first character approaches us whistling. Whistling is always a little risky because most of it is done so badly. Here it cannot afford to be done badly because it is important that the tune (by all those who know it) be recognized. It is important because the song ("Strolling through the Park One Day") contains, and is intended to bring to the audience, what is known as period sense; that is to say,

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identification of a year or a period by a song which is strongly associated with that time. Most actors are bad whistlers and a few seconds of tuneless piping at this point would rob the transition of much of its purpose. The transition is completed when the container of coins is set down close to the microphone at the Sound table. It is not necessary to say that the Sound engineer would set down his burden with sufficient force to extract the metallic value the cue holds. We would hear some of the coins jingle from the jar.

Cue 24 closes the scene between Dempsey and the mint foreman. The actors retire to the clinking of the 1384 cartwheels and the laughter of the foreman. The transition here is done by both voice-fade and Sound effects, and there is no merging with the next scene. We bump right into Mr. Blake. This is unusual. It is unusual because it is in no sense a transition. Continuity has been severed. There has been no preparation for this agitated coin collector, not even so much as the psychological preparation of pause. But it is not bad radio. We know in the first spoken line what the man is doing, and in the second line we feel ourselves to be on perfectly safe ground: Dempsey and his mint are pulled into the talk.

The effect which Mr. Blake's opening statement so peremptorily injects, while more properly a collision than a transition, is interesting also for what it does to the pacing of the show. The swift juxtaposition of this man's excitement against the more easygoing tone of what has preceded gives a spurt to the movement here which would have been lost had the author chosen to be orthodox in his transitional usage at this moment. What keeps it from being bad radio—what makes it good radio—is the instantaneousness with which Blake's purpose is brought forth. He's on the phone shouting for the third cartwheel. His scene ends with a receiver click.

This too is good simple radio because in the familiar and recognizable sound of a receiver click there is finality and conclusiveness. It is abrupt enough to permit the dead pause which follows, and a dead pause is adequate for the tempo and quality of the next scene, Dempsey's dejection. Dempsey leaves the picture as mournfully as he entered. I do not care for the voice-fade here. It is probably good enough but it would have been a simple thing to invent a reason which would retire him physically from the scene, trotting off to hunt for a new job, for example.

As it here stands, cue 28 (which introduces the black-

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smith who is about to pull Morton's tooth) was not strong enough to establish positively the interior of the blacksmith's shop. Positive establishment of this was necessary because the scene was to be played for what comedy it had and this comedy depended upon the listener's recognition of the incongruity presented. The Sound sequence was repaired by additions, real horseshoes and a few hammer strokes. Cue 32 was also weak. It was fixed up in the studio rehearsal before air time and played smoothly in performance. Can the reader determine, by looking at this cue as it here appears, what confusion it caused when it was executed in this form? Here was the trouble: we have just left a scene in a blacksmith shop in which we heard a horse being shod, and we now enter another scene which introduces itself to us by the clopping of another horse. How can the listener tell it *is* another horse? Obviously he can't tell. For several seconds he presumes he is still with the same horse. He has not been forcefully divorced from the bay mare in the shop. This is the sort of mistake a good writer very frequently makes. It is not dangerous because it is sure to come out in rehearsal.

Let us glance at cue 37 for a moment. This introduces us to the gambling spot and does so without any transition at all. I feel that here the scene would have been livelier had it been given the Sound it seems to deserve. Millions of Americans are familiar with this county-fair, pumpkin-show itinerant, familiar with the flutter of his beautiful card-shuffling, with the emphasis that marks the slapping down of the dealt cards, the quick ripple when he thumbs the deck. This sort of Sound accompaniment is the only thing radio has to approximate "business" on the stage. Here we do not see the gambler in actual motion. His spiel (plus the inevitable cartwheel) carries the entire scene. The take-out for the scene, another voice-fade, is in my judgment the best voice-fade in the script. It is good here because we know we are listening to a spieler and we know how repetitious they are. We also have a feeling of temporariness in our visit to his midway, as though we were passing on down to see the fat lady. The spieler *sounds* right. That is all that is necessary in radio.

Next we have a short pause of two or three seconds before going into the offertory scene. This is fairly easy and has here been expertly done. The fact that we open the scene with the intonations of a clergyman is a help because we already are in the habit of associating a quasi-theatrical quality to the

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ritual anyhow. The fact that his voice has been given a certain ecclesiastical resonance by the neat artifice of an approximated echo (by placing the microphone face down in one of the sound holes of a grand piano) is a further help. All those who remember the eerie, outer-space effect which characterized the opening of the venerable Buck Rogers programs will appreciate exactly what that quality was. It was here achieved in the same way, and in the case of the clergyman, while no outer-space feeling was required, we still have something equally suitable—an austere and booming religiosity. We are in church. We know this not only because of what the minister is saying but by the way he is saying it. The organ music is of course inevitable and altogether proper. It might very well have started before the offertory prayer. This is a matter of individual preference and is not the main point. The main point is that the music continues with complete naturalness during the actual offering (in which the offering plus the cartwheel is taken up) and that with equal naturalness the music is still alive to terminate the action and retire the scene with dignity.

Cue 44 brings in Anna's laughter. Then we have a short exchange with the doughboy, and a fade-out on the laughter which opened the scene. Cue 46 merges the two scenes while yet retaining one of the characters of the first. Only this time Pat is in a contrasted situation, and here sound has adequately planted the contrast. Pat's death-rattle is good enough to close his scene, but between his death and the reintroduction of Dempsey we lack sufficient identifying material. True, we will probably reorient ourselves before the scene is spent, but we have to depend strongly on the voice of Dempsey to do this for us. We cannot depend too much on what his son says because, despite the very first scene of the play, we are no longer adjusted to the setup. Either we have forgotten by now the father-and-son beginning, or we do not link them up in their proper relationship. I feel that the transition here, barren of any connective, has been deficient. A reference to the mint would have fixed it at once. The entrance of the son, bringing Dempsey's pay in silver dollars, would likewise have made the scene clear. It is disputable and it would not be given this attention except that in all cases of doubt the safest thing in radio is to err on the side of clearness.

With cue 51 the barker repeats exactly the transitional method used for the gambler (37) and the effect works well because the same conditions obtain in both cases. Similarly,

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Blake returns to us and identifies himself by what he says in his first speech.

The baby-carriage scene is set between identical sound cues for traffic noises, and although we do not know quite where we are, we do have a comforting sense of being enclosed in plausible parentheses.

The medicine-show scene, blending from traffic confusion to voice confusion, is good and it should be remembered. It exemplifies a point of common radio practice which will be most useful to the student. *The single voice which comes out dominantly and understandably from a background of inarticulate crowd noise is more effective than the single voice which fades in gradually by itself and which achieves articulateness by unsupported but increasing audibility.*

Cue 74, which introduces us to a brisk bit of dialogue, opens its scene simply. Door knocks automatically suggest entrances, and door slams (like receiver clicks, previously noted) suggest exits. Both of these were used to bracket the telegram scene and the transitional device which follows the door slam was excellent in this instance because the scene was in every sense a black-out.

We open cold on the scene between Spike and Hymie. This is acceptable because of the contrast it affords the scene we have just left. Cue 99 also is right. It agrees with the impulsiveness of the action it visualizes—brutally quick and final.

Highpockets rolls in noisily shaking dice, a sound which craps and parchesi have made ubiquitously familiar. His exit introduces transitional street noises which we are prepared for ("I is sashayin' fo' de bright lights") and these in turn are the sound surroundings in which we properly find our next character, the panhandler. He too is left where he should be, in a melee of honking and gear shifts. A slow and positive fade-out on this cue conclusively ends what has here engaged us, and the suspense line which opens the hospital scene is strong enough to carry us through to the metronome.

The metronome, ticking off the seconds and ticking out old Dempsey's life, has become by usage a symbol of fate, and here its connotation is immediately perceivable. Mechanical though the thing may be, the effect on the listener is the effect of doom and falling action, a graceful, if lugubrious, coda to our story and fitting preparation for the final scene.

The undertaker sequence, because of what we have experienced with the suggested passing of Dempsey, would be

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tantamount to an afterpiece except for the shock of the final smash. The curtain line with its simultaneous coin clink was very artistic indeed.

"Cartwheel" has most of the qualifications of good radio, and if criticism has been directed at a few of its transitions, the criticism is offered only as a caution to the new writer—offered purely to show him how good transitions are accomplished, how misleading ones are avoided. The fact that we had in the "Cartwheel" story a handful of disputable transitions and still retained a high standard of workmanship (in other words a good show) should emphasize once more the major point of this entire work on the subject of radio writing: the script is the thing. What do your characters say, what do your characters do? This is your paramount duty, the only "must" in the business.

Transitions do have great value. We have seen some of them. Good transitions assist, poor ones detract, but the most startling transition that has ever been heard over a transmitter is not equal in dramatic value to one brilliant characterizing line of dialogue. Transitions erase the blackboard and clean it for the next problem. That is their entire purpose. In this respect their virtues are just as noble, and by the same token just as restricted, as the virtues of Sound. Technically both have stature, dramatically both are miniatures. They are not themes but grace notes.

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WRITING EXERCISES

1. Read "The Legend of the Enchanted Soldier" from Washington Irving's *The Alhambra.* Write the transition which will take Don Vicente from the seminary square after he has found the ring, and start him off on his adventure. What very handy implement has the author himself given us for this?

2. From James Gould Cozzens exciting story *"S.S. San Pedro"* prepare the transition which will take us from Chapter III into Chapter IV.

3. In *The Swiss Family Robinson* Chapter IX ends with the happy family having supper. Chapter X starts off with breakfast. How can the adapter, in this transition, indicate by Sound that the night has passed? Where should he start his next spot in order to indicate that the family is up and about and already breakfasted?

4. Tom Sawyer, in a desperate attempt to show Becky Thatcher how athletic he was, merely succeeded in making a fool out of himself. This is the unhappy moment which ends Chapter XII. In Chapter XIII we find that Tom has decided to lead a life of crime, and this resolution brings down so much self-pity that he begins to blubber. The scene also introduces his friend Joe Harper again. What sort of transition shall the writer employ to carry Tom's humiliation from the scene of Becky into the scene with Joe Harper?

5. In Scene Two, Act Four of *Peer Gynt,* the stage directions read as follows: "Another part of the coast. Moonlight and passing clouds. Out at sea the yacht is seen steaming at full speed. Peer Gynt is running along the shore, now pinching himself in the arm, now staring out to sea." The scene belongs entirely to Peer Gynt. There are no other characters. Does this fact legitimatize the use of transitional narration here? What use of music can be made? Write the transition and start the scene.

6. In John Bennett's book *Master Skylark* Nick and the master-player are talking as they walk through the valley of the Avon. This is in Chapter VI. In Chapter VII they become hungry and Nick, instead of drinking his companion's wine, goes down to the spring. What use can the adapter make of the fact that both these people are musicians when it is necessary to change their microphone perspectives? For practice purposes, let Nick disappear from the physical scene here but keep him alive aurally. Prepare the transition that will effect this.

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7. From *Alice in Wonderland* write a single transition that will take Alice down the rabbit hole.

8. In *The Last Days of Pompeii* Chapter III ends when Glaucus comes suddenly face to face with Ione again. Chapter IV re-introduces the Egyptian. In preparing the transition between these two chapters, determine first exactly where the Egyptian should be picked up, and by whom he should be surrounded when he starts to speak.

9. In Hawthorne's story "The Maypole of Merry Mount" how many different transitional possibilities present themselves which could be used to characterize the attitude of the Puritans toward the Maypole worshipers?

10. From Jules Verne's book *Around the World in Eighty Days* make use of the opportunity which the newspapers offer in Chapter V. Invent headlines and the like for purposes of a fast series of very short transitional scenes, the sum-total effect being one to speed Phileas Fogg on his way.

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CHAPTER V

PROFESSIONAL QUALITY: EVIDENCE IN THE BEGINNER

WHAT kind of scripts do radio stations buy? Out of the thousands which flood the script departments there are discouragingly few which survive a first reading, fewer still which finally achieve a production. Those which are ultimately bought and performed do not share common attributes any more than novels or stage plays do. They have all been written by different people of different ages and experiences, and their stories are on a thousand different subjects. Hence there cannot very well be any namable set of common attributes. Each script has its own special virtues.

At the same time it is my observation that there is a quality which is common to most of the material purchased for broadcasting. It is an elusive quality but any editor is instantly aware of it wherever it appears. I cannot put a label on it but I can describe it and explain its source. This quality is a combination of three factors: *direction, purpose,* and *familiarity.* If the writer can saturate his work with these, his script will be given speedy and sympathetic attention, regardless of his theme. For these mark the man who knows his own intention and knows how he is going to handle it. This command of subject has an immediate result: it makes the reader believe what the writer says.

The script I have selected to illustrate this quality is a short piece called "One Special for Doc." It is the work of Milton E. M. Geiger, a young man from Cleveland, Ohio, and a druggist by profession. The personal story of this writer is interesting and deserves a brief statement because it reveals much as to what happens when a good property comes to us from an unknown. When Mr. Geiger's first play was submitted to the CBS offices in 1935, nobody in the Writing Division knew who the man was. The play was a longer piece than his "One Special for Doc." It was an original half-hour drama. I read it after it had been given a favorable first reading by a

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member of my staff. It was good work. We bought it and produced it on the Columbia Workshop series. A subsequent note from the author disclosed the fact that this was not only his first radio play but his first attempt at any sort of dramatic writing. He was encouraged to do more.

He has gone far since then, a full-length stage play, numerous originals for the Rudy Vallée program, two serials, eight half-hour dramas, and a children's program. His talent is a firm one. He is a "find" and the only one in my own personal experience. What does he have which sets him apart from those of lesser skill? What does he share in common with the few who are truly creative? Let the student determine for himself as much of this as he can. After reading the short play "One Special for Doc" we may then examine a few of its parts and come to a finer and a more useful understanding of the *quality* which is common to good work.

ONE SPECIAL FOR DOC *

CHARACTERS:

The Young Man (Allen).

Doc Harshaw, a shrewd, middle-aged druggist, kindly, helpful, cleverly humane.

Julie, Allen's sweetheart.

Hank, owner of Hank's Barbecue; a Greek.

SOUND PROPS:

Rumble of thunder
Rushing wind
Door of drugstore (open and close); door has latch, not knob
Rattling of bottles in drawer
Cash register
Silver coins
Dishes being slammed on lunch counter
Drive and patter of rain
Footsteps in wet gravel
Ticking of large clock

SETTING: There is a rush of wind and a loud beat of thunder as the Young Man enters Doc Harshaw's drugstore. Door slams shut. There is a pause. Then Harshaw clears his throat tentatively and speaks. His voice betrays the curiosity in his mind. It is peculiar that this boy should be out in such weather.

* Produced for the first time on the Royal Desserts Hour, November 12, 1936, with Henry Hull. March 10, 1938, the play was produced on the Chase & Sanborn Hour, starring Walter Huston and Don Ameche. All rights are reserved by the author, Milton Geiger, through Dorothy English, 407 Public Square Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

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1 HARSHAW.—Er . . . Good evening.
2 YOUNG MAN (*after short pause*).—Huh? Oh—oh—yes. Good evening. (*Then after seeming to reflect a moment*) NOT MUCH! (*There is an unexpected bitterness in his words. Clearly, he is much upset about something.*)
3 HARSHAW.—H'm. Well, it IS a bit spongy out. But I like it. Keeps the world at bay for a while.
4 YOUNG MAN (*with short nervous laugh*).—Oh—if I'm intruding—
5 HARSHAW.—Oh—no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no— Nice to have you, I'm sure.
6 YOUNG MAN (*briskly*).—Well—I originally intended this to be a business call of sorts. So here goes— Fact of the matter is, I've cut myself. See—I attempted to bandage it up. Nasty cut!
7 HARSHAW (*with a note of gentle mockery*).—Oh, now that's too-o-o-o-o-o bad!
8 YOUNG MAN (*deaf to irony*).—Oh, not that bad! But—well—those things can develop into something serious, I've been told. Infection, you know.
9 HARSHAW.—By all means. Infection.
10 YOUNG MAN.—Er—so I'd like a bottle of those—what-do-you-call-'ems— They're blue tablets. You know? In a crinkly blue bottle?
11 HARSHAW.—Oh, yes. One moment, please.
12 *Biz.—Clatters in drawer full of bottles. Clears throat.*
13 HARSHAW.—Er—er—these?
14 YOUNG MAN (*with greatly increased agitation*).—Yes—yes—that—that's what I mean. Er—how much are they, please?
15 HARSHAW.—Enough, I assure you. But first I'll have to register this sale. Have to register all sales of—(*He pauses, and places added emphasis on his last words*)—of—deadly poisons.
16 YOUNG MAN (*as though to himself*).—Deadly—poisons! (*Then sharply*) Why must you register it? I'm not going to murder my aunt, you know!
17 HARSHAW (*brusquely*).—Matter of fact, young feller, I don't know anything of the sort. That's quite beside the point. It's the law that I register the sale of a dangerous poison, and the law is operating strictly in your interest. It's for your own protection. Now—name, please?
18 YOUNG MAN (*hesitates*).—Well—all right. Er—Peter Jones.
19 HARSHAW (*dubiously*).—Jones, eh? Very well. (*Spells slowly as he writes*) P-E-T-E-R J-O-N-E-S. Address?
20 YOUNG MAN.—That too? 2236 Forest Grove.

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21 HARSHAW.—2-2-3-6 F-O-R-E-S-T G-R-O-V-E. Purpose of deadly poison?
22 YOUNG MAN.—Antiseptic for wound.
23 HARSHAW.—Uh-huh. Twenty-five seven-and-a-half grain tablets. And then I sign my own proud name and fill in the date and hour of purchase, and that's that! That didn't hurt one bit now, did it? You'll be mighty careful with this stuff, won't you? Ever use it before?
24 YOUNG MAN.—Certainly. I—I've just gone through the last of one bottle and so I had to run out for more. I was sharpening my pencil with a rusty blade and it slipped.
25 HARSHAW (*amiably informative, chatty*).—It isn't the rust that does the damage. It's the germs under the rust scales. Uh—that's a mighty pretty gold and onyx ring you're wearing under that bandage. Class ring?
26 YOUNG MAN (*irritably*).—Yes. High school. Can't get it off. I guess I've sort of grown into it. My—my girl gave it to me. Wouldn't let me buy my own. (*Suddenly impatient*) I'm in a hurry, Doc. How much will that come to?
27 *Biz.—A rumble of thunder and a greater burst of rain against the windows.*
28 HARSHAW.—Won't you be wanting some bandage and adhesive tape? What's the rush? It's raining the Amazon River out there. Stick around a little. (*His voice suddenly confidential, inviting confidences.*) Stick around, boy. We ought to talk.
29 YOUNG MAN.—Wh—what do you mean?
30 HARSHAW (*chatty again*).—You know, sometimes people get sore because I ask all these questions when they buy poisons for their own good and legitimate reasons. "Do you think I'm going to murder my aunt?" they ask me. Or—
31 YOUNG MAN (*apologetic, sheepish*).—Oh—I didn't mean to—
32 HARSHAW.—Or they want to know do I think they're considering suicide. It's no affair of mine if they ARE. They can if they like. They can dissolve the lining right out of their stomachs if it suits them. I've the law to comply with. Look—suppose your wife—
33 YOUNG MAN (*savagely*).—I'm not married!
34 HARSHAW (*taken aback*).—All right, all right. Mere manner of speaking. Suppose then the—er—police should find you moaning in your bathroom. They'd come to me as one of the town's druggists. They'd say, "Mr. Harshaw, did a young feller with a grey slouch hat and a tan topcoat and worried brown eyes and a gold and onyx class ring

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buy any poison here lately?" And I'd tell them, "Why, yes. He got some blue antiseptic tablets. Why?" And they'd say, "Okay, Doc. That's all we want to know. Thanks." By that time though there wouldn't be much they could do for you.

35 YOUNG MAN (*unguardedly*).—Wouldn't there?

36 HARSHAW (*gravely*).—No. The stuff's purgatory! It—it's the worst thing a fellow can take. Horrible! (*Intensely, with a climactic rising of his voice as he proceeds*) It's like white-hot coals burning and eating and searing your innards. Your stomach's afire! The membranes burn and wither away and you scream and squirm and pray you'll die. I—I can't describe the agony of it! Weeks—months, maybe, of torture—eating—tearing you apart—burning. The narcotics the doctors give you don't help much. It's corrosive—like acid, you know.

37 YOUNG MAN (*shaken*).—No. I—I didn't know that—

38 HARSHAW.—Yes, if you die, so much the better for you. Because the nervous shock will wreck you for life. And your stomach's so badly burned that you spend the rest of your days on a diet of gruel and buttered toast and warm milk. Buttered toast and warm milk! When all the time your starving body cries out for a thick, juicy steak and strong bread!

39 YOUNG MAN.—You—you're hurting my shoulder!

40 HARSHAW (*laughs shortly*).—Oh, I didn't know. Sorry. (*Slaps boy's shoulder in camaraderie*)

41 YOUNG MAN.—That—that was some lecture! I guess you know though. It's your business.

42 HARSHAW (*significantly*).—Sure. It's my business. Other things are my business, too.

43 YOUNG MAN.—What do you mean— Other things too?

44 HARSHAW (*gently*).—Listen, boy—you didn't cut yourself. Now *did* you? (*Long moment of silence. We hear the Young Man's labored breathing.*)

45 *Biz.—Roll of thunder.*

46 YOUNG MAN (*defiantly*).—Well—all right! So I didn't cut myself! What about it? Here—I'll take off the bandage. There! Not a scratch! Feel better now, Sherlock Holmes?

47 HARSHAW (*without triumph*).—I knew it. Don't you know you can't dip a gold ring into a solution of this stuff without the gold's turning to silver? Forms an amalgam. Where's your high school chemistry, boy?

48 YOUNG MAN (*in distraction*).—I don't know—I don't know! I wanted to—oh—I don't know anything, now! Please don't ask me any more questions. Maybe I'd better go.

49 HARSHAW.—No. Tell you what. I'm closing up now, and it's

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raining too heavily. We'll walk it off and talk it over. And maybe we'll stop at Hank's Barbecue for a snack. Talk it over, see? What do you say, kid?

50 YOUNG MAN.—All right. All right, I guess.

51 HARSHAW.—Good boy! You read a magazine or something and I'll start counting up—

52 *Biz.—Cash register rings . . . clink and jingle of coins. Fade down and out. Fade-in footsteps of* HARSHAW *and* YOUNG MAN *walking on wet gravel; rain and remote thunder.*

53 HARSHAW.—Minute you came in I knew something was wrong. It's bad stuff lettin' yourself go that way. You have a lot to live for.

54 YOUNG MAN.—I must have been crazy, Doc.

55 HARSHAW.—You looked fairly prosperous for a youngster. And you looked healthy. So I figured it couldn't be that. That leaves one other thing—especially when the principal—or principals—are young and foolish. (*Pauses*) Is she pretty?

56 YOUNG MAN (*choking up*).—She's—beautiful!

57 HARSHAW.—Well—if you'd like to talk—go ahead. Maybe you'll feel better about it all.

58 YOUNG MAN.—I *want* to talk. And I'm glad it's you I have to talk to. (*Pauses*) It seems so—so trivial, now. But I can't go back to her! I can't!

59 HARSHAW.—It's not that bad.

60 YOUNG MAN.—I don't know. Julie and I have been sweethearts ever since we were kids in school. In high school we were inseparable. We always said we . . . we'd get married. We meant everything to each other. It's been a long time, Doc—waiting. But I couldn't ever seem to make enough money at any of my jobs—

61 HARSHAW.—You're young—

62 YOUNG MAN.—Tonight—tonight I came down to see her. I—I never saw her looking so lovely. Something in silver and black that made her look whiter and more beautiful than I'd ever seen her. She was waiting for someone—and I knew she wasn't expecting ME. . . .

63 *Biz.—Fade* YOUNG MAN'S *voice. Silence. Then* YOUNG MAN'S *voice speaking a little tensely, resentfully. . . .*

64 YOUNG MAN.—You're beautiful tonight, Julie. I've never seen you so—so—radiant and—all.

65 JULIE (*subdued and tense*).—Thank you, Allen.

66 ALLEN.—That's—a—a mighty sweet dress you're wearing. I never saw it, Julie.

67 JULIE (*trying to be gay*).—Yes—yes—I just had it made.

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Isn't it a terrible night! (*Pause in which we feel Allen's slow burning resentment and suspicion. At last—*)

68 ALLEN.—Yes, Julie. Terrible.

69 JULIE.—Allen! Don't look at me so—so strangely. As though I'd done something terribly wrong.

70 ALLEN.—Nothing wrong. Unless it's just a little bit wrong to throw over the fellow that's been crazy about you ever since he was a kid in velvet pants.

71 JULIE.—Oh, Allen! Don't think wrong of me. I've fought with myself. I don't want to lose you. But Pearson has been such a good friend to us. Mother and me. We were going to the theater.

72 ALLEN.—The theater. Harmless enough. The theater. But there'll be another in a week and another after that, and another. And a string of them makes a courtship. And an expensive one that I can't afford yet—or maybe ever. I'm only an engineer. All right. Take Pearson! He's platinum-plated enough. Take him! (*Laughs*) And I thought I was tops! Sweet little school romance blossoming into cactus!

73 JULIE.—Allen! What are you saying—

74 ALLEN.—You've said it yourself. "Allen, not yet. We've got to save. We want to start right, Allen. We mustn't start the voyage with a light sail and an empty hold." Very prettily put! But a mockery. The runaround, if you please! Well, I'm through waiting for Pearson to take you from under my nose. I'm through, I tell you! I'm through!

75 *Biz.—Voice fades out hysterically. Flush Allen's voice again, talking to* HARSHAW *in the rain.*

76 ALLEN.—So that was that. And here we are.

77 HARSHAW.—You're young. I was young too.

78 *Biz.—Moment of silence. Thunder rolls distantly.*

79 HARSHAW.—Well, here's Hank's place.

80 *Biz.—Door opens and closes.*

81 HARSHAW.—Hey. Hank, I've brought customers. Do I get ten per cent? Five? I'll settle for doughnuts.

82 HANK.—Hi, Doc. You shure beeg kidder. Ho, ho! (*Business-like*) What'll gonna be? Bum night, hah? What'll gonna be?

83 HARSHAW.—What'll gonna be, kid? Unquote.

84 ALLEN.—I don't know. That hamburger with grilled onion on rye sounds pretty good. And coffee.

85 HANK.—Shure. What'll gonna be for you, Boss?

86 HARSHAW.—Er—I'll have my special. The regular thing.

87 HANK (*puzzled*).—Hah?

88 HARSHAW.—My special. Would you mind bending a little closer, Hank?

89 HANK.—Shure. Hukkay. (*Unintelligible whispering*)

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90 HANK.—Oh, shure, Boss! (*Shouts*) Wan Hambur-r-r-r-r-k Wit' Greeled Hunnion Hon Rye! Wan Spashul for Doc! Make Queek!
91 VOICE (*distant*).—Commink hupp!
92 HANK.—I be right out, Boss.
93 HARSHAW.—All right, Hank. No rush. (*Slight pause.* HARSHAW *whistles softly.*)
94 HARSHAW.—Well, kid, this isn't much but it's a lot better than St. Luke's or Emergency Clinic, eh?
95 ALLEN.—Stop it, Doc. I've been a fool.
96 HARSHAW.—I was coming around to that. But I was going to call it something else. Extreme youth, or something like that. It's a condition we all go through between the ages of say, eighteen and thirty-five. Roughly, that.
97 ALLEN (*laughing a little*).—Roughly is right.
98 *Biz.—Ticking of large clock grows louder as silence continues . . . ticking monotonously.*
99 ALLEN.—Maybe I ought to go back. I wonder, should I go back?
100 HARSHAW.—I don't know. Some get over the disease quickly, and seldom have relapses. Up to the individual.
101 HANK.—Here komm! Hamburk wit' greeled hunnion!
102 *Biz.—Dishes slam down on counter.*
103 HANK.—Anda wan spashul for Doc! Haw, haw, haw. . . .
104 *Biz.—Slide of dishes . . . and fade out on* HANK *laughing.*
105 HARSHAW (*with strange melancholy, slowly*).—One special for Doc. Days without end. One special for Doc.
106 ALLEN (*with dawning amazement and comprehension*).—One—special—for—Doc! You! Warm milk—and buttered toast. Warm milk—
107 HARSHAW (*in same sad voice*).—You see? Do you understand now?
108 ALLEN (*dazed*).—I—I see! For life. Warm milk—and buttered toast.
109 HARSHAW.—And gruel. Don't forget the gruel.
110 ALLEN (*agitated*).—I—I don't think—I want my sandwich. I'm going, Doc. I've got to go. Sorry—Doc—
111 HARSHAW.—Yes, boy. Go. Go back to her—to Julie— She needs you and wants you as badly as you need and want her. Wait for her if you must. She'll wait too. But go back.
112 ALLEN.—I'm going. You bet I am! So long. I'll be seeing you.
113 HARSHAW (*softly*).—Good night.
114 ALLEN (*hesitating*).—Thanks. And—I'm sorry about—you know. Awful sorry.
115 HARSHAW.—It's all right, kid. Good night.
116 ALLEN.—Good night. And thanks.

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117 HARSHAW (*calling after him*).—And give her my love!
118 *Biz.—Door slams hard.* HARSHAW *sighs.*
119 HARSHAW.—H'mmmmmmmmmm. Crazy kids. Lucky he came to me. I guess I handled THAT perscription all right! (*Chuckles softly, then shouts*) Hey, Hank!
120 HANK (*off mike*).—Commink, Boss!
121 HARSHAW (*shouting*).—Hank! Let's see some food. I'll have a steak an inch thick, with mushrooms and fried potatoes. And a gallon of tough coffee. And for heaven's sakes, take this awful-looking stuff out of my sight, will ya!

This story, as I have said, is not Mr. Geiger's maiden effort. It was written a year and a half after the acceptance of his first play, a half-hour original called "Case History." We shall look at "Case History" later on. "One Special for Doc" is interesting to us now because it contains those revealing elements which will serve to explain the meaning of quality, that quality previously referred to as a combination of direction, purpose, and familiarity.

A Definition of the Factors of Professional Quality

By direction I mean the immediate and unfaltering execution of a preconceived dramatic plan. The value of this factor of direction is a psychological value and only secondarily a dramatic one. It conveys to the listener the feeling that he is not only on a true bearing but that he knows his exact point on that bearing.

The second factor, purpose, lends legitimacy to the effort and gives it point. It gives the effort intellectual and literary respectability. It marks it as something which will achieve an objective of worth and interest.

The last of the trilogy, familiarity, is the most necessary of all for upon it will depend, in direct ratio, the reality of the story you tell.

These three factors, then—direction, purpose, and familiarity—when found together, constitute that distinguishing quality which marks the good workman and the good work. Mr. Geiger's piece shows this unmistakably. At no time can there be any doubt but that the author knows exactly where he will ultimately take us, and knows just as exactly where he will immediately take us. There is no stalling, no fumbling, and no temporizing. Our two characters are true people as soon as they start to talk, and the more they talk, the more revealed

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and the more interesting they become, not only to us but to themselves.

Harshaw is interesting to the Young Man because he represents an obstruction to be got around. The Young Man is interesting to Harshaw because he represents a puzzle to be solved. Both the characters interest the listener because between them there is a promise of clash.

Before we have been on the air thirty seconds we suspect that Harshaw has spotted the Young Man as a walking lie, a disturbed nature on the verge of heedless needless violence. It is the sparring he does to knock down the boy's guard which fascinates us. His attack is resourceful, and although not unkind, relentless; and the boy's dodges have enough of the resilience of youth and enough of its blundering arrogance to make him, for the moment, a good adversary, and at the same time an eventual and pitiable setup. We can see it coming. We know that Harshaw, once he finds the range, will fire. And this is the first moment in the play for which we are waiting. When it comes, when he drives the frightened lover to his final recourse of open defiance, we know the boy is through, and we know that new revelations will follow. Nothing final has yet been accomplished. It has all been a preliminary necessity to lead us to our next development, the constructive sequence which begins with cue 49.

Mr. Geiger has been more skillful than most radio writers in advancing his story by a series of minute but telling disclosures. He has done this very well and he has at the same time preserved his best story elements for later use. He has complete dramatic control of his action at all times. He has reasons for the revelations we are permitted, and he has reasons for the early reticences we encounter. The first revelations satisfy certain suspicions we have caught and serve to increase our interest in his characters; the reticences keep us reminded that we have greater dramatic findings yet to make.

This evidence of dramatic control is possible only through direction. It means that the author is at all times sure, during the actual labor of composition, of just where he is going and of just how fast he proposes to take us there. Usually it means something more than this too—the preparation of a careful plan on paper, a diagram with notes, a blueprint of the entire structure before the play has any dialogue existence whatever.

The making of an outline or diagram of your radio play is the simplest and the most useful method there is to escape

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the bad spills of amateurism. If a student recognizes that he has a bad spot to get through and proposes to write his play up to that point and then to take charge of what he finds when he gets there, he is making his first mistake. All of his structural problems *must* be resolved before he starts. This will not necessarily result in a fine piece of broadcasting material but it will wipe out the danger of cloudy thinking and thereby insure constant plausibility. It is premeditated, itemized, plotted graphing, and its result in any play is direction.

What do we mean by purpose? Certainly not plot and as certainly nothing so imposing as philosophical justification. We do mean, however, justification of some sort. Naturally we will have the beginnings of a play if one character wants very much to do something and another character wants just as much to prevent it. We may simplify this further by postulating the existence of only two kinds of people in this world: those who control circumstance and those who are controlled by it. Most people we know in our own lives fall roughly into one or the other of these classifications, and a combination of such characters, in any of their graduated and multifarious forms, will also afford you the beginnings of a play.

This is not purpose. But it is the predecessor of purpose and purpose itself stems from here in the intention you fix to your conflict. You are trying to prove something. You are trying to persuade an audience to believe exactly what you believe regarding the particular world to which you have invited it. You may wind up by returning to your opening situation after proving that other roads were blind, abortive, or impossible, and still have purpose. You may have the broad thematic purpose of showing that evil goes unpunished or that virtue is its own reward or that sin is its own penalty or that love conquers all, and you may do this by arriving at a conclusion opposite to the circumstance you first introduced. Or you may have the short-story character purpose which we have seen in Mr. Geiger's play, a purpose we may as well call "character-in-action."

The purpose here is primarily character interest. The story is more sentimental than romantic, more tender than courageous, but it gives us a lively situation and the story's purpose is implicit in that situation. The writer has challenged himself here with a problem of human salvage work and has justified this challenge by bringing in the problem's answer through the resourcefulness of Harshaw. Circumstance controlled the

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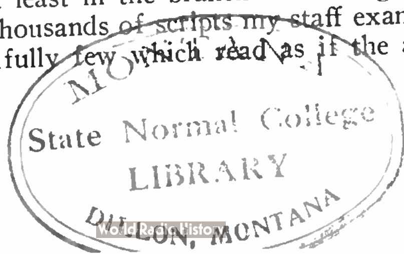
Young Man. Harshaw perceived this and resolved the play by controlling circumstance.

Writers must determine their own purposes, and these purposes will depend in each case upon the personality of the man who is doing the writing. The purpose of his work will be governed in a general way by the factors which make him and his brain what they are: his intellectual comprehension, his social perceptiveness, his experience in life, his catholicity or his provincialism, his education, his moral attitude, his prejudices. Whatever the upspringing force may be, however intimately it may be of the writer himself, his dramatic work will approach professional stature in proportion to the skill with which he can transfer his theories and his feelings to the mouths and the motions of the people he creates. And this brings us to the last of those three factors which embody the meaning of quality.

The writer may supply himself with point and plot; he may have prepared an intelligent structure and conceived a half-dozen neat turning points; he may have direction and purpose and thirty pages of well-paced dialogue; he may have all these and still find he has a mechanism that won't tick. Familiarity makes it tick. Your characters make it tick and your characters cannot become people until you know all about them. Speculations and theories are all very good in their place but indecision on any question involving character is disastrous. Your characters are people you must know thoroughly. You must know them so well that you can tell at once (whether or not you use the information in your script) what time they get up in the morning, how much they pay for neckties, what they would do if their house were struck by lightning, how often they entertain the Methodist minister, why they hate the librarian, how recently they have read any poetry, and whether they use pea coal, buckwheat, or soft. You must know them in and out of your story. You must know them this well to give them their own lines and not yours.

This is not any easy thing to learn, and despite the enormous interest in writing throughout this country and the constantly increasing interest in radio writing, I do not find a correspondingly increasing improvement among amateurs. Improvement in the matter of character familiarity seems particularly absent, at least in the branch of writing in which I work. Out of the thousands of scripts my staff examines every year there are pitifully few which read as if the author had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really been there when the thing happened. In a dish of brown beans one hunts despairingly for the bean with the spotted coat. All the characters sound like all the other characters, use the same phrases, react uniformly to the same circumstances. This shows a deficiency in observation and in memory and no writer can survive without the former and only journalists without the latter.

Where Shall the New Writer Get His Material?

Possibly the influence of motion pictures explains much of this. Every day in every town in America there are exhibited photographs of a great number of people who as people are not only foreign to most of the watching audience, but whose actions and predicaments are almost equally foreign. And usually these unfamiliar predicaments of these unfamiliar people are presented in regions utterly alien to the beholder: coal mines, airports, ocean liners, jails, Paris, Tibet, or the guardroom of some West African cavalry regiment. This does not mean at all that these pictures are not frequently very good nor does it mean that the actors in them are not behaving logically under the conditions given them. But it does mean that the new writer will do better to set up his story on the banks of the Scioto River if that is the river he knows. It means that he will do better to stay out of the Everglades if he has never been south of New Haven. And it means particularly that he will do better to populate his story with the people he knows rather than with people he doesn't know now and is unlikely ever to see. Motion pictures have enticed innumerable young men and women to attempt the composition of virile and exciting romances in completely unheard-of neighborhoods. I see evidences of this every day in the work that passes over my desk. People living in Regina, Saskatchewan—intelligent people with definite ability—are writing about smuggling in the Florida Keys; people in the Bronx are writing about ski slopes or the Orient; young ladies in the Middle West are writing about the neglected but beautiful young thing in Delaware, Ohio (and their opening episode here is usually good), who comes to New York, gets a job as a hat-check girl, gets into gangster trouble, then gets into the Metropolitan Opera, and finally into the hearts of her countrymen in thirteen episodes.

One of the favorite amateur stories is an involved music drama (with violin soloist) about seventeenth-century Italian violinmakers. This story, in all its variations, fails, and it al-

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ways fails for the same reason: the writer does not know the difference between the scroll and the tailpiece of a fiddle and consequently cannot make his characters talk intelligently or convincingly about putting a good instrument together. He seems willing to waive those very things which alone will bring reality and vividness to what his characters are saying. Perhaps his thinking runs something like this: "I will write a piece about a seventeenth-century Italian violinmaker. It will be romantic. It can't miss because violins are romantic, Italians are romantic, and the seventeenth century is romantic."

These scripts go back where they came from, and although the disappointment to the individual writer is not a tragic thing, the increasing tendency toward this sort of writing *is* tragic. Richly regional appeal is disappearing. The writer, especially the young writer who is still struggling with the craft, cannot afford to write about anything which is unfamiliar to him as a person. The result is sure to be as painful as it is profitless. It is not, and cannot be even imitatively good. Since all dialogue is to some degree imitative in that it seeks to reproduce something in real life, an effort at reproducing an inspiration or a setting caught in a motion picture can only end in that most pitiful of literary cripples—an imitation of an imitation.

The new writer can therefore do himself a great service—and the editors of the nation's networks a great favor—by writing in the vernacular he hears or uses, by placing his story in a town whose flavor he understands, and by populating his story with his own friends and enemies and next-door neighbors. These are not encumbrances he has to juggle. These are ready-made fixtures he can install. Thomas Hardy wrote a score of novels without ever leaving his own county. Galsworthy, even more restricted, wrote almost as prolifically and almost without leaving his own set, and his rare excursions into the violence he knew of only through hearsay sounded like hearsay when he wrote of it.

True there are the vagabond writers, at home anywhere. But they are themselves vagabonds, at home anywhere. There will be time enough for the writer to write about people and places he has not explored but that time will come only when he can construct them from the evidential resources of experience. And he can never achieve this without first appropriating the places and the people which now surround him. Familiarity with his own characters comes from his use of his own knowl-

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edge of people. His own knowledge of people comes from those with whose lives his own is bound. With such materials his work will not be cosmopolitan, it will be regional. Yet few writers wish to undertake this. Judging from their scripts they seem to suspect that some sort of stigma attaches to regionalism, that their own lives are too uneventful, too drab and flaccid, to yield the full-blown excitements they seek. This is a profound misbelief. Never reject what you know for what you prefer to suppose. To reject what you know is to reject what you are.

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CHAPTER VI

PROFESSIONAL QUALITY: EVIDENCE IN THE RADIO VETERAN

The True Professional at Work

What kind of scripts do radio stations buy? We have seen something of this now and we have discussed at length what these scripts should have. Geiger's work had it, and we are going to see the work of another man, the professional quality of whose script is almost immediately evident. This script came to my desk just like any other script—by materializing magically while I was out to lunch—and it lay there like the rest, waiting its turn. Its turn finally came and brought its surprise. It was a good script, a very good one. It was a Western; it was about cows and horses, and it was by a westerner who knew his cattle. Also it had a story to tell. At least the first episode seemed to show that the author had a notion or two for the second. We bought the series (the author said he had rigged the story for twenty-six weeks) on the strength of what he had done with the first, and it became one of the most successful series we had had in years. It was called "Six-Gun Justice"—a terrible title, exactly right for a Western. When the series ended after six months, there was such a howl from our audience that we had to prolong the show another thirteen weeks by getting the author to do a flock of "one-shots"—individual episodes complete in one program. In this way we finally managed to taper off with grace.

Wilbur Hall wrote this series. Since then he has written others—for CBS and for other networks—and all his work is authentic. He knows one subject thoroughly—cows and cowboys; and he knows only one region—cow country. When I read his script, I did not know that he was himself a ranchman but this fact was no surprise when in the course of our correspondence it came out. In his series everything but the heroine smelled like leather.

There isn't any reason to go through this half-hour script and point out its virtues one by one. It is enough to say that the marks of professional work are on it and that they are

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stamped there very plainly. Wilbur Hall is deficient in none of the three main factors, and he is, furthermore, a born dialogue writer. Westerns have to be rip-roaring, and for some reason unknown to me cowboys have to say "Yipee-ee-ee" every so often. Hall throws this together nicely, and the show roars or yips as the action calls for. All the whiskey is raw, all the food is pork, all the guns are loaded. This goes for the talk too—rough, salty, and ready for trouble. Stock props if you will, but a Western is a Western, and this is Wilbur Hall's—the high cattle country of California.

SIX-GUN JUSTICE*

1 *Biz.—Hoofs and shot.*
2 ANNOUNCER.—"Six-Gun Justice."
3 *Biz.—Musical theme.*
4 ANNOUNCER.—The Columbia Network presents a new radio feature: SIX-GUN JUSTICE, a story of the high cattle country, full of the drama, humor, and action of the real cow range, fresh, vivid, thrilling! We find ourselves at the opening of the first episode in the little cow-country railroad town of Pascoe, on a branch of the Colorado and Western, the exact location being the loading corrals near the C & W depot. Six stock cars have been spotted there: five of them are loaded and the last of the white-faced steers are being harried up the chute by half a dozen perspiring cowboys and roustabouts. The tally is being kept by two men at the chute mouth: and as they count, a tall, easy-moving youth is climbing out of a battered old automobile to which is attached a trailer carrying a bay pinto horse.
5 *Biz.—Background with bawling steers . . . voices . . . "Hi hi" . . . "Yip," etc.*
6 JIM.—There you are, ridin' horse! Hundred and sixty miles in a little over four hours. (*Laughs*) I told you this'd be better'n walkin'. (*Horse nickers . . . paws*) No, you don't! You and me have got down to our last four dollars, and we don't eat OR drink till we find where the next is comin' from. . . . Wait a minute! (*Laughs*) Hark from the tombs a doleful sound! Here's something we got to look into, before it gets any worse!
7 *Biz.—Speech interrupted . . . off . . . by dolorous sounds from concertina . . . "Cowboy's Lament" preferred.*
8 JIM (*fading*).—Sounds a lot like a human bein' in mortal

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agony—but mebbe it's some new kind of pleasure! Hi, there! Howdy, stranger!

9 JONES (*music stops*).—Eh? (*Pause*) Oh! Howdy yerself!

10 JIM.—Ain't anything a man can do for you, by any chance, is there?

11 JONES.—No. Jest heave a tear or two and pass by on the other side!

12 JIM.—Is it as bad as all that? Mind if I climb up on this corral fence alongside—or'd you rather be left to your grief?

13 JONES.—Don't matter, either way. (*Sighs*) I ain't scassly wuth botherin' about!

14 JIM (*laughs*).—You know, stranger, I never happened to cut the trail of more'n about half a dozen men that was! (*Puff . . . grunt*) There! My name's Jim Dance. I kin ride a hoss when he's gentled, and I can rope a calf if he'll stand still long enough. I'm new here, and I'm lookin' for a job. Now, you shoot!

15 JONES.—Pleased to meet you, Dance. Call you Jim, if you don't mind!

16 JIM.—It's what I'm mostly called. You ain't by any chance low in your mind, are you?

17 JONES.—Can't you see for yourself?

18 JIM.—Well, I've run across cheerfuller people.

19 JONES.—Never seen anything yet to be cheerful about. (*Concertina*)

20 JIM (*laughs*).—Say, if I HAD five dollars, would you take it to fold up that instrument of torture of yours and stick it in your vest?

21 JONES.—Don't like it, eh?—All right. My name's Jones!

22 JIM.—Jones. Oh, yes. Any relation to Pat, up in the Gallatin Valley, or the school teacher at Sun River? Or maybe you're in the family that runs that livery stable in Cochise County, down south of here!

23 JONES.—Ain't got any kin. Never did have!

24 JIM.—Oh, that's tough—for them! What's your other name, Jonesy?

25 JONES.—Horace.

26 JIM.—Not HORACE?

27 JONES.—Horace. But I don't use it much.

28 JIM.—No. I wouldn't. What are you called mostly—outside of Clarence?

29 JONES.—Horace.

30 JIM.—I mean Horace.

31 JONES.—Well, mostly the boys call me Desolation!

32 JIM (*laughs*).—Desolation— Hm-m-m. Don't see why should— But it's all right over my way. You don't know

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where I could get a bunkroom, a string to ride, and, say, forty a month and salt pork three times a day, do you, Desolation?

33 JONES.—Not any place I'd recommend. (*Concertina*)

34 JIM.—Excuse me, but haven't you forgot something?

35 JONES.—Me? No!—Oh. You DON'T favor the concertina, do you?

36 JIM.—Well, I'd rather have it than boils! But I COULD manage to get along without too much of it— About that job, now.

37 JONES.—Which job?

38 JIM.—That one you wouldn't recommend.

39 JONES.—See them fellers loading steers?

40 JIM.—I see them. Nice beef they handle.

41 JONES.—More'n you can say for *them!* (*Concertina*) Oh, that's right! You don't like music.

42 JIM.—I love it. About that job, now.

43 JONES.—You'd be a dang fool to take it—even if you could get it!

44 JIM.—I've been a dang fool so often, Desolation, it comes kind of second nature. Who gives out this job you're talking about?

45 JONES.—See the two fellows tallying?

46 JIM.—One of them looks like a cattle buyer to me—the one with the white hat—and from this distance I'd say he could stand watching!

47 JONES.—I like you better all the time—what did you say the name was?

48 JIM.—Dance. James Worthington Fremont Dance. Jim for short!

49 JONES.—You've called the turn on the cattle buyer, Jim!

50 JIM.—And the other one— Hm-m-m! Straw boss for the outfit that's selling the steers—that right?

51 JONES.—Foreman. Name of Ownsley. (*Pause*) You got any gold teeth?

52 JIM.—One. Got it in 'twenty-eight in Cheyenne when I'd won the bull-dogging contest and was flush!

53 JONES.—If you go over there to ask Ownsley for a job, leave that thar good tooth with me.

54 JIM (*laughs*).—Oh. So that's Ownsley, is it?

55 JONES.—That's him, boot-heels to top-knot!

56 JIM.—What's his outfit?

57 JONES.—Sash Brand Ranch. Old-timer name of Tom Cathcart owns it.

58 JIM.—I've heard of him. Fergus knew him, on the Diamond-T, up in Wyoming.

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59 JONES.—Gone to seed. Tom Cathcart has. And this Ownsley's waitin' for threshin' time.

60 JIM.—Hm-m-m. (*Slow*) You mean, he'd like to own the Sash Brand. That it?

61 JONES.—Will, too. (*Lower*) You want to join a outfit in this Basin—honest?

62 JIM (*laughs*).—Desolation, I've got that tin-tobacco-can out there in the road, the trailer and the hoss that's in it, and four dollars, not countin' a Canadian dime a waitress give me for luck up in Pocatello once. And this far, all the twenty-six or odd years I've been in this vale of tears, I've craved three meals a day and a straw tick at night. Now do you believe me, Desolation?

63 JONES.—W-well, mebbe. Sounds crazy to me, but go ahead.

64 JIM.—Go where?

65 JONES.—Go and make medicine with this fellow Ownsley. While you're doing it, cast an eye on the brands that you can see from where you stand.

66 JIM.—The brands?

67 JONES.—Sash Brands. You know—a square with cross lines —like a window sash.

68 JIM.—I've heard of that brand. But what am I to look for?

69 JONES (*low*).—I'm telling you nothing. Ownsley fired me today—said I couldn't rope. Well, I can't, but that ain't why he fired me. It was for knowing what I ain't going to tell you.

70 JIM.—Oh! That's it, is it?

71 JONES.—That's it—down to date. Mebbe I'm wrong, but I got a perverse pre-jew-dice against a tattle-tale.

72 JIM.—I'll look at the brands—from where I stand. And do me one favor while I'm gone.

73 JONES.—As I said before, for some reason I can't name, I like you. What's your favor?

74 JIM.—Promise me not to get crying down that concertina of yours. I think she's already warped. (*Laugh . . . fading*) I'll be seeing you! Keep the tail of one eye on my twelve cylinder wheelbarrow while I'm gone, will you?

75 *Biz.—Fade in loading chute sounds . . . bawling . . . feet on chute boards . . . creak of fence . . . voices . . .*

76 FIRST.—Git along, cows! Git yourselves loaded!

77 SECOND.—Hi, hi! You cross-grained son of a ring-tailed milk cow!

78 THIRD.—That's right—git sidewise in the chute!

79 OWNSLEY.—Tally fifty-two.

80 SAMUELSON.—Fifty-two.

81 OWNSLEY.—Hundred and fifty-three!

82 SAM.—And fifty-three!

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83 OWNSLEY.—Fifty-four—and—
84 SAM.—Fifty-four.
85 OWNSLEY.—Tally a hundred and fifty-five.
86 SAM.—Fifty-five.
87 OWNSLEY (*up*).—Twist his tail! What's the matter with you, Spider?
88 FIRST (*off*).—Blamed fool won't head in!
89 OWNSLEY (*savagely*).—You HEAD HIM IN! What do you think I brought you over here for!
90 VOICES.—Hi! Hi! Yippeee! Git along! Kick his hocks, Chavez!
91 *Biz.—Steer bellows . . . great clatter of hoofs and sounds of horns on car sides . . . heavy rolling door rolled to . . . men panting.*
92 SECOND.—Fasten that hasp, 'fore the blamed fool backs through into the pens again!
93 THIRD.—Reach me that pin!
94 FIRST.—All loaded, Mr. Ownsley!
95 OWNSLEY (*calls*).—All right. You boys meet me at the Silver Dollar!
96 VOICES.—You bet! Whoopee! (*Laughter and leg slapping*)
97 SECOND.—I'm so dry you could hear a drink sizzle down!
98 THIRD.—Let's roll!
99 FIRST.—Here we come, hosses!
100 OWNSLEY (*shouts*).—Get this, you sheep-herders!
101 FIRST (*off*).—Shut up, you! Ownsley's yelling!
102 OWNSLEY.—The man that gets so pie-eyed he can't ride home tonight, stays in Pascoe. Do you hear that?
103 SECOND (*off . . . low*).—Oh, hell!
104 FIRST (*dejected*).—All right, Boss. Come on, boys!
105 *Biz.—Voices lowered . . . horses snort . . . hooves off at run . . . as they get farther away they begin to yell again . . . gun shots . . . laughter . . . and off.*
106 OWNSLEY (*curtly*).—Now, Samuelson, I want a check for Cathcart.
107 SAM.—Why, sure! Of course. A hundred and fifty-five head, at—
108 OWNSLEY.—A hundred and thirty head.
109 SAM.—And thirty? But the tally—
110 OWNSLEY.—Are you buying steers or teaching arithmetic, Samuelson?
111 SAM.—Umm-m! I see. Twenty-five head to your account?
112 OWNSLEY (*lower*).—You don't need to tell the whole of Mesquite County. And I want mine in CASH!
113 SAM.—Cash? But thunderation, Mr. Ownsley, I don't carry seven hundred dollars in cash—not in this—
114 OWNSLEY.—That's *your* worry! You can get it.

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115 SAM.—Why—why—sure. Yes, I'll get it. I'll bring it to you at the Silver Dollar—
116 OWNSLEY (*low*).—Wait a shake! (*Up*) You looking for something, cowboy?
117 JIM (*as innocent as a babe*).—Just castin' an envious and admirin' eye on your shipment, Mister. Hope you don't—
118 OWNSLEY.—They're sold—and you don't look to me like a man that would know a good steer when you saw one anyway. Come on away from those cars.
119 JIM (*easy . . . guileless*).—But where I come from there ain't any law against a man—
120 OWNSLEY.—There's one here—and this is it! (*Shot . . . pause*) And the next one won't come so close—it'll come closer!
121 JIM (*not quite so guileless*).—I'm a stranger in these parts, but mostly where I've been, nobody shoots at an unarmed man.
122 OWNSLEY.—If you weren't a stranger in these parts, you'd know that Jeff Ownsley doesn't tell a cowpuncher the same thing twice! Come up here and speak your piece—or put down your ears and fade!
123 JIM.—Sort of looks to me like you had the best of the argument, THIS ONCE, Mister. My name's Jim Dance. I'll be meeting you again, likely.
124 OWNSLEY.—The more I see of you, MISTER Dance, the less I like you. Do you want some good advice?
125 JIM.—I'd like it left so I could take it or leave it!
126 OWNSLEY.—Ask around—and you'll decide to take it. *Keep moving!*
127 JIM.—That's your advice?
128 OWNSLEY.—That's my advice. It's free. But next time, it'll cost you money.
129 JIM.—For what?
130 OWNSLEY.—A coffin!
131 JIM (*laughs*).—Oh, is that all? I'm awful young to die, Ownsley.
132 OWNSLEY.—And you're a little too nosey to live—around these parts!
133 JIM.—I guess I'm slow in the head, but I take it you don't want to sign me on to punch cows for your outfit!
134 OWNSLEY.—I don't see how you guessed it!
135 JIM.—I'd like to ask you one question, Ownsley.
136 OWNSLEY.—I'm wasting a lot of time on you. But make it one!
137 JIM.—I gather your brand is the Sash. What other brand around this country could be made INTO a sash with a running iron and a little lye and tar?

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138 OWNSLEY (*suddenly furious . . . squalling*).—You half-baked puppy, GET MOVING BEFORE I COUNT THREE! ONE!
139 SAM. (*scared*).—Jeff! Ownsley! This kid's got no gun—
140 OWNSLEY.—You keep out of this, Samuelson! TWO!
141 JIM (*quiet . . . cool*).—Better make that count thirty-three, Ownsley!
142 OWNSLEY.—You walk or I'll drill you!
143 JIM (*sharply*).—Oh, no, you won't!
144 *Biz.—Confusion . . . boot on steel . . .* OWNSLEY *cries out . . . gun shot.*
145 SAM.—Well, by thunderation—! Kicked him—!
146 JIM (*quietly*).—Sorry to have to do that, Ownsley. It's a French Canuck trick I learned in Montana. And there's your gun, with one shot shook out of it when it hit a rock . . . I'll be drifting now—but NOT OUT OF THIS BASIN! So long! (*Fades*)
147 SAM. (*low*).—Never saw anything like THAT! Kicked your gun right up into your face!
148 OWNSLEY (*muffled voice*).—My jaw feels like it's broke . . . I should've bored him the first time! But I can wait! Dang you, Samuelson, don't stand there gapping. Go get my cash and bring it to the Silver Dollar. Lead my horse over here, and—(*groans*)—Dance was his name, eh? He'll dance before I get through with him! (*Fades out with groan*)
149 *Biz.—Concertina fades in . . . lugubrious voice of* JONES'S *singing to it.*
150 JIM (*in laughing*).—Still crowding woe out of that sofa cushion, ain't you?
151 JONES.—Durn it, I never AM appreciated! You got back, I see!
152 JIM.—Oh, sure. I can get back when I can't get any place else!
153 JONES (*dry chuckle*).—Notice you had a sort of run-in with Ownsley.
154 JIM.—Nothing to mention.
155 JONES.—Do you happen to carry any insurance, Jim?
156 JIM.—I carry it—but I didn't have it with me. It's over under my seat cushion—or was when I left Salt Lake.
157 JONES.—Um-m-m! (*Chuckle*) What kind of a policy is it?
158 JIM.—It's a thirty-eight in a forty-five frame, with a cut-down barrel, and a hammer I had made to order.
159 JONES.—I guess there ain't any use arguing with you. Did you get your job?
160 JIM.—Yep.
161 JONES (*as sitting up*).—YES? You don't mean—
162 JIM.—I got a job sticking around this Basin here till I find

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out more about what it was you knew that you wouldn't tell me.

163 JONES.—Hm-m-m! So you noticed those brands, did you?

164 JIM.—From where I stood—yes—alongside the cars. (*Pause . . . slow*) A rustler's running iron always makes too narrow a burn. You'd think they'd learn.

165 JONES.—Ownsley's so high-handed here he don't think he HAS to learn!

166 JIM.—Look here, Desolation, what other brands are there in this neck of the woods?

167 JONES.—You're so durned smart I'll be telling you everything in a minute.

168 JIM.—I'm asking you a straight question. If you don't want to answer I can look 'em up in the Recorder's office in the county seat—if this place HAS a county seat!

169 JONES.—I give up. . . . There's the Teapot. Belongs to Mrs. Pete.

170 JIM.—Mrs. Pete?

171 JONES.—Name of Mulgardt. Relict of the late Pete.

172 JIM (*laugh*).—Good cowman, is she?

173 JONES.—Any way you take Mrs. Pete, she's as good a man as ever lived!

174 JIM.—Even a better brand-blotter than this man Ownsley couldn't turn a teapot into a Sash Brand. So Mrs. Pete is out. Who else?

175 JONES.—Well, there's a little outfit up in the Nusquallies with a Hip-roof, and there's the Dutchers, but they brand with a Circle D.

176 JIM.—Come on.

177 JONES.—Durn blast it, you gettin' me mighty near to cornered, son!

178 JIM.—I'm aiming to, Desolation.

179 JONES.—All right. There's Holt Irving's ranch—the H.I.

180 JIM.—H-I— Um-m-m! KENO!

181 JONES.—You're so suspicious by nature you'd buy a bank before you'd put money into it.

182 JIM.—I'm so suspicious by nature, Desolation, that I'm going to get me a job tomorrow.

183 JONES.—A job? (*Pause*) Oh! . . . I see.

184 JIM.—Maybe you've forgot that this man Ownsley pulled a gun on me twice when the only deadly weapon I had on me was a nickel matchbox with the hinge broke.

185 JONES.—I don't blame you, son! Not a mite. You're goin' to try the H-I outfit. But there's Jernigan to figure in.

186 JIM.—I thought you said his name was Irving.

187 JONES.—He's the owner. Jernigan is his foreman. He does the hiring on the H-I.

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188 JIM.—Some foreman! Let's a blunder-headed calf-thief like Ownsley drive twenty-five head of good baldfaces out from under the eaves, blotch their brands with two lines made with a running iron—and turn them into a Sash—and then sell them at a siding corral in broad daylight.

189 JONES.—It's a wicked world, son, and full of depravity and original sin.

190 JIM.—I'll let all that stand except the ORIGINAL part.

191 JONES (*dry chuckle*).—You like your words to be laid awful close to the line, don't you, Dance?

192 JIM.—I like words to mean what they say. This man Jernigan is a hard foreman to hook up with, then?

193 JONES.—I only know what I hear—and I've heard plenty last two years in this basin.

194 JIM.—How far is it to the H-I ranch?

195 JONES.—'Bout thirty-six miles, by the road.

196 JIM.—I'll probably use the road— Hm-m-m. (*Sharp*) See here, Desolation, how come this Mr. Irving to use a brand that could be turned into something else so easy?

197 JONES.—I only know what I've heard, as I say, and what I've heard is that Irving and Tom Cathcart—Sash brand, you understand—used to be friends. No reason their brands should get mixed up. But they had a row about some thing—years back. Turned into a sort of feud. Died down the last few years—but some little misunderstanding might set it blazin' again.

198 JIM (*yawns*).—I'm much obliged for everything, Desolation—I'm going to waste some of my substance on ham and eggs. Will you side me?

199 JONES.—Ham and eggs? Where have I heard them two words before?

200 JIM.—It's three, including the ham. Come on.

201 JONES.—Wait a shake. Listen!

202 *Biz.—Distant train whistle.*

203 JIM (*laughs*).—Train coming? You weren't thinking of staying to see it pull in, were you?

204 JONES.—Pull in, your foot! It goes through here loose at both ends! It's the Overland.

205 JIM.—Well, you can stay here and hold on to your hat if you want to. I'm going to eat.

206 JONES.—Wait, can't you? Let a feller see a train go by, can't you? Give a unhappy critter a moment's pleasure, can't you?

207 JIM.—Well, rate that Limited is coming, it won't take long. But I better stand down by my trailer. That pinto of mine isn't used to these modern inventions like smooth-shank

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spurs and steam engines. (*Fading*) And after you've got your eye full of grit—SAY!

208 *Biz.—Train nearer . . . locomotive whistles for brakes . . . two longs.*

209 JIM.—She isn't GOING BY!

210 JONES.—You don't know her. She'll go through here so fast —I jacks, mebbe you're right!

211 JIM.—Sure. She whistled for brakes. Look at the sparks fly.

212 JONES.—Why, there ain't anybody got off the Overland at Pascoe since Matt Bridger was running for Congress! I'm dinged—this IS what you'd call a epic-making e-vent!

213 JIM (*laughs*).—Funny what a little thing it takes to break up the monotony, ain't it, Desolation?

214 *Biz.—Train roaring drowns conversation . . . train stops . . . bell . . . etc.*

215 JONES.—Say, jumping Jee-rusalem. Do—do you see what I see, Jim Dance?

216 JIM.—Now, Desolation, you're older than I am—and from sounds you make, I think you've got a leaky heart-valve—Mr. Jones, the sun has come up!

217 JONES (*whistles*).—Ain't she a PIPPIN?

218 JIM.—Calm down, now! Know her, Desolation?

219 JONES (*indignantly*).—If I did do you think I'd be sitting here on this corral rail with you? Look a-here, is my cow-lick standing up?

220 JIM.—Well, there she is!—Left flat and forty miles from water.

221 *Biz.—Train . . . bell . . . whistle . . . pulls out . . . passing with roar.*

222 JONES.—Hm-m-m! Not a soul in sight, either way!

223 JIM.—You watch my automobile, Jones. I won't be long. (*Fading*)

224 JONES (*up*).—Hi! Come back here! Mean to call yourself a friend. (*Down . . . chuckle*) Funny—how life is! Sit here on a fence three hundred days in the year and never git anything but a splinter in your pants—and today along comes this kid cowhand and kicks Jeff Ownsley's shooting materials up into his teeth—and then the Overland stops and spreads Ro-mance all over the durned countryside. I wonder will I get those ham and eggs there was so much talk about a few minutes back—

225 *Biz.—Fades . . . concertina . . . mournful . . . fades.*

226 JIM.—Excuse me, lady, can you think of anything I could do to make myself look like a Reception Committee?

227 MAUREEN (*very cool*).—I beg your pardon!

228 JIM.—Oh, don't shoot—don't shoot! I'm harmless.

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229 MAUREEN.—No doubt. You MAY tell me where I can get a taxi.
230 JIM.—A—come again, please!
231 MAUREEN.—A taxicab! Or a rent car.
232 JIM.—Oh, one of those things? Nearest one, I reckon, is likely Salt Lake, or maybe Prescott.
233 MAUREEN.—Are you the humorist of this—er—city?
234 JIM.—I don't even belong to it. I'm a stranger here myself. But I wouldn't let it be said that Jim Dance left anybody afoot and with his rope trailing. Maybe I could roust up your friends—or whoever should be here to meet you.
235 MAUREEN.—I—I'm afraid— (*Laughs*) Well, Mr.—
236 JIM.—Not Mister. Jim Dance.
237 MAUREEN (*a little easier*).—I'm afraid, Jim Dance, that I've been silly. I hate to admit it.
238 JIM.—A fellow usually does. What brand of foolishness is your favorite?
239 MAUREEN.—I—ought to have known better. I came to visit my uncle—and thought I'd surprise him.
240 JIM (*chuckles*).—Well, I'd say you'd surprise him, all right. If he's old enough he'll probably spank you and put you to bed.
241 MAUREEN.—He's old enough. And I think I'll suggest it to him, if he doesn't think of it himself. His name is Tom Cathcart. Do you happen to know where—
242 JIM.—Cathcart?
243 MAUREEN.—Why, yes! This is Pascoe, isn't it?
244 JIM.—This is Pascoe. You're on the right trail, all right. But it's quite a piece out to his place.
245 MAUREEN.—Oh! (*Pause*) What do you mean by "quite a piece"?
246 JIM.—I'd judge from what I've heard that it's too far to walk.
247 MAUREEN.—With these bags two city blocks would be too far. (*Discouraged*) Oh, what a little fool I was! I—I really thought there'd be—a car—or a bus line—something— (*She's going to break down if she doesn't watch her step*)
248 JIM.—Oh, Lord, lady, there's plenty of cars. Mine, for instance.
249 MAUREEN.—Thank you. But no! I'm sure I can find—
250 JIM.—I don't mean we're starting now. We've got to eat first.
251 MAUREEN.—But if you're such a stranger here, could you find the Cathcart ranch?
252 JIM.—Pshaw, lady, out this way places are all pretty much alike. Somebody stands on a corner and jerks his thumb

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over his shoulder, and you put in two gallons of gas and follow the main traveled road till you get to where you're going.

253 MAUREEN.—If we ate first, as you call it, where do we do it, Mr.—that is, Jim Dance?

254 JIM.—Thanks, lady. Well, from the looks of the flies settling on the screen, I'd say we WOULDN'T eat at the Star Restaurant and Café. But down the street, now— Hello, Desolation! Move on in and settle an argument, will you?

255 JONES.—Howdy, young lady? If this young whippersnapper is bothering you any—

256 MAUREEN (*laughs*).—Thanks. He isn't—YET.

257 JIM.—There, now! You can go back to your corral rail, Desolation, after you tell us—

258 MAUREEN.—I wonder if you'll introduce me, Jim Dance?

259 JIM.—Oh, that's right! Miss, this is Clarence Jones—

260 JONES.—Horace!

261 JIM.—Horace! This is Horace Jones, known hereabouts, as I get it, as Desolation.

262 MAUREEN.—I'm Maureen Cathcart.

263 JONES (*squawks*).—You're WHAT?

264 JIM (*aside*).—You blamed old fool! (*Up*) It's all right, lady. Clarence has just swallowed his chew!

265 JONES.—HORACE, drat ye! And I don't use—

266 MAUREEN (*laughs*).—We're all being ridiculous. And I've just found out that I'm starved!

267 JONES.—You're lucky. I've been starved for six months, and knew it all the time. You see, when I was riding for—ahem!—well, anyway, if you want the best eating place in Pascoe, try Johnny's! Reasonable, too!

268 MAUREEN (*rather fussed*).—I'm afraid I'm throwing everybody out. And I don't like being a burden to—

269 JONES.—Say, lady, when you hear anybody yelling about you being a burden, drop me a postal. I'm sixty or fifty or eighty-two or something, but—

270 JIM.—You're a hundred and eight—but not as melancholy as you were! Johnny's Place, did you say? If you don't mind, we'll walk around by my car. I want to unload my horse and drink him—and I want to get—(*laugh*)—that life insurance we were talking about, Desolation. (*Fade . . . girl laugh . . . voices . . . maybe concertina*)

271 *Biz.—Transition . . . perhaps fade into tinny piano playing in Johnny's Place . . . voices . . . dishes, etc.*

272 FIRST COWBOY.—You say this stranger KICKED Ownsley's gun out of his hand?

273 SAM. (*low*).—You don't need to yell about it. But that's what I said—

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274 SECOND COWBOY.—What I can't see is—where was Ownsley all that time? He can throw lead pretty fast, when he gets drawed—!

275 OWNSLEY (*curt*).—What you getting confidential about, Samuelson? It's your turn to buy!

276 SAM.—That's right. (*Up*) Waiter! Name your potions, gents!

277 WAITER (*coming in*).—Yes, sir—just a minute. Mr. Ownsley, Gage is looking for you—Gage, the station agent. Hi, Gage!

278 OWNSLEY.—Thought *you* were 'tending to the bill-of-lading, Samuelson. What's up, Gage?

279 GAGE (*in . . . low*).—I thought you might like to know, Mr. Ownsley—Tom Cathcart's niece came in on the Overland just now.

280 OWNSLEY (*low . . . curt*).—What in blazes you been drinking? Cathcart's NIECE!

281 GAGE.—Desolation Jones picked her up—he and a stranger—looks like a cowman. They were talking by my wicket and I heard her say—

282 OWNSLEY.—If you've got any more bad news, mail it to the ranch! Thanks, just the same, Gage. That's all. (*Low*) Cathcart's niece—

283 SAM. (*low*).—What's the calamity, Ownsley?

284 OWNSLEY (*low*).—Shut up a minute, can't you? (*Aside*) I might have known she'd show up, sooner or later. (*Up*) Spider! Chavez!

285 BOTH.—That's me, boss . . . Sí, señor!

286 OWNSLEY (*low*).—That kicking kid from Montana has picked up a girl at the depot—girl I'd just as soon took the next Overland back where she came from . . . I want you two to go out and find this Dance. When you find him—start something! And make it good enough—

287 SAM. (*low*).—Ownsley. Look—coming in!

288 OWNSLEY (*steady . . . cold*).—All right. That's them, boys! Chavez, you take a little *pasear* along this wall to flank him. Spider, go up to the bar and buy yourself a beer. Watch *him*—not me! I'll make this play—now he's here. Savvy!

289 TOGETHER.—You bet! Muy bien, Hownsley!

290 *Biz.—Chairs scrape . . . voices in place . . . music up a little . . . laughter . . . dishes.*

291 JIM (*coming in*).—Well, I'll be shot in the foot! It's a regular café!

292 MAUREEN (*a little nervous*).—I'm glad I've plenty of escorts. There aren't many women here!

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293 JONES.—Scarcity of them all through these parts, worse luck—(*Low*) Dance!
294 JIM (*up*).—Now what is it, Desolation? (*Low*) You mean Ownsley and his men?
295 JONES.—Yes. That's Chavez, coming along by the wall—and two or three more of them—
296 JIM.—I've got them. (*Up*) How about this seat, Miss Cathcart?
297 MAUREEN.—Couldn't we sit farther out—
298 JIM (*easy*).—Why, I'll tell you how that is, Maureen. There's a sort of DRAFT out there—and in this altitude you have to watch out for drafts— There! Now, what's it going to be—up to four dollars' worth?
299 MAUREEN.—Four dollars! Oh, but really, Jim Dance, this is my—
300 JIM.—We'll maybe shake for it. You can have ham and eggs, or eggs and ham, or you can have eggs, or maybe a small piece of ham. Just name it.
301 MAUREEN.—Thanks. Isn't there a menu card or—
302 JONES.—Johnny had a bill-of-fare when he opened—but that was four—five years ago. The boys are still talking about it.
303 MAUREEN (*as looking around*).—It's funny, but everyone here seems to be—well, waiting for something! What makes me feel that—
304 JIM (*laugh*).—They ARE waiting for something—what they ordered probably half an hour ago. (*Low*) Desolation!
305 JONES (*low*).—I can see it!
306 JIM.—When it comes, crowd the girl back in the corner. Get her low if you have to knock her down—I'll take the play!
307 JONES.—You'll have to. I never did pack a gun!
308 MAUREEN (*laughs*).—Are you two whispering about me. I know I'm silly, but I've seen movies that were like this, some—
309 OWNSLEY (*very loud and clear in a sudden pause*).—Yes, the way I got it, this girl came out here to Pascoe from the East some place, and got herself associated with a tramp. So when the shooting started the tramp used her for a shield and she got herself shot—dead!
310 SAM. (*shaky*).—You don't say!
311 OWNSLEY.—Yes. Yes, they shipped her home. And I always say—
312 JIM (*loud and distinct . . . slow*).—You got the story wrong, one way, Ownsley! The way it was, it was THE TRAMP that got himself drilled—and it was for making a talk he couldn't back up!

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313 OWNSLEY (*furious*).—Dance! I gave you your chance—once! You don't get two—not in this man's town!
314 JIM (*sharp*).—I don't want two, Ownsley. (*Up*) Keep your hands where they are, Ownsley!
315 MAUREEN (*screams*).—Look out, Jim Dance! That man—
316 JIM.—You're slow, cowboy! (*Shot*)
317 JONES.—Watch the Mexican!
318 JIM.—I'm watching him. Cuidado, paisano!
319 *Biz. Table tipped over . . . shouts . . . scream of girl . . . two shots . . . one shot . . . pause.*
320 FIRST COWBOY.—He got Spider Gates!
321 SECOND COWBOY.—Somebody lift that Mexican up. His face is smashed in!
322 MAUREEN.—Jim Dance! Are you hurt?
323 JIM (*laughs . . . down*).—A mosquito must've bit me! (*Up*) I'll take your gun, Ownsley. And see you later. Now, Miss Cathcart, is it going to be ham and eggs, or do you want the eggs and have the ham on the side?
324 *Biz.—Theme.*
325 ANNOUNCER.—You have been listening to the first episode of a new Columbia feature—SIX-GUN JUSTICE.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SPECIAL TERMINOLOGIES

This is the script which started the series. Subsequent episodes went where they should and the talk never left the vocabularies of California cowboys. In a later section of this thriller there was an amusing spot that had to do with saddle-swapping and no one in the listening audience could have doubted but that these men knew all there was to know about saddles. Sprinkled through the dialogue were these words: "cheek straps," "headstalls," "skirts," "trees," "hanging flaps," "snaffle bits," "withers," "nosebands," "martingales," "cantles," and "bridoons."

Before me is a script on the industry of glass blowing, a very improbable radio subject as one would suppose. But the script (as prepared for the educational series "Americans at Work") will make a good broadcast. One of the elements that will help is the presence of the terms and the argot of this strange profession: "carry-boy," "snapping-up boy," "shutting-mold boy"—these for the apprentices, the printers' devils of the glass-blowing business; and a handful of unique words which glass blowers seem to own outright: "cullet," "pot-furnace," "shop," "snaps," "Lehr," "cross-head," "hard-carbon," "marver," "lip," "plunger," and "gathering head."

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It is not important that the listener comprehend the exact meaning of all of these words and phrases. In the loading scene of "Six-Gun Justice" there were probably many people who did not see the picture carried in the line: "Kick his hocks, Chavez," but there were few who did not get a lively impression. We are working in impressions. We are working for effects. The most vivid impressions we can receive are those which come from seeing and hearing. In radio they must come entirely from hearing.

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CHAPTER VII

CHARACTERISTIC BLUNDERS OF THE BEGINNER

By now it should be apparent that radio stations buy those shows which seem to know where they are going. As a contrast to "Six-Gun Justice" we are going to look at an episode of a show which is in every way the finest illustration I ever saw as to how radio should not be written. It is called "On to Hollywood" and its failure is caused by the flat reason that explains almost all failures in radio writing: it was written by a nonwriting writer. I believe it is cruel and dishonest to give encouragement to any amateur whose work is utterly devoid of talent. I gave none to the man who wrote "On to Hollywood" and in some detail I told him what was the matter with his work. He countered this in a most unusual way; by giving me permission to include him as radio's most horrible example, a piece of generosity and good sportsmanship I have never seen equaled. Here is his first episode:

ON TO HOLLYWOOD

This radio script is the fictionized account of the trip of Shirley Jean Williams, the child radio star, with her brother Charles, her mother, and grandmother, from their home, Schenectady, New York, to Hollywood, California, in quest of fame in the movies for Shirley Jean. It all comes about in the following way.

The scene opens in the home of Joe Mylzinoff, famed Hollywood director. Mylzinoff and his wife and daughter (Joe, Lois, and Letty) are having after-dinner coffee on the terrace. Joe is in a philosophical good humor as he speaks to his wife. . . .

DIRECTOR.—Well, Lois, darling, we'd never be having our coffee outside at this time of the year back East. This California weather is even better than the folders used to tell us it was. Remember—we didn't believe them till we came out here ourselves three years ago. Boy, oh, boy, oh, boy—

LOIS.—Summer's the one thing I can stand twelve months a year.

DIRECTOR.—Yes, there are a lot of compensations for giving up

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our old friends in the East. But I hate to lose track of that Schenectady bunch. After all, we've had some swell times with the old gang.

LOIS.—Don't worry, dear—you'll find a bowling club, and another gang that gathers on alternate Friday nights. It won't be long before you've surrounded yourself with all the things that used to make you (*chidingly*) such a bad husband.

DIRECTOR.—Hang it—it isn't the same though—I don't know what it is—

LOIS.—You mean *you're* not the same, Joe. (*Butler enters with file of papers, several newspapers included*)

DIRECTOR (*rustling papers*).—Imagine, Lois, here's the Schenectady *Times-Union.*

LOIS.—Well—isn't *that* something? Now you can shed a few tears into your demi-tasse after all.

DIRECTOR (*ignoring her*).—Listen to this! Looks as if old Bill Cullum—you remember, Lois, dear—the director of Station WGY—has sure gotten in with the newspaper boys since I left.

LOIS.—Radio is news nowadays, Joe.

DIRECTOR (*laughing*).—And in my day you couldn't get a stick of type if you had Mickey Mouse broadcasting "Hamlet!"

LOIS.—What's the break Bill got, dear?

DIRECTOR.—A full page AND pictures on the big children's show that's going on Christmas week, featuring the kids from WGY.

LOIS.—That paper's four days old. They must be opening *tonight.* Is it being broadcast? What does it say the time is for it to go on?

DIRECTOR.—It says here that the Orphan's Christmas Tree Association is sponsoring a coast-to-coast program of children's shows in various cities. WGY goes on at seven-thirty.

LOIS.—Why—it's nearly eight now. That program must be almost finished. I *hate* children's programs anyway, so it's all right with me. I want to listen to Bing Crosby.

DIRECTOR.—But this is business, honey, and if there's any decent talent on this program I owe it to myself to find out and listen to it. You know radio's a swell place to uncover new talent.

LOIS (*slyly*).—And easy on the feet, too!

DIRECTOR.—All right . . . all right! But I'm going to tune it in right now, if only to see what kind of a show Bill can put on these days. (*Sound of turning on radio, whistling, rumbling as* JOE *tunes in. Then distantly—suddenly louder and clear—"This is Station WGY, Schenectady," etc.*)

WGY ANNOUNCER.—And now, folks, little Shirley Jean Williams, our guest star of the evening who gave us such a wonderful rendition a few minutes ago at the beginning of the program, will appropriately end the WGY Children's program with her own inimitable version of *"6666666666666666."* (*Four minutes*

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allowed for Shirley Jean's song and applause. After song and applause musical cut back to Hollywood and Mylzinoff's home. No closing announcement, as JOE *cuts off program right after Shirley's song, since it was the last number on the program. Applause still going as he shuts off program and . . .*)

DIRECTOR.—Sa-ay—that Shirley Jean Williams sounded like the real stuff to me! What do *you* think—?

LOIS.—Joe, dear, it's hard to say. If she looks as swell as her singing sounds, then maybe you have something. But she may look like a rag doll. You know how those things are.

DIRECTOR.—That's true, honey, but I need a kid with a delivery like that so badly to compete with Luxor's Mary Ann McGee! You know I can't sell that script I want to do until I show A. J. someone who can really put it over.

LOIS.—You've got a lot of important things to do to take time out to gamble with anything so flimsy, Joe.

DIRECTOR.—Yes—I know—but I want to find out. And it'll be fun to talk to Bill anyway— I'm going to call him right now! (*Sound of putting through call to Bill Cullum. Much repetition of "Hollywood calling Schenectady" . . . "Are they ready, Schenectady?" . . . "Ready, Hollywood!" "O.K., Chicago . . . clear the wire . . . Hollywood calling Schenectady, N. Y."*)

DIRECTOR.—Hello, Bill? Well—you old shark, you! This is Joe Mylzinoff calling from the coast. How are you anyway, y'ole buzzard?

BILL (*heard remotely*).—We all thought Hollywood had swallowed you up.

DIRECTOR.—No, no, Bill—not at all. As the American Tel. & Tel. would have you believe, it's a small world! Ha-ha. Say, Bill, here's what I called about. I just caught your Children's program—that is—the last end of it where Shirley Jean Williams sang her number. She seems to have a lot on the ball. Now tell me—what kind of a pan has she got on her?

BILL.—She's just about the cutest thing that ever came out of this neck of the woods, Joe. And you're right, Joe—that kid's got everything. If only she's handled properly she'll go a long way.

DIRECTOR.—O.K., Bill— The thing is, I need someone like the Williams girl, but I haven't enough dough to gamble blind. Do you think she could get out here?

BILL.—I don't think so, Joe. She and her mother are pretty broke.

DIRECTOR.—Well, that's the way it is, Bill. You tell them that if they'll take a chance on getting out here I'll give them every break I can. IF SHIRLEY JEAN IS AS GOOD AS SHE SOUNDS.

BILL.—All right, Joe. And how about stopping in when you're coming East next time. The old gang would like to cast the eagle eye over you and Lois.

DIRECTOR.—I will—I will. And keep up the good work, Bill. So

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long. So long. (*Musical cut to the Williams home. Sound of door opening and closing once.*)

MOTHER (*surprised*).—Why, Bill—what are you doing here? I thought you were too busy to come out tonight, what with putting the finishing touches on all the arrangements down at the theater. And you're all out of breath. What's the matter? Nothing wrong, I hope, Bill?—We just got here ourselves. If we'd known you were coming we could have waited and all come out together.

SHIRLEY.—I hope nothing *I* did wrong on the air brought you out, Mr. Cullum?

BILL.—Bless you, no, Shirley Jean! It's something you did WELL that brought me out. You were terrific! So terrific that Joe Mylzinoff called me all the way from Hollywood to find out about you.

SHIRLEY.—You mean *the* Joe Mylzinoff, the famous director?

BILL.—Sure. He used to be at WGY only about four years ago, directing programs.

CHARLES (*precociously*).—So *what*. . . .

MOTHER (*gleefully*).—I *knew* you could do it, Shirley Jean. (*To* BILL) What did he want, Bill?

GRANDMA.—Yes, Shirley Jean—I can see you inherit some of your mother's mother's talent, my dear—

BILL.—He wants Shirley Jean to come to Hollywood, but she'll have to get there on her own initiative. He'll give her every break once she's there, but she'll have to figure HOW to get there HERSELF— (*All groan hopelessly.*)

CHARLES.—But I don't want to go to Hollywood.

BILL.—Why not, Charles—it's the one big chance we've all been hoping for for your sister—

CHARLES.—Because I'm going to be on the Terrible Tigers baseball team in the Spring, and this is the first year I've been able to make it.

SHIRLEY.—But, Charles—think of traveling all the way across the continent. Think of the DANGER—

CHARLES (*doubtfully*).—Would there be INDIANS?

GRANDMA.—There were in MY day, child, but they've all bit the dust by now. Probably because there was so much of it.

CHARLES (*sulkily*).—I want to play baseball. . . .

MOTHER (*inspired*).—I hear that the boys in "Our Gang" have a team all their own.

CHARLES.—And they might need a substitute when Skippy's mother wouldn't let him come out? OH, BOY! That'd be loads better than the Terrible Tigers! But I bet the Tigers could beat 'em. Let's start right now!

MOTHER (*dryly*).—I thought you'd see the great opportunity for Shirley Jean.

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GRANDMA.—To think that at my age I've got to push across that "No Man's Land" again! What are we going to use for money?

MOTHER.—Yes, Bill—WHAT can we DO?

BILL.—Well, Mrs. Williams—there's not much *I* can do. I wish there were—

SHIRLEY.—But I MUST go! I'm so sure, you see, that I can be a star. I KNOW it!

BILL.—The only thing I can do is to write letters for you that'll get you into all the radio stations along the way. And possibly Shirley Jean can make enough to carry you all.

GRANDMA (*philosophically*).—I might brush up on a few of my old cowboy ballads. . . .

CHARLES.—I'll sell my bike, and all my marbles, and my stamp collection. Or if I don't sell my bike I could ride on ahead of you and sell newspapers, or hold out a tin cup and pretend I'm a beggar—

MOTHER.—You're half asleep, Charles. You'd better go to bed.

GRANDMA.—Well, I'm all for leaving for California P.D.Q.; they take in the sidewalks too early for me around here!

MOTHER.—Oh, Bill—I'm sure we'll make it, thanks to your letters and encouragement!

BILL.—So am I, Mrs. Williams. I'll be rooting for you every minute, too—you can bet on that!

SHIRLEY.—Hurray! Hurray! I'll dance and sing my way from COAST TO COAST. ON TO HOLLYWOOD!

ANNOUNCER.—But what difficulties beset these brave travelers! It's a long way between radio stations sometimes. And will Charles fulfill his threat to sell newspapers? CAN Shirley Jean sing and dance her way to Hollywood? That remains to be seen. Our listeners will hear the whole thrilling story if they listen in at this time every week to the Candy-Bran Hour. Munch a piece of Candy-Bran . . . the candy cake that tastes so grand!

In this first script what are the marks which give away the beginner? First, the piece is completely unreal, and unreality begins page one, line one, voice one. Joe Mylzinoff, presumably a Russian and programed as a "famed Hollywood director," is in every way completely un-Hollywood and unprofessional—a perfect Rotarian prototype from Schenectady. Although Joe is a famed Hollywood director (which would mean supposedly that he had a good salary and many acquaintances), neither Joe nor his wife have anything much to do, nowhere to go, and spend the afternoon over their after-dinner coffee missing the old gang back East. What makes us positively certain that the writer is unsure of his own material is the fact that we are never permitted to meet Letty (the daugh-

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ter) after being told in the opening that she is "on-stage." She doesn't have so much as a single line. After about forty seconds of talk we run into our first marginal direction: "Butler enters with file of papers, several newspapers included." But our butler is not introduced and is not given anything to say. Neither Joe nor Mrs. Joe see, recognize or acknowledge him, and there is no way of telling us what his mission is.

The next few pages bring in their own share of additional troubles, one of the worst of which is the amateurish overuse of coincidence. Here we have Mr. Mylzinoff in search of juvenile talent, tuning in on Station WGY (which is taboo because it is an identified station) and not only picking up WGY and the broadcast which he wants, but the split-second announcement that introduces our petite heroine. Then Shirley Jean (another taboo, her name being too close to Shirley Temple) goes into her production number and of course has them in the aisles right away. Very convenient for Joe, very hard for the audience. It's just too much to believe.

We run into two or three awkward transitions and then collide with a dead giveaway for the writer. Our famed director, casually telephoning across the continent to get information on what he hopes will turn into a million-dollar juvenile property, hasn't enough money to buy the girl's transportation to the West coast. By this time any critical reader is willing to quit. Not so the writer. He takes us at once to another error, that which is known as identification failure. We have a musical cut and a Sound cue for a door closing, and then: MOTHER (*surprised*): "Why, Bill—what are you doing here? I thought you were too busy to come out tonight, what with putting the finishing touches on all the arrangements down at the theater. And you are all out of breath. What is the matter? Nothing wrong, I hope, Bill. We just got here ourselves. If we had known you were coming, we could have waited and all come out together." All that the radio audience can possibly grasp from this splutter is that an unnamed woman is talking to a fellow named Bill. As to where we are, we do not even have a good suspicion.

In subsequent episodes with which I will not plague the reader, we find violent character inconsistencies: Shirley, the curly-headed sweetheart, after outwitting an inferior competitor (Charles had her quarantined for smallpox), suddenly turns into a vindictive, revenge-is-sweet little harpy, torments her rival in a most unladylike way, and does so when the girl

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is already beaten. Charles, who was naïve enough, as we saw in the script, to inquire whether Indians would be one of their transcontinental dangers, suddenly climbs up on the bandstand and leads an orchestra. Grandma, who is peppy enough to give us the only approach to lively talk in the whole show, is at the same time old enough to remember going West in a covered wagon.

"On to Hollywood" got as far as Cincinnati. Many road shows have stranded there I am sure, and we may as well let this one, too.

How the New Writer Can Improve Himself

Reading plays and attending the theater are the most beneficial and instructive exercises the radio writer can have. They will certainly help him to avoid such errors as those we have just seen. Techniques of writing can be, if not acquired, at least understood, by a thorough knowledge of the work of other writers, notably that of playwrights, who depend on the spoken word to set the scene, explain the characters, and start the action moving. Last year I assigned a radio dramatization to a writer, now a member of my staff, who had never written a play or radio script before. The finished product, his first, was so accurate in all the essentials of radio writing that I could only ask him how he came by this skill. The answer was interesting and illuminating. He read Shakespeare almost exclusively; and Shakespeare, he said, faced the same problems that the radio writer must face. More than most playwrights, he depended on dialogue for his exposition: there are no stage directions to speak of in his plays, and there is no character description apart from the dialogue. Unlike any other playwright, Shakespeare begins his play straight off, almost abruptly. At once he sets something going to amaze, startle, interest, arouse the listener—exactly as the radio writer must do—and the whole substance of the play and what is to follow, particularly the *atmosphere* of the story and the kind of characters who are to inhabit it, are to be discovered in the opening few lines. He indicates in his opening scenes who the characters are and their relation to one another, he lets the audience know what time it is and where the scene is laid, he explains what the situation is as the curtain goes up—all in the dialogue. Like Shakespeare, the radio writer has no printed program to explain these things to his audience, and he is playing, so to speak, upon a bare stage without scenery, exactly as Shake-

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speare did in the old Globe Theatre. Hence his dramatization problems are the same and they must be solved in much the same way. Moreover, when Shakespeare wanted to change his scene and continue his play with a different sequence, he could not lower the curtain and raise it again on a different setting whose visual properties would explain the change to the audience, as it does in the modern theater. The old Globe had no curtain, no stage scenery. He indicates the end of his scene usually by a rhymed couplet, which the audience knew meant a change of scene, and this rhymed couplet is comparable to the "music bridge" which effects the transition from scene to scene in radio writing, and serves the same purpose.

Example of Superior First Script

Without any further comment on the subject of professional quality I am going to let Milton Geiger summarize for me what I have been trying to say on this subject. Here is his script "Case History," the first script he ever wrote:

CASE HISTORY *

Biz.—Fade in series of code v's . . . up full . . . down behind.

Narrator.—Ladies and gentlemen, tonight the Columbia Workshop presents the fifth program of its experimental series dedicated to you and the magic of radio. In line with its policy of introducing the work of new authors, the Workshop is pleased this evening to offer an unusual drama dealing with the dark recesses of the subconscious mind. We present "Case History" by Milton M. E. Geiger.

Biz.—Fade in on hiss of sterilizer.

Dr. Marks.—I think it's pretty hopeless, Doctor—he's too far gone—

Dr. Vivian.—No—there's still a spark left—about one chance in a hundred if we work fast.—When did they *find* him?

Dr. Marks.—Our ambulance picked him up about 20 minutes ago—crumpled on the sidewalk in front of a drugstore on 6th and Main.

Dr. Vivian.—Nurse! Tourniquet for intravenous injection—syringe—50 cc.'s of methylene blue—get ready for gastric lavage and artificial respiration—

Nurse.—Yes, Doctor.

Dr. Vivian.—Strip his right arm, Doctor Marks—while I get these gloves on—

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DR. MARKS.—Right— (*Ripping of cloth*)

DR. VIVIAN.—Alcohol, please— (*Few slaps against arm*) Cotton—iodine—all right, Doctor—tighten the tourniquet—little more, please—syringe, please— (*Pause*) Thank you—there— (*To doctor*) Consciousness and reflexes are restored sometimes before the entire injection of the methylene— (*To nurse*) Stand ready with the respirator if he starts coming round—

NURSE.—All ready, Doctor—

Biz.—First faintly . . . a groan and heavy sigh . . . it continues . . . a little heavier.

DR. MARKS.—He's coming out of the coma—

DR. VIVIAN.—Quick—start the respirator— (*Hiss of respirator starting*) All right, Doctor—put the mask on his face— (*The groans get muffled as the mask is placed on River's face*) Nurse—get another 50 cc.'s of methylene ready in case of lapses—

Biz.—Metallic click of respirator counter close to mike . . . the breathing mask close too . . . through it we hear the labored breathing of patient . . . he mumbles . . . groans . . . lapses into steady deep inhalations against the beat of the inhalator counter and hiss of apparatus.

DR. VIVIAN (*in subcontrol room*).—He's slipping again—hypodermic, please.

Biz.—The organ sustains the lowest octave it can reach . . . it starts low in background . . . as it builds slowly . . . we hear a repeat of:

DR. VIVIAN (*on first filter*).—He's slipping again—hypodermic, please— (*The organ up more*)

DR. VIVIAN (*on highest filter*).—He's slipping again—hypodermic, please— (*The organ higher*)

DR. VIVIAN (*steps way back from filtered mike and shouts so that voice sounds way off in distance*).—He's slipping again—hypodermic, please—

Biz.—The organ builds full up—dissolves into roar of airplane engine in studio—full up, then down for:

RIVER.—What am I doing up here? Wonder what time it is—Not in these hills— Snooze you go!—And wham!—Eighty-five hundred feet— No good either— Fellow can scrape his landing gear off on a tree or smack into some mountain, like Girard out of Cleveland. Found Girard almost three weeks after he came down in the Alleghenies— Girard could fly too— A good job, flying—the mail!—Checks coming in regularly—Fellow could be pretty certain of his coffee and rolls as long as he kept his end up—that would be one cinch for River Dawson— If only Western Continent Airways hadn't folded— I'd still have my job . . . Number One Pilot and no troubles with Janet— No troubles with Janet—

Biz.—The engine whines and labors . . . the sighing wind rises.

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RIVER.—Whoa, there!—Whoa!—Never can tell about this mountain flying— Get caught in a down draft and you lose altitude like a winged Mallard— Level, there, Beulah— I don't know where we're flying, but keep your nose up—that's it—upsy, Beulah— (RIVER *is silent for a second . . . the engine roars on . . . the wind whines in gear and rigging*) Wonder what Janet is doing now—sipping cocktails—dancing with some mug—someone else's arms around her—all right—I'm just a dumb pilot out of a job—can't blame the kid—what was it she said—

Biz.—Airplane engine alone for a second.

JANET (*board fade in*).—Why can't you give it up, River? (*Pleading*) Now that Western Continent is out of business, give up flying—get yourself another job—it gets them all. It comes to everyone they all say at the field. It'll come to you, and where'll I be, River?

RIVER.—I'll be all right— Some of the boys have been in it since the Wright boys flew at Kitty Hawk.

JANET.—Yes! And their legs are broken in a dozen spots, and crooked, and shiny where they're scarred. And they talk of their miraculous escapes. And then one day they don't escape. Every week one of the boys who've been in it since the Wright brothers flew at Kitty Hawk comes to the end of his string. Give it up, River.

RIVER.—I can't. I'll get a job and we'll get married and everything'll be hunky!

JANET (*coldly*).—No, River, it won't.

RIVER.—It won't?

JANET.—No. I won't share you with the wind and the scent of gas and the beat of engines and the threat of death. I want my man for myself, and not for the service of—of—machines.

RIVER.—You're wrought up. I'll call you tomorrow.

JANET.—No. I won't be home to you. I'm sorry, River. I've made a decision. I'm asking you to make one. But think!

RIVER (*stolidly*).—I don't have to think. I can't do anything but fly. It's in my blood. There's no decision to make when there's only one—course.

JANET.—I—I'm sorry, River. Terribly sorry.

RIVER (*bitterly angry all at once*).—Sorry!—Yes, you're sorry—Maybe you'd like me to be a ribbon clerk or a dandy in evening pumps. Well, I'm not— It ain't my speed— I stick to the stick!—I'll be seeing you!

Biz.—The drum of the airplane engine up full for a second . . . then down behind.

RIVER.—So that's the end of that— Humph— Why is it so cold?—and DARK!—Like the bottom of a pitch lake—ouch! (*He cries out suddenly*) Funny— There's that pain in the right arm again—Tight and cramped— And I wonder what's wrong with the

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old lungs— Can't—seem—to—get—my—breath. Kinda—chokes me— Awful cold—wonder—why—can't be lost— Who—me?—River Dawson?—don't make me—me laugh— There's a light in—the east— Funny—gas gauge—must be stuck—flew all—this—distance— Didn't use up any gas—stuck—remember—have—it fixed—remember— (*Breathes gaspingly*) There goes my breath again—got to hold tight—can't crack up here—bad spot—never find me— (*Build plane*) Better set all controls in neutral—slipping—cold—dark—slipping—Janet—Janet—slipping— (*The airplane engine up full . . . dissolve into low drone of organ . . . fade out entirely and into hiss of respirator*)

DR. VIVIAN.—He's slipping again—hypodermic, please—

NURSE.—Yes, Doctor.

DR. MARKS.—His respiration's more labored—he's slipping back into a coma again—

DR. VIVIAN.—Yes—looks bad—the syringe, please—quick, Nurse!

NURSE.—Yes, Doctor.

DR. VIVIAN (*in subcontrol*).—We'll give him fifty cc.'s more—Tourniquet again, Doctor—tight on the right arm— (*The organ starts low background*)

DR. VIVIAN (*first filter*).—Tight on the right arm. (*The organ up a bit*)

DR. VIVIAN (*extreme filtration*).—Tight on the right arm!

DR. VIVIAN (*still filtered . . . moves back from mike and shouts for distant effect as before*).—Tight on the right arm.

Biz.—The organ surges up to cover him . . . gradually dissolves into plane engine again. . . . Up full, then down for:

RIVER.—What happened—must've passed out—that's funny—River Dawson passing out—lucky I didn't smack into a mountain—better have a look around—it's light now—foggy but light—well, if that ain't the luckiest!—An airport—just where I was headin' too—is that flyin' or is that flyin'—just kind of instinct I guess—usin' the old flyin' head— We better get down, Beulah, and see about that gas gauge— (*Motor whines a bit*) That's it, Beulah, around and into the wind—nasty fog—lucky it's a nice long field— (*Motor cuts . . . plane starts descent . . . whine of wind*) Easy, Beulah—easy does it. (*The motor stops . . . plane lands*) She's down—nice work, Beulah— (*Ring on cymbal light*) Well, where is everybody—not even a ship on the field—I better do a little investigating—ought to be someone stirring in the administration building—there's a bunch on the rail—that's a relief—I was beginning to feel creepy around this morgue—and this fog—brrr—thick as Turkish coffee— (*Footsteps on concrete*) Funny lookin' bunch—old Horseface there—sadder than sad—bony lookin' guy—I oughta feed 'im an apple— (*Footsteps stop*)

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RIVER.—Er— Hello, boys— (*There is no answer*) Hello— (*Pause*) Say, are you guys deaf?

HORSEFACE (*Slowly—tolerantly—kindly*).—Howdy.

RIVER.—Where's the boss of this outfit?

HORSEFACE.—Inside. You better wait, though. You better.

RIVER.—A tough baby, the boss, eh? (*To himself*) Funny cuss, old Horseface—put his face together in a hurry—nice eyes though—kind of soft like—patient—

HORSEFACE.—He's all right—

RIVER.—I guess I'll go in anyway—it's formal to report— (*Starts off*) I'll see you, boys—

HORSEFACE.—No. Don't go in—I wouldn't.

RIVER (*curiously*).—Say, the boss must be poison.

HORSEFACE.—Oh, I don't know. Pretty regular when you get to know him. (*Meaningly*) If you get to know him—

RIVER.—*If* I get to know him—an aristocrat, eh? In this forsaken burg?

HORSEFACE.—I wouldn't say that. I wouldn't know about it.

RIVER.—All right—all right. Can I get a stuck gas gauge adjusted? And how about a little gas and oil? Gauge says I'm full up but that couldn't be—I've been flyin' all night.

HORSEFACE.—That'll be all right.

RIVER.—Will it now? All by itself it'll be all right. It's the climate, I bet! What I want to know is, do I get a gas gauge unstuck?

HORSEFACE.—It'll be all right, I said.

Biz.—Before the senseless talk can continue, someone else, heavy-toned and surly, breaks in.

VOICE.—Nice day.

HORSEFACE.—Yup. (*Silence*)

VOICE.—Nice day yesterday, too.

HORSEFACE.—Yup. And it'll be nice tomorrow and the next day and the next. Always was. Always ought to be, by the records.

RIVER.—I want a gas gauge fixed and I want gas and oil and if you boys aren't talking, your boss is. So, one side, boys.

HORSEFACE (*pleasantly disarming*).—Where you from? (*His mildness takes* RIVER *off guard*)

RIVER.—Huh? Oh, Los Angeles. San Diego, really, but I took off from Angel.

VOICE.—Nice trip? (*Insinuatingly, with the suggestion of a leer in his voice*)

RIVER (*guardedly*).—Oh, sure. All right.

ANOTHER VOICE (*sharp, bird-like, chirps up*).—Er, you ever been around these parts before? Don't quite remember seeing you, stranger, I don't think.

HORSEFACE.—You shet up, Chet. This man's a guest, see. He ain't staying, so you treat him like a guest, see? You got such a big mouth.

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RIVER.—I been around. Maybe YOU haven't. But I've done plenty flying. Plenty. Think I'll have a look around until the Big Shot can see me and check me in and out.

HORSEFACE.—Mind if I go with you?

RIVER (*pleased*).—No, I don't mind. Thanks.

HORSEFACE (*to the group*).—Be good, boys.

Biz.—Footsteps of RIVER *and* HORSEFACE *ring on the concrete as they walk in silence.*

RIVER (*suddenly*).—Say, what about this place? Don't it do any business? I don't see a ship and I don't hear a single engine.

HORSEFACE.—No. Nothing much doing lately.

RIVER.—Well, I'm sorry to report that I don't like this place.

HORSEFACE.—We belong; you don't. Let it go at that.

RIVER (*after a pause . . . thoughtfully*).—You're all right!

HORSEFACE (*gently*).—Thanks, kid. (*They clump on . . . then footsteps halt*) Well, this is number one hangar. (*A faint clinking of hammers comes to them, muffled as by fog*)

RIVER.—Well! A ship, as I snore in my sleep! And a beauty! I never would have thought it of the old burg. A real beaut. Look at those lines—long and sleek and slick and—she's a honey, what I mean—

HORSEFACE.—Mercury Airlines. Cruising speed 180 miles per hour.

RIVER.—Well, she'll do all right. Man! That's what I like to see in a— (*Stops short . . . a note of shrewdness and deep suspicion suddenly enters his voice*) Say, when did that ship come in?

HORSEFACE.—Last night.

RIVER.—Where's the luggage? And the passengers?

HORSEFACE.—About somewhere. I ain't exactly the local nursemaid.

RIVER (*thoughtfully*).—You know, I wouldn't say this to anyone but you. You look on the level, and if you ain't, it's my funeral, not yours. But is that bunch stealing planes?

HORSEFACE (*gently mocking*).—Stranger, you grieve me!

RIVER.—All right, don't talk then. I'm not looking for trouble. Unless you get gay with my job out there. Then watch out.

HORSEFACE.—Don't worry, kid.

RIVER.—All right. I was just serving notice, you might say. I've heard of plane smuggling to two-by-four powers that'll buy up anything that'll hop fifty feet. Revolutionaries and that sort of thing. But let it pass. Only hands off my ship.

Biz.—They have been walking during this dialogue . . . suddenly RIVER *cries out.*

RIVER.—Look! That man on that oil drum . . . reading out of that little leather book. I know him.

HORSEFACE.—Honest?

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RIVER.—Sure . . . Brad Young used to sit like a jack-knife like that and read and read. Hey— Oh—oh—oh, no. It can't be. No. That's impossible. (*His voice is broken and sad*)

HORSEFACE.—We—people look different in a fog, don't they?

RIVER.—Yeh. Guess they do. Only it sure gave me a start, at first.

HORSEFACE.—I bet it did. You grabbed my arm so it'll be black and blue, I bet.

RIVER.—I thought sure it was old Brad Young. He looked up at us so sad and expectant-like. I thought I recognized him, and then I didn't and then I did again. But it's impossible. I tell you, I never did see such a bunch of melancholy mutts—if you don't mind my Spanish—I never did see such a bunch in all my days—

HORSEFACE.—So would it be all right if I just kind of inquire where you're headed for?

RIVER.—Me? Oh, East, I guess.

HORSEFACE.—You don't seem very particular about your destination. Er—feeling a bit low, kid?

RIVER.—No. Why, no, I'm okay. Well—yes.

HORSEFACE.—Shoot, kid. That is, if you feel like it. I'm always glad to listen to a man's troubles, if it'll help any.

RIVER.—Don't see where it makes any difference if I tell you. Girl trouble.

HORSEFACE.—That's nothing. Don't be foolish.

RIVER.—Lost my place with Western Continent when it folded, too.

HORSEFACE.—That's nothing. Nothing to shout about but nothing to get you down either. Don't be foolish. I wouldn't do anything rash, ya know. What's this I hear about a Trans-Pacific line? There ought to be jobs for the right men. Trans-Pacific! That sounds great to me! Trans-Pacific. Trans-Pacific. If only I was—

RIVER.—What? If only you was what?

HORSEFACE.—Never mind.

RIVER.—All right again. But to me you sounded like a guy in the trenches that's just heard about Broadway or Main Street or Platt's Junction. That's all.

HORSEFACE.—Trans-Pacific! That's mighty fine. (*There's another silence . . . then* HORSEFACE *clears his throat noisily*) Er, you left Los Angeles last night?

RIVER.—That's right. Had a battle with the girl friend. It's all washed up, too, if you want to know. So I checked out of my room and tore down to the field and here I am.

HORSEFACE (*remotely*).—And here you are. You came straight out to the field? No stops? Think. Think very hard. It's—it's important, kid. Think—think—think. (*There is something*

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urgent, almost pleading in Horseface's tone. River's hesitancy of speech suggests heavy frowns, struggle with faulty memory)

RIVER.—Sure—straight out. No, no, not quite, I guess. Say—cut it out—my arm hurts—sharp—cut the questions—cut it, I say— (*His voice rises hysterically*) Cut it, do you hear? I'm on the level and this place isn't, I tell you! So cut it, see! And my arm aches— (*Start to fade out*) What makes my arm ache—what makes my arm ache— (*Groans and out*)

Biz.—The organ starts low . . . builds to maximum and then on cue doctor on high filter, shouting so that it cuts from distance.

DR. VIVIAN (*in subcontrol*).—Tight on the right arm!

DR. MARKS (*clear*).—Right, Doctor— (*Moans from* RIVER) He's coming to again—

DR. VIVIAN (*clear*).—Syringe! Hold his left arm, Doctor, he's reaching for the tourniquet— (*The monotonous beat of the respirator counter is heard throughout*) If this methylene brings him around again, I think he'll be all right.

Biz.—Close-up on heavy breathing through respirator mask . . . the organ starts low . . . as the tempo of the breathing increases . . . the counter beat increases and the organ volume builds against it . . . through it we cut three times the doctor's voice as before.

DR. VIVIAN (*first filter*).—I think he'll be all right— (*Organ and breathing up*)

DR. VIVIAN (*high pass filter*).—I think he'll be all right— (*More organ and breathing*)

DR. VIVIAN (*high pass filter . . . calling from way off*).—I think he'll be all right—

Biz.—The organ surges up full . . . breathing drops . . . then fade organ into abstract effect for fog . . . then:

HORSEFACE.—You'll be all right, kid—just think—it's important—think—

RIVER.—Think what?

HORSEFACE.—Did you stop any place between the time you left the airport and came here?

RIVER.—I don't know—and the back of my neck hurts—I can't think—I can't! It was raining—yes—it was coming down heavy and it was late and there was a light on the corner and it said drugs—I—I got some cigarettes—that's right—cigarettes—

HORSEFACE.—That all? Nothing else? Think—(*almost pleading*) —think—

RIVER.—That's all—no—I don't know. I can't think, I tell you, my arm aches and my neck—he wrote in a book, yeah—the druggist—he had a face like a prune. I thought, "He's got a face like a prune," and a head like a shiny bowling ball. He bent over to write in a red book; he wanted to know my name—

HORSEFACE.—For cigarettes?

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RIVER.—Sure—yeah, for cigarettes—he asked what is your name—and I said, "Hector Higgins"—wasn't that a scream, Hector Higgins? (*Laughs hysterically then stops suddenly*) It was raining and I got cigarettes and I was in a plane—and—and—what do you care, you old scarecrow. What's it *to* you? You with your goofy horseface. What's it *to* you? Let me go—I've got to be going—I'll be seeing you— Got to go—get gas and go— That's it— I won't stand this place another minute—(*His voice lowers and he babbles incoherently*)

HORSEFACE.—Take it easy, kid—I think you can go back—it's hard—but you can do it—easy does it, kid.

RIVER.—That man—that man on the oil drum again. That man—(*His voice starts climbing again unsteadily*) I know now—it—it IS Brad Young. It IS, I tell you! Look, he's walking away from me. But it's Brad— (*Shouts*) Brad—Brad Young—Brad, wait— Don't you know me—Brad— (*Lower, awed*) He—he's turning—he heard me! It's Brad! See—he recognizes me—he's smiling at me— (*Sobbingly*) Brad—talk to me (*a pregnant silence . . . then a new voice, low, sad, gentle*)

BRAD.—Hello, River—sure is great to see you again.

RIVER.—No! No! (*Disbelief fills his struggling tones*) It can't—it can't! Don't lie to me— You can't be Brad Young. Stop nodding at me like that; stop grinning, I tell you— (*Screaming*) You can't be Brad Young—you— (*Slower now with deadly emphasis and realization*) You—crashed in Arizona four years ago! Burnt to a crisp!

BRAD.—Yes, River.

RIVER.—Yes, River, he says. Yes, River—it—it can't be. It can't! (*Suddenly struck by another idea*) The liner! The Mercury ship I saw in the hangar—what—what about her?

HORSEFACE (*sadly*).—Too bad. She crashed last night in the Sierras. Smashed to kindling. All hands killed. Too bad.

RIVER.—Smashed! All! (*Gibbering in horror*) I've got to go! Let me out of here! My ship—where's my ship? Got to get to my plane. (*Gasps*) That light! That awful glaring light. (*The organ comes in with a high-pitched eerie ring low in background*)—From the building—and there's someone standing in the doorway—someone—someone—someone— My plane! I can't find it—this fog. You, you Brad! Stop that grinning and nodding— Stop it! Stop it! You—you—thing (*His voice trails off into this distance on the filter setup as the organ chord rises to a crescendo*) Stop—stop—stop—stop! (*It is lost in the organ build . . . then everything cuts . . . complete silence . . . after a few seconds . . . low in the background the fog effect and a light eerie wind*)

HORSEFACE (*softly*).—So long, kid. Go back. Back to Broadway and Platt's Corners and the Trans-Pacific—so long, kid—

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BRAD (*wistfully*).—So long, River. Go back.

HORSEFACE (*fade this into the wind rising*).—Back—go back—(*Wind up . . . fades . . . a long pause, then footsteps in a corridor . . . door opens*)

NURSE (*quietly*).—Good morning, Doctor. He's rested quite well. He's awake now.

DOCTOR (*footsteps*).—Hello—well, you're looking better. I didn't think there was much hope when they brought you in last night.

RIVER (*weakly*).—Hello—

DOCTOR.—That was a terrific shot of cyanide you took. Enough to kill a squad of ordinary men . . .

RIVER.—Yeah—don't know what got into me—to make me do it . . .

DOCTOR.—Let's forget about it—I've brought you a morning paper—

RIVER.—Thanks, Doc—what's the top news?

DOCTOR.—Bad air crash—headlines—look—

RIVER (*reading*).—"NINE DIE AS MERCURY LINER CRASHES INTO MOUNTAIN"— (*His voice seems strained as though he gropes in his memory for something that eludes him*) as Mercury liner crashes into mountain—as Mercury liner— (*Sighs and gives up*)

DOCTOR.—Did you know about it?

RIVER.—No—no. It just sounded as if I heard it some place—too bad—too bad—

DOCTOR.—Well. I'll leave you now—there's a young lady waiting to see you—think you're strong enough—

RIVER (*ecstatically*).—Sure—sure—

Biz.—Music take-out.

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WRITING EXERCISES

1. Prepare a fifteen-minute dialogue adaptation of Browning's poem, "My Last Duchess," using the overtones in this poem to reconstruct, from your own imagination, a scene which might have taken place between the duke and duchess shortly before he rid himself of her.

2. Write a half-hour show from Dickens's story, "The Signal Man." The great usefulness of the sound effect of railroad trains will be evident to the reader. How much may one use this effect without wearing it out?

3. As a severe assignment in compression, prepare a one-hour drama which will tell the whole story of Cooper's *The Pilot* without omitting an important episode.

4. Write a detailed synopsis for thirteen half-hour broadcasts to be adapted from Parkman's *The Oregon Trail* and prepare any one of these as a broadcast for children whose maximum age is fifteen.

5. In two consecutive half-hour broadcasts reproduce in dialogue Humphrey Cobb's war book, *Paths of Glory.*

6. From Damon Runyon's collection of stories entitled *Guys and Dolls* write a fifteen-minute adaptation of "Butch Minds the Baby" and avoid killing any of the police.

7. As an effort in atmospheric writing, adapt Hawthorne's story, "Rappaccini's Daughter," for a half-hour broadcast.

8. In a series of six fifteen-minute shows, reproduce Doyle's tale of terror, *The Hound of the Baskervilles.*

9. In a one-minute spot of opening narration, explain the circumstances of the first two-thirds of Evelyn Waugh's book, *A Handful of Dust.* Then dramatize, in a forty-five-minute adaptation, the entire South American adventure, picking up your characters during the voyage to Brazil.

10. From *Gone with the Wind* write a half-hour adaptation of the scene of Scarlett's flight from Atlanta, her abandonment by Rhett, and the party's eventual arrival at Tara.

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CHAPTER VIII

ANALYSIS OF STUDENT WORK: THE IMPORTANCE OF SIMPLICITY

I HAVE taught writing in three different universities, two in this country and one in the Orient, and I have found that one of the most persistent anxieties among students everywhere is the fear that their ideas are not sufficiently involved or robust or worldly wise to warrant extensive treatment. They are very often right. On the other hand they are just as often unaware of the expansible dimension in what they have. Great dramas and great books and great stories, when one looks at the general field, are not involved. Their basic ideas are astonishingly simple. Nothing could be simpler, for example, than the basic idea of *Lord Jim*. It could be completely expressed in one sentence. So could the basic idea of *Green Mansions*. So could the basic idea of "Outward Bound," to mention a play, and "Boule de Suif," to mention a story.

In the radio plays we have already seen this continues to be true. "Gardiens de Phare" derived from a concept as simple as that of two men in a lighthouse, one of whom developed rabies. The story we have already read, "One Special for Doc," was little more than a yarn about two men in a drugstore, one of whom was about to kill himself because his romance had collapsed. "J. Smith and Wife" was the story of an ordinary mother and father who found their eternal reward by being unable to be anything but themselves and who, in so being, revealed themselves as heroes.

In the pages to come we shall see a broadcast I consider most satisfyingly charming and beautiful, called "Mr. Sycamore." Its basic idea is the very essence of simplicity: a weary postman wants to become a tree and does so. We shall see another piece based on a simple-minded Yorkshireman who, while visiting in America, discovered that he could fly. And we shall see still another—more grisly than the fantasies—in which a sailor in command of an overcrowded lifeboat killed ten of his passengers in order to give the rest a chance to survive. Basic concepts of this sort do not require intellectual profundity, and

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their conversion to full-length portraits is a matter of practice.

A few summers ago CBS produced an ambitious and successful series of one-hour programs called "America's Hour." In substance these programs were dramatized histories of America's heavy industries, chronicles of her major contributions to the world's progress, prosperity, and comfort. The story of coal was presented in the course of this series and all of the writing had to be done from original research. Nobody in the organization knew anything about coal except its color, and everyone in the program division who could be spared was sent out to make discoveries. Someone came in with the following sentence: "John Drake of Sussex was tried and hanged for burning sea-coal in 1254." This slender extraction was made from Bradley's *History of Natural Resources,* a very big, very scholarly, and very dull book. The item salvaged, however, was interesting and it showed the proper instinct in the person who brought it back. It was the earliest reference to coal which we found, and was our sole source of fact for the opening scene. Here is the original scene as performed:

VOICE.—How long has the world been aware of the great usefulness of coal?

ANNOUNCER.—Not until comparatively recent times. Coal for many thousands of years was an industrial and social outcast. Nobody could get it to burn properly, and it created a severe smoke nuisance. In the year 1254—in a civil court in London—

CRIER (*comes in ringing bell*).—Oyez, oyez! All persons having business before the Court of the Lord High Sheriff will now stand forth!

Biz.—Crowd murmur.

JUDGE.—Will the prisoner be led forth and placed within the cage.

CRIER.—If it please milord, the prisoner hath no witness in his behalf.

JUDGE.—Then he shall speak on his own behalf. Lock the prisoner in the cage.

CRIER.—Yes, milord.

Biz.—Clang of metal door and lock.

JUDGE.—Rise for the court, Prisoner, and pronounce thy name.

DRAKE.—I am known in my guild as John Drake, milord.

JUDGE.—Married?

DRAKE.—A widower, milord, the plague having taken my good wife but a twelve-month ago.

JUDGE.—It is of no consequence to the court. Read the charge against the prisoner.

CLERK.—"That the artisan, John Drake, maketh a nuisance within

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the bailiwick of Westminster by befouling the air day and night with vapors; that these vapors issue from a furnace which burneth sea-coal; that they are blown into the atmospheres of this community by a bellows; that this foulness hath a force so contaminating as to afflict with nausea, with megrims, and with sudden rushings of blood to the head all those living in proximity to the furnace; that small children cry in the night-time they are stifled; that these presentments are true and testified to by members of this bailiwick. Therefore a petition is submitted that John Drake be apprehended by the law and obliged to attend at a hearing before the Lord High Sheriff."

JUDGE.—Are any of these petitioners in the court?

CLERK.—They are all assembled, milord.

JUDGE.—Call the first witness.

CLERK.—Richard Barth!

BARTH.—Present in the court.

JUDGE.—Stand forth against the prisoner and bring the first charge.

BARTH.—Milord, this young man hath a furnace, an evil-smelling manufactory that belches a mighty smoke upon us all.

JUDGE.—Prisoner, is this acceptable to you?

DRAKE.—It is indeed a smelly furnace, milord, but not an evil smell.

Biz.—Crowd murmur.

BARTH.—It is a vile, horrific stench, milord, with billows of black vapor. A poisonous compound, a hot fog of tar and soot.

DRAKE.—Milord, if it pleases, it is my livelihood. I am a smith, and the fire from the sea-coal is such a hottish fire that it makes me the best iron monger in London.

JUDGE.—What manner of iron make ye?

DRAKE.—Iron to bind the wheels of drays, to put on the feet of horses, and for nails in joining His Majesty's ships.

JUDGE.—Call the next witness.

CLERK.—Josephine Cockthorn!

JOSE.—Present, milord.

JUDGE.—Stand forth against the prisoner.

JOSE.—The man Drake hath caused my laundry to be soiled and my laundryman hath now left my employ.

JUDGE.—Is this the truth, Drake?

DRAKE.—Milord, I do not know the lady nor her laundryman. It is the truth that the smoke settleth and leaveth dirt.

JUDGE.—Call the third witness.

CLERK.—Peg Searly.

PEG.—Present, milord.

JUDGE.—Any further charges against the prisoner, John Drake?

PEG.—Please, milord, the furnace is next nearest my house by the rear side. The stench hath effectually killed a greenish parrot

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my father brought back from the Crusade. And my child hath a heavy croup in the lungs.

JUDGE.—Enough!

Biz.—Gavel rap.

JUDGE.—It is the opinion of this court that John Drake is guilty of compounding a misery upon his neighbors; that the burning of sea-coal is poisonous; that maintaining a smithy of the sort described endangers the health of tax-payers, children, and household animals. Will the prisoner stand for sentence. (*Pause*) John Drake—I find you guilty. You are sentenced by this court to be hanged by the neck until you are dead! And may God have mercy on your soul!

Biz.—Music up and down.

There is nothing remarkable in the scene of John Drake's trial. It called for little more than logical dramatic visualization and a mild feeling for early English. Historically the court procedure is probably all wrong, but this does not matter here. The fragment carried its point. It established coal as a pariah. That was all that mattered.

This type of assignment is elementary in radio writing. The people in radio who carry the burden of the dialogue work are every day obliged to make constructions of this sort, and to the born dramatist or to the good artisan or even to the good hack, a dramatic fiction of the type here included is not hard. It is a natural dramatic extension, a thirty-two-bar variation on a four-bar theme.

Students have a fear of these figments. They seem to feel that there is something faintly unethical in representing a scene as true which they know to be imaginary. They balk at being positive. They flinch at being specific. Don't do this. You must see the people of your play in your mind first and then you must name them off as they pass. Ideas beget ideas, and those which are the derivatives of the mother source are just as legitimate as the source itself. Let your imagination take you visiting from one of these ideas to another, then stay with the one you can work best and get acquainted with it. If it is at first fictile and amorphous, the constant return of your mind to it will finally give it solidity and shape. Then it is just as much yours as a memory of your past life is yours. It has, in fact, become a memory, a memory which can be recaptured in detail at any time. And this is the imaginative substance from which your writing should be done.

There are ways to achieve this. In my class work at New

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York University I found that students responded most quickly and most completely to an idea which I would supply rather than to an idea extracted from them as their own. Probably novelty had something to do with this; not that my ideas were novel, but rather that they presented, as far as any specific writing assignment was concerned, items for free association and development. I decided to give them, in the barest possible outline, the elements of a few favorite coincidences of mine and to have these expanded freely into actual radio material.

This worked. Everyone likes a good coincidence. Everyone likes to talk about them. Most people have experienced one or two worth recounting. The dramatized version which we shall look at is a very promising student effort. It was the first attempt of a young man who had never before seen a radio script. The story it tells is completely uncomplicated. The illuminating side of the man's work is its unmistakable evidence of a capacity for visualization.

The information given went something like this: A young American boy of Italian extraction ran away from an orphanage in which he had lived for some ten years past. He had received word from some source that his father had died many years before, and although he lacked any knowledge of his mother, he was convinced that she was alive and that he could find her. He hitchhiked his way out of New England and headed for New York. He spent a night in a hayloft on a Dutchess County farm and was caught there by the hired man the next morning. The hired man felt sorry for the young fellow and tried to spirit him away from the premises before he could be apprehended by the she-devil who owned the property, one Mrs. Peel. But she found him all right and called up the sheriff. She always turned in vagrants, seeming to think it was what they were for. But she had some talk with the boy before the sheriff got there and something impressed her enough to send the sheriff away after he arrived. She asked the boy his name, which he told her, then asked him his father's name, which he also knew. Mrs. Peel, it turned out, was really Margherita Peel, mother of our hero, and there was some fine Italian emotion when the thing was finally made clear to everybody. The New York papers gave the story good lineage at the time and took several pictures of Margherita and Tony, and one which included the hired man who wound up everything properly by being "hornswoggled."

This is a fairly standard coincidence but it offers any stu-

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dent a good opportunity to envisage his own conception of a basic and workable story idea. The student whose work we shall now see did this assignment remarkably well. He caught the essential spirit of the story itself, furnished it with its proper characters, kept them in their proper loci, introduced and removed them at their proper times, and with a sustained precision rare in any beginner, kept them in their own personalities and in their own attitudes. He put together no literary diadem, but his piece evinces that imaginative adaptability which we may as well call the capacity to inhabit the regions which generate fiction. Here is what he did with the coincidence of Tony and Mrs. Peel:

REUNION

1 *Biz.—Shrieking and clucking of hens in barnyard rising to crescendo of excitement quickly . . . followed by clattering of falling objects . . . after which crescendo of shrieking and clucking increases in excitement.*

2 GABE (*surprised, shouting above din*).—Heya-a-a-ah! Je—ho—so—phat! What's agoin' on there?

3 *Biz.—Shrieking, etc., subsides for short interval . . . fades out on* GABE'S *next speech.*

4 GABE.—Wull, I'll be hornsw— Another hobo. (*Loud*) Hey! You! Come down outa there! Watcha doin' here?

5 TONY (*off mike . . . his voice gets nearer as he speaks*).—All right, Mister, all right! I'm comin'— Please don't hurt me. I'm comin'—I'm comin'. I ain't done no harm. Please don't hit me.

6 GABE.—Aw, I ain't gonna hurt you. (*Appraisingly*) Hummph! Some'at young for a hobo. Startin' early, ain'tcha? (*Authoritatively*) Whatcha mean trespassing in our loft?

7 TONY.—Aw, gee, Mister. I didn't mean no harm—honest, I didn't—only fell asleep—I hadda find some place to sleep! Y'see—

8 GABE.—Wull, y'sure picked yessef a fine place— Don't you know we got a vagrancy law in this state? Ain't you seen the signs? That 'ere sleep might stand you thirty days in jail, young feller.

9 TONY (*frightened*).—Oh, I didn't know that, Mister. Honest I didn't—I didn't mean to break no law. Was dark—and cold— Hadda get some place to sleep. Look, how'll it be if I work it off for you—I ain't got no money —but I'm strong—honest I am—I'll do anything you ask me.

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10 GABE.—Heck, no! I can't do that. This ain't my place. I'm only the hired man.
11 TONY.—Then maybe I c'n see your boss. Gee, Mister, honest—I'll give him a good day's work—doin' anything—
12 GABE.—My boss? Y'mean Missus Peel? (*Disparagingly*) Her?—Nah! You wouldn't wanna see her. Why, she's worse'n the sheriff.
13 TONY.—But maybe if—
14 GABE.—Nah! That ornery Jezebel'd jump at the chance of turnin' you in—locked three fellers up last week—just for *askin'* a bite to eat—and one of 'em was lame, too. Nah, she's bad— Harder'n stone. But don't you worry none, I ain't gonna turn you in.
15 TONY.—Jeese, Mister, thank you, thank you—I'll—
16 GABE.—That's all right, young feller— Only you'd better scat out of here afore she smells you out—and calls the sheriff.
17 TONY (*with catch in his voice*).—Jeese—Jeese—you're swell, Mister— I won't forget— (*Sniffles*) Can I—can I get a drink—and maybe—wash—
18 GABE.—Sure—sure, help yourself—right by the well there. (*Quick afterthought*) Hold on! Maybe you'd better not. She might see you—from the house. You stay here—better—behind the barn. I'll go fetch it—in a pail.
19 TONY.—Thanks, Mister, thanks.
20 *Biz.—Footsteps on gravel receding.*
21 TONY (*whistles falteringly for a short interval to keep up his courage . . . on through and almost to end of next sound cue*).
22 *Biz.—Rhythmic sound of pump squeaking and slosh of water . . . far off mike . . . footsteps on gravel . . . starting off mike and approaching . . . when these are quite near, Tony's whistling subsides.*
23 GABE (*cheerfully*).—There y'are— Brought you some bread 'n cheese— Thought you might be hungry— Go ahead, he'p y'self.
24 TONY (*overcome*).—Thanks—M'mister— (*Sniffles*)
25 GABE (*soothingly*).—That's all right, kid. That's all right— Yup— Thought I'd tell you. You can't go yet— Old lady's in the attic— 'Tain't safe—yet. She might see you.— Better stay here a spell—behind that stall. I'll do the milking—and keep an eye on the house— I'll tell you when to go.
26 *Biz.—Scraping of wood on wood, followed by slosh slosh of milk into pail.*
27 TONY.—Jeese, Mister, T'thanks—

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28 *Biz.—Slosh slosh.*
29 TONY (*through mouthfuls*).—I ain't eaten for two days—
30 *Biz.—Slosh slosh.*
31 GABE.—Yeh, it's tough.
32 *Biz.—Slosh slosh . . . followed by thud.*
33 GABE (*aloud to cow*).—Whoah, Boss!
34 *Biz.—Slosh slosh.*
35 GABE.—Kinda young to be bummin', ain't you?
36 *Biz.—Slosh slosh.*
37 GABE.—How old're you?
38 *Biz.—Slosh slosh.*
39 TONY.—Seventeen.
40 *Biz.—Slosh slosh . . . slosh slosh.*
41 GABE.—Don't look it.
42 *Biz.—Slosh . . . slosh . . . slosh slosh.*
43 GABE.—Whatcha doin' (*slosh slosh*) runnin' 'way from home? (*Slosh slosh*)
44 TONY.—No. (*Slosh slosh*) Ain't got no home. (*Slosh slosh . . . slosh slosh*)
45 GABE.—Folks dead? (*Slosh slosh*)
46 TONY.—Dunno! (*Slosh slosh*) Lived with my father—till last year.
47 GABE (*slosh slosh . . . slosh slosh*).—Take my advice 'n go back.
48 TONY.—Can't. (*Slosh slosh . . . with bitterness*) He's hard—used to beat me—hit me with a poker—see right over here. Broke my leg once too—
49 GABE (*indignation*).—Gosh! (*Slosh slosh . . . slosh slosh . . . rather faster in tempo*) Oughta be horsewhipped! (*Slosh slosh . . . slosh slosh*) Mother livin'? (*Slosh slosh*)
50 TONY.—Dunno— She run away from him when I was a baby— Guess my ole man beat her too.
51 GABE (*slosh slosh*).—Gosh— And you don't know where she is?
52 TONY.—No— Never heard from her— And we moved around a lot. Heard she went to New York—years ago— That's where I'm heading.
53 GABE.—Wheew! That's a big place—New York— How'r you gonna find her. (*Slosh slosh*) Got a picture or somethin'—
54 TONY.—No—nothin'— Guess pop musta tore them— He'd do that. (*With resolution*) But I'll get there—and I'll *find* her—if it takes all my life. (*Slosh slosh . . . slosh slosh*)
55 GABE (*doubtfully*).—M-m-nh! Like lookin' for a needle in that 'ere hayloft. (*More hopefully*) Remember what she looks like?

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56 TONY.—No. Can't remember— But funny thing— I had a dream last night sleepin' in that hayloft. Dreamt I saw her. Only it was dark—couldn't make out the features. But I could feel her. I *know* I'll find her.

57 GABE (*still doubtfully*).—M-mmmmh! Not much stock in dreams— How ya gonna do it?

58 TONY.—Dunno— Guess I'll find a job in New York—save my pennies—put advertisements in the papers—every day —maybe she'll read it—Italian papers.

59 GABE.—Oh, are you Eyetalian— Thought you looked kinda like a furriner. (*Slosh slosh*) Yup— Saw an Eyetalian round here 'bout three years ago— A peddler. (*Slosh slosh*) Gosh! Y'oughter seen Mrs. Peel order him off the place. (*Chuckles*) Said something to her in Eyetalian. (*Slosh slosh*) Y'oughter seen her lace it into him—half in English and half in his own lingo.

60 TONY (*interested*).—Why, is she Italian?

61 GABE.—Guess not— Don't look it. Don't know what she is. Keeps pretty close-mouthed 'bout herself. Came here 'bout ten years ago—from North somewhere's. (*Slosh slosh*) Guess maybe she's a little furrin— Looks like it. (*Slosh slosh . . . slosh slosh*)

62 TONY.—No. She wouldn't be Italian. We got some bad people— But mostly my people got something in them—warm—good—makes 'em wanna cry when they see a guy in trouble— You know—like—like you.

63 GABE (*shyly*).—Aw, now— You don't wanna say that— (*Slosh slosh*) Nope! Guess Mrs. Peel wouldn't be Eyetalian. (*Slosh slosh*) She's too mean, I reckon. (*Slosh slosh*) Though once in a while she'd do something (*slosh slosh*) foolish (*slosh slosh*) like buyin' clothes for the kids in the county orphanage. (*Slosh slosh*) Wanted to take a kid out—adopt him. (*Slosh slosh*) But the overseers wouldn't let her. (*Slosh slosh*) Afraid she might work him too hard. Besides she ain't got a husband.

64 TONY.—Oh, is she a widow?

65 GABE.—Don' know. Says she's a widow— But who knows— Never saw a picture of a husband— You'd think she'd have one in the house— Nah! She's a hard one—

66 *Biz.—Footsteps on gravel close by . . . drawing nearer . . . sudden furious tempo of "slosh slosh" milking sounds . . . both as background.*

67 GABE (*whispering excitedly above sounds*).—Duck—boy—duck—it's her—

68 *Biz.—Footsteps on gravel change to step on board . . . all sounds out.*

69 MRS. PEEL (*authoritatively*).—Stay where you are! (*Sar-*

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castically) That's fine— Just fine— Humph! Who's that?

70 GABE.—Er—er— Oh, that?—Oh, he's a—a—a friend of mine.

71 MRS. PEEL.—Oh, a *friend* of yours, eh? (*All in one breath and shrewish*) So what's his name—where's he from— You can't answer, eh?

72 GABE.—Er—er—

73 MRS. PEEL.—Seems to me you don't like your job—

74 TONY (*pleading*).—Oh, I'm sorry, lady— It was my fault— I just stopped by— I'll be going now— (*Voice a little off mike*) So long—er—er, Gabe.

75 MRS. PEEL.—Don't move!—Stay where you are!—Won't do you any good to try to run away.—I phoned the sheriff and he's on his way.

76 GABE.—But here now, Mrs. Peel—

77 MRS. PEEL.—Shut your mouth, Gabe!—Trying to fool me, eh—I watched you all along!—You'll go to jail for this, Mister Hobo. Trespassing on my land—sleeping in my barn—and stealing my food.

78 GABE.—Aw, now, Mrs. Peel, he didn't steal it— I brought it out to him.

79 MRS. PEEL.—Oho! So that's what I pay you for?—Sixty a month and board—to feed hobos. Listen you, Gabe— That food will cost you exactly five dollars out of your pay—and if you don't like it I'll have you locked up for stealing—and—

80 GABE.—I don't give a hoot-in-tarnation what you try to do to me. But, gee, Mrs. Peel, ain't you got no heart?— Can't you see he's only a kid—a-huntin' for his mother, he is— What do you wanna put him in jail for?

81 *Biz.—Automobile engine—a rather rattly one—off mike approaching as a background.*

82 TONY.—Oh, please, missus— I'll work it off for you— I'll do anything, anything you say—

83 MRS. PEEL (*bite cue . . . firmly*).—No!

84 TONY (*bite cue*).—I know I done wrong— But please, please—give me another chance—I'll go 'way, if you want me—and—

85 MRS. PEEL (*bite cue . . . firmly*).—No— Good! That's the sheriff's car!

86 TONY (*bite cue . . . frantically*).—Please! Please!

87 GABE (*bite cue*).—Heck! It's no use— She's hard— Hard, I tell you!

88 *Biz.—Automobile racket out . . . laboring chug-chug of motor idling . . . off mike, and as background.*

89 SHERIFF (*off mike . . . calling from car*).—Mornin', Mrs.

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Peel— Mornin', Gabe— Well, I see this one didn't get away—

90 GABE (*aside . . . bite cue*).—And she wanted a kid from the orphanage!

91 SHERIFF (*off mike*).—All right, young feller, come along with me.

92 GABE (*bite cue . . . aside*).—Wouldn't know what to do with a kid— (*Voice up*) Looka here, sheriff—

93 MRS. PEEL (*interrupting . . . voice down*).—Shut your mouth, Gabe. (*Voice up*) Whatcha talkin' about, sheriff?

94 SHERIFF (*off mike*).—The tramp. Wife says y'phoned 'bout a prowler round your place— Ain't that him?

95 MRS. PEEL.—Oh, him—no, he's a—a friend—a friend of Gabe's. Ain't that so, Gabe?

96 GABE (*voice low*).—Je—ho—so— (*Voice up . . . eagerly*) Yeh! Yeh, he's a friend of mine.

97 MRS. PEEL (*voice up*).—Yeah, a friend— Name's—er—er—Tony!—Tony Smith! Meet Sheriff Perkins, Mr. Smith.

98 TONY (*weakly*).—Pleased to meet you.

99 SHERIFF (*off mike*).—Hiah!—But what 'bout the prowler.

100 MRS. PEEL (*voice up*).—Oh, that one—er—er— Oh, he got away. (*Back to her own vitriolic self once more*) 'Tsa wonder you wouldn't come on time—we could all have been murdered.

101 SHERIFF (*off mike*).—But I only got your message—ten minutes ago— What'd he look like—where'd he go—

102 MRS. PEEL (*voice up*).—How sh'd I know— Up the road I suppose— I didn't think to ask him.

103 GABE (*voice up*).—Yeh—up the road, sheriff—

104 SHERIFF (*off mike*).—What'd he look like.

105 MRS. PEEL (*voice up*).—Big—that big—bigger'n you—Strappin' fellow— Brown derby—with sideburns.

106 GABE (*voice*).—Yeh, brown derby (*aside . . . chuckles*), sideburns. (*Chuckles*)

107 SHERIFF (*off mike*).—Yeh, I see— Guess I'll go back for my deputy—

108 *Biz.—Grinding gears . . . motor up from idling.*

109 SHERIFF.—S'long.

110 *Biz.—Pulsing of motor receding from mike.*

111 GABE (*relieved*).—Whe-e-w! I'll be hornswoggled.

112 TONY (*sincerely*).—Thanks—Mrs. Peel.

113 MRS. PEEL (*voice low . . . somewhat regretting the softness she displayed*).—Oh, that's all right— Y'can work here for a spell—help Gabe—twenty-five a month and board—probably not worth it—but—

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114 TONY (*eagerly*).—Oh, I'll work hard. Y'll see! I'll work my fingers to the bone— Thank you, lady, thank—
115 MRS. PEEL.—Fergit it— Don't thank me!—It's a dream I had last night— Probably losing my senses— (*Authoritative again*) Come on, what're we idlin' for! There's plenty work to be done. Get a move on, Gabe— Get the bed down from the attic—to your room—he'll stay with you—and—
116 TONY (*very simply*).—Pardon, ma'am— But how'd you guess my name?
117 MRS. PEEL.—Oh, did I— Why, what'd I call you?
118 GABE.—Tony Smith—you called him—you told the sheriff.
119 MRS. PEEL.—Oh, *is* that your name?—Smith?
120 TONY.—No—not the Smith part—but why did you say "Tony"?
121 MRS. PEEL.—Oh, that?—I don't know— (*Dazed*) I don't know what I'm doing today—must be the dream I had— (*Wistfully*) Yeh, I used to know—long back—a little boy—Tony. (*Back to herself again*) What're you hangin' around for, Gabe— Get goin'!—and take Tony with you. Oh—what's your full name, Tony?
122 TONY.—Pelletti—Tony Pelletti, ma'am.
123 MRS. PEEL (*intake of breath*).
124 GABE.—Why, what's the matter—Mrs. Peel, you look—
125 MRS. PEEL (*softly*).—Say—that—again—boy.
126 TONY.—Tony Pelletti—
127 MRS. PEEL.—Come here—Tony—let me look at you—take off your cap— (*Pause . . . aside*) Yes—the same eyes— (*Voice up a little*) How—old—are you?
128 TONY.—Seventeen, ma'am.
129 MRS. PEEL (*aside*).—That would be right. (*Voice up*) Where're you from?
130 TONY.—Catalina, California.
131 MRS. PEEL (*despairing a little*).—Ah—no! (*Groping a little for hope*) Were you born there?
132 TONY.—No—I was born in Frisco—
133 MRS. PEEL (*excited*).—Frisco—San Francisco—that's right— (*Excitement rises . . . she speaks fast*) And your father's name is—
134 TONY (*also excited*).—Joseph—
135 MRS. PEEL.—Joseph—Giuseppe—and—
136 TONY.—My mother—
137 MRS. PEEL.—Ran away when you were a baby—
138 TONY (*awed*).—Yeah—she was called—
139 MRS. PEEL.—Margherita—

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140 TONY (*still awed*).—Margherita Pell— Margherita Peel—
Then you— Mrs. Peel.

141 MRS. PEEL (*gentle sobbing*).—Y-e-s.

142 *Biz.—Footsteps receding on gravel—gentle suggestion of sobbing.*

143 GABE.—WULL—I'LL—BE—HORN—SWOGGLED!

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CHAPTER IX

ANALYSIS OF STUDENT WORK: LOSS OF CHARACTERIZATION

One of the students, a young woman with a good reputation in a New York publicity firm, spurned the coincidence suggestion and wrote a voluntary piece on the familiar mix-up between Benedict Arnold and Major André. In this fine old tale of a traitor and a go-between there is every sort of dramatic shove, and the author's control of the best part of this was more than acceptable. It showed the true dramatic instinct for picking the right incidents from a mass of historical fact. All of her scenes with Peggy Shippen were lively and convincing, and her treatment of Peggy's dilemma was accurately and feelingly stated. The male leads, too, were well presented whenever their actions or their thoughts concerned the accomplished Peggy. But when the men went about their evil business by themselves, when they became men among bad men; when, in other words, they got tough and desperate and conspiratorial, the author lost track of them. She had never seen men when they were tough and desperate and conspiratorial and thus could not project any further what she had been working from up to this time. She had no power to reconstruct scenes which she, as a woman, could neither feel nor see.

Thus when the luckless André was making his way back to the British lines and was caught by American sentries, the script suffered a marked falling-off of characterization. The writer had no knowledge of the way soldiers talked in such untidy circumstances. Fear, vindictiveness, bluff, excitement, greed, and merciless matter-of-factness were the historical ingredients of this midnight contretemps, a choked moment when the hair horripilates and the nerve terminals of human feeling puncture the skin from inside. Even for the best of writers this scene is a hard one to do and the two most widely known stage plays on this same theme are evidence of the excruciating and swift exactness called for. I want the student to see exactly what is meant here so that he will be able to remove the leprous member from his own show at the first sign of infection.

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We pick up André as he gallops through the darkness toward his own lines, somewhere on the opposite side of the Hudson from West Point and a few miles south of it. He's nervous. He's riding another's horse. He is within enemy territory and wearing his own uniform under a Yankee tunic. In his left boot are the fortification plans of West Point. His only chance for safety, if cornered, is the military pass he has from Benedict Arnold. Here he comes now, fast, furtive, flinching at the shadows, his eyes stinging in their determination to see through the night.

Biz.—Horse galloping.

ANDRÉ (*muttering . . . whispers to horse*).—You're a nice horse— I don't like this trip—at all, old boy—do you? Ye gods —that's a camp-fire ahead!

VOICE.—Hey, you! Halt there!

Biz.—Galloping continues.

ANDRÉ (*to his horse*).—Don't stop, old fellow!

SECOND VOICE.—Hey! Stop—or we'll fire!

ANDRÉ (*low voice, to his horse*).—Is that fellow wearing a British redcoat? (*Aloud*) What do you want?

THIRD VOICE.—Stop—do you hear!

ANDRÉ (*low*).—Whoa!

Biz.—Running footsteps as the three gather round him.

ANDRÉ.—Well! Three of you. Gentlemen, I hope you belong to our party!

FIRST VOICE (Paulding).—What party?

ANDRÉ.—The lower party.

CHORUS.—We do.

ANDRÉ (*completely off guard*).—Well. That's fine. Gentlemen, I am glad to be among friends of the British. Can I enlist your aid to get me to the British lines? I'll pay you, of course.

SECOND VOICE (Williams).—Sa-ay, fellows, did you hear that, a Britisher! Paulding, grab his bridle. Hi, Van Wort, help me get him down off this horse.

THIRD VOICE (Van Wort).—All right, Williams. Let's search him. Get down there, you— Ha, ha, ha!

WILLIAMS.—Get down! You heard, didn't you?

ANDRÉ.—Yes. Yes, all right. Men, what's this about?

PAULDING.—About? You missed your cues, Britisher. We're Americans. Continental soldiers. We're going to search you!

ANDRÉ.—But wait—you don't understand. I am an American, on Army business. I have a pass from General Arnold at West Point. I must get to the British lines, but I have lost my way.

WILLIAMS.—That may be, that may be—but we're searching you just the same—here, fellows, let's do a thorough job.

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Biz.—They search him . . . scuffling . . . curses . . . etc.

PAULDING.—My God, men, look what I found in his stocking. Plans! Plans of something! The man's a spy!

VAN WORT.—That's what they are—plans! Come on, let's take him to the army post at New Castle.

ANDRÉ.—Wait, you men! Just what do you want? Money? I can pay you well. It can't profit you to make me a prisoner. A thousand pounds if you hurry me to the British lines!

WILLIAMS.—Whew! A thousand pounds! He must be important! Get along, there!

ANDRÉ.—But stop this, I tell you. I can see you're poor. I'll let you have my horse—I have a watch, too—

PAULDING.—Come on, come on. Quiet down, Britisher, and move!

ANDRÉ.—I have plenty of money—

WILLIAMS.—We need the money all right. But you're going to meet Colonel Jameson at New Castle. You young fool—I've just been a prisoner of your Britishers for six months. They took everything I had, even my good clothes—gave me this rag of a redcoat in exchange.

VAN WORT.—We'll take everything you've got all right! But we'll turn you over to Colonel Jameson just the same.

PAULDING.—We meant at first to rob you—now we mean to do that and turn you in as well!

WILLIAMS.—Nothing like being a patriot and getting the money, too! Ha, ha—

Biz.—All three laugh . . . music.

Of course it is just possible that this re-enactment is exactly the way the thing happened in 1780. I do not believe it is but if so, it is not of the slightest importance. The only point that is important is that no one believes what the author has given us. It has failed utterly to convince because it has failed utterly to record basic probability. The first specific failure is a speech failure, the second is a tactical one.

The speech failures begin as soon as the scene opens and through the run of the episode there is hardly one line which corresponds to the action before us. André not only becomes naïve, he turns into a complete fool. First of all he acknowledges his own colors before determining those of his challengers, and he is trapped into this by a dodge that could not have deceived a schoolboy. Next he offers to pay what he believes are his own sentinels for permission to enter his own lines. It is this crowning idiocy which finally interests the not very bright Americans. They are curious to know more and ask the redcoat to get off his horse. Why shouldn't they? Where was

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the man's authority? Where was the man's arrogance? Why didn't he, the most brilliant officer in England's colonial army, try to shrug his way past a couple of upstate yokels? And most of all, why didn't he produce Benedict Arnold's pass? He never manages to get this paper before his questioners. If he had flashed this contemptuously in their faces as his first gesture, and then either tried to pass on with a good British bluff or with good British rashness tried to ride for it, he at least would have avoided the role of a bumbling fugitive, and thereby, when subsequently caught (perhaps for inadvertently exposing part of his uniform), he could have retained the quiet watchfulness of the resourceful man awaiting his desperate chance, and at the same time retained the respect and the belief and the sympathy of his audience.

None of this was given to the major. Instead he was plagued with a mouthful of idle remonstrance, girlish pleadings, and feeble efforts to bargain. Could anything be more unsoldierly for an officer whose country's destiny was in the toss? And for a budding imperialist with a baronetcy at stake, could anything be more unmanly? He did and said nearly everything possible that was wrong. It destroyed the integrity of our illusion and turned a good man into a saphead. And it was unfortunate that the writer chose this scene in which to refuse the hurdle. It was the climax scene and it broke the back of the broadcast.

Before coming to any conclusion about how this perennial trouble is to be stopped, I wish to give another example of the same thing. The few lines we shall see occurred in a student's adaptation of the story of Alexander's Persian campaign. For twenty pages the script moved ahead with sense and spirit. We became acquainted with the principals and became very fond of Clitus, who was one of Alexander's ablest generals and his best friend. Our predilection for Clitus was intentional, for Alexander in a fit of drunken anger was soon to run him through with a spear, and the author wanted this scene to count.

In this case, as in the previous one, the scene was the big dramatic moment of the show, marking the beginnings of Alexander's swift disintegration. When we encounter the fatal moment, the armies are resting between fights and Alexander, usually abstemious, is having a high old time. He has already adapted Persian dress as a permanent thing and we find him railing around the banquet hall in his bright clothes, very un-

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steady and contentious. He is about to burn down a few buildings just to celebrate and is hollering for a torch. Clitus rebukes him. Then he accuses him of being false to his Macedonian ideals, and tops this off by taunting him with an apt and stinging wisecrack of the times, a quip unfortunately lost to us. Alexander goes after him, knocking down several interfering friends. Then he snatches a spear from one of the guards and drives it through Clitus as he springs for safety behind curtains at the head of the table. Here is the scene:

ALEXANDER.—Ha, ha. Another bonfire—a tremendous one! Bring me a torch!
THAIS.—A torch! A torch for the king!
CLITUS.—King Alexander! This is no celebration. It is a crime. That palace is one of the most beautiful in India.
ALEXANDER.—Get out of my way, Clitus. I am tired of you and your complaints.
CLITUS.—Alexander, come to your senses. I have been watching you since the Persian conquest. You are losing your head, softening.
ALEXANDER.—How dare you! I am the son of Jupiter!
CLITUS.—Jupiter will not favor even a son in Oriental dress, lolling on silken cushions. Losing his fighting strength, his very brains, in soft living!
ALEXANDER.—Here, soldier, give me your sword!
Biz.—Sound of sword being drawn from scabbard.
ALEXANDER.—On guard, Clitus! I'll show you who has fighting strength, you fool!
THAIS (*screams*).—Sire! It went straight through his heart. Oh, the handsome young man—he's dead!

WRITERS' INHIBITIONS

I do not need to point out that this is no way to kill your best friend, even in a radio show. There was no transporting power. The same is true of the scene describing André's capture. We have not been taken to these places. The student may well ask, then: "How can I take a listener to a place I have never seen myself? How can I describe action which I see but dimly myself?" The answer of course is that you cannot.

In the case of André and of Alexander alike it is interesting to note that both scenes were written by women. I have no wish to start a controversy regarding the respective merits of men over women as writers because I have never seen grounds for such controversy. What I have seen though—and I have seen it over and over again—is a general deficiency among

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women to write scenes in which all characters are male, and a particular deficiency among them to write scenes in which the action is sheer masculine violence. Women do not seem to understand the chemistry of violence; they do not seem to think about violence or to like it. Men are more successful here but they have their own set of literary inhibitions. They frequently fall down in their treatment of scenes of domestic entanglement. In scenes in which the players are mixed up as to age and sex, the male writer will often fail to point out logically the real trouble and fail to convince us of the true motivation of the real troublemaker. Here the male writer is lacking in that shrewdness of penetration which is instinct with most women, writers and nonwriters alike.

That there are certain scenes and atmospheres—certain "climates," shall we say?—in which women writers are more at home than men, may be instantly appreciated by even a casual glance at a list of some of the great stories by women. I have no wish to pose as a literary critic, but I am sure it is safe to assume that such a story as Katherine Mansfield's "Bliss," for instance, could not have been written by a man, however sensitive his temperament. Nor could *Invitation to the Waltz* by Rosamond Lehmann, or the same author's *Dusty Answer*. These are examples (and there are hundreds) where women are writing what they know most about, what indeed they alone are capable of feeling; they are on safe ground because it is feminine and native to their temperaments. These subjects are their province, their "specialty," so to speak. And the same goes for men writers too, of course, who have certain atmospheres in which they function best and in which they are most alive and at home. No woman could have described the Caporetto retreat in *A Farewell to Arms,* to choose an obvious example, in a way to make us feel it and participate in it ourselves, nor could a woman have written *What Price Glory?* in anything like the way it is written. The mere idea is ridiculous. The reasons for this are of course plain. Women cannot *identify* themselves with such an atmosphere, any more than a man can place himself in the peculiar position of the wife in "Bliss." On the other hand, there are a few superior writers (Tolstoy is one, and, to name a woman, Willa Cather) who are at home in scenes both masculine and feminine. Their imagination and their affinity with mankind are strong enough to enable them to project themselves into whatever situation or character they are describing; but until (or rather, unless) we are able to do

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so ourselves, we would do well to stick to those scenes and stories which lend themselves sympathetically to the temperament and understanding of our sex.

A capacity to handle violence violently and realistically—the bold stroke; a capacity to filter the subtle meaning from the conversational overtone—the light stroke; both of these are indispensable to any writer, and the most successful radio dramas are those in which the writer has shown this dual command.

I believe that both are acquirable and I believe that they can be most rapidly acquired by reading.

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CHAPTER X

ANALYSIS OF STUDENT WORK: THE PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF READING KNOWLEDGE

For those women writers who are not at home in barracks, wind tunnels, and cabooses; for the men who are fidgety and unseeing at bridge-club meetings and who have come merely to play cards, let these people read the true correlatives which are everywhere available to them in plays and novels. The analytical reading and retention of the best work of the best workmen is the most instructive exercise the student can give himself. The worst thing he can do is to read a book or a play and then put it out of his mind in order to read another one. For what has this added to his memory? What has it given him to use? What more has he learned? Reading for entertainment alone, reading to pass the time of day, confounds the prospective writer by infecting him, when he sits down to write for himself, with the vagueness of literary amnesia. No. He must participate in the narrative, he must participate in the dialogue. He must remember throughout his life the experiences he met in his reading, and remember them not only for sustenance and allusion but for clarification too.

No man can have a full life. No man can inhabit all regions and all ages. No man can be all kinds of persons at once. No man can know everything. All of us have our restrictions, physical, temperamental, geographical, financial; and all of us have our own limitations of opportunity and of activity. But the restrictions of intellect are the least hampered of all, for no man is denied the power to acquire greater capacity. The sum of experience from which any writer writes is multiplied by his power to make what he has read a part of his own mind and his own memory.

I will say categorically that a timorous woman can learn to write of violence by reading of violence if she has the makings of a writer. I have seen this transformation take place. And I have seen the most extravert males in the world, both young

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and old, become convincingly dainty and mincing by appropriating a technique for daintiness which they found in some other and perfected in themselves. No writer can subsist without reading, and his literary subsistence level is in terms of the yield of his experience. And reading is the fullest experience afforded most of us in our lifetime. Most of us are imprisoned by our city, our century, and our job. We must write from where we are sitting. For those who cannot leave the atmosphere of these associations, there is much, as we have seen, which is important to record, or which can be made so. For those who wish to move on or move back or move aside to things other than those which are immediate and present, there is always the freedom of an intellect which will finally learn to go where it is sent.

One of my students in New York University was a social worker who understood her profession from a practical aspect and who respected it from a historical one. She selected the person of Robert Owen, one of the greatest industrial reformers of all time, as a subject for a half-hour broadcast. It sounded like a tedious assignment to me but I was persuaded to let her go ahead after listening to the lady talk about Owen. It wasn't that she knew who the man was. She knew the man. She might have been talking about a friend of her own family. She was talking about a man who had been revealed to her entirely through books. But here is the illuminating thing: he had been *entirely* revealed to her through books.

Her half-hour story won her a scholarship, and the script was performed on a coast-to-coast network by the Columbia Workshop. I had lectured to the class on the lines I have set down in these past few pages. I had tried to show that reading was as valid a source of information as was personal experience. I had tried to show too that it was the only source open to the writer who was to work on subjects outside the present in time and outside the scope of personal experience in regional setting. I believe that Miss Helen Jean Burns, the student in question, caught the meaning of this, and her script is to me good evidence of a practical application of this idea being put to productive use. Here is her story of Robert Owen:

ROBERT OWEN

1 *Sound.—Fade in low-pitched factory whistle . . . bring up full . . . a high-pitched whistle joins it . . . then another*

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. . . at different pitch and lower intensity . . . others come in at different intensities and tones until the whole group of whistles is wailing in chorus . . . fade down behind . . . clattering footsteps of hundreds of children in steel-shod shoes approaching . . . up full for a second . . . then down behind.

2 OWEN.—D'ye hear it, Andrew? It's the call of the mill. Dale's cotton mill. If you could see the faces of these mites clatterin' to work, it would break your heart.

3 ANDREW.—Why bother about them? They were born to work at the looms, and they'll spend the rest of their lives doing it. Close the window, Robert, and get back into your bed. It's only five o'clock.

4 *Biz.—Window being closed . . . whistles and clattering way down, gradually fading out completely.*

5 OWEN.—Aye, and they'll work till eight tonight and longer. And they'll be working for me.

6 ANDREW.—For you? What are you talking about, man? The New Lanark Mills aren't yours, are they? They're the biggest in Scotland—they're worth a fortune.

7 OWEN.—Aye, and I've a mind to buy them.

8 ANDREW.—Are you off your head, Robert? You don't have the money. Not by a long sight.

9 OWEN.—I can get it, Andrew. I know cotton. I can get men to back me.

10 ANDREW.—It's easy to say. But canny Scotsmen won't turn their brass over to you until you can grow a forty years' beard of dependability.

11 OWEN.—I'll grow the beard spending their money for 'em. And they'll like it. You'll see.

12 ANDREW.—Well, if you can do it with talking, I'll grant you a fair chance of success. I havna a doubt ye could talk the River Clyde into running backwards if you set your mind to it.

13 OWEN.—Aye, and if it suited my purpose, I'd try it. Anyhow, I'm going to Glasgow today to see Mr. Dale. I have some very important matters to discuss wi' him.

14 *Music.—Up full . . . then down and out behind . . . piano playing a simple Scottish air . . . it comes to a natural finish.*

15 CAROLINE.—There, Robert. I'll not play it again. Not if you were Bonnie Prince Charlie himself. Four times is enough.

16 OWEN.—Ye'll play it often when we're married?

17 CAROLINE.—Well, don't you fancy yourself, Robert Owen! Who ever said anything aboot marrying?

18 OWEN.—I'm going to see your father aboot one thing, I might as well see him aboot the other.

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19 CAROLINE.—Well, you may see him about the mill, and if you get as far in your talk about marryin' me as you do aboot the mill, ye'll be lookin' for another bride.
20 OWEN.—And if I get the mill, Caroline?
21 CAROLINE.—It's not at all likely.
22 OWEN.—But if I get it?
23 CAROLINE.—I'll bow to you as the cleverest young man in Scotland.
24 OWEN.—And would ye marry the cleverest young man in Scotland?
25 CAROLINE.—I'm not saying "yes" and I'm not saying "no." Ye'll have to see father.
26 OWEN.—I'm going to see him now. (*Footsteps . . . a pace or two to the inner door*) An' I'll hold ye to your promise, Caroline.
27 CAROLINE.—I didna give any.
28 OWEN.—Well, I can take a hint.
29 *Biz.—Knock on door.*
30 DALE (*inside*).—Come in.
31 *Biz.—Door opens . . . footsteps in.*
32 DALE.—Come in. Come in. Shut the door, young man.
33 *Biz.—Door closes.*
34 OWEN.—Good evening, Mr. Dale.
35 DALE.—Good evenin' to ye. Sit down.
36 OWEN.—I'll stand if you don't mind, sir. I haven't the wish to keep you long.
37 DALE.—It doesn't matter. I'm old enough to suit myself aboot time. What can I do for ye?
38 OWEN.—You can sell me your mill.
39 DALE.—Sell you the mill, eh? Well, that's a small matter. It can be arranged soon enough. After that, I suppose ye have in mind buyin' Glasgow, and Aberdeen, and the Orkney Islands to round oot your property?
40 OWEN.—I'm serious, Mr. Dale.
41 DALE.—The devil you are! And I suppose ye have the sixty thousand pounds in your pocket to pay for it.
42 OWEN.—I have.
43 DALE.—Ye have!
44 OWEN.—Or rather I have credentials and guarantees as good as the amount—and better.
45 DALE.—Listen, young man. I'll tell ye something. First sit doon.
46 OWEN.—I'd rather—
47 DALE.—Yes, I know, you'd rather stand. But sit doon. I canna talk as if I was lookin' up a bean pole. Sit doon.
48 OWEN.—Very well.
49 DALE.—Ye know, I suppose, that my mills in New Lanark

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are the finest and largest in Scotland—aye, and anywhere else in the British Isles for that matter?

50 OWEN.—Yes, I know it.

51 DALE.—I've watched that mill grow since I started it fifteen years ago. I've been building it bigger all the time. Taking on new hands all the time. I started off a fair jump ahead of my competitors and I've left them more than a jump behind. And do you know what's done it?

52 OWEN.—I can make a good guess.

53 DALE.—Machinery. It revolutionized the industry. And I knew it would when I got rid of all my hand weavers.

54 OWEN.—The cloth's not as good.

55 DALE.—But the profit's better. You can't buy all these stuffed sofas and things for twopence halfpenny. Look at that picture over there. I paid six hundred pounds for it. Just a bit of paint.

56 OWEN.—Will you take fifty thousand for the mill?

57 DALE.—That I will not. And where are those credentials and guarantees you spoke of?

58 OWEN.—Here they are. (*Rustle of papers*) There are none better.

59 DALE.—Do you know how many hands I use at the mill?

60 OWEN.—How many, sir?

61 DALE.—Two thousand. That's an idea of the business we do. What do you think would happen to John Dale's reputation as a man o' business if I sold the mill for the ridiculous price you're offering?

62 OWEN.—These two thousand "hands" you speak of—

63 DALE.—Two thousand and more—men, women, and children.

64 OWEN.—Children?

65 DALE.—Yes. Hard-working little brats—over three hundred of them. It would be silly to pay grown men to tend looms that children can look after just as easy.

66 OWEN.—Ye have no bones aboot employing the poor mites, have ye, Mr. Dale?

67 DALE.—Why, man, I haven't time to think aboot it. I look after them as well as the next fellow—better perhaps. But it's business and I don't concern myself with the details of operation.

68 OWEN.—What aboot my price?

69 DALE.—Hm! Well, these papers seem to be all right.

70 OWEN.—These three men mentioned will become partners with me. I'll run the mill, my way.

71 DALE.—*You* will! I must say, that for a man so young, you've a lot of confidence in your own abilities.

72 OWEN.—I'm no stranger to cotton, sir. I've earned my own living in and oot of mills since I was ten years old. I'm

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twenty-eight now, and I think it's time a man was thinking of making his way in the world.

73 DALE.—The mills are for sale. But I won't budge on my price.

74 OWEN.—I am empowered to offer you up to fifty-five thousand pounds. No more. But first, I'd like to look over the mill.

75 DALE.—Ye can look over the mill all ye want. I'll give ye a letter to the foreman. But ye'll have to tell your partners they haven't given you brass enough.

76 OWEN.—It's a good price, Mr. Dale. Think about it. I'll look over the mill tomorrow. Good day to ye, sir.

77 DALE.—Good day, Mr. Owen.

78 OWEN.—There's just one other thing. Your daughter—

79 DALE.—Aye? What aboot her?

80 OWEN.—She's a bonnie girl.

81 DALE.—Aye, she is. What aboot her?

82 OWEN.—I'm thinkin' of makin' her my wife.

83 DALE.—You're thinkin'—! You're thinkin' o' makin' her your wife. Well, in all my days, I never heard the beat of that for cheek.

84 OWEN.—It's not cheek, Mr. Dale. I don't beat aboot the bush.

85 DALE.—I've noticed that.

86 OWEN.—I can offer her everything she's been used to. Or will be able to in a while. And she's—she's verra fond of me.

87 DALE.—Oh, she is, eh?

88 OWEN.—I havna a doot she is.

89 DALE.—Perhaps I'll have something to say aboot that.

90 OWEN.—That's why I'm askin' you.

91 DALE.—Well, you can't have her. No. Not by a long shot. You come in here and try to steal my mill from under my nose and then you have the impudence to ask for my daughter into the bargain. Good day, sir.

92 OWEN.—I thought I'd give you notice about Caroline, to make it a bit formal like.

93 DALE.—Well, I'm grateful to you, Mr. Owen. If you marry my daughter ye'll have no need to buy my mill—

94 OWEN.—That has nothing to do with it, sir.

95 *Biz.—Footsteps to the door.*

96 DALE.—Maybe not. (*Door opens*) But here's the door, Mr. Owen. I have me doubts whether you'll get either.

97 OWEN.—We shall see. Good day, Mr. Dale.

98 DALE.—Aye, good day, indeed.

99 OWEN.—Good day to ye, too, Caroline.

100 CAROLINE.—Good day, Robert.

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101 DALE (*calling*).—Ye forgot your papers.
102 OWEN (*off*).—I'll thank ye to look them over again, sir.
103 DALE.—Well, I never!
104 *Biz.—Door closes, off.*
105 CAROLINE (*coming in*).—Father, you didn't sell him the mill.
106 DALE.—Never you fear, lass. I certainly did not.
107 CAROLINE.—You mean he's not coming back?
108 DALE.—Why should he?
109 CAROLINE.—I don't know—you're not going to sell the mill to someone else?
110 DALE.—I doubt it.
111 CAROLINE.—Then what—?
112 DALE.—Don't fret, child. I shouldna be surprised if he gets it after all.
113 *Biz.—Music up full . . . then down and out behind . . . whirr and clatter of machinery in large cotton mill . . . machinery up full for a second . . . then down behind.*
114 OWEN.—It's terribly hot in here. Have you no means of ventilation?
115 FOREMAN.—Well, you see, Mr. Owen, it would be dangerous to open any windows. The cotton is very sensitive. We must keep the air hot and moist.
116 OWEN.—What about these children tending the looms? Must they be kept hot and moist, too?
117 FOREMAN.—Oh, they get used to it. You don't hear them complaining.
118 OWEN.—No, poor little mites. They don't open their mouths at all. It wouldna be much use, Mr. Foreman, would it?
119 FOREMAN.—What do they have to complain about? Would they be any better off in the poorhouse?
120 OWEN.—The poorhouse?
121 FOREMAN.—Yes, they're all paupers. We hire them from the workhouse when we can't get them from the mill hands' own families.
122 OWEN.—But look at this youngster, here, for instance. She can't be much above five years old.
123 FOREMAN.—About that. We get them from five to about twelve. They're glad enough to get rid of them at the workhouse. Reduces the taxes. We board all those from the workhouse.
124 OWEN.—Board 'em. Where?
125 FOREMAN.—I'll show the dormitory in a minute, Mr. Owen. They work in double shifts. Half of them sleep while the other half works. And then they change about.
126 OWEN.—How often?
127 FOREMAN.—Every twelve hours. They have it easy here, Mr. Owen. Other mills work 'em fifteen and longer.

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128 OWEN.—Aren't you afraid they'll get soft?

129 FOREMAN.—Yes, Mr. Dale's too easy on them. If I had my way, I'd keep 'em at it all the time. It costs a lot of money to let 'em sleep good time away.

130 OWEN.—Yes, I imagine it does. But then they last longer, don't they?

131 FOREMAN.—If they stick at it, they have a good chance to make something of themselves. They can become regular loom hands.

132 OWEN.—I hope they appreciate their chances.

133 FOREMAN.—Between you and me, Mr. Owen, I think most of them are stupid. They deserve what they get.

134 *Biz.—Child screams off.*

135 OWEN.—What's that?

136 FOREMAN.—Probably one of the brats getting a little discipline. Now in the shed are the carding machines. We keep them running—

137 OWEN.—Why's he beating her! He's beating that little child. I'll soon stop that.

138 FOREMAN.—Take no notice— (*Calling*) Here, Mr. Owen, this way.

139 *Biz.—The screams grow louder.*

140 OWEN (*slightly off mike . . . then back*).—Here, you. What do you think you're doing? Do you want to kill the child?

141 *Biz.—Screams subside into a faint whimpering.*

142 OVERSEER.—Who are you?

143 FOREMAN.—I'm showing Mr. Owen around the mill, Tom. Mr. Dale's instructions.

144 OVERSEER.—Oh. Well, we have to keep them on their toes, sir. You'll understand the need for that.

145 FOREMAN.—What did she do, Tom?

146 OVERSEER.—Asleep at the loom. First thing you know they'll be sprawling all over the place. Got to make an example of 'em when we catch 'em. Come here, you.

147 *Biz.—Child starts to scream again.*

148 OWEN.—Give me that. (*Panting*) Give it to me.

149 *Biz.—Iron rod clatters to the floor . . . child stops screaming.*

150 OWEN.—I'd never have believed it possible. Using an iron rod on a human being.

151 FOREMAN.—Look here, Mr. Owen. I'll trouble you to mind your own business. I'm foreman of this mill. I won't stand for any interference by outsiders, Mr. Dale or no Mr. Dale.

152 OVERSEER.—Better get him out of here, sir, before I give him a taste of it.

153 OWEN.—Hold your tongue.

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154 OVERSEER.—Why, who do you think you're talking—
155 FOREMAN.—I think you've seen all there is to see, Mr. Owen. You're going too far meddling with the system—
156 OWEN (*in a rage*).—Meddling, eh? Meddling because I don't want to see this poor little thing almost beaten to death before my eyes by this—this pig, here? I've a mind to send you both packing this instant—
157 FOREMAN.—What do you mean, sir? I'm sure we were doing our duty—
158 OWEN.—Your duty, eh? Well, in the future, you'll do your duty to me. This is my mill, d'ye understand? I'm buying it. If I didn't want it before, I want it now, if only to help these poor children. And I'm going to give you a chance to help them, too.
159 FOREMAN (*meek*).—I'm sorry that you saw this, sir. I didn't know who you were. I'm sure you'll realize we had the interests of the mill—
160 OWEN.—All right. All right. Send this man away.
161 FOREMAN.—Go over to the other looms, Tom.
162 OVERSEER.—Yes, sir.
163 OWEN.—Look at that poor child. Here, come here, little girl. Come on—
164 FOREMAN.—You're being spoken to—
165 OWEN.—I'll handle this. Poor thing. She's terrified. Come on. I won't hurt you. What's your name?
166 CHILD (*sobbing softly*).—Mabel.
167 OWEN.—Well, come along, Mabel. We'll let you have a nice long rest.
168 CHILD.—No. No. They'll beat me—
169 OWEN.—No, they won't. Not any more. Here, let me carry you. Where's this child's bed, er—
170 FOREMAN.—Harkins, sir. The bunks for all the workhouse children are across this courtyard. This way, sir.
171 *Biz.—The child starts to cough . . . machinery down and gradually out . . . footsteps on cobblestones.*
172 OWEN.—Why does she cough like this?
173 FOREMAN.—It's the cotton floss in the air, sir. It can't be helped. It gets into their lungs. When they come into the open air it's hard to breathe at first.
174 OWEN.—I've been in small mills, Harkins, where conditions were bad, but it takes a big one to show us the worst.
175 FOREMAN.—Yes, sir.
176 *Biz.—Door opens.*
177 FOREMAN.—Through this door, sir.
178 OWEN.—Right.
179 *Biz.—Door opens and closes.*
180 FOREMAN.—Watch your step, sir.

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181 OWEN.—Heavens, what a place! It might be the hold of a ship. Don't you ever let any light or air in?
182 FOREMAN.—Nobody's ever spoken about it before, sir. As long as they lie down for a while—
183 OWEN.—Where is this child's bed? Or is this one big bed you have for the lot of them?
184 FOREMAN.—We've got to wedge the beds close together, sir, to get them all in.
185 *Biz.—Footsteps of the two men on wooden floor.*
186 FOREMAN.—Here, sir. We can wedge her in between these two.
187 OWEN.—Yes, she's lucky. We can "wedge her in." Poor thing, she's asleep already. There we are.
188 FOREMAN.—She'll be all right.
189 OWEN.—I dinna doot she will. That child there seems to be hardly living.
190 FOREMAN.—It's the light that deceives you, sir. They all look sickly. No vigor.
191 OWEN.—That boy has red blotches on his face. Is he diseased?
192 FOREMAN.—I imagine so, sir. Many of 'em have something wrong with 'em. They're always spittin' blood.
193 OWEN.—This must be changed. There's pestilence here—
194 FOREMAN.—It can't be helped, sir. There's always some new disease breaking out. Sometimes the children get it from the imbeciles—
195 OWEN.—Imbeciles? What imbeciles?
196 FOREMAN.—We get them from the workhouse with the paupers. They have a rule we must take so many imbeciles to so many paupers. They're not really dangerous, but we chain them to the machines for safety.
197 OWEN.—I don't believe it.
198 FOREMAN.—Do you want to see them, sir?
199 OWEN.—No. I don't want to see any more. It's all like a nightmare. Wait a minute—that little boy there. It looks as if—isn't he?
200 FOREMAN.—Who, him? Yes, he's dead. They must have forgot to pick him up when they made the rounds. It's not our fault, Mr. Owen—
201 OWEN.—No, it's not your fault. I can see that. It's the fault of the owners. It's the fault of the government that can let such monstrous conditions exist. I would never have believed that such horrors were possible, but I'll change things, Harkins. I'll rip this mill up from top to bottom. I'll expose these inhuman practices. These things must be ended completely. I'll devote my money and my life to the job.

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202 *Biz.—Music up full . . . fade into factory whistles as at opening . . . clatter of clogs . . . up full . . . then down behind . . . mellow clock chimes . . . eight strokes.*

203 OWEN.—Here come my children, Caroline. It's early enough to get them to work, but eight o'clock is better than five.

204 CAROLINE (*coming in*).—I must see them, Robert. Will you open the window.

205 OWEN.—Certainly, dear.

206 *Biz.—Window being opened . . . clattering up.*

207 CAROLINE.—I'm glad you're doing everything you can for these little ones. I had no idea conditions were so bad at father's mill.

208 OWEN.—Nor did I before that day six months ago when I saw things for myself. But you mustn't worry about it too much, Caroline. I knew what you were like before I married you—and I haven't changed my opinion since.

209 CAROLINE.—Thank you, Robert. I want to help you with your work.

210 OWEN.—You shall, dear. You shall. Look at that little tot over there. She's my special favorite. Her name's Mabel. Now she laughs sometimes. You should have seen her the day I first saw her.

211 CAROLINE.—You've done wonders, Robert. But I think the evil is too deep-rooted for one man to dig it out.

212 OWEN.—We'll try, Caroline. We'll set an example.

213 CAROLINE.—How do the hands take to your new ideas?

214 OWEN.—They are getting used to them, but I must admit, it's enough to try a man's patience at times. However, I have a new manager. Humphries is his name. He's English and very tactful—that is, as tactful as an Englishman can be among Scotsmen— (*Chuckles*)

215 CAROLINE.—When did you get him?

216 OWEN.—Last week. I let him poke around a bit. I'm going to have a talk with him today. Would you care to come along?

217 CAROLINE.—Yes, Robert, I would.

218 OWEN.—Well, I'll call for you this evening, when the mill shuts down for the day. I'm going to show him my pet innovations.

219 *Biz.—Music up full . . . then down and out behind. Shouts and jeers from crowd of men, women and children . . . off mike.*

220 WOMAN.—A pound of margarine and a loaf of bread. That's all.

221 SHOPKEEPER.—Yes, Mrs. McClaren. Don't you want any eggs today?

222 WOMAN.—Gracious, no.

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223 SHOPKEEPER.—They's only a penny each. You might try some.
224 WOMAN.—A penny each? Aren't you mistaken?
225 SHOPKEEPER.—No, indeed. Everything here at wholesale prices. Mr. Owen's order.
226 WOMAN.—I can't believe it. Sometimes eggs was as much as a shilling before. I could never afford to buy 'em.
227 SHOPKEEPER.—Well, you take half a dozen. They're very good for you.
228 WOMAN.—Thank you. Thank you. And God bless Mr. Owen. God bless 'im, I say.
229 *Biz.—Tinkle of shop doorbell as door opens and closes.*
230 OWEN.—There, Humphries. At least one person appreciates what I'm trying to do.
231 HUMPHRIES.—Well, for one that does, Robert, there are ten that don't. Listen to that crowd outside.
232 CAROLINE.—Why do they hate Robert so, Mr. Humphries? He has only their interests at heart.
233 OWEN.—Mr. Bragg, you're a shopkeeper. Perhaps you know the answer.
234 SHOPKEEPER.—I dunno rightly, Mr. Owen. Unless it's because you've closed up all the pubs. A man that's been used to 'is ale and gin ain't likely to take kindly to one 'oo deprives 'im of it.
235 HUMPHRIES.—They don't seem to have much trouble getting it, Mr. Bragg, even so.
236 SHOPKEEPER.—No, Mr. 'Umphries, that they don't. There ain't no man living can stop a man from getting 'is beer if 'e wants it badly enough.
237 OWEN.—You have nothing against me, have you, Mr. Bragg?
238 SHOPKEEPER.—Bless yer 'eart, no, Mr. Owen. I'm all for you. So's everyone that can see beyond the glow of 'is nose, and some of 'em is fair beacons. But you don't take into account 'ow much they likes dirt.
239 CAROLINE.—Dirt?
240 SHOPKEEPER.—Yes'm. Some of 'em don't feel comfortable if they don't 'ave a rubbish tip right under their noses. Gives 'em a nice 'omey feelin'.
241 OWEN.—What about the disease that goes with it?
242 SHOPKEEPER.—I wouldn't be able to say about that, sir. Depends on what you've been used to, I suppose. I 'ad an aunt, now, 'oo was sent to a special 'ome—like they 'ave for old ladies. Well, she got so miserable coz she 'ad no scratchin' to do—
243 OWEN.—Your point's well taken, Mr. Bragg.
244 SHOPKEEPER.—Don't think I'm not with you, sir—

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245 *Sound.—Crowd outside grows louder . . . jeers and cat-calls.*
246 OWEN.—They're getting rowdy—
247 SHOPKEEPER.—Take no notice of 'em, sir. The commotion's being stirred up mostly by a parcel of 'ooligans— Look out!
248 *Biz.—Brick crashes through window . . .* CAROLINE *gives a faint scream . . . crowd jeers up louder.*
249 HUMPHRIES.—Why, the blackguards—Robert, you're cut.
250 OWEN.—It's nothing at all, Humphries. A splinter of glass.
251 CAROLINE.—Let me look at it, dear.
252 SHOPKEEPER.—I'd 'ave 'em all flogged.
253 HUMPHRIES.—You see what we're facing, Robert? It's hopeless. You build them shops where they can get food ridiculously cheap and they throw bricks through the window.
254 OWEN.—I have an idea that Mr. Bragg here is right. The ringleaders aren't our people. They're hooligans paid to stir up trouble—
255 CAROLINE.—I think Robert's right, Mr. Humphries. People can't be so blind to their own interests.
256 HUMPHRIES.—Perhaps so, Mrs. Owen. But we have a job before us. And what a job!
257 OWEN.—I've raised their wages. There's not so much stealing. Some of them have even begun to take a pride in their work. The next thing is education.
258 HUMPHRIES.—Education?
259 OWEN.—The hope of the working classes lies in education. We must build up their character and self-respect.
260 HUMPHRIES.—It's a tall order, Robert.
261 CAROLINE.—He's had tall orders before, Mr. Humphries.
262 SHOPKEEPER.—Think I'll patch up me winder.
263 OWEN.—Yes, Mr. Bragg. And we have a window that needs patching too. And when we've done it, it'll be as clear as any in Scotland.
264 *Biz.—Music up full, then down and out behind . . . factory machinery . . . up full . . . then it slows down gradually and stops . . . hum of crowd of people talking.*
265 OWEN (*shouting*).—Men and women—and children. I want you all to come closer so that I can talk to you.
266 *Biz.—Shuffling of feet . . . hum of conversation.*
267 OWEN.—As you know I have worked for you for six years now—and you have worked for me. We have had good times and bad. This is one of the bad, and I know what bad times are for the poor. I am forced to close down my mills, because there is an embargo on raw cotton in America and I cannot buy enough of it to operate my mill profitably. But I promise you that you shall not suffer.

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Every man, woman, and child at New Lanark Mills will be paid full wages every week until the embargo is lifted and we get back to work. That is all. God bless every one of you.

268 *Biz.—Murmur of crowd mounting gradually until they burst into spontaneous cheers . . . build up full . . . cover with music . . . up full . . . down and out behind.*

269 NARRATOR.—Owen worked ceaselessly for the good of his employees. The embargo was lifted and the mill ran again. Owen then built schools, hospitals. His partners saw their dividends cut to nothing. They planned to oust him, but he ousted them and continued with new partners. The fame of Robert Owen spread throughout the world, and people came flocking to New Lanark to witness his achievements.

The little Scottish town was the beginning. The next thing was to spread these humanitarian plans over the whole United Kingdom and rally all mill workers to his cause.

It is the year 1815. The Napoleonic Wars have ushered in an era of unemployment and misery for the poor. The time seems ripe. Owen drafts a factory bill, and goes to London to find supporters. In the lobby of the House of Commons, he encounters Sir Robert Peel.

270 *Biz.—Big Ben . . . off mike.*

271 OWEN.—Sir Robert, you're a factory owner yourself. You'd be the last person I'd accuse of self-interest, but why have you not come to the support of my Factory Bill these past four sessions?

272 PEEL.—My dear Owen, the House is almost entirely against you. What can I do? You'd be astonished at the number of enemies you have. Why, even your own people sent a delegation to the Secretary of State.

273 OWEN.—I saw them. Greed and hatred of me on every face. They blackened my reputation. They brought out every vile accusation they could think of. Fortunately the Secretary of State didn't listen to them.

274 PEEL.—I am glad. You're an honest man, Owen. I can't help liking you.

275 OWEN.—At heart you must think as I do, Sir Robert. Will you not plead my cause for me in Parliament?

276 PEEL.—I've thought a great deal about the matter. I'll see what I can do.

277 OWEN.—I knew I could count on ye—

278 PEEL.—Don't count on me too much, Owen. The bill will have to be modified, I'm sure of that. It'll never pass as it is. But trust me. I'll see the thing through or be damned!

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279 *Biz.—Fade in boos and cat calls in the Commons . . . the noise subsides gradually.*

280 PEEL.—I've not finished. You can shut your eyes to conditions, but doing so cures nothing. We pride ourselves on being the greatest manufacturing nation in the world, but its a poor pride, gentlemen, that builds itself on the broken bodies of tiny children. It's a poor pride that rises unconcerned over agonized cries of our children slaving in misery when they should be playing in the sunshine. I have seen things in these mills, gentlemen, that you would never believe possible in a civilized country. I have seen things that today make me ashamed of being an Englishman.

281 *Biz.—Uproar from the members . . . rap of gavel . . . uproar subsides.*

282 SPEAKER.—The Member from Manchester.

283 PHILLIPS.—I must ask your indulgence for a moment, gentlemen, while I wipe my eyes. Sir Robert Peel has told so touching a story that I regret my coming out this morning with only one pocket handkerchief. (*Laughter*) Sir Robert, of course, is a visionary. What would happen to this manufacturing supremacy of ours, I wonder, if these humanitarian zealots had their way and deprived our children of the privilege of working for their birthright?

284 MEMBERS.—Hear! Hear!

285 PEEL (*shouting*).—I'm sanguine enough to believe, sir, that England would not lose much of her Empire, but a great many manufacturers would lose their paunches.

286 MEMBERS.—How dare he! What right, sir? Must we listen to insults—? Stick to the point!—He's going too far—! Unfair!—Infernal impudence!, etc. (*General uproar*)

287 *Biz.—Gavel . . . uproar subsides.*

288 SPEAKER.—The member from Westminster. Lord Lascelles.

289 LASCELLES.—I have nothing to gain by seeing this bill through other than the satisfaction of eradicating a wretched practice. I am not a manufacturer, but if I were, I'm sure a blind greed for profits would not influence—

290 MEMBERS.—Unfair!—Sit down—etc.

291 *Biz.—Commotion grows . . . builds up full . . . then out behind.*

292 NARRATOR.—Robert Owen's Factory Act was passed in 1819, but it was so mutilated that Owen himself repudiated it as useless. He set to work another way. He founded co-operative societies. He toured America and started a settlement in Indiana. Unfortunately it failed. In 1829, almost sixty years old, poor and broken in health, he returned to England. But the seeds he had sown at so great a cost

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Broadcasting at New York University

Students presenting a script show: standing microphone (Velocity type) picks up Sound Effects and narrator's voice; "8-Ball" microphone, non-directional, picks up voices of cast seated at table.

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Margaret Widdemer, well-known novelist and short story writer, discussing with the author a scene from the "Living Dramas of the Bible" series.

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were beginning to sprout. Working people were organizing, crusading for the right to vote. Owen eagerly plunged back into the work he had begun. Quickly his friends rallied around him. And his enemies raged against him. One night, driving to a meeting hall—

293 *Biz.—Shouts of angry mob . . . up full . . . fade down behind.*

294 First Man.—There comes his carriage. Let's rush the old fool. Let's tip him into the mud.

295 *Biz.—Carriage wheels approaching . . . up full.*

296 First Woman.—Drag him out. Drag him out.

297 Second Man.—Tar and feather him!

298 Third Man.—Let me get a whack at him.

299 Second Woman.—Meddlesome bag of wind.

300 Friend.—Stand back, you fools. He's your friend. He's working for you.

301 First Man.—Shut your mouth.

302 Friend.—I appeal to your sense of fair play— Ow! (*He gives a cry as he is punched in the mouth*)

303 Second Man.—That'll teach you. Come on. Get the old man.

304 First Woman.—Kill him. (*They take up the cry "kill him"*)

305 First Man.—They're sneaking him inside. After him.

306 Second Woman.—Don't let 'im speak. Break down the doors.

307 *Biz.—The crowd builds up full . . . then fades.*

308 Friend.—Well, it's a miracle we got through. Are you hurt, Robert? There's blood on your face.

309 Owen (*breathless*).—A scratch.

310 Friend.—Are you sure. Let me examine—

311 Owen.—No, no. No fuss, please.

312 Friend.—Well, we're safe from the crowd outside. But what about your audience? You'd better not speak tonight.

313 Owen.—Not speak? Of course I'll speak. Let's go in.

314 Friend.—I warn you, Robert. They're in an ugly mood.

315 Owen.—Aye. But we'll face 'em.

316 Friend.—Well, you've got pluck. Let me wipe the blood from your cheek—

317 Owen.—It doesn't matter. Let's go out to the platform.

318 *Biz.—Footsteps . . . audience starts to jeer and boo.*

319 Owen (*shouting above them*).—My friends and fellow workers— (*Audience continues to jeer . . . down behind*)

320 First Woman.—Well, they can say what they like about 'im, but I think 'e's right brave.

321 First Man.—Yes. Lot o' spunk in 'im for an old gaffer.

322 Second Man.—'E's bleedin', too. Let's give 'im a chance to speak.

323 First Woman.—Aye, it'd be fair.

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324 THIRD MAN.—Throw the old fool out—
325 SECOND WOMAN.—'Erbert, if you don't shut up, I'll stick this humberella in yer eye.
326 THIRD MAN.—All right, ma.
327 OWEN (*shouting*).—Listen to me.
328 *Biz.—The crowd gradually becomes quiet.*
329 OWEN.—Why do you cry me down? Ye all know me. Ye know how I've labored for ye. I'm an old man of sixty, an' I'm as poor as ye are. I want nothing from ye except your trust. Ye'll give me that?
330 FIRST MAN (*calling*).—Aye, Mr. Owen, we'll listen to ye.
331 FIRST WOMAN.—Some of us is with ye.
332 *Biz.—General murmurs of approval.*
333 OWEN.—Thank ye. It's a long time since I started looking out for you; and there have been many changes since. There will be many more, I hope, before our work is done. In many things we have failed. I myself have failed, because I'm old and there's so much more to be done. But I have succeeded too. You here in this hall are my success. Ye can say what ye like about me, but ye're mine and I hold you to me jealously. Ye are the future, and the truth is on your side. I am an old man who has given his life to ye. I ask ye only one thing in return. Be true to what I've taught you and what you stand for—the right to your own lives, to live out as ye please—in goodness. If ye do that—ye'll win in the end—you must win. And your victory will be the only victory that will give me the right to rest.
334 FIRST MAN (*shouting*).—Three cheers for 'im. 'Ip! 'Ip!—
335 CROWD.—Hooray!
336 *Biz.—Loud and prolonged cheers . . . build up full . . . fade down into factory whistles as at opening . . . no footsteps.*
337 OWEN.—I didn't think to see you again, Andrew.
338 ANDREW.—Well, we've been friends a long while, Robert. Even though we haven't run into each other much. I knew though that sooner or later you'd come back to Lanark.
339 OWEN.—Aye. I'm grateful to ye. Ye remember, it was in this very room, aye, and aboot this time o' the mornin', if I remember, that I told ye aboot my plan to buy the mill.
340 ANDREW.—I had forgotten.
341 OWEN.—We were young. Oh, I was verra ambitious. I'm not much now.
342 ANDREW.—You've had more courage than most men. You have my respect.
343 OWEN.—Thank ye, Andrew.
344 *Biz.—Factory whistles up full.*

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345 OWEN.—Listen!
346 ANDREW (*pause*).—The factory whistles. You're still thinking of the mill, eh?
347 OWEN.—D'ye hear nothing else?
348 ANDREW (*pause*).—Nothing. Nothing but the whistles.
349 OWEN.—Listen!
350 *Biz.—Clattering of many steel-shod shoes distant at first . . . then building full . . . then fade out . . . the sound has an eerie quality.*
351 OWEN.—Ye heard that, Andrew?
352 ANDREW.—No. What are you talking about?
353 OWEN.—Ah, Andrew. Ye have been away from it all. Aye. D'ye know what I just heard?
354 ANDREW.—What, Robert?
355 OWEN.—The clatterin' feet of a thousand weary little children—long ago. (*Fading*) A long time ago—
356 *Music.*

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CHAPTER XI

FUNDAMENTAL PROBLEMS OF ADAPTATION: THE BIBLE USED TO ILLUSTRATE THE EXPANSION PROBLEM

ALL radio plays which are derived from Biblical sources must necessarily be adaptations of one sort or another. Either they are elaborations of short themes or compressions of long ones; in all cases they are translations into dialogue of records which exist as narrative. Because we are about to examine some of this literature and some of the broadcast material that has resulted from it, it seems the proper time to discuss in its wider implications the general problem of the adaptation as it applies to radio. After we have found out the underlying principles, we shall look at the Bible broadcast to see what its own special problems really are.

The chief problem involved in extracting a good radio show from a work that has been written for an entirely different purpose is the problem of selection. How much of the original are you going to keep and how much are you going to throw out? Further, because the original piece is not a radio piece and may not even be dialogue, how far may the adapter go in reshuffling the work of the first writer? Is he to be permitted, for example, to invent an entire new scene if he feels like it? May he reshape the original to the extent of shifting its scenes and supplying it with new characters?

This is the answer to these questions, and to all questions relating to the functions, restrictions, and privileges of the adapter: he may do anything with any piece, whether poetry, prose, or drama, which truthfully translates to radio the import, the flavor, and the purpose of the original in its fullest possible integrity. All that any adaptation actually is is a transplantation from one medium to another of a series of sympathies and antipathies already established in the original. These sympathies and these antipathies are sacred, and they belong to the first writer. They cannot be outraged at any time, nor can they at any time be neglected. Further, they cannot be

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subjected to new interpretation. There they are and there they must stay.

What this means in one sentence is simply this: no adapter, for any cause, may tamper with the feelings or the prejudices of the original or with those of any characters created by the author. That is the way the author felt about it and that is the way the adapter must feel about it. If the adapter has independent partialities, he had better forget them. Anything else is literary grave-robbing.

Because the adapter's privileges are many, his responsibilities are also many. His chief and his ever-present responsibility is to recognize that he, the adapter, is the protector of the author's interests and the custodian of his literary valuables.

Concerning the privileges mentioned, you will first find that adaptation usually means cutting and shortening and speeding up. Often it means rearrangement. One other privilege not usually allowed to other adapters is the privilege of invention. By invention I do not mean the incidental manufacturing of bright conversation which can be thrown into the original at random, nor do I mean invention which pertains to plot. I mean invention which is honestly conceived by the adapter as the most useful and most economical means of making clear for radio listeners what was clear enough in print, but which unless expanded or strongly emphasized, is likely to escape sufficient notice over the air.

Because one's aural memory is not so strong as his visual memory, important material and significant events—items which must be retained in the mind and items of which later use is to be made—must be firmly fixed so that they will secure their effect when their time comes. A character in a story may be very important to that story; he may be made to seem very important by the author in one or two sentences and we may hear no more of him for many pages. His return to the story is no shock to the reader for the reason that after his first introduction, he is kept in the mind as a sort of persistent afterimage. This suspension, this carryover, is not difficult to the prose writer. There are no distractions to embarrass the reader. But this same carryover in radio drama is very much more difficult. It is more difficult in radio because we are more likely to forget things, having the steady pulse of sound alone to move us forward. We concentrate more on the instant of production. We have no time for quick reflections over what has

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already happened, no time to speculate on what the next development may bring us.

The direct consequence of this is the dual consequence of increasing the adapter's latitude and of disciplining his behavior within that latitude. Thus if the adapter finds that the original story contains either a character or a brief suggestion of situation that is necessary to the understanding of the story, and if he finds that these items have been too swiftly dealt with for radio comprehension, it becomes his duty to expand them. He may do this by additional emphasis or he may do it by creating a brief scene which is altogether new to the story. His aim of course at all times is to accomplish as quickly as possible what has already been accomplished in the original.

The Radio Problems of the Biblical Drama

Dramatized versions of the stories of the Bible will always command large radio audiences. Most of these stories are superbly told in the original text but few of them can be transferred to radio without serious reorganization. They are either too diffuse and ill-assembled or too compact or too fragmentary. The stories which come to mind first as being most perfectly framed for dramatic treatment are the stories of Esther and Ahasuerus, Ruth and Naomi, and Joseph and his brothers. Adequate material is given in each of these fine old tales and the actual storytelling is carefully planned. The stories are enormously dramatic as they stand, a virtue which is of great convenience to the radio adapter. He has no problem of expansion and almost no problem of compression.

The great body of Biblical literature, however, is not thus happily written. The Book of Job, for example, which has but one single story to tell and cannot therefore be done in a series of consecutive programs, takes forty-two chapters in the telling. On the other hand, the story of Elisha and the Samarian lepers is beautifully recorded in less than two chapters. The story of Gideon's daring strategy in deceiving the Midianites as to the size of his army is set down in Judges in only six verses. And there are numerous examples in both the Old and the New Testament of excellent story material in passages even shorter than this. Such passages as a rule are more suggestive than expository, but their very suggestiveness is often so powerful that it brings to the instinctive dramatist an urge to honor the fragment by restoring the original structure from which the piece has fallen. Restoration of this sort, provided it does

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not violate textual and historical accuracy, is legitimate. Any invention is legitimate which stays within the bounds of probability and which exists not to pad the story but to interpret and to clarify it.

The charmingly fabulous tale of Jonah will illustrate my meaning here. Its four short chapters provide us with as much spirited detail as we can possibly use in a half-hour broadcast, and the last verse of the final chapter brings us to the conclusion. It does not, however, bring us the conclusion. The Bible provides none. Dramatically this is wrong, of course, because it leaves the listener unsatisfied. We end on a question mark. We end without an ending. Jonah's response (had there been one) to the final question of Jehovah is the true conclusion to the story, but this has been omitted from the text. It therefore becomes not so much the privilege as the duty of the adapter to supply this response.

How is he to do it? How is he to determine what that response is to be? He can do this in only one way: by carefully examining all the implications in the final verses. By these implications it appears that the Lord has a manifest intention and hence it can be safely presumed that Jonah will be persuaded to accept His will, which is to spare Nineveh. Once the adapter perceives that this has already been implied in the text, why then should he not pursue the examination of Jonah to its logical and predictable end? The conclusion we need is implicit in the scriptural signification of these questions. This conclusion must now be stated before we can ring down our curtain. It cannot come down on uncertainty. The fact that we are working with sacred writings cannot be allowed to influence the fact that we are writing a show.

Here is the way this was handled in the very popular CBS production of "Living Dramas of the Bible":

GOD.—Thou wast angry with the worm.
JONAH.—Yea, O Lord. I was exceedingly angry.
GOD.—And thou didst have pity for the gourd.
JONAH.—I had great pity for the plant—for it was a shade over my head.
GOD.—Thou didst have great pity for the plant for which thou didst not labor; which came up in a night and withered in a night.
JONAH.—Yea, O Lord.
GOD.—Yet in Nineveh there are more than six score thousand men, and women, and little children weak with the weakness of

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mankind, who cannot discern between their right hand and their left. And there are also herds of patient beasts in the field. Should thou not have pity for them even as thou hast pitied the gourd which has perished in the night?

JONAH.—But, Lord, these people are not my people, they are not your people. They are full of deceit and hypocrisy. Their penance is a mockery—

GOD.—Jonah—Jonah—art thou still blind? Dost thou not know after the wondrous thing I have shown you, that I am a just God—that I am a God to *all people?* Is it not better that these Ninevites shall be shown good and evil, is it not better that their penance be believed, than that they should be destroyed in their weakness and ignorance? Speak truly, Jonah—should I not spare the great city of Nineveh?

JONAH.—Thou hast shown me the truth at last, O Lord my God, and I am a miserable man unworthy to be thy servant.

GOD.—Speak, Jonah, shall I destroy Nineveh?

JONAH.—No, my Lord, spare it—spare it that I may go within the gates and preach the Glory of the Lord God of Jehovah.*

Now the story has made complete sense. What is more, the conclusion which it has here been given has brought more meaning to the closing conversation between God and Jonah, and has brought forth this meaning by making the purpose of the questions absolutely clear. At the risk of being redundant I should like once more to remind the reader of the purpose factor which we encountered under the heading of Professional Quality. Here this purpose value has been concretely shown. The Jonah story in the original has no direction deficiency. Its only deficiency is a purpose one. Direction has been strong throughout. We know where we are always. But we do not entirely know why. The few lines added by the adapter answer this for us and thus complete the story in the true proportion intended. It has achieved purpose.

Much more complicated is the adapter's problem in the story of Elisha's prophecy about Samaria; this problem can best be coped with if the reader will open a Bible and look at the text himself. The story is told in II Kings. Most of the story occurs in the seventh chapter and a successful adaptation could easily be drawn from this source alone. But chapter six has some atmospheric touches which, whether they are materially appropriated or not, will certainly color the adapter's work and color it with the tinges that make this story the potent piece of Old Testament drama it really is.

* This piece of revision was written by William N. Robson.

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Chapter six rambles very badly and is crowded with incidents we cannot use and don't want. We are obviously not interested in Elisha's migratory household, nor in the miracle of the axe head. Nor do we react very strongly when the Syrians are smitten with blindness. But when we get to Samaria, the story starts to congeal. Not only is the city besieged, it is riddled with famine, and the harshness of this is very speedily revealed in the brief but bitter passage about the woman who had boiled her son. This complete degradation—the woman's complaint was not that she had eaten her own child but that she had been deprived a neighbor's—does not escape the king, and after his first shock of grief and horror, our plot starts: Elisha has become his enemy.

The king seeks to take him but Elisha anticipates him in this, and when the two men confront each other, Elisha prophesies plenty in Samaria by the next day. The Bible gives us no account of the words exchanged at this dramatic meeting, other than the "windows in heaven" speech by one of the lords, yet some scene is called for here, and the radio adapter is entitled to write it. It is needed for the play and it is permissible because we know the feelings of these two men at this moment.

Immediately after this, and characteristically without any transition, the text goes directly to the four lepers and takes us right through their scene. The lepers have not been mentioned before, and although they are alone responsible for Samaria's delivery, they are not mentioned again. To the radio adapter their scene is a good one and its nine verses are packed with material. Strong hints of their group character are given us and these hints must be seized by the writer and turned to account. The misery of their condition is revealed by eloquent understatement, and their philosophy has the bleak realism of men in extreme despair. Nothing could be more to the point than their blunt conclusion about the enemy: "If they save us alive, we shall live; and if they kill us, we shall but die."

This idea prevails, and they enter the Syrian camp to find it empty. Their behavior here is what one would expect: they gorge themselves with food first, then start to loot the place. But physical relief restores their conscience and they hurry back to the gatekeeper with the good news. Shortly the entire city overruns the camp and despoils it. Enough grain is brought back to Samaria to bear out Elisha's prophecy, even to the ironic detail of the lieutenant's death. He is killed in the scramble for food.

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The Proper Arrangement of Material

How should all this material be arranged? We cannot very wisely take it as it stands. If we did that, we would have in many places a system of unwieldy sequences which could not build dramatically from any given one to the next. If we had commenced in the middle of chapter six and had gone right through to the end, we would have had something like this:

Scene 1: Elisha refuses to let the king take advantage of the powerless Syrians.
Scene 2: Ben-hadad brings up his army and surrounds the city.
Scene 3: The king meets the woman on the wall and vows vengeance on Elisha.
Scene 4: Elisha and the elders are found by the king's guard and Elisha delivers his prophecy.
Scene 5: The lepers' story complete.
Scene 6: The porters tell the king of the Syrians' departure and the king sends messengers to investigate.
Scene 7: The messengers return and confirm the report.
Scene 8: The Samarians pillage the camp.
Scene 9: The lord "on whose hand the king leaned" is appointed to take charge of the gate.
Scene 10: The mob at the gate and the fulfillment of the prophecy.

This scene sequence is workable but it is awkward. There is too much to handle, and there is no story focus. We encounter all of the scenes as they take place but we see them at one moment from the viewpoint of Elisha, then from Joram's, then from the lepers' or the mob's. This scatters the action. We need an annealing agent. We need something to pull the story together more tightly. The adapter here has done an intelligent piece of reconstruction: he has used the four lepers as a binder and used them to their fullest possible advantage.

In this treatment the broadcast has in reality become the lepers' story. Elisha and the king are the show pieces but it is the lepers who pull their wagon. Here is the adaptation:

LIVING DRAMAS OF THE BIBLE—"THE GATES OF SAMARIA"

1 Announcer.—And it came to pass that Ben-hadad, king of Syria, gathered all his host and went up and besieged Samaria. And there was great famine in Samaria. And as the king of Israel was passing by upon the wall there

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cried a woman unto him saying, "Help, my lord king." And he said: "If the Lord do not help thee, whence shall I help thee? Out of the barn floor, or out of the wine-press?" And there were four leprous men at the entering in of the gate—and they said one to another— (*Fade*)

2 *Biz.—Sound of old horns, distant.*
3 HAMAH.—There is a noise in the city.
4 ARAM.—The noise is upon the walls.
5 BEBBAI.—Look up upon the walls. What is happening there?
6 NEBO.—There is a crowd of men. And many spears and shields.
7 HAMAH.—The king walks upon the walls of Samaria. King Joram.
8 ARAM.—I know why the king walks upon the walls. He looks out to the tents of the Syrians.
9 BEBBAI.—If I were the king I would not want to look upon the tents of the Syrians. The Syrians will surely starve the city, and we shall all be killed.
10 NEBO.—If I were King Joram I would go out and fight.
11 HAMAH.—Then you would be a fool as well as a leper. The Syrians are too many for the men of Israel. They have chariots and horses and a great host.
12 ARAM.—Yes, it is better for King Joram to stay behind the walls of the city. The king is not as we are. The Syrians would kill him.
13 *Biz.—A distant crowd noise.*
14 BEBBAI.—If the Syrians do not kill him, the hunger will. I can hear the people within the city calling to the king in their hunger.
15 NEBO.—I would we might also call to the king. I am hungry, too.
16 HAMAH.—I have been hungry a long time.
17 *Biz.—Crowd noise again.*
18 ARAM.—The noise of the people is a noise of anger.
19 NEBO.—It is a noise of death.
20 BEBBAI.—I have a very special kind of hunger, my brothers. I long for bones.
21 HAMAH.—I would like barley. Fine barley, to put my hands in, very deep and carry it to my mouth. I would fill my eyes and nose with the dust of it.
22 ARAM.—I would like honey. Not much honey. Just a small taste, to melt in my throat. I am dry inside—like the dead ground at the edge of the desert. I cannot say how hungry I am. It is beyond saying.
23 BEBBAI.—We should not talk of it. We shall go mad.
24 NEBO.—Why does the king not go to the man of God?
25 ARAM.—Yes, why does he not go to Elisha, the prophet?

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26 NEBO.—If the king went to the man of God, then would Elisha confound the enemy, and they would flee away, and we could have food in Samaria.
27 HAMAH.—Then you are blind as well as a fool. King Joram hates Elisha. I think King Joram will kill Elisha.
28 BEBBAI.—He has been a wicked king. He, and the noble lord on whose arm he leans.
29 *Biz.—Sound of horns, fading.*
30 ARAM.—The king is going away from the walls. I can tell by the sound of the horns.
31 NEBO.—Maybe the king is going to Elisha.
32 HAMAH.—If the king goes to Elisha he will kill him. I know. I have seen kings. He'll kill Elisha.
33 *Biz.—Horns again, distant . . . crowd noise up strong, then fade out entirely . . . heavy pounding on a door, distant.*
34 GEHAZI (*coming in*).—My master—my master, Elisha.
35 ELISHA.—I am here, Gehazi. You break in upon my council with the elders.
36 GEHAZI.—Elisha, I am an unworthy servant. But the messenger of King Joram is at the door. And I have come to tell you. Shall I let him in?
37 *Biz.—Some murmurs from the elders.*
38 AN ELDER.—Elisha, the king is dangerous when he's angry.
39 *Biz.—Murmurs of agreement.*
40 ELDER.—His people are hungry.
41 ELISHA.—And so he comes to kill me? There is more noise. You hear? It is the king.
42 ELDER.—Curse him, Elisha. Drive him out again. What have you to do with the ungodly?
43 ELISHA.—Let him come in.
44 *Biz.—The door is smashed, off.*
45 ELDER —The door is broken.
46 GEHAZI (*coming in*).—Master—my master—take care—the king is here. King Joram.
47 ELISHA.—Stand to one side, Gehazi. Do not cry out.
48 ELDER.—Soldiers with spears—
49 JORAM (*off*).—Where is this prophet?
50 ELDER.—The king's voice.
51 GEHAZI.—Oh, my master, you counseled him once to spare the Syrians when they were in his power, and now they have come again. The king is mad with fury.
52 JORAM (*off*).—Search him out. Drag him before me.
53 SHIMEAH (*a noble*).—This way—this way. He's here. The prophet is here.
54 ELDER.—They have seen you.
55 GEHAZI.—Before it is too late, my master—
56 ELISHA.—Keep silent!

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57 JORAM (*coming in*).—This evil is from God! Why should I wait upon God any longer? Where is this false prophet?
58 *Biz.—Footsteps fast, with a babble of voices and clatter of arms.*
59 JORAM.—Halt! (*Footsteps stop*) Elisha! Now—at last!
60 SHIMEAH.—Hiding in a hole like the dogs of the stables. Stand before the king!
61 ELISHA.—Why do you seek me out?
62 JORAM.—To have your head!
63 SHIMEAH.—To stop your lying counsels and your tongue!
64 JORAM.—Wait, Shimeah, it is for me, the king, to speak. Stand here beside me.
65 SHIMEAH.—I obey, King Joram. Lean thou upon my arm.
66 JORAM.—Elisha—once the mighty Syrian host
Fell in my power, and then I could have smote them.
But you forbade me, and I let them go.
Now they return, and stretched before our walls,
Their tents have starved Samaria into famine.
Except for you, oh, you accursed prophet,
This thing would not have been.
67 SHIMEAH.—The man should die.
68 JORAM.—Let me speak, Shimeah. The city and the people all will perish, because you would not let me slay the Syrians when they were in my power!
69 ELISHA.—Vain, foolish king! To whom is power of life and power of death, or power of anything, save our Lord God?
70 SHIMEAH.—You stand and prate of power while the clamor of Syria's hosts rolls through our city gates! Theirs is the power, not God's!
71 JORAM.—My people dying, my chariots broken, and my name a scorn, because of you, Elisha!
72 ELISHA.—Because of you! Because in all the stubbornness of your pride you will not wait upon the Lord your God. And trust His judgment.
73 JORAM.—I'm not such a fool!
74 SHIMEAH.—Nor I! My lord the king, he plays for time with words. Kill him and have it done with.
75 ELISHA.—You have spoken.
76 SHIMEAH.—I could speak more. Why, old man, I could tell you
In case you've been too blind to find it out,
The city is so laid about by famine
The head of a starved ass, nor more than his head,
Shriveled and bloodless, sells in the streets today
For eighty pieces of silver. Wait upon God?

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Bah! Where can your God find food for us, or help?

77 JORAM.—Yes—where? We'll die! But not so soon as you! Give me my sword!

78 *Biz.—Murmurs.*

79 ELISHA.—King Joram. all your swords will not avail against the word of God! Hear ye the word!

80 SHIMEAH.—Don't let him talk, King Joram! Stop his mouth!

81 *Biz.—Commotion.*

82 ELISHA.—Silence!

83 *Biz.—Pause.*

84 ELISHA.—Thus saith your God . . . Tomorrow at this time
Samaria will be rich with food and plenty.
I will preserve and keep you, saith the Lord.
A measure of fine flour shall be sold for a shekel,
And in the gateway of Samaria
Two measures of barley for a single shekel.
This is the covenant of the Lord your God.

85 *Biz.—Ad lib. murmurs of astonishment and disbelief.*

86 ELISHA.—For He has spoken.

87 JORAM.—Might this thing be true, Elisha?

88 SHIMEAH.—Lies! All lies, King Joram, to save his doddering head!

89 JORAM.—Yet if it *should* be— (*Makes his decision*) I will not kill him now. I'll wait and see.

90 SHIMEAH.—Why if God could make windows in heaven, how might this thing be? I don't believe it!

91 ELISHA.—And for your disbelief, you on whose hand the king himself doth lean—behold, you shall see this thing with your own eyes!

92 SHIMEAH.—Bah!

93 ELISHA.—But shall not eat thereof! When there is food within the gateway of Samaria. You shall not eat—for you have not believed!

94 *Biz.—Cymbal interlude.*

95 HAMAH.—Now I am more hungry than ever.

96 ARAM.—That is because the sun has gone down. It is not so bad to be hungry in the daytime, but when the night begins to fall, that is bad.

97 BEBBAI.—We are lepers outside the city gates, but the people inside the city are no better off than we are.

98 NEBO.—I think I am going mad.

99 HAMAH.—Why, Nebo?

100 NEBO.—I have been watching the wind play with the dust. And in the evening shadows, I saw long caravans of men and horses, heavy laden, running toward Jordan. Then

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when I looked again, it was no more than the wind playing with the dust.

101 BEBBAI.—That is indeed madness. No one is outside the city but the Syrians. You saw the wind in the dust.

102 ARAM.—Unless he saw the Syrians.

103 HAMAH.—The Syrians? Are we all mad together, at last? What would the Syrians do, running toward Jordan? Their face is toward the city.

104 BEBBAI.—I wish I had some bones.

105 NEBO.—What for?

106 BEBBAI.—To bury them. And then dig them up, one by one to eat.

107 NEBO.—I'd eat them all at once.

108 BEBBAI.—And die afterwards.

109 ARAM.—We shall all die soon.

110 NEBO.—Yes, we shall all die soon. What would it matter? I would have eaten.

111 HAMAH.—Now I know I am mad, too. I also thought I saw men and beasts—just now—fleeing away. The plain is very dusty.

112 ARAM.—The sun is very red in the sky. The clouds are like the smoke of a great battle, when the dust rises around the fighters.

113 HAMAH.—They say when the clouds turn red, kings die.

114 NEBO.—And lepers, too. They don't die as kings do. They die of hunger.

115 BEBBAI.—Slowly—

116 NEBO.—I'd rather die in battle.

117 HAMAH.—Perhaps. It is not so lonely as this way.

118 ARAM.—It is very lonely this way. Let us go into the city.

119 BEBBAI.—If we go into the city we shall die, too. The famine is in the city.

120 NEBO.—Many are dying in the city. It is better here. We can see the tents of the Syrians, where no one is dying.

121 HAMAH.—They have food there.

122 NEBO.—Let us go into the camp of the Syrians, where there is food.

123 BEBBAI.—They will kill us.

124 NEBO.—If they kill us, we shall but die. If they save us alive, we shall live.

125 HAMAH.—And if we sit here by the gate, we shall most certainly die also. Let us go unto the Syrians.

126 ARAM.—Yes, let us all go. It is not wisdom to sit here and die.

127 BEBBAI.—The Syrians' tents are far off. I am weak.

128 *Biz.—Footsteps shuffle.*

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129 NEBO.—I will stand on my foot— Ugh— It is hard to stand— Give me your hand, Bebbai, I will help you.

130 HAMAH.—We will put our arms about each other's shoulders. That way will we walk. Come, Aram.

131 ARAM.—I am here. Will they kill us when we reach the tents?

132 HAMAH.—I do not know. Walk faster, Aram. The day grows very dark.

133 BEBBAI.—Yes, it is wisdom to go to the tents of the Syrians. It is good wisdom.

134 NEBO.—The walls of Samaria are all still. The setting of the sun makes shadows on them, behind us.

135 HAMAH.—There are darker shadows before, where the Syrian tents are. We must go more quickly.

136 BEBBAI.—The Syrians will have soldiers around the tents. Perhaps they will kill us before we have eaten.

137 ARAM.—Bebbai is right. Perhaps they will think we are soldiers of King Joram come to spy on them, and they will kill us.

138 NEBO.—We must tell them what we are. We must cry "Unclean." Then they will know we are not soldiers.

139 HAMAH.—We will tell them we only wish to eat, and to follow the men and beasts that run toward Jordan.

140 NEBO.—There are no men and beasts that run toward Jordan. It was the wind playing with the dust.

141 HAMAH.—That is true. I had forgotten.

142 BEBBAI.—I smell wine.

143 ARAM.—Hamah, will they let us eat and drink before they kill us? Just a little to eat and drink?

144 HAMAH.—I do not know. Hurry.

145 NEBO.—I smell food.

146 BEBBAI.—We are very near the tents.

147 HAMAH.—I see no soldiers.

148 NEBO.—I smell food very plainly. It makes my tongue wet.

149 BEBBAI.—And I.

150 ARAM.—Let us run in quickly, and get food before they kill us. Hamah, let us run!

151 *Biz.—Running feet fade.*

152 NEBO.—Food! Yes—run! Run quickly—run quickly— Unclean— Unclean—

153 *Biz.—He fades out calling . . . the others after him, also calling . . . cymbal . . . interlude.*

154 NEBO (*calling*).—Aram, Aram, Aram, Aram!

155 ARAM (*fades in cackling*).—Look! Look at me! My mouth is full!

156 NEBO.—Come here, Aram! Here's meat!

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157 ARAM.—My mouth is full of honey! It runs down my throat!
158 HAMAH.—A great cake—a great cake in both hands! Look, my brothers!
159 BEBBAI.—Come here with me! I have found wine! I have tasted wine!
160 NEBO.—Eat—eat!
161 ARAM.—Drink!
162 HAMAH.—I cannot chew. My jaws are tired from chewing!
163 BEBBAI.—It is a great feast. We have eaten! We shall not starve.
164 NEBO (*with his mouth full*).—The meat of the Syrians is good. Now I am not dying.
165 ARAM.—No, no, eat and drink. The Syrians will surely kill us when they find us; so we must eat and drink now.
166 HAMAH.—Where *are* the Syrians?
167 *Biz.—Pause.*
168 BEBBAI.—That is true, Hamah. That is very true. Where are the Syrians?
169 ARAM.—This is their camp. But I have seen no one. Have you seen them, my brothers?
170 *Biz.—Ad lib. . . . No! No!*
171 ARAM.—That is strange.
172 NEBO.—We must be careful. We must be more careful, now we are satisfied. I will look in the next tent.
173 HAMAH.—Step softly.
174 *Biz.—Pause.*
175 NEBO (*off*).—No one. There's no one here. The tent is empty.
176 HAMAH (*calling slightly*).—The tent beyond that?
177 NEBO (*off*).—No one. (*He gives a wild cry*) A-a-ah!
178 BEBBAI.—They have killed him!
179 ARAM.—He cried out!
180 HAMAH (*calls slightly*).—Nebo?
181 NEBO (*off*).—Here—here—come here—treasure!
182 HAMAH.—What?
183 ARAM.—Where?
184 BEBBAI.—Where are you?
185 NEBO (*fading in as they run to him*).—Treasure! In the empty tents, and scattered on the ground between the tents! Look—look—pick it up and look! See my jeweled belt! It is like the belt of a king!
186 HAMAH.—A sword! With a handle of gold!
187 ARAM.—I've found a cloak! And silks! And fine garments!
188 BEBBAI.—Silver—jewels—gold!
189 NEBO.—Ours—ours—all ours!

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190 HAMAH.—Rich! Never hungry again. Gold, and raiment, and precious stones!
191 ARAM.—The ground is thick with them!
192 BEBBAI.—There's more in the tents!
193 NEBO.—It is a dream! Or madness!
194 HAMAH.—It is no madness, and it is no dream. Do we not touch these things? Do we not feel them? Are they not heavy about our shoulders as we carry them?
195 BEBBAI.—My brothers, it were well to hide these things!
196 ARAM.—Yes—yes—hide them, and get more. Dig a great pit, and hide them!
197 NEBO.—Come. Gather them up. We will indeed go and hide them. Then they will be ours for life.
198 HAMAH.—No more hunger.
199 ARAM.—Or thirst.
200 BEBBAI.—Or begging in the gateway of Samaria. The treasures that were the Syrians are ours.
201 NEBO.—We will dig here. Outside the camp. And then get more.
202 HAMAH.—Brothers, we do not well.
203 NEBO.—Dig faster.
204 HAMAH.—This is a day of good tidings. We do not well to hold our peace. If we tarry here until the morning light, some mischief will come upon us. Let us go and tell the porter in the gateway, so he may tell the household of the king.
205 NEBO.—That is right. We will hide our treasures, and then we will tell the king.
206 *Biz.—Organ.*
207 JORAM.—Tomorrow—he said tomorrow, didn't he, Shimeah? You heard him.
208 SHIMEAH.—He said a lot of things, King Joram. I didn't bother to listen.
209 JORAM.—He said tomorrow there would be plenty in Samaria. Lord God of Israel, that it might be so!
210 SHIMEAH.—You should have killed him. The man's a troublemaker with his advisings and his prophecies. You've given in to him too much already. You never should have put away the image of Baal that your father, King Ahab, made.
211 JORAM.—Shimeah, do you remember how my father died? They washed the blood from his chariot in the pool of Samaria. My father set his face against the prophets.
212 SHIMEAH.—Your father never faced famine and a siege.
213 JORAM.—The tents of the Syrians. Ugly black dots on the plain around us. Are they still there, Shimeah?
214 SHIMEAH.—It is night. The tents cannot be seen.

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215 JORAM.—If I could only sleep. Men should sleep at night, Shimeah. Even kings should sleep at night.
216 SHIMEAH.—Elisha makes a weakling of you.
217 JORAM.—He said there would be food tomorrow.
218 SHIMEAH.—He also said I would never taste of it. The old man's lost his wits. I, a noble, and friend of the king, not eat food if there is any in the city?
219 SERVANT (*entering*).—King Joram—Lord and master.
220 JORAM.—My servant?
221 SERVANT.—King Joram, the porter of the city has been here. Four lepers came to him at the city gate.
222 SHIMEAH.—Lepers inside the city? Have them killed!
223 JORAM.—Peace, Shimeah— Well?
224 SERVANT.—These lepers said they went to the Syrian camp. And there was no man there, but horses tied, and asses tied, and the tents all empty as they were.
225 SHIMEAH.—Bah! Impossible!
226 SERVANT.—Lord Shimeah, they swear it's true.
227 SHIMEAH.—It can't be true! You know it! Go out and don't disturb us!
228 JORAM.—Wait, Shimeah. It is a trick.
229 SHIMEAH.—Eh?
230 JORAM.—It is a trick. I'll show you what the Syrians have done to us. They know we're hungry. So they've left their camp all empty to tempt us out there. They're hiding in the fields, waiting to attack us.
231 SERVANT.—King Joram, let your servants go and see. We have five horses left alive in the city. Let your servants take two horses and follow the Syrians. If they have gone, we'll bring back word to you.
232 JORAM.—Take my chariot horses. Go and see.
233 SERVANT.—It shall be done.
234 *Biz.—Footsteps . . . fade.*
235 SHIMEAH.—King Joram, you can't believe it's true.
236 JORAM.—I think it is a trick. And yet—if the Syrians *have* gone— I'm thinking of Elisha's prophecy. If they've gone and left their tents and goods behind them—
237 SHIMEAH.—Does an army melt away overnight? For nothing?
238 JORAM.—No, Shimeah— No, it doesn't—and yet Elisha said tomorrow—
239 SHIMEAH.—Wait till the word comes back—you'll find out then. It's just as impossible for the Syrians to have gone as for me to have no taste of food if any comes into the city. Wait till the word comes back. Elisha lied.
240 *Biz.—Organ . . . fade in crowd murmur, rather sullen and heavy, not too loud.*

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241 HAMAH.—Stand close, my brothers. They've told the king.
242 ARAM.—The porter of the gate says he'll come here.
243 BEBBAI.—Here to the city gate?
244 ARAM.—That's what he says.
245 NEBO.—Stand on this broken piece of wall. Up above the heads of the others. Stand on the wall. We'll see the king when he comes by.
246 HAMAH.—The king has no finer silver than we have now.
247 ARAM.—Be quiet. Do you want them all to hear?
248 HAMAH.—Why not? If they go to the Syrian tents they'll all have silver.
249 BEBBAI.—When will the scouts return?
250 NEBO.—How should we know? When they see all the treasure in the tents perhaps they will never return. Perhaps they will take it and run off.
251 ARAM.—The crowd is growing very large. Pushing hard against the gate.
252 HAMAH.—Yes, they will need more guards than that to hold them back when they hear.
253 *Biz.—Horns and a shout, distant.*
254 NEBO.—The king is coming.
255 BEBBAI.—He walks on foot. The horses are all too weak. He cannot ride.
256 HAMAH.—The scouts have taken the two good horses.
257 ARAM.—Is Elisha with the king?
258 NEBO.—No. They say Elisha has gone into his house. I heard people say that he prophesied this thing.
259 HAMAH.—Then we were part of the prophecy. It is strange the Lord should make us part of a prophecy. We are only lepers.
260 ARAM.—But we're very humble. The Lord helps those who are of humble spirit.
261 BEBBAI.—That is true. We have eaten and we are rich, even the king has not eaten.
262 *Biz.—Another shouting.*
263 NEBO.—The king is at the gate. I can see him. There, where the torches are.
264 ARAM.—Let me see him. I have never seen the king— He looks just like a man.
265 HAMAH.—Well, kings are men.
266 *Biz.—Crowd mutters.*
267 BEBBAI.—The people are waiting. They are very hungry.
268 NEBO.—When the gates are opened it will be like a flood. I'm glad we're on this wall.
269 ARAM.—Here come the scouts back from the Syrian camp. They're opening the gates.
270 SERVANT.—King Joram—Lord and master!

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271 JORAM.—The message—quickly. Is it good or bad?
272 SERVANT.—Lord king, I couldn't bring you any better! Gone—all gone! The enemy is fled—the camp is empty!
273 JORAM.—Fled?
274 SHIMEAH.—Wait! Fellow—don't lie— You're sure?
275 SERVANT.—SURE!
276 SHIMEAH.—The camp is empty? What sorcerer's trick is this?
277 JORAM.—Why should they flee, and leave the camp to us?
278 SERVANT.—We followed a little way. I found a man. While I was tying him up to make him prisoner he told me the Syrians heard a noise of chariots, and a noise of horses, and the sound of a great host. And they said, an army comes. They ran and fled.
279 SHIMEAH.—An army? We sent no army.
280 SERVANT.—He said they heard one.
281 SHIMEAH.—He was mad.
282 JORAM.—The hearing comes not always from the ear, Shimeah, but sometimes from the word of the Lord God. As Elisha prophesied, it has come true. I think the Lord sent fear into the Syrians, and they have fled.
283 SHIMEAH.—That wasn't the prophecy. The prophecy was of food.
284 SERVANT.—Lord Shimeah, there's more than enough food for all the city. There's more than we can eat.
285 JORAM.—"A measure of fine flour shall be sold for a shekel, and in the gateway of Samaria two measures of barley for a single shekel. This is the covenant of the Lord your God"— Oh, Prophet Elisha, you have spoken true! (*Louder*) Children of Israel—we shall all have food.
286 *Biz.—A tumult breaks out.*
287 SHIMEAH.—Wait—stay! Hold back, you rabble!
288 SERVANT.—Lord King, the city is gone mad.
289 JORAM.—Back! Soldiers, keep them back! Shimeah, we must have order!
290 SHIMEAH.—The fools will trample themselves.
291 JORAM.—Keep the gate, Shimeah. I will go out into the Syrian tents, and lead them there— (*Louder*) Captain, obey Lord Shimeah. You—servant—
292 SERVANT.—King Joram—?
293 JORAM.—Give me your horse. I will ride into the camp. Tell your fellow to give his horse to Lord Shimeah.
294 SHIMEAH.—A sword and a horse, and I'll keep order here.
And one more word, King Joram!
295 JORAM.—Speak—what is it?
296 SHIMEAH.—My lord the king, send back at once some food.
Some little piece of food, that I may eat.

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Then will I go and laugh at old Elisha!
Back there, you fools—keep back!

297 *Biz.—Crowd noise up again, with shouting . . . then fade . . . keep up excitement in background.*

298 HAMAH.—The people have gone mad. I'm glad we're lepers.

299 ARAM.—Why are you glad?

300 HAMAH.—Because they will not touch us. We won't be trampled.

301 NEBO.—We won't be trampled, standing on this broken wall. They are running out past us.

302 BEBBAI.—Yes, straight past us. Out into the plain.

303 HAMAH.—They look like grasses bending in the wind. All bent the same way—and some of them falling.

304 ARAM.—We know what it is like. They are very hungry.

305 NEBO.—The king said to keep order. People will be hurt. Where is the lord he set to watch the gate?

306 BEBBAI.—He was drawing up the soldiers in two lines. Now I do not see him.

307 ARAM.—He rode a fine horse. It was like a tree in a swollen river. He tossed against the crowd.

308 *Biz.—The noise swells up again, then fades.*

309 HAMAH.—They are still running out of the gate. The city will be empty.

310 ARAM.—As empty as the tents of the Syrians when we found them. I am glad we filled our stomachs. We do not have to worry.

311 NEBO.—Listen. I thought I heard a scream.

312 HAMAH.—The women are screaming as they run.

313 NEBO.—This was a different kind of a scream. It was not the kind of a scream a woman makes when she runs.

314 BEBBAI.—The crowd is growing thinner.

315 ARAM.—If we did not have all our treasure I would say, let us get into the city when the people have gone out of it, and find good corners for begging.

316 HAMAH.—We do not need to. We do not need to beg again.

317 BEBBAI.—I will pray for the Lord God to put thankfulness in my heart. I have not prayed to him in many years. But I will pray tonight.

318 NEBO.—We will all pray.

319 ARAM.—I think the king will turn now to Elisha.

320 HAMAH.—The Lord God has saved Elisha, and the city. The Lord God fights upon our side.

321 BEBBAI.—He fights upon the side of them who pray to him. I have heard the prophets say so. I do believe it.

322 *Biz.—The noise has quieted down, except for a distant murmur.*

323 NEBO.—The people have all gone. The soldiers too.

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324 HAMAH.—We are all alone.
325 ARAM.—No, there is someone there. Someone lying there.
326 BEBBAI.—Where? I do not see.
327 ARAM.—There, Bebbai— In the dust beside the gate. Where the torches flicker by the wall of the gate.
328 NEBO.—That is nothing. A heap of rags.
329 *Biz.—Shuffle feet.*
330 HAMAH.—No, there is a jewel. I see it sparkle. Come—we will look.
331 BEBBAI.—Do not go too close.
332 HAMAH.—Why not?
333 BEBBAI.—I thought I saw it move.
334 NEBO.—Why should a heap of rags move?
335 BEBBAI.—I do not know. But it moved.
336 ARAM.—Brothers, come here! It is the Lord Shimeah!
337 HAMAH.—Who?
338 ARAM.—The man who was made keeper of the gate by King Joram.
339 NEBO.—Why should he lie in the dust of the road? We will help him. He will reward us.
340 ARAM.—We cannot help him. Not you, nor I, nor Bebbai. I have looked on his face. He is dead.
341 *Biz.—Pause.*
342 HAMAH.—He is indeed dead. His clothes are torn about him.
343 NEBO.—His bones are broken. His blood is in the dust.
344 BEBBAI.—He was the king's own friend. And he is dead.
345 ARAM.—I wonder why?
346 NEBO.—What do you mean?
347 HAMAH.—It's plain enough. The people trampled on him, and he is dead.
348 ARAM.—I wonder why. He is dead, and we're alive. He was a noble lord, and we are lepers.
349 NEBO.—He's dead because the people trampled on him in the gateway.
350 BEBBAI.—I know what Aram means. This is a day of prophecy—and he died—and we're alive. God makes no difference between lords and lepers, but only between hearts.
351 NEBO.—Why—what was in his heart that he should die?
352 BEBBAI.—How should I know? I do not judge men's hearts. That is for God.
353 HAMAH.—I am sorry for him. He did not even taste of all that food before he died.
354 ARAM.—That is the worst of all.
355 *Biz.—Organ.*
356 NARRATOR.—And it came to pass as the man of God had

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> spoken to the king, saying, "Two measures of barley for a shekel, and a measure of fine flour for a shekel, shall be tomorrow about this time in the gate of Samaria." And the Lord answered the man of God and said, "Now, behold, if the Lord should make windows in heaven, might such a thing be? And he said, Behold, thou shalt see it with thine eyes, but shalt not eat thereof. And so it fell unto him: for the people trod upon him in the gate, and he died."

At the outset we find the lepers at the city gates, four pitiful gossiping old men, and through them we learn of the Syrians and of the famine. We also learn something of the character of Elisha and much as to the king's attitude toward this holy man. And we are given a presage of danger.

The second scene brings the clashing parties together almost immediately. After the blustering invasion of Joram and after much bullying on the part of his lord (Shimeah is a made-up name), Elisha masters the situation, presumably by overpowering them all with his dignity and his severity. Elisha is on record now for a very bold and seemingly impossible prophecy.

Scene three returns us to the lepers. They are so faint with hunger that their talk borders on the irresponsible, but they agree finally to risk their luck with the Syrians and set out. Their amazing discovery follows at once, and the adapter, after squeezing all he could from this passage, suggests their return to the city.

Scene four finds us in the city again in the presence of Joram and Shimeah. Shimeah is scornful but Joram, recollecting the accuracy of a few of Elisha's past prophecies, is hoping against hope. This is sensible enough because there isn't anything else to do. A servant breaks in on their talk and repeats the lepers' story. He is immediately sent off to find out the truth of it.

The final scene, the fifth, belongs almost entirely to the lepers. Joram and Shimeah are moved into the scene long enough to re-establish the prophecy and to get the report on the Syrians. Then they melt into the crowd and the narrative is finished by the lepers. My only structural objection to this entire treatment is that Joram was not there at the finish, but the closing narration almost makes up for this.

What has the adapter sacrificed in order to work this story in only five scenes? He has cut out the first two scenes as set

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down in our original layout: the scene in which Elisha prevents Joram's vengeance on the Syrians and the scene which would have presented Ben-hadad. Very little has been lost by these two cuts, for the adapter has included the material of the first in a later conversation and he has deliberately thrown out the Syrians because they would only have been in the way. We never do meet them anyhow, not even in the Biblical text. Scene three he incorporated in the opening narration to avoid the unnecessary gruesomeness of the spot if it were written out more fully and performed before the microphone. Scenes four, five, and six are used in the adaptation pretty much as they stand in our first layout. Scenes seven, eight, nine, and ten are combined to make but one scene, a judicious piece of telescoping, judicious because it centralizes the action where it belongs: at the gate where all the trouble occurs. There is no need to follow the Samarians into the camp. We have already seen the place once and a return to the spot could only be a noisier and a more impersonal repetition of our first visit.

This is a good working script and is a satisfactory example of a Bible story adapted to the uses of radio. It ought to be. It is the work of Burke Boyce, who has been in the profession for ten years. The script as a piece of radio material is useful to any student whose basic problem is the problem of invention. The invention here has been good and because of the scarcity of recorded quotations, the work involved really amounted to the construction of thirty minutes of original dialogue. In other words, it amounted to a multiplication of the identical problem we saw in the case of John Drake, the thirteenth-century Englishman who was executed for burning coal.

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CHAPTER XII

FUNDAMENTAL PROBLEMS OF ADAPTATION: THE BIBLE USED TO ILLUSTRATE THE COMPRESSION PROBLEM

WHAT we have seen is one of the commoner forms of the Bible story problem as it relates to radio. The other form is the antithesis of this, the compression problem, and the Book of Job with its dark and massive pessimism is well suited to show us what this trouble is.

We encounter Job, the man, in the first verse of the first chapter of the book that is devoted to his affairs. This is a happy start. The text reads: "There was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job; and that man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God, and eschewed evil." In the next two verses we find that he is the head of a great family and that he is the wealthiest man in the East. A suspicion of trouble soon follows when the Lord gives Satan leave to test Job as thoroughly as he can contrive. Satan's contriving follows on the heels of this and it is very fertile. The adapter is likely to be lulled into a feeling that his charge is an easy one, that the recorded events have both power and sequence. This is true. They have. One after another Job's herds are reported lost, and the final stroke falls when the news reaches him that his whole family has been wiped out. "And in all this Job sinned not nor charged God foolishly." As yet there has been nothing to give the adapter anxiety.

The next chapter repeats this misery and does so in almost the same manner as in the one preceding, the only difference being that Job, who has not yet been physically tormented, is now afflicted with boils. The adapter may still feel fairly safe but this feeling will leave him as soon as he reflects on where he is. He already has enough material to keep him busy for the first half of his show and he has forty chapters yet to do.

These forty chapters will have to be read. They cannot be skimmed over by glancing at the superscripture because in the

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course of these majestic dialogues between Job, Eliphaz, Zophar, Bildad, and Elihu, we explore the philosophical interiors of a character more searchingly than we do in any other part of the Bible. As a piece of writing it is as illuminating as the portrait of Jeremiah and it is far more profound. It is as moving as anything we have from Paul. But unlike Paul whose utterance is everywhere as clipped and vivid as his own action, the great mass of speech in Job is cloudy with the burden of its own emotion. It is gravid with poetics; bent low by apostrophe. We are waylaid one moment by fanciful digression and the next moment arrested by long parentheses of allusion.

What, then, shall the adapter do with all these speeches, with all these fine flights of feeling, these lamentations, self-justifications, mortifications, prostrations, humiliations, and rebukes? If they overwhelm the reader, think what they would do to the radio audience!

When the adapter encounters the problem of Biblical unwieldiness, he has three definite and clearly marked duties. First, he must precipitate all the suspended matter which now beclouds the vessel. It is his first duty to reveal meaning, and this can only be done by reducing verbiage. Next, he must compress all the dialogues, for they are dialogues only in a rhetorical sense. In the dramatic sense they are something entirely different, and for our purposes they are of no use at all as they stand. For our purposes they are not dialogues; they are interminable sequences of monologue, aside, and soliloquy. Elihu, for example, spends a whole chapter of direct discourse in telling Job that he is about to address him. All of these monologues, all of these speeches, must be telescoped to correspond to conversational dialogue. They cannot "play" otherwise. The adapter's third duty is to preserve by careful selection of phrase and figure the beauty and the magnificence of the original. Here the adapter will have to be guided by his own instinct, by the impact with which the verses strike him personally. He should mark these as he finds them and transfer them intact to his own script. Much of this book is quotable. A rereading of it will both delight and surprise. Many of its strongest lines we would probably have ascribed to the Psalms or to Proverbs or even to Francis Bacon. The quick insights and luminous metaphors will enrich your script, and the best of them should be extracted and used. Reading aloud is a great help here. If the phrase creates its picture as a spoken line, it has qualified. It will do the same for the microphone.

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Here is the story of Job as written by Margaret Sangster, a well-known name in magazine fiction:

LIVING DRAMAS OF THE BIBLE—"JOB"

1 JOB.—My heart is singing, and my spirit rejoices!
2 JOB'S WIFE.—Indeed, my husband, your face is like a light. I have never seen you look happier.
3 JOB.—And why shouldn't I look happy, my dear? I am rich and powerful and my children love me and—
4 JOB'S WIFE.—Where are the children?
5 JOB.—Our eldest son is giving a feast. It is his birthday and he has gathered together his six brothers and his three sisters, and they make merry—
6 JOB'S WIFE.—Why weren't we invited?
7 JOB.—We are old and they are young. Youth turns to youth—and age to age. They will be better off for our absence.
8 JOB'S WIFE.—I suppose you are right, Job— (*Pause*) But I can't help wishing that we were with them.
9 JOB.—Why?
10 JOB'S WIFE.—Call it intuition, if you will. But sometimes I have a presentiment of evil. Sometimes I think that our gladness cannot last—
11 JOB.—Why do you think that, my wife? (*Pause*) God has hedged us about with His love, and has touched us with His mercy. Why should our gladness disappear?
12 JOB'S WIFE.—I don't know. (*Pause*) But sometimes I have a feeling that Satan sees us and envies us as he walks up and down upon the earth—
13 JOB (*laughing*).—What a very strange idea! *You women!*
14 JOB'S WIFE.—Don't laugh, dear husband, Satan is all powerful! When he stretches out his hand—
15 JOB (*interrupting*).—God is more powerful than Satan. He will not suffer harm to touch us.
16 JOB'S WIFE.—I hope you're right, Job. (*Pause*) Oh, I wish I had your faith and trust—
17 JOB.—I wish that you had, my dear! (*Pause*) Faith is like spring water in a desert place—and trust is like a green tree in an oasis—
18 JOB'S WIFE.—You talk like a poet, Job—no one would ever think— (*She breaks off*) What is that dust cloud, my dear, upon the horizon?
19 JOB.—I see no cloud.
20 JOB'S WIFE.—My eyes are stronger than yours, I fancy. (*Pause*) The cloud is coming nearer and taking shape. (*Pause*) It seems to be a man, riding—

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21 JOB.—You're right, my wife—I see something, too.

22 JOB'S WIFE.—It *is* a man, and he is riding furiously. (*Pause*) Are you expecting a message from someone, Job?

23 JOB.—No, I'm not expecting any message. My affairs are in perfect order.

24 JOB'S WIFE.—The man is drawing close. (*Pause*) His horse is in a lather, and his garments are torn. (*Pause*) Oh, I wonder—

25 JOB.—The poor fellow seems distraught. Perhaps he's met with disaster.

26 JOB'S WIFE.—Perhaps.

27 *Biz.—Sound of a horse's hoofs, drumming upon a hard road. They come up toward the mike . . . closer and closer.*

28 JOB.—It's unwise to ride so fast—someone should warn the man. (*Pause*) It's dangerous—

29 JOB'S WIFE.—See, Job—the man's face is streaked with blood. (*Pause*) Oh, dear—I felt that something was going to happen.

30 JOB.—Now, wife, don't borrow trouble—

31 *Biz.—The hoofbeats come up, loudly, on the mike. The horse comes to a sudden stop and the rider leaps to the ground with a little thud.*

32 RIDER.—I bring tidings, O Job!

33 JOB.—What sort of tidings? (*His voice takes on a note of deep concern*) Why, man, you're fainting. (*Pause*) Easy —now—

34 *Biz.—Pause.*

35 RIDER (*faltering*).—Don't bother with me— I—I'm all right.

36 JOB.—Get him a cup of water, wife.

37 JOB'S WIFE.—I'll bring it at once. (*She starts to fade*) I'll hurry—

38 RIDER.—I need—no water—

39 JOB.—But you do. (*Pause*) Why are you in this sad state, anyway?

40 RIDER (*sobbing suddenly*).—It was the Sabeans. Your oxen were plowing, and the asses were feeding beside them, and the Sabeans—

41 JOB.—There—there. (*Pause*) Take it more slowly. (*Pause*) Here is my wife with the water—

42 JOB'S WIFE (*fading in*).—Take this, poor man.

43 RIDER.—Many thanks. (*There's a pause as he gulps the water*) I'm better, now.

44 JOB.—Then tell me your news quietly. You were saying something about the Sabeans.

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45 RIDER.—Yes, I was. They have stolen your oxen and your asses—and they have slain your servants with the edge of the sword. (*Pause*) Only I am escaped to tell you—

46 JOB'S WIFE (*with a sudden note of hysteria*).—But there were five hundred yoke of oxen, and five hundred asses—

47 RIDER.—They're all gone—every one.

48 JOB (*with a break in his voice*).—Their loss does not worry me. (*Pause*) I'm thinking of my faithful servants—

49 JOB'S WIFE.—Oh, alackaday. (*Pause*) I had a premonition, and you laughed at me—

50 JOB.—Do not cry so, my wife. (*Pause*) Did you hear something?

51 *Biz.—Scratching gravel sound.*

52 RIDER.—It's a man, my Lord. He crawls toward us, in the dust. He seems to be hurt.

53 JOB.—Go and help him.

54 RIDER (*fading*).—I will, sir.

55 JOB'S WIFE.—Oh! Oh! Something else has happened.

56 JOB (*gently*).—Go into the house, my dear—I'll call you if you're needed.

57 JOB'S WIFE.—But my place is with you.

58 JOB.—I'll call you if you are needed, my wife.

59 JOB'S WIFE.—Very well— (*She fades*) But be sure that you do call—if I can be of assistance—

60 *Biz.—Pause as she fades.*

61 JOB.—What is it now?

62 RIDER (*fading back*).—The poor man is badly injured, sir—I fear he's done for. (*Pause*) But before he lost consciousness he told me of great disaster—

63 JOB.—What is the disaster?

64 RIDER.—There was a fire from heaven. It burned up your sheep, and your servants—

65 JOB.—It doesn't seem possible. I had seven thousand sheep—And the servants— (*He tries to control his voice*) They were *my friends*—

66 RIDER.—I'm sorry, my lord!

67 JOB.—What must be, must be. (*Pause, broken by sudden excited speech*) Tell me not, my man, that another messenger approaches!

68 RIDER.—Yes, sir. There is a man running toward us and waving one of his arms.

69 JOB.—Do my eyes deceive me, or is he wounded also?

70 RIDER.—His other arm hangs useless at his side. (*Pause*) Here he is, now.

71 MESSENGER (*fading in and talking in gasps*).—*Job*—your camels are gone—

72 RIDER.—There were three thousand camels—

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73 JOB.—It is not possible! (*Pause*) What occurred, messenger?
74 MESSENGER (*panting*).—The Chaldeans made three bands and fell upon the camels and have taken them away, and—
75 JOB.—What of the men who tended my camels?
76 MESSENGER.—They are slain, sir.
77 JOB.—Oh, my heart aches for them—
78 RIDER.—Think of yourself, master, not of your fallen servants. With your flocks destroyed you are poor—
79 JOB.—No man with children is ever poor, my faithful one. (*Pause*) Seven sons have I, and three daughters—
80 STEWARD (*fading in*).—You have them no longer, Job.
81 JOB.—Who speaks?
82 STEWARD.—I, sir—who was steward in your eldest son's house.
83 JOB.—I did not hear you as you approached.
84 STEWARD.—I came softly through the tall grass. (*Pause*) Job, prepare yourself for grief.
85 JOB.—May God give me strength! (*Pause*) I am prepared, my man. Tell me all.
86 STEWARD.—While your sons and daughters were eating and drinking together, there came a great wind— (*He hesitates*)
87 JOB.—Yes, go on.
88 STEWARD.—It smote the four corners of the house, my lord, and the house fell inward, and your children are *dead.*
89 JOB.—My children—are *dead?*
90 STEWARD.—Yes, sire. I only escaped, and that was because I was standing outside. (*Pause*) Oh, Job, my heart bleeds for you—
91 JOB.—All my children—*dead*— Naked came I from my mother's womb and naked shall I return thither. The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord—
92 *Biz.—A sound of chair being pushed back.*
93 STEWARD.—Job. Where are you going?
94 JOB (*his voice is gentle*).—To break the news to my wife. I must tell her tenderly, poor woman. (*Pause*) It will be a great shock to her— (*He fades*) I must be strong, to comfort her.
95 *Biz.—Pause as Job's footsteps fade into the distance.*
96 RIDER.—He spoke no curse, neither did he bemoan his fate.
97 STEWARD.—Never have I seen the like of him—never in my life—
98 *Biz.—Transition music, fading into the street sounds of an Eastern market place . . . a babel of voices, an occasional dog barking, etc.*

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99 ELIPHAZ (*fading in*).—The market place is quiet today, Bildad.

100 BILDAD.—Quiet? It seems as if everybody's talking at once. I never heard so much noise.

101 ELIPHAZ.—Oh, I didn't mean noise, when I said the place was quiet. I mean that the trading seems to be at a standstill.

102 BILDAD.—You're right there. I never saw so little buying and selling.

103 ELIPHAZ.—Perhaps things will pick up when our friend Job puts in his appearance. (*Pause*) He always seems to bring folk together.

104 BILDAD.—He's late, today. I can't understand it. He's usually very prompt in coming to market. (*Pause*) I have a white camel I wished to show him—

105 ELIPHAZ.—And I have a yoke of oxen. They're unusually strong. I think he'll be interested—

106 BILDAD.—That's the nice thing about Job. Even though he's our friend he gives us a better price than anyone else.

107 ELIPHAZ.—Yes, he does. (*Pause*) Do you know, Bildad, I think you've hit on the secret of the man's prosperity. He deals fairly and, for that reason, he is fairly dealt by—

108 BILDAD.—Job is gentle and kind—but he's nobody's fool. He can recognize a bargain when he sees one.

109 ELIPHAZ.—His servants work for him, too. Really *work,* I mean.

110 BILDAD.—It's because they love him.

111 ELIPHAZ.—And his sons and daughters are so dutiful! (*Pause*) Why, his eldest son is a power in the land already, and his youngest daughter has a beauty as radiant as the sun—

112 BILDAD.—Job is a lucky man! (*He sighs*) But I don't envy him, I don't wish I were Job. I only wish I were like him.

113 ELIPHAZ (*laughing*).—I only wish he'd come to the market place. I'm wearied with waiting—

114 BILDAD.—So am I! (*Pause*) Why, here comes Zophar, the Naamathite.

115 ELIPHAZ.—It's a long while since we've seen Zophar. (*He lifts his voice*) Greetings, stranger!

116 ZOPHAR (*fading in a trifle breathlessly*).—And to you greetings, Eliphaz. (*Pause*) And to you, also, Bildad.

117 BILDAD.—We're waiting for Job, Zophar. (*Pause*) Have you seen him anywhere?

118 ZOPHAR.—We'll not see Job this day, Bildad.

119 BILDAD.—Why not?

120 ELIPHAZ.—Has anything happened to him—

121 ZOPHAR (*laughing mirthlessly*).—Has anything happened to

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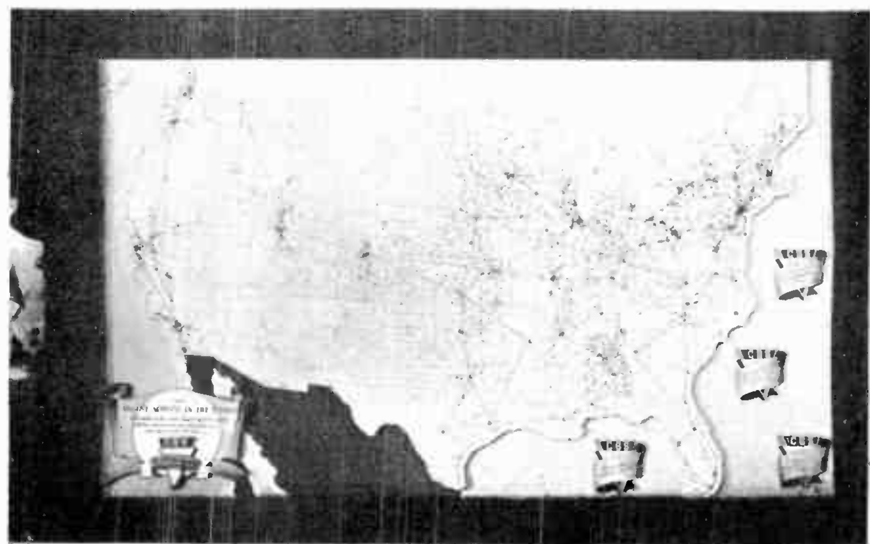
Productive Listening

Geography lesson: Fifth graders in Maine accompany Teddy Roosevelt on his journey up the River of Doubt.



The Largest School in the World

Pin-map of Columbia's American School of the Air. Daily audience during school terms, six million. Ninety-two stations, fifty thousand schools.

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Nila Mack Directs the Four Hundredth Weekly Broadcast of "Let's Pretend"
An unposed shot of the wife-picking scene from "Rumpelstiltskin."

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him! (*Pause*) Practically *everything* has happened to poor Job.

122 BILDAD.—*Poor* Job? How can you call him that? (*Pause*) Why, he's the richest man in the neighborhood!

123 ELIPHAZ.—In the country, you mean—

124 BILDAD.—Yes, you're right, Eliphaz. Job's the richest man in the whole East.

125 ZOPHAR.—He *was* the richest man in the whole East.

126 BILDAD.—What do you mean by saying he *was* the richest man, Zophar? (*Pause*) One would think, to hear you speak, that Job is no longer wealthy.

127 ZOPHAR.—Job isn't wealthy any longer.

128 ELIPHAZ.—I don't understand—

129 ZOPHAR.—The story I have to tell almost passes understanding. Job has lost everything.

130 BILDAD.—Everything? How is that possible, Zophar? He had so much.

131 ZOPHAR.—It occurred all in the space of a few hours. The Sabeans took Job's oxen and his asses, and the Chaldeans stole his camels. And, in the hot fighting, all of his servants were slain.

132 ELIPHAZ.—That's awful! (*Pause*) But Job had seven thousand sheep. What of them?

133 ZOPHAR.—His sheep were consumed by a fire from heaven. (*Pause*) It is as if God were venting his wrath upon Job.

134 BILDAD.—But surely, Zophar, God would not visit our friend with tragedy! Job has always been a pious and upright man!

135 ZOPHAR.—The ways of the Almighty are passing strange. (*Pause*) Perhaps Satan whispered in the ear of God and—

136 BILDAD.—Hush. Don't say it.

137 ELIPHAZ (*breaking in*).—Thank Heaven that Job has such fine children. They will be a great blessing to him now. They will help him to build up his vanished fortunes.

138 ZOPHAR.—I have saved the most dreadful part of my story until the last. Eliphaz. (*Pause*) Job, this day, is childless!

139 BILDAD.—Childless? (*Flatly*) That's *impossible.*

140 ZOPHAR.—I only wish it were impossible! (*Pause*) It seems that a wind from heaven wrecked the house in which the children were feasting. (*Pause*) They were killed instantly.

141 BILDAD.—Poor Job! (*Pause*) I shall make him a present of the white camel—

142 ELIPHAZ.—And I will give him the yoke of oxen—

143 ZOPHAR.—One yoke of oxen and one camel will give Job little aid. Indeed, I doubt that he could feed them—

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144 BILDAD.—Where is Job, now?
145 ZOPHAR.—He is doing penance. He lies upon the ground in silence—and I hear that he is ill.
146 ELIPHAZ.—Is Job's illness of the mind? (*Pause*) Well, I can't say that I'm surprised.
147 ZOPHAR.—No, Job does not suffer from a mental illness. (*He sighs*) I hear that sores have come out upon his body —running sores that cover him from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head—
148 BILDAD.—We must visit our friend immediately. He needs us now, as never before. Perhaps we can give him aid and counsel in his hour of need.
149 ELIPHAZ.—Do you suppose that the sores are infectious? Do you suppose that, Zophar—
150 ZOPHAR.—I'm surprised at you, Eliphaz. *What if they are?*
151 BILDAD.—Yes. What if they are! (*Pause*) We must go to Job at once. (*Pause*) Are you coming, Eliphaz?
152 ELIPHAZ.—Yes, indeed. (*He hesitates*) Is Job very bitter, Zophar? (*Pause*) Not that I blame him, but—
153 ZOPHAR (*laughs shortly*).—Bitter— *Job?* No, he isn't. (*Pause*) That's the oddest part of the whole thing. He seems to feel that God's wisdom is in this chain of grief that binds him— (*He fades*)
154 *Biz.—Transition music, fading into a sound of moaning, very low.*
155 JOB'S WIFE (*coming on mike*).—Is the pain great, my husband? You're groaning—
156 JOB (*in a shaken voice*).—I'm sorry. (*Pause*) I did not mean to utter a sound.
157 JOB'S WIFE.—You're lying in the ashes, my dear. They'll get into your sores. Rise up and come into our house and rest—
158 JOB (*very low*).—I cannot rest— (*Pause*) I must prostrate myself before God.
159 JOB'S WIFE.—Why should you prostrate yourself before God?
160 JOB.—Because He is great—and good—and merciful—
161 JOB'S WIFE.—I don't see how you can speak so, Job! (*Pause*) It's as if Satan is standing at God's right side, and asking Him to try you—
162 JOB.—Do not speak so, my dear—
163 JOB'S WIFE.—I will speak so. No one can stay my tongue. (*Pause*) It's as if God—at the advice of Satan—is taunting you. These boils, coming after everything else—
164 JOB.—Silence, wife—
165 JOB'S WIFE.—I will *not* keep silence. (*Her voice cracks*) It's

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only because I love you so, Job, that I am vehement! (*Pause*) I cannot bear to see you suffer.

166 JOB.—Man is born into trouble, as the sparks fly upward—

167 JOB'S WIFE.—It's not fair—

168 JOB.—I would seek unto God. Unto Him I would commit my cause—

169 JOB'S WIFE (*sobbing*).—I don't see how you still retain your integrity, Job. If I were you, I would curse God, and die—

170 JOB.—You speak foolishly, my wife.

171 JOB'S WIFE.—How can you say that?

172 JOB.—Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil? (*Pause, fading into a groan*)

173 JOB'S WIFE.—Is the agony growing, my husband?

174 JOB.—I can bear it— (*Pause*) Do I hear footsteps approaching, my dear?

175 JOB'S WIFE.—Yes, you do. (*Pause*) It's your three dearest friends.

176 JOB.—Which friends?

177 JOB'S WIFE.—Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite.

178 JOB.—Call to them and ask what they want.

179 JOB'S WIFE.—Very well. (*She raises her voice*) What do you desire, friends, that you come to this place of sorrow?

180 ZOPHAR (*fading in*).—We come to mourn with Job—and to comfort him.

181 JOB'S WIFE (*sotto voce*).—Mourn with him you may—but I doubt that you can give him comfort, Zophar.

182 BILDAD.—Is Job in pain?

183 JOB'S WIFE.—Yes, Bildad—his suffering is great. (*Pause*) Do you see that piece of broken pottery that lies beside him—

184 ELIPHAZ.—Yes. . . . We see it.

185 JOB'S WIFE (*whispering*).—He uses it to scrape his sores when they become unbearable, Eliphaz.

186 ELIPHAZ.—How ghastly!

187 JOB'S WIFE.—So you see that there's little you can do to aid my poor husband— (*She pauses*) Maybe you had better go to your several homes—

188 ZOPHAR (*suddenly decisive*).—We will do no such thing—our place is here with our stricken friend! (*Pause*) We will stay beside him, silently—in case he needs us.

189 JOB'S WIFE.—You are good, Zophar.

190 ZOPHAR.—Job has always been good to us. (*Pause*) Oh, why has God so used him?

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191 JOB'S WIFE.—Hush, Zophar—do not let my husband hear that you question God's will.
192 BILDAD.—Does not Job question it, himself?
193 JOB'S WIFE (*sighing*).—No, Bildad— (*Fading*) Job accepts his misfortune quietly—and patiently—
194 *Biz.—Transition music.*
195 ZOPHAR (*fading in and speaking softly*).—Eliphaz, are you awake?
196 ELIPHAZ (*also fading in*).—Yes, I am, Zophar.
197 ZOPHAR.—And you, Bildad?
198 BILDAD (*fading in*).—Yes, I'm awake, too.
199 ZOPHAR.—How long have we been here with Job? (*Pause*) I've lost track of time.
200 BILDAD.—We have been here seven days, Zophar. And this is the seventh night—
201 ZOPHAR.—It's a long while for Job to keep silence.
202 BILDAD (*whispering*).—Maybe Job is *dead*. Have you thought of that?
203 ELIPHAZ.—Job is still alive, Bildad.
204 BILDAD.—How do you know, Eliphaz?
205 ELIPHAZ.—I can hear his breathing. (*Pause*) I believe I shall address him.
206 ZOPHAR.—Do. He may answer.
207 ELIPHAZ (*raising his voice*).—Job. (*Pause*) Job, my friend! How is it with you?
208 JOB (*coming suddenly on mike*).—Let the day perish wherein I was born—
209 ZOPHAR.—Why do you say that, Job?
210 JOB.—The thing which I greatly feared has come upon me.
211 ELIPHAZ.—Do you mind if we talk with you, Job?
212 JOB.—No, you may speak, Eliphaz.
213 ELIPHAZ.—You've helped so many people, Job— You've given strength and courage so often. It isn't right that you should know such trouble.
214 JOB.—Who can say what is right—or wrong, Eliphaz?
215 ELIPHAZ.—I begin to believe that God's judgments are not for the righteous, Job—they are for the wicked.
216 JOB.—Maybe I am at fault. In these last days I have longed for death— Have peace, Eliphaz.
217 BILDAD (*coming suddenly on mike*).—We are but yesterday, Job, and know nothing. Our days upon earth are but a shadow—
218 JOB.—Do not say it, Bildad—my friend. I have known much sunshine.
219 BILDAD.—You have always been a good man, Job. God will not continue to harm you—
220 JOB (*sighing*).—Who can say? (*Pause*) I am in God's

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hands. If He wills to send me to a land of shadows—if He visits me with death—I bow before Him. I will not complain—

221 ZOPHAR.—Should not your multitude of words be answered, Job? (*Pause*) Should not your talk be justified?

222 JOB.—Who can say, Zophar? God it is who causes us to wander in a wilderness—

223 ZOPHAR.—Oh—a wilderness!

224 JOB (*movingly*).—Man that is born of woman is of few days, and full of trouble— He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not—

225 ZOPHAR.—Do not be so righteous, Job!

226 JOB.—I have always been a righteous man, Zophar. (*Pause*) Perhaps you had best go, and leave me to my meditation—

227 ZOPHAR.—Perhaps it would be best— (*He begins to fade*) Come, Bildad and Eliphaz. We can do no good here.

228 BILDAD (*sadly*).—Good-bye, Job. (*He's fading*)

229 ELIPHAS (*also fading*).—Good-bye to you, Job.

230 JOB (*weakly*).—Good-bye, my friends. (*Pause*) May you go in peace.

231 *Biz.—Pause.*

232 JOB.—Oh, my friends speak truly—for indeed I have done no wrong! (*Pause*) Why, if my adversary had written a book he could set down nothing wicked against my name.

233 ELIHU (*fading in suddenly*).—Are you sure that that is true, Job?

234 JOB.—Who comes near to me?

235 ELIHU.—It is Elihu, your neighbor.

236 JOB.—Why do you visit me in my time of sorrow?

237 ELIHU.—I come to speak helpful words—I hope. (*Pause*) Long have I lingered here while you talked with your three friends.

238 JOB.—Why did you not make your presence known to us?

239 ELIHU.—Because I am young—and you are old. (*Pause*) I hesitated to show you my opinion.

240 JOB.—What is your opinion, Elihu?

241 ELIHU.—You are being meek and gentle and patient, Job. But are you sure that you do not, in your heart, charge God with injustice?

242 JOB.—No, Elihu, I am not sure!

243 ELIHU.—God cannot be unjust, Job. He is all powerful—He knows everything, spoken and unspoken. He reads hearts as we read scrolls.

244 JOB.—Elihu, you who are but a youth make me feel ashamed—

245 ELIHU.—I do not mean it so, Job. It is only this that I want

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to explain. When evil comes upon us, we prostrate ourselves and cry—and even though we do not actually curse God, we sin.

246 JOB.—You are right, Elihu.

247 ELIHU.—But when we are happy, what then? Do we sing praises to the One who has given us the ability to sing?

248 JOB.—No. Often we only accept, and say nothing.

249 ELIHU.—Harken unto me, O Job, stand still and consider the wondrous works of God.

250 JOB.—I do consider them. God is great and good. (*Pause*) Go, Elihu, and leave me to make a real prayer of thanksgiving.

251 ELIHU.—I go, Job. (*He's fading*) I go with gladness.

252 *Biz.—Pause as he fades. There is a moment of transition music which fades down behind.*

253 JOB.—Oh, almighty and merciful Father, I have erred and strayed from your ways— I have, without meaning to do so, committed sins of omission— I have wept in my sorrow— I have kept counsel with my own soul— I have been all too sure of my righteousness— I— (*He breaks off*)

254 *Biz.—There is a sudden sound of wind, coming up and going down again. Through this wind speaks the voice of God.*

255 GOD (*coming on mike*).—Job—Job—

256 JOB (*with awe*).—Who speaks to me from a whirlwind in this manner?

257 GOD.—It is the Lord thy God who speaks, Job.

258 JOB (*in a hushed tone*).—What would you have of me, God? .

259 GOD.—Gird up thy loins like a man, Job—for I will demand an answer of thee.

260 JOB (*very low*).—Lord, I will answer.

261 GOD.—Listen and pay attention, Job. (*Pause*) Shall he who contendeth with the Almighty instruct Him?

262 JOB (*in a whisper*).—No, my Lord.

263 GOD.—He that reproveth God, let him answer it.

264 JOB.—Behold I am vile— I will lay my hand upon my mouth—

265 GOD.—Wilt thou disannul my judgment, Job? Wilt thou condemn me, that thou mayest be righteous?

266 JOB.—Oh, my Father, never will I condemn you.

267 GOD (*in a voice of thunder*).—Hast thou an arm like God, Job? Canst thou thunder with a voice like His?

268 JOB.—No, God, I cannot—

269 GOD.—Behold, Job—I can look upon everyone that is proud and bring him low; and I can tread down the wicked in

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their place, and hide them in the dust together, and bind their faces—

270 JOB (*shaken*).—Praise be to the Lord, my God—

271 GOD.—I can make the behemoth to lie down like an ox: I can draw out the leviathan with a hook—

272 JOB (*humbly*).—I know that you canst do everything, and that no thought can be withheld from you—

273 *Biz.—Wind sound comes up again, and dies swiftly down.*

274 GOD.—I am all-powerful, Job, as well as all-merciful. And I can do many things that the mind of man may not understand—*and should not try to understand*—

275 JOB.—Who is he that hideth counsel without knowledge? Oh, I have uttered what I understood not! (*Pause*) I have uttered things that were too wonderful for me, that I knew not—

276 *Biz.—Wind up and down . . .*

277 JOB (*almost weeping*).—Hear, I beseech you, my God, and I will speak.

278 GOD.—Speak then, Job—

279 JOB.—I have heard of you by the hearing of the ear. But now, God, my eyes do see you. (*Pause*) And so I abhor myself, and repent of my sins in dust and ashes . . .

280 GOD (*gently*).—You are forgiven, Job. All of your sins are forgiven—

281 JOB.—You are kind, Father.

282 GOD (*suddenly angry*).—But my wrath is kindled against thy friends—Eliphaz, and Bildad, and Zophar.

283 JOB.—I am sorry, God.

284 GOD.—They have not spoken of me the thing that is right, as has my servant Job. (*Pause as the wind sounds increase*) So they must offer up themselves a burnt sacrifice—

285 JOB.—If they do so, will you forgive my friends, also, O Father—

286 GOD.—You must pray for them, Job—lest I deal with them after their folly—

287 JOB (*in a whisper*).—I will pray, O Father—

288 GOD (*fading*).—Then be well, and strong again, Job—and I will release thee from thy captivity.

289 *Biz.—Wind up strong and out.*

290 JOB (*in a voice trembling with emotion*).—Glory to God in the Highest— *Blessed is the name of the Lord!*

291 *Biz.—Music.*

292 NARRATOR.—And so Job, who lived in the land of Uz, grew well and strong again, and his friends came to his assistance with money and flocks—just as he had come to their aid with prayer.

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And the Lord blessed the latter years of Job more even than He had blessed his first years. And Job came to possess more oxen and sheep and camels than he had ever owned before. And he had seven strong sons and three fair daughters to comfort and revere him.

And Job lived to be a hundred and forty years, and saw his sons grow up around him, and his sons' sons.

And finally he died in peace, being old and full of days.

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WRITING EXERCISES

1. As a study in tragedy, rashness, and loyalty, prepare a fifteen-minute script on the story of Jephthah as recorded in Judges. Before writing, determine for yourself who had the greater courage, the father or the daughter. If you find in favor of the daughter, expand her character more fully than it has been treated in the Biblical text.

2. From the same book, read the story of Samson. Before writing, read also Milton's "Samson Agonistes" and determine whether there is not material in the poem which can be suitably combined with the Bible story. Is Samson's dalliance with the Gazite woman important to the story? Do you need to record the episode in which he carried away the gates of the city? Do you agree with Milton that Delilah may have repented and sought Samson's favor again after she had betrayed him to the Philistines? For purposes of pathos and tenderness what use can be made of "the lad that held him by the hand"? Because of Samson's many matrimonial troubles, we are compelled to think of him as both naïve and gullible. To what ends must the adapter go in order to present this character as heroic and sincere in his active life, and dignified and splendid in his death? Prepare a half-hour script, beginning with the fourteenth chapter of Judges.

3. In the story of Ruth and Naomi, Ruth can be treated in the script with the same simplicity the text gives her. But as to Naomi, for whose sake all of Ruth's sacrifices were made, shall the adapter play down certain of the less flattering traits of the older woman? her self-pity? possessiveness? egotism? In this story we also have elements of race prejudice: Ruth, a Moabite, wedding a Hebrew in a land of religious animosity. To what specific use can this be put by the adapter in order to:

(a) Complete the picture of Ruth's character?
(b) Reveal Boaz as a man far in advance of the thinking of his own age?
(c) Focus the purpose of the entire story on the question of racial tolerance?

After answering these questions, write a half-hour script on the story.

4. Write two fifteen-minute scripts on the character Uriah: (1) in which you introduce him at the moment he is summoned before David and given the sealed letter which sends him to his

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death. In this one, treat Uriah's subsequent history as if he still trusted both his king and his wife; (2) a script in which Uriah reveals himself as suspecting the plot against him and aware of the circumstances which gave rise to this plot. Treat Uriah as one of the world's valiant; a man whose last illusion has exploded and who faces death knowingly and faces it as the only means of preserving his own integrity.

5. Write a half-hour script on King David, the first half of which will expose some of the man's characteristic villainies, and the second half of which will dramatize his reconciliation with God.

6. Write a half-hour script on King Ahab, using as much of the Jezebel story as is needed to prove him a moral coward, and at the same time using whatever you need of the history of his military exploits to bring out his physical bravery. In regard to this last characteristic, include dramatic sequences of his capture of Ben-hadad and of his own death in his last battle. Also give Jehu the role he deserves in this chronicle.

7. From a purely historical standpoint, record in a thirty-minute show the conquest, character, and significance of Sennacherib.

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CHAPTER XIII

ADVANCED PROBLEMS OF ADAPTATION

In our previous chapter I tried to set down what I believe are the general principles and the basic problems of radio adaptation. Naturally an understanding of the mechanics of this subject can be had only by comparing the finished radio product to the source which inspired it. But radio networks every month broadcast hundreds of pieces of script material whose original sources are not easily accessible to the layman. A discussion of any one of these properties can be of little use to the student unless he can supply himself with the poem, the book, play, scenario, or short story on which the broadcast is based. Because the Bible is available to all, the Bible story adaptations should be studied in close connection with the stories themselves.

We may consider the field of religious drama as a more elementary problem for the radio writer because we have seen that its difficulties can be grouped for the most part under the two main headings of expansion and compression, and we have seen typical examples of each of these. But the radio adapter often finds himself confronted with a fine piece of property which at first seems to resist every effort of approach and solution.

I have seen, for example, a skillful writer utterly baffled by Ambrose Bierce's story "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge." I have seen good workmen lose their tempers over *The Dynasts.* In Ralph Paine's engrossing book *Lost Ships and Lonely Seas* we are told the desperate story of the frigate *Medusa.* This chronicle has every known dramatic ingredient, yet it has resisted all efforts to "crack" it. I have seen writers struggle with the conversational necessity of populating Poe's Pit with something besides the Pendulum, the victim, and the rats. Wilbur Daniel Steele's great story, "A Drink of Water," has disappointed most of the experimenters who have tried to turn it into good radio. Stephen Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage,* one of the very few truly great American classics, is

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an almost insuperable undertaking. So is his compelling story *The Open Boat.*

The pieces which I have here enumerated are in no way exceptional. All literatures are full of their kind, and the list just given does not include a single obscure title. Most of the material will be familiar to the reader already, and all of it is available in any school or college library. This random selection is here mentioned because it represents the toughest sort of adaptation problem that exists in radio. Many fine stories have never reached the nation's microphones for the lack of a skill to do them. At the same time I do not believe that there is such a thing as a piece of literature which cannot, somehow, be creditably transmitted to the radio audience. There is a good broadcast in each of the properties mentioned in the paragraph above. At one time or another I have seen efforts on each one of these and I will presently risk an opinion as to why they—and many hundreds of others like them—have not become, when adapted, the calibre of show material they should be.

It will first be necessary to see what their problems are. For convenience we will split the given titles into two groups, putting *The Dynasts, Red Badge,* and *Medusa* in the first group, and the remaining properties in the second group. *The Dynasts* is the most formidable of the first group. It is at once an epic drama and an exhaustive and frequently cryptic metaphysical treatise and, both of these are from time to time invaded by a peculiar twentieth-century descendant of the Greek chorus customarily called the "phantom intelligences." Its great mass of material is worse than forbidding. It is overwhelming. Crane's Civil War story, while no epic drama, is epic in its own way and, as a study in terror, pity, and suspense, it is one of the most dramatic things in literature. The *Medusa,* least of the three, shares with the others the common problem of compactness, for it also is choked with incident, and has the additional embarrassment of being absolutely true in every detail.

Adapters fail with compositions of this type for three reasons: in the case of *The Dynasts* they incorporate in their adaptation quantities of material which they did not properly comprehend in the original; in the case of the *Red Badge* they do not give themselves a chance to become saturated with the mood and movement of the original; in the case of disaster stories like the *Medusa* they fail to determine in advance of their own writing who are to be the pivotal characters of the narrative.

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Regarding the first failure, could anything be more difficult than to demand of a writer that he make understandable to an audience what he cannot understand himself? In respect to the second cause of failure, the radio writer cannot expect to make his adaptation work unless he has perceived what actuated the original mechanism. As to the third, the distribution of incident cannot yield its proper meaning without its proper cast.

These are simple statements and they are simple of application. If the writer will satisfy himself on these three points before he starts to work, he will find that most of the causes of failure will disappear from the type of material we have seen in the first group.

The second group is more important because its problem is met with more often. The problem is a neater and cleaner one, and easier to state and to appreciate, but it is the most vicious of them all. It is the problem of the one-man story. It has manifold variations but if we think of it as the one-man story problem, we will save time. This is the story in which the aim of the protagonist is revealed to us through his own thought and action; it is the story in which the antagonist is a nontalking person, a fear-mechanism, or an inanimate object. It is the story which takes place substantially within a man's mind and which we experience by being taken to this mind. Here is the radio problem in all stories of this nature: to whom is the man going to talk?

In an earlier chapter we saw that the monologue under certain special conditions was legitimate. We also saw that its restrictions were severe. So we cannot look to this device for much help. In truth we cannot look to any device. All that we can be sure of is that we will have to find somebody somehow and make him talk. By all means this person or these persons should derive from the original story if such derivation is in any way possible. If it is not possible, somebody not in the original will have to be put there, or rather put in the adaptation.

This is not mutilation. It is a necessary compression job through which every property must pass when it leaves its normal pressure on the printed page and enters the pressure of spoken lines. Many authors have refused radio the privilege of altering their work to this extent. A few have refused it the privilege of making any alterations at all. I have produced over

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twelve hundred broadcasts but I have never heard any author complain that the point or the vitality of his story was marred by radio production when the writing had been done by an adapter who knew his job. If the intention of the original is rigidly preserved and if its effect is powerfully delivered, no alteration can be called literary butchery. Alteration is butchery only when it butchers. When it salvages, it is plastic surgery.

We are going to study an example of this operation. The radio script was adapted by a member of my staff, Margaret Lewerth, whom I consider to be the ablest utility writer in the profession today. The original story is by Richard Sale and it appeared in the April (1938) issue of *Scribner's Magazine.* It is an excellent piece of fiction and is called "Seven Waves Away," a title which, I believe, comes from the superstition that every seventh wave is a bad one. I am incorporating the complete story as it appeared in print and am also including the complete adaptation as it was performed by the Columbia Workshop a few weeks after the story's publication.

The story will illustrate the point we have been discussing. Later we will compare the two forms and see how the one became the other in appearance, and how at the same time it remained the same thing in substance. Here is the story:

SEVEN WAVES AWAY*

A Story by Richard Sale

I

It was cold, the sea was gray, and there were fresh northwesterly winds roiling the surface. Mr. Holmes could not look back, not even for an instant, because the long swells, unbroken as yet but running fast and high with glassy bubbles breaking at the peaks now and then, held his frightened eyes. He became aware of the cook, close to him, as the lifeboat wallowed, panicked by the heavy seas; their knees were braced against each other. With all his strength Mr. Holmes held to the tiller which might at any second be wrenched from his grasp by the pressure of the rushing waters against its rudder blade. The cook was cradling the captain's head in his lap and trying to save the man from the buffeting of the boat. The captain's jaw was broken; his mouth bled slightly, and he was only half-conscious; with each lunge of the lifeboat the captain would moan loudly. "Easy does it, sir," the cook said now and then. "Easy does it."

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The sound of the cook's voice made Mr. Holmes stir. He said, "Cookie, can you see her? Can you see her, Cookie?"

The cook turned his head and peered into the settling dusk astern. He stared there a long time. "Aye, sir, I can see 'er, sir," he said finally. "She makes a lovely sight against the sky."

"Is she going?"

"Aye, she is that. She's standin' on her stern like a turnin' spout. She'll slide in quick any minute."

Mr. Holmes wanted to turn and have a look, but he could not. He kept his eyes on the lumbering swells and pushed hard against the tiller to hold the lifeboat's head just off the wind so that the seas were shouldered under the starboard bow. Still, he had the mirror of the faces before him in the boat. By catching their expressions, he could almost see the *Andorra Star* going down. The mouths hung open, the eyes staring openly and hard at the picture astern, the eyeballs very white against the purple darkness of the flesh which the cold wind painted. Even the rowers held their heads up, straining at the oars and grunting while they watched their ship sink. Mr. Holmes could see a lot that way. He could see the expressions of impatience when they dropped into the glassy hollow of a trough where the water lay green and still for a few seconds, white bubbles spitting noisily. It was impatience born of the fact that the swell which had just passed beneath them rose up astern to hide the ship from sight. Then, when they mounted the next rolling crest, to poise atop it briefly, the light of horrid fascination returned to the faces.

There were too many people in the boat. Mr. Holmes had known that when they broke away from the *Andorra Star's* lee side. It carried a normal complement of sixteen persons. There were thirty-three in it now. Twenty-two of them were crew. The rest were passengers. They crowded the thwarts from stem to stern.

"There are too many in the boat," Mr. Holmes said aloud. But they were all watching the ship astern and they paid no attention to him at all.

He watched the gunwale. It hung low in the sea. At the crests, the waves would rush alongside perilously close to them, so close that there was no freeboard at all. He could touch the sea by putting his hand out. Her head hung heavy, and she would not respond to the tiller. It was a frightening thing to brace your tiller over and get no response from the boat.

"The sky is yellow," said the cook.

"Rain and wind," said Mr. Holmes. "The sea is rising; I've had the feel of it in my own hands here. The boat don't handle close at all. Her head hangs off too hard."

"Aye," said the cook.

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Mr. Holmes, his lips tight and blue from the cold, said, "There's too many people in the boat."

"Ye can't do nothin' about that, sir," the cook said.

"Can you still see her, Cookie?"

"There was some of 'er, sir, still blowin' on th' surface. Wait and I'll take a look—"

But a voice broke from the black mass of heads in the middle of the boat. "She gone! Oh, she gone!" Mr. Holmes recognized Big Joe, the Portugee stoker. Big Joe was waving his arms.

The cook stared astern, then nodded, "She's slid in, sir. She done it neat as a cockroach, she did. Between th' swells, sir. One swell, and she was still there, another and she weren't. She's gone for sure now."

"Then we're really alone," Mr. Holmes said hollowly.

"For a while maybe," the cook said. "I guess Sparks got a call out all right. They'll be here. We don't have to worry none."

The cook is a fool, thought Mr. Holmes. We have plenty to worry about. We can worry about this rising wind and these seas. If the seas start breaking with the load in this boat, we'll take them over the gunwale and swamp. There are too many in the boat. She'll sink if one of them loses his nerve and jumps around. She'll sink if she fills a bit with the rain to come. There's a cask of water and some hardtack aboard and a short way that'll go past these thirty-three mouths when they get hungry and thirsty. The cook says there's nothing to worry about. Nothing except dying, which is not as simple as it sounds.

The captain stirred and made guttural sounds deep in his throat. "Mate!" he called hoarsely between his teeth. "Mate!"

Mr. Holmes leaned over toward him. "Captain?"

"I'm not well," the captain groaned. "Hear me, Mate? I'm not well."

"I'm right here, sir," said Mr. Holmes. "Have you any orders, sir?"

"I'm sick," said the captain. "I'm sick to my stomach with pain." The words were a slur coming out from his throat through his tight teeth without a movement of his fractured jaw. "I cannot take command, Mr. Holmes. The ship is yours. Do you hear me? She's yours, Mate."

"She's mine," said Mr. Holmes in a shaking voice.

The captain said, "You've got our lives in your brain, Mister. It's a thousand miles to land, and you've got to see her through. She's your command. The cook's a witness. Keep her safe." The captain closed his eyes.

"I'm a witness, sir," the cook said. "You're in charge."

"Thank you, Cookie," Mr. Holmes replied. His voice was unsteady, and his hands shook on the tiller while his eyes held

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straight ahead, never leaving the line of oncoming swells which were running faster with the freshening winds.

Soon it began to rain. They could see the slanting sheets of it come across the horizon far off the port bow, and sweep across the boil-backed ocean like a misty white curtain, pushed with stinging force by the wind. The raindrops were large as grapes when they first struck, and they splashed upon the sea and boat noisily. But after the first wild flurry, the rain changed into a fine mizzling drizzle which laid a dampness on the already cold wind and soon had all hands sodden to the skin. The twilight died, and night came down quickly in the half-light. Mr. Holmes did not want the night so soon; in the dark he'd have to steer by the feel of her. One mistake, one broadside battering of a rising sea, and the lifeboat would instantly turn turtle. He pictured it in his heart, saw one gunwale rise, the other dip into the water, saw the flying arms and legs, heard the screams of terror, saw the lifeboat on its belly, its keel upturned like a gray-backed whale, and then one passing swell to wipe it all away and leave it forgotten. "Jesus," Mr. Holmes said huskily. "Jesus Christ."

"Are you all right, sir?" the cook asked suddenly.

"I was thinking," said Mr. Holmes. "I was just thinking, that's all. Thank you, Cookie, but I'm all right." He shivered.

The cook nodded, holding hard to the captain's head, and said, "Aye," as the wind bent the rain into his face.

II

In the dark, the time sense faltered, and the length of minutes lost themselves within the depths of hours. There was sheet lightning intermittently. Sometimes Mr. Holmes would let his eyes be tricked into following the flight of the white scud as it blew out before the stiffening wind. Other times he would watch for the faces of those in the lifeboat before him. He would see them in a white flash, their skins ghostly in the flat, strange light. He would see the male passengers forward in the bow, all huddled close around the three women passengers. He could hear the cries of the boy now and then, weak and shrill above the rush of wind and slop of sea. The child was afraid of everything but the showing of fear.

Mr. Holmes could not repress a shudder. Everyone was afraid. He knew that. They all knew it. But it was the showing of fear that decided a man. The flare of lightning once more, and coming aft with his eyes he saw them all—the tired rowers gaining respite now while others in the crew took over the oars; the quartermaster with a nasty gash across his cheek; Big Joe, his head in his hands; the bosun staring astern; the oilers, close together, peering around the black night for the pencil-like beam of a searchlight; the steward, tense and tired, cupping his hands

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to say something to the second officer beside him; McCruddy, the engineer, wiping the white salt from his windblown mustache—all disappearing instantly as the darkness, tangible and articulate, filled the gaps the flare had left.

In this pitch where you tossed and rolled and wallowed helplessly, unable to gauge an oncoming sea, unable to hold your boat as you wished, your right arm aching with the pain of the constant pressure of the tiller, the helm needed a seaman. Mr. Holmes wished vaguely that he had served under sail at one time or another. He had heard of men who could hold a vessel close-hauled to the wind by sheer instinct, their eyes closed, standing the wheel by the very feel of the ship and knowing quite without thinking when to ease her off or hold her on. Such instinct would have been a blessing in this darkness when the lifeboat tossed her head to and fro, sometimes taking huge pieces of black water over the gunwales and setting the crew to bailing frantically. When such waves shook the boat, Mr. Holmes's heart would stand still with his breath for a moment and he would wait, all cold inside, to see if she would lift her head and float again for the next comber.

After a while, there arose from the seas a muttering roar, sullen and terrifying. In the black, they could not see the cause, but presently there was white in the darkness, white pocks all over the ocean's lumpy back. Mr. Holmes, his eyes starkly wide from staring at darkness, beat the cook with his left hand. "Do you see them, Cookie?" he cried, above the wind.

"Aye, sir," the cook replied grimly. "Whitecaps. We'll be that lucky to finish this night alive."

The cook knew then. The cook knew the chances. He knew that the end might be but seven waves away. Mr. Holmes, though, could not acclimate himself to this prospect of death. It was here all right, in every gust, every squall, every raindrop to fill the bilge. It rose on every crest and dropped down with him breathtakingly into the trough. It balanced on the crests with them, rode up at eighty-degree angles, and hung there with them in that split-second interim, that moment when hands clutched for a grasp, and breaths paused, and minds wondered, in blinding flashes of reason through the abject terror, whether or not she would trim herself or go toppling over onto her spine.

If the boat were lighter, thought Mr. Holmes. Yes, if she were lighter she could weather it. If she carried her normal load, she could weather the force of a whole gale. Her gunwale would not lie so precariously close to the water; her head would raise itself quickly to meet the wind and swell; and the rowing would be decently easy and not so dangerous. It was a task to row an oar in a sea that was already up almost to your oarlock. Mr. Holmes could see each sweating, toiling rower move in horror of catching a crab and pulling the gunwale under. It was a terrible thing to watch

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white faces which never pulled themselves out of the distortion which the suck of fear created.

A voice came out of the boat, carried off to starboard by the moan of the rising wind, at once distinct and tangible. The cook tapped the mate on the shoulder and said, "It's the quartermaster, sir. It's Jano."

"One of the women has died," Jano called between his clenched teeth, not taking his eyes from the muttering waves. "They say one of them is dead."

"Sit still," Mr. Holmes called sharply. "Which one?"

"Mrs. Williams," Jano replied. "The one we picked from the sea a while back."

"Sit still, sit still," shouted Mr. Holmes. "I warn you to sit still, Jano. Do you want to drown us?" He shuddered violently as the cook, cupping a hand to his mouth, said, "One of the women has died, sir. Did you hear?"

Mr. Holmes did not answer. He saw the comber curling ahead and he braced himself against the tiller and gritted his teeth together. The lifeboat just made it, riding up the wall of water at an angle which threw the men in the boat together. A slop rose up and poured into the boat, but she finally came about and righted. Mr. Holmes's face was never whiter. When he spoke, his voice was shrill and firm, the voice of a captain in fear. "Jano!"

"Sir?"

"You will have her body passed over the side."

"A nasty sort of a job right now, sir," Jano said.

"Over the side," said Mr. Holmes. "Put her over close to the bow so that we'll not ship a sea. Look alive, sir!"

There was a moan, presently, from the fore of the boat, the moan of Mr. Williams as he buried his face in his hands. Other hands gripped the corpse of his wife, cruelly, familiarly. The splash of her body made no audible sound above the wind and breaking seas. Mr. Holmes did not know she had gone until Jano reported the fact to him.

Now then, he thought, now then. The boat did not seem much different. It still hung in the trough with its gunwales nearly awash. Yet there must have been a difference. She must have felt that loss of weight on her ribs, must have raised her head a little. One woman wasn't enough though. That left thirty-two. Thirty-two when there should have been, at most, sixteen.

Mr. Holmes began to wonder. The boat barely held her own in the seas. Breaking seas were dangerous. Bad enough on a peaked swell, but if those crests should really begin to curl and break as surf breaks against a shore, they'd be done for. One curling bulk of water to crash over the bow of the lifeboat, and they'd swamp.

"It was the only thing to do, sir," the cook called.

Mr. Holmes stared at him. "What is it, Cookie?"

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"The woman, sir. Ye couldn't do nothin' else."

Mr. Holmes had not thought of the woman. It had not occurred to him that he should have felt regret at ridding his craft of her body. His cheeks dropped in below his cheekbones as his face tightened. "I could do something else," he said. But he didn't say it loud enough for the cook or anyone else to hear him. It would take nerve to do that, and his nerve wasn't up yet. But he sensed somehow he was going to do it. He became aware of the loaded pistol in his jacket. To do it, he would need the pistol. That was why he was sure he would do it as soon as his nerve came up, because he was aware of the pistol, at least, and aware of the power it lent him.

Lightning burst across the black sky, but the mate did not look up. His hand felt the hard shape of the gun, and he thought: I should have done it earlier. Now I'll have to wait for morning.

The wind and the sea were not willing to wait, but there was the gamble. It was, perhaps, the fair thing to do: to wait until morning and give some souls a chance. A ship, missing them in the dark, might find them in daylight. I'll give them until morning, he thought, just until morning.

On the portside of the lifeboat, one of the rowers stopped stroking with his oar. He crossed himself fervently and silently prayed forgiveness for the sacrilege. He had struck something in the sea with his oar, and a lightning flare showed it to be the floating body of the woman. She clung there off the port beam for a few minutes, rising and falling with the roaring combers like the lifeboat, but then she drifted astern and vanished in the darkness.

The cook said, "A wet night this. Lesser air than water and makes for brackish breathin'. How does she go, Mister?"

"She goes heavy," Mr. Holmes said, his cold lips barely moving.

"She has the feel of a water-soaked log," said the cook, and then after a raging sea had shook them in its white hair and he could relax for a few seconds again, "She don't recover none at all."

"She'll last this night," Mr. Holmes said. "I'll make her last this night if it cracks her ribs in half. The morning may bring a ship."

"Th' mornin' may bring a blow." The cook was less cheerful now.

"In that case," Mr. Holmes replied grimly, "something will be done."

"What can ye do that ye ain't already done?"

The cook was tired now and not the tender man who had cradled the captain's broken head. He let the captain's head loll to and fro on his lap and wished quietly that the captain were

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lying in the bilge where the weight of his skull would not be so heavy.

"Something will be done," said Mr. Holmes again.

"What can ye do, in truth?" the cook persisted. "I ain't no O.S. shippin' out the first time. I can read th' signs as good as any man. Ye can't do nothin' but pray and that don't cut no ice in the face o' death, Mister."

"You heard my words, Cookie," the mate said evenly. "Something will be done."

The cook stopped talking. Mr. Holmes did not look at him, but kept his eyes dead ahead, searching out the white rumbling water which signified a breaking sea. He had the impression, throughout the rest of the night, that the cook was staring at the side of his head.

III

The dawn came up before they recognized it as such, with a sea that gained in fury all the time. There was no perceptible change in the darkness at first, except for a faint leaden touch. It was only when Mr. Holmes realized he could see the fearful faces on the thwarts forward again, that daybreak had arrived. The portable compass, dipping wildly to and fro on its gimbals, told him east; the dawn did not. It rose up sunless, dirty, pockmarked, and it stayed that way.

No ship. Mr. Holmes waited a long time before he would admit that the morning had come fruitlessly. He tried to think briefly of other things for a few minutes, while his hand instinctively felt for the pistol once more. He was amazed that he could hear the slop of the black and filthy water in the bilge above the thundering tones of the storm. The lifeboat was strangely silent; the child in the bow had stopped wailing, that was it. He peered forward, saw the boy asleep. It looked odd; his own eyes felt coarse and grainy as though they could not ever close in sleep again. "There's water in the bilge," he called. "Keep her clean of it. Bail till she's dry."

The men bailed. They were weary, their backs ached, their bodies were sore from the constant motion, their hands held giant blisters in the palms, but they obeyed. They were bailing in dread now because it was a losing fight and they all knew it.

Mr. Holmes knew they were empty; it was the kind of sea to break the heart of a man; and the need for constant weigh to hold her head on would have tired a crew twice as large in number and brawn. Mr. Holmes, his face haggard with worry, took a look around the broken horizon and saw nothing but the torn and angry clouds racing close to the maddening sea.

"The wind has shifted," said the cook. "It goes stiffer."

Mr. Holmes turned once and glanced at the man, then turned back and pushed hard on the tiller and called for more weigh. He

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said, "For a cook, Mister, you have uncommon good sense as a sailor."

"That's not surprisin'," said the cook. He regarded the mate with eyes that were filled with wonder and awe. The cook was not a stupid man. He sat there, all taut inside, waiting for the something that was to be done. He was quite sure it had never been done before and he was trying to determine within his own soul just how to like or hate it. Tradition could not make his decision, nor could precedence.

Mr. Holmes said, "You've been under sail then."

"Aye," the cook said. "Three years a hand fishin' the Banks outa Gloucester."

"And how do I hold her, Cookie?"

"Ye hold 'er well, sir, well and good for one who's learned on steam. I've no doubt ye could take us to land from this very spot." He spat overboard. "If ye craft could stay afloat, that is."

A blast of wind snatched his words away. The lifeboat put her head down, held it down too long. Delayed on the rise, she caught a sheet of green water over the bow, almost lost her head to go off with the gusts. Mr. Holmes, pallid green with the sight of water over the gunwale, fought hard against the tiller and brought her up again and into the blow. His right arm ached painfully from the pressure. It was like fighting the omnipresent torque of a power screw; a man could stand only so much; an arm grew numb and insensitive. He jerked his mouth closed tightly, then spoke. "I've marked my time," he said, suddenly cool. "I can't hold off any longer. I've responsibility, do you hear me, Cookie? I gave them until this morning to find a ship to pick them up, but it's daylight now and no ship."

"I hear you," the cook said, his breath coming faster now with the strange excitement inside him.

"I've got to follow my mind," Mr. Holmes said evenly. He spoke slowly and quietly, without much emphasis on his words. "I believe in it, I think it is right. A life against lives. It's the honest thing to do. I'm to save my ship and men as best I know how. And this is all I know."

"I hear you, sir," the cook said. "I hear you."

"If the boat were lighter, we could weather this sea."

The cook said nothing, but crouched as the lifeboat blindly felt its way past a boiling white pinnacle of rushing sea, and he noticed in that fleeting second that McCruddy's mustache was dead white with salt from the spray and jiggling like a grasshopper while McCruddy silently twitched his lips in prayer.

"There's a way to lighten this boat," Mr. Holmes said. "We'd best see it through while we've got the wood afloat under our heels." He raised his voice to the others forward. "Keep your eyes here!"

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The eyes watched him reluctantly; they preferred the vaulting suspense of wind-whipped combers; tired, frightened, sleepy, glassy eyes, all wondrous now at the peculiar expression on the mate's dirty-green face. Mr. Holmes had never seen such a variety of eyes. The bodies and heads before him looked much the same. But the eyes were different, all different. He tried to sound calm, restrained, assured, "Now then," he called, "is there a soul aboard who disputes my command?"

"You're master, sir," the cook said. "The captain is down and out, we're all witnesses to that."

"You're master, sir," Jano, the quartermaster, said. "There's none here to dispute it."

The mouths tightened, fell silent, compressed, as Mr. Holmes laid his weight against the helm and watched the bow break through a crest which lopped over as if to curl upon them. They made it, shipping water as the comber passed under them. When it had passed, Mr. Holmes slipped the pistol out of his pocket and held it loosely in his hand. He said loudly, as if reading a regulation from the Statutes, "I'll shoot the first man who disobeys me. That is understood."

There were mutters of alarm through the lifeboat which were quickly silenced as the boat climbed a roller. In the trough again, Jano said, "Put the gun away, Holmes! Are you out of your head?"

"I'll keep the pistol close," Mr. Holmes replied, talking even and fast before the next swell reached them. "You've not heard me yet, so I'll keep it close. We must face the situation. We must accept the fact that we got out no distress signal, there is no proof we did."

Again, an interval of silence while a sea reached for them, and then, when it passed, "There will be no rescue ship. We are nearly a thousand miles due east of land. I warn you now, this craft is doomed if she stays loaded as she is. The next sea or the next or the next, and we will all be drowned quick enough. If she were lighter—"

They rose and fell and then breathed again.

"—if she were lighter she could endure it, she could endure anything, a row for land or a passing ship. The craft must be lightened."

He sounds, thought the cook, just like I use to when I'd read the newspaper aloud, just like he was reading type.

"You're daffed!" Jano shouted over the wind. "You can't lighten this boat without sending someone over the side!"

"Then it's over the side with some of you," Mr. Holmes replied as though that were fairly obvious. "What else—"

"Low, low," cried the cook in terror. "A big one!"

It came with a violent breaking of the crest, and for a second

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Mr. Holmes felt icy around his throat and stiffened to throw himself clear of the craft when she turned turtle. She made the crest barely upright, then rode down the wall on the other side while Jano fought to get words through his constricted throat: "I'll be no party to it!"

"The weaklings must go," said Mr. Holmes, trying to steady his tones. "The ones who are no use. We want the men who'll live to row a thousand miles to land, who'll not fall faint when the food gives out."

When the next swell had passed, Jano shouted against the roar of white sea, "It's wrong! It's murder!"

"No," said Mr. Holmes. "That is not murder. This is murder, the weight of a pair of weeping women, the weight of three seasick men. This weight, so useless, so completely useless, is murder. It will swamp this ship and kill others who have a right to live."

Atop the swell which boiled around them, the cook wondered at the way the mate's quiet tones carried so clearly. You could have imagined he'd use a tone like that in a forecastle, and it was strange to hear it faintly but clearly through the veil of wind.

"There are living in this boat who want to keep on living," Mr. Holmes said. "It is the right of self-preservation, and I believe in it. It is murder not to believe in it. Murder to keep this supercargo aboard and kill the chances of every soul here."

"You can't do it!" screamed Jano. "You can't throw a woman to the sea."

"Will you volunteer to go in her place?" called the mate.

Jano did not answer.

"All right then," Mr. Holmes said sharply as they hung low in a slick-green valley between the walls of sea fore and aft. "The wind is freshening and the seas are rising. It goes worse. We've little time enough before she swings around and takes one on the beam to capsize us. I'll not have all hands die to save the few unfitting. These are orders. Slide the women over the side when we drop in the next trough, and mind you're careful not to ship a sea in the doing. Look alive!"

One woman was asleep; the other was awake, too coldly terrified to have spoken before. Now she began to scream at the top of her lungs, and the sound of it was ghastly. Mr. Holmes cracked his jaws together hard and waved the gun at her. "Quartermaster!" he snapped. "You have your orders."

"Be damned to them!" Jano raged. "I'll have no part of them! I'll take my chances on dying with the weak aboard. It's women and children first to be saved. That's always been the law of the sea!"

"You've no choice," said Mr. Holmes. "I've ordered you."

"Be damned to you, sir!"

The cook watched Mr. Holmes in fascination. He expected

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that the mate would stop there. He had counted it as a bluff, for the most part—something the mate would have liked to do with the support of the crew. But with Jano objecting, surely the idea was finished now, and they would perish, just as surely, sometime in the day.

But the cook saw that he had underestimated the mate. Mr. Holmes had never fired the pistol in his hand, had never had occasion to fire it. But he raised it fairly steadily now, aimed at Jano, and pulled the trigger. The report was loud and sharp and it made the cook's ears ring. Somehow, in the moment, he was not afraid. He watched the quartermaster topple over backwards onto the women. The other woman awoke, and they both screamed then, and the child awoke, too, and started crying shrilly. The men stared in silent fascination. And then all voices hushed as a monstrous, thundering wave shot them high into the air and a ragged geyser of white spray flew across the stern. Mr. Holmes' face had the expression of a man who has picked the short straw. There was no life in his eyes at all. He wiped the wet from him; his mouth jerked and he said, "Torano, Smith, Harris, slide the quartermaster over the side."

The cook could see that the mate had won. The fear of dying was even greater than the will to live. There was something in the cool, calm voice that compelled, and the hands obeyed. The quartermaster did not splash much, and his white wake vanished as he was drawn swiftly astern by the current.

Still, there has been no test, thought Mr. Holmes, aware that he was calm enough. There has been no crime yet. There has been only mutiny and its punishment. Aloud he said, "Torano, Smith, Harris, slide that woman over the side."

Harris was a big sailor with blond hair and much imagination. He shouted wildly, "I can't do it, sir! I'll slide the dead off the beam any time, but I can't drop a living body overboard that way!"

Mr. Holmes did not waste time. He raised the pistol again and took careful aim. But before he fired, he said, "Harris, you're a strong lad, and we'll need you in the boat. I ask you again to assist. I am ordering you, and the responsibility is mine."

Harris nodded his head rapidly, his tongue half out of his mouth. "Very well," he gasped, "very—" A roar drowned his voice. A mountain of swirling water descended on the boat. No one moved or breathed. The sea struck, and the craft leapt crazily upward. It careened wildly, then plummeted down into the trough where water poured in rapaciously.

"She'll not last another like that!" the cook yelled.

Mr. Holmes shouted, "Get that woman over! Then bail, Harris!"

They grabbed one of the women—Mrs. Jackson—who was

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slight and small and deathly seasick. She kicked her legs, but her strength was gone with her retchings, and she was handled fairly easily. She screamed until she struck the sea. Once she bobbed up, screaming and clutching out wildly, then she went down. The cook felt that he was rigid, every bone, every muscle, every nerve in his being was rigid; he saw the crew, rigid on the thwarts, unable to slump or pant, or find a relaxation from the scene.

The boat settled sickeningly into the trough. The men bailed.

"The other woman!" shouted Mr. Holmes. "You on the port-side, Big Joe, McCruddy, Dannemore! Quick! Quick! Before the crest comes."

There was no protest. The three men grabbed the woman. She was big and she fought, and the lifeboat rocked. Big Joe jerked suddenly at her lolling head. There was a loud pop and she went limp as they shoved her into the churning water. The swells pushed her astern and lost her in the milky scud and gray rain. "Bail!" cried Mr. Holmes. "You, Torano. Slide the lad over now, and fast."

"He's light," said Torano, an oiler with tattooed arms. "He don't weigh not'in' at all. I know. I gotta kid like dat t'home."

"Over the side," said Mr. Holmes.

One of the men, Mr. Jackson, tried to rise up out of the bilge where he had lain, semiconscious, green with seasickness for a day and a night. Mr. Jackson had shipped on a freighter with his wife and child because the travel folder had told him how pleasant and inexpensive a way it was to the Indies ports of call. He was too sick to feel the terrible thing, too miserable to let the tragedy penetrate beyond his eyes. He saw his son go, and while he moved his bloodless mouth, hands gripped him and he quickly followed, offering no resistance. His companions did not have the strength to fight, either. Mr. Deltzer was sixty-five and spidery; he weighed little to the men who slipped him off the gunwale. Mr. Morrow remembered only the gaunt man at the tiller, far away on the other end of the boat, who called names and pointed the gun. He heard his own name, "Morrow," called and then he was gone.

"It makes a difference," the cook said, close-mouthed, so that only Mr. Holmes could hear. "Her head's lifting a little."

"Miguel Certa," said Mr. Holmes, and he saw the Brazilian deckhand stare at him. "Your arm is broken, Miguel. You wouldn't last."

"I'd like a chance in the sea," Miguel replied quietly. "I'd like a life preserver, please."

"Give him one," said Mr. Holmes. And then, for a moment, he pleaded: "You understand, Miguel, don't you? You know what I'm doing?"

Miguel smiled coldly. "I know what you're doing. God damn you, I say. I hope you live through this. They'll hang you for it."

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He crawled to the bow, tightened the life belt around him, and slid off. A swell caught him up and for a moment he rode on a hill of green water high above the boat, then he slid wallowing into a trough and disappeared. A few minutes later they had a glimpse of him floating far astern.

The boat slid heavily up the steep side of a swell, poised for a second on the peak, then lurched down into the trough. Mr. Holmes shouted, "John Merritt!"

"Oh, God, sir," said the cabin boy. "Let me stay, sir. I'll do my trick at the oars; I'll row till my hands break, but give me a chance, sir, I'm young—"

"You're too little," said Mr. Holmes. "You haven't the strength to pull an oar. It's the row, lad, it's the row I'm thinking of. Will you have a life belt?"

"I don't want to go!" cried the cabin boy shrilly.

"Men," said Mr. Holmes.

They threw the cabin boy overboard. He struggled, but the lifeboat could afford a struggle now. It responded to the tiller. "Cookie," said Mr. Holmes, "Cookie, can you slide the old man off?"

"I think so," said the cook. "You're orderin' me, sir?"

"Is he conscious?" Mr. Holmes asked, out of pure curiosity.

"No, he ain't that, sir."

"Slide him," said Mr. Holmes.

The inert captain splashed, then sank like a stone.

"Now, then," said Mr. Holmes, "keep the oars going. Give her steerageway, and she'll ride. She's got what she wants now and she'll hold to!"

"She rides beautiful," said the cook. "Ye could sail this bug clear to China now."

"She works well with the wind," Mr. Holmes said. "If this wind blows itself out, we'll be able to lay a course for the mainland. We might even jury-rig the boat with a makeshift sail; there's rope and clothes enough to fashion one. I did right, Cookie, the saving of twenty-two through the loss of ten. I did right, didn't I, Cookie?"

"She rides beautiful," the cook said guardedly. "She bites in like a Banks fisherman, she does. She'll float, sir."

Mr. Holmes said, "I did right, didn't I, Cookie?"

"I ain't the one to say, sir," replied the cook, staring off.

Mr. Holmes ignored the evasiveness. He could afford to. The boat handled dexterously, had life in its hull once more, and the crew took on that life, too, fear leaving their eyes, a few smiles on the cold lips. Above the whining wind and pounding sea, Mr. Holmes felt a vague but tangible air—the tacit approval of the men at the oars; they were with him, they were his crew, and he had saved their lives. It made him forget that he was weary, and

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he rode his second-night trick at the tiller, still without sleep, yet not sleepy at all, his eyes sometimes resting themselves from the sight of the heaving sea by watching the gyrations of the portable compass upon its gimbals.

IV

The low dawn brought a gray sky and a red sun. Mr. Holmes observed the signs with satisfaction. They indicated good weather, and with the seas dropping and the wind falling off, they might get under weigh that afternoon toward the east, where—with good luck—they might make a landfall.

But while the sun was rising steadily and turning yellow from its dawn redness, the day brought a ship, too.

The men on the thwarts saw it first, for it came from astern, out of the south. They rose from their thwarts and gaped at the lines of her with respect akin to awe. And, at last, when she was definitely a reality, they broke out in a hoarse and ragged cheering which quickly faded, leaving them breathless and exhausted. They sank back, letting their oars hang in the sea. Mr. Holmes turned, had a look at her. She was there without a doubt; she had seen them without a doubt; it was all over. Twenty thousand tons of her, all trim, white, and clean against the sea. She was a passenger ship.

"From the south," someone said. "They mighta picked up Miguel. He floated south that way. They mighta picked him up."

Mr. Holmes began to feel cold again. He tried to smile as if to show gratitude at rescue, but his face felt as though it were cracking, as though the wind and water had worn his skin into leather. The hearty communion, the indefinable bond he had felt with his men suddenly dissipated. They were staring at him. All those eyes again, all retreating from him, regarding him as though he were a freak. He felt confused. Rescue had come a trifle too soon to justify his actions, and yet he had been right. These men had admitted him right.

But now he didn't know what to think. He felt alone. They sat on their thwarts without talking, sometimes whispering to each other and staring at him.

He turned to the cook beside him in the stern and he gripped the cook's shoulder hard and said, like a beggar, "I did right. Tell me I did right, Cookie!"

The cook, watching the ship, turned back. He met the mate's eyes and quickly looked away. His own eyes were stony; he was afraid. He had sat too close to Mr. Holmes and had talked with him too much. That was a thought, that was a thought. He slowly left the stern and crept forward until he could take a place astride a thwart among the other men. There he folded his hands in his lap and sat very still.

Mr. Holmes said sharply, "I did right. Damn you all, you

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know I did right! We'd never have weathered last night with that supercargo aboard."

"It's not for us to say, sir," the cook replied, wetting his lips and tasting salt on them. "We had no hand in it. It was your responsibility. Ye said so yourself, sir. We obeyed orders, that's all, under threat o' death, we did. It's not for us to say. It's for the law."

The cook shivered as he sat there. He thought—while Mr. Holmes held the lifeboat off toward the lee of the approaching steamship—that the mate at the tiller looked as alone and solitary as anything in heaven or earth, and he shivered for Mr. Holmes again. They all kept staring at the man; they could not take their eyes off him as he slumped in the stern, his right arm hooked around the tiller, his gaunt and terrible face hollowed as if he had fasted for a year and lived to tell the tale, his sea-shrunken hands trembling quite openly, his stern gray eyes troubled and dismayed, still fixed upon the movement of the sea while he held them off the wind and waited patiently.

That is the story. Here is Miss Lewerth's adaptation:

SEVEN WAVES AWAY

1 *Biz.—Radio signal . . . operator's voice faint . . . SOS* Andorra Star . . . *SOS* Andorra Star . . . *rapidly sinking . . . SOS* Andorra Star . . . *can't hold out much longer . . . SOS* Andorra Star . . . *SOS . . . fade into wash of sea . . . out of this into thematic music . . . fading into sound of wind and lapping of water on boat . . . running sea as it rises and falls against the boat . . . this sound continues throughout . . . building and subsiding but always the water and the plash of the boat . . . up*

2 ANNOUNCER.—On a vast expanse of lonely tossing sea, a single lifeboat pulls away from the sinking ship. Thirty-three human beings crowd her thwarts—thirty-three human beings watching their ship go down—the ship that brought them this far and left them to the merciless will of the sea. In the stern of the lifeboat sits a man—his hands already stiffening on the tiller, his weight fighting the smothering weight of the waves, his eyes staring into the rolling grayness ahead. It is Dusk of the First Day—(*Wind and sea up and hold as background for following*)

3 HOLMES (*throughout until end he is to be cold and restrained*).—Can you see her, Cookie?

4 COOKIE.—Aye, sir, I can see 'er. She makes a lovely sight against the sky.

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5 HOLMES.—Is she going?
6 COOKIE.—Aye, she is that. She's standin' on her stern like a turnin' spout. She'll slide in quick any minute. You ought to look back at her.
7 HOLMES (*shortly*).—I'm looking ahead—with this tiller in my hands. (*Rush of wave . . . moan in*) Look to the captain, there, will you?
8 COOKIE.—He's come to—it's his jaw—broke, I guess—and bleeding a little.
9 CAPTAIN (*with great effort*).—Has—she—gone—down?
10 COOKIE.—Not yet, sir—but any minute. Take it easy there, sir—you can't move. (CAPTAIN *groans*) And ye can't see her when we're in the trough.
11 HOLMES.—She must be sinking fast, Cookie—I can see it in their eyes—like ice—frozen— (*Big wash of sea . . . murmurs of fear . . . whimpers from people*)
12 COOKIE.—Aye—it's cruel. The sea's running heavy, too. (*Wash of sea*)
13 HOLMES.—And it's rising. I've had the feel of it in my hands here. The boat don't handle close at all.
14 COOKIE.—No—sir—we're almost sunk to the gunwales. (*Wash of sea*)
15 HOLMES (*breathing heavily*).—Cookie—there are too many people in the boat.
16 COOKIE.—Ye can't do nothin' about that, sir.
17 HOLMES.—Thirty-three—and there ought to be sixteen—we could turn awash with one good one.
18 COOKIE.—Aye—it's only praying and pulling that'll get us out of this.
19 HOLMES (*breathing heavily . . . fear in voice*).—One good —wash— (*Sea in*) (*In control of himself*) Can you still see her, Cookie?
20 COOKIE.—There was some of 'er, sir—still blowin' on the surface. Wait and I'll take a look—
21 *Biz.—Voice from boat . . . slight off.*
22 BIG JOE.—She's gone! Oh, she's gone! (*Gasps from people . . . ad libs. . . . murmurs of fear*)
23 COOKIE (*in*).—She's slid in, sir. She done it neat as a cockroach, she did. Between the swells, sir. One swell, and she was still there, another and she weren't. She's gone for sure now.
24 HOLMES (*hollowly*).—Then we're really—alone.
25 COOKIE (*trying to cover his own fear . . . not believing what he says*).—For a while maybe— I guess Sparks got a call out all right. They'll be here. We don't have to worry none.
26 HOLMES (*grim*).—No—we don't have to worry. Only this

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boat loaded to the gunwales—that'll sink if anybody moves —only thirty-three mouths to fill with a cask of water and some hardtack— (*Wash of sea*)

27 COOKIE (*gloomily but resigned*).—Aye, sir.

28 HOLMES.—You know how far a cask of water goes—Cookie?

29 COOKIE.—Don't be thinkin' on it, sir—it's a black outlook.

30 HOLMES.—It's a thousand miles to land—too—a thousand miles— (*Wash of sea*)

31 COOKIE (*horror and surprise in voice*).—Lor'—sir—what you got there!

32 HOLMES (*very quietly*).—It's my gun, Cookie—just shifting pockets to keep it dry.

33 COOKIE.—A gun—sir! Is it loaded?

34 HOLMES.—Of course it's loaded. A man has a solid feeling, Cookie—when he's got a gun against him. (*Wash of sea . . . passengers off . . . voices of crew . . . rougher off . . . "She's heavy pulling . . . She's deep" . . . etc.*)

35 CAPTAIN (*groans . . . hoarse*).—Mate! Mate!

36 COOKIE (*in low*).—Don't be twisting like that, sir!

37 CAPTAIN (*hoarsely*).—Mate!

38 HOLMES.—Yes, Captain?

39 CAPTAIN.—I'm not well. Hear me, Mate? I'm not well.

40 HOLMES.—I'm right here, sir. Have you any orders, sir?

41 CAPTAIN.—I'm sick. I'm sick to my stomach with pain. (*Wash of sea . . . he groans*) I cannot take command, Mr. Holmes. The ship is yours—do you hear me?

42 HOLMES (*quietly*).—Mine? Sir—she's mine?

43 CAPTAIN.—Yes—and you've got our lives in your brain, now, Mr. Holmes. It's a thousand miles to land—and you've got to see her through. She's your command. The cook's a witness. (*Fainter . . . with effort*) Keep—her —safe!

44 HOLMES.—Cookie—you heard that!

45 COOKIE.—Yes, sir—I'm a witness, sir—you're in charge.

46 HOLMES (*half to himself*).—I'm—in charge! (*Up unsteadily*) Thank you, Cookie— (*Quietly*) Men—McCruddy, Big Joe, Harris, Jano—I'm in command—you heard— and we'll have to pull—hard and steady—the boat's— crowded . . .

47 *Biz.—Assents up . . . rough from men in boat . . . wash of sea up and fade here . . . following slightly off.*

48 BIG JOE.—It'll be a bitter battle—we're deep in the water.

49 MCCRUDDY.—Yes—she's bubbling past us—right at the gunwale.

50 HARRIS.—The oars stick deep— (*Over effort of rowing*)

51 BIG JOE.—Look out you don't bury her—or you'll scuttle the boat.

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52 *Biz.—Fade voices into wash of sea. Creak of oarlocks . . . fade wash of sea down . . . following off.*

53 CABIN BOY (*young*).—Mr. McCruddy—Mr. McCruddy?

54 McCRUDDY (*gruff*).—Yes, lad—what is it?

55 CABIN BOY (*scared but trying to cover it*).—We'll make it all right—won't we, sir?

56 McCRUDDY.—You can only hope, lad—if this sea dies down —we'll be all right—and if Sparks got the message out. Hold up your chin, there—now.

57 CABIN BOY.—Yes—I am—sir—but I'd like to help at the oars, sir.

58 McCRUDDY.—Now sit still—and take it easy. You're too little, lad—

59 CABIN BOY.—No—I'm not, sir—I'm getting my seaman's papers—next trip.

60 *Biz.—Wash of sea . . . heavy . . . woman cries out . . . next a little more off mike.*

61 MAN.—There, Anna—steady—

62 ANNA (*moans*).—Oh, I'm ill— I can't stand it—can't stand it . . . (*Voice mounting*)

63 MAN.—Shhh—Anna—shhh—you must hold on—we're here —at least—and alive.

64 SECOND MAN (*elderly . . . low off*).—Lucy—open your eyes—open your eyes—you're here in the boat—safe— you're not going down—I'm here, Lucy—I'm here—

65 THIRD MAN (*fear making him hysterical*).—We've got to find a ship—I've got a wife at home—and two kids— they're waiting—we've got to get out—got to—

66 FIRST MAN (*low*).—Take it easy—man—there are three women here—listening to you.

67 BILLY (*young boy*).—What's he saying, mother—what is it?

68 MOTHER.—Nothing, Billy—we're all right now—keep your head against me.

69 BILLY.—But, mother—I'm cold—

70 MOTHER (*fear in voice*).—I know, dear—I know—but mother's here—close.

71 BILLY.—Mother—will it last long?

72 MOTHER (*in deadly fear but controlled for son*).—No, son—

73 BILLY.—It's getting dark—and the boat goes up—and down so— (*Scared to death and beginning to cry*) Mother—take me home—I want to go home!

74 MOTHER (*desperately controlling herself*).—Billy, be brave —just a little while longer—the ship's coming, son— soon—

75 SECOND MAN (*voice mounting*).—Ship! What ship can see us in this sea—what ship can reach us before *it* gets us—

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(*mounting*) the boat on its belly—and us—us—down there! (*Women gasp . . . cries of terror*)

76 HOLMES (*right in mike . . . cutting through sound of sea and voices*).—Shut up—you fools! (*Voices out cold . . . noise of sea and rising wind . . . creaking oarlocks . . . Hold . . . then* HOLMES *. . . half terror . . . half prayer*) God— God Almighty!

77 COOKIE (*alarmed*).—What is it, Mr. Holmes?

78 HOLMES.—I was just thinking—Cookie—just thinking. It's almost night—and I'll have to steer by the feel of her—and she doesn't steer—she's not answering the tiller—COOKIE—*she's too crowded*—

79 *Biz.—Sound of wash of sea and wind up . . . and out into sound of sea again . . . thematic music up . . . into wash of sea.*

80 ANNOUNCER.—*Night*—the emptiness of the seas and sky was filled now—with a blackness that surrounded the lifeboat like a dark wet cloth—the passengers crowded on the thwarts drew closer—the oars beat wearily, steadily into the churning, white-scudded water—the man at the tiller let his eyes move from the white faces of the passengers to the white flecks on the sea—

81 COOKIE.—It don't look much better, Mr. Holmes.

82 HOLMES.—No—it's blowing worse.

83 BIG JOE (*sailor*).—And black as pitch, too— I never knew when I shipped the sea could look like this.

84 MCCRUDDY (*engineer*).—It looks different when you've got ten thousand tons under you. Is the tiller pulling, Holmes?

85 HOLMES.—No—she's riding heavy—too heavy.

86 BIG JOE.—Mother Mary—if we only last this night.

87 MCCRUDDY.—We have to last this night—we have thirty-three people we've got to see through.

88 HOLMES (*to himself*).—Thirty-three—aye—thirty-three—and there should be sixteen—thirty-three—to weigh her down till her gunwales are awash— (*Wash of sea in . . . shouts*) Bail—do you hear me—bail—she's coming in on us! (*Rough assents up in distance*)

89 BIG JOE.—Aye—they're bailing—but their backs are breaking—and their hands are frozen.

90 HOLMES (*fear in voice*).—Let your hands freeze—we've got to keep afloat. (*Wash of sea . . . heavy*)

91 COOKIE (*in*).—God, Mr. Holmes—ye can't see them comin' —and then they're on you—like a black wall. (*Wash of sea*)

92 HOLMES.—Bail! Bail!—again! We'll have to keep it up—to keep her head free—or the next roller will go over us. (*Heavier wash*)

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93 COOKIE (*breathless with fear*).—That one almost turned us, Mr. Holmes!

94 HOLMES (*low*).—Look—Cookie—when the lightning flashes —their faces—they're yellow with fear!

95 COOKIE (*chattering*).—We're all afraid, Mr. Holmes—and you know it.

96 MCCRUDDY (*tense*).—If we last till dawn there should be a ship. (*Heavier wash of sea*)

97 HOLMES (*terror in voice*).—Cookie!

98 COOKIE.—Oh—ye scared me, sir—with that hand. What is it?

99 HOLMES.—Do you see *that*— (*Wind . . . cries above it*) Look!

100 COOKIE.—Aye, sir—whitecaps—a blow's coming—we'll be lucky if we finish this night alive. (*Roar of wind and rain and water up*)

101 HOLMES (*hoarse*).—Then you know, Cookie—you know we haven't a chance— (*Tense and low*) But, Cookie—we would have—we wouldn't be going down—*if we were lighter!* (*Shout from way off through wind*) What is it—what is it, Cookie?

102 COOKIE.—It's the quartermaster, sir— It's Jano.

103 HOLMES (*shouts against the wind*).—Yes, Jano—what is it?

104 JANO.—One of the women has died— (*Break in voice*) They say one of them is dead.

105 HOLMES.—Sit still—do you want to overturn us. (*Wash of sea . . . wind . . . as it passes*) Which one?

106 JANO.—Mrs. Williams—the one we picked from the sea a while back.

107 HOLMES.—Sit still, sit still— I warn you to sit still, Jano—do you want to drown us!

108 COOKIE (*close in . . . over wind*).—It's one of the women, sir—did you hear?

109 HOLMES (*tense*) (*roar of water*).—Look to the oars—here comes another comber—like a—wall! (*Grunts . . . tremendous energy*) I'll—brace—the—tiller— (*Quick intake breath of fear . . . screams from passengers*)

110 COOKIE (*breathing hard*).—We made it, sir—just. She's—still—righted.

111 HOLMES.—Yes—she's righted— (*Calls . . . fear in voice*) Jano!

112 JANO.—Sir?

113 HOLMES.—You will have her body passed over the side.

114 JANO.—A nasty sort of a job right now, sir.

115 HOLMES.—Over the side—put her close to the bow so that we'll not ship a sea—and take care—the water is right at the gunwales—look alive, there!

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116 MAN (*off . . . moan*).—Lucy—Lucy—they can't— (*Gasp of breath*) She's gone! (*Sobs*) Lucy—
117 JANO (*up*).—She's gone, Mr. Holmes.
118 HOLMES (*hard voice . . . covering fear*).—All right—sit still now. (*Low*) She ought to ride better now—that's some weight gone.
119 COOKIE.—She ought to, sir.
120 MCCRUDDY.—With thirty-three people here—there's little difference with one gone. The gunwales are still awash.
121 BIG JOE.—God help us to bring them ashore, Mr. Holmes—it was bad letting her go—like that.
122 COOKIE.—Bad! Don't say that! (*In*) It was the only thing to do, sir—don't feel no regret.
123 HOLMES.—Regret? What is it you're saying, Cookie?
124 COOKIE.—The woman—sir—you couldn't do nothin' else.
125 HOLMES.—Oh—the woman—no—no—I'm not sorry. (*To himself*) I could do something—else—I could do—the pistol's in my pocket—and it's loaded—I could do something else.
126 MCCRUDDY.—What are you saying, Holmes?
127 HOLMES.—I'm saying—we'll have to wait till morning for something—to save us.
128 COOKIE.—If we can wait until morning—she has the feel of a water-soaked log now—and she don't recover none at all.
129 HOLMES.—She'll last this night, I'll make her last this night if it cracks her ribs in half. The morning may bring a ship.
130 COOKIE.—The morning may bring a blow.
131 HOLMES (*grimly*).—Then something—will be done— Look to the captain, Cookie—you're letting his head roll.
132 COOKIE.—The captain ought to 'a' been put in the bilge, sir—he's powerful heavy. Something will be done, ye say—there ain't nothing you can do!
133 MCCRUDDY.—No—and that's a fact—only bail—and row—it's all we got left to do, Holmes.
134 BIG JOE.—And pray— I was never a one for my prayers—sir—but maybe we ought to use 'em now.
135 COOKIE (*scorn*).—Pray! That don't cut no ice in the face of death, Big Joe. What can ye do, Mr. Holmes—what *can* ye do?
136 MCCRUDDY (*nerves frayed*).—Shut up—can't you see Mr. Holmes is going all he can with the tiller—trust that we'll get through, that's all.
137 HOLMES.—You heard my words—all of you—something will be done—in the morning.
138 *Biz.—Thematic music up again and into wash of sea.*

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139 ANNOUNCER.—*Dawn of the Second Day*—sunless dirty dawn breaking on a raging sea—
140 *Biz.—All passengers talk faintly off.*
141 BILLY (*whimpers*).—Mother—mother—
142 MOTHER.—Hush—hush—what is it—
143 BILLY.—I'm afraid, mother—I dreamed—I dreamed—we turned over, mother—and it was—wet—and cold.
144 MOTHER.—There, there—Billy—we'll be safe soon—safe, when the ship gets here. It's coming— (*Voice breaks*) It'll be here soon, Billy.
145 MAN (*tense*).—It's almost light enough to see now—there should be a ship.
146 SECOND MAN.—I think we've been here forever—this awful boat—we've got to be saved—got to be.
147 THIRD MAN.—Lucy—they had to let you go— Lucy—I can't go back without you—
148 FIRST MAN (*aside*).—He's delirious— (*Up*) There, Mr. Williams—take it easy.
149 *Biz.—Wash of sea . . . voices fade in thunder of sea.*
150 MCCRUDDY.—The men are almost exhausted, Mr. Holmes—they're bailing—but they're losing.
151 HOLMES.—Aye—it would take double their weight and muscle to hold her head against this sea. (*Shouts against the wind*) Pull on the oars—men—you've got to give us more weight— Pull!
152 COOKIE.—The wind's shifted, sir—and the clouds are rolling in.
153 HOLMES (*quietly . . . deadly earnest*).—For a cook, you have uncommon good sense as a sailor.
154 COOKIE.—That's not surprising, sir—I been three years a hand fishin' the Banks outa Gloucester.
155 HOLMES (*still deadly*).—Then you know the sea—
156 COOKIE.—Aye—sir—I know—what—men do.
157 HOLMES.—How do I hold her, Cookie?
158 COOKIE.—Ye hold 'er well, sir, well and good for one who's learned on steam. I've not doubt ye could take us to land from this very spot—if yer craft could stay afloat, this is. (*Terrific wash of water*)
159 HOLMES (*terrified*).—Over the gunwale—that one! Bail—for God's sake—and, Cookie—hold with me here—against the tiller—we've got to bring her head—(*grunts*) up!
160 *Biz.—Ad libs from passengers . . . slightly off.*
161 BILLY (*whispers in terror*).—Mother—Mother—I'm thirsty—
162 MOTHER.—No, no, Billy—not now. Billy—(*hysterically*) Billy—don't look at the sea—think—(*panting*) think of

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your games—think of Jack home waiting for you—and the bicycle . . .

163 MAN (*dully*).—I got two little girls home—waiting for me —pretty, too—

164 SECOND MAN (*wash of sea*).—There'll be a ship—soon—it's daylight now.

165 HOLMES.—You're a man of the sea, Cookie—you know— when something—must be done.

166 COOKIE (*understands but afraid . . . can't decide . . . too much for him*).—I—I don't know, sir.

167 HOLMES.—I've marked my time. I can't hold off any longer. I've a responsibility, do you hear me, Cookie? I gave them until morning to find a ship to pick them up, but it's daylight now and no ship.

168 COOKIE.—I hear what you're saying, Mr. Holmes.

169 HOLMES.—I've got to follow my mind. I believe in it, I think it is right. A life against lives. It's the honest thing to do. I'm master. I'm to save my ship and men as best I know how. And this is all I know.

170 COOKIE.—I hear you, sir—I hear you.

171 HOLMES.—If the boat were lighter, we could weather this sea.

172 *Biz.—Wash of sea . . . roar of wind . . . wash of sea comes in . . . as it subsides there is the murmur of passengers again.*

173 MAN.—I think your son is asleep.

174 MOTHER (*tense . . . strained*).—I hope so— I hope he sleeps until we're out of this. It's too dreadful for him— he'll never forget it.

175 MAN.—I hope we all get out of this . . . (*Woman moans*) Anna—what is it?

176 ANNA.—I'm ill—John—too ill— I want to die. (*Wash of sea*)

177 MAN.—But it's daylight, Anna—the ship's coming soon.

178 ANNA.—The ship—(*hope in voice*) to take us back—John —home—(*trailing*) home—

179 SECOND MAN.—I'm old—old—sixty-five now—but I want to get home—I want to see my wife again—she'll be waiting —I want to tell her—I'm all right.

180 THIRD MAN.—There are so many of us—but the crew is working—they'll get us out—if we've lasted the night.

181 FIRST WOMAN.—I believe that— I believe God won't let us die now—it's been too long.

182 MAN.—Look at the man at the tiller—his face looks like death!

183 *Biz.—Wash of sea and wind . . . and transition back to* HOLMES *on mike.*

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184 HOLMES.—Yes—there's a way to lighten this boat.
185 COOKIE (*questioning*).—Yes, sir?
186 HOLMES.—A way—and we'd best see it through while we've got the wood afloat under our heels. (*Voice up*) Everybody—keep your eyes here! Their—eyes—Cookie—staring —how they stare!
187 COOKIE.—How they look, sir—and their faces washed out to white.
188 HOLMES (*trying to cover excitement*).—Listen to me! Is there a soul aboard who disputes my command?
189 COOKIE.—You're master, sir. The captain is down and out, we're all witnesses to that.
190 JANO (*from middle of boat*).—You're master, sir—there's none to dispute it.
191 HOLMES.—Then get this!
192 COOKIE (*horrified*).—A gun, sir!
193 HOLMES.—Yes—a gun. And I'll shoot the first man who disobeys me. That is understood?
194 *Biz.—Wash of sea . . . ad libs faintly from passengers in boat.*
195 MOTHER (*in horror*).—A gun—he can't!
196 MAN.—He's gone mad!
197 SECOND MAN.—He'll sink us all! (*Etc., ad libs. of horror up and fade into wash of sea*)
198 JANO (*nearer mike*).—Put the gun away, Holmes! Are you out of your head?
199 HOLMES.—I've got to talk fast before the next wave drowns me out. I'll keep the pistol close—you've not heard me out yet. We must face this situation. We must accept the fact that we got out no distress signal, there is no proof we did.
200 *Biz.—Ad libs again from passengers.*
201 MAN.—No radio message—
202 SECOND MAN.—No ship coming—
203 *Biz.*—BOY *cries.*
204 MOTHER (*choking*).—Billy—we'll be all right—keep your face down, Billy—keep it down— (*Wash of sea again*)
205 HOLMES (*up again*).—There will be no rescue ship. We are nearly a thousand miles due east of land. I warn you now, this craft is doomed if she stays loaded as she is. (*This to be spoken very dully . . . coldly . . . bluntly . . . as if from newspaper*) The next sea or the next or the next and we will all be drowned. If she were lighter—(*catches breath . . . wash of sea*) if she were lighter she could endure it, she could do anything—a row for land or a passing ship. The craft must be lightened.
206 JANO (*over wind . . . shouting*).—You're daft! You can't lighten this boat without sending someone over the side.

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207 HOLMES.—Then it's over the side with some of you. What else—

208 COOKIE (*in terror*).—Look out! Here comes a big one! (*Roar of sea . . . faint screams of passengers . . . grunts of men*)

209 JANO (*desperately . . . struggling with words*).—I'll be no party to it.

210 HOLMES (*doesn't hear him . . . steady voice . . . fighting for control of himself*).—The weaklings must go. The ones who are no use. We want the men who'll row a thousand miles to land, who'll not fall faint when the food gives out. (*Wash of sea . . . passengers in . . . off mike in background*)

211 MAN.—He means to murder us!

212 MOTHER.—He can't—they won't let him—

213 MAN.—He's mad! (*Wash of sea*)

214 JANO (*over sea . . . shouting*).—It's wrong! You can't do this, Holmes. It's murder!

215 HOLMES (*very quietly*).—No—that is not murder. This is murder—the weight of a pair of weeping women—a child —the weight of three seasick men. This weight, so useless —so completely useless, is murder. It will swamp this ship and kill others who have a right to live.

216 McCRUDDY (*horror-stricken*).—No, Holmes—no! I say— NO!

217 HOLMES (*continuing deadly calm and quiet*).—There are living in this boat who want to keep on living. It is the right of self-preservation and I believe in it. It is murder not to believe in it. Murder to keep this supercargo aboard and kill the chances of every soul here.

218 JANO (*screaming*).—You can't do it! You can't throw a woman to the sea.

219 HOLMES (*deadly quiet*).—Will you volunteer to go in her place? (*Pause*) Will you? (*Pause*) You don't answer. All right then—the wind is freshening, and the seas are rising. It goes worse. We've little time enough before she swings around and takes one on the beam to capsize us. I'll not have all hands die to save the few unfitting. Those are orders. Slide the women over the side when we drop in the next trough and mind you're careful not to ship a sea in the doing. Look alive!

220 FIRST WOMAN (*From back of boat*) (*screams*).—You can't —you can't send me over—you can't!

221 HOLMES (*in*).—Quartermaster! You have your orders.

222 JANO.—Be damned to them! I'll have no part of them. I'll take my chances with the weak aboard. It's women and

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children first to be saved. That's always been the law of the sea!

223 HOLMES.—You've no choice. I've ordered you.

224 JANO.—Be damned to you, sir.

225 HOLMES.—I'm ordering you, Jano. (*Very quietly*) Slide the women over! (*Women begin to sob and moan . . . protests from men*)

226 JANO.—No, sir—I won't. (*Explosion of gun . . . dead silence except for sound of sea . . . great wash of sea . . . gasps of breath*)

227 COOKIE (*low . . . fascinated . . . breathless*).—You did it, sir—you—shot him!

228 HOLMES (*ignoring him*).—Torano, Smith, Harris—slide the quartermaster over the side.

229 MCCRUDDY.—Holmes, you win—but it's murder!

230 HOLMES.—Torano, Smith, Harris—slide that woman over the side.

231 HARRIS (*in rough wild voice*).—I can't do it, sir! I'll slide the dead off the beam any time, but I can't drop a living body overboard that way!

232 HOLMES.—Harris, you're a strong lad, and we'll need you in the boat. I ask you again to assist. I am ordering you and the responsibility is mine.

233 HARRIS (*almost numb . . . gasping . . . horror-stricken*).—Very well, sir—very— (*Voice is drowned in tremendous surge of water*)

234 COOKIE (*shouts over crash*).—She'll not last another like that!

235 HOLMES.—Get the woman over! Then bail, Harris!

236 MAN (*off . . . in passengers' group*).—You can't—she's ill—she's ill—Anna— (*Fainter*) Anna—

237 ANNA (*screaming . . . but very faint*).—Don't—don't—let me go—let me— (*Splash and crash of sea up*)

238 MAN.—God—she's gone—she's gone—gone!

239 HOLMES (*in*) (*voice deadly cold*).—The other woman—you on the portside, Big Joe—McCruddy, Dannemore! Quick—quick—before another crest!

240 MOTHER (*choking*).—Billy—Billy—spare him—spare him—he must live—Billy— (*Crash of water*)

241 HOLMES.—Bail, men—bail—we can't stay up much longer. Now let the boy go.

242 TORANO.—He's light. He don't weigh nothin' at all. I know. I gotta kid like dat t'home.

243 HOLMES.—Over the side. Now—the old man—and the one next to him— (*Wash of sea*)

244 COOKIE (*in frozen, unreal voice . . . very low to* HOLMES).—It makes a difference. Her head's lifting a little.

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245 HOLMES.—I'm not through . . . Miguel Certa . . . You were a good deckhand and you're strong but—your arm is broken. You won't last.

246 MIGUEL (*quietly*).—I'd like a chance in the sea—I'd like a life preserver, please.

247 HOLMES (*shortly*).—Give him a life preserver. (*In almost pleading tone*) You understand, Miguel, don't you? You know what I'm doing?

248 MIGUEL (*coldly*).—I know what you're doing—and may your soul be damned for it. I hope you live through this. They'll hang you for it. (*Wash of sea*)

249 HOLMES.—The cabin boy next—Johnnie Merritt!

250 CABIN BOY.—Oh, God, sir—let me stay, sir. I'll do my turn at the oars—I'll row till my hands break, but give me a chance, sir, I'm young—

251 HOLMES.—You're too little—you haven't the strength to pull an oar. You'd drink the water and eat the food. It's the row, lad, it's the row I'm thinking of, the row to land from this spot. We've got to have a craft to do it—and the right men to man the boat, no dead weight. Over you go, lad—will you have a life belt?

252 CABIN BOY (*shrilly . . . terrified*).—I don't want to go.

253 HOLMES (*grimly . . . hanging on to himself*).—Men! (*Wash of sea and wind*) She's riding easier now—she's feeling the tiller— (*Sharp*) Cookie!

254 COOKIE (*horror still numbs him*).—Yes, sir.

255 HOLMES.—Can you slide the old man off?

256 COOKIE.—The captain, sir—you're ordering me!

257 HOLMES.—Is he conscious?

258 COOKIE.—No—he ain't that, sir.

259 HOLMES.—Slide him— (*Splash . . . rush of sea . . . wind and oarlocks up . . . hold down to background again*) Now then—keep the oars going. Give her steerage-way and she'll ride. She's got what she wants now—and she'll hold to.

260 COOKIE.—She rides beautiful—ye could sail this bug clear to China now.

261 HOLMES.—She works well with the wind. If this wind blows itself out, we'll be able to lay a course for the mainland. We might even jury-rig the boat with a makeshift sail, there's rope and clothes enough to fashion one. I did right, Cookie—saving of twenty-two through the loss of ten. I did right, didn't I, Cookie?

262 COOKIE (*guardedly . . . from this point on everyone turns away . . . repelling him instinctively*).—She rides beautiful—she bites in like a Banks fisherman, she does. She'll float, sir.

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263 HOLMES.—I did right, didn't I, Cookie?
264 COOKIE.—I ain't the one to say, sir.
265 *Biz.—Wash of waves and wind in . . . slowly diminishing . . . into theme music . . . and back to sea . . . very quiet and subdued in sharp contrast to tumultuous seas of previous part . . . very quiet . . . men dull . . . hushed.*
266 ANNOUNCER.—*Dawn of the second day*—
267 BIG JOE (*over creak of oarlocks*).—There's a red sun coming up, Mr. McCruddy. Look in the east.
268 MCCRUDDY.—That means good weather—the grayness is fading—
269 COOKIE.—Aye—and the seas are dropping—just a roll now. It'll be calm before noon.
270 MCCRUDDY.—The boat goes easy—with luck we might make a landfall.
271 BIG JOE.—If we don't see a ship first—the storm's blown itself out—they might see us now.
272 COOKIE.—Aye—and we've still got a sturdy boat beneath us.
273 MCCRUDDY (*breathless*).—Wait—look—
274 BIG JOE.—What—what—it is—a ship! (*Shouts*) Men—a ship! (*Ad libs and tremendous hoarse cheering*)
275 COOKIE.—Look at her—she's coming this way—all trim—and white—and clean. *Look* at her!
276 MCCRUDDY.—A passenger ship—and she's seen us—it's over—it's over— (*More cheering . . . relief*)
277 MAN (*through cheering*).—She's from the south. Maybe they picked up Miguel—he has a life belt—
278 SECOND MAN (*wanting to believe it*).—Aye—maybe they did—he had a chance—he floated south. They could have picked him up. (*More cheers up, then down . . . oars*)
279 HOLMES (*voice very old . . . very tired . . . almost like voice from grave . . . haunted*).—Cookie!
280 COOKIE (*very cold . . . remote*).—Yes, sir.
281 HOLMES (*begging*).—Cookie—I did right. Tell me I did right, Cookie!
282 COOKIE.—I'm not the one to say, sir.
283 HOLMES.—Don't move, Cookie—stay here—where are you going?
284 COOKIE (*quietly*).—I'm going to sit with the men, sir—on the thwarts—to—pull.
285 HOLMES.—I did right. Damn you all, you know I did right. We'd never have weathered last night with that supercargo aboard.
286 COOKIE.—It's not for us to say, sir.
287 MCCRUDDY.—It was your responsibility, Holmes.
288 HOLMES (*very old*).—My responsibility—I saved you—didn't I? I saved you! All of you—

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289 BIG JOE.—You threatened us, sir.
290 HOLMES.—But you're here—and that ship is on its way to take you home—don't you see—I was right—I did right—
291 *Biz.—Pause . . . lap of sea . . . creak of oarlocks.*
292 HOLMES (*pleading*).—McCruddy— (*Silence*) Big Joe— (*Silence . . . voice mounting in pleading as he calls each name . . . until last names are wrenched from him . . . painfully*) Harris— (*Pause*) Smith! (*Pause . . . desperate*) Torano! I saved you—don't you understand—I saved you—Cookie—I did right! You know it!
293 COOKIE.—We obeyed orders, that's all—under threat o' death, we did. It's not for us to say who's right—it's for the law—
294 HOLMES (*very cold and numb . . . half to himself as impact of it all sinks in*).—You've turned against me—you've turned against me now the ship's coming—all of you—but I did right—I did right— (*Voice breaking . . . not convinced . . . trying to persuade himself*) I'll tell them—All alone I'll tell them—they'll know— They'll know—I—did—right— (*Sound of waves quietly lapping at boat . . . oarlocks . . . fade into thematic music . . . out*)

The first problem this story presents is that of characters. Whom shall we bring into sharp relief as foils for Holmes's spoken thoughts? We must obviously use Cookie as the antagonist—and the main action must be between Cookie and Holmes—with Holmes's responsibility emphasized. Then we must go into the boat and establish clearly at least two or three men who will have definite parts—and who will live in the radio program. For the picture of our boat we must have more than the impression of men, officers, and passengers crowding the thwarts. So we choose Cookie to play against Holmes—and McCruddy, Harris and Big Joe. We must now make Holmes speak his thoughts and express his fear without the others actually realizing what he means. But we need something that will tell the audience and Cookie what Holmes is thinking about. The gun is the dramatic device. And it must come early in the play to make the audience realize the full horror of Holmes's position. We therefore write in dialogue that tells the audience as well as Cookie that Holmes is carrying a gun. With this established, Holmes's repeated murmurs that there are too many people in the boat acquire the necessary dramatic and sinister significance.

Our next problem is to create interest in the people in the boat. In the story the passengers are shadowy—they never live.

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But we are so concerned with the workings of a man's brain that we do not miss them—what is happening to Holmes is more important than what happens to them. On the air we cannot probe this brain to such an extent—and the horror of the story must be brought out by what happens—human beings thrown into the sea. We therefore move from Holmes to the passengers in the boat—and make them live—give them families—and interests—and fear—and the will to survive. To point this up further we take the cabin boy and plant him in the early part of the story. We let him tell about the papers for his next trip.

Now we have established the dramatic elements—a problem—the threat of danger—our main character—and his antagonists. The problem in writing is to vary and build the scenes, so that the story moves forward: (1) the situation; (2) the death of a woman and mounting fear of the passengers with Holmes's promise to do something; (3) the climax with Holmes forcing them out of the boat; (4) the waiting for the ship—Holmes a courageous but broken man. The story divides naturally and builds steadily as a live dramatic story, as well as a psychological one. By keeping this outline clear, and at the same time following the actual description and dialogue of the original, the story holds together. The danger we must avoid is the danger of losing our characters and the logical development of the plot in the relentless and monotonous wind and sea and storm.

Again the end of the story presents the difficulty of the beginning. Here we have a crushed and lonely man, yet we must make him show it through speech. So we have to build his agony, his calling on his comrades—and by letting only silence answer his calls we establish the personal disaster which now confronts him, the disgrace which he must face alone.

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CHAPTER XIV

CHILDREN'S PROGRAMS: BASIC ELEMENTS OF THE JUVENILE SCRIPT

ONE afternoon a year or two ago I was working in my office when a caller was announced. She was a woman a few years under middle age, very purposeful in address and severe of appearance. "I am the Bide-a-Wee Mother from Rockabye Street," she said threateningly, and handed me a folder of scripts. These I was to read while she waited. "There's a new trend in children's programs," I was informed. "You'll see what I mean in the synopsis." I couldn't make much out of the synopsis so I asked her to come back later in the week, hoping the new trend would reveal itself during the interval. This did not happen.

The Bide-a-Wee Mother, it seems, had been talking to a psychologist who, in turn, had been reading a book, writing an article, making a survey, and thinking. I do not believe either one of them had ever seen a child at close range. The theory of their new trend was that the land of make-believe could and should be perpetuated through adolescence and that once this land of make-believe was fixed in the adolescent mind, it would carry over—in the course of generations—into the adult mind through the simple medium of ancestral memory.

There may be a point here but if there is, I do not think it has anything to do with radio's responsibility to the American child. Most of us would admit that there is such a thing as a grown-up who lives in a land of make-believe. Some of these grown-ups are in politics and some are in asylums, but none is in the tide of productive and responsible work. Hence the theory would not seem a proper regimen for a child. I said so to the Bide-a-Wee Mother. She felt sorry for me and left, probably for Rockabye Street.

The point I have here tried to make is this, that there is not a new trend in children's programs and there isn't going to be a new trend until there is a new trend in children. And this does not seem to be imminent. There is another point too: it is just

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as important for the writer of children's programs to know his own customers as it is for the commercial sponsor to know his. Both are selling something. Neither can command an audience until his show is right for them, and the child will tune out just as quickly as the adult, and he will do so the instant the program leaves his own sphere of reality.

Determining what this sphere is can be made as complex as we wish. I would prefer to keep it as simple as possible. We all realize, of course, that factors of age, environment, health, diet, heredity, temperament, and time of day are involved in the question of children's broadcasts, and I have heard their programs discussed and analyzed from all these angles and from many others less germane to the subject. Nothing startling or revolutionary ever came of it. The reason nothing came of it was because the underlying problem was being pushed aside, the simple truth of it was being muddied up with irrelevance. In the interests of better programs for children, we may make this basic statement: *the same elements which make a good show for adults will appeal to youngsters, but these elements must exist in smaller doses.*

Children like romance and menace and excitement. They like heroes and they like villains. They like to see virtue rewarded and wickedness punished. They applaud honesty, bravery, and integrity. In these respects they differ in no way from adults. But here is where they do differ: the child's villain does not have to be flogged through the fleet for his punishment. The child is satisfied if evil is soundly reprimanded. He is satisfied if all the bad people are banished. If he is a seven-year-old, nothing can be more exquisitely punitive than to enchant our "heavy" into a tree or a hop-toad. There is an elemental cruelty in all children and they enjoy seeing their victims in those situations which are humiliating and painful to themselves.

The Amateur's Commonest Mistake

Most amateurs when writing radio scripts for children make the mistake of writing *down* to the children. This is a fatal error and it explains the failure of over ninety-nine per cent of these efforts. Never try to write down to anything. Especially never try to write down to a child. It presupposes insincerity and no good work ever comes of it. Children spot this at once. When adults write down to what they think is the child level of comprehension, they write mush. Children won't

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take this. They don't like it and they won't listen. They can understand far more than most writers think, and when their attention is engaged by a broadcast, they listen with a concentration that is a rebuke to their elders. If the story is real to them, they are with it from one end to the other, taking all the parts. They can keep track of innumerable characters. They are quick to appreciate a situation. They are more "of" it than adults can ever be. If adults could participate in the same way the child can, and participate to the same degree, there would never be such a thing as a drama critic. Maturity brings detachment, but the child is soldered to his moment.

Because the child is so quickly transportable, he accepts fantasy as naturally as he breathes. He endows his first pet with the power of speech. All of his toys are conscious beings and he gives them all a name. He scolds, dresses, feeds, and exercises them, and in every way concerns himself with their welfare. His fantasy is even more fantastic than this. For him, flowers will dance, trees will eavesdrop, stumps will become dragons when the sun goes down. These are his realities, and his playtime will exact a conference from a weed in the garden as readily as it will from the postman. Their fantasies do not seem to change as the years pass. Children go on being pretty much what they used to be. According to the American Library Association *Treasure Island* is still the juvenile best seller and has been for the past thirty years. And *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* are the next two in ranking.

Amateur writers, iconoclasts, faddists, and Rockabye people are perhaps tempted to believe that children change according to the temper and the tempo of their day. They point out that youth goes in for the machine age in a big way, that even their very tricycles are streamlined. All this is true but none of it means much. It means only that the child's frame of concepts reflects in miniature the life that surrounds him in his youth. Roman children played with cut-down battering-rams and scaling ladders. I used to have an Indian suit. My nephew has a camouflaged caterpillar tank with a conning-tower which opens automatically to produce a gunner who fires a burst of sparks from a machine gun. An observer then rises up, revolves slowly, and peers at the damage through binoculars. Gunner and observer disappear, the conning-tower closes, the tank turns around and comes back, belching its own smoke screen from a hole in her tail assembly. All this is done with

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only one winding. It is quite possible that the entire Maginot Line will be for sale by the time this book appears.

The battering-ram, the Indian suit, the tank, these are not vanes in the wind. They point nowhere. They belong to the externalism of all children, not to their inner weathers. Their world is their own and in it their coin of reality and their coin of fancy is always transferable at par. With equal readiness they kick the table that bumps them, then weep when their goldfish die. This is the way children are. No one can do much about it and the intelligent writer of children's programs does not try to.

One of the most intelligent of these writers is Nila Mack. She is Director of Children's Programs at CBS and has been in this capacity for many years. She brought a full talent to radio when she entered the field, having been at one time or another a first-string actress and playwright. One of her program creations—"Let's Pretend"—has been on the air every week for over eight years and is an established institution with the younger audience. Miss Mack writes, produces, and directs these broadcasts and frequently takes some of the roles. In her writing she works always from within the sphere that is reality for all children. We are going to look at one of her scripts, an adaptation of "Rumpelstiltskin," and investigate its merits. But first here is the story as originally told by the Brothers Grimm:

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

There was once a miller who was very poor, but he had a beautiful daughter. Now, it fell out that he had occasion to speak with the King, and, in order to give himself an air of importance, he said: "I have a daughter who can spin gold out of straw."

The King said to the miller: "That is an art in which I am much interested. If your daughter is as skillful as you say she is, bring her to my castle tomorrow, and I will put her to the test."

Accordingly, when the girl was brought to the castle, the King conducted her to a chamber which was quite full of straw, gave her a spinning-wheel and winder, and said, "Now, set to work, and if between tonight and tomorrow at dawn you have not spun this straw into gold you must die." Thereupon he carefully locked the door of the chamber, and she remained alone.

There sat the unfortunate miller's daughter, and for the life of her she did not know what to do. She had not the least idea how to spin straw into gold, and she became more and more distressed, until at last she began to weep. Then all at once the door sprang

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open, and in stepped a little mannikin, who said: "Good evening, Mistress Miller, what are you weeping so for?"

"Alas!" answered the maiden, "I've got to spin gold out of straw, and don't know how to do it."

Then the mannikin said, "What will you give me if I spin it for you?"

"My necklace," said the maid.

The little man took the necklace, sat down before the spinning-wheel, and whir-whir-whir, in a trice the reel was full.

Then he fixed another reel, and whir-whir-whir, thrice round, and that too was full; and so it went on until morning, when all the straw was spun and all the reels were full of gold.

Immediately at sunrise the King came, and when he saw the gold he was astonished and much pleased, but his mind became only the more avaricious. So he had the miller's daughter taken to another chamber, larger than the former one, and full of straw, and he ordered her to spin it also in one night, as she valued her life.

The maiden was at her wit's end, and began to weep. Then again the door sprang open, and the little mannikin appeared, and said, "What will you give me if I spin the straw into gold for you?"

"The ring off my finger," answered the maiden.

The little man took the ring, began to whir again at the wheel, and had by morning spun all the straw into gold.

The King was delighted at sight of the masses of gold, but was not even yet satisfied. So he had the miller's daughter taken to a still larger chamber, full of straw, and said, "This must you tonight spin into gold, but if you succeed you shall become my queen."

"Even if she is only a miller's daughter," thought he, "I shan't find a richer woman in the whole world."

When the girl was alone the little man came again, and said for the third time, "What will you give me if I spin the straw for you this time?"

"I have nothing more that I can give," answered the girl.

"Well, promise me your first child if you become queen."

"Who knows what may happen," thought the miller's daughter; but she did not see any other way of getting out of the difficulty, so she promised the little man what he demanded, and in return he spun the straw into gold once more.

When the King came in the morning, and found everything as he had wished, he celebrated his marriage with her, and the miller's daughter became queen.

About a year afterwards a beautiful child was born, but the Queen had forgotten all about the little man. However, he sud-

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denly entered her chamber, and said, "Now, give me what you promised."

The Queen was terrified, and offered the little man all the wealth of the kingdom if he would let her keep the child. But the mannikin said. "No, I would rather have some living thing than all the treasures of the world." Then the Queen began to moan and weep to such an extent that the little man felt sorry for her. "I will give you three days," said he, "and if within that time you discover my name you shall keep the child."

Then during the night the Queen called to mind all the names that she had ever heard, and sent a messenger all over the country to inquire far and wide what other names there were.

When the little man appeared the next day, she began with Caspar, Melchior, Balzer, and mentioned all the names which she knew, one after the other; but at every one the little man said: "No, no; that's not my name."

The second day she had inquiries made all round the neighborhood for the names of people living there, and suggested to the little man all the most unusual and strange names.

"Perhaps your name is Cowribs, Spindleshanks, or Spiderlegs?"

But he answered every time, "No, that's not my name."

On the third day the messenger came back and said: "I haven't been able to find any new names, but as I came round the corner of a wood on a lofty mountain, where the fox says good night to the hare, I saw a little house, and in front of the house a fire was burning; and around the fire an indescribably ridiculous little man was leaping, hopping on one leg, and singing:

"Today I bake; tomorrow I brew my beer;
The next day I will bring the Queen's child here.
Ah! lucky 'tis that not a soul doth know
That Rumpelstiltskin is my name, ho! ho!"

Then you can imagine how delighted the Queen was when she heard the name, and presently afterwards the little man came in and asked, "Now, Your Majesty, what is my name?" At first she asked:

"Is your name Tom?"

"No."

"Is it Dick?"

"No."

"Is it, by chance, Rumpelstiltskin?"

"The devil told you that! The devil told you that!" shrieked the little man; and in his rage stamped his right foot into the ground so deep that he sank up to his waist.

Then in his passion, he seized his left leg with both hands, and tore himself asunder in the middle.

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The original story has five characters: the miller, the miller's daughter, the king, Rumpelstiltskin, and a messenger. Nila Mack's adaptation invents eight more: a councilor, two pretty girls, a page, a nurse, the baby, and two riders. Through her invention of the councilor she has been able to give the king an excellent characterization and to supply him as well with a useful stooge. The original king was almost entirely without characterization, his only recorded trait being avarice. This is no good for radio. It is no good because our heroine cannot very well throw herself away on a doddering Silas Marner and keep her audience happy at the same time. Miss Mack ingeniously takes care of this by making him a comedy character, one of the most extreme cases of absent-mindedness ever seen. Even when he threatens Winifred, as he does indirectly in cue 125, the children cannot take him too seriously, for he has just forgotten the name of his own kingdom again. But because his child-wife runs off in distraction, the children in the audience will take him seriously enough, and this is just what we want.

Miss Mack has also invented the wife-picking scene, which has two good uses: it emphasizes the king's insolvence and it prepares Winifred for a better entrance. And throughout the whole the adapter has kept her people in character. Everybody works, the councilor as a sort of on-stage prompter, the king as a harmless bungler, and the palace crew as utility props whose frequent little businesses help to keep things in motion.

Another thing which this adaptation has done—and I hope by now the student himself would have seen the same opportunity—is to dramatize the actual discovery of Rumpelstiltskin's name in the little scene with the riders. The reader may wonder whether the king's forgetfulness won't finally begin to pall, especially when it reaches such absurd extremes as forgetting that he himself is the king. No. This is perfectly safe, and with children of the age group to whom this show is sent (5-11), the thing keeps getting funnier and funnier. ("What won't he forget next?") He convulsed the Playhouse audience when this show was performed, and when "Let's Pretend" made a single announcement to the effect that there were five hundred available seats for the next program, fifty-six hundred letters arrived within three days.

Here is Miss Mack's fine treatment of the story:

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LET'S PRETEND

"Rumpelstiltskin"

1 ANNOUNCER.—Hello there, boys and girls. Do you know what time it is? (*Chime*) There's the clock telling us it's ten thirty and that means—time for—"Let's Pretend." Here they are. (*All voices fade*)
2 CAPTAIN.—Hey, youngsters. (*Voice stop*) You heard Mr. —— say—it's time for "Let's Pretend."
3 PAT.—And so, Captain Bob?
4 CAPTAIN.—And so let's decide what story we are to play today.
5 ESTELLE.—Captain Bob—may I make a suggestion?
6 CAPTAIN.—You certainly may, Estelle.
7 ESTELLE.—We've had so many letters asking for Rumpelstiltskin. How about doing that one?
8 ALBERT.—Now you are talking!
9 CAPTAIN.—You evidently like that story, Albert.
10 ALBERT.—I think it's a peach.
11 CAPTAIN.—How about the rest of you—want to play Rumpelstiltskin? (*All voices agree*)
12 CAPTAIN.—All right—we're set for the story. Now how shall we go to the land of "Let's Pretend"? Whoa! (*Kids laugh*) Beat you to that one. Jackie Kelk— Suppose you say!
13 JACKIE.—How about roller skates?
14 CAPTAIN.—Now there's a brand new way to go! Everybody here want to roller skate? (*All kids agree*)
15 CAPTAIN.—All right. Line up! Watch out. One—two—three— (*Whiz bang*) We're off!
16 *Biz.—Four dozen pairs of roller skates . . . music cue . . . rap on door.*
17 KING (*off mike*).—Well—well—well—come in! (*Door opens and shuts*)
18 COUNCILOR.—Good morning, Your Highness. Will you arise now?
19 KING (*yawns*).—Good morning! Is it time to get up, Councilor?
20 COUNCIL.—Yes, Your Highness. As a matter of fact it's quite late. Today, if you will recall, you are to interview the maidens.
21 KING.—Interview what maidens? What do you mean?
22 COUNCIL.—Surely, you haven't forgotten, Your Highness, that you have summoned all the marriageable maidens to the palace so that you may find one suitable to be your wife!

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23 KING.—Oh! So I did. Hum! Oh, what made me do that, Lord Councilor? I can't remember.
24 COUNCIL.—You said you *must* marry, Your Highness, and that you wanted a wife who was not only beautiful, but one who could give you a noble dowry as well.
25 KING.—Did I say all that?
26 COUNCIL.—Yes, Sire.
27 KING.—I'm getting more absent-minded every day! Don't know what I'd do without you, Lord Councilor. Why did I want a maiden with a noble dowry—do you know?
28 COUNCIL.—Yes, Sire. Because our royal coffers are very low.
29 KING.—Our royal coffee is low?
30 COUNCIL.—No, Sire, our coffers.
31 KING.—Well, now that I'm up, call my dresser. (*Gong strikes*) What's his name—I can't remember.
32 COUNCIL.—William, Sire.
33 KING.—Oh, William—tell him to—what did I want him for?
34 COUNCIL.—To assist you to dress, Your Highness.
35 KING.—Oh, yes. Well, tell him to clear up this dresser when he comes. I can't find a thing on it. My heavens above, I've grown a black beard overnight! Look!
36 COUNCIL.—Your pardon, Sire, that isn't the mirror in your hand, you have the hair brush.
37 *Biz.—Music cue.*
38 *Biz.—Girls' voices fade in laughing and chatting.*
39 COUNCIL.—Young ladies! Young ladies! His Highness cannot hear anything for your chattering. He asks you to be less noisy.
40 LOUISE (*laughs*).—Pardon us, Lord Councilor, but you see it isn't every day we are invited to the palace.
41 FANCHON.—Oh, what type does he want, Lord Councilor? (*Ad lib.*) Does he prefer the dark hair of Louise or do you think my golden braids will appeal to him most?
42 LOUISE.—Oh, I hope he chooses me. I look so well in a crown.
43 FANCHON.—How do you know?
44 LOUISE.—I cut one out of paper and have been practicing how to wear it for days.
45 FANCHON.—I wouldn't have to practice on the crown but the royal train would trip me before I walked three steps.
46 KING.—Councilor! Councilor!
47 COUNCIL.—Yes, Your Highness.
48 KING.—Leave those charming ladies for a moment and come here! What is the name of this country?
49 COUNCIL.—This is the Kingdom of Yaltoria, Sire.

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50 KING.—Yaltoria?
51 COUNCIL.—What did you want to know for?
52 KING.—It was for when I decided which maiden I would choose for Queen, I have to tell her she has been chosen as Queen of—what did you say?—oh, yes—Yaltoria.
53 COUNCIL.—That's right, Sire.
54 KING.—Well, call the ladies over. Bring the dark one first.
55 COUNCIL.—Mademoiselle Louise! His Highness has asked that you come to the throne.
56 LOUISE.—Oh, yes, gladly.
57 FANCHON (*calling away from the mike*).—I suppose I ought to wish you good luck, but I hope he likes blondes best.
58 COUNCIL.—Your Highness! This is Louise.
59 *Biz.—Loud raps on door.*
60 MILLER.—Let us in. I must see His Royal Highness, the King. Let us in!
61 KING.—What's going on out there?
62 COUNCIL.—It's someone pounding on the outer door, Sire.
63 KING.—What for? Who does he want to see?
64 MILLER (*off mike*).—Let me in. I must see the King.
65 COUNCIL.—He says he must see the King, Your Highness.
66 KING.—Well, where is the King? Get him. Stop the noise. Find the King for him.
67 COUNCIL.—But, Sire, *you* are the king!
68 KING.—What? Oh! He wants to see me! Very well then, let him enter.
69 COUNCIL.—Come in! Come in!
70 *Biz.—Door opens and shuts.*
71 WINIFRED.—Oh, don't, Father, please don't!
72 MILLER.—Silence!
73 KING.—Well, my friend, after all that noise and pounding you'd better have something important to say.
74 MILLER.—I have, Your Highness. Ever since the Town Crier read the announcement that you sought a wife, I have been trying to get my daughter to come to you. But she is backward, Sire, she is modest, and I have had to bring her myself.
75 WINIFRED.—Oh, Sire, you mustn't believe anything he says. It isn't true, really it isn't!
76 MILLER.—Be quiet, Winifred.
77 KING.—Well now, let's get this settled. Wait a minute. Councilor, what are all these girls doing in here?
78 COUNCIL.—You sent for them, Sire. They are the—
79 KING.—Oh, yes. Well, tell them to get out for a while—to excuse me. I want to hear what this man has to say. Besides, his daughter is much the prettiest—so if she has

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other charms as well as beauty, I think perhaps I won't have to see the others. (*Councilor and girls ad lib . . . door opens and shuts*)

80 MILLER.—Oh, Sire, she has a most unusual gift! Listen, Sire— (*Very confidential*) She can spin flax into pure gold.

81 WINIFRED.—Oh, Father! Please, Sire, I—

82 MILLER.—Silence, Winifred!

83 COUNCIL. (*confidentially*).—Sire, if she can do this, she is sent from heaven. As I told you, our coffers are low and we need gold—we need it very badly.

84 KING.—So we do. And moreover, she's very, very pretty and will make a charming queen.

85 MILLER.—Oh, yes, Your Highness, she will grace your throne.

86 KING.—Very well. Your daughter shall be made comfortable here in the palace. Tonight she shall have a spinning wheel placed in her room and tomorrow, if she has spun the gold as you say she can, then I shall marry her and she shall become Queen of—

87 COUNCIL. (*whispers*).—Yaltoria.

88 KING.—Of Yaltoria. But should she fail to do what you have promised, then you both shall pay for this falsehood with your lives. Do you understand?

89 MILLER.—Very well, Your Highness. I—I—I don't need to stay, do I? My mill wheel is idle—I must get back to it.

90 WINIFRED (*crying*).—Oh, Father, how can you leave me here to die?

91 MILLER.—Spin the gold for the King, my dear! I shall be at your wedding. Goodbye. (*Door slams*)

92 KING.—Now then, Councilor, take her to the Royal Suite. See that she has everything to make her happy and comfortable.

93 *Biz.—Music cue. Winifred's voice fades in crying . . . rap on door.*

94 WINIFRED.—Come in! (*Door opens*) Oh, who are you—and what do you want?

95 RUMPELSTILTSKIN.—First tell me what's wrong, miller maid. Why do you weep?

96 WINIFRED.—Because tomorrow I am to die. And I did so want to live and be happy!

97 RUMPEL.—And why do you die!

98 WINIFRED.—Either I must spin this flax into gold or the King will have me killed tomorrow. And I can't even spin. (*Cries*)

99 RUMPEL.—What will you give me if I do it for you, miller maid?

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100 WINIFRED.—Can you spin flax into gold, little man?
101 RUMPEL.—If I am interested I can do it. What have you got to give me?
102 WINIFRED.—Why—this ring. It's really lovely. See! Will you take that?
103 RUMPEL.—Yes, that's a pretty ring. Very well, I will. Get up, and when the dawn appears you will have pure gold to give the King.
104 WINIFRED.—Oh, thank you, little man, thank you.
105 RUMPEL.—Here I go! (*Sound of spinning wheel whirring loudly*) Wheel, wheel, turn and fold all the flax to shining gold.
106 *Biz.—Wheel continues . . . music cue . . . raps on door.*
107 WINIFRED (*yawns*).—Who is it?
108 COUNCIL.—The Lord Councilor, Mademoiselle. The King is approaching. Be ready to let him in, please.
109 WINIFRED (*laughs*).—I am ready, Councilor.
110 COUNCIL.—Then open the door. (*Door opens*) His Royal Highness, the King!
111 KING.—Good morning, Winifred. What did I come here for, Councilor?
112 COUNCIL.—To see if the maiden had spun the flax into gold, Sire.
113 KING.—Sure enough, I did. Well then, young lady, let me see what a spinner you are.
114 WINIFRED.—Here is the gold, Your Highness. Just as you asked me to spin it.
115 KING.—By Heaven, she has done it! Look, Councilor, every bit of flax has been transformed into shining gold.
116 COUNCIL.—This is indeed a miracle, Sire. The floor is covered with gold! Now, if I may remind you, Sire, you must fulfill your promise made to her father and her.
117 KING.—All right, but, Councilor, a word with you. (*Lower tone*) I think, since our treasury is so low, it would be well to have this lovely lady spin some more gold. Don't you think that's a pretty good plan?
118 COUNCIL.—Yes, Sire, it is an excellent one. But will she do it?
119 KING.—She must! I still have some authority here. Winifred!
120 WINIFRED.—Yes, Sire.
121 KING.—Today, we will be married, as we agreed yesterday. *But*—once more must you spin gold for us!
122 WINIFRED (*very much alarmed*).—Oh, no, no—
123 KING.—I command it. And in the meantime, Councilor, make all preparations for the wedding. (*Laughs*) I have a pretty, talented wife.

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124 WINIFRED.—Oh, please have pity on me, Your Highness. Don't ask me to spin the flax again.
125 KING.—Silence! Remember I'm the King of—don't tell me —I know. I'm the King of Yaltoria. My word is to be obeyed. Prepare for the wedding ceremony, and then to the spinning wheel and woe be unto you should you fail!
126 *Biz.—Music cue.*
127 WINIFRED (*crying*).—Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?
128 *Biz.—Rap on door.*
129 WINIFRED.—Come in!
130 RUMPEL. (*opens door*).—What's the matter, miller maid? In tears again?
131 WINIFRED.—Oh, little man, I'm glad to see you! Indeed I am in tears—and for a good reason. Look! Twice as much flax that must be spun into gold, or my life will be the penalty. Oh, little man, help me, I beg you!
132 RUMPEL.—What have you to offer me this time as payment?
133 WINIFRED.—My new necklace the King has sent me as a wedding gift! See, it's very handsome.
134 RUMPEL.—It is really lovely!
135 WINIFRED.—Take it! And start to spin. It will soon be dawn. Please hurry!
136 RUMPEL.—Very well. Here I go. (*Sings as before . . . spinning wheel begins*) Wheel, wheel, turn and fold all the flax to shining gold.
137 *Biz.—Music cue.*
138 COUNCIL.—So you see, Sire, something has to be done immediately.
139 KING.—What's the greatest trouble, Councilor?
140 COUNCIL.—We must have money. May I make a suggestion? Can you not have the Queen do her magic spinning just once more and so save us from financial ruin?
141 KING.—That sounds very reasonable. In fact, it's an excellent idea! Send for Her Highness!
142 *Biz.—Gong strikes . . . door opens.*
143 PAGE.—You rang, Lord Councilor?
144 COUNCIL.—Yes. Commend me to Her Highness, the Queen, and ask her if she will attend His Majesty in the Throne Room at her earliest convenience.
145 PAGE.—Yes, Lord Councilor.
146 *Biz.—Door shuts.*
147 COUNCIL.—Now then, Your Highness, for the sake of our whole Kingdom urge her to do this immediately.
148 KING.—Urge her to do what?
149 COUNCIL.—Why—spin the gold, Sire.
150 KING.—Oh, yes—I forgot.

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151 *Biz.—Door opens.*
152 PAGE.—Her Royal Highness, Queen Winifred.
153 *Biz.—Door shuts.*
154 WINIFRED.—You sent for me, my King?
155 KING.—No, but I am glad to see you, my darling.
156 QUEEN.—Why—the page told me you had asked for me to attend you here. I hastened to come.
157 COUNCIL.—Sire, don't you remember? You have a favor to ask of Her Highness.
158 KING.—Oh, yes, I have. Of course I sent for you, my dear! I do seem to be getting more absent-minded every day.
159 WINIFRED (*laughs*).—Never mind, you're a darling and your Queen is very fond of you. Now what is it you wanted?
160 KING.—Leave us, will you, Lord Councilor? I want to speak with Her Highness alone.
161 COUNCIL.—Yes, Sire, but you won't forget what it was you were to ask her?
162 KING.—Certainly not! What was it?
163 COUNCIL.—Why—
164 KING.—Never mind—I remember.
165 COUNCIL.—Yes, Sire.
166 *Biz.—Door shuts.*
167 KING.—Now then, my sweet. We have been married—how long?
168 WINIFRED.—A half a year, my dear.
169 KING.—Have you been happy?
170 WINIFRED.—Oh, very happy, my dearest. You are so kind and loving. I am eager to make you happy always.
171 KING.—Then you have already answered what I am about to ask.
172 WINIFRED.—What is it, my lord?
173 KING (*coughs a little nervously*).—My Lord Councilor tells me that I have overestimated the gold in our treasury, and—
174 WINIFRED (*fearfully*).—Oh, my dear, do not ask me to *spin* again! I beg of you.
175 KING.—But, my love, that's exactly what I *must* do!
176 WINIFRED.—Oh, I was afraid of this. Just when we were so happy. And now—what shall I do?
177 KING.—Why, the only thing a loving wife, a loyal queen, could do, Winifred. Spin your flax and save the Kingdom from poverty and misery! Come, Winifred, say you will.
178 WINIFRED (*crying*).—I would do anything I could for you, my husband! I will try—that's all I can promise.
179 KING.—Thank you, dear! And tomorrow we'll be rich again!

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180 *Biz.—Music cue . . . clock strikes three.*

181 WINIFRED (*crying*).—Oh, little man, little man, come to me! I need you more than ever before. Suppose he doesn't answer me! What shall I do! Oh, come to me, little man, help me! (*Rap on door*) Come in. (*Door opens*) Oh—come in! (*Door shuts*)

182 RUMPEL.—What's the trouble, Queen Winifred?

183 WINIFRED.—Oh! Oh, how glad I am to see you! I need your help more than ever before.

184 RUMPEL.—So? Are you to be killed if you do not spin flax into gold?

185 WINIFRED.—No, not that. But you see now I want the gold because I love my husband. And now he needs the gold—really needs it! Will you help me?

186 RUMPEL.—Well now, let me see! What will you give me this time?

187 WINIFRED.—Oh, I can give you anything you ask for this time.

188 RUMPEL.—Umh! There's a lot of work, isn't there?

189 WINIFRED.—Look, I brought my jewel box with me. Take them all.

190 RUMPEL.—I will spin the flax on one condition, Queen Winifred.

191 WINIFRED.—Oh, name it, little man. Whatever you ask is granted.

192 RUMPEL.—Very well, it is this. I am getting old and I am lonely. I would ask that you give me your first-born child to comfort me in my old age.

193 WINIFRED.—But I have no child, my little man.

194 RUMPEL.—Not now, but one of these days one will very likely come along and I will come to claim him. Is it agreed?

195 WINIFRED.—Oh, yes! Yes! Anything if you will but spin the flax for me.

196 RUMPEL.—Very well, it is a bargain! (*Sings . . . spinning wheel starts*) Wheel, wheel, turn and fold all the flax into shining gold!

197 *Biz.—Music cue . . . baby cries.*

198 KING (*laughing*).—Oh, what a face for a king's son. Look, Winifred. He's making faces at his father. Stop that youngster! Nobody can make faces at the King! (*Baby cries*) All right! All right! Have it your own way. Go ahead—make faces. How old is he now, my sweet?

199 WINIFRED.—Three months old today, my dear.

200 KING.—Well, he's a lovely baby. (*Baby cries*) All right, all right, go to your mother. I shall see you at dinner, dear.

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I think motherhood becomes you. You're prettier than ever. Until dinner then! (*Door shuts*)

201 WINIFRED.—Oh, nurse, he's a darling baby, isn't he?

202 NURSE.—In all my years, Madam, I have never known a finer baby. Aren't you, Prince Courteney? (*Baby cries*) Of course you are.

203 WINIFRED.—It's time for his food, Nurse. Please go to the kitchen and get his supper.

204 NURSE.—Yes, Madam.

205 *Biz.—Door shuts . . . rap on door.*

206 WINIFRED.—Enter!

207 *Biz.—Door opens and shuts.*

208 RUMPEL.—Well, Queen Winifred, this is my first visit when you are not in tears.

209 WINIFRED.—Oh! How you startled me! How do you do! Why have you come, little man?

210 RUMPEL.—Why have I come? You haven't forgotten your promise, have you?

211 WINIFRED.—My promise? What promise?

212 RUMPEL.—You promised me your first-born child, Queen Winifred. I have come to take him!

213 WINIFRED.—Oh, no! Don't say that! You wouldn't take my baby! You couldn't!

214 RUMPEL.—You promised me your first-born child!

215 WINIFRED.—Oh, but I didn't know what I was saying! I'd rather die than give him up!

216 RUMPEL.—Perhaps. But to be disgraced before the King. To have the King know that you have lied to him from the first day you met him? That you have given me your jewels and money if I would help you to deceive him. Would you have him know that, Queen Winifred?

217 WINIFRED (*crying*).—Oh, little man, have pity! It wasn't my fault. *I* made no such promises to the King. It was my wicked father, as you know. I love my husband, the King! I would not shame him before the whole world. (*Sobs*) But I cannot give up my precious baby. Oh, little man, have pity.

218 RUMPEL.—I am not without heart, even though you promised me on your oath that you would give me the baby. I will make a bargain with you.

219 WINIFRED.—Oh, anything to keep my baby. What is it?

220 RUMPEL.—If you can guess my name by Sunday next I will let you keep your baby and the King will never know.

221 WINIFRED.—Guess your name by Sunday. This is Wednesday night. Is your name so difficult then?

222 RUMPEL.—You will see. I will give you until one minute past midnight on the beginning of the Sabbath. If you do

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not know it then, I will take your baby and you'll never see him again.

223 WINIFRED (*screams*).—I'll find it! I'll never rest day or night until I find your name. You shan't have my baby!

224 RUMPEL. (*laughs*).—We shall see, Queen Winifred. Until midnight as the Sabbath day begins. Farewell!

225 *Biz.—Door slams.*

226 WINIFRED (*sobbing*).—Oh, merciful heavens. What shall I do?

227 NURSE.—Why, Madam! What is wrong?

228 WINIFRED.—Oh, Nurse, help me! Help me!

229 NURSE.—Gladly, Madam. What shall I do?

230 WINIFRED.—There is a man who threatens to take my baby away from me.

231 NURSE.—What?

232 WINIFRED.—I'll tell you why later. Can I trust you to help me now? Quickly?

233 NURSE.—Yes, Madam, I adore you. What can I do?

234 WINIFRED.—Find fast messengers you can rely on. Search out every name in the Kingdom. If I can guess the little man's name by Sunday next, my baby will be spared to me! List every name you can find. Hurry! Hurry!

235 NURSE.—I go, Madam! I shall return tomorrow.

236 *Biz.—Music cue . . . rap on door.*

237 NURSE.—It is I, Madam.

238 WINIFRED.—Come in quickly! (*Door opens and shuts*)

239 NURSE.—Here are the lists, Madam. The men have searched everywhere. They reported to me just now.

240 WINIFRED.—Have they started out again?

241 NURSE.—Yes, Madam. In case the name is not here, we shall surely find it by tomorrow night.

242 WINIFRED.—Pray Heaven that the name is here! (*Rap on door*) There he is! I knew it! Give me the lists. Come in!

243 *Biz.—Door opens and shuts.*

244 RUMPEL.—Well, Queen Winifred, it's the evening of the first day and I am here. Have you found my name?

245 WINIFRED.—First, do you swear to tell me when I have guessed it?

246 RUMPEL. (*laughs*).—It's safe to promise that for you can never guess my name. Yes, yes, I swear.

247 WINIFRED.—Very well, is it Sheepshanks?

248 RUMPEL.—No.

249 WINIFRED.—Crookshanks?

250 RUMPEL.—No.

251 WINIFRED.—Dobrotek?

252 RUMPEL.—No. (*Laughs*)

253 WINIFRED (*cries*).—I have only two more. Is it Kashib?

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254 RUMPEL.—No, no, no!
255 WINIFRED.—Well, then, is it Ab-Es Samad?
256 RUMPEL. (*laughs madly*).—No, you're miles away from it! I told you you couldn't guess it.
257 WINIFRED.—But I will. Come back tomorrow night. I'll find it. The Holy Mother will help me to find your name and to save my baby.
258 RUMPEL.—Until tomorrow night, Your Highness.
259 *Biz.—Laughs and fades out . . . music cue . . . door opens and shuts.*
260 NURSE.—Good evening, Queen Winifred.
261 WINIFRED.—Oh, quickly, what news? Have you a longer list of names tonight?
262 NURSE.—I have had messengers in every part of the Kingdom. Their horses are covered with foam and sweat. All day they have ridden up and down the countryside. Here, here is the list!
263 WINIFRED.—Surely it will be here. (*Rap on door*) Oh! Just in time too. Come in!
264 *Biz.—Doors opens and shuts.*
265 RUMPEL.—Good evening, Your Highness. Here I am all ready for the contest. What have you to offer me tonight for a name?
266 WINIFRED.—Tonight I am sure I have it. Is it Alrashine?
267 RUMPEL. (*laughs*).—Far from it.
268 WINIFRED.—Is it Kas-roos-ka?
269 RUMPEL.—No, no, no!
270 NURSE.—Courage, Madam, it is sure to be here somewhere. Go on!
271 WINIFRED.—Ack-med— Back-ned?
272 RUMPEL. (*laughs in glee*).
273 WINIFRED.—Only one more left! Is it—BAB MUS-TA?
274 RUMPEL. (*laughs*).—Tomorrow is Sunday—the last day! I'll be here at the stroke of twelve tomorrow night. At twelve, Your Highness!
275 *Biz.—Door shuts.*
276 WINIFRED.—Run, Nurse, for your life! Send the messengers out again. Only twenty-four hours left. Run!
277 *Biz.—Music cue . . . horses' hoofs . . . fade in and stop.*
278 1ST RIDER.—Where are we? I've never seen this woods before.
279 2ND RIDER.—Nor I. Looks ghostly. Don't think we can find any information here.
280 1ST RIDER.—Doesn't seem to be anyone to ask. It's nine o'clock besides. Only three hours left before the Queen must have the name. And we could scarcely make it if we should start now.

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281 2ND RIDER.—Oh, well, we've tried. I feel sorry for Her Highness, but what can we do?
282 1ST RIDER.—Still try until all hope is gone.
283 *Biz.—Sounds of* RUMPELSTILTSKIN *laughing.*
284 1ST RIDER.—Listen!
285 2ND RIDER.—What is it?
286 RUMPEL.—Tomorrow I brew, today I bake,
And then the child away I'll take,
For little deems my royal dame
That Rumpelstiltskin is my name. (*Laughs*)
287 1ST RIDER.—For little deems my royal dame—that Rumpelstiltskin is my name! Glory be—that's it! Rumpelstiltskin! No wonder.
288 2ND RIDER.—Rumpelstiltskin! What a name!
289 1ST RIDER.—Ride, man, for your life! Remember the name, and if anything happens to one of us, the other is sure to make it. Ride to the Palace!
290 2ND RIDER.—Right!
291 1ST RIDER.—Let's go!
292 *Biz.—Music cue . . . horses' hoofs and whoopees . . . fade out . . . clock strikes twelve . . . horses' hoofs fade in . . . stop . . . knock on door.*
293 RUMPEL.—Good evening, Your Highness. Is the baby ready to go with me?
294 WINIFRED.—Good evening, little man. The baby will be ready if I fail to guess your name.
295 RUMPEL.—Better save time then and give him to me.
296 WINIFRED.—Touch him on your life! I'll take my turn to guess your name now.
297 RUMPEL.—Very well, but hurry. I long to be off. You'll never guess it—never!
298 WINIFRED.—Is it Benjamin?
299 RUMPEL. (*disgusted*).—No!
300 WINIFRED.—Is it Peter? Paul? Cassim?
301 RUMPEL.—No! Give me the baby!
302 WINIFRED.—One more guess.
303 RUMPEL.—Well?
304 WINIFRED.—Is it RUMPELSTILTSKIN?
305 RUMPEL. (*screams in rage*).—Oh! You fiend! You sorceress! You've tricked me! You've found my name through magic. Oh! Oh! I could kill you! A demon has told you!
306 *Biz.—Sound of stamping on floor . . . floor starts to crack.*
307 WINIFRED.—Look out! The floor is breaking. Look out!
308 *Biz.—Floor cracks loudly . . . clatter and terrible commotion.*
309 KING.—What's happened here? What's wrong, Winifred?

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310 WINIFRED.—Oh, my husband, we had a caller and he was so angry when he found you were not home that he stamped on the floor until it collapsed and he disappeared into the earth.
311 KING.—Who was it?
312 WINIFRED.—His name was—Rumpelstiltskin.
313 KING.—It's just as well. I never could have remembered it anyhow.
314 *Biz.—Music cue.*

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CHAPTER XV

CHILDREN'S PROGRAMS: THE ACTION SCRIPT

VERY different in character from the fairy tale we have just seen is our next adaptation, a piece of work I particularly admire. It is Irving Crump's serialized treatment of *Treasure Island* * and is in many respects one of the most brilliant examples of radio writing I ever saw. Here indeed is the sensitive professional at his very best.

To reproduce the pace and virility of Stevenson; to give speaking reality alike to the proper Dr. Livesey and the blustering Bill Bones; to move the *Hispaniola's* company by dialogue alone through all the roaring vicissitudes of this eventful voyage, requires a writer of high feeling and high intelligence.

I have heard this story cut up and presented in several ways: complete in a single half-hour broadcast, and complete in a full hour program. It has been presented five times a week for thirteen weeks, and five times a week for twenty-six weeks. It has appeared as a series of thirteen half-hour shows, and once it ran for a full year every day from a radio station on the Pacific Coast.

A single half-hour performance is obviously inadequate, and it is equally obvious that three hundred and sixty-five shows would emasculate even this most spirited of adventure stories. Its proper length is somewhere in between. The exact length is debatable but Crump has prepared his radio treatment for an ambitious run of thirty-nine weeks, three fifteen-minute programs per week, and the samples we will look at, together with his running synopsis for half of the book, are sufficient evidence that he can keep the thing going this long without jeopardizing its quality, its suspense, or its speed.

There is a lot of good hard talk in the book itself, but there is not enough anywhere in the book to be lifted advantageously in terms of quantity. *Treasure Island* is no job of transplantation. Stevenson's dialogue comes in quick, vivid snatches. These are all so pointed and so good that they must go into any adaptation, but in actual amount they are so slender

* Reprinted in this chapter by arrangement with Irving Crump.

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as to offer little more than suggestions to the adapter. I doubt if there are more than three spots in the book where the talk runs longer than a full minute. Yet we must construct fifteen minutes of dialogue for each of one hundred and seventeen broadcasts, and we must do so by deriving our facts and our characters from a volume that is not quite two hundred pages in length.

Methods of Recognizing Expansible Passages

Let's look at the book. Stevenson has divided it into six parts, the parts averaging about six chapters each. We must now break this down again and cut the work into additional subdivisions which will approximately triple our chapter total. Some of the chapters will stand this, others will not. But a good adapter will know at once which will and which won't. A good adapter, for example, will see many opportunities in the very short chapter which is devoted to the voyage. Stevenson says in an early paragraph: "I am not going to relate that voyage in detail." He does not. We have but five pages.

A good adapter could give us a lively quarter-hour show here, however, by letting his imagination fully seize the embarkation scene which Stevenson records in the first two paragraphs. He could give us another which treated entirely of the crapulous Mr. Arrow. Stevenson tells us: "Mr. Arrow turned out even worse than the captain had feared. He had no command among the men and people did what they pleased with him. But that was by no means the worst of it: for after a day or two at sea he began to appear on deck with hazy eye, red cheeks, stuttering tongue, and other marks of drunkenness. Time after time he was ordered below in disgrace. Sometimes he fell and cut himself; sometimes he lay all day long in his little bunk at one side of the companion; sometimes for a day or two he would be almost sober and attend to his work at least passably. In the meantime we could never make out where he got the drink. That was the ship's mystery." Stevenson gets rid of Mr. Arrow a few sentences further on by having him fall overboard and drown.

Now, from the above quote where are the clues for which the adapter is searching? What looks elastic? What sentences point to scenes? And what visualizations do these sentences evoke? Surely the reader can sense three or four: Arrow in his stupor, unable to calculate the ship's position and getting her off her course, and thereby winning the anger of Smollett who

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would take him apart as beautifully as he later on takes Silver apart.

We have the sentence: "Sometimes he fell and cut himself." In your radio script have him fall, have him cut himself. This will certainly bring in Dr. Livesey with some more of that compressed tartness we enjoyed so much in those earlier passages between the Doctor and Bill Bones, those acid conversations between the sot and the scholar. Livesey in the process of bandaging him would tell him what he thought of him, and tell him, too, what liquor was going to do to him if the crew didn't do it first.

Or we could have the Squire set Jim on Arrow's trail in order to find out the source of his rum. And we could certainly spend several minutes searching the ship for him after he is reported missing. With a little invention we could make a very entertaining mess out of the fellow. These are suggestions pulled from the scanty material on Arrow alone.

With this same approach we could go through the rest of the chapter picking up each pithy incident, each flash of characterization, and provoke it into yielding more than the author has given. Consider for a moment the opportunities the parrot offers. And there are the makings of a good galley scene with Jim and Long John. There are the makings of a good scene between the Squire and Captain Smollett. We are told that they despise each other's judgments. We gather that the Squire, for all his British bravery, is a bombastic opinionated noise-maker. Then let's have some of his noise. Let's get him snorting. Stevenson gives us a good reason. It is for the adapter to make use of it. What Stevenson so often gives us as a mere adumbration is just as often convertible into a highly colored, full-length representation, and the adapter who sees these conversion possibilities is already in possession of the proper instinct.

Let us meet Bill Bones as he is introduced to us by Irving Crump in the first episode of his serial. We may assume that we have already met Jim and his parents, for it is their domestic scene which opens the story of the broadcast. They appear to be a typical eighteenth-century family of English innkeepers; the father querulous from ill-health, the mother frugal and sympathetic, the son diligent, obedient, and cheerful. Crump gives us all this in his first five minutes. As to Bill Bones, Stevenson describes the pirate in the second paragraph of his first chapter, and since our radio audience also needs to know

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this much about him, Crump has devised a perfectly simple means to effect this:

JIM.—Open the door, mother, until I brush these sweepings out into the road—

MRS. HAWKINS.—Aye. (*Click of iron latch . . . groan of door swinging open*) Mind you sweep the step stone too—

JIM.—As clean as a whistle, mother— Hello. There's Clooney Moore trundlin' his barrow up the hill— (*Cut sweeping*)

MRS. HAWKINS.—So it is. With an old sea chest in it.

JIM.—Aye. And a man walking on before.

MRS. HAWKINS.—They're coming this way too—toward the Benbow.

JIM.—Mother. This may be a guest arriving.

MRS. HAWKINS.—A sea-farin' man by the cut of 'im. (*Calling*) 'Awkins. Come 'ere. See what you make of this comin' up the 'ill.

HAWKINS (*fade in*).—Hey? Someone's comin' up th' 'ill. Huh-hum. They do look like they was layin' a course for our inn now, don't they?

MRS. HAWKINS.—Clooney Moore looks like he was fair tired out a-trundlin' of that barrow up from town, and a-bumpin' it over the cobbles— (*Trundling of barrow over cobbles. Fade in slowly and sustain until cut*)

JIM.—Better give him a tankard of ale when he gets here, father—

HAWKINS.—Huh. Ale's expensive. That do look like a seafarin' man as walks on ahead o' 'im. Cut o' 'is jib is salty—

MRS. HAWKINS.—Huh. Nothing neat about him. Tarry pigtail, dirty old blue coat, shabby hat cocked on the side of 'is head—

HAWKINS.—Tall, an' strong I should say an' a trifle 'eavy as to tonnage.

JIM.—Look at the color of his face, nut brown and—and—why, there's a saber cut across his cheek. Just look at that scar—

HAWKINS.—A cutlass done that, I'll be blowed—

MRS. HAWKINS.—Hark! He's singing!

BONES (*sings at a distance*).—

Fifteen men on a dead man's chest—
Yo-ho-ho, an' a bottle o' rum—

MRS. HAWKINS.—Not a proper song—

HAWKINS (*half-whisper*).—It's a pirut song or I never 'eard none. We've got to watch our P's and Q's wi' this bucko. (*Louder*) How-de-do, Mister—

BONES.—Hullo, maties. This is a handy cove, an' a pleasant sittiated grogshop, now I'd say.

MRS. HAWKINS.—It's more than a grogshop, Mister. It's a tavern—and respectable.

BONES.—Oh. So? Well y'do sell grog now—

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MRS. HAWKINS.—Aye. To our guests we do.

BONES (*laughing*).—Ho. Well 'ows about a sample? Just a jigger— Oh, an' one for th' boy wi' th' barrow. Belay that wheelbarrow, boy— (*Cut wheelbarrow. Thump as he puts it down*)

CLOONEY (*he's a bit of a half-wit*).—I s'pose you means stop, huh? Phew-w-w-w. It was a longish push up that 'ill—it was. A body'd think there was lead in that sea chest—they would.

BONES.—Avash there! No grumblin' atween decks or I'll reef yuhr jib fer yuh.

CLOONEY (*hastily*).—Oh, I ain't a-grumbling. Not me. I were on'y sayin' as 'ow that chest were powerful 'eavy—but there's some people as likes their chests 'eavy—they do.

BONES.—Never mind the chest. You're getting your sixpence for th' luggin' of it, ain't ye?

CLOONEY.—Oh, yes, sir. I am. That is, I thinks I am—

BONES.—Humph-h-h-h! You're gettin' it—when I'm ready to give it to ye. And now 'ow about that jigger o' rum, Mister Innkeeper? Do I get it?

HAWKINS.—That y'do. Jim, pipe th' jigger o' rum for'ard for th' gent as ain't give us 'is name yet.

JIM.—Aye. I'll get it, father—

BONES.—Lively, lad—and a swig for the boy wi' th' barrow.

JIM (*fade out as he goes back into the inn*).—I'll be back with it in just a moment.

BONES.—A likely lad that. Like th' cut of his fores'l.

HAWKINS.—Likely says you. Th' best ever. Ain't 'e me own blood an' bones? Th' on'y failin' 'e's got is a leanin' too much for studyin'!

BONES.—Studyin' says you. Whatever is 'e studyin'? Sea lawyer mayhap?

HAWKINS.—For a blessed pill roller—

MRS. HAWKINS.—The boy has a hankerin' to become a doctor—

BONES.—Saw bones, eh? 'Tis a lofty ambition for a young lad—

HAWKINS.—Too lofty for th' son o' a tavern keeper as was a swab in th' R'ile Navvie onct.

BONES.—So ho, matie—I knowed it when I conned ye in th' doorway—from th' R'ile Navvie, eh? But yuh couldn't o' served under ol' John Benbow as was mortal wounded at Cartagenie. Yuh'r not old enough for that.

HAWKINS.—Not th' blessed Benbow. 'E were kilt when I were a lad. It was under 'Awks, Admiral 'Awks, I served. Got a French ounce ball through me chest off Madagascar. (*Coughing*)

BONES.—It done ye no good I can see that. I were a swab in the Navvie meself once—but on'y once. After that, free sailin' for me—

HAWKINS.—You look like a free-sailin' gent. Whot'd you say your name were?

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BONES.—I didn't say, but y'll not rile me if yuh tag me Cap'n—Cap'n Bill Bones.

MRS. HAWKINS.—Bones. Bones. Not a fancy name.

BONES.—Ner am I a fancy man, ma'am. Plain and simple. Bacon an' eggs is what I want. Bacon an' eggs an' rum—plenty o' rum—

MRS. HAWKINS.—I could guess that. It's in your voice.

BONES.—A bit 'usky, what? That comes from th' rope they 'ad around me neck at Corso Castle.

MRS. HAWKINS.—Corso Castle? That's where they 'ung the pirates—

BONES (*laughing grimly*).—Right, ma'am. They mistook me for one. But th' rope broke. They seen they 'ad th' wrong man then so they let me go— Wherever is th' lad wi' that rum?

JIM (*fade in*).—Here, sir. A jigger for you, sir.

BONES.—Hah. Black rum too—th' kind I like— (*Glub-glub . . . he swallows it*) Har-r-r—tattoo me insides—that's a good drink. Give th' boy a drink—

JIM.—I brought one for Clooney, but he scarcely ever drinks rum, sir—a tankard of ale would be better—

BONES.—Bah. Rum it is. Give it to him—

JIM.—Yes, sir. Here, Clooney.

CLOONEY.—Rum. (*He laughs foolishly*) It's been a long time since I had any—it has— Last time it made me dizzy—yes, it did— (*Laughs*)

BONES.—An' yuh never got over it, seems like. Drink her down. 'Twon't make yuh no worse'n yuh are now.

CLOONEY (*laughs*).—I guess not— (*He drinks and strangles a little*) Whew—ugh—phew—that's 'ot—

BONES (*laughing*).—Scorched yuhr gullet, huh? That's good for yuh. (*To* HAWKINS) An' now, matie, tell me this. Does yon 'eadlands look to sea wi' a clear offin'?

HAWKINS.—Ay, ay, sir. It do. Wi' a clear offin' an' th' hull ocean ferminst yuh.

BONES.—Good. Gimme that spyglass out of th' barrow, boy, an' look lively.

CLOONEY.—This 'un. Ay. 'Ere. It's a powerful long glass too—it is. Might see clear to Chiney wi' it seems like— (*Laughs*)

BONES.—Never you mind about that. You stay here wi' th' barrow. I'm goin' up to have a look myself. Ho, there! You rat-tailed son of a sea-squid! Move your stumps and get that chest aloft!

CLOONEY.—To your room says you? Yes, sir. (*Laughing*) To 'is room 'e says. You 'eard 'im say it, Missus 'Awkins.

Stevenson did not give us Clooney Moore. He gave us only "the man who trundled the barrow." Crump gives this man a name, turns him into a character, and makes him work.

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The Hawkins family now has a good chance to discuss and describe (for us) the appearance of the stranger as he comes up the road with Clooney to the Admiral Benbow. Their running dialogue gives us a certain expectancy about Bones, and this in turn is heightened by his burst of song. We can see him now for ourselves, for the dialogue has revealed him almost exactly as Stevenson has struck him off, saber cut, pigtail, and all. Bones in his talk with Clooney next appears more of a boss than a bully, which is another true reproduction. Bones doesn't say a great deal in the book, but what he does say is characteristic and it has all found a place in Crump's lines: "I'm a plain man; rum and bacon and eggs is what I want. . . ."

Before getting rid of Bones, we glimpse enough of his stripe to be curious about him. Then he lumbers off to the headland with this spyglass and we instantly turn to Clooney to hear more. Stevenson has done it this way (and you will notice that it is again not in dialogue): "The man who came with the barrow told us the mail had set him down the morning before at the 'Royal George'; that he had inquired what inns there were along the coast, and hearing ours well spoken of, I suppose, and described as lonely, had chosen it from the others for his place of residence." Crump has turned this into the following:

MRS. HAWKINS.—'E's out of earshot on 'is way up to th' cliffs. What do you make of 'im, 'Awkins?

HAWKINS.—A seafarin' man an' you can't misdoubt that. And for all 'is bad clothes 'e's not been a man afore th' mast—not recent. 'E's a mate or skipper—

JIM.—He does seem used to giving orders.

CLOONEY.—Oh, orders? Bless me, 'e's all orders. "Do this. Do that. Stow your guff. Reef your jib." 'E all but beat me wi' a belayin' pin comin' up th' 'ill on'y 'e didn't 'ave one—

MRS. HAWKINS.—Wherever did you pick 'im up, Clooney?

CLOONEY.—At the R'yal George. The mornin' mail coach brought 'im in—it did.

HAWKINS.—But 'ow did 'e come to seek out the Benbow?

CLOONEY (*laughing*).—'E didn't. I did. 'E says to me 'e says—when 'e got off th' coach 'e says it— "Wherever is a good, quiet inn round 'ere?"

JIM.—And you said the Admiral Benbow?

CLOONEY.—Not yet I didn't. Nope. I says, " 'Ere's th' Royal George, you're a-lookin' at it—" But 'e says, "That ain't s' quiet, is it?" An' I says, "Nope, it ain't but there's th' Anchor Inn."

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MRS. HAWKINS.—That should have been the very place for 'im. Seafaring men stop there.

CLOONEY.—I told 'im that—I did. But he says, "No, sir," sharp like, "I don't want a berth where any ol' seadog's like to pop in on me."

MRS. HAWKINS.—Don't you think that's kind of strange, 'Awkins?

HAWKINS.—It do seem strange 'im not wantin' to see 'is own kind.

JIM.—Oh, he may just want a place where he can rest, father.

CLOONEY.—If you ask me, which you ain't yet, I'd say 'e was tryin' to keep from bein' seen—like as if 'e were runnin' away from somebody—on th' dodge you might put it.

MRS. HAWKINS.—Exactly, Clooney. That's just my thought.

CLOONEY.—Uh-huh. Mine too, Missus 'Awkins.

JIM.—Then did you tell him about the Benbow after he refused the Anchor Inn?

CLOONEY.—Well, yes. You mought say as I did. I says, "There's another inn out on the cove road, a longish way which'd be worth six pence to push your sea chest that far in the barrow."

HAWKINS.—'E didn't balk at th' price?

CLOONEY.—Not 'im. 'E says, "Do it serve good grog, and do it 'ave many guests?" I says, "Yes and no." 'E says, "Whatever is the name?" an' I says, "Admiral Benbow Inn." 'E says, "A good name, load aboard th' duffel." I did an' 'ere we are—

MRS. HAWKINS.—And I'm not so sure we're going to thank you for bringing him here, Clooney, before we're through with him.

CLOONEY.—Maybe not. Maybe not. And if you ask me, which you ain't, I'd say 'e looks suspicious like a pirut.

JIM.—A pirate, Clooney?

CLOONEY.—Aye, Master Jim. A pirut says I. Did yuh hear the song 'e sings?

HAWKINS.—A pirut song if ever there were one.

CLOONEY.—And th' scar on his 'ombly mug—? Yuh seen that too, didn't you?

MRS. HAWKINS.—It made 'im look like a hard man—that scar and his eyes—black and kind of glitterin'—

HAWKINS.—Well, th' scar now, 'e could of got that in th' Navvie. 'E done a fling on a man-o'-war I take it. Near to said so 'isself, didn't 'e?

MRS. HAWKINS.—Aye. But there's a point you all missed—what 'e said about that rope around 'is neck at Corso Castle. It's the place where they 'anged Robert's men,—some o' Captain Kidd's crew too.

CLOONEY.—And Flint's men—don't forget Cap'n Flint's gang. Some o' them was 'anged there—they was.

JIM.—But he said they found they were mistaken and let him go, mother.

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MRS. HAWKINS.—'E was too tough to be 'anged more like,—'e said the rope broke.

HAWKINS.—Aye. 'E did. But whatever would a pirut be doin' ashore an' up 'ere in this God-forsook back end o' Barnstable Bay?

CLOONEY.—A dodgin' of 'is persuers—

MRS. HAWKINS.—Pursuers?

CLOONEY.—Aye. King's men. Revnooers an' sech like, I'd say.

MRS. HAWKINS.—But it's 'is own kind,—seafarin' men 'e's avoidin'.

HAWKINS.—Aye. Could be that 'e's split wi' 'is gang an' they're after 'im to square accounts? You'll notice 'e's wearin' 'is cutlass 'andy—

CLOONEY (*half whisper*).—Aye. An' there's a pistol butt a-stickin' out from his belt—there is—

MRS. HAWKINS.—A pistol butt. A fine figure of a gutter puppy to have in our inn. 'E'll not have a room here. If—

JIM.—Shus-s-sh, mother. He's coming down the road from the cliff.

CLOONEY.—'E's singin' 'is bloody pirut song again too—

BONES (*singing . . . fade in*).—

Fifteen men on a dead man's chest!
Drink an' th' devil have done for th' rest—
Yo-ho-ho an' a bottle of rum—

This is a good example of the type of expansion Crump has done throughout the whole series. The reader may suspect that such an elaborate invention would sag before we got to the end. If the broadcast were meant for adults, this would certainly be true. Children, however, can take a good chunk of this without fidgeting, and especially when they are, as here, frequently reminded of the element of hazard.

THE IMPORTANCE OF VOICE VARIETY

One other factor which helps us here, too, the professional dramatist uses all the time. The student can and should appropriate this and use it whenever he is confronted with the same problem. This is the factor: character and voice variety. Each voice is different in tone and each voice is highly individualized. Clooney is an imaginative simpleton. Half of his lines will be played with earnest directness; the other half will go for the mild comedy they afford. Jim is an eager youngster, caught by the excitement of such a character as Bones. Mrs. Hawkins (a female voice) is practical, skeptical, and disgusted. Hawkins, an ex-sailor himself, temporizes; accurately spotting Bones for

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what he is in rank, he trusts the man will bear up in character as well. This is what I mean here by voice and character variety, and I believe its contribution to this scene is evident. Remember this and use it. It isn't a trick; it's horse sense. This particular scene belongs to Clooney, of course, but the others share equally in questioning him and give the scene the busy, gossipy, riddle-me-this suspense it needs, for it is all anticipatory of Bones's next appearance.

The Problem of the Static Scene

Before leaving *Treasure Island* we shall go to the island itself for a short time and look at a nice problem that Ben Gunn has handed to us. You will recall that Jim Hawkins, hiding in the marsh grass near the shore, has just witnessed the ghastly scene in which Silver murders Tom. He javelins him with his crutch, then buries a dagger in his back. Tom was on our side, so it was all very distressing. Faint with terror, Jim creeps away from the spot, then starts running wildly through the woods. This is when he meets Gunn. Stevenson gives this sequence good space, building up Jim's mounting fright before the two get close enough to talk. It is a great suspense moment: Jim unable to retreat because of the pirates behind him, and afraid to advance because of the wild man ahead.

Crump has done the only thing possible. He has put Stevenson's description of the terrified Jim into the opening narration and has started his dialogue at the point where the two characters tentatively begin to question each other. But this is not the whole of the problem. We are confronted with a two-character scene and although Stevenson has been more generous here with his dialogue than he has been almost anywhere else in the book, we do not have nearly enough to run for a quarter of an hour, and we have the additional worry of breaking it up for pacing purposes so that it won't stagnate with talkiness. Here our rules of pacing must be observed. Our situation is not unlike the problem we looked at so thoroughly in the Lighthouse story. In order to show exactly how this was done, I am going to include all the dialogue Stevenson gives us in the original, and set it down without any intervening prose. Here it is:

Jim.—Who are you?
Ben.—Ben Gunn. I'm poor Ben Gunn, I am; and I haven't spoke with a Christian these three years.

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JIM.—Three years! Were you shipwrecked?

BEN.—Nay, mate, marooned— Marooned three years agone and lived on goats since then, and berries, and oysters. Wherever a man is, says I, a man can do for himself. But, mate, my heart is sore for Christian diet. You mightn't happen to have a piece of cheese about you, now? No? Well, many's the long night I've dreamed of cheese—toasted, mostly—and woke up again, and here I were.

JIM.—If ever I can get aboard again, you shall have cheese by the stone.

BEN.—If ever you get aboard again, says you? Why, now, who's to hinder you?

JIM.—Not you, I know.

BEN.—And right you was. Now you—what do you call yourself, mate?

JIM.—Jim.

BEN.—Jim. Jim. Well, now, Jim, I've lived that rough as you'd be ashamed to hear of. Now, for instance, you wouldn't think I had had a pious mother—to look at me?

JIM.—Why, no, not in particular.

BEN.—Ah, well, but I had—remarkable pious. And I was a civil, pious boy, and could rattle off my catechism that fast you couldn't tell one word from another. And here's what it came to, Jim, and it begun with chuck-farthen on the blessed gravestones! That's what it begun with, but it went further'n that; and so my mother told me, and predicted the whole, she did, the pious woman! But it were Providence that put me here. I've thought it all out in this here lonely island, and I'm back on piety. You don't catch me tasting rum so much; but just a thimbleful for luck, of course, the first chance I have. I'm bound I'll be good, and I see the way, too. And, Jim . . . I'm rich. Rich! Rich! I says. And I'll tell you what: I'll make a man of you, Jim. Ah, Jim, you'll bless your stars, you will, you was the first that found me! Now, Jim, tell me true: that ain't Flint's ship?

JIM.—It's not Flint's ship, and Flint is dead; but I'll tell you true, as you ask me—there are some of Flint's hands aboard; worse luck for the rest of us.

BEN.—Not a man—with one—leg?

JIM.—Silver?

BEN.—Ah, Silver! That were his name.

JIM.—He's the cook; and the ringleader, too.

BEN.—If you was sent by Long John, I'm as good as pork and I know it. But where was you, do you suppose? . . . You're a good lad, Jim, and you're all in a clove-hitch, ain't you? Well, you just put your trust in Ben Gunn—Ben Gunn's the man to do it. Would you think it likely, now, that your Squire would

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prove a liberal-minded one in case of help—him being in a clove-hitch, as you remark? . . . Aye, but you see, I didn't mean giving me a gate to keep, and a suit of livery clothes, and such; that's not my mark, Jim. What I mean is, would he be likely to come down to the toon of, say, one thousand pounds out of money that's as good as a man's own already?

JIM.—I am sure he would. As it was, all hands were to share.

BEN.—*And* a passage home?

JIM.—Why, the Squire's a gentleman. And, besides, if we got rid of the others, we should want you to help work the vessel home.

BEN.—Ah, so you would . . . Now, I'll tell you what. So much I'll tell you, and no more. I were in Flint's ship when he buried the treasure; he and six along—six strong seamen. They were ashore nigh on a week, and us standing off and on in the old *Walrus*. One fine day up went the signal, and here come Flint by himself in a little boat, and his head done up in a blue scarf. The sun was getting up, and mortal white he looked about the cutwater. But there he was, you mind, and the six all dead—dead and buried. How he done it, not a man aboard us could make out. It was battle, murder, and sudden death, leastways—him against six. Billy Bones was the mate; Long John, he was quartermaster; and they asked him where the treasure was. "Ah," he says, "you can go ashore, if you like, by thunder!" That's what he said. Well, I was in another ship three years back, and we sighted this island. "Boys," I said, "here's Flint's treasure; let's land and find it." The cap'n was displeased at that but my messmates were all of a mind, and landed. Twelve days they looked for it, and every day they had the worst word for me, until one fine morning all hands went aboard. "As for you, Benjamin Gunn," they says, "here's a musket," they says, "and a spade, and pickaxe. You can stay here, and find Flint's money for yourself," they says. Well, Jim, three years have I been here, and not a bite of Christian diet from that day to this. But now, you look here; look at me. Do I look like a man before the mast? No, says you. Nor I weren't neither, I says. Just you mention them words to your Squire, Jim. Nor he weren't neither—that's the words. Three years he were the man of this island, light and dark, fair and rain; and sometimes he would, maybe, think upon a prayer (says you), and sometimes he would, maybe, think of his old mother, so be as she's alive (you'll say); but the most part of Gunn's time (this is what you'll say)—the most part of his time was took up with another matter. And then you'll give him a nip, like I do. . . . Then, then you'll up, and you'll say this:—Gunn is a good man (you'll say), and he puts a precious sight, mind that—in a gentleman born than in these gentlemen of fortune, having been one hisself.

JIM.—Well, I don't understand one word that you've been saying.

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But that's neither here nor there; for how am I to get on board?

BEN.—Ah, that's the hitch, for sure. Well, there's my boat, that I made with my two hands. I keep her under the white rock. If the worst come to the worst, we might try that after dark. Hi! What's that?

JIM.—They have begun to fight! Follow me.

BEN.—Left, left, keep to your left hand, mate Jim! Under the trees with you. There's where I killed my first goat. They don't come down here now; they're all mast-headed on them mountings for the fear of Benjamin Gunn. Ah! and there's the cemetery. You see the mounds? I come here and prayed, nows and thens, when I thought maybe a Sunday would be about doo. It weren't quite a chapel, but it seemed more solemn like; and then, says you, Ben Gunn was short-handed—no chapling, nor so much as a Bible and a flag, you says.

Compressed in this fashion the Stevenson dialogue looks hopeful because it contains so much information. But another brief glance will show us that almost ninety per cent of the talking is done by Ben. This is always the case with books which are written in the first person. What "I" says is usually dubbed in as narrative. Crump has therefore pulled most of Jim's talk from the narrative; then he has split up Ben's speeches to keep them moving. His pacing job is a good one. The show moves forward, or stands hesitantly, or jumps up or over as the moment requires. Here is what the adapter has done with this spot:

CAST:
- Jim Hawkins
- Ben Gunn (this man is nearly a half-wit)
- John Silver
- Israel Hands

SOUND:
- Click of trigger
- Crowd sounds
- Clash of cutlasses

SIGNATURE.—*Ships bells striking six bells. Bo'sun's pipe. Command*

VOICE.—All hands aloft to shorten sail.

CREW.—Ay, ay, sir!

Biz.—Running feet on deck . . . begin a chantey . . . fade back as announcer comes in.

ANNOUNCER.—Six bells and the bo'sun's pipe and once more we are with Jim Hawkins and his friends living again that famous pirate classic, *Treasure Island,* by Robert Louis Stevenson.

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You remember that when Long John Silver and the pirates went ashore for the holiday Captain Smollett had strategically arranged for them Jim Hawkins slipped into the stern of the longboat and went ashore too, and it was not until they reached the beach that Long John, in the small boat, discovered Jim's presence and tried to talk with him. But Jim, being mortally afraid of the one-legged cook, now gave him the slip and running up the beach plunged into the forest that clothed the pirate island. There, glad indeed to feel solid earth under his feet once more, he wanders at will, until soon he found himself on a hillside far back from the shore. But as he went deeper into the forest he had a spooky feeling that he was being watched and when a rattle of loosened gravel on the hillside attracted his attention he *knew* he was being followed, for there among the trees he saw the most startling apparition he had ever beheld, dodging from tree to tree and watching him with eyes that glowed with a strange wild light. For a moment Jim could not make out whether it was beast or man that dogged his footsteps. He tried to hurry back to the beach, but the creature headed him off and glided nearer. Then it was Jim saw that he was a veritable wild man of the island, clad in rags and goatskin with long beard and hair unkempt. Slowly, silently this evil-looking creature crept toward Jim and the cabin boy's heart pounded against his ribs in fear until suddenly he remembered the pistol that Captain Smollett had given him. Grasping this he leveled it at the wild man and shouted—

JIM.—Stop! Don't come a step nearer or I'll put a bullet through you! (*Click of pistol being cocked*) This pistol's loaded and ready.

GUNN.—'Ere. Wait now. Y' wouldn't shoot a man down like a dog, would yuh, lad?

JIM.—You heard what I say. If you come a step closer I fire.

GUNN.—Just one step?

JIM.—Aye. Just one step.

GUNN.—Then I'll stop 'ere an' admire you. (*He laughs a strange foolish laugh*)

JIM.—Who are you?

GUNN.—On'y Ben Gunn—poor ol' Ben Gunn. (*Laughs*)

JIM.—Well, what are you following me for?

GUNN.—Just a-admirin' of yuh, lad.

JIM.—What do you mean?

GUNN.—Oh, lad, I ain't seen nor spoke wi' a Christian these three years past.

JIM.—Oh. Then you mean me no harm, I take it?

GUNN.—'Arm. Bless your 'eart, lad, just th' sight o' yuh makes tears come to me eyes. Look now—I'm a-weepin'—ol' Ben Gunn's a-weepin'.

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JIM.—Well, I guess you're decent at heart then.

GUNN.—Decent, is it? Decenter 'n' a bishop I be—uh—huh— (*Laughs*)

JIM.—I'll put up my pistol then. But mind, if you make a mean move I'll shoot you dead.

GUNN.—There ain't a mean 'air in me whiskers, as you might say, lad. Put up the pistol. It might go hoff an' skeer us both. (*Laughs*)

JIM.—Aye— (*Click of pistol being uncocked*) There. It's uncocked. And back into my belt.

GUNN.—I feel relieved now in a manner o' speakin'. I don't like the look of a gun-muzzle no'ow. Can I come a step or two closer, lad?

JIM.—Why, yes, of course. Only I warn you if you try anything I'll be ready for you.

GUNN.—Trust me, lad—put faith in ol' Ben Gunn. Can I come still closer, lad, and—and—just feel your jacket?

JIM.—Feel my jacket?

GUNN.—Aye. It's been a long time since I seen Christian clothes— These rags are all that's left o' me own.

JIM.—Rags they are. You're a strange-looking creature in those skins.

GUNN.—Uh-huh. I be. (*Laughs*) That's a fac' I be a queer-lookin' critter. But you're a right happy-lookin' laddy. Can I pinch your cheek?

JIM.—Pinch my cheek?

GUNN.—Uh-huh. (*Laughs*) Like this. See—

JIM.—Ouch. You're not gentle—

GUNN (*laughs heartily*).—You're alive. You *are* alive. Real flesh and blood— (*Laughs*)

JIM.—Alive. To be sure. Did—did you think I was a ghost or something?

GUNN.—Aye. After a manner o' speakin'. My fancy plays me tricks at times. I've thought I've seen lads like you on this island before. But every time I tried to pinch their cheeks like that—

JIM.—Ouch!

GUNN (*laughing inanely*).—They'd always disappear. Let me try it again for sure, lad—

JIM.—Ouch. I'm alive, and real. Look, I'll pound on my chest. So— (*Thudding on chest*)

GUNN (*laughing*).—That's right. That proves it. You're alive. (*Laughs . . . stops abruptly*) Listen, lad, 'ave yuh got a bit o' cheese about you?

JIM.—Cheese? Whatever for?

GUNN.—Never mind. O' course you 'aven't. It's just I been a longin' for a bit of cheese these three years back.

JIM.—Were you shipwrecked on this island?

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GUNN.—Nay, matie. Marooned 's th' word for it. Marooned I was. Uh-huh. (*Laughs*) It's a rare punishment to give a man.

JIM.—I've heard of it. They gave you a musket and a little powder and shot and put you ashore on this deserted island—

GUNN.—That's the way of it, matie. Right to the very jot an' tittle.

JIM.—Did pirates do it?

GUNN (*suspiciously*).—Pirates? Pirates says you? What does a lad like you know o' buccaneers?

JIM.—Too much I fear.

GUNN.—Fear is the word for it, lad. But it warn't pirates as marooned me. No. It were Christian shipmates, as shoved me off 'ere in a fit o' pique. Marooned three years agone I was.

JIM.—That's a long time.

GUNN.—A lifetime, lad. A lifetime, wi' nothin' to live on but goats and berries and oysters. Where a man is, says I, a man can do for himself. But, mate, me 'eart's fair sore for Christian diet. You say you 'aven't a bit o' cheese about you?

JIM.—No.

GUNN.—No. The more's the pity of it too. Many's the night I've dreamed o' cheese—toasted mostly—and woke up again—and 'ere I was.

JIM.—I feel sorry for you.

GUNN.—And boots too. I've dreamed of them. Why, look now. You 'ave boots on—good solid sea boots too. How purty—

JIM.—They were made in Bristol—

GUNN.—Bristol, is it? (*Laughs*) A fair port—the best port under the Union Jack. I 'ad a sweetheart there name of—of— Say, what might your name be, matie?

JIM.—Jim Hawkins.

GUNN (*laughing inanely*).—Jim. Jim, a good name. Well, now, Jim, I've lived that rough you'd be ashamed to hear it. Now for instance you wouldn't think I 'ad a pious mother—to look at me?

JIM.—You do seem a long way from the church here.

GUNN (*earnestly*).—But I'm pious, Jim. Oh, very pious. And I was a civil pious boy as could rattle off 'is catechism that fast you couldn't tell one word for another. And 'ere's what it come to, Jim, and it begun wi' chuck-farthen on the blessed gravestones.

JIM.—I fear I don't know the game.

GUNN.—Well, that's what it begun with, but it went further'n that, an' I come to the bad end my pious mother predickered I would. 'Ere I am, Jim, an' 'ere I been for three long years.

JIM.—It must have been very lonesome.

GUNN (*earnestly*).—But it were Providence as put me 'ere, Jim.

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I've thought it all out in this 'ere lonely island an' I'm back on piety.

JIM.—I'm glad of that.

GUNN.—Yes, sir, matie. You don't catch me tastin' rum so much; but just a thimbleful for luck o' course first chance I 'ave, but I'm bound to be good, an' I see the way to. (*Mysteriously*) And, Jim—I'm rich, I am.

JIM.—Rich? Poor chap, I'm afraid your loneliness has—well—

GUNN.—I know. Made me touched in the brain a bit. Well, maybe a little, Jim. But not so much as you think— I'm rich! Rich, I tell you. And I'll tell you what. I'll make a man of you, Jim. Ah, Jim, you'll bless your stars you was the first to find me. Jim, you said you 'adn't a bit o' cheese about you, didn't you?

JIM.—No, I haven't, but if ever I get back on board again you shall have cheese by the stone.

GUNN.—If ever you get back on board again, says you! Why, now who's to hinder you?

JIM.—Well—

GUNN (*suspiciously*).—Now, Jim, you tell me the truth, that ain't Flint's ship out there in th' bay?

JIM.—No, Ben, it's not Flint's ship, and Flint is dead; but I'll tell you true as you ask me—there are some of Flint's hands aboard that ship; worse luck for the rest of us.

GUNN (*anxiously*).—Not a man with one leg?

JIM.—Why do you seize my wrist as if you were afraid? Do you mean Silver?

GUNN (*anxiously*).—Aye. Silver. That were 'is name.

JIM.—He's the cook. And the ringleader too.

GUNN.—Ah, lad, lad, if you was sent by Long John to find me I'm as gone as pork and I know it.

JIM.—He didn't send me. I ran away from him when we landed on the beach and hid in the woods here.

GUNN.—He's after you, is he? That's bad, Jim. Why for does 'e want you?

JIM.—I'll tell you all, Ben. That ship—you saw it in the bay yonder?

GUNN.—Watched it bein' warped in yestermorn. From the point yonder.

JIM.—Well, it was charted by Squire Trelawney in Bristol. We sailed to this island with a map of Flint's treasure—

GUNN.—Ah-hah. I begin to see—

JIM.—Yes, we're after Flint's doubloons buried on this island.

GUNN.—Right you are, Jim. This were the island—

JIM.—But Squire Trelawney did overmuch talking in Bristol and all of Flint's men heard what we were after. Silver shipped them all on board as crew—

GUNN.—Sly as a fox that man Silver.

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JIM.—They have murder and mutiny in their hearts. The other night I overheard them plotting. They mean to let us get the treasure, then take the ship.

GUNN.—It's the way o' John Silver.

JIM.—But they're some worse than him. Israel Hands, the bo'sun's, for slitting our throats now, getting the map and finding the treasure. We're facing mutiny that might break out any time.

GUNN (*laughing*).—You're a good lad, Jim, and you' all in a clove-hitch, ain't you?

JIM.—I'm afraid so.

GUNN.—Well, you just put your trust in Ben Gunn.

JIM.—What can you do?

GUNN (*laughing*).—You'll be surprised. Ben Gunn's the man to do it. Listen, Jim, would you think it likely now that the Squire you speak of would prove liberal-minded in case of 'elp, 'im bein' in a clove-hitch too, in a manner o' speakin'.

JIM.—Why, now the Squire is a most liberal man, Ben, but—

GUNN.—Aye, but y'see, Jim, I don't mean a gate to keep an' a suit o' livery clothes an' such; that's not to my mark, Jim.

JIM.—I don't understand, Ben.

GUNN.—Listen. I ain't sayin' I could—but if I was to put 'im on the track o' Flint's money—now mind you I'm not sure, but if I should, would he be likely to come down to the toon of, say, a thousand pounds for poor ol' Ben—

JIM.—Why, I dare say—even more. If you—

GUNN.—*And* a passage 'ome, Jim. D'you think 'e'd give me a passage 'ome.

JIM.—To be sure. He'll do that anyway—if we ever live to sail the *Hispaniola* again. But what do you know of Flint's money? How do you know Long John Silver so well too—? Ben, you weren't by any chance one of Flint's buccaneers?

GUNN (*laughing*).—Jim, yuh ax too many questions. I'll answer some. Not all, mind yuh, but some. Aye, I were wi' Flint. I were in the *Walrus* when he went ashore and buried the treasure; him and six along—six strong seamen.

JIM.—Were you one, Ben?

GUNN.—Saints be praised, no. We lay off this island about a week. One fine day up went the signal and here come Flint, back by himself in a little boat, and his 'ead done up in a blue scarf.

JIM.—Alone, you say?

GUNN.—Aye. There he was, alone, mortal white and bleedin' but alone. All six others dead. It was battle, murder, and sudden death on this werry island, lad—and their spirits 'aunt the place still, Jim. Nights I 'ear their voices yellin'.

JIM.—I don't believe that, Ben.

GUNN.—No. Well, I 'opes yuh never 'ear 'em. It's the manner of their dyin'. Quick and sudden with no repentin'.

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JIM.—He killed them all? The murderer.

GUNN.—But quite a man for all that, Jim. Six remember; six bigger'n me an' stronger. 'Andy wi' a cutlass too, lad—powerful 'andy. Billy Bones were our first mate and Long John he were quartermaster.

JIM.—A bloody company.

GUNN.—Bloody's th' word. When I saw the end those six 'ah come to first chance I get I slips me cable an' jumps Flint's ship. No more buckomates fer me, Jim. 'Onest seaman after that forever. That's Ben Gunn.

JIM.—But how came you back on this island, Ben?

GUNN.—I'll answer you that, but mind you ask precious little more, Jim.

JIM.—Aye.

GUNN.—Well, then, three years back I was in another ship, *Glasgow Gal,* a merchantman. We put in here for water, an' fool I was to tell my mates this were Flint Island where 'is treasure were buried.

JIM.—Did you hunt for the treasure, Ben?

GUNN.—Aye, me an' the whole crew. Twelve days we 'unted with my mates an' th' skipper 'avin' a worse word for me every day.

JIM.—And didn't find it?

GUNN.—No, and one fine mornin' all 'ands went aboard and left me on this bloody island. Marooned I was with on'y a muskit.

JIM.—But, Ben, did you see even a sign of the treasure?

GUNN.—I said no more questions, Jim. If I—hist-t-t-t-t! Listen, lad. (*Distant shouting and cheering of buccaneers . . . distinctly the clash of cutlasses*)

JIM.—That'll be Silver and his crew down on the beach.

GUNN.—Aye. An' that'll be th' ring o' cutlasses if ever I 'eard them—an' I've 'eard many, Jim. Hark now. (*Clash of cutlasses more distinct . . . also cheering . . . sustain to end of broadcast . . . fade in as they run*)

JIM.—It's a fight, Ben.

GUNN.—Someone's 'avin' a go with cold steel, Jim. Down on the beach it is, too.

JIM.—What can that mean?

GUNN.—It means there'll be more blood-lettin' on this cursed island. Come, Jim, we'll 'ave an eye full o' that.

JIM.—But I don't want to go down on the beach with Silver and his gang.

GUNN.—No need for it. From the point yonder we can see 'em.

JIM.—And not be seen?

GUNN.—Aye. We'll keep to the woods. Come on. This way.

JIM.—Not too fast, Ben. These rocks aren't easy to run over.

GUNN.—A fight like that don't last long. 'Urry.

JIM (*breathless*).—I am. I'm running as fast as I can.

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GUNN.—Through the trees 'ere. Look 'ere are some graves. This is the seamen's cetemary—

JIM.—What? Oh, you mean cemetery.

GUNN.—Aye! This way, Jim. Easy does it now.

JIM.—Aye. The shouting grows louder.

GUNN.—So does th' cutlasses, lad. 'Ere. Slide through these bushes—

JIM.—Aye. I can see the beach.

GUNN.—'Ere's a good openin'. Hi. That's a rare fight down there where the boats is drawed up.

JIM.—It's Israel Hands, the bo'sun, and—and—that looks like young Judson, fighting.

GUNN.—They're at each other's throats an' no misdoubtin'. An' the rest o' th' buckos is standin' in a circle cheerin'.

JIM.—Aye. There's young Dick. And Jo Anderson. Dirk, too. Listen to them cheer— (*Cheers . . . crowd sounds . . . clash of cutlasses*)

GUNN.—They're at it fast and furious. What a fight!

JIM.—What does it mean, fighting among themselves that way?

GUNN.—A grudge on shipboard most like, or— (*Loud clash of steel . . . single cry of pain*)

GUNN.—Hi. That was a slash.

JIM.—Ugh. Hands laid open Judson's shoulder. Look at the blood!

GUNN.—But it ware 'is left shoulder, Jim. 'E's still in the fight. Lookit 'im lay into the bo'sun.

JIM.—Aye. Go it, Judson! Go it!

GUNN.—Hist-t-t. You fool. You'll be yellin' loud enough for them to hear you next.

JIM.—Oh, I forgot.

GUNN.—Look at that lad slash. Hi. He got the bo'sun that time. Laid open his arm.

JIM.—Oh. That made Hands mad. See him lay in now. He's forcing Judson back—

GUNN.—But not too fast. The lad's retreatin' in order. There. He stops.

JIM.—Ho. He almost got Hands across the skull that time.

GUNN.—That he did. He's retreatin' again. Dig your toes into the sand, lad.

JIM.—Aye. Stand fast, Judson. Stand fast and— Oh, he tripped. There he goes down— (*Loud clash of steel . . . wild yell of wounded man*)

GUNN.—Hi-yi-yi! The bo'sun's slashed him as he fell.

JIM.—Oh, he's killed him—

GUNN.—No. He's still alive. See him squirmin' on the sand.

JIM.—But Hands is going to run him through! Look! His cutlass is ready!

GUNN.—But Silver is stoppin' 'im. Listen!

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SILVER (*shouting from a distance*).—Hold that, bucko! Belay your steel!

HANDS.—Lemme run 'im through, John. He won't join the mutiny.

SILVER.—Spare him. He's a good man. I think he'll join with us when he comes to his senses.

JIM.—Oh, Ben, I see it now. The mutineers are trying to make the few loyal seamen join them in murdering the Squire and the captain.

GUNN.—Aye. It looks that way, Jim. But we'll fool 'em. Trust Ben Gunn—Ben's a smart one. (*Fade in*)

ANNOUNCER.—But what could this strange marooned old seaman possibly do to thwart the mutineers and keep them from getting the pirate treasure? Be sure to listen in tomorrow to the next exciting episode of *Treasure Island.*

Biz.—Chantey . . . fade out.

Crump's pacing routine, if it were set down, would come out something like this:

1. Jim challenges Ben.
2. Ben identifies himself and pleads he means no harm.
3. Jim takes pity and they start to make up.
4. Ben pinches Jim's cheek to see if he is real.
5. Ben complains of his diet and asks for cheese.
6. Ben reveals he has been marooned.
7. Ben takes an interest in Jim's clothes.
8. Jim tells Ben what his name is.
9. Ben tells about his piety.
10. Ben tells Jim he is rich and promises Jim a share.
11. Jim reveals he can't get back aboard the *Hispaniola.*
12. Ben becomes suspicious and quizzes Jim about the crew.
13. Jim tells of his present situation and of Silver's conspiracy.
14. Jim and Ben become allies.
15. Ben tells the true story of Flint's treasure.
16. Ben tells the true story of his being marooned.
17. The pirates start fighting on the beach.
18. Jim and Ben run through the woods to see the fight.
19. They pick up a snatch of Silver's talk.
20. They figure out what the mutineers are up to.

There is movement and suspense throughout. Shift of emotion and shift of speculation have made this possible. Run through this listing and see for yourself how often and how differently the listener's emotions have been pulled. Furthermore, one subject is broached and is quickly thrown aside for another. There are exchanges of confidence, of sympathy, of

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fear, and one overtakes another before the talk is allowed to get sluggish. Having seen a betrayal, a murder, and a getaway in the previous episode, we are actually in a stationary moment of the play during the scene with Jim and Ben, and since this scene is dramatically a stationary one, pacing alone must protect it from becoming dramatically inert. I think Crump has accomplished this to the satisfaction of the children for whom he writes.

Illustration of the Synopsis

For study purposes I am including at this point a long section (the second half) of the synopsis he prepared for *Treasure Island.*

LAST HALF OF SYNOPSIS FOR *TREASURE ISLAND*

TWENTY-FIRST WEEK

1. They reach *Hispaniola.* Learn that six men have been left on board by the shore party to murder officers. They climb aboard and find Squire and Doctor.
2. Ben tells of stockade built by pirates. Doctor and Squire distribute pistols as it becomes evident that six pirates are about to take the ship.
3. Fight on shipboard. Pirates locked in forecastle. Arms tossed overboard. Ben Gunn beats it ashore and disappears.

TWENTY-SECOND WEEK

1. Captain, Doctor, Squire, and the rest take to the jolly boat. With a load of provisions they make shore and stockades.
2. Another trip with the Squire waiting in the cabin. He promises loyal men among the pirates freedom and protection. Abraham Gray fights his way to deck.
3. They all start for shore. Ebb of tide carries them toward pirates on beach. Pirates on ship break out of cabin and begin firing swivel gun. Jolly boat is sunk.

TWENTY-THIRD WEEK

1. Doctor, Squire, Captain, Jim, and loyal men fight their way to stockade and gain it. Prepare for battle.
2. Redruth dies of wounds received. Union Jack is raised over stockade as sign of defiance to pirates.
3. Bombardment from the ship. Stockade is battered by round shot. Silver comes to stockade to make a deal with the Captain.

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TWENTY-FOURTH WEEK

1. Silver and the Captain inside the stockades. They parley. Others suspect treachery. Will not trust Silver.
2. Attempted surprise by pirates. Attack from rear. Savage battle starts.
3. Pirates storm the stockades. Defenders driven to the blockhouse.

TWENTY-FIFTH WEEK

1. Pirates are finally repulsed. War settles down to a siege with *Hispaniola* bombarding the fort occasionally. Lack of food serious.
2. Pirates having their difficulty, however. Fever among them. They need the Doctor. Pirates ask him to come to their camp. He suspects treachery. Makes them bring sick to stockades.
3. Jim slips out at night. Finds Ben Gunn again and they "spook" the pirate camp. Find excavation of treasure. It's gone. Ben is mysterious.

TWENTY-SIXTH WEEK

1. Jim reports to Doctor and Captain treasure is gone. They feel very low. Bombardment again.
2. Go to beach at night to see if they can find food. Pirates discover them.
3. Running fight back to stockades. Pirates fire the cabin. Bucket brigade as fire gains headway.

TWENTY-SEVENTH WEEK

1. Another loyal man dies inside stockade. More bombardment. Jim has an idea and deserts.
2. Jim meets Ben Gunn in the woods. Together they spy on pirates' camp.
3. Nearly caught. Ben kills a man as they make their escape after nearly being killed themselves.

TWENTY-EIGHTH WEEK

1. Jim and Ben plan on cutting adrift the pirates' ship. Start out in Ben's boat for *Hispaniola*. Ship's watch is drunk and fighting.
2. Cut ship adrift. Jim and Ben lose paddle. Storm comes up. Jim and Ben in clutch of dangerous current.
3. Jim and Ben on lonesome voyage. Encounter the *Hispaniola* and try to board her. They are run down and almost drowned.

TWENTY-NINTH WEEK

1. They climb on board the *Hispaniola*. Israel Hands wounded and drunk. O'Brien dead. They are the only two pirates left on board.

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2. Jim and Ben try to handle ship alone. Have difficult time and are finally forced to beach her.
3. Israel Hands' treachery. He tries to murder Jim. The fight. Jim takes to the rigging and Hands is shot.

THIRTIETH WEEK

1. Ben and Jim leave the beached *Hispaniola* and start overland. Make a gruesome find of pirate skeleton.
2. Locate what they believe to be pirates' camp by firelight. Ben "spooks 'em" again.
3. Start for stockades. Ben suspicious. Work their way inside where Jim is captured by pirates who are holding stockades. Ben disappears.

THIRTY-FIRST WEEK

1. Jim learns that his desertion has taken heart out of Captain, Doctor, Squire, and the rest. They have made a deal with the pirates, giving them fort and map for longboat and provisions. They are giving up the quest.
2. Jim admits his part in disappearance of ship and thwarting of the pirates. Morgan wants to kill him. Pirates superstitious about island "spooks."
3. Long John interferes. A lot of wrangling. Long John is tipped the black spot. Dick's Bible and the bad luck that threatens when pages are cut.

THIRTY-SECOND WEEK

1. Long John refuses to be disposed of. He fights Dick. Wounds him.
2. Long John takes command again. Explains situation. Jim is a prisoner and hostage. They're going for the treasure.
3. Doctor comes to treat the wounded. Angry at Jim for deserting until Jim explains. Tries to get Jim to run for it. Jim refuses. Asks Doctor to see Ben Gunn.

THIRTY-THIRD WEEK

1. Jim and Long John Silver. Silver pretends to be his friend again. Pirates think island is haunted. Ben Gunn's "spooking" is getting on their nerves.
2. Jim adds to superstitious fear of the pirates. Silver cannily helps him. Some are for deserting and leaving the treasure.
3. A man is mysteriously killed inside the stockades. Pirates almost ready to give up quest, too. Morgan bullies them.

THIRTY-FOURTH WEEK

1. Pirates at breakfast. Preparation for treasure hunt. Jim as hostage.

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2. They start out. Even wounded man goes. Lay course through swamp. One man trapped in bog and lost.
3. Storm adds to their superstition. Dick gets fever and is raving about the ill luck and his Bible. Ben still "spooking" them.

THIRTY-FIFTH WEEK

1. Storm over, they start again. Climb highlands. Worried over map. Silver acts detached. Pirates suspicious of him.
2. Pirates quarrel with Silver again. Long John blames all their ill luck on Dick's mutilated Bible.
3. Reach tall trees. Confusion here because trees have grown. Another skeleton. It's a marker. "Spooking" by Ben Gunn. Pirates have the jitters.

THIRTY-SIXTH WEEK

1. Pirates eager because they think treasure is near. Long John skeptical. They threaten him again. If treasure is not found they are going to blame him.
2. Silver and Jim have conference. Jim warns Silver to be ready for trouble. Silver deduces Jim knows the treasure will not be found. He sides with Jim.
3. More pacing and measuring, and plenty of quarreling. Another skeleton. More "spooking." Morgan recognizes Ben Gunn's voice. This gives them heart.

THIRTY-SEVENTH WEEK

1. Burst through bushes. Find excavation. Treasure is not there. Pirates furious. Set upon Long John and Jim. Long John is wounded protecting Jim.
2. Jim fights alone. Is almost done for when Captain, Doctor, Squire, and Ben Gunn come to his rescue. Pirates retreat. Doctor and friends give chase.
3. Realize the men are trying to reach the boats, they cut them off and, reaching the beach, demolish all the small boats but one. Then Jim remembers the *Hispaniola* at the north end of the islands. Pirates might reach it.

THIRTY-EIGHTH WEEK

1. Start in longboat to round the island for *Hispaniola.* Silver trying very hard to be pleasant and redeem himself.
2. Encounter *Hispaniola*. She has refloated herself and is wandering about aimlessly with small sails set. Jim and friends board her and head back. Silver pilots her through channel.
3. Reach Ben Gunn's cave. There is the treasure, much to Silver's chagrin. Tell story of how Ben Gunn found it.

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THIRTY-NINTH WEEK

1. Squire, Doctor, and Captain argue about Silver and about men who will be marooned on island. Decide they'll be kind to Silver for saving Jim's life.
2. Begin removal of treasure to ship next morning. Morgan shows up, very ill with fever. Doctor takes charge of him. Others are dead.
3. Morgan dies. They bury him on the beach. Pull boat to and sail for home.

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CHAPTER XVI

CHILDREN'S PROGRAMS: EDUCATIONAL

CHILDREN'S programs of the sort we have just seen are to be classified as educational because, in the case of the Grimm's fairy tale and in the case of Stevenson's novel, the juvenile audience has been exposed to superior properties from the field of accepted literature. Children's radio programs which have a mild educational bent or a strong educational intention, when extracted from materials already existing such as biography, history, and literature, have no cause to be dull. If they are dull, their writer is a dullard.

There is another kind of children's script, however, which surely belongs on the air and which just as surely is one of the hardest assignments radio can give to a writer. It is the serial which endeavors to reproduce in detail not only a long and crucial epoch but a crowded and expanding era in American history. Such a script was "Wilderness Road," a pioneer series which ran for 267 consecutive performances, 5 times a week. This assignment was given to Charles Tazewell, whose "J. Smith & Wife" we saw in an earlier chapter.

In radio the fastest way to get a show taken off the program schedules is to discover that nobody is listening to it. When a new broadcast series is put on, it is carefully watched and carefully checked to see how well it is building. Three devices help broadcasters in making these determinations: subscriptions to servicing agencies who make this matter their whole concern; polling of member stations and affiliated stations throughout the network to get a check on regional reaction; and mail checks of both solicited and unsolicited response.

When "Wilderness Road" went on the air in the early spring of 1936, it limped badly for five weeks. Then it started to pick up. It built constantly for the rest of its run, commanding and retaining a huge audience, forty per cent of whom we later discovered (to our surprise) were adults. The program won the award of the Women's National Radio Committee,

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and was retired from production five or six months later only because its purpose had been thoroughly realized.

The primary purpose of "Wilderness Road" was to present an authentic historical program of pioneer days; but with this there was the secondary purpose of combining geography, natural history, and zoology, and mixing these with the history in the course of a projected picture of the early days of American expansion. Naturally the historical aspect was already laid out. It was to be about a great trek, a great migration which had actually occurred at a certain time and for certain reasons; the discovery, opening, and conquest of new territories. But the rest of the aims of this series—its encumbering educational aspects—had to be superimposed somehow and still made to fit the same mold.

To do this a family of Westons was invented. They were hardy fearless Americans who lived on a small farm near Pickensville, Virginia. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Weston, and their four children: John, seventeen; David, fifteen; Anne, twelve; and Peter, nine. By this variety of ages it was hoped that our story would find favor with a listening audience of the same age range.

Actual characters in American history played major parts as the story progressed, moving in and out when the time and place was right for them. Daniel Boone was one of the central characters almost from the start. It was he who led the family westward to their new home in Kentucky, and it was he who took the two older boys down the river by raft and flatboat to the French city of New Orleans. As far as the actions of the historical characters were concerned, the show stuck fast to history, but in the mouths of these men were put the lessons which CBS wanted to get over to its listeners. Boone, for example, taught woodcraft, wood lore, and trail-making to the Weston children, while George Rogers Clark taught them self-reliance, judgment, unselfishness, and respect for law and order. So it was with each of the other real characters whenever they were met.

This took care of much of the trouble but it did not take care of it all. The show had to have a villain. Since the period was post-Revolutionary, it would have been simple enough to relegate this ignominy to the Indian. But there were reasons for not wishing to do this. The Indian had already been calumniated enough, very often unjustly, and Columbia felt that if he were to be the bad actor once more and to keep this role for

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the whole series, we would be throwing down a fine chance to learn what the Indian could so ably teach.

Richard Stephenson, who did the research for the series (and who did a very finished job indeed), unearthed the solution. History itself delivered to us an excellent villain in the person of one Simon Girty—a white renegade and a thorough scoundrel. Throughout the series our Girty, as had the Girty in history, threatened, plotted, and betrayed, and up to the next-to-the-last show, always escaped.

Even with such a busy rascal as Girty, we still kept the man under control; we were trying to keep away from the pools of blood in which so many other children's programs of the past had slipped and drowned. And yet action and suspense were there constantly nonetheless. Tazewell injected these expertly by endowing the adverse forces of nature with the physical challenge they must have presented to the pioneer himself a hundred and fifty years ago. Thus the forest wilderness became a presence, now benign, now cruel. Storms, floods, and droughts were ever-present enemies, enemies which achieved reality every time the Westons were obliged to engage them. Our pioneering heroes fought the elements when there was no other way out, and they hid when it seemed expedient; but they took their losses and survived them and kept moving. They swam their cattle over rivers too deep to ford, and caught game by trapping when their powder ran out. Nature was robustly conceived, and the men and women used her well or fought her off as they had to.

This is harder to do than it sounds. But with "Wilderness Road" the hardest thing to do was to make the broadcast work as an educational field trip and at the same time keep it clear of didacticism. Because this is exactly where so many educational ventures fail, I have purposely selected a slow-motion sample of "Wilderness Road," a sketch in which the Weston children are taught something about the usefulness of plants—and I shudder to think what a botanist would have done with this lesson.

Our script is no thriller and makes no effort to be so. The main purpose of this episode was to dish out information, but the writer did not forget that his main purpose as a dramatist was to sustain interest. Both of these objectives were neatly won. The clue to this secret has been given by Nila Mack, and I should like to quote her once more in this regard. She has been faced with the identical problem repeatedly and has pre-

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scribed the following panacea: "Entertainment is primary, fact secondary. Don't forget that there is such a thing as the tired businessman of nine, and if history and geography and botany have to creep into his listening hours, don't be afraid to let them CREEP!"

Here is the script:

WILDERNESS ROAD

ANNOUNCER.—Wilderness Road! . . . Reliving adventurous days on the pioneer trail to Kentucky with the Weston family and Daniel Boone! . . . Friday afternoon, when we left our Wilderness friends, they had nearly completed their perilous journey through the Cumberland Gap. On foot, with their precious supplies loaded on the backs of their horses, they were trudging the weary miles to Snyder's Station, twelve miles distant. Boone has decided to camp for the night by Yellow Creek. Behind them they could see the signal smokes of the Indians—four white columns rising high in the air. Boone believes that the savages mean to seek reinforcements from other tribes before attacking the Weston party again. As we join them today the sun is sinking. Our band of adventurers, which now consists of the Westons, Boone, Obadiah Snoot, Silas Breen, Bunch, and the two backwoodsmen from Snyder's Station, comes to a halt on the banks of Yellow Creek.

BOONE.—Company—halt!

VOICES.—Whoa! Whoa, Nellie! Hold up, Jack! Whoa, there! Easy, boy! So-o-o, girl!

SIMON.—Is this where we camp, Dan'l?

BOONE.—This here's the spot, Simon! All right, boys—get them hosses unloaded—but don't spread things about too much. We got to make an early start in the mornin' an' we don't want to waste too much time packin' up again.

MARY.—Well—I was half-believing that we'd never get here.

BOONE.—It was quite a piece, ma'am. Hope we ain't tired you out too much.

MARY.—Soon as I get my breath I'll be all right, Dan'l.

BOONE.—This is pretty high country—an' if you ain't used to it the least bit o' exercise makes you short-winded. Heart beats faster an' your legs feel like they got lead in 'em.

MARY.—I think I'd better get some supper started.

BOONE.—Don't bother too much with it, ma'am.

MARY.—But everyone's hungry, Dan'l.

BOONE.—Then anything they get will taste mighty good to 'em. Just warm up some o' that venison.

SIMON.—I'll get the boys and we'll start a fire.

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BOONE.—Have 'em rustle up plenty o' wood, Simon. We'll have to keep a good blaze goin' all through the night—an' we don't want to go wanderin' out in the dark lookin' for fuel. No tellin' what them pesky savages is up to.

SIMON (*fading*).—I'll see that there's plenty, Dan'l. (*Calling away*) John! David!

MARY.—Mercy on us! Just look at my hands!

BOONE.—Mine ain't nothin' to show to company, ma'am. However —we'll soon fix that. Soon's Simon an' the boys get that fire goin' you have Bunch fill up the biggest pot we got with water from the creek.

MARY.—What'll we do for soap?

BOONE.—Just rest your mind on that subject, ma'am. Peter, Anne, an' me will take care o' the lack o' that. (*Calling*) Hey—Peter! Anne!

PETER (*away*).—Yes, Uncle Dan'l?

BOONE.—Come here—we got prime an' important business to 'tend to.

ANNE (*closer*).—What is it, Uncle Dan'l?

BOONE.—We're goin' huntin'—the three of us!

PETER (*coming in*).—For bears, Uncle Dan'l? Or mountain lions? Or venison?

BOONE.—Nope—somethin' a lot more important than that, Peter.

PETER.—What? Gosh, you don't mean a buffalo?

BOONE.—Nope—we're gonna hunt soap.

PETER.—*Soap?* Awwwwww, shucks.

BOONE.—Soap ain't nothin' to stick up your noses at, Peter.

ANNE.—No—especially when your nose and the rest of your face could be improved by it!

PETER.—Never mind my face—I'm satisfied with it!

ANNE.—Well—all I can say, Peter Weston—you're easily satisfied!

MARY.—Now, children!

PETER.—But shucks, Marmie—she's always picking on me—just because she happens to be three years older!

ANNE.—I don't pick on you!

PETER.—Well, if it isn't picking I don't know what you call it! Gosh!

ANNE.—He just gets furious every time I mention soap! Anybody would think it was poison!

PETER.—I bet it would be if you ate it—wouldn't it, Uncle Dan'l?

BOONE (*chuckling*).—Well, now, I just couldn't say as to that, Peter—'cause I never ate any. Never had any hankerin' to. But it's a mighty useful article if you use it for what it was intended. Why—I s'pect you could follow the history of civilization in a bar o' soap.

PETER (*disgusted*).—I don't see how.

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BOONE.—Well—you read back a-ways in them history books your father got you from Philadelphia—an' I'll bet you'll find it was the tribes or folks that scrubbed themselves to a fair-you-well who rubbed the most larnin' into their heads at the same time. Maybe it was because ideas can't get in through a layer o' dirt—'cause the tribes that stayed dirty is just about where they was at the beginnin'.

MARY.—I'm sure no decent, self-respecting idea would go within ten feet of you in your present condition, Peter.

PETER.—Well, gosh, Marmie—when a fellow's been as busy as I've been—

MARY.—Yes—I know. But now you've got nothing to do but clean up. You go along with Dan'l.

PETER.—Can I carry my gun?

BOONE.—Yes—guess you better, Peter. You can be the rear guard of our expedition—an' see that nobody sneaks up an' shoots Anne an' me from behind.

PETER.—Say—they won't do that while I'm around! I'm the best rear guard this side of—of Pickensville.

ANNE.—That's taking in a lot of territory, Peter.

PETER.—Well—when you're good there's no sense in being modest about it!

BOONE.—I should say not. Well—let's get goin'. Have Bunch get that pot o' water warmin' up, ma'am!

MARY (*fading as they walk away*).—I'll take care of it, Dan'l!

BOONE.—Now—lemme see—we better head down this way. It's the most likely place to find it—

ANNE.—Does it grow on trees, Uncle Dan'l? A soap tree?

BOONE (*chuckling*).—Well—no, Anne. What we're lookin' for is a plant, you might say—grows one—sometimes two—feet long. It's called soapwort.

PETER.—Who named it that?

BOONE.—I dunno, Peter. Where do names come from anyhow? Who first called an elephant an elephant—or a lion a lion—or a bear a bear?

PETER.—Gosh—I don't know.

BOONE.—Well—I don't either. It's easy to see where some names sorta spring from. Now you take snow—the word's soft—sorta fluffy like in your mouth—

ANNE (*saying it*).—Snow— Yes, it is.

BOONE.—An' rock—that's a good one. It's a hard, firm-soundin' word.

PETER (*trying it*).—Rock—gosh—yes.

BOONE.—An' thunder—it sorta rolls out like thunder sounds. Y'know—that's a good name. See how many words you can think of—make a list of 'em—that sound just like the things they stand for.

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ANNE.—We'll try it, Peter!
PETER.—All right—but I bet I'll have the longest list!
ANNE.—Well—we'll wait and see about that.
PETER.—Uncle Dan'l—look here—
BOONE.—What have you found, son?
PETER.—These prints along the creek. Aren't these horses' hooves?
BOONE.—Yep—yep. That's what they are, Peter. Now, I wonder who's been along here.
PETER.—They're fresh, aren't they?
BOONE.—Wan't made many hours ago.
ANNE.—Could they have been made by your horse—Billy?
BOONE.—Could have been. Hard to say. An' there ain't no way of tellin'. He ain't never been shod. This one neither.
PETER.—But you said there aren't many horses out here.
BOONE.—There ain't. But that don't prove that these was made by mine. 'Fraid we'll never see that fella agin—much as I hate to think it.
PETER.—He went along the creek here—stopped for a drink, I guess—
BOONE.—Yep—that's just what he did, Peter.
PETER.—An' then he headed off down that way. The prints disappear on the rocks.
BOONE.—Yep—ain't no way of tellin' what he did from there on. Well—let's keep movin'.
PETER.—I'm going to find that horse some day. I'll promise you that, Uncle Dan'l.
BOONE.—Well—thankee, Peter.
PETER.—If it even takes me twenty years. I'll get him!
BOONE (*chuckling*).—I'm afraid he'll be kinda old an' worthless by that time, son—but I'll be just as grateful to you an' as pleased to see Billy—you can lay to that. Ah—look ahead there —that's the stuff we're lookin' for—
ANNE.—Where, Uncle Dan'l?
BOONE.—See them bunches o' white an' pink posies?
ANNE.—Yes—they're beautiful!
PETER.—And you make soap from those flowers?
BOONE (*laughing*).—Nope—not the flowers, Peter—from the juice in the roots o' the plant. Yes, sir—I ain't picked none in a long time—but that's soapwort, all right.
BOONE.—Nope—just pull 'em up. Grab hold an' give a good tug an' up she'll come—roots an' all.
ANNE.—Who'd ever think that this would make soap! Who found it out, Uncle Dan'l?
BOONE.—Dunno, Anne. Injuns, I guess. Some folks call it Bouncin' Bet.
ANNE (*giggling*).—That's a funny name!
PETER.—Yes—I'll bet Mr. Snoot could make up a song about that.

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BOONE.—Most likely he could. Obadiah seems to be able to harmonize up a ditty 'bout most anything—an' Bouncin' Bet oughta be a real inspiration to him.

PETER.—How much of this stuff do we have to get?

BOONE.—I allow we got about enough. Here—we'll divide it up three ways to carry back.

ANNE.—What funny-looking leaves it has! They're all twins!

BOONE.—Yep—they go in pairs.

PETER.—We'd better move along. It's beginning to get dark.

BOONE.—Yep—night sorta sneaks up on you with the mountains all around. Gonna be a pretty night, though. Here—let's follow right along the creek bank—

ANNE.—Don't fall in, Peter.

PETER.—Don't fall in! Gosh—to hear you talk anybody'd think I went around the country falling into every creek we came to!

ANNE.—Well—you have fallen in two or three, you know!

PETER.—Those were accidents—and most of them were your fault. Shucks—that's what a fellow gets when he has a sister tagging after him all the time!

ANNE.—I don't tag after you, Peter Weston—and I don't shoot at wild turkeys and hit Indians!

PETER.—Aren't you ever going to forget about that? Gosh, that was ages ago. I was just a boy then!

ANNE.—Ages ago? Why—it was just a few days before we left the farm to come out here!

PETER.—Well—anyway—it was weeks ago! I've grown a lot since then—and I bet I weigh more too! Anyway—years don't count —it's—it's experience! Isn't that so, Uncle Dan'l?

BOONE (*chuckling*).—Yes—guess it is, Peter.

ANNE (*scornfully*).—And you've grown up so much in the last few weeks I suppose you'll have to start shaving before long!

PETER (*complacently*).—I might at that, Miss Smarty. Uncle Dan'l, do you s'pose Mr. Snoot would lend me his razor if I needed it?

BOONE.—Well—I wouldn't be surprised if he would, Peter— Because I don't think you'd be an ornament to our expedition wearing a long, black beard. There's our camp just ahead—

ANNE.—They've got the fire started.

BOONE.—Yep—and there's our pot o' water gettin' heated up. Here, Peter—give me that soapwort to carry an' you run ahead an' tell Breen not to stake them hosses out so far from the camp. It ain't safe. Some Injun's liable to sneak up in the night an' cut them ropes. Then we'd be in a pretty fix.

PETER (*fading*).—I'll tell him and 'tend to the whole thing, Uncle Dan'l—

ANNE.—Peter gets so important when he has anything to do!

BOONE (*chuckling*).—Ain't a mite o' harm in it, Anne— All us

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men folks like to make out that we're pretty big potatoes. Why—why, y' ought hear me yarnin' away sometimes. Anybody'd think I was responsible for puttin' this whole country on the map.

ANNE.—Everybody knows you're the finest frontiersman in America, Uncle Dan'l.

BOONE.—Thankee, Anne—an' that's somethin' else us men folks just eats up—flattery. When you grow up to courtin' time—you remember that—just tell all the young fellas how wonderful they is—an' you'll be the most popular young woman in Kentucky Territory!

ANNE.—Oh—that won't be for a long, long time, Uncle Dan'l.

BOONE.—Not so long, Anne. Them years will pass just like nothin' at all. Lookin' ahead it seems like a long time—but lookin' back they pass so quick that it's almost like a dream. Why—just rememberin' it appears to be only yesterday that I was courtin' back on the Yadkin—an' here I am, 'most in my dotage an' old as Methuselah!

ANNE.—You aren't old, Uncle Dan'l.

BOONE.—Old enough to know better'n to talk such foolish talk. (*Raising voice*) Here we are, Mary—an' here's your soap!

MARY (*away but coming in as they approach*).—Looks like a bouquet to me!

BOONE.—That's where Nature's wonderful, ma'am—she can combine beauty an' usefulness.

MARY.—Aren't they pretty—all pink and white. It seems a shame to spoil them.

BOONE.—Ain't goin' to spoil 'em, ma'am. I just want the roots.

SIMON (*coming in*).—What's that you've been collecting, Dan'l?

BOONE.—Soapwort, Simon—or Bouncin' Bet. Here—lend me your knife. Ma'am—if you'll fill that gourd there with hot water—

MARY.—Right away, Dan'l.

SIMON.—What's all this for, Dan'l?

BOONE.—Soap, Simon. There we are—here, you hold the flowers for Mary—

MARY (*coming in*).—Here's your gourd of hot water, Dan'l—

BOONE.—Thankee. Now—we'll just stir these here roots about in that water—

SIMON.—Where'd you learn this, Dan'l?—from the Salem witches?

BOONE.—Nope—never met up with one of them, Simon. Here—take a look inside this gourd—

SIMON.—Well—what do you know! Suds!

BOONE.—Yes, sir—suds!

MARY.—Does it work as well as soap?

BOONE.—I'll give you a demonstration, ma'am. (*Calling*) Peter!

PETER (*away*).—Yes, Uncle Dan'l?

BOONE.—Come here a minute!

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ANNE.—Hurry up, Peter!
PETER (*away*).—I'm coming!
SIMON.—You're taking a hard subject to prove your point, Dan'l. A miracle, and not soap, is necessary to make Peter look like a son of ours again.
PETER (*coming in*).—Yes, Uncle Dan'l?
BOONE.—Take off that shirt.
PETER.—Well—well, what for?
BOONE.—You're goin' to have the honor of bein' the first one to try our new soap!
PETER.—Me? Why do I have to be the first? Why don't you take Anne?
ANNE.—There he goes! Trying to get out of it as usual!
PETER.—Is that so!
ANNE.—Yes—that's so, Peter Weston!
PETER.—All right—smarty! I'll show you! Go ahead, Uncle Dan'l!
BOONE.—Close your eyes an' keep your mouth shut!
ANNE (*laughing*).—He can't do that, Uncle Dan'l—he talks all the time!
PETER.—Ugh—ugh-ugh-ugh. Ugh-ugh!
BOONE.—Keep your mouth shut!
PETER.—Ugh-ugh! Ugh-ugh-ugh!
SIMON.—That's a fine lather, Dan'l!
ANNE (*giggles*).—He looks like a big soap-bubble!
PETER.—Ugh-ugh-ugh-ugh! Ugh-ugh.
ANNE.—What's he saying?
BOONE.—I don't quite catch the words, Anne. All right, Mary—let's have some water in a pan!
MARY.—Just a second till I dip it out of the pot—
BOONE.—Guess he can stand a few more licks on this side—
MARY.—Here you are, Dan'l.
BOONE.—Thankee. All right, Peter—stick your head in this—
PETER.—Blub-blub-blub-blub! Blub-blub!
BOONE.—That's the stuff. Got a towel handy, Mary?
MARY.—Right here.
BOONE.—All right, Peter—come up for air!
PETER (*gasping*).—Gosh!—Gosh! You wanta drown a fella? Wheww!
SIMON.—Say—say, that is an improvement! You know, Mary—he isn't bad looking. I'd almost forgotten what he really looked like.
BOONE.—Here—let's get the water out of your ears—
PETER (*still gasping*).—Gosh—how can you blame anyone for bein' a little dirty—when they have to go through that to get clean! Gosh—gosh—a fella ought to get paid for lettin' somebody do that to 'em!

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SIMON.—Well—well, maybe you're right, son. Let's see now—just what would you ask for pay?
PETER.—Oh— Just a little favor.
SIMON.—A favor? Well—I guess we can grant that. What is this favor?
PETER.—Just something I want to do. Can I do it?
SIMON.—Is it something dangerous, Peter?
PETER.—No—it isn't dangerous at all! Can I do it, Dad?
SIMON.—It's all right with me.
PETER.—And is it all right with you, Mother?
MARY.—Yes, I guess so, Peter—if it's within reason.
PETER.—Sure it is. It's just a little favor. Will you stand by me too, Uncle Dan'l? Y'see everybody's got to agree or it's no good.
BOONE.—Well, now if your Paw an' Maw don't object it ain't for me to say no, Peter—
PETER.—That's fine! Now we're all set!
SIMON.—But look here—don't you have to get Anne to agree to this favor of yours too?
PETER.—No! I'll take care of her all right! Give me that gourd, Uncle Dan'l!
BOONE.—Here you are, son—
PETER.—Fine! *Now,* Miss Anne Weston—
MARY.—Peter! What *are* you going to *do?*
PETER.—I'm going to scrub *her* face! And am I going to do a good job!
ANNE.—*Peter Weston!* You keep away from me!
PETER.—You *laughed* at me, didn't you? Well—now it's *my* turn to laugh!
ANNE.—*Marmie! Daddy! Uncle Dan'l!*
PETER.—They won't help you—because they *all* agreed to my favor! *Come on—let's start.*
ANNE (*screams*).—Ohh! (*Starting to run away*) Bunch! Mr. Snoot! Help!—Help!
Biz.—SIMON, MRS. WESTON, *and* BOONE *laugh uproariously as* PETER *chases after* ANNE, *who is yelling.*
PETER.—Anne Weston! You come back here and get your face washed! Aren't you ashamed of yourself! I should think you'd want to be clean!—Come back here!
Biz.—Signature—
ANNOUNCER.—Well—if Peter catches up with Anne that young lady will undoubtedly have the cleanest face in Kentucky Territory! The Westons are happy and seemingly carefree as we leave them—but what will the morrow bring? There are many dangers in the air—and peril lurks in every thicket. We leave them, with their campfire burning bright, until tomorrow afternoon—when—at this same time—we meet again to journey down Wilderness Road!

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As a fitting conclusion to this chapter on children's programs, I should like to quote a few sentences from a letter which Tazewell sent me from the West Coast a few days before "Wilderness Road" ended. "I was more than pleasantly surprised one morning last week," he wrote, "when a gang of young outlaws came racing past the corner of my house—brown California kids whooping and roaring. It might have been a game of Cops and Robbers from my own youth in Iowa. No such thing. These youngsters were chasing the renegade, Simon Girty—and leading the pursuers was Dan'l Boone in person, skin cap, flintlock, and all."

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WRITING EXERCISES

1. Dramatize the story of *Pinnochio* in a fifteen-minute treatment. With each lie Pinnochio tells, his nose grows longer and longer. What device would you employ to make this both effective and amusing in radio?

2. Many fairy stories deal at length with a character who is concealed by an invisible cloak. In such stories the other players must not see him, nor hear him speak. At the same time the invisible character must be definitely established as being on the radio scene. Pick out one of these stories and dramatize it for a quarter-hour production, after determining the invention you will use to take care of this problem.

3. In adapting the story of "The Emperor's New Clothes" there is a problem requiring much ingenuity. How can this story be built so that it will be fitting and acceptable for a child to point out, before a large crowd, that the king is parading without his clothes? Can the adapter follow the story exactly in this regard?

4. In the story of *The Nuremberg Stove* how can we convey to the audience the reasons for the little boy's great love for this stove without becoming tedious by overloading his talk with long descriptive speeches? How can the stove itself be personalized?

5. In dramatizing the story *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves,* how many thieves should the writer use? How will the adapter suggest that there is a whole crowd of them if only three or four are given lines to speak? At the climax of the story, where the slave girl plans the dance which will end in the stabbing of the Robber Chief, what must the writer do to create the proper tenseness? How can the radio audience be told that she is creeping closer and closer to the victim? How can the radio audience be told, without using Sound, the exact instant when the dagger strikes?

6. In the story, *The Flying Trunk,* the hero is a rogue, and the heroine's parents are both cruel and stupid. Since we must keep the story entertaining throughout, what devices must the adapter invent in order to make the rogue a likable person? What must he invent in the way of comedy situation and amusing idiosyncrasy in order to justify the actions of the king and queen? Prepare a fifteen-minute script.

7. Write a thirty-minute adaptation of the story of "The Sleeping Beauty." The high light of the story is the arrival of the Prince whose kiss wakens the Princess. According to the story

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the tall grass parts and shows him a path to the castle. He meets no living thing until he discovers the Sleeping Beauty. How shall this be dramatized without monologue?

8. Prepare the synopsis of the first half of *Treasure Island,* the second half of which has been given.

9. Write a one-hour script which will include not only the entire running story but the most vivid episodes of Stevenson's *Kidnapped.*

10. Do the same for Kipling's *Stalky & Co.*

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CHAPTER XVII

COMMERCIAL RADIO SCRIPT

THERE is no need in this book to consider the commercial side of radio very extensively because the problem of the commercial script is once again the familiar problem of the good script. At the same time the writer should realize that when he is writing material for a sponsor, the exact purposes of the broadcast are much more sharply demarcated than they are when he is writing a sustaining show. This does not mean at all that the purposes of a sustaining script show are not definite and predetermined. It implies rather the matter of latitudes and restrictions. In commercial radio the writer's work must accommodate itself to the show policy and to the advertising policy of the sponsor, and if these policies are not known to the writer, he will be likely to make mistakes which may automatically invalidate his work, mistakes such as the violation of taboos, or the dramatization of material not suitable for the series. The best way to determine these points in respect to any given series is to listen to the series carefully and constantly and to see for yourself what is being used most extensively, and what is being avoided most scrupulously.

But since commercial sponsors do consume a great quantity of script material which is for the most part of one or another of the types we have already seen, we are going to look at a good commercial example and see what problems this posed to the writer. The script was written for the "Cavalcade of America" by Ruth Adams Knight.

The "Cavalcade of America" was conceived as a series of historical dramatic programs of epic quality, and these broadcasts were to be accurate to the smallest detail. At the same time they were to combine sufficient action and dramatic force as to provide genuine entertainment value. In subject matter they were to deal with persons or with institutions which had made substantial contributions to American progress. War and political subjects were (and still are) taboo.

Now, the development of stirring drama from historical data sooner or later presents a peculiar problem to the script

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writer. This is especially true of programs which have been presented weekly over a period of years. Obvious material or material which is readily adaptable is no longer available. The "Cavalcade" series, now in its fourth year, anticipated and solved this trouble by creating dramatic material from biographical records and institutional histories heretofore considered unproductive. This was done by the most painstaking sort of research. The broadcast which presented a picture of Noah Webster is a good illustration of this. No one before had considered this man as a likely subject for a half hour of informative radio entertainment; yet when this show was broadcast, it was rich in dramatic thrust and lively revelation, and the characterization of the old lexicographer was as convincing as any the series has thus far delivered. The listener discovered who and what Webster was by being taken to many of the findable but unknown or neglected moments of his life. The technique of recapturing the illuminating incident is becoming more common and more necessary in radio every day.

In addition to the broad commercial problem of writing from a decalogue of set specifications, the particular radio dramatization we are to look at—"The Seeing Eye"—presented certain individual problems not found in the average script. The first of these was the problem of condensing in a half-hour broadcast the basic philosophy which The Seeing Eye has developed in its work of educating dogs as guides for the blind. This philosophy, which few people today either know or appreciate, can best be described as philanthropy without charity or pity; and the thought and action of this great organization are directed to that end. The public has an overwhelming desire to pity the blind, yet this public taste could not be catered to in the script.

To solve this problem Ruth Knight took for her central character a person not usually associated in the public's mind with blindness—a young man attending college. He was typical of the people served by The Seeing Eye but he was not typical of the public's conception of blindness. Instead of arousing pity, this character aroused in the audience a desire to cheer him on.

There were other problems. The story of The Seeing Eye, while intensely interesting, is somewhat complicated, and any detailed account of its genesis would require lengthy explanation. Therefore the writer had to resist any temptation to go into this; but while resisting this it was at the same time neces-

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"Stand By"

Bernard Herrmann, CBS conductor-composer, waits for the go-ahead a few seconds before a broadcast of the Columbia Symphony Orchestra.

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"The Cavalcade of America" in Rehearsal

Ray Collins, one of America's most versatile radio actors, at work on the microphone at right.

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sary to limn in some of the historical background by suggestion. Ruth Knight managed to do this by a very careful dialogue treatment; the audience was made to *feel* familiar with the school's history, though no detail was given.

A form of this same problem occurred with the question of a description of the training of these dogs and their blind masters. Any writer with half an ear would detect the fine chance here to move an audience with a dramatic sequence, however short, which was built from material at once so affecting and so unusual. But this also had to be foregone. It had to be foregone because such a scene would have been a digression from the main theme. Consequently The Seeing Eye, as an organization, is entirely in the background of the script, although the officials of this unique school were quick to state that this "Cavalcade" production was one of "the most effective, most accurate, and most complete presentations of its work ever made to the public."

Notable among the "Cavalcade's" themes have been dramatizations of America's strides in education, in science, in women's emancipation, in invention, in native music, and in government. It has won awards from innumerable civic organizations, and in 1937 won the award of the Women's National Radio Committee, both for program excellence and for good taste in advertising—a fine record for any documentary show and especially for one so ambitious as the "Cavalcade of America." I say especially so for the "Cavalcade" because this series each week must be a presentation in which a committee of historians can find no flaw. Here is their script on "The Seeing Eye":

THE SEEING EYE*

NARRATOR.—This evening, the duPont Cavalcade brings you the story of The Seeing Eye, a school in Morristown, New Jersey, where German shepherd dogs are educated as guides for the blind, bringing new opportunities, independence and faith in life to those who walk in darkness. Our scene is Highland Hospital. In a room on the second floor, Donald Dean, college freshman, is recovering from the effects of an automobile accident. His mother meets the doctor just outside the door.

DOCTOR.—Well, you should be feeling very grateful this morning, Mrs. Dean. The young man's life is no longer in danger.

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MRS. DEAN.—Oh, that's wonderful news! And his eyes—his eyes are all right, too?

DOCTOR.—Be as brave as you can about it, Mrs. Dean. I thought it best to warn you. There is a possibility that the nerve is completely paralyzed.

MRS. DEAN.—Oh! And if it is—

DOCTOR.—He won't be able to see. I'm going in to take the bandages off right now. Be brave—for his sake!

MRS. DEAN.—I'll try!

DOCTOR.—I know you will. (*Door opens . . . sound of Don's and nurse's voices*) Well, how are you today, young fellow? (*Door closes*)

DONALD.—Fine, thanks! I've been waiting for you. Miss Wright says you are going to take the bandages off. I'm certainly glad. I'm so tired of not being able to see anything— Who's with you?

MRS. DEAN.—Hello, Don, dear!

DON.—Oh, Mother! Hello, darling! Well, you're just in time for the unveiling. Doc is going to take this bale of gauze off my eyes and I'm going to stop impersonating justice and have a look at the world. How many bandages are there, Doctor?

DOCTOR.—Three! Hold steady now.

DON.—When can I use my eyes again—a lot, I mean?

DOCTOR.—Why? What do you want to do?

DON.—I want to get back to college, of course. I've missed a lot but I'm going to try and make it up. Maybe I can go to summer school.

DOCTOR.—I wouldn't—count on it. (*Pause*) There! The first bandage is off.

DON.—That's a relief. Hurry up and get the rest of it off, won't you? It'll certainly be swell to get out in the light again. (*Pause*) Where are you, Mom?

MRS. DEAN.—Right here, dear!

DON.—Come over here and sit on the bed, so that the first thing I see will be you, smiling at me. (*Pause*)

DOCTOR.—Here, here. Steady now!

DON.—Playing blindman's buff like this isn't much fun. I'm glad it's over. (*Pause*) What's the matter, Doctor? (*Pause*) Mother!

MRS. DEAN.—Yes, dear!

DON (*alarmed*).—Mother, is anything wrong? What is it? What's happened? Oh, Doctor, I want to *see*. Please take off the last bandage!

DOCTOR.—I have taken it off, Don!

Biz.—Music.

NARRATOR.—Weeks have passed. Don is at home again, strong again, physically, but helpless. His mother is at work all day, and he is alone. Mrs. Dean, about to leave for the office, is telling him goodbye.

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MRS. DEAN.—I've left your luncheon ready for you in the icebox, dear. Do you think you can manage?

DON.—Sure I can manage! I'll try not to break the plate again. I should be able to get around the house by now, but I seem to get more awkward all the time.

MRS. DEAN.—Donny, you don't. You get about wonderfully—

DON.—Don't kid me, Mom. I know. I haven't—adjusted myself. What am I? Just a burden. I was going to get out of college, and do big things, and take care of *you*. Now what can I do? Sit here, while you work to support me. I can't stand it, I tell you! I'd rather be dead!

MRS. DEAN.—Don, don't talk that way. Nothing else matters, as long as I *have* you. You know that.

DON.—Of course, I know it, Mother. I'm a rotter to talk this way. It's—oh, nerves, I suppose. No exercise. Just sitting here. Hear that clock?

MRS. DEAN.—What clock?

DON.—The grandfather's clock. Oh, you never notice it when someone's in the room. But you should hear how loud it sounds when you're here alone. Listen! (*Sound of clock, ticking slowly*) Hear it? Tick-tock-tick-tock! Sometimes I think I'll go crazy!

MRS. DEAN.—I'll stop it right away.

DON.—No! Don't. What's the use? I'll get used to it. (*Pause*) Is Sammy coming to take me for a walk today?

MRS. DEAN.—Yes, he is. He'll be over at one o'clock. Why don't you walk through the park? That will be a change for you.

DON.—Yes. Big event of the week—shuffling through the park holding onto the little neighbor boy. But it's better than sitting here. You're sure he'll come?

MRS. DEAN.—He promised. I must hurry now. I'm late as it is. Goodbye, dear. Have you everything you need?

DON.—Everything's perfect. Run along. And—I'm sorry I was—bad!

MRS. DEAN.—You weren't—bad. (*Kiss*) Be a good boy. (*Both laugh*) (*Sound of door closing . . . sound of clock ticking loudly*)

SAMMY (*away*).—Whoo-oo! Hello—Don!

DON.—Hello, Sammy! Where are you?

SAMMY.—Here under the window. I came over to tell you I can't take you for a walk this afternoon. I'm going to the ball game with my father. I'm sorry!

DON.—That's all right, Sammy. Maybe some other time—

SAMMY.—Sure! So long!

DON.—So long! (*Sound of clock ticking up again*) That's right! Now *you* start again! (*Pause . . . sound of ticking*) Every tick's a second. (*Pause*) When you tick thirty-six hundred times, there's an hour gone. (*Pause*) An hour—one hour, out

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of a lifetime. (*Pause*) I might live to be eighty. (*Rising hysteria*) I might sit here, all that time, listening to you ticking—ticking away the years—the empty—empty years! (*Voice breaks into sobs*) What am I going to do? What am I going to do?

Biz.—Music.

NARRATOR.—Months pass, and Don sinks into despondency. He no longer makes any effort to help himself. It is evening, and his mother and he are talking together.

MRS. DEAN.—Don, I saw Miss Arnold from the Society for the Blind, today. What do you think? Morris Frank from The Seeing Eye is in town, and he is coming up here to see you tonight!

DON.—What's he want to see me for?

MRS. DEAN.—Oh, I wanted him to, Don. Miss Arnold told you about The Seeing Eye last summer, don't you remember? It's the place where they train dogs to guide people who can't see. Miss Arnold says it is like a miracle, the way they work.

DON.—What's the idea, to get me a dog and a tin cup? Or do I sell lead pencils?

MRS. DEAN (*hurt*).—Donny!

DON.—Oh, Mother, I'm sorry, but what's the use. I'd never trust a dog to take me around. And I don't want to see Morris Frank, whoever he is. I'm sick of visitors who pity me!

MRS. DEAN.—I don't think he'll be that way. He's not much older than you are. He's blind, too, you know!

DON.—He is?

MRS. DEAN.—Yes. But *he* doesn't let it interfere with the things he wants to do— (*Door buzzer*) That's probably Mr. Frank now. I'll see. (*Footsteps . . . door . . . off mike*) Good evening! You are Morris Frank, I am sure. I am Mrs. Dean. Please come in!

MORRIS (*off mike*).—Good evening, Mrs. Dean. I came up to meet your son, Don.

MRS. DEAN.—Please come in. May I help you?

MORRIS.—No need. Buddy, forward! Which way?

MRS. DEAN (*fading in*).—Straight ahead! Don, this is Morris Frank of The Seeing Eye. My son, Donald Dean, Mr. Frank!

DON.—How do you do!

MORRIS (*fading in*).—How do you do! This is Buddy, my dog.

DON.—Who brought you over? Miss Arnold?

MORRIS.—Why, no—Buddy did! She and I came over alone.

DON.—But—how could Buddy find her way up here? Don't tell me she's that smart!

MORRIS (*laughs*).—Well, she is, in a way. Miss Arnold said go straight for three blocks, then two blocks to your right, and three to the left. Second house from the corner. All I had to do was count. Buddy did the rest.

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Don (*reluctantly*).—You must have a lot of faith in a dog, to follow her around that way. How do you hold on to her?

Morris.—She has a harness with a handle on it—not too rigid, and you can feel every move she makes through it. So when she pulls you go ahead, and when she stops you feel for a step or a curb.

Don.—But how does she know where you want to go?

Morris.—I tell her—forward—or right—or left. But if it isn't safe to go at that particular time, she won't move until it is.

Don.—She must be a dog in a million!

Morris.—Well, she is to me, but there are scores like her who do the same thing for their masters, and we are educating more every day at Morristown.

Don.—Where did the idea come from?

Morris.—The first time I ever heard of it was in 1928 when someone read me an article Mrs. Harrison Eustis had written for *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Don.—How did she find out about them?

Morris.—She was at her home "Fortunate Fields" in Switzerland, experimenting in breeding German shepherd dogs for intelligence. She and Elliot Humphrey had been to Potsdam to visit the school where these dog guides were trained. I was so excited over the article that I wrote and asked her how such a school could be established here. She invited me to come to "Fortunate Fields" and learn to work with Buddy.

Don.—And you did?

Morris.—Did I? I spent five weeks learning to use Buddy, but I didn't realize all it was going to mean until one morning when she took me to the village and I went to the barber shop, *alone*.

Mrs. Dean.—The barber shop—?

Morris.—Do you know what that did for me, Mrs. Dean? Of course, you don't—you don't know what it means to be blind, never to be able to do the simplest thing for yourself. But to me it was the most wonderful thing that ever happened. I went home and sat down and laughed out loud just from happiness. For years I'd worn a smile on my face because I had to. At last I could laugh because I wanted to.

Don.—You didn't need anyone—

Morris.—I didn't need anyone but Buddy. The minute I realized that, I wanted every blind person in this country to have a dog. Mrs. Eustis and Mr. Humphrey were both enthusiastic about starting a school in America as soon as it could be proved practical. We decided I must try going everywhere with my dog, in all kinds of traffic and under all sorts of conditions. When I was perfectly satisfied with the results I was to cable them,

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and they would begin plans for the school. So Buddy and I came over to make the test.

DON.—You came home from Europe *alone?*

MORRIS.—Sure! I was shipped over American express—blind baggage, I guess. But I came back on my own—with Buddy!

DON.—Weren't you afraid?

MORRIS.—Well, it was pretty exciting. I'll never forget the morning we landed. We left the dock and started across West Street.

Biz.—Music.

Biz.—Traffic sounds . . . auto horns.

MORRIS (*in mike*).—Here we go, Buddy. It's our big chance. Don't let me down, will you, girl? We've got to show them! What's this, the curb? All right, I'm ready. From the sounds I'd say if we could cross this street we could cross anything. Let's find out—Buddy, forward! (*Impressionistic music continues as background for following scenes which should be played very fast*)

Biz.—Traffic sounds up . . . sound of motors . . . auto horns, screech of brakes . . . police whistle.

Biz.—Music up . . . continued traffic sounds . . . police whistle.

MORRIS.—Does this bus go to 26th Street?

DRIVER.—Yes, but you can't bring that dog on the bus!

MORRIS.—But—I must—

DRIVER.—But you mustn't! No dogs allowed.

MORRIS.—Buddy isn't a dog. She's a guide. I must have her to lead me.

DRIVER (*skeptically*).—Lead you?

MORRIS.—Yes, you see, I'm blind! She takes me about.

DRIVER.—I—I thought you was leadin' her—

Biz.—Music up.

Biz.—Sound of train.

MORRIS.—Is there a diner on this train?

CONDUCTOR.—Car ahead, sir. Everything comfortable?

MORRIS.—Splendid!

CONDUCTOR.—We got special orders about your dog. She's a beauty—must be mighty intelligent.

Biz.—Sound of train up.

HEAD WAITER.—Will you sit here, sir? May I help you?

MORRIS.—My dog will take care of me, thank you!

Biz.—Music.

Biz.—Sound of cable . . . telegraph.

MORRIS.—I want to send a cable.

GIRL.—Here's a blank, sir.

MORRIS.—Would you write it for me, please? Mrs. Harrison Eustis, "Fortunate Fields," Switzerland. Just cable the one

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word—"Success." And sign it "Morris and Buddy." (*Music fading for:*)

MORRIS.—And that, Mrs. Dean, is how the American school was started. At first the dogs were trained in Europe and shipped over here, but now they are educated at the school in Morristown.

DON.—Why, you—you can go places all by yourself, can't you?

MORRIS.—Any place in the world. (*Pause*) Well, Buddy and I must run along. Just thought you might be interested in knowing about this kind of a dog—

DON.—I am! How do you get one?

MORRIS.—Write to The Seeing Eye at Morristown, and apply for admission to a class. You'd have to go there to live for a month, you know.

DON.—What for?

MORRIS.—To learn to use your dog properly.

DON.—But I thought they were already trained!

MORRIS.—They are. You're not. You have to know what to do, as well as the dog.

DON.—Mother, I want you to do something for me right away! I want you to write a letter to The Seeing Eye!

Biz.—Music.

NARRATOR.—Eventually Don goes to Morristown, spurred on by a new hope. He arrives on the same day with seven other men. Elliot S. Humphrey, Director of Training, known affectionately as "Jack," greets them, and talks to them about the purpose of the school.

JACK.—So you see, men, it's pretty much up to you. You'll make progress in proportion as you throw your fears aside and try. You may all go to your rooms now. Someone will guide you over the house, and show you where everything is. After that you will be expected to take care of yourselves. (*Crowd murmur of "I can't do that"—"I couldn't find my way around even at home"*)

JACK (*continuing*).—You'll find you can do it—and that you like it—once you've tried.

GUIDE.—You're Don Dean, aren't you?

DON.—Yes!

GUIDE.—I'm a guide here. I'll show you to your room.

DON.—Thanks! (*Footsteps*)

GUIDE.—Steps here. Be careful. Turn right. Now, more steps. Your room is down this hall. (*Sound of door*) Here it is. The bed's here—and the chair is over here. There's a bureau on this side—three drawers. Your suitcase is on the bed. You'll have time to unpack before lunch.

DON (*horrified*).—Unpack? I can't unpack for myself. I haven't done a thing like that for a year.

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GUIDE.—Why not? There's nothing the matter with your arms, is there?
DON.—Haven't you any consideration for me? I can't see—I'm blind!
GUIDE.—Why should I have? I'm blind, too! (*Door closes*)
DON.—Wow! That's telling me! (*Pause*) Well, let's have a try. (*Moves stumblingly about . . . door opens again*)
JACK.—Don!
DON.—Oh, Mr. Humphrey!
JACK.—Here's your dog, Don. His name is Lad. Let him know you like him. If you're to depend on him, he's got to love you, you know!—He's your own dog, from now on. He'll sleep here beside your bed, and lie at your feet when you're at table—
DON.—Where is he?
JACK.—Right here by the door. I'm taking off his leash. Call him!
DON.—Come here, Lad! Here, boy! (*Patter of dog's feet*) Come closer. That's a good fellow. Nice dog! Look, Mr. Humphrey, he's licking my hand! He does like me, he does! (*Voice breaks*) Oh, Lad, I've got you at last. Just touching you, and knowing what you can do for me, makes the whole world seem different. (*Pause . . . sudden determination*) Do you know what I'm going to do, Mr. Humphrey? I've been thinking about it for weeks. Now I've made up my mind. As soon as I learn to go about with Lad, *I'm going back to college!*
Biz.—Music.
NARRATOR.—It is Commencement Day at Cromwell College, more than four years later. The exercises are almost over, and members of the class of 1936 in historic Hathaway Chapel are about to receive their diplomas. Bob Norton, Don's roommate, standing next to him in the first row, speaks under his breath. (*Crowd voices*)
BOB.—Are you nervous?
DON.—A little!
BOB.—Relax! Lad's behaving better than you are.
DON.—He should. Hasn't missed a lecture in four years!
BOB.—Or a game or a dance. You've given him a busy life. Well, here comes the big moment!
DR. HOLMES (*off*).—Be seated, gentlemen, please.
BOB.—Sh—Dr. Holmes is going to begin. (*Voices die down . . . cough, etc.*)
DR. HOLMES.—This morning I feel that I have a special privilege. We are graduating a young man who in his four years has not only made an enviable record for himself as a student and as president of his class, but in so doing has overcome one of the greatest of physical handicaps—total blindness! In the devotion of his magnificent dog guide he has found a substitute for his own eyes, and has gone forward with unfaltering courage.

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Together they have shown us here at Cromwell that while there can be no sight without eyes, vision is a thing of the spirit. Donald Dean, will you come forward!

DON.—Lad, he's calling us. Come on, boy. We've got to go and get our diploma!

Biz.—Music.

NARRATOR.—We are happy to have with us in the studio this evening two of the personalities whose experiences have been dramatized on this evening's program—the man who proved the feasibility of The Seeing Eye dogs in this country and the dog that has been his constant companion since that first experiment. We take great pleasure in presenting Mr. Morris Frank and his faithful friend, Buddy. (*Applause*)

MR. FRANK.—The Seeing Eye deeply appreciates the interest the Cavalcade of America has shown in thus dramatizing its work for the radio audience. More, especially, we appreciate the pains-taking effort to make every detail of the story accurate. Throughout the country, there are thousands of people who probably are taking particular pleasure in this broadcast. They are the members of The Seeing Eye, the people who really make possible the adventures into freedom such as Donald Dean, in tonight's story, experienced. If you want to know more about our work, or about membership, write The Seeing Eye, Morristown, New Jersey. Thank you, and thank *you*, Cavalcade of America.

NARRATOR.—Thank you, Mr. Frank, and thank you, Buddy! It has been a pleasure to welcome you to the Cavalcade of America.

Theme.

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CHAPTER XVIII

FANTASY

WE come now to that phase of script work which to me is the most charming and delightful of all—the fantasy. This field has been seriously neglected by American radio (and as badly overworked by the British) and the occasional efforts one hears in this country have been for the most part too sirupy or too mawkish or too downright cute. Almost all of them have been totally unreal. This objection sounds like a contradiction in terms: one would suppose that a fantasy had every right to be fantastic. It has no such right, and the endowment of it with this right is the very thing that destroys its effect on the air.

The most superficial reflection on the subject will bring forth the reason for this. A fantasy, to be effective, must be believed. In this respect it is no different from any other drama. But the fantasy must be believed in the very face of positive proof that the thing can't possibly happen. It must be believed in defiance of the laws of physics, the laws of natural phenomena, and the sum of human experience. This puts a terrific burden on the writer and adapter alike, and this burden reaches its dead weight at that exact point in the script wherein the fantastic element first engages upon the natural element. It is therefore imperative that everything in the script, up to the moment when the fantasy's individual grotesquerie is introduced, be completely believable. This requires realism of the strictest sort—in other words, close attention to detail, and sharp color-photo characterization.

The two properties we shall see in this chapter are rich in their delineation of this problem and equally rich in the resourcefulness with which the problem has been met. For all practical broadcasting purposes they are both entirely satisfying. At this writing only one ("Mr. Sycamore") has been given a production; the other ("The Flying Yorkshireman") is pending.

As a piece of original writing "The Flying Yorkshireman" is one of the most enjoyable stories I ever read. It is the story of an agreeable, simple-minded couple from Yorkshire,

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the male member of which is so impressed by an evangelical pep talk on Faith that he decides he can fly. And fly he does. This is the barest outline, the story itself being crowded with lively episode.

The story was very hard to adapt. Unfortunately it is far too long to reprint here—twenty-five thousand words at least—but the reader would do well to procure a copy of the original. First published by *Story Magazine,* it has since been published by the Story Press in association with Harper & Brothers; it was the May choice (1938) of the Book of the Month Club, and it has sold over a hundred thousand copies. The reader will benefit by comparing the original with the radio play which is here included. The problem of adapting it to a half-hour dramatization was much more than a problem in condensing and cutting. It meant transforming an unwieldy and rambling story (perfect in its original form) into concise dramatic terms. It meant re-creating an abundance of episodic material into a single unified tale without losing any of the character or scope of the original.

Charles Jackson did the radio treatment on this property and his work is a fine demonstration of legitimate and highly sensitive conversion. For this particular assignment he was the most suitable candidate in the CBS script division. He has an excellent, if oblique, sense of humor, a scorn for radio tricks and dramatic hocus-pocus, instinctive discrimination as to what constitutes show material, and a fine appreciation of the incongruous.

The amateur, if set to work on the same story, would have bombarded his action with Sound cues and generally "tricked" the piece with monologue, narration, and Peter-Pan winsomeness. Mr. Jackson, who abhors all this, at once realized that forthrightness of treatment was the only method that could possibly work. He used Sound but he has not overused it. He was also forced to use both monologue and narration. He was forced to use monologue because the Flying Yorkshireman (Sam) learns to fly by himself, and for a long time communicates to no one his delightful and thrilling secret. It is obvious that Sam couldn't go flying around and talking to himself about it at the same time; and it is obvious, too, that no Sound would accompany his flights. How, then, could these flights, alone and unseen by others, be described in the radio play? Mr. Jackson has brought to this problem a very able answer. He has limited Sam's experiences to one only, and this

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one his very first; and it is in this flight that Mr. Jackson has permitted the Yorkshireman a short strip of monologue.

Just how sensible and how right this is will be seen by recalling what was said on this same question in an earlier chapter. The monologue had to be a *natural* outcropping of the given circumstance. Sam's first flight would be accompanied by his own naturally surprised remarks, and this naturalness is the point at which the adapter has caught. These are the fine discriminations which distinguish the professional from the amateur. Sam is not a man floating around a room talking to himself. He is a flabbergasted poltergeist exploding over the excitements of his own private phenomenon. It would take a most taciturn person to restrain himself under such conditions.

As to the narrative device, Mr. Jackson (who ordinarily spurns this also but who has used it here nonetheless) has employed it in the closing scene. I consider its use here one of the neatest pieces of technical maneuver in the whole script. Actually the curtain has come down on our story and the narration, as it is here used, is natural, good-humored, and revealing. It adds to, rather than detracts from, the effectiveness of a story that has already ended.

A word should be said about the opening scene of this dramatization. It catches the listener's attention at once in a colorful sequence, singles out the two central characters in less than thirty seconds, and in another minute introduces the main theme, which is Faith. Having done so much at the outset (and we are now assured that the listener will follow along for further revelations), the writer can here afford to drop the events of the story for a minute or two and take time to acquaint the listener with his characters. The first inkling of Sam's desire to fly (and thus, that he *will* fly) is introduced so unobtrusively that we are all but unaware of it. It is further interesting and gratifying to observe how the transitions have been made from scene to scene in this story. In no case is there a jarring note, or an abrupt change difficult to follow: one sequence flows into the other with ease and perfect naturalness. In each case the transition enhances the action of the story and makes it move forward, so that there is a continuous rise in interest from the opening scene to the last, when we are at last content to relax and compliment ourselves on having heard that extremely rare thing: a good story well told. Here is Eric Knight's story of "The Flying Yorkshireman," as told for radio by Charles Jackson:

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THE FLYING YORKSHIREMAN *

Music.—Organ up strong in finish of hymn tune . . .

EVANGELIST.—That was my own hymn, Folks, entitled "Won't You Buy My Violets—M'Dame"—written by myself: Yours truly Sister Minnie Tekel Upharsin Smith. Did you like it, Folks?

Biz.—Cries of—"Sure, Mike!"—"Yes!"—"Amen!" etc.

EVANGELIST.—God bless you, Brothers and Sisters!

CROWD.—Bless you, Sister!

EVANGELIST.—Hallelujah! And now, Folks, I want all you folks from our great state of California out here to stand up and shake hands with all you other folks who aren't from California but are God's children just the same and our brothers and sisters in the Lord. How about it, Everybody? California folks, stand up! All you others remain seated so we'll know who you are!

Biz.—Sound of many people rising, chairs squeaking, etc.

VOICES.—"Bless you, Brother"—"Bless you, Sister"—"Where you from, Brother"—etc.

SAM.—Makes me feel right funny, what with a stranger pumping my hand like he—

MULLY.—Shame on you, Sammywell Small—you ain't warmed up to the spirit o' the thing!

EVANGELIST (*off mike, shouting*).—And now, Folks, how about all you people from foreign lands standing up now and saying where you're from!—Come on, Folks, stand up and speak right out: "I'm from Timbuctoo" or wherever it is! Okay? Let's hear from somebody!—Hello, here's the first one!—Where you from, Brother?

VOICE.—I'm from Barre, Vermont!

EVANGELIST.—Bless you, Brother!

2ND VOICE.—I come from Winnipeg, Sister!

EVANGELIST.—Bless you, Brother!

VOICES.—"I come here from Düsseldorf, Germany!"—"I hail from Hilo in Hawaii!"—"I'm from Newark, Wayne County, New York State!"—"I here from Yucatan!"—etc.— (*Fade down behind*)

MULLY.—Get up yourself, Sammywell Small!

SAM.—I will not.

MULLY.—Where's your manhood, Sammy? Stand up on your two legs like a man and put in your ha'porth!

SAM.—I'm not having any.

MULLY.—I can't stand it any longer—

* Reproduced by special arrangement with Eric Knight, and Curtis Brown, Ltd., the author's agent.

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SAM.—Sit down, Mully! What about me? Think of your husband Sammywell!

MULLY (*at the top of her lungs*).—Mister and Missus Sammywell Small, Powki'thorpe Brig, near Huddersfield, Yorksha', England! (*Cheers . . . applause . . . cries of "Bless you, Sister!"*)

SAM.—Well, you done it.

MULLY.—'Course I done it—'cause I think California is the nicest and friendliest place we struck since we started on our trip around the world.

EVANGELIST (*off mike, shouting*).—Hallelujah!—And now, Folks, it's time for our sermon! And I got a dandy tonight—a beaut, a peacherino! "Faith Will Move Mountains" I call it, because it means just like it says: "Faith Will Move Mountains!" Do you hear me, Brothers and Sisters? There's nothing in the world like Faith—and don't you doubt for a minute, Folks, that we couldn't move mountains if we really wanted to! Everything depends on Faith; and for my part, I personally believe in it so much that I just *know* that if you five thousand or so brothers and sisters here present tonight, praise be to God, were to head right out of this Blessed Temple and drive down to San Bernardino, I'll bet you right now that if we would have Faith together—all get together and have Faith *hard*—we could make old Mount Baldy shift ten feet toward the sea! *That's* what I believe, Folks—that's what I *know* about Faith! —Oh, Sisters and Brothers—Faith is a very, very wonderful thing! In fact, Faith is a marvelous thing—and if you Brothers and Sisters believe in the power of Faith, there is *nothing* you can't do! *Nothing.* (*Cheers . . . applause . . . shouts of "Amen!" "Bless you, Sister!" . . . fade*)

Music.—Up and out.

MULLY.—Well, Ah don't know how tha feels about it, Sammywell, but Ah've had a rare good time, and Ah thinks this is the right nicest place us has struck in all our travels.

SAM.—Aye, taking the rough with the smooth, this ain't a bad place—for Yankee land, o' course. But it's right cool here on this boulevard tonight and I'm wishing the old bus would come along.

MULLY.—There's no two ways about it, Sammywell, Ah've had as rare a time as Ah've had in all my born days— And the bus will come in a minute.

SAM.—Ah'm kinda wonderin' if there's anything to this Faith business: Ah'm kinda wonderin' if a whole bunch o' people all having Faith together—with a yo-heave-ho effect—really could move a mountain—if only for the matter of an inch or two.

MULLY.—If a chap's going to do anything with Faith, he'd be

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know nowt about 'em. Ah tell 'em off proper, Ah do!—Look at this terrier here, for instance. They calls him a Yorksha' terrier, but did you ever see one like him in Yorksha'?

SAM.—Nothin' like him where Ah come from!

DICK.—You're right. It's Yankee clippin' and trimmin' and prinkin'—to make 'em less dog, I suppose. Hey, there!—Hey, cop that dog, man!

SAM.—Here—no, he were too quick!

DICK (*whistles sharply*).—Here, you!—Too late, he's jumped the bloody fence.

SAM.—So he did. And so can I. Here, watch!

DICK.—You can't make it, man!

SAM.—Can't I? Jes watch me, lad!

DICK.—Well, Ah'll be boogered! (*Yells*) Come back through the gate!

SAM (*off mike, calling*).—No—I've got the dog now, and I'll jest jump back again same way.

DICK (*after a pause*).—Well—I'll be boogered again, I will!

SAM.—Here's your terrier for ya'.

DICK.—Eigh, lad, that's a varry special gift tha's got there.

SAM.—It is, that.

DICK.—That were a champion jump. That there fence is all of seven feet if it's a inch. And with a dog under thy arm, too.—Why didn't tha tell me tha were a champion athalete?

SAM.—Me? I nivver done no athaletics in my life.

DICK.—You don't mean to tell me. Here—let's measure it with this tape. (*Pause*) Seven feet two inches. Eigh, we got to dew summat about this. Here tha can jum' seven feet two inches, and offhand Ah think the world's record is nobbut six foot eight or summat like that. Ba gum, lad! Ah got an idea we could clean up a pretty penny on this!

Music.—Lively band tune . . . up . . . hold . . . fade down behind.

VOICE (*shouting through megaphone off mike*).— . . . equaling the outdoor Olympic record in the running high jump. The high jump, ladies and gentlemen! Sam Small of Great Britain now jumping— (*Pause . . . then cheers, applause, etc.*)

VOICE (*shouting off mike*).—A new world's record, ladies and gentlemen! Fifteen feet three inches—won by Sam Small of Great Britain—with inches to spare!—

Biz.—Cheers . . . applause . . . band tune up loud, then fade.

MULLY.—Sam! Sammywell! Where are you?

SAM.—I'm in your clothes closet, Mully.

MULLY.—Come out o' there. Now, Sam, what's tha been up to?

SAM.—Why, nowt. Ah were just saying to mysen, Ah sez: "Ah'll just give Mully's boots a bit of a blacking and get 'em right nice and shiny the way she likes 'em."

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MULLY.—Never mind soft-soapin' me about ma boots, Sammywell Small. What's tha been up to?

SAM.—Why, Ah telled thee, nowt at all.

MULLY.—Nowt! Then what's twenty newspaper reporters yammerin' downstairs to see thee for? And what's this: A pitcher and all, of you doin' a broad jump in nothing but your drawers! On the front page o' the paper, too!

SAM.—Why, Ah were just doing a little bit of athaletics yesterday, as you might say. It ain't a varry good likeness, dosta think?

MULLY.—Eigh, Sam Small, Ah don't know what's happened to thy head. A man o' thy age, callorperin' and hoppin' around at athaletics! What in the name o' God coom over thee o' late?

SAM.—Ah ain't gat a word to say.

MULLY.—Sammywell, come and sit over here on t' sofa.—Now, lad, there's summat behind all this. Spit it out. Now what is it?

SAM (*guiltily*).—Well, Mully. It's summat like this. Ah found out Ah could fly.

MULLY.—Tha found what?

SAM.—Fly.—Sitha. Ah'll show thee.

MULLY.—Show me what?

SAM.—I'll just take a bit of a spin around the room. (*Pause . . . off mike*) See, Mully? I can fly. (*Pause . . . coming into mike*) Now tha sees. Ah can fly.

MULLY.—So tha can. And right nicely tha does it, too. What caps me is that tha didn't tell me about this when tha married me.

SAM.—Nay, it nobbut come over me lately.

MULLY.—Well, a varry handy accomplishment it is too, if tha axes me. Tha'll be able to wash windows that Ah cannot reach and mony things like that. Here, Sam, just hop up and wipe off that cobweb on t' ceiling there. It's been worryin' me for two days now.

SAM.—Sitha. (*Going off mike*) Ah can fly like a sea gull or like a pigeon, but Ah can't yet fly like a lark.

MULLY.—Well, don't be discouraged, lad. Happen that will come wi' practice. Ah think tha does right well for a beginner.

SAM.—And tha's what I was doing yesterday, flyin' over the high jumps, not jumpin', just to win a few bets for mysen.

MULLY.—Well, there's nowt wrang wi' makin' a little brass, I always say. Ah like to have a sixpence on the Darby mysen if Ah can. But it seems tha's stirred up summat, what wi' all these newspaper lads downstairs, and a committee o' gentlemen to ax thee to try out for the British Olympic party.

SAM.—Well, us can settle all that right fast. All us has got to do is just explain the truth, like—and tell 'em that Ah'm no athalete but just did it by flying. Thee just run down and tell 'em while I gets these boots blacked nicely for thee. Tell 'em

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Ah'm sorry Ah hoaxed 'em but there's no newspaper story for 'em, properly speaking. 'Cause I didn't jump, I flew.

Music.—Up . . . hold . . . fade.

MULLY.—Sam, there's a newspaper young feller at the door again.

SAM.—Ef it's just one of 'em, tell him to coom in.

MULLY.—He says for you to come out.

SAM.—He does? Then you coom wi' me, Mully.

Biz.—Opening of door.

SAM.—Is tha a newspaper lad, happen?

NEWSMAN.—To tell the truth, I am. And it's this way, Mr. Small. I want you to give me a break. I've got to have a good story for my paper. If I don't get a good story I'll be ruined. I'm only starting in as a reporter, so I've got to get a really good story. Will you give me some new angle on this jump of yours yesterday?

SAM.—I didn't jump, lad, I flew.

NEWSMAN.—You *what?*

SAM.—Well, there's nowt moar to it. Ah can fly, that's all.

NEWSMAN.—Fly?

SAM.—Aye.

NEWSMAN.—You mean, in an airplane?

SAM.—Nay, just on me own hook.

NEWSMAN (*coughs*).—Well, Mr. Small—I don't want to trouble you too much, but—I mean, of course, if you're in the mood—would you mind just—flying?

SAM.—Surely, lad.—Here's a nice bit of a place here. I'll just take a turn or two up over the house for you— (*Going off mike*) See how it's done, lad?

NEWSMAN.—*Holy* jumped-up—

MULLY.—Is tha feeling poorly, lad?

NEWSMAN.—Holy *jumped*-up—

MULLY.—Come back, Sam—the lad is ill.

SAM (*coming into mike*).—Aye, what's up? Tha looks like tha wished tha'd died when tha had t' measles.

NEWSMAN (*breathless*).—I'd get fired!

SAM.—Tha get what?

NEWSMAN.—Fired! Bounced! The gate! Discharged!

SAM.—Oh, tha means the sack. Ah'm sorry, lad, Ah thowt Ah was givin' you a right exclusive story.

NEWSMAN (*wildly excited*).—If I go back and write it, they'd fire me! They'd say I was drunk on the job! I'd only be telling them the truth—the story, I mean—and they'd be too dumb to believe it! They're just like the guys that got the Kitty Hawk story on the Wright Brothers—two sticks on page umpty-nine. And this is bigger than the Wrights! Bigger than the Dionne quin-

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tuplets! It's the biggest story the world has ever known! Do you know that!

SAM.—Tha's being varry polite.

NEWSMAN.—I may be drunk or I may be crazy, but I definitely am not polite *ever!* I do believe I'm nuts, though. Am I? Do you think I'm nuts?

MULLY.—Nuts?

NEWSMAN.—Why, you don't seem to realize that this is the biggest thing in the last fifty centuries of man's progress. Man can fly under his own power! It's big! It's colossal! It's terrific! Why, with me as manager, we'd set the world on fire. We'd make millions!

MULLY.—Millions?

NEWSMAN.—Yes. We'd give exhibitions!

MULLY.—Think o' that, now.

SAM.—Ah were thinkin' o' giving an exhibition. Ah were thinkin' t' other day, that since it were at Sister Minnie's Ah first got t' idea, happen she'd like me to fly so it could be a sort of evidence o' what Faith'll do, in a manner of speaking.

NEWSMAN.—Sister Minnie, hell! You don't think she'd give up the center of her stage to a man that could fly! No, sir! Look, you sign with me and we'll make a tour—a world tour—

SAM.—Nay, Ah doan't want to make no world tour. Ah just made one, and Ah doan't want another one only so far's as it goes back to Yorksha'.

MULLY.—Sam!

SAM.—Now, Mully, it's ma flyin' and it's ma judgment on what Ah do with it.

MULLY.—When it comes to addiling brass, thee leave it all to me. Now if a little bit of a thing like flying can make us a fortune in America, we'd be ninnies not to tak' it. Now thee forget the money end, and me and this young chap will settle everything.

SAM.—Ooah, ma goodness, wish Ah were back hoam, Ah do.

NEWSMAN.—Forget it. Your wife's got the right idea. Now we're all set. Let's see— It's no use fooling with the movies, because people seeing a picture would think it was faked. We'll hire Madison Square Garden in New York! All you'll have to do is just once each day, take off and fly around the Garden. I'll get the plane tickets and we'll fly East tomorrow.

MULLY.—Fly? Why, lewk, then. Happen tha'd better get nobbut two tickets, and Sam could fly alongside the airplane. Us'd save one fare that way.

SAM.—That seems like a champion idea, Mully.

NEWSMAN.—Nope! Your man would freeze solid going over those Rockies. But, boy! are we all set! Next stop, New York!

Music.—Up loud and quick . . . hold . . . fade to airplane motor

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. . . then police sirens . . . then mumble of many voices in a room. Hold chatter behind.

MULLY.—Hey, why should all these people see it without paying? This is our own private hotel room, not theirs!

NEWSMAN.—This is a publicity stunt. It's the press. We've got to stir up interest.

VOICE ONE (*in background*).—There aren't any wires as far as I can see.

VOICE TWO.—Maybe he's got some kind of a machine fastened to him.

VOICE THREE (*nearer*).—Mrs. Small, would you mind leaving the room so you can't possibly hypnotize him?

MULLY (*muttering*).—Me hypnotize him! Guess they don't know Sammywell!

VOICE (*off mike, calling*).—Oh, Mister Small, will you please take your clothes off so that we can see there's no trickery?

MULLY (*shouting above the hubbub*).—No, sir! If ye think me owd man's going to fly around naked as the day he was born, ye're all bahn to hev another think comin'! Now put that in your pipes and smoak it!

VOICE ONE.—Here's a doctor, Mr. Small, to test your metabolism and take your blood test.

VOICE TWO.—Oh, Mister Small—a psychologist here wants to know if you believe a ton of feathers is lighter than a ton of lead.

VOICE THREE.—Just raise yourself up in the air a little, Mister Small—some good flying pose—and we'll get some good pictures.

SAM.—I got to gat out of here. Scuse me, gentlemen. I'll be back.

Biz.—Door opens, slams shut . . . pause.

STRANGER (*in quiet reserved voice*).—How do you do, Sir.

SAM (*slightly out of breath and dazed*).—Well, that were a good show I put on for 'em. But Ah'm rare fagged out.

STRANGER.—It was a good show. But they won't believe it.

SAM.—Won't believe it?

STRANGER.—No, alas! The cheap modern education of the scientific world abhors that which surpasses its factual knowledge. So your newspapermen will write all about mass hypnotism and wires and Barnum and autosuggestion. They'll use lots of phrases they don't understand about matters they can't comprehend. They'll find any excuse but the simple truth—that you are capable of levitation—in other words, that you can fly.

SAM.—Ah can that.

STRANGER.—Of course you can.

SAM.—Thank you kindly. Here, have a pipe of my 'baccy. It's varry good. And what did tha say thy name was?

STRANGER.—Oh, it's just a string of vowels and consonants—you

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wouldn't be interested— But you! I am still sitting in wonder that I should have the luck to be alive in an age when you should manifest yourself again.

SAM.—Again?

STRANGER.—Yes. Are you becoming rarer, I wonder? Will this age develop more of you? We've had you before, you know—Daedalus, Icarus. They could fly, too.

SAM.—Then Ah'm not the first?

STRANGER.—There have been lots of you. You have been excommunicated and tortured, drowned and burned at the stake, as wizards and vampires and incubi and succubi. All because the world is weak and ignorant and—human. And I, too, am human. I wish to circle your life, observe you, make a laboratory specimen of you. But I won't. I'd like to ask you one question.

SAM.—Nay, Sir, Ah've been axed soa mony another won't hurt. What is it?

STRANGER.—Tell me, do you find it harder flying at some times than at others?

SAM.—Nay, Sir. Well, I like best flying alone and outdoors. It does get a bit hard for me when people's around. Like this afternoon—it were like the air were varry sticky and soft and a bit harder to get through.

STRANGER.—It has been a rare privilege to talk to you, Mr. Small. I wish I could protect you, but I can't. You see, the world will do anything but believe. Although they see, they won't believe, for there is no more faith, simple and blessed. For the world has had too much proof and too much logic; and in getting them we have lost the faculty of having faith in the incomprehensible—

SAM.—Tha's funny—it were a sermon on Faith that started me out flyin', as you might say.

STRANGER.—Of course.

SAM.—Nay, Ah doan't care what they believe! Ah know Ah can fly, doan't Ah?

STRANGER.—Yes, Mr. Small. But don't you see that their disbelief could—well. No, I cannot interfere. I must not do any more harm to the world. You must go on alone—but just one thing more: If at any time—if you find it gets harder than usual—just say to yourself: "I can fly. I can! I *can!*" and don't ever disbelieve it—

Music.—Up . . . fade to lively band tune in distance . . . hold down behind.

SAM.—Ah will net wear it!

MULLY.—You will soa. As pretty a pair o' panties as ever Ah saw, with this bunch o' spangles, and this silk . . .

SAM.—Ah tell ye, I will net wear it!

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MULLY.—What, after all t' bother Ah hed makkin' it! Tha'll wear it or Ah'll know why!

SAM.—Eigh, Mully, Ah'd look like one o' Tetley's brewery horses on Sunday.

MULLY.—Ah embroidered it mysen. There's a Union Jack on the right leg, and a Stars and Stripes on the left, out o' courtesy, as you might say. Now coom on, lad, put it on just to please ma.

SAM.—Eigh, Mully, Ah lewk like the lad on t' flying trapeeze, Ah do, for a fact.

MULLY.—Well, tha couldn't expect to go out there flyin' around in thy best blue serge suit.

Biz.—Door opens . . . loud speaker heard announcing in distance.

NEWSMAN (*coming into mike*).—Okay, Sam? You sure you can do it? Because there's the biggest crowd the Garden ever had—at a twenty-two dollar top, too! You won't miss out?

SAM (*irritably*).– Of course not.

NEWSMAN.—Okay—here we go!

Biz.—Roar of vast crowd . . . applause . . . cheers . . . fade to silence.

VOICE OF ANNOUNCER (*echoing as in vast arena*).—Laa-a-a-deeees and Gentlemen: The Flying Yorkshireman! Sam Small, of Great Britain, flying under his own power! A cataclysmic demonstration of the supreme power of man's indomitable will! Sam Small—the Flying Yorkshireman!

Biz.—Roar of applause . . . fade gradually to dead silence . . . and hold.

NEWSMAN (*after pause . . . in hysterical stage whisper*).—For God's sake—*fly!*

Biz.—Pause . . . then a few titters of laughter from crowd.

NEWSMAN (*louder*).—Stop running around—and fly! *Take off!*

Biz.—More laughter . . . then more . . . then vast roar of laughter from crowd . . . boos . . . shouts of derision . . . catcalls.

MULLY (*shouting*).—Sam—come here!

NEWSMAN.—For God's sake call him back—he's ruining us!

MULLY (*screaming*).—Sammywell!— (*Fade*)

Music.—Up . . . hold briefly . . . out.

SAM.—Give 'em all their money back again. Ah'll pay for the hall and everything if it takes every penny us has got.

NEWSMAN.—It's all right, Mr. Small. I don't want you to feel bad.

SAM.—That's nice, lad. Hurry away and tell t' folk they can have their money back.—Mully, Ah suppose tha's mad at me.

MULLY.—Nay, Sammywell, Ah'm not mad. But tha did look a bit funny out there, hoppin' around. Go on and change thy clothes and let's nivver say no moar about flyin' again.

SAM.—Happen Ah only dreamt Ah could fly—Mully, you'll nivver

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have Faith in me again.—Hey—Faith! It were Faith started the whole thing!—And that man— Say to yoursen, he sed: " 'Ah can fly! Ah can! Ah *Can!*'—and don't ever disbelieve it!"

MULLY.—Sam, what you're saying?

SAM.—And, by Gow, Ah *can* fly! Oppen that bloody door!

Biz.—Door slams back.

SAM (*shouting*).—Ah'll show ye! Ah'll show ye! (*Going off mike*) Ah'll show ye!

Biz.—Crowd yelling excitedly . . . women scream . . . pandemonium.

SAM (*screaming above roar*).—Now, can Ah fly? Can Ah!

WOMAN (*shrieking*).—Look—he's heading for the window up there!—he's gone!

Biz.—Traffic noises . . . police whistles . . . sirens . . . fire engines . . . ambulances . . . all sounding far off and far below . . . fade.

POLICEMAN (*off mike*).—Hey, you sitting up there! Come on down or you'll break your damned neck!

SAM.—Ah'll show ye!

POLICEMAN.—Okay, tough guy.

Biz.—Revolver shot . . . noises fade.

SAM.—That may hev been a narrow escape or not, whichever way you likes to look at it. But it's nay fun sitting way up here on top o' this skyscraper— (*Sighs deeply*) Eigh now, Sam Small, tha has gone and done it. How in bloomin' thunder is tha off to find out where tha lives? The hotels all look alike fro' here— Eigh, what a do! Ah wish Ah were home in Yorksha'— Eigh, look—gardens way up on top o' buildings. What an idea. However, lad, here's a soft place to kep, and t' first thing in t' morning tha can get down quietly and find out where tha lives—

Music.—Up . . . hold briefly . . . fade.

SAM.—Ba gum, Ah maun o' overslept mysen. Ah'm fair sick o' this— Hey, here's another copper climbin' aout below, gun and all.

POLICEMAN (*off mike*).—Come down, you!

SAM.—Now, lad, if tha climbs up here Ah'll just fly away to soom other building and tha'll hev to do it all over again. Ah'm stayin' where Ah am, and the only person Ah want to talk to is ma Mully. Fetch Mully here and Ah'll talk to her. Ah'm fair sick of all this, Ah am indeed. Ah'm right sick of it, Ah might almost say. So take thy gun and thysen away and fetch Mully here.

Music.—Up . . . hold briefly . . . then fade down behind and hold throughout.

MULLY (*calling off mike*).—Sammywell! It's Mully!

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SAM.—Ah, Mully—Ah sees your bonnet. Wait, Ah'll give you a bit of a hand and take you out on this ledge. (*Pause*) All right now, Mully?

MULLY.—Eigh, Sam, in thy shirt sleeves all night, perched up here like a cock sparrer. Tha maun ha' caught thy death o' cold.

SAM.—Mully, now doan't start in plaguin' me. Help me get out o' this mess; and so 'elp me bob, Ah'll never lift ma two feet offen the ground together again. These bloody bobbies hev been shootin' at me. Tell 'em Ah nobbut want to get down and go hoam to Yorksha' again.

MULLY.—Nay, lad, tha's put thy foot in it and there's owd Nick poppin' below.

SAM.—What's up now?

MULLY.—What ain't up? Tha hasn't awf done it, now. Tha's tangled the city up. There's been dozens killed in traffic accidents from people starin' at thee. A skyscraper company has offered a hundred pounds a day if tha'll just light on their flagpole once a morning.

SAM.—Nivver heed that, lass. Let's get down fro' here and get away.

MULLY.—Nay, lad, tha's started summat. Tha sees, Sam tha's upset things. People are suing thee for damages and Ah doan't know what. One awf o' the city wants thee shot as a bat man and the other—

SAM.—A bat man? What's that?

MULLY.—That's what they calls thee: "the bat man—the bat man." And scientists say tha can't be true, and ministers say tha maun be a devil, and ivvery woman in t' city is barrin' her windows. Tha's a menace, that's what tha is.

SAM.—A *menace*, Mully? What on earth for?

MULLY.—Well, tha can fly, lad.

SAM (*sighing deeply*).—Eigh, it were that California at's to blame. It were a balmy climate for fair—it turned *me* balmy onyhow. And all Ah've ivver wanted, Mully, was to be back hoam in Yorksha', wi' a good pint o' ale, and a few lads to pass a nice evenin' with—or just sittin' hoam workin' on a nice rag rug.

Music.—Up a bit . . . hold throughout following.

MULLY.—Nay, lad, Ah'm noa less to blame than thee, making thee coom to foreign countries where a chap gets ideas into his head that's contrary to common sense. Anyhow, here Ah am, and here Ah stay, wi' thee!

SAM (*after brief pause*).—Doan't the city look purty from up here, Mully? (*Pause again*) Millicent Small, dosta luv me, lass?

MULLY.—Nay, lad, doan't talk so soft.

SAM.—Ah mean it. It's important. Dosta luv me?

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MULLY (*beginning to weep*).—Sam Small—tha hasn't axed me that for nigh on twenty year.

SAM.—Well, Ah'm a man o' few words. Happen Ah've often thought about axin' thee; but tha knows how a chap is. Soa now Ah'm axin' thee.

MULLY.—Sammywell Small, Ah've stuck by thee for twenty year, Ah have. Ah took these for better or worse, and heppen it were worse than Ah thowt it would be. But still and all, Ah stuck by thee through t' strikes when we didn't hev a penny and us popped ma wedding ring to get summat to eat; and Ah nursed thee the time o' thy accident i' the mill; and Ah've put thee to bed when tha's been poorly. Ah've bore thy bairn and washed thy clothes and cooked thy meals and shared thy bed. And then tha axes me if Ah luv thee. If Ah doan't, lad, then for the last twenty year Ah've been living under false pretenses.

SAM.—That's all I wanted to hear— Now put thy hand in mine and doan't be afraid. Just have faith in me, that's all.

MULLY.—Us is going to fly together?

SAM.—Just have faith in me.

MULLY.—Look down fro' here, lad. There's going to be a hell of a bloody splash if tha makes a mistake.

SAM.—I won't make a mistake.

MULLY.—Awf a minute, Sam— Happen this'll work, happen not. But if it doan't, there's one question that's been burnin' me for a long time.

SAM.—Fire away, lass.

MULLY.—Well—Sam—did tha really have owt to do wi' that widow i' Harrogate that summer we went there on our holidays?

SAM.—Mully, true as us is facing our Maker right now, there's nivver been nobuddy but thee.

MULLY (*after a pause*).—That's all I wanted to hear thee say, lad— Now—count three for me, lad.

SAM.—One—

MULLY.—(*Takes deep breath.*)

SAM.—Two—just have faith in me!

MULLY.—All reight. Ah do believe in thee, Sam.

SAM.—Then here we go— Three!

Music.—Up . . . hold full . . . then fade behind.

NARRATOR.—And thus it was that Sam and Mully Small escaped New York and flew back to Yorkshire and settled down again. And if you ever go to Yorkshire and get to a place called Polkingthorpe Bridge, near Huddersfield, you can test this story. Any evening you wish, you can go down to the Spread Eagle, and there, with a pint of ale—or maybe sitting at home working on a rag rug—you can find a chap named Sam Small. But it's no use asking him if he can fly. Because if you do, he'll look you straight in the eye and say:

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SAM.—Nay, lad, that's not me. Tha maun be thinking o' two other chaps—
Music.—Up strong and out.

In passing, it is interesting to note that here again we have evidence to support my profound belief that the good writer is almost invariably the man who turns into the good radio writer; in other words, that the skills of this trade are not separate and distinct, or at least that their distinctions have been exaggerated to a very misleading degree. Charles Jackson was a magazine writer before he became connected with radio. And before his magazine experience he was a newspaper editor. And before he was a newspaper editor, he produced a half-dozen plays in the summer stock circuit and wrote a like number for the same enterprise.

A remarkably similar experience was that of Leopold Proser, who did the adaptation of the story which we will see next. He also knew how to write before he started to write for radio. It isn't necessary to go into his biography. It duplicates the stories of most of radio's best workmen and I want to get on to the script itself.

The Columbia Workshop production of "Mr. Sycamore" was the most exquisite single broadcast I have ever heard thus far in my experience with the industry. Almost always in air performance—however professional, however finished—there is some feature that is not quite right. "Mr. Sycamore" was unique in that it had no flaw. The lines sang. The cast was perfection. The story was the essence of appealing simplicity. The original score had a transporting power that elevated the quiet scenes to compelling actuality.

The principal role, that of Mr. Gwilt, was played by Parker Fennelly, who is one of the really great actors in American radio today. His work has a subtlety of overtone that is hard to describe and impossible to imitate. He is a master of inflection and timing, and his lines move with a cadence that exactly matches the emotion of the moment. He can be acid or tender without a perceptible change in volume. All these factors contributed to make of this an outstanding and memorable production.

Fantasies in themselves are very hard to write, and to inject them with deep tenderness makes them doubly hard. Think, for example, how badly such a master as Kipling bungled his handling of this same problem in "The Brushwood Boy"—a

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great story idea which became tangled on the flypaper of its own saccharin. Robert Ayre, a Canadian author, wrote the original story of "Mr. Sycamore" and kept himself clear of all this trouble by focusing his entire attention on the creation of a single climactic effect—the transformation of a man into a tree.

Mr. Gwilt, the weary letter carrier who achieved this metamorphosis, was created as a simple and self-believing man, and Mr. Ayre never permitted him, even momentarily, to depart from this character. Thus, after he has planted himself and is waiting for his hands to leaf and his feet to sprout, we are in no way surprised when he talks to the birds that are singing near by, for we realize his intention, and therefore understand his feeling of increasing affinity with the out of doors. Here it would have been easy to overload the passage but the author has dodged this by having Mr. Gwilt take this opportunity, *not* to blow bucolics through a shepherd's pipe, but to rebuke the vanities of the world he is about to leave. This rebuke is detached and philosophical and Wordsworthian, but it is sincere; and it is sufficiently pointed to complete the illusion of Gwilt's coming isolation. We do not hear the man speak again.

The development of the story observes almost exactly the realistic technique employed by Eric Knight in the previous story, and the preservation of this device throughout the radio show is the constant responsibility of the adapter. Things are presented in a most matter-of-fact way. Gwilt digs a hole in his backyard, steps into it, packs the earth around his feet, has himself sprinkled with a bucket of water from the kitchen sink, hands his spectacles to his wife, sends his shoes to the post office, etc. All the things he does are homely and familiar things. There is no abracadabra. The planting of the man is as free of ceremony as the planting of a row of onion sets.

There is one very expert touch in the original and it comes just at the conclusion of the spade work. The spot was very useful in the story but it was positively invaluable to the radio adaptation because of the contribution it made to the plausibility of Mr. Gwilt's completely implausible program. This occurs in the three lines:

JOHN.—Kneel down and pat the earth around my shins.
JANE.—But, John, dear, I thought that only God could make—
JOHN (*fiercely*).—Let's not go into that! And please never quote those abominable verses!

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If the audience has been in any doubt as to the quality of Gwilt's common sense, they cannot doubt him now. He wants no rubbish about the poetry of it all. This makes it possible, makes it necessary for us to accept the man entirely, and having accepted him, our acceptance of his project follows automatically. He has won our trust; we can now give him every sympathy.

There are a great many other useful touches of realism: barbershops, press agents, the Chamber of Commerce—but they are all in bold relief and the reader will appreciate these as he encounters them. We can therefore go through the script without further comment and see what it has. After that we shall discuss briefly another subject not yet touched upon—the part of music in radio scripts.

Here is "Mr. Sycamore" by Robert Ayre, as adapted by Leopold Proser:

MR. SYCAMORE *

1 *Biz.—Music full, then down to back.*

2 ANNOUNCER.—The Columbia Workshop presents a dramatization of Robert Ayre's unusual short story, "Mr. Sycamore."

3 *Biz.—Music up full . . . dissolves into sound of footsteps in mud during rain . . . the steps fade in slowly, build to a full wet squish, then drop a bit and stop . . . then a mailman's whistle blows.*

4 *Biz.—Music up full, then down into sounds of birds and rustle of trees . . . then fade in weary creaky footsteps . . . mike in full, then on wood steps, then door opens . . . closes . . . music into steps.*

5 OIKLE.—Well—Gwilt! A little late on your rounds today!

6 GWILT.—Yes, Mr. Oikle.

7 OIKLE.—Five minutes late, Mr. Gwilt.

8 GWILT.—Five minutes, Mr. Oikle.

9 OIKLE.—Humph! Seems to me after twenty years' practice in walking your route you'd know it!

10 GWILT.—Twenty years, Mr. Oikle?

11 OIKLE.—Yes. By the way, a collection was taken up by some of the people on your route—they bought this for you and asked me to present it—today's your twentieth anniversary with the service.

12 GWILT.—Thank you, Mr. Oikle— (*Sounds of package being unwrapped*) A fine picture— (*Reads*) "Neither snow, nor

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rain, nor gloom, nor fear of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."

13 OIKLE.—Yes—it says "swift completion." See that you start the second twenty off by making your rounds on time tomorrow.

14 GWILT.—Yes, Mr. Oikle.

15 *Biz.—Music full, then down into sounds of cup being put down in saucer . . . knives and plates, etc. . . . music into plates.*

16 JANE (*on cue*).—More coffee, dear?

17 GWILT.—Yes, Jane, I will have a little more coffee.

18 JANE.—Pass your cup.

19 GWILT.—Here you are.

20 *Biz.—Pouring.*

21 JANE.—Tired, dear?

22 GWILT.—Not more so than usual, Mrs. Gwilt.

23 JANE.—Did you have a hard day?

24 GWILT.—An average day—up and down the streets of Smeed. Up and down the stairs of Smeed.

25 JANE (*rattle of cup*).—Drink this coffee, John. You'll feel better.

26 GWILT.—Thank you. Mrs. Gwilt, how long would you say I've been plodding the streets of Smeed, up and down, rain and shine, day in and day out?

27 JANE.—Well, offhand, I'd say about eighteen years.

28 GWILT.—Twenty years! Twenty years of tramp-tramp-tramping all day long!

29 JANE.—Well, all postmen have to do that, don't they, John?

30 GWILT.—Yes, Jane. All postmen have to do it. But I've had my fill of being a postman.

31 JANE.—What do you mean, John?

32 GWILT.—I've made up my mind to stand still for the rest of my life.

33 JANE.—Stand still?

34 GWILT.—I'm tired of locomotion. Jane, I intend to become a tree.

35 JANE.—A tree, dear?

36 GWILT.—A tree.

37 JANE (*with a sigh*).—Very well, John. What's to be will be.

38 GWILT.—The house is paid for, there is a little money in the bank, and I have kept up the insurance.

39 JANE.—Perhaps I could take a few piano pupils.

40 GWILT.—That will not be necessary. You will be well provided for.

41 JANE.—Yes, I suppose so. When do you intend—? When are you going to—?

42 GWILT.—Make the change?

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43 JANE.—Yes, dear.
44 GWILT.—Well, there is nothing to be gained by putting it off. Spring has come. The time is now. This very minute.
45 GWILT (*decisively*).—I think we'd better go out to the yard and get started before it's too dark.
46 JANE.—You know best, John.
47 GWILT.—Get that bucket from under the sink.
48 JANE.—Yes, dear. (*Rattle of bucket*)
49 GWILT.—Fill it with water from the kitchen tap.
50 JANE (*off*).—Yes, dear. (*Water running in bucket*)
51 GWILT.—Where did I put the spade? Ah, here it is behind the door. Bring the bucket, Jane. I have the spade.
52 JANE.—Yes, dear.
53 GWILT.—Come along, Jane. (*Footsteps . . . door opens . . . garden sounds . . . birds, etc. . . . footsteps down wooden steps . . . footsteps stop*) This clothes line will have to come down.
54 JANE.—But why, John?
55 GWILT.—I want plenty of room to spread my branches.
56 JANE.—But, John, dear, where am I going to hang— (*Start step*)
57 GWILT.—You'll have to find another place. Come along. (*Footsteps on . . . rattle of bucket*)
58 JANE.—I hope you're not going to be a very big tree. The garden is small enough.
59 GWILT.—Leave that to me.
60 JANE.—Where do you want to be planted?
61 GWILT.—Right here. (*Footsteps stop . . . as they move around*) In the center of the yard. When I am fully grown, I should just about reach Fred Staines's fence.
62 JANE.—Fred Staines is coming now. You'd better tell him.
63 GWILT.—Never mind Fred Staines. Remember, I won't have you fastening any clothes line to my trunk. You'll have to find some other way—
64 FRED (*calling*).—What are you putting up this year, Mrs. Gwilt? I'm taking a shot at dahlias myself. (*Sound of Gwilt digging*)
65 GWILT (*sotto*).—Don't answer him.
66 JANE.—You'll need to make the hole fairly deep.
67 GWILT.—Not too deep. Once I get rooted—
68 FRED (*calling*).—What on earth are you digging a hole there for? Are you burying something?
69 GWILT (*calling . . . without encouragement*).—No, we're not burying anything.
70 FRED (*calling*).—Well, that's good. I thought maybe your cat Solomon was dead.
71 GWILT.—Solomon is not dead.

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72 FRED.—What are you planting then?
73 GWILT.—I wish he'd go away.
74 FRED.—I said, what are you planting?
75 JANE (*after a moment . . . simply*).—We're planting John.
76 FRED.—You're planting what!
77 JANE.—John is tired of marching up and down Smeed with a mailbag, Fred. He's decided to turn himself into a tree.
78 FRED.—A what?
79 JANE.—A tree.
80 FRED.—Well, I'll be a dog! (*Running off*) It certainly is an original idea. I'll go and tell the wife. She'll be interested. So long.
81 JANE.—So long, Fred. (*To* JOHN) Wait till he starts the tale in his barbershop. You'll have everybody in Smeed—
82 GWILT.—I don't care. There. I think the hole is deep enough. I'll get in.
83 JANE.—Be careful, John.
84 GWILT.—There we are. Look, Jane. It comes half way up my shins. My roots will strike down deeper of course. Now take off my shoes and socks.
85 JANE.—John, you're not going to undress!
86 GWILT.—Not until I get my bark. I'll just roll my trousers up to my knees. That's it. Ah, how good the earth feels to the feet. So cool!
87 JANE.—What shall I do with the water, dear?
88 GWILT.—Wait a minute. First, I'll scrape the soil towards me. Got to get it well packed around my feet. (*Scrapes soil with spade*) There. That will have to do. Now pour the water all around me. (*Bucket*)
89 JANE.—Yes, John. (*Pours water*)
90 JOHN.—Ugh! It's cold.
91 JANE.—John, dear, are you sure you are doing right?
92 JOHN.—Yes, of course. Kneel down and pat the earth around my shins.
93 JANE.—But, John dear, I thought that only God could make—
94 JOHN (*fiercely*).—Let's not go into that. And please never quote those abominable verses.
95 JANE.—I hope you're not doing anything sinful, John, that's all.
96 JOHN.—You leave that to me. Here, take my glasses. I won't need them any more. The shoes you may send to the post office. (*Chuckles ironically*) The shoes belong to the post office with my compliments. But I can do what I like with my feet, and I'm never going to make them walk again. (*Footsteps*)

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97 FRED (*calling from over the fence*).—How does it feel, John?
98 JOHN (*sotto*).—Hullo, he's back again.
99 JANE.—Mrs. Staines, too.
100 JOHN.—You've no idea how comfortable the cool soil is on the feet, Fred.
101 MRS. S.—How long do you expect it to take, Mr. Gwilt?
102 JOHN.—Oh, I can't tell you to the hour, Mrs. Staines. Not long.
103 MRS. S.—Won't you get tired standing?
104 JOHN.—No more tired than I have been walking these twenty years and more. When I'm well rooted, I won't be tired. Did you ever hear of a tree getting tired?
105 FRED.—What I can't understand is how you're going to do it.
106 JOHN.—I passed my correspondence course with honors.
107 FRED.—Well, if that doesn't beat all. They give courses now in how to turn yourself into a tree!
108 JOHN.—Don't be a fool, Fred.
109 JANE.—He means the Will Power course, Fred. How to cultivate the will in twenty lessons.
110 FRED.—Will Power, eh? You're doing it by Will Power?
111 MRS. S.—To my way of thinking it seems irreligious.
112 JANE.—There, John, I told you—
113 JOHN.—Hush, Jane. Mrs. Staines, I don't think you'll find anything in your Bible against it.
114 MRS. S.—Well, I'm sure we all wish you well, Mr. Gwilt. Though I won't admit I understand it. Come along, Fred. Goodbye, Mrs. Gwilt.
115 JANE.—Goodbye, Mrs. Staines.
116 FRED.—Good luck, John.
117 JOHN.—Thanks, Fred.
118 JANE.—I'll go in and fetch your hat, John. You haven't much hair and you might catch cold.
119 JOHN.—Never mind that. I'm not going to make myself look ridiculous. You'd better get inside, Jane, and do your dishes. Leave me out here to concentrate.
120 JANE.—Very well, John. If you need anything, just call.
121 GWILT.—I won't need anything, Jane. It's such a balmy evening. Robins singing! And that pleasant fragrance from down the lane. Burning leaves. What smell is sweeter than—
122 JANE.—Burning leaves, dear.
123 GWILT.—Er—yes. Perhaps it's a little indelicate for a future tree to enjoy the smell of burning leaves. A little bit—ghoulish.
124 JANE.—Well, I'm going in, John. (*Steps*) Just call—

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125 GWILT.—Yes, I know. That robin on the telegraph pole! Lively little fellow! But I must concentrate.
126 JANE (*off . . . wistfully*).—Goodbye, John.
127 GWILT (*cheerfully*).—Goodbye, Jane. (*The robin comes up strong*)
128 *Biz.—Music fades into crickets . . . then steps.*
129 JANE (*walk in*).—How do you feel, John? You've been out two hours.
130 GWILT.—I find I'm getting a little fatigued. I'm not used to it, you know. You might bring me one of the kitchen chairs.
131 JANE.—But you'll grow crooked.
132 GWILT.—Well—er—yes, I suppose that's true. I must get used to standing.
133 JANE.—Is there any change yet?
134 GWILT.—I think my toes are striking root.
135 JANE.—It's your rheumatism. I'm afraid you'll catch your death of cold.
136 GWILT.—Nonsense, Jane. I'll soon become weathered—
137 FRED (*calling*).—A bit stiff, eh, John?
138 GWILT.—Nothing to speak of.
139 FRED.—You'll be stiffer before morning. Paper says a drop in temperature.
140 GWILT.—I expect to be stiffer.
141 FRED.—What are you going to do in the winter?
142 JOHN.—It's a long time till winter, Fred, but I'll do what the other trees do. Hibernate. I won't be stoking any furnaces, and I won't be plowing through snowdrifts in galoshes and overcoat.
143 FRED.—Well, good night. Don't let the boll weevil get you. (*Laughs off*)
144 JOHN (*calling after him*).—The boll weevil doesn't attack trees.
145 JANE.—It may—it may happen before I wake up in the morning. Haven't you anything to say, John?
146 JOHN.—Nothing except that I'll find rest at last.
147 JANE.—John!
148 JOHN.—No, Jane, you've been a perfect wife. It's just that I want to live in my own quiet way. Calm and spacious. Long serene years before me. Delicious stirring of my sap in spring, spreading my leaves against the sunlight in summer; the first nip of autumn's frost; and winter with its long, deep sleep.
149 JANE.—Very well, John, but perhaps the change will be harder than you expect.
150 JOHN.—What John Gwilt has begun, John Gwilt will end.
151 JANE.—Very well, dear. Good night.

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152 GWILT.—Good night, Jane. (JANE *walks back to the kitchen door . . . the door is closed off . . . the crickets come up strong*)

153 *Biz.—Music. . . . Crickets up . . . music goes down behind chorus of birds singing and sounds of the daytime music . . . into birds.*

154 FRED.—How does it feel after a night of it, John? Pretty chilly, eh?

155 GWILT (*snuffling with a cold*).—It might be worse. (*He sneezes*)

156 JANE (*running in and calling*).—John! John! Oh, John, how are you, dear?

157 GWILT.—I'm fine, Jane. Fi— (*He sneezes violently*)

158 JANE.—Let me feel your forehead. Oh, John, don't you think you'd better put this off until the weather gets warmer? It's going to rain and you'll catch your death of cold.

159 GWILT.—No, I won't catch my death of cold! (*Sneezes*)

160 JANE.—All right, John. All right. I suppose you do know. Can you take any nourishment? A bowl of cornflakes, perhaps?

161 GWILT.—Cornflakes! Who ever heard of a tree eating cornflakes!

162 JANE.—Well, I have some bacon and eggs on the stove. I can bring them out to you.

163 GWILT.—That's more like it. Bring me the bacon and eggs and quarts and quarts of coffee.

164 JANE.—I'll get it right away, and I'll bring the card table to make it comfortable for you. (*Runs off*)

165 GWILT (*calling after her*).—Hurry up, Jane. No frills now.

166 JANE (*in the distance*).—All right. (*Door*)

167 GWILT (*to* FRED).—Are you going to lean on the fence and stare at me all day, Fred? Aren't you going to your barbershop?

168 FRED.—Plenty of time. Stay till it starts to rain anyhow.

169 GWILT (*sotto*).—Confound him!

170 FRED.—Like going into a monastery, isn't it, John? Renouncing the human race.

171 JOHN.—I don't care what happens to the entire human race, Fred Staines. I wash my hands of it.

172 FRED.—Talking of washing your hands, John, what do you intend to do—

173 JOHN.—A little dirt won't hurt me. After this I'm part of the earth. (*Roll of thunder*)

174 FRED.—Well, I must get along to the barbershop. (*Rain drops in the garden*) S'long, John. (*Calling off*) I think

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you'll be getting your wash whether you want it or not. It's started to rain.

175 *Biz.—Rain comes up gradually and stays in strong for a moment . . . music into scissors . . . click of barber's scissors.*

176 FRED.—A little bit more off the top, Sam? (*Scissors clicking through*) Well, as I was saying, there he was stuck in his back yard like a scarecrow, pulling a blanket round him so as not to get soaked by the rain. Getting a bit thin at the crown, Sam. Like to try some new tonic I just got in? (*Scissors*) Well, Gwilt said that trees had the right idea. (*Scissors*) It's a marvelous tonic, Sam, you can't go far wrong— (*Scissors up . . . voice fades . . . scissors come up strong . . . then back*) What say, Pratt? He should have planted himself head down? Well, I think he was afraid of turning into a telegraph pole. He's doing it by Will Power. Well, I guess you can will away anything 'cept dandruff, Mr. Pratt. I just got in a swell dandruff ee-liminator, I think you might try— (*Voice fades . . . scissors up strong . . . then back . . . scissors up . . . music into crowd*)

177 MAN (*calling*).—How long are you going to keep us waiting? You ought to be showing signs by now. (*Laughter*)

178 WOMAN.—Tweet, tweet, tweet! Do you mind if I perch on your branches? (*Laughter*)

179 MAN.—Better put on your socks, or your roots will wither. (*Laughter*)

180 WOMAN.—Better get in with him, Mrs. Gwilt. Keep him company. (*Laughter*)

181 CHILD.—Here's a piece of mud for your dinner. (*Mud flops on umbrella*)

182 WOMAN.—Here's some more to build a nest with. (*Mud flops . . . laughter*)

183 GWILT (*calling out in fury*).—Go, you gibbering fools. Go on, laugh! There's more dignity in one tree than in a whole pack of chimpanzees— (*He breaks off suddenly as a well-aimed clod catches him . . . laughter*)

184 JANE.—Hold your umbrella before your face, John. It'll protect you from the brutes.

185 GWILT.—Brainless apes! Chattering Yahoos!

186 JANE.—They can't do much as long as they stay on the other side of the fence. Oh, John, look who's coming.

187 OIKLE (*off mike*).—Make way. Let me through. Let me through. (*His footsteps approach in the squelchy mud*)

188 JANE.—It's Harry Oikle. Whatever will he say?

189 GWILT.—What do I care what Harry Oikle says? I don't give a hoot for Harry Oikle any more.

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190 JANE.—But what about your job, dear? He's the postmaster and he can take it away.
191 GWILT.—What do I care for the postmaster now? I have a different job.
192 OIKLE (*coming in . . . authoritatively*).—Well, Gwilt, what's all this foolishness? Come, man, pull on your socks and get off to work. It's ten o'clock.
193 GWILT.—I have something better to do, Mr. Oikle.
194 OIKLE.—Rubbish, you're making yourself the laughingstock of the town.
195 GWILT.—Only fools laugh at wise men, Mr. Oikle.
196 OIKLE.—So you consider yourself a wise man, do you? (*Laughter from the crowd . . .* JOHN *sneezes . . . the crowd laughs louder*) I suppose you know what we do with wise men, Mr. Gwilt? (*Footsteps are heard coming in*)
197 GWILT.—I won't budge an inch. I'll wait right here. But you'll never catch me.
198 OIKLE.—Bah, you're a fool!
199 HOOP.—Morning, Mr. Oikle.
200 OIKLE.—Oh, it's you, Hoop. Might have known you'd be along. Remember, the post office is not responsible for Mr. Gwilt's idiocy in the slightest way— (*Fading off with steps*) Not in the slightest way.
201 HOOP (*glib newspaper editor*).—What's the idea? Doing it for a bet?
202 GWILT.—What use has a tree for money?
203 HOOP.—Then why are you doing it?
204 GWILT.—Who wants to know?
205 HOOP.—Don't you know who I am?
206 GWILT.—No.
207 HOOP.—My name's Hoop. Editor of the Smeed *Sun*.
208 GWILT.—Oh, I see. You want to put a piece in your paper about me.
209 HOOP.—You guessed it. It isn't every day a man turns himself into a tree. Naturally, the public's interested.
210 GWILT.—I'm not seeking publicity.
211 HOOP.—No, of course not. (*Low*) I get it. The wife, eh? Storm and strife. Poise and repose. "Harried Hubby Seeks Surcease."
212 GWILT.—Domestic relations have nothing to do with it, Mr. Hoop. Jane and I—
213 HOOP.—Just tired of life, eh?
214 GWILT.—If I was tired of life, I could blow my brains out.
215 HOOP.—That's true, too. It isn't as simple as a straight suicide.
216 GWILT.—I love life, but I don't like the life I have been

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forced to live for the past twenty years. I am a man of contemplative disposition.

217 HOOP.—I get it. Philosopher, eh?

218 GWILT.—Well, naturally to a man of my disposition, there comes a time when he wearies of the hurly-burly—

219 HOOP.—That's right. I always go fishing myself.

220 GWILT.—You're not making notes, Mr. Hoop. Do you remember all your interviews?

221 HOOP.—Don't worry. I won't misquote you. What gave you the idea of turning into a tree?

222 GWILT.—I just want to stand still.

223 HOOP.—If you ask me, I think you're just plain tuckered out, Mr. Gwilt.

224 GWILT.—I'll go on living for a thousand years. Watching Smeed grow up around me.

225 HOOP.—You know, it mightn't be a bad idea for the town to set a sanctuary around you.

226 GWILT.—A sanctuary? Around me?

227 HOOP.—Yes, by golly. Great possibilities in the idea. You'll be a great tourist attraction.

228 GWILT.—I'm not fond of crowds, you know.

229 HOOP.—Listen to me, Mr. Gwilt. You'd like to be a benefactor of Smeed, wouldn't you? You'd like to go down in history. Before I get through the whole civilized world will be flocking to Smeed to see you. Think of the business it'll bring to the town—railways, hotels, filling stations, hot-dog stands, souvenir stores. By golly, Gwilt, you'll be the making of Smeed. You never thought of that, did you?

230 GWILT.—Well, I—

231 HOOP.—We'll put a brass plate on your chest telling the whole story for posterity. We'll have the mayor out for the dedication ceremony in his silk hat. We'll get you to rustle your leaves for the talkies. We'll have a bang-up parade—flags, banners, floats—

232 GWILT.—Can't you just leave me as I am?

233 HOOP.—Well, I tell you, we got to do things in style, you know. Let me see. I've got it. We'll have a picked chorus of high school girls, all in white, singing Joyce Kilmer's poem about trees. "I think that I shall never see—a poem lovely—"

234 GWILT.—No!

235 HOOP.—No?

236 GWILT.—No! I don't care for that poem.

237 HOOP.—You don't like it?

238 GWILT.—It's too personal.

239 HOOP.—Speaking as a tree, you don't like it?

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240 GWILT.—It's immodest.

241 HOOP.—Lord, what a story! SMEED'S MAN-TREE DEBUNKS KILMER.

242 GWILT.—It's embarrassing.

243 HOOP.—You're a hard man to please, Mr. Gwilt. But believe me when this story gets going you'll need a dozen scrap-books. You'll be famous. See you later.

244 JANE.—John— Wouldn't you change your mind, John?

245 GWILT.—It's too late. A little more sun and I'll be well away. I feel a warm tingle now. Sap's running.

246 JANE.—Is it, dear? It may be the soup you had for lunch.

247 GWILT.—Well, Mrs. Gwilt, time will tell. You go and do your shopping. I must concentrate. (*Music into crowd . . . crickets*)

248 CHIEF (*shouting off*).—Come on, keep moving there. Keep moving. Go on, go about your business. Come on, keep moving. (*Footsteps of chief approaching*)

249 GWILT.—All day long they've been badgering me. Don't they have any beds to go to?

250 HOOP.—Chief Pettibone is coming to talk to you, John. He'll keep them off.

251 GWILT.—Baboons, apes, grimacing monkeys!

252 CHIEF.—Don't worry, Mr. Gwilt. The police will protect you. I'll send a man over to patrol the place until midnight. We'll keep the mob off.

253 GWILT.—Call themselves the pride of creation.

254 CHIEF.—If a man wants to plant himself in his own back yard, it's all right with me. So long as he's alive when he does the planting. We draw the line at corpses. Isn't that so, Mr. Hoop?

255 HOOP.—That's right, chief. He has his rights as a taxpayer.

256 CHIEF.—We'll keep the gapers away until he gets settled, Mr. Hoop. You can quote me as saying "law and order will prevail." I'll send a man right over. (*Off*) Keep your chin up, Mr. Gwilt. Remember law and order will prevail. (*Chief's footsteps fade off . . . ad libs crowd off . . . crickets*)

257 HOOP.—Well, good night, Mr. Gwilt. They won't bother you any more. G'night, Mrs. Gwilt. Take your time about this. See you in the morning. (*Hoop's footsteps off*)

258 FRED (*calling*).—Hi, there! What's the matter with the old Will Power?

259 GWILT.—The Will Power's all right, Fred. Takes time, that's all.

260 FRED.—The only change I can see is you've got yourself into a swell cold, and made a laughingstock of yourself.

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261 GWILT.—Time will tell who's the laughingstock, Fred Staines.

262 FRED.—Well, you have my sympathy, Mrs. Gwilt. I'll leave you to watch your husband blossoming.

263 *Biz.—Music . . . sounds of morning up . . . music into birds.*

264 JOHN.—Good morning, my dear.

265 JANE.—TWO nights and not a twig.

266 GWILT.—You seem disappointed, my dear.

267 JANE.—Oh, John, how can you say such a thing! I never wanted you to do this.

268 GWILT.—Then why say "Two nights and not a twig" in such a disgusted tone, my dear?

269 JANE.—I just meant that it should be enough to convince you that it is not going to work.

270 GWILT.—Yes, you are beginning to lose faith in me like all the others. Well, my dear, I don't blame you. It does get to be trying, especially all the neighbors sneering and jeering.

271 JANE.—I don't begrudge you anything I do for you, John; you know that. I never did.

272 GWILT.—Thank you, Jane. Well, I have some pleasant news for you. Your troubles are over.

273 JANE.—You—you don't mean—you've—sprouted?

274 GWILT.—The metamorphosis has begun.

275 JANE.—The meta—?

276 GWILT.—It began with the feet. I have no feet now, Jane. Just roots. And what roots. They stretch out and out, deep and deep, far down into the dark earth. I feel immortal. Nothing can shake me.

277 JANE (*crying*).—Oh, John! John!

278 GWILT.—It's true, Jane. My legs have grown together. I am a tree to the waist. I'll take off my blanket and you'll see. There. Isn't that wonderful? I have a trunk. Not as big around as it will be, of course, but I feel it. (*Slaps his bark*) Wood, covered with bark. I've lost my fatigue. I'll never walk again.

279 JANE.—Never walk—

280 GWILT.—It won't be long now. Cheer up, Jane. No more socks to darn.

281 JANE.—That's one consolation. I hope you won't expect me to keep your leaves sewed on.

282 GWILT.—When they come off, they come off. Look. The tips of my fingers.

283 JANE.—Leaves, little green leaves!

284 JOHN.—I'm in bud.

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285 JANE.—Oh, dear, it's true, then. And now I am a Hindoo, married to a tree.

286 JOHN.—Don't take it so hard, Jane.

287 *Biz.—Footsteps.*

288 JANE.—Mr. Hoop's coming. Whatever will he print about us now?

289 HOOP (*coming in*).—Good morning, Mr. Gwilt. Good morning, Mrs. Gwilt. Gosh all fish hooks! He's sprouting! Got a phone in the house?

290 JOHN.—Help yourself, Mr. Hoop. In the hall.

291 HOOP.—Right. (*Going off*) Gosh all fish hooks! Gosh all fish hooks! Gosh—(*His footsteps fade . . . then fade in* HOOP *on phone*)—and get Bill and Jason down here with their cameras immediately. And clear the front page—yes, all of it. Clear the whole paper. This is the greatest story since the creation. Here's your lead: "Smeed's Man-Tree Sprouts." "John Gwilt, the Smeed postman who started to will himself into a tree two days ago, broke into little green shoots—"

292 *Biz.—Music . . . Hoop's voice fades . . . bring up crowd ad libbing and marching down Gwilt's garden . . . music into crowd.*

293 CHIEF (*shouting*).—All right. All right. Don't push. Single file. Keep moving. Keep moving. (*Crowd down a little*)

294 JANE.—Oh, John, there's no end to them! I wish we could send them away.

295 GWILT.—I don't mind, Jane.

296 HOOP.—You said it, Mr. Gwilt. Nothing like being in the public eye. Mr. Gwilt, I want you to meet Mr. Bellows, here. Joshua Bellows—president of the Smeed Chamber of Commerce.

297 BELLOWS.—Glad to know you, Mr. Gwilt. You're a remarkable man, sir, and you'll be the making of Smeed. As president of the Chamber of Commerce, I must offer you my sincerest thanks for your public-mindedness.

298 HOOP (*sotto*).—Bellows, I'd like a word with you. Come over here.

299 BELLOWS.—Right. (*Footsteps*)

300 HOOP.—Look at that crowd, Bellows. Hour after hour they've been filing through Gwilt's garden, and still they come. And it's all going to waste.

301 BELLOWS.—I thought of that, Hoop. Approximately six thousand people have seen him since the news broke. Now six thousand people at, say, twenty-five cents apiece—

302 HOOP.—Lemme see. Hm! Fifteen hundred dollars—

303 BELLOWS.—Gone to waste.

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304 Hoop.—Gone to waste! Think of what Barnum would have done.
305 Bellows.—Put a tent over him.
306 Hoop.—Advertised him all over the world.
307 Bellows.—Half man, half tree.
308 Hoop (*as a barker*).—"Have you seen him? Have you seen him? He's alive, alive, alive! Come on ovah! Come on ovah! Instructive and entertaining! See the tree-man!"
309 Bellows (*carrying on in the same strain*).—"The chance of a lifetime here! The most colossal, the most amazing miracle ever beheld by the eyes of man!" Hoop, we should make ourselves Gwilt's managers.
310 Hoop.—The very thing. We'll exploit him for all he's worth.
311 Bellows.—We'll fix up a contract this evening. First thing tomorrow we'll get him to sign it.
312 Hoop.—Right, Joshua! "Caleb Hoop's and Joshua Bellows' Man-Tree. Come on ovah!"
313 Bellows.—There's no end to the possibilities of Gwilt, Caleb. We could form a syndicate. Sell shares to the public.
314 Hoop.—Oh, this is going to be a juicy bone all right.
315 *Biz.—Music up and then down to back . . . solitary bird singing on tree . . . bird stops.*
316 Gwilt.—Fooling them all, eh, little bird? (*Bird chirrups*) Well, we'll soon be great friends. How much better to be a full-spreading, proud, complete tree, than an emaciated man without teeth! Long serene years before me. I shall thrust off the world. (*Robin chirrups*) How busy men are. Forever peering and prying, chopping, digging, scraping, shoving, hoisting, tearing down. The whole of human life wasted on desiring and coveting, getting and holding on to rubbish, killing for it. How insane. How infinitely sensible are the quiet trees, who know nothing of greed. (*Robin chirrups*) They are rooted firm in the ground where they feed on the earth and the sun and the rain.
317 *Biz.—Robin chirrups loudly . . . music comes up full and goes out behind . . . roar of automobile motor up full, then down to back.*
318 Bellows.—Almost there. Step on it, Hoop.
319 Hoop.—Right, Josh. You got the contract?
320 Bellows.—You bet I have. All my life I've waited for a chance like this. It means millions, Caleb.
321 Hoop.—Well, we deserve it. We'll know how to spend it too. I wonder if I should get a yacht—
322 Bellows.—Get ten yachts, Caleb. We can make the richest men in the world look like pikers.
323 Hoop.—Am I going to throw a party!

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324 BELLOWS.—As much money as you can spend. It's like a dream.

325 HOOP.—Well, here we are. We'll have to get organized to protect our interests. (*Engine stops . . . door opens*)

326 BELLOWS.—Through the alley here.

327 HOOP.—Right. (*Footsteps through the alley*)

328 BELLOWS.—We'll hire a crew of guides and dress 'em in leaves.

329 HOOP.—No sense in being extravagant, Josh. At first we must watch the costs. Let's see. We'll have to tear this wall down to make room for a museum.

330 BELLOWS.—We'll buy all the land around here for two miles.

331 HOOP.—Get the contract.

332 BELLOWS.—Just one little scrawled signature and we'll be millionaires.

333 HOOP.—Gosh all fish hooks!! Where is he? Where is he?

334 BELLOWS (*calling*).—Mr. Gwilt! Mr. Gwilt!

335 HOOP (*calling*).—Gwilt! Gwilt! (*Quietly*) Josh—Josh, that tree. Is it—it can't be—

336 BELLOWS.—That's—that's where he was standing yesterday. Caleb, he's done it. He's double-crossed us.

337 HOOP.—Well, I'll be a ring-tailed monkey.

338 BELLOWS.—All our plans—

339 HOOP.—Well, of all the crooks—of all the double-dealing, swindling—

340 JANE (*running in*).—John! John! (*Stops suddenly*) No. It can't be. It—can't be—John.

341 HOOP AND BELLOWS.—It's him all right—that's your husband, Mrs. Gwilt.

342 JANE (*crying*).—He did it! He did it! He's a tree! A beautiful sycamore! A great spreading sycamore! Oh, John! Dear, dear John! (*She sobs . . . the sycamore shakes its leaves . . . the robin sings in triumph . . . music*)

This excellent story, a powerful temptation to any adapter, would have played well without its musical decoration. Having heard it with this additional embellishment, however, I would not now care to hear it otherwise, for the music lifted the production to a point of strange expectancy that was unforgettable. The original score was done by Bernard Herrmann, a highly talented young conductor and composer, and I am including a photostatic copy of this score because it will serve to establish many points which otherwise would be hard to make clear.

I think the student of radio drama, as well as the layman

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who is interested in this field of writing, should know more than he now seems to of the matter of orchestral uses in their direct application to script writing. I say this not only because these uses are invaluable but because seventy-five per cent of the writers who are now submitting material to the networks, while recognizing that their work needs musical support, do not know just what support it does need and do not know how to ask for it. In fact, most script writers, however articulate they may be in their own dramas, are struck speechless as soon as they turn to the orchestra. They do not know what to say. This is a regrettable fact, regrettable for the simple reason that a good radio production is an artistic blending of those emotions which are derived from both dramatic and musical sources, and that writer who has some understanding of the musical potential, and who thus can hear in the ear of his imagination the finished product, will write his drama with more feeling and more authority than the writer who can hear only his own lines. But few can do this.

I say this because I see it every day. There is a standard request in at least one-third of the scripts that come to us, and this is it: "Orchestra to play a portion of a Bach fugue." This is no good because it doesn't mean anything; and the best way to correct this evil once and for all would be to let the orchestra go ahead and play a portion of a Bach fugue and require the writer to listen in. I do not believe there has ever been a script which could stand any part of a Bach fugue. Other characteristic requests are: "Short interval of kettledrum fantasy, twelve drums," or "Symphony of horns."

This is merely more of the same: the script writer has suddenly stopped thinking in terms of emotion and has tried to join a conversation in a language he doesn't know. If he can't say it in terms of music, he can say it in terms of atmosphere, or color, or feeling, or excitement, and being a writer he should have words with which to do this.

Many months ago a script came in asking for "music that sounds like an iceberg." I remember that at the time someone in my office thought this was very funny. It was somewhat unorthodox, to be sure, but it was not funny. It wasn't funny because it exactly expressed what was needed, and it was, furthermore, something that was deliverable. If it is possible to suggest the vast loneliness of a Norwegian fiord—as Cowen so expertly did with the English horn passage of his "Scandinavian Symphony"—I do not see why a writer should be deprived of

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music that sounds like an iceberg. As a matter of fact, it is quite possible that this was the very music the man wanted.

Now, what does this talk about icebergs suggest? Only this, that one of the great uses of the orchestra, in its close connection to dramatic script, is its uncanny power to pictorialize. The iceberg people have the proper suggestive dramatic inclination, whereas the Bach people are tone-deaf.

In addition to this power to pictorialize, the radio orchestra in script shows is also used for transitions in time and transitions in setting; it is used to establish atmosphere and it is used as an emotional intensifier for scenes already playing; it is used to stretch dramatic suspense and it is used as an auxiliary to Sound effects (it can carry on where Sound cannot); and it is used to give the effect of an additional voice or voices, which voices become members of the cast rather than instrumental parts of the orchestra.*

Good cue music in radio today is far better than the cue music one hears in motion pictures. Movies make one of three mistakes and sometimes make them all at once. First, they use symphony orchestras. There is a distinct psychological disadvantage to this. The symphony orchestra is too much of our time and tradition and culture to afford surprises. Its sound is too established. We know it too well. It exists as a separate entity and therefore cannot mingle indistinguishably and become the unity toward which the show is striving. It distracts more than it enhances. Second, movies use melody far too much. This also is a distraction for the reason that our conscious mind is pulled away from the central purpose before us and we hear the melody in terms of its appealing to us for its good taste or in terms of its disturbing us for its bad taste. Melody, during action, is at best a very risky intrusion. Third, movies very often use familiar themes. These, like the melodies, are a distraction and they distract for the same reasons. The sensitive movie-goer who saw the production "Little Women" squirmed every time the sound track turned on "None but the Lonely Heart," and the musically informed had a spasm, recognizing the anachronism. "Anthony Adverse" was the greatest offender. It had an entire tone-poem and the tone-poem was filled with many delightful melodies. This is why it was bad cue music. Because of this very melodiousness the music could not keep itself properly subordinate.

* For those who heard Archibald MacLeish's "The Fall of the City," the trumpet calls used in this production are a fine illustration of this point.

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Bernard Herrmann, whose cue music for "Mr. Sycamore" we shall now see, has probably composed more original music for radio dramas than any other man in this country. His instant reaction to any script is in terms of music, and his repeated demonstration of the effectiveness of the type of radio cue music which he writes has had much influence on this branch of modern broadcasting. Any writer whose work comes under the scrutiny of this man is fortunate, for he gives to a broadcast a far richer and fuller meaning than printed or spoken words have the power to convey. His complete score for "Mr. Sycamore" starts on the opposite page.

It will be seen at once that the orchestra used for this broadcast was unorthodox in point of its instrumentation. It was a small orchestra, consisting of only eight pieces. But in terms of color, as opposed to dynamics, the orchestra had sufficient variability to convey almost any emotion. In other words, its textural combinations were capable of great flexibility. What were the actual emotional requirements which were put on the composer and his orchestra in this script?

The first music cue produced both lightness and whimsicality, and a slight suggestion of something out of the ordinary. We were introducing a program with a somewhat preternatural flavor. Theme "I" does this expertly and unobtrusively. The audience is not actively conscious of the music but because this music so perfectly fits the feeling and mood of the script and because it is not, as music, a recognizable and distinct element, it can do what it is intended to do—increase this mood.

Gwilt's weariness is expressed in the cue called "Travel." There is a rhythmic limp to it but there is nothing that can be hummed. The next three or four spots which call for music repeat portions of themes already heard, and this serves to recall the emotions which these themes set when they were first heard. Before the barbershop sequence was heard, the orchestra played the last eight bars of the first theme, the section in which we find both the pizzicato and the string tremolando. This made an ideal blend between the preceding and the snip-snip of the barber's shears which we were to hear next.

When Gwilt begins to take root, the audience's suspicion is sharpened by the theme which we now identify with him, for it is played through to the end, and the tinkling of the celeste arpeggios is full of optimism and cheerful suspense. In the scene which depicts Gwilt standing all alone in the early morn-

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Mr. Sycamore I

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Mr. Sycamore II

-TRAVEL-

Flute

Clar. B♭

Trpt. B♭

Drums

Glockenspiel

Soft Hammer

Celeste

Harp

Violin

pizz.

arco

pizz.

Cello

pizz.

arco

pizz.

Mr. Sycamore III

Flute

PP

Clar B♭

Trpt. B♭

Drums

Celeste

PPP

PP

PP

8va

Harp

PPP

PP

Violin

Ponticello

PPP

Cello

Ponticello

PP

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Mr. Sycamore

- TRANSFIGURATION -

Flute

Clar. B♭

Trpt. B♭

muted

Glockenspiel

Drums

Soft Hammers

pp

Celeste

Harp

Violin

Cello

Flute

Clar. B♭

Trpt. B♭

Drums

Celeste

Harp

Violin

Cello

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ing, the orchestra has contributed an unmistakable alfresco effect by using the triangle, celeste, harp, and the dainty ponticello effect in the strings. We have a reprise of this theme in the spot which follows a few pages further on when Gwilt talks to the robin.

The theme which is called "Transfiguration" is the most elucidating of them all. The audience, after hearing it, cannot possibly make any mistake as to what has happened to Mr. Gwilt. He has achieved the apotheosis he sought. The theme comes quickly into a very startling reality with the glissando on the harp. The musician was instructed by the directions on the score to play this glissando with his fingernail and the effect of this is eerie and arresting. This led directly to the high, sustained, pastoral melody of the flute, and this melody was in turn supported by rich harmonies from all the other voices. We have for the first time a definite tonality (A major) and also true melody. The use of melody here, however, does not contradict what was said before. It is not a distraction in any way because the music was not played behind the sound of overriding voices. It was played by itself and was more expressive than anything said by the characters.

I have made this digression into this neglected side of script writing and broadcasting generally for two reasons: first, to show what the skillful attentions of a musician can contribute to any script, and second, to encourage the writer to ask for what he wants. In so doing I do not wish to imply that the writer should attach suggested instrumentations to the scripts he writes; I wish to imply only that the emotional quality of what he would like to hear will be supplied if he can state this quality in understandable English. For him it is not a question of terminology but a question of definition of feeling. All radio stations do not have Bernard Herrmanns, but all the networks have staff composers capable of enriching, through original music, what the writer has put down in words.

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WRITING EXERCISES

1. Write a series of six fifteen-minute programs for an adult audience, the adaptations to be made from Kenneth Grahame's *The Wind and the Willows*.

2. Adapt Barrie's *Mary Rose* for a half-hour program.

3. Do the same with his play *Dear Brutus*.

4. Write a forty-five-minute adaptation of James Stephens's *The Crock of Gold*. What activities of the philosophers can be expanded, exaggerated, or invented in order to give more movement to your play?

5. Prepare in a one-hour adaptation the story told in W. H. Hudson's *Green Mansions*. What devices shall the adapter use in order to make Rima's supernatural powers seem believable and natural?

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PART TWO
CONTINUITY

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CHAPTER XIX

POPULAR MUSIC CONTINUITIES

ALL the emphasis of this book has been upon script. I have put the emphasis here deliberately because I consider it not only the most important aspect of radio writing today but the most important aspect of radio itself. It is important for the reason that it is just here that the great improvements are being made and are yet to be made. The other half of the audible arts, music, in its finest and fullest expression can be and is being transmitted daily. It is writing which is the industry's delinquent problem, and particularly delinquent is script writing.

As an editor, however, I cannot ignore the other side of radio writing, the field of straight continuity. It is here that the great percentage of professional writers is engaged and it is this work which we most frequently hear on the air.

"Continuity" has been defined in fifty ways. I shall not attempt a definition of my own because I don't know a definition that holds and I never heard a reason good enough to make one requisite. Continuity has been called "everything in the broadcast but the music," and it has been called, simply, "what the announcer says." Both these statements are true and both are misleading. Yet the ubiquitous presence of the continuity, plus its inexorable dead line, seem to recommend the subject to some consideration and in these final chapters I shall endeavor to show the student what the thing is and why it is.

Network broadcasting goes on the air early in the morning every day in the year and signs off late at night. Columbia's New York transmitter, for example (WABC), opens at 6:45 A.M. and her signal is heard steadily for over nineteen hours each day throughout the year. In the Eastern time zone it signs off at 2:00 A.M., hardly enough time to let the filaments cool before the next day's show. This much entertainment takes a lot of planning, a lot of work, a lot of energy, a lot of money, a lot of people, and a lot of discipline. The radio dead line is a cruel and relentless dead line and nothing is permitted to delay it. These remarks do not seem to have much to do with writing but the reader will see at once how very much they have

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to do with writing when he realizes that each one of the fifty to sixty separate shows per day has required the attentions of a writer. What is it then that the writer writes?

He writes both fact and whimsey, depending on the nature of his show. What is the nature of his show? It may be anything under the sun. Shows cover everything from hot trumpets to book reviews. In the course of an average day a single continuity writer may be required to give either the proper atmospheres or the proper information to ten shows as different as the following: a mid-morning half-hour by a string ensemble, a Negro baritone, a regimental band concert, a stand-by piano recital, a lecture on turkey farming, dance music from a metropolitan hotel, a United States senator, a male quartet, an English peer, and a girls' college glee club. Contemporary broadcasting is probably the most accurate reflection of the moods and forces of contemporary living that exists in this country today.

Audiences have come to expect radio to be all places at once. They expect the industry to have a microphone on the rim of Vesuvius if it is about to blow up and they expect to hear the Bach Festival from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, every spring. The remarkable flexibility of the modern network meets these expectations and meets them far more faithfully than most people suppose. If there is any public desire which has escaped radio's attention, I do not know what it is. Ten thousand shows a year, and every one of them needs a writer.

This scattered preamble is put down to emphasize the scope of day-to-day broadcasting. As to the continuity responsibility, most of the work will be written for musical programs of one sort or another, and of these musical shows, the majority will be popular entertainment—singers and bands. Although the popular musical show outnumbers the program of serious music in the frequency with which it appears on the broadcast schedule, the continuity assignment is simpler because no one ever listens to a torch singer to improve himself. The quality of writing not only does not have to be high, it should not be; certainly it should be no higher than the quality of the entertainment. Then, too, popular shows are in the main of shorter duration than programs of classical music.

For popular music continuities, the problem is and always has been a problem of adjectives, adverbs, and phrases. It has never been a problem of sentences or thoughts. All crooners sound more or less alike, as do all the Tin Pan Alley creations

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which tumble into print so prolifically. We have few able melodists in this field and most of these men are either self-plagiarists or else they are unable to deliver good songs often enough to establish a better public conception of melody. The banal song is the most popular and the reason it is heard so much is because so many millions of Americans prefer it to all other music. It therefore deserves the time it gets, since the primary functional aim of all broadcasting is to serve the public.

Although this type of music occupies a position of artistic lowliness, it does have standards of its own and both performer and audience know and respect these standards. Swing experts claim to recognize good swing when they hear it and this may be true. It is certainly true that they will resent such an inaccuracy as giving a "floy-floy" characterization to something that is a plain "killer-diller," and they will write to the station and complain about it. This means that the continuity writer who is at work on a popular musical program must know the lingo of his trade. If he cannot pick this up in his own milieu, he can learn it by reading *Variety.* This is a magazine for the entertainment world, and from the point of its influence on American speech it is the most astonishing publication we have. In addition to knowing entertainment lingo, the writer should also know the following: the mood and tempo of every song he writes about, the meaning (if any) of the lyrics, the history and present status of the song, and something of the composer and lyricist; he should know the style, quality, age, sex, and appearance of the soloist, and have accurate knowledge of the particular words and phrases which either please or distress the soloist; he should also know the instrumentation of the orchestra so that he will not refer to a string section when the band is five brass, four reed, and rhythm.

These complications disappear with experience, and the experience comes from constant listening to radio and to current recordings. There is another complication, though, and it keeps getting worse the longer the writer stays with his job. If you will examine the lyrics and melodies of the current popular songs you will find that in point of sentiment, musical construction, and mood they are all practically identical. Right now the air-waves sag under the weight of *Please Be Kind, Cathedral in the Pines, I Can't Face the Music, Howd'ja Like to Love Me,* and others equally jejune. Over thirty-five new ones come out every week!

Now, for practical writing purposes, since all these songs

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are indistinguishable and all equally lacking in any particular quality of which to speak, what can the writer say about them? There is your problem. No sooner does the writer work himself out of one hole than he is engulfed in another by a downpour of *Ti Pi Tin's* and *Heigh-Ho's*.

This problem is real and terrible and desperate and there is no solution for it. It has exhausted every vocabulary that ever attacked it and it has sent radio's most fertile phrase-makers cringing to the thesaurus. The problem has been discussed at meetings and it has been dealt with in articles but there has been no noticeable improvement. There isn't going to be any either. Somehow I cannot view this with alarm, not with much, anyhow. As long as songs go on being the same without causing an audience revolt, why should editors toss at night because continuities also go on being the same? When the songs change, continuities will change to fit them, and this, after all, is what the continuity is for. And withal, I think the continuity that normally goes out on the air is superior to the artificial smartness in the general run of ad lib announcers.

If the student some day finds himself confronted with complete literary debility as a result of his having to say that the *Moon of Manakoora* is a lilting thing and to say it in a hundred and fifty ways, he does not have to condemn himself. Shakespeare couldn't have done the thing either. At CBS we try to correct as much of this stagnation as we can by rotating most of the popular shows among several different writers. This helps. No one has to spend an entire season with *Rosalie;* the continuities, for all their sameness, achieve certain differences; and the musicians have fifteen or twenty seconds between numbers in which they can turn pages. And it is, after all, the music that matters most.

We will look at several representative continuities which were written for a variety of typical programs of the popular sort.

PROGRAM: SATURDAY NIGHT SWING SESSION

This is a program featuring a "house" jazz band, with guest artists of note in the field of "hot" music. It must steer an even course between the young swing fans who like to hear the phrase "jive your cats!" every two minutes, and the fellow who knows all about "hot" music, and it must attempt to engage the interest and respect of those who think swing is just a lot of noise. The next few continuities are the work of Robert Smith, a very skillful young man who has been on Columbia's

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continuity staff for the past two years. (Incidentally this man, also, could write before he tried his hand at broadcasting; he was the editor of his university's weekly newspaper.)

Theme.

ALLEN.—The Saturday Night Swing Club is . . . now . . . in . . . session!

Theme.

ALLEN.—And so our theme heralds the opening of another session of the Saturday Night Swing Club . . . the ninety-fifth in a series of programs devoted by the Columbia Network to that thing called swing. . . . Brother Ted Husing's away covering the old Kentucky Derby today . . . and so yours truly, Mel Allen, will carry on for the dear old Club. . . . I'm asking you to swing it, Mel Allen. . . .

ALLEN.—Thank you, Mel. . . . Greetings, swing fans everywhere. . . . I've been on the pitching end of that introduction for just about ninety weeks now, and let me tell you it's a pleasure to be on the receiving end too . . . and the show we've got lined up for you tonight looks like a honey . . . as our guests, two of the strolling minstrels of five two boulevard, Mr. Addison and Teddy Bunn of the Onyx Club, with some two-guitar specialties that really swing . . .

ALLEN.—For the vocal division . . . Columbia's sweet young swinger of songs . . . that's right . . . it's NAN WYNN we're talking about . . . friend Paul Whiteman's sent over his new small jazz combination . . . the Whiteman Swing Wing, with Mr. Jackson Teagarden presiding on trombone . . . a little later on, Leith Stevens wants you to hear a brand-new instrumental novelty he's cut out and glued together . . . but right now . . . time for Stevens and Company to ring up the curtain with a new rhythm ditty . . . *Something Tells Me.*

1. *Something Tells Me*

ALLEN.—And that was *Something Tells Me* with Leith Stevens and the Swing Club doing the telling. . . . Now for something fresh off swing alley. . . . Mr. Addison and Teddy Bunn with some special string-swing on two guitars . . . and if their first tune is as wacky as the title, looks as if we're in for some typical Teddy Bunn stuff and nonsense . . . it's called . . . *Ducky Wucky.*

2 a. *Ducky Wucky*

Swell, Mr. Addison and Teddy Bunn . . . What have you got in the way of an encore? Oh, yes, a plug for Uncle Joe . . . *The New Onyx Club Special.*

2 b. *The New Onyx Club Special*

ALLEN.—Thank you, Teddy Bunn and Mr. Addison . . . really swell two-guitar stuff. . . . You know, in every band's library

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. . . there's an arrangement or two that is just so solid the boys would like to play it every set. . . . The Swing Club's no exception . . . we've got a couple we like to tear down over and over again . . . like the one Leith and Company are gonna get off now . . . *Rose Room.*

3. *Rose Room*

ALLEN.—Of all the gals around Columbia who add rhythm to a tune and really make it swing . . . the musicians' favorite is that popular favorite . . . little NAN WYNN . . . who has really big ideas about swinging a song. . . . Nan, come on over and say hello . . . and while you're here, why don't you get goin' right away on that grand blues you do so well . . . *I Can't Face the Music.* . . .

4. *I Can't Face the Music*

ALLEN.—Nan . . . that was really something. . . . I know a lot of our fans will want to know that you recorded that recently with friend Teddy Wilson . . . and now, Leith Stevens has something up his sleeve . . . but it isn't off the cuff . . . it's a brand new instrumental specialty in that good old Kansas City Stevens style . . . a rhythm ramble with another one of those out of the world titles. . . . Leith, let's have the world *première* of . . . *The Shadow Knows.* . . .

5. *The Shadow Knows*

ALLEN.—Thank you, Leith . . . that was the Stevens opus . . . *The Shadow Knows* . . . and if this particular shadow knows, you'll be hearin' it again. . . . Now . . . time for the old Father's brand-new swing combination . . . the Whiteman Swing Wing . . . with Big Gate . . . Mr. Jackson Teagarden on the trombone . . . Little Gate . . . Mr. Charles T. on the trumpet . . . our old friend Sal Franzella on the clarinet. . . .

The first tune they're gonna rip off is strictly for the gents who like their jazz Dixieland . . . and that means just about everybody who likes jazz . . . a one-a . . . two-a . . . *The Ja-hazz Me Ba-lues.* . . .

6a. *Jazz Me Blues*

Very swell, Jackson and Company . . . Now, Mr. T. . . . why don't you just ease over to this mike and tell your Uncle Mel what's under the Swing Wing this trip? . . . *'S Wonderful?* . . . I'll bet it is. . . .

6b. *'S Wonderful*

ALLEN.—Thank you, Jackson . . . and all the boys in the Whiteman Swing Wing . . . that's really swell jazz . . . and now, how'd you fans like another ditty by the Wynn that's known as Nan? . . . (*Applause*) Me too . . . Nan, what'll you do for us? . . .

WYNN.—How's about *John Peel* . . .

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ALLEN.—Yoicks . . . view halloo . . . and let's have it. . . .

7. *John Peel*

ALLEN.—Thank you, NAN WYNN . . . swell to have you on the meetin' . . . and now, Leith Stevens and the Swing Club band have a little number in the books that's just rarin' to go trippin' on the air waves . . . so . . . *Stop . . . and Reconsider*. . . .

8. *Stop and Reconsider*

ALLEN.—This is Mel Allen bringing the ninety-fifth session of the Saturday Night Swing Club to a close. . . . We want to thank Leith Stevens for his conducting . . . and all our guests for sitting in . . . and we want you Philadelphia fans to jot down a date for next week . . . next Saturday the Swing Club will come to you from the stage of the Earle Theater in Philadelphia . . . where Leith and the gang are playing all week. . . . We hope we'll be seeing all our Philadelphia friends at the theater . . . and we hope all our fans will be sitting in at their radios.

Here is a good working example of a continuity for the program of a popular swing singer:

PROGRAM: NAN WYNN

Theme.

ANNOUNCER.—You've got a date with Nan Wynn!

Theme.

ANNOUNCER.—She sings sweet!

Theme.

ANNOUNCER.—She sings hot!

Theme.

ANNOUNCER.—It's Nan Wynn, Columbia's sweet swinger of songs, come to call with tunes in a style all her own. . . . Nan starts things right in rhythm with a specialty that couples a little Old English sentiment with some modern American swing . . . *John Peel*. . . .

1. *John Peel*

Nan turns to a heart song . . . and when it's time for her to sing of romance . . . it's time for all sensible people to stop talking and start listening . . . including myself . . . Nan sings: *Love Is Here to Stay*. . . .

2. *Love Is Here to Stay*

Now for Nan Wynn's medley . . . three tunes by writer Burton Lane . . . and three grand tunes they are . . . Nan starts it off with that old love song . . . *Everything I Have Is Yours* . . .

3. *Everything I Have Is Yours*

Now the orchestra goes gay on that rhumba rhythm . . .

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Tony's Wife . . . and Nan brings the Burton Lane medley right up to date with a new ballad . . . *Says My Heart.*

4. *Tony's Wife* (Orchestra)
   Says My Heart (Wynn)

Of all the swingy songs of romance that Nan Wynn sings . . . our favorite is one that describes itself . . . *It's Wonderful* . . .

5. *It's Wonderful*

You've been listening to Columbia's sweet swinger of songs, Nan Wynn . . . with rhythm tunes and melodies on the sentimental side, all in a style that's distinctly her own. Your announcer is —— Nan will be back next Monday at 3:45 P.M. . . . so remember . . . you've got a date with Nan Wynn. . . .

A typical for a "house" dance orchestra:

PROGRAM: THE RHYTHMAIRES

1. *Heigh-Ho* .... Berlin
2. *Girl in the Bonnet of Blue* .... Crawford
3. *Ten Little Miles from Town* .... Green
4. *Donn' Ama* .... Melo-Art
5. *My Spies Tell Me* .... Caesar
6. *Dipsy Doodle* .... Lincoln

ANNOUNCER.—Presenting . . . the RHYTHMAIRES, in a sprightly program of modern melody favorites. Listen to them swing into the strains of: *Heigh-Ho* . . .

1. *Heigh-Ho*

The heroine of this number is that appealing lady of songland: *Girl in the Bonnet of Blue* . . .

2. *Girl in the Bonnet of Blue*

Here's a tuneful number that will win you with its rhythms: *Ten Little Miles from Town* . . .

3. *Ten Little Miles from Town*

And now—a lovely song importation from Italy, that you've heard and liked before: *Donn' Ama* . . .

4. *Donn' Ama*

Next comes an infectious tune in romantic tradition: *My Spies Tell Me* . . .

5. *My Spies Tell Me*

The RHYTHMAIRES offer a bit of sizzling syncopation in swingtime tempo: *Dipsy Doodle* . . .

6. *Dipsy Doodle*

You have been listening to the RHYTHMAIRES, in a lighthearted program of song and melody favorites.

Your announcer is ——.

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A sample continuity for a string ensemble:

PROGRAM: POETIC STRINGS

LEON GOLDMAN—*Conductor*

THEME: *Poeme,* Fibich ....Briegel
1. *Chinese Serenade,* Fliege ....Manus
2. *Smilin' Through,* Penn ....Witmark
3. *In Holland* (Suite), Kreyens ....Fischer
4. *If Mothers Could Live on Forever* ....Amsco
5. *The Pool of Narcissus,* Fletcher...................Hawkes
6. *Extract* from "Ballet Suite," Gluck.................Fischer
7. *Lita* (tango) ....Whitney Blake
8. *Open Thy Blue Eyes,* Massenet ....Schirmer
9. *Prestissimo Galop,* Waldteufel ....Fischer

ANNOUNCER.—We present . . . POETIC STRINGS, a lyrical program of light concert music for the morning hours, gleaned from the melody treasures of many lands. The first number is an Oriental air in soft romantic mood: *Chinese Serenade* . . .

1. *Chinese Serenade*

Here's a cheerful carol that will recall memories of a few years ago: *Smilin' Through* . . .

2. *Smilin' Through*

We take you on a magic carpet of melody to the Netherlands, where it is tulip time, to hear Kreyens's charming Wooden Shoe dance from his musical suite: *In Holland* . . .

3. *In Holland*

Poetic Strings present an appealing air in sentimental mood: *If Mothers Could Live on Forever* . . .

4. *If Mothers Could Live on Forever*

Next comes a beautiful refrain on a theme from Greek mythology by Percy Fletcher titled *The Pool of Narcissus* . . .

5. *The Pool of Narcissus*

We offer a tuneful *Extract* from the "Ballet Suite" of one of Scandinavia's most brilliant composers—Ritter von Gluck . . .

6. *Extract* from "Ballet Suite"

Here's a lazy, languorous tango from the South: *Lita* . . .

7. *Lita*

A graceful lyric in the pleasing Gallic tradition of music, composed by the distinguished French master, Jules Massenet . . . *Open Thy Blue Eyes*

8. *Open Thy Blue Eyes*

And now the lively rhythms and spirited harmonies of Waldteufel's *Prestissimo Galop*. . . .

9. *Prestissimo Galop* . . .

And so we bring to a close our program of POETIC STRINGS—

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a half hour of light classical melodies for the morning hours. Your announcer is ——.

A continuity for a popular organ recital:

PROGRAM: FRED FEIBEL AT THE ORGAN

THEME: *Thanks to the Dawn*..........................Davis
1. Excerpts from "Rudolph Friml" (Arr. by Feibel)
   a. *Tommy Atkins*—from "The Firefly"........G. Schirmer
   b. *L'Amour Toujours L'Amour*..............Harms, Inc.
   c. *Valse Hugette*—from "The Vagabond King"....Famous
   d. *March of the Musketeers*—"The Three Musketeers" Harms, Inc.
2. *Neglected* ....Joe Davis
3. *The Flight of the Bumble Bee,* Rimsky-Korsakov W. Bessel & Co., Paris
4. *Drums in My Heart* (Feibel's arr.), Youmans, from "Through the Years"....................................Miller
   Variations interpolated:
   a. *Dixie* ....P. D.
   b. *The Girl I Left behind Me*......................P. D.
   c. *Stars and Stripes Forever*.............John Church Co.

ANNOUNCER.—We bring you . . . FRED FEIBEL AT THE ORGAN, in a sparkling program of console impressions culled from the music of today and yesterday. We hear first four lovely excerpts from the work of Rudolf Friml: *Tommy Atkins* from "The Firefly"; *L'Amour Toujours L'Amour; Valse Hugette* from "The Vagabond King" and *March of the Musketeers* from "The Three Musketeers" . . .

1. *Tommy Atkins* from "The Firefly"
   L'Amour Toujours L'Amour
   Valse Hugette from "The Vagabond King"
   March of the Musketeers from "The Three Musketeers"

Here's a modern romantic refrain, in Fred's own console version. The title is: *Neglected.*

2. *Neglected*

One of Rimsky-Korsakov's most delightful melody compositions is a song he called *The Flight of the Bumble Bee* which Fred Feibel interprets for us now.

3. *The Flight of the Bumble Bee*

Next comes Fred's arrangement of a fanciful Vincent Youmans ballad: *Drums in My Heart* from "Through the Years."

4. *Drums in My Heart* . . . Interpolating
   Dixie
   The Girl I Left behind Me
   Stars and Stripes Forever

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You have been listening to FRED FEIBEL AT THE ORGAN in a program of melodies old and new. Your announcer is ——.

A continuity for a popular balladist:

PROGRAM: RUTH CARHART

BUDDY SHEPPARD—*Conductor*

THEME: *Stars in My Eyes*..........................Chappell
1. *Sunday in the Park*..............................Mills
2. *Blue Moon*....................................Robbins
3. *Forgotten*
4. *Carnival in Cotton Town*
5. *This Time It's Real*...............................Speir

ANNOUNCER.—Once again the lyric strains of *Stars in My Eyes* introduces the voice of RUTH CARHART, Columbia's charming melody hostess in another of her morning recitals of the songs you like to hear. The first number is a tuneful refrain from the current Broadway musical revue "Pins and Needles" . . . it's *Sunday in the Park* . . .

1. *Sunday in the Park*

Ruth Carhart sings the poignantly beautiful nocturnal ballad: *Blue Moon* . . .

2. *Blue Moon*

As is her custom, Ruth Carhart selects a lovely semiclassical melody for each program. Today, with piano accompaniment, we enjoy *Forgotten* . . .

3. *Forgotten*

As an orchestral interlude, we present a special arrangement of that catchy bit of rhythm called: *Carnival in Cotton Town* . . .

4. *Carnival in Cotton Town*

Ruth Carhart sings now an appealing air in soft romantic mood: *This Time It's Real* . . .

5. *This Time It's Real*

You have been listening to RUTH CARHART, Columbia's popular melody hostess in an engaging program of modern song favorites. The music was directed by Buddy Sheppard.

Your announcer is ——.

A continuity for a negro quartet which specializes in the interpretation of spirituals:

PROGRAM: THE DEEP RIVER BOYS

THEME: *Deep River*, Burleigh........................Ricordi
1. *Don't Get Weary*..............................Hampton
2. *Hear de Lambs A'Cryin'*.........................Hampton

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3. *I Want to Go to Heaven When I Die*..............Hampton
4. *I've Done What You Told Me to Do*........Hall & McCreary
5. *Roll, Jordan, Roll*..............................Hampton

ANNOUNCER.—Columbia presents . . . the Deep River Boys . . . singing the spirituals of the old South . . . songs of faith and yearning . . . songs full of hard trials, great tribulations and glory in the day to come . . . Deep river songs by the Deep River Boys . . . First the Boys sing an old-time song of faith and help . . . *Don't Get Weary* . . .

1. *Don't Get Weary*

Now for a spiritual that is one of the loveliest of them all . . . *Hear de Lambs A'Cryin'* . . .

2. *Hear de Lambs A'Cryin'*

A song that explains itself . . . a simple song of hope . . . *I Want to Go to Heaven When I Die* . . .

3. *I Want to Go to Heaven When I Die*

Listen to the righteous men talk to the Lord . . . I have obeyed your commandments . . . I have walked on the right road . . . *I've Done What You Told Me to Do* . . .

4. *I've Done What You Told Me to Do*

It's a wide river . . . a great river that flows on and on . . . *Roll, Jordan, Roll* . . .

5. *Roll, Jordan, Roll*

You have been listening to Rex Ingram's Deep River Boys . . . singing spirituals and folk melodies of the old South . . . Charles Ford assisted at the piano.

Your announcer is ——.

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WRITING EXERCISES

(Popular Music)

1. Write a continuity for a girls' trio, based on the following program:

a. *It's Been So Long*............................Feist
b. *Deep South*...............Ager, Yellen, Bornstein
c. *I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket*......Berlin
d. *Paradise* ....Feist
e. *The Broken Record*......................Chappell

2. Write a continuity for a female blues singer based on the following program:

a. *I Can Pull a Rabbit Out of My Hat*..........Berlin
b. *Too Good to Be True*......................Berlin
c. *Alone* ....Robbins
d. *What the Heart Believes*..................Milson
e. *Hand in Hand*...........................Crawford

3. Write a continuity for a girl vocalist based on the following program:

a. *A Little Robin Told Me So*...............Schuster
b. *The Most Beautiful Girl in the World*..T. B. Harms
c. Medley: *That Moment of Moments*........Chappell
I Can't Get Started with You.....Chappell
d. *There Isn't Any Limit to My Love*........Chappell
e. *Temptation* ....Robbins

4. Write a continuity for a male quartet based on the following program:

a. *Goody Goody*...........................Crawford
b. *Does Anyone Know a Guy from Jersey City?*.Original
c. *There's Always a Happy Ending*..............Mills
d. *I'm a Ding Dong Daddy from Dumas*.........Feist
e. *A Little Bit Later On*....................Superior

5. Write a continuity for a hill-billy trio based on the following program:

a. *Wah Hoo*................................Crawford
b. *Goofus* ....Feist
c. *The Bells of St. Mary's*..................Chappell
d. *St. Louis Blues*...........................Handy
e. *She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain*.........Feist

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The Continuity for Light Opera and Musical Comedy

I shall not classify music beyond separating it into two groups, good music and bad music. We have seen some of the bad (excepting the program of spirituals) and the rest of our discussion of musical continuities will be about good music. And I do not necessarily mean classical.

Columbia had a long series of programs called "Music of the Theater." This was a Sunday afternoon sustaining hour and in the course of its run it revived several hundred songs from the operettas and musical comedies of days past. The program was enormously popular with people of forty-five and older, for most of the songs presented were remembered by them. I shall include two full continuities for this series. The first continuity will illustrate the method used to bring to the radio audience a cut-down version of an entire operetta—in this case "The Mikado"—and the second will show how a general program of individual excerpts was handled. Both continuities had to project a feeling of the theater, and in the case of "The Mikado," the story itself had to be unfolded as each song brought further developments to the plot. That is to say, that the songs could not be properly enjoyed or appreciated unless the audience knew the circumstance which occasioned them. Here is "The Mikado":

ANNOUNCER.—Music of the Theater! Favorite melodies from light opera, operetta, and musical comedy successes of America and Europe, brought to you by Howard Barlow, the orchestra and chorus, and a cast of soloists featuring Margaret Daum, soprano; Ruth Carhart, contralto; William Perry and Jimmie Brierly, tenors; Russell Dorr and Hubert Hendrie, baritones.

This afternoon we shall devote our "Music of the Theater" program to the best-known and best-loved songs of "The Mikado," that unique achievement in theatrical history, and the finest comic opera ever created in the fifteen-year partnership of Gilbert and Sullivan. This delicious and tuneful comedy is a superb satire on things Japanese—as they were then conceived—and a satire generally on pompous officialdom, meaningless title, and high-sounding but empty office. The action of the first act takes place in the courtyard of the Lord High Executioner, a

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timid sycophant called Koko. His job is a political plum, an appointment of the Mikado. Actually the executioner is terrified at the sight of blood and has never dared call a victim to the chopping block. But before we expose the man further, we should meet a few of his worthy henchmen. The stage is already crowded with them—as the curtain rises—and they are readily identifiable—"the gentlemen of Japan—on many a screen and fan—" The male chorus now sings *If You Want to Know Who We Are*—

1. *If You Want to Know Who We Are*

The hero of "The Mikado" is Nanki-Poo, who for purposes of plot is disguised throughout much of the action as a wandering minstrel. He is in reality the Mikado's son, and has adopted his disguise in order to avoid a forced marriage with a homely old crone in his father's court—one Katisha. Nanki-Poo saunters on-stage and sings one of the great favorites of the opera—*A Wand'ring Minstrel, I*—a song which catalogues his resources as a troubadour. William Perry as Nanki-Poo—

2. *A Wand'ring Minstrel, I*

Besides Koko, the executioner, there is another fatuous windbag in the Mikado's realm—called Pooh-Bah, who having no distinguishing title, is known about court as the Lord High Everything Else. He's part of the official gang, however, and has nothing but discouragement for Nanki-Poo, who is in search of his beloved Yum-Yum, ward of the executioner. Pooh-Bah tells Nanki-Poo that Yum-Yum is to be married to Koko just as soon as she returns from boarding school. Pooh-Bah, with Nanki-Poo and Lord Pish-Tush, discusses the impending marriage—with Pooh-Bah taking the lead. We hear that heartrending trio now—*Young Man, Despair*—Russell Dorr, Hubert Hendrie, and Jimmie Brierly—

3. *Young Man, Despair*

In very characteristic Gilbertian fashion, the action stops momentarily so that Koko may tell the fascinating story of his life. He is noisily announced by the chorus and given an impressive build-up. Here is the song—Russell Dorr as the executioner, introduced by the male chorus—*Behold, the Lord High Executioner*—

4. *Behold, the Lord High Executioner*

The Mikado discovers that Koko has not as yet executed anybody, and is extremely provoked with such negligence. Koko is pretty worried about it himself, and puts his consternation into that fast-moving patter song—*I've Got a Little List*—Russell Dorr and the Chorus—

5. *I've Got a Little List*

Yum-Yum, the ward and the bride-elect of the chicken-hearted Koko, returns from school, attended by her close friends,

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Peep-Bo and Pitti Sing. They have all the pertness and insouciant self-confidence of finishing-school girls the world over, but Gilbert and Sullivan audiences are partial to Yum-Yum. She's the heroine. Here is their song now—*Three Little Girls from School*—and the soloists—Margaret Daum, Helen Board, and Ruth Carhart—

6. *Three Little Girls from School*

There is a nice bit of stage romancing in the duet between the unhappy lovers, Yum-Yum and Nanki-Poo. Nanki-Poo, while distressed at the thought of his sweetheart's going to Koko, is nonetheless happy, if temporarily, in having her to himself for a moment. And his fast thinking wins for him concrete evidence of her affection. "Were you not to Koko plighted," he sings, "I would kiss you fondly thus"—and he does so. Yum-Yum gets the idea, repeats the refrain, and returns the same favor. Margaret Daum and William Perry—

7. *Were You Not to Koko Plighted*

Koko, Pooh-Bah, and Pish-Tush, the noble lords of Titipu, put their heads together, for Koko is in a distressing fix. He has received word from the Mikado that if he doesn't execute somebody—anybody at all will do—within the next thirty days, he will be fired. The song which the trio sings has its gruesome as well as its funny side. Russell Dorr, Hubert Hendrie and Jimmie Brierly sing *I Am So Proud*—

8. *I Am So Proud*

The finale of Act One ravels the action into a most melodramatic tangle. No one will volunteer to be executed. Nanki-Poo, thinking fast as always, makes a deal with Koko. He volunteers to go under Koko's axe provided he can be at once married to Yum-Yum, and his idea—obvious enough and very noble indeed—is that death on the chopping block is small forfeit to pay for thirty days with Yum-Yum. This is good reasoning, and Koko accepts the conditions. The chorus, of course, is delighted, what with the double-edged excitement of a wedding and a beheading. Things would go forward to their proper resolution if it weren't that Katisha, the middle-aged lady at court, is determined not to be deprived of her Nanki-Poo. The old lady makes quite a scene. Here is the finale of Act One.

9. *Finale*

Yum-Yum is no girl to depreciate her own values. As she sits before her mirror, decorating her pretty face and seductive figure preparatory to the wedding, she becomes shrewdly philosophical, the gist of her musings being "We Really Know Our Worth, the Sun and I." Margaret Daum in the role of Yum-Yum—

10. *We Really Know Our Worth*

Then follows the quaint and charming madrigal—one of the

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most attractive bits of harmony in "The Mikado"—*Brightly Dawns Our Wedding Day*. The quartet sings it now—

11. *Brightly Dawns Our Wedding Day*

One complication follows another in a situation that is already worse than unbearable. Koko makes an upsetting discovery. He has just found in an ancient law in the Japanese imperial code that if a married man is executed, his wife must be buried alive. Yum-Yum, Nanki-Poo, and Koko in their serio-comic trio—*Here's a How-De-Do*—

12. *Here's a How-De-Do*

There is a Japanese flavor and a suggestion of whispering fans and sandals in the song which introduces the Mikado. Then both words and music turn suddenly into the very best of Gilbert and Sullivan humor. The song is *Miya Sama*—Russell Dorr as the Mikado and Ruth Carhart as Katisha—"his daughter-in-law elect."

13. *Miya Sama*

And here is the essence of the Gilbert and Sullivan spirit, and the philosophy of their gay buffoonery—*The Mikado's Song*—with Russell Dorr singing—

14. *The Mikado's Song*

Nanki-Poo and Koko, with Yum-Yum, Pish-Tush and Pooh-Bah assisting, sing that contagious melody *The Flowers That Bloom in the Spring*—

15. *The Flowers That Bloom in the Spring*

The Mikado, who has been in search of his son, still concealed from his father by disguise, discovers that Koko has deceived him in his report of an execution. He sentences the luckless axe man to be boiled in oil. Katisha realizes that the wandering minstrel is the son that everyone has been talking about, and in a plaintive and despairing song at the thought of losing Nanki-Poo, moves her audience to tears. Pitifully conscious of her romantic catastrophe, she sings *Hearts Do Not Break*. Ruth Carhart as Katisha—

16. *Hearts Do Not Break*

Koko's song, *Tit-Willow,* is an outstanding favorite with all lovers of Gilbert and Sullivan, and its application to the immediate predicament of the executioner is only too obvious. He is making comic love to Katisha at the same time—Russell Dorr, as Koko singing *Tit-Willow*—

17. *Tit-Willow*

The finale of "The Mikado" is a merry untangling of the piled-up troubles of the previous two acts. The Mikado finds that his son is alive and happily married. Koko, under sentence of slow torture and death, is told by Nanki-Poo that the only way he can get out of the spot is to marry Katisha. Pitti-Sing—

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one of Yum-Yum's school friends—leads off the finale as we hear *For He's Gone and Married Yum-Yum*—

18. *For He's Gone and Married Yum-Yum*

And so with the finale of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado" we ring down the curtain on another of our "Music of the Theater" programs. The soloists today were Margaret Daum and Helen Board, sopranos; Ruth Carhart, contralto; William Perry and Jimmie Brierly, tenors; and Russell Dorr and Hubert Hendrie, baritones. The orchestra and chorus were under the direction of Howard Barlow. We invite you to be with us a week from today at 2:15 P.M. for another program of melody and song from the stage of "Music of the Theater."

Your announcer is ——.

The next continuity, written for another program in the same series, cannot spend much time in locating and setting its various numbers. The identifications must be quickly made, each song being from a different production. No effort at plot exposition can be made. All that can be done is to give to each of the numbers its own origin and spirit.

PROGRAM: MUSIC OF THE THEATER

HOWARD BARLOW—*Orchestra, soloists and chorus*

THEME: *Every Little Movement,* "Madame Sherry"....Witmark

1. *Twilight in Barakeesh,* "Rose of Algeria," Herbert C. K. Harris 2:05
   Margaret Daum, Male Quartet, and Orchestra
2. *Only Make Believe,* "Show Boat," Kern.......Harms 2:55
   Duet—Ruth Carhart and Hubert Hendrie
3. *One Alone,* "Desert Song," Romberg..........Harms 2:30
   William Perry, Orchestra, and Chorus
4. *Without a Song,* "Great Day," Youmans........Miller 2:30
   Russell Dorr, Chorus, and Orchestra
5. *Waltz,* "Count of Luxembourg," Lehar.......Chappell 5:00
   Orchestra
6. *The Angelus,* "Sweethearts," Herbert.....G. Schirmer 4:00
   Margaret Daum, Hubert Hendrie, Male Quartet and Orchestra
7. *The Night Was Made for Love,* "Cat and the Fiddle" Harms 2:30
   Ruth Carhart and Orchestra
8. *Here in My Arms,* "Dearest Enemy"...........Harms 3:20
   William Perry, Margaret Daum, and Orchestra
9. *Melodies,* "The Rogue Song," Stothart........Robbins 3:00
   Orchestra ending with *The Rogue Song*
   Russell Dorr and Chorus

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ANNOUNCER.—Music of the Theater! Favorite melodies from light opera, operetta, and musical comedy successes of America and Europe, brought to you by Howard Barlow, the orchestra and chorus, and a cast of soloists featuring Margaret Daum, soprano; Ruth Carhart, contralto; William Perry, tenor; Hubert Hendrie and Russell Dorr, baritones. This afternoon our curtain rises on the setting for Victor Herbert's "Rose of Algeria." Zoradie, the high-tempered heroine, who is in love with a poet she has never seen, sings a charming song before the Algerian palace. Margaret Daum, as Zoradie, assisted by the quartet sings the lovely *Twilight in Barakeesh*—

1. *Twilight in Barakeesh*

Gaylord Ravenal, the handsome young gambler and principal character of America's greatest musical play, "Show Boat," and his sweetheart Magnolia sing a charming duet in one of the opening scenes on board the *Cotton Blossom*. Ruth Carhart and Hubert Hendrie bring you the ever-popular *Only Make Believe*—

2. *Only Make Believe*

One of the most effective moments, musically and dramatically, in the whole action of the "Desert Song" takes place when the hero, Red Shadow, goes into voluntary exile. In the stillness of his retreat he thinks of his sweetheart Margot, and in this setting sings one of the most attractive love songs in the show—*One Alone*. William Perry, assisted by the chorus, sings it for you now—

3. *One Alone*

Early in 1929 New York theatergoers were clamoring for tickets to the popular box-office success "Great Day" . . . It contained some of the best of Vincent Youmans's songs and of those the romantic ballad, *Without a Song*, will long be remembered. Russell Dorr sings it now, accompanied by the chorus—

4. *Without a Song*

Franz Lehar's musical romance, the "Count of Luxembourg," heard in New York in 1912, and in revival in 1930, contained many excellent songs, and the one that perhaps is best remembered is the waltz. The two principals of the show danced this waltz down a long flight of stairs . . . The orchestra recaptures this picture for you now in the *Waltz* from the "Count of Luxembourg"—

5. *Waltz*

Margaret Daum and Hubert Hendrie revive now an attractive duet from Victor Herbert's "Sweethearts"—*The Angelus*. Margaret Daum, as Sylvia, the part originally played by Christie MacDonald; and Hubert Hendrie as the Prince, a role taken by Thomas Conkey in the production of 1913—

6. *The Angelus*

The "Cat and the Fiddle," one of Jerome Kern's great suc-

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cesses of five years ago, has at least one song of persistent charm —the popular theme song, *The Night Was Made for Love.* Ruth Carhart sings it—

7. *The Night Was Made for Love*

From Richard Rodgers's success of ten years ago, "Dearest Enemy," William Perry and Margaret Daum sing the memorable duet, *Here in My Arms*—

8. *Here in My Arms*

"Music of the Theater" rings down its curtain for this afternoon's performance with a group of melodies from "The Rogue Song," with Russell Dorr and the chorus, in the finale, singing the title song—

9. *The Rogue Song*

We have brought you another program of "Music of the Theater." We invite you to be with us again next week at this same time when "Music of the Theater" will include in its program popular excerpts from Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe." If you have favorite songs from operettas and musical comedies which you would like to hear in this "Music of the Theater" series, just send the song titles to "Music of the Theater," the Columbia Network, 485 Madison Avenue, New York City, or to the station to which you are listening, and we shall be happy to include them in our future programs.

Your announcer is ——.

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WRITING EXERCISES

1. Write full continuity for "Music of the Theater," comprising the following program:

a. *Song of the Flame,* from "Song of the Flame" Gershwin
   Baritone—mixed Chorus—orchestra

b. *My Man's Gone Now,* from "Porgy and Bess" Gershwin
   Guest soprano—orchestra

c. *Waltz* from "The Merry Widow"............Lehar
   Orchestra

d. *Soft Lights and Sweet Music,* from "Music Box Revue"
   Contralto—Tenor, and orchestra

e. *Sextette* from "Floradora"
   Men in unison, women in unison, orchestra

f. *Rangers' Song,* from "Rio Rita"
   Male Quartet and orchestra

g. *Excerpts* from "The Pirates of Penzance" Gilbert and Sullivan

   (1) *Overture*
       Orchestra

   (2) *For I Am a Pirate King* (no. 3)
       Dorr, Quartet (Male) and orchestra

   (3) *Poor Wandering One*
       Soprano—Chorus of women, and orchestra

   (4) *Now Here's a First Rate Opportunity* (p. 56, 7th bar)
       Ensemble

   (5) *I Am the Very Model of a Modern Major General*
       Baritone, mixed chorus and orchestra

   (6) *When the Foeman Bares His Steel*
       Bass and ensemble

   (7) *Stay, Frederick, Stay*
       Soprano, Tenor and orchestra

   (8) *When a Felon's Not Engaged in His Employment*
       Bass, men and orchestra

   (9) *Finale* (from p. 167, tempo di Valse)
       Ensemble

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CHAPTER XX

SERIOUS MUSIC CONTINUITIES

To write of music requires knowledge of music; it has been my observation that the best continuity work in this field is being done by those writers who listen to music by habit, who read of it for the sheer interest it affords, and who play it, badly or ably, because they want to. Music must be a necessity to the man who would make it appeal to others. But knowledge of music does not mean opus numbers. The pedantry of the opus number has no more to do with the delights of music than the patent number of the Bessemer process has to do with the romance of steel. The past decade of broadcasting has done much to popularize good music and much of this popularization has been achieved by liberating the cant which has enslaved commentary and criticism for so many years. Continuities have departed from the scholasticism of stilted program notes and the men who have been writing about music for radio have been trying to say one thing above all others: music is fun. They have spurned preciosity on the one hand and technical dissection on the other, and the plaster-bust treatment of composers has given way to that of the palette. Composers have become people with personalities, wives, worries, and a sense of humor.

With the emphasis directed to this end, where is the student to find the facts from which his work will be written? He will find most of it in books. Here is a minimum list of reference works, a list which will supply the writer with most of the things he should know.

1. Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*
2. *The Victor Book of the Symphony*
3. *The Victrola Book of the Opera*
4. *Composers of Today* (David Ewen)
5. *Music on the Air* (Hazel Gertrude Kinscella)
6. *The Standard Concert Guide* (Upton and Borowski)
7. Cobbett's *Cyclopedic Survey of Chamber Music*
8. *The Master Musicians* (series edited by Eric Blom)
    Brahms (Lawrence Erb)

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Bach (C. F. Abdy Williams)
Haydn (J. Cuthbert Hadden)
Beethoven (Marion M. Scott)
Chopin (J. Cuthbert Hadden)
Mendelssohn (S. S. Stratton)
Wagner (Robert L. Jacobs)
Schubert (E. Duncan)
Handel (C. B. Abdy Williams)
Mozart (Eric Blom)
Schumann (Annie W. Patterson)
Tchaikovsky (Edwin Evans)
Purcell (J. A. Westrup)
Gluck (Alfred Einstein)
Debussy (Edward Lockspeiser)

9. *Light Opera and Musical Comedy* (J. Walker McSpadden)
10. *Descriptive Analyses of Piano Works* (Edward Baxter Perry)

In rapid succession now I wish to run through six or eight different continuity types, giving in each case the nature of the program, the problems of the continuity, and the technique employed. All of these programs are the work of William Fineshriber, a thorough expert in this field. His own life has been crowded with the experiences which make for good work in this highly specialized department. He is a good amateur musician and his career since college has had to do with music. For three years he wrote music publicity for CBS. He left the organization to become manager of Carnegie Hall, and in three years in this capacity he not only heard hundreds of concerts and recitals but had the advantage of becoming personally acquainted with almost every ranking conductor and recitalist in the world. I am fortunate to have a man of this caliber on my staff. He writes the continuities for all serious music shows originating in New York. Let's look at some of his work.

PROGRAM: CHAMBER MUSIC—Cycle of Mozart Quartets

Nature of Program: One of a series of weekly broadcasts devoted to a complete cycle of the twenty-four Mozart String Quartets. Presented by a notable chamber ensemble—The Kreiner String Quartet. Designed both for the student and the general listener.

Problem of Continuity: To take the curse off chamber music, a music field often considered too technical and abstruse for the general public; to present twenty-odd broadcasts de-

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voted to the same general topic and to do this without repeating oneself; to point out, without being didactic, something of the distinctive quality of chamber music; to relate the music to the composer's life and to his other musical output; to strike a mean between that which will be of interest to the student and of interest to the general public.

Technique: The music is the thing, the artists coming in for courtesy mentions only at opening and closing. Avoid breaking into the performance of a complete work with more than a line or two, and then only to point out an item of striking interest or to name a movement. Reserve discussion for spaces between different works. Draw heavily on biographical and anecdotal material. Preserve the intimate character of chamber music by writing with easy informality. Write for the members of your audience as if you were talking with them in your home or in theirs.

Here is Mr. Fineshriber's continuity, the ninth in a series of twenty-two. The mimeographed program, when placed on his desk, read simply:

Columbia Concert Hall

KREINER STRING QUARTET

1. *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*—Serenade for String Quartet in G major K. 525
   - Allegro 5:30
   - Romanza, Andante 5:20
   - Menuetto allegretto 2:10
   - Rondo allegro 4:10
2. *Adagio from Quartet in B flat major* ("Hunting Quartet") K. 458 .... 7:50

This was all he was given from which to write—the numbers and their timings. The timings add up to twenty-five minutes even. This means he has a continuity of four and a half minutes to write. (Half-hour broadcasts do not run thirty minutes; they run twenty-nine minutes and thirty seconds.) Here is what he wrote:

ANNOUNCER.—From Columbia's Concert Hall we present the Kreiner String Quartet in another of the series of programs devoted to the complete cycle of Mozart quartets—a part of the CBS year-round music season. The personnel of the Kreiner String Quartet is Sylvan Schulman and Joseph Gingold, violins; Edward Kreiner, viola; and Alan Schulman, 'cello.

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During the past eight weeks we have heard many of Mozart's early quartets—practically all of them dating from the composer's sixteenth and seventeenth years. This afternoon we turn to the master works of the mature Mozart—compositions which find him at the height of his creative powers and represent the finest flowering of eighteenth-century chamber music. And it is in this chamber music that the genius of Mozart reaches perhaps its truest expression. Here the purity of the musical idea is everything, for great volume of sound is impossible. In the intimate confines of the string quartet, Mozart speaks most clearly and touches us most forcibly.

The Kreiner String Quartet plays first the famous Serenade for Strings called *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*—No. 525 in the Koechel catalogue. Written in 1787 when the composer was thirty-one years old, it dates from the same year as the opera "Don Giovanni." It is pertinent to mention here two events in the life of Mozart belonging to this year. On May 29th, Leopold Mozart, the devoted father who had dedicated so much of his life to the furtherance of his son's career, died. There had been estrangements between Leopold and Wolfgang; the son had often chafed under the admonitions and restrictions of the exacting father—but the news of Leopold's death came as a severe blow to Wolfgang. He was deeply grieved, and a new note of melancholy was added to an already difficult personal life. The other event constitutes one of those interesting occurrences in musical history when two great geniuses meet. An unimpressive, sullen-faced youth of seventeen was introduced to Mozart by an acquaintance. The master was at first almost frigid toward the awkward boy but, on hearing him play the pianoforte with amazing power and originality, soon expressed keen interest. After a brief concert, Mozart remarked to a friend that this young man would bear watching, for some day he would make a name for himself in the world of music. That prediction was no facile judgment. The boy's name was Ludwig von Beethoven.

The composition we are about to hear, *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik,* may be described as an outdoor serenade, to be played in the evening. In the eighteenth century it was customary for a lover to pay tribute to his mistress through a musical performance—just as it was in Shakespeare's day. This composition is such a nocturnal serenade as one might imagine being played by a little band of musicians beneath a lady's window or at a formal garden concert. It is in four movements arranged as follows: an opening Allegro; a Romanza; a Minuet; and a concluding Rondo.

1. *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*—G major, Koechel No. 525

That was the serenade for strings *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik,*

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played for you by the Kreiner String Quartet. They play next a selection from one of the six great quartets dedicated to Haydn. Even as a boy, Mozart had greatly admired the compositions of Haydn and had spent many long hours in studying the fundamentals of the elder man's technique. In 1784, Mozart had the opportunity of meeting and getting to know Haydn intimately. Haydn seems to have spent several months in Vienna this year, and he gave a number of musical evenings at the home of Prince Nicholas Esterhazy. Mozart was invited to play at these informal concerts several times, and the two masters struck up an enduring friendship. At this time Haydn had already written some forty-three string quartets and was the recognized master in this form. Out of his profound regard for Haydn, Mozart conceived the idea of dedicating a set of six works in the quartet form to one who had developed it so successfully. Ironically enough, the result was the superb group of compositions which effectively removed the mantle of superiority from the shoulders of Haydn and placed it unquestionably on those of Mozart!

In just a moment we shall hear the Adagio movement from the fourth quartet in this group of six dedicated to Haydn. The work is in B flat major, Koechel No. 458, and is known in Germany as the *Jagd-Quartet* . . . Hunting Quartet. This unofficial name is given because of the character of the leading theme of the first movement, which is of the merry hunting-horn type written in the usual 6/8 time. The section we hear today is the third movement, marked Adagio. It is the principal feature of the composition—indeed, it is the only actual Adagio of all six quartets, and is based on an unusually eloquent and dignified theme. One commentator has well described it as "an aristocratic melody in the grand manner"; and the development section has a richly florid character without ever losing what Schumann so aptly called its "floating Grecian grace." The *Adagio* from Mozart's *Quartet in B flat major* . . .

2. *Adagio from Quartet in B flat major,* Koechel No. 458

With the playing of the Adagio from the Mozart *Quartet in B flat major,* we bring to an end the ninth in a series of CBS programs devoted to a complete cycle of the Mozart quartets. The artists on this series are the Kreiner String Quartet: Sylvan Schulman and Joseph Gingold, violins; Edward Kreiner, viola; and Alan Schulman, 'cello. Next week at this same time they will present the *Quartet in D minor,* Koechel No. 173, and the first movement from the *Quartet in A major,* Koechel No. 298. This has been a presentation of Columbia's Concert Hall. —— speaking.

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WRITING EXERCISES

1. Write the continuity for a half-hour broadcast in the same series, comprising this program:

a. *Quartet in E flat major,* Koechel No. 171....Mozart
b. *Quartet in B flat major,* Koechel No. 172....Mozart

2. Write continuity for a half-hour broadcast in the same series, for this program:

a. *Quartet in F major,* Koechel No. 158........Mozart
b. *Second Movement from Quartet in B flat major,* Koechel No. 159................Mozart
c. *Andante Cantabile from Quartet in C major,* Koechel No. 465......................Mozart

3. Write continuity for a half-hour broadcast for this program in the same series:

Quartet in F major, Koechel No. 590..........Mozart

4. Write the continuity for a forty-five-minute broadcast in a Beethoven cycle featuring the Coolidge String Quartet: William Kroll and Nicolai Berezowsky, violins; Nicolas Moldavan, viola; and Victor Gottlieb, 'cello. The program follows:

a. *Quartet in C major,* Opus 59, No. 3......Beethoven
b. *Quartet in C minor,* Opus 18, No. 4......Beethoven
Allegro ma non tanto
Scherzo
(These two movements only)

5. Write the continuity for a forty-five-minute broadcast featuring the Coolidge Quartet in a series of chamber music concerts called "From Haydn to Debussy" . . . a survey of chamber music covering that period. The program follows:

a. *String Quartet No. 3 in B flat*..............Rossini
b. *String Quartet in D,* Opus 18, No. 3......Beethoven

6. Write the continuity for a half-hour chamber music broadcast devoted to a single program of sonatas, played by Nicolai Berezowsky, violin; and Emanual Bay, piano. The program follows:

a. *Sonata in G minor*......................Debussy
b. *Sonata in A minor,* No. 2, Opus 137.......Schubert

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7. Write the continuity for a half-hour chamber music broadcast devoted to another single program of sonatas, played by Nicolai Berezowsky, violin; and Emanual Bay, piano. The program:

a. *Sonata in G major,* Opus 78...............Brahms
b. *Minuet from Second Sonata in C major,* Koechel No. 296.......................Mozart

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PROGRAM: COLUMBIA CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—
Orchestral Chamber Music

Nature of Program: One of a series of weekly broadcasts devoted to orchestral chamber music—a relatively unfamiliar field. Not a cycle or group of related numbers; but programs like those of a regular concert hall, made up of interesting works covering many periods and many composers.

Problems of Continuity: Very much the same as those mentioned under CYCLE OF MOZART QUARTETS.

Technique: Same as that for the CYCLE OF MOZART QUARTETS.

1. *Sonata No. 6 in E major,* G. F. Handel....Elkan-Vogel
   a. Adagio and Allegro.......................... 5:10
   b. Largo and Allegro........................... 4:45
2. *Melodie Elegiaque* (*Last Spring*), Grieg........Peters 4:30
3. *Sinfonietta,* Albert Roussel...................Durand
   a. Allegro molto 4:00
   b. Andante 3:00
   c. Allegro 4:00

ANNOUNCER.—Columbia's Concert Hall brings you at this time another program by the Columbia Chamber Orchestra, under the direction of the distinguished young conductor, Victor Bay. We are to hear first the *Sonata da Camera Number 6, in E major,* by George Frederick Handel. The term "da camera" is used to describe a composition as secular, as opposed to the term "da chiesa," meaning "of the church" or "sacred." This sonata is one of a group, written probably about 1735, and it illustrates both the flow and richness of Handel's melodic line and his genius for contrapuntal invention. While Handel's immortality depends primarily upon his masterful work as a vocal and choral writer, his contributions to instrumental music remain standard in the orchestral repertory. The orchestra now plays the Handel *Sonata in E major.* The Adagio and Allegro will be heard first.

1 a. *Adagio and Allegro*

The last two movements are marked Largo and Allegro.

1 b. *Largo and Allegro*

The Chamber Orchestra turns now to a composition of Edward Grieg, playing one of the two elegiac melodies which make up Opus 34. It is in the smaller and more lyrical works, rather

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than in those which strive for their effect in the classic form, that Grieg's unquestioned talents reach their fullest expression.

In the simple lyricism of the piece you are about to hear is caught the fragrance and the almost sentimental love of melody that enrich so many of his compositions. Many commentators have criticized the works of Grieg as being repetitious in their use of devices; and as employing certain harmonic progressions too frequently. Although this is perhaps true, what remains of greater significance is his generous contribution to romantic articulateness, and his adroit use of characteristic Norwegian themes to support his own musical thought, and to serve as the basis for the delightful architecture of his original workmanship. We hear now—the *Last Spring*—or *Melodie Elegiaque.*

2. *Melodie Elegiaque*

We hear next a work of the French modernist, Albert Roussel, a composer of unusual originality and wide, if unorthodox, musical understanding. His fame has been assured in the literature of music since the year 1911, when the symphonic work, *Evocations,* was played for the first time. This composition was inspired by a trip to India, and was the first of several works based on Oriental atmospheres and legends. Roussel tells an interesting story that deals with his best-known work, the opera "Padmavati." While in India, he wanted to visit Chitor, the city where in the thirteenth century there took place the tragic story of the Hindu heroine, Padmavati. Roussel had no way of reaching the place until an English tourist, seeing his predicament, offered him the use of some horses. With the Englishman he visited the town whose story eventually became the libretto of his opera. Of the incident, Roussel has written: "I have always felt that it was the amiability and kindness of the English traveller that were largely responsible for the birth of my opera. I feel that I owe to him the existence of one of my best works. The man's name was Ramsay MacDonald."

Roussel has always been a wanderer and a deep lover of nature. His work has great sensitivity and beauty, and has shown, through the years, an increasing sympathy with modernism. "Every work of Roussel," writes Joseph Barruzi, "represents a fresh start, a discovery of new horizons. It is a quest not so much of self-expression as of untried forces." The orchestra plays now the *Sinfonietta* by Roussel, in three movements, the first of which is the Allegro Molto.

3 a. *Allegro molto*

The second movement is the Andante

3 b. *Andante*

The concluding movement of the *Sinfonietta* is marked Allegro.

3 c. *Allegro*

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ANNOUNCER.—Columbia's Concert Hall has brought you another program by the Chamber Orchestra, under the direction of the distinguished young conductor, Victor Bay. The next program by the Columbia Chamber Orchestra will be presented one week from today at this same time. Tomorrow afternoon at 4:00 o'clock Columbia's Concert Hall will present the last recital of the internationally famous pianist, E. Robert Schmitz.
Your announcer is ——.

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WRITING EXERCISES

1. Write a full continuity for a chamber orchestra, comprising the following program:

a. *Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 in G major*..J. S. Bach
   Allegro moderato
   Allegro
b. (1) *Nocturne* (from opera "Doubrowsky")
   E. Napravnik
   (2) *Nocturne* (from comedie "Shylock")..G. Faure
c. *Serenade for Strings*........................Elgar
   (1) Allegro piecevole
   (2) Larghetto
   (3) Allegretto

2. Write a full continuity for chamber orchestra. The program follows:

a. *Suite* ....Purcell
   Allemande—Sarabande—Cebell
b. *Adagio from Sonata in D minor*...........Brahms
c. *Rakastava, the Lover*.....................Sibelius
   Rakestave--Der Liebende
   Der Weg der Geliebten
   Guten Abend—Lebenwohl
d. *Trois Chansons* ....Ravel
   Nicolette
   Trois Beaux Oiseaux du Paradis
   Ronde

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Purpose of Broadcast: Presentation of *regular* concerts of one of the world's premier symphony orchestras to a nation-wide audience, including both the initiate and the average listener. The musical programs are chosen according to the standards of the general symphony subscriber. No attempt at popularization is made; nor is there an attempt to stress any particular kind of symphonic music—modern, ancient, romantic, and so on. The radio audience is listening in on a regular series of concerts for music lovers; and we present a picture of those concerts, with their world-famous soloists and conductors, as this picture is enacted at Carnegie Hall.

Problems of Continuity: To establish in the listener's mind the scene of broadcast; to make clear that he is a member of the Philharmonic audience, listening to the music as though he were actually present in one of the best seats in the house; to fill in the intervals between numbers with interesting notes about the music, the artists, the composers; to present this material in such a way as to appeal to both the musically uneducated and the musically expert; hence to avoid the most obvious stories and descriptions while at the same time emphasizing what is most important to meet the requirements of a "remote" broadcast which is not built primarily for radio; hence to write notes which may be interrupted at almost any moment and still not leave the subject hanging in the air. (Since it is impossible to determine accurately in advance exactly the amount of time the announcer must fill between numbers, he must be prepared to finish his talk at the moment the conductor walks out on the stage to begin the music.) The writer must also choose background material, place the work in sum total of the composer's output, dig up personal anecdotes, and the like.

An illustration of how easy it is to go wrong on a "remote" symphonic broadcast despite all these precautions is the now famous incident which Frank Sullivan satirized in his delightful *New Yorker* article, called "Drop That Other Shoe, Frank Gallop." On the Philharmonic broadcast of Sunday, January 9th, 1938, the program included a piece by César

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Franck. After a description of the work in question the continuity went on to give, in short "time-filler" paragraphs, a picture of Franck himself. To illustrate the composer's attitude toward his own music, Mr. Fineshriber related the story of Franck's reaction to the first public reception of his great *D minor Symphony,* and it was this piece of continuity which Gallop, the announcer, was reading. Gallop read thus: "After the furor which it caused, he went quietly home, and his family eagerly asked about its success—meaning, of course, to ask how the audience and critics had received it. Franck smiled happily and answered with characteristic simplicity. . . . But here is John Barbirolli, and we hear the symphonic piece from *The Redemption.*" Barbirolli had come in quickly and had already raised his baton, so Gallop had no time to finish. He did not want to commit the sin of reading over the music. The next day Columbia was deluged with letters demanding to know just what it was that César Franck had said to his family. (What he said was: "Oh, yes, it sounded beautiful—just as I thought it would!")

Technique: Write in reasonably short paragraphs, making each a unit in itself. Get over the most important material first. Vary the approach from number to number, giving now the program content of the music, now an anecdote pertinent to the particular selection, now the relative position of the work in the composer's total output, now its importance in the development of music, now facts about the composer himself. Whenever possible, associate the number with the season of the year, a public event, the history of the Philharmonic orchestra, the conductor or soloist. Relate one number to another where logical. Keep the material dignified as befits a performance associated with the Philharmonic, but make it somewhat informal—you are talking to and with the listener in his home. Set the stage of broadcast from Carnegie Hall at the beginning, and keep the picture alive by frequent references to audience, the artist walking out upon the stage, musicians taking their places, and so on. Avoid dry, thematic analysis and detailed discussion of the music from a technical standpoint. The experts already know it, and the average listener would be bored by it. Always repeat the title of the selection after each performance—this for the benefit of those who tuned in late or who did not hear or remember the first announcement.

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PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK

John Barbirolli—Conductor (All-Wagner program)

1. *Preludes* to Acts I and III of "Lohengrin"
2. *Overture* and *Bacchanale* from "Tannhäuser" ("Paris" version)
3. *Siegfried's Rhine Journey*

(Intermission interview between Deems Taylor and leaders of Philharmonic Violin Section: Mishel Piastro, Concert Master; John Corigliano, Assistant Concert Master; and Imre Pogany, First Desk Man of Second Violins)

4. *Preludes* to Acts I and III of "Tristan and Isolde"
5. *Ride of the Valkyries*
6. *Prelude* to Act III, *Dance of the Apprentices, Entrance of the Masters,* and *Homage to Sachs* from "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg"

(Announcement of Young People's Concert Program of the next Saturday morning and program for following Sunday.)

ANNOUNCER.—The Columbia Network welcomes you to its 259th consecutive broadcast by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York. We take pleasure in presenting from Carnegie Hall in New York City the eighth broadcast of the eighth season during which this great orchestra has been heard exclusively through CBS facilities. By special arrangement with the Board of Directors of the Philharmonic-Symphony Society of New York, Columbia makes these programs available to its international audience. Each Sunday at this time during the full twenty-eight weeks of the 1937-38 season, the regular stations of the Columbia Network are joined by the coast-to-coast chain of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation; and powerful short-wave stations carry the program to South America and Europe.

This afternoon the permanent leader of the Philharmonic-Symphony, John Barbirolli, again conducts. And Deems Taylor, the noted composer and critic who is Columbia's Musical Consultant, will be with us as intermission commentator.

Mr. Barbirolli has arranged an all-Wagner program for today. We are to hear first two excerpts from "Lohengrin": the *Prelude* to Act I, with its ethereal treatment of the magnificent "Holy Grail" theme; and the *Prelude* to Act III, with its joyous celebration of the wedding festival. The one is the epitome of the celestial vision which motivates the entire opera; the other, a throbbing outburst of earthly happiness in praise of the love of Lohengrin and Elsa.

The failure of "Tannhäuser" at the Dresden Opera two years earlier made it impossible for Wagner to produce "Lohengrin"

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when he completed the score of the new opera in 1847. And the composer's participation in the unsuccessful "May Revolution" of 1849 forced him to become an exile in Switzerland. But through the friendly support of Liszt—who was the guiding spirit of the artistic center of Weimar—"Lohengrin" was given its *première* at the famous Hof-Theater in August of the following year. During the twelve years of Wagner's exile, the opera gained steadily in popularity . . . so that on his return to Weimar the composer was able to say, with ironic truth, that he was probably the only German who had not heard "Lohengrin"!

The musicians of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra have taken their places on the stage of Carnegie Hall . . . and here is John Barbirolli to bring us the *Preludes* to Acts I and III of Wagner's "Lohengrin" . . .

1. *Preludes to Acts I and III of "Lohengrin"*

You have just heard the *Preludes* to Act I and Act III of "Lohengrin," played by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York, as the opening selections in this all-Wagner concert. John Barbirolli will direct the orchestra next in the *Overture* and *Bacchanale* from "Tannhäuser."

All of Wagner's dramatic works are based either on historical or legendary stories. "Tannhäuser" rests on both. The human characters in the opera were living people—minnesingers and Thuringian rulers of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; while the superhuman creatures of the opera spring from medieval romance. According to legend, Venus, Goddess of Love, established her court near the Wartburg in Thuringia beneath a mountain which came to be known as the *Venusberg*. Here the landgraves who ruled the country used to hold song contests; and the historical Tannhäuser was one of the contestants. He also seems to have been something of an epicure, fond of the good things of life; and from this arose the legend that he had lived within the *Venusberg* itself. Out of these elements of historical fact and fanciful legend, Wagner fashioned the romantic opera of "Tannhäuser." To it he added the powerful symbolism of the struggle between the lower and the higher yearnings of the human spirit.

Again, as happens so frequently in Wagner, the whole import of the opera is epitomized in the music of the *Overture* and *Bacchanale*. The solemn chant of the Pilgrims speaks for the holy voice of celestial love, and with it is contrasted the abandoned bacchanalian revels of the *Venusberg*. In the latter section is some of the maddest, most delirious music known to the orchestra . . . moments when fearsome passions are turned loose in frenzied ecstasies. Now the senses reel in fierce exuberance . . . now the music is seductive and subtle. and the voice of love takes on a rosy, mystical allure.

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John Barbirolli and the orchestra are going to play the "Paris" version of this music from "Tannhäuser." In it the final portion of the original *Overture* is omitted, and the music leads directly into the scene of the *Venusberg* revels. This later version was written by Wagner especially for a command performance at the Paris Opera. The invariable rule of the Opera was that there must be a ballet in every production; for members of the powerful Jockey Club, which supported the Opera, were primarily interested in ballet. Furthermore, these wealthy elite dined late; and the operatic ballet had to be in one of the later acts of the entertainment.

Since there was no ballet in "Tannhäuser," it was suggested either that one be inserted in the second act, or that the opera be cut to permit a ballet performance afterward. Wagner refused either alternative, but finally agreed to allow a ballet in the *Venusberg* scene of the first act. Indeed his keen artistic sense perceived that such an addition would add to, rather than detract from, his dramatic purposes.

As it happened, the fashionable members of the Jockey Club arrived too late for the ballet scene . . . and expressed their indignation in no uncertain terms. But the majority of the audience was enthusiastic over the new "Paris" version; and although the opera was withdrawn, it remained an unquestioned artistic success.

Mr. Barbirolli is coming out from the wings now, and in just a moment we shall hear the "Paris" version of the *Overture* and *Bacchanale* from "Tannhäuser" . . .

2. *Overture and Bacchanale from "Tannhäuser"*

That was the *Overture* and *Bacchanale* from "Tannhäuser," played in the "Paris" version by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York, under the direction of John Barbirolli.

We are to hear next a selection from the last of the great "Ring" operas . . . "The Dusk of the Gods." It is the music of *Siegfried's Rhine Journey,* which precedes the beginning of the first act. Brünnhilde has taught her beloved hero much of the wisdom of the gods, but she feels that now she must send him forth to gain the victories he needs. She gives him her fearless steed, Gräne, as his mount; and he promises to remember her and their love no matter what may befall. They part with the most sacred pledges and the highest hopes. Guarded by her ring of fire, Brünnhilde watches Siegfried as he goes rapidly toward the valley of the Rhine.

At this point begins the concert version of *Siegfried's Rhine Journey.* A mighty descending passage, growing deeper and deeper in the bass, suggests the movement of the warrior as he rides lower and lower down the mountainside. As the music grows quieter, Siegfried is heard joyfully sounding his horn

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from the distance. Brünnhilde, standing far out on the cliff, catches sight of him again and waves happily before he vanishes from sight.

Other familiar motives from the opera enter now: the motive of *Flight* and *The Decision to Love.* As Siegfried descends through the ring of fire, these melodies are combined with that of the *Magic Fire.* Then, just at the moment of climax, there is a sudden change of key, and the swelling *Rhine* motive, symbolic of Siegfried's destination, enters in the brass. In an outburst of special magnificence, the music reaches mighty proportions, combining the *Adoration of the Gold* motive with the familiar notes of Siegfried's horn call. Again the music grows quieter and more somber as the themes of the *Ring* and the *Gold* seem to forecast the eventual destruction of the gods. In the closing passages all the joyful exuberance of Siegfried's departure vanishes, and the *Bondage* motive associated with the evil dwarf, Alberich, brings the Rhine journey to an ominous close. Here's the music of *Siegfried's Rhine Journey.* . . .

3. *Siegfried's Rhine Journey*

The performance of *Siegfried's Rhine Journey* from the last of Wagner's "Ring" operas, "The Dusk of the Gods," brings us to the intermission on today's concert by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York. After a moment for station identification, we shall hear from Deems Taylor.

During the intermission on this afternoon's concert by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York, it is our privilege to present the eminent composer and critic, Deems Taylor, who is Columbia's Musical Consultant, and commentator for these broadcasts. Mr. Taylor has as his guests in the studio today three of the leaders of the violin section of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra: Mishel Piastro, the concert master; John Corigliano, assistant concert master; and Imre Pogany, first desk man of the second violins. And here is Deems Taylor . . .

(TAYLOR *carries on through intermission*)

Thank you, Mr. Taylor.

Ladies and gentlemen, that was Deems Taylor, Columbia's Musical Consultant, and commentator for these broadcasts by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York. Mr. Taylor had as his guests in the studio this afternoon three of the leaders of the violin section of the orchestra: the concert master, Mishel Piastro; John Corigliano, assistant concert master; and Imre Pogany, first desk man of the second violins.

The second half of the concert will begin in a few moments. The intermission on today's concert by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York is almost over now. The audi-

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ence is returning to its seats, and the musicians are taking their places on the stage.

John Barbirolli is going to open the second half of this all-Wagner concert with a performance of the *Preludes* to Acts I and III of "Tristan and Isolde." The glowing, impassioned music of these preludes has no counterpart in all the orchestral repertory. The first, with its evocation of love from the first flowering of passion as the lovers express their yearning, to the tumult of emotion which is climaxed by the theme of *Deliverance by Death;* and the second with its wonderful picture of the desolation of Tristan's castle, the wide expanse of the ocean, and the knight's suffering.

In the *Prelude* to Act I, Mr. Barbirolli will use the ending which Wagner himself wrote especially for concert performance. The composer has left a revealing note about this ending in a letter to his friend, Mathilde Wesendonck. He writes:

"You know that Hans (von Bülow) wanted to conduct the *Prelude* last winter—(the letter is dated December, 1859)—and he begged me write a concert close for it. At that time no inspiration could have come to me; it seemed so impossible that I flatly declined. Since then, however, I have written the third act and found a full close for the whole; so, while drawing up the program for a Paris concert—the particular temptation to which was my wish to get a hearing of this 'Tristan' prelude—it occurred to me to outline that close in advance as a glimmering presage of redemption. Well, it has succeeded quite admirably, and today, I send you this mysteriously tranquilizing close as the best gift I can make for your birthday."

But here is Mr. Barbirolli to lead the orchestra in the *Preludes* to Acts I and III of "Tristan and Isolde."

4. *Preludes to Acts I and III of "Tristan and Isolde"*

You have just heard the *Prelude* to Act I of "Tristan and Isolde," played with Wagner's own concert ending . . . and the *Prelude* to Act III of the same opera.

We hear next the *Ride of the Valkyries* from the second of the *Ring* operas, "Die Walküre"—one of the most remarkable descriptive passages in all Wagner's works. This stormy music pictures with amazing vigor and realism the wild neighing and rapid galloping of the magic steeds of the Valkyries as they dash through the heavens to their retreat at Valhalla.

In Scandinavian mythology, the Valkyries were the fierce and warlike daughters of Odin whose duty it was to snatch up the fallen in battle and bear them to Valhalla. Their swift journeys through the air on their great steeds were accompanied by thunderclouds and lightning. Wagner has incorporated this old legend bodily into the story of the "Ring"; and Brünnhilde and

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her sisters are the handmaidens of Wotan—the fierce Valkyries who rescue the warriors fallen in battle.

Mr. Barbirolli and the orchestra are ready now . . . and we hear the *Ride of the Valkyries.*

5. *Ride of the Valkyries*

That was the *Ride of the Valkyries* from the third act of Wagner's opera, "Die Walküre." The concluding number on this afternoon's concert by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York is a group of excerpts from Wagner's great comic opera, "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg." Although even in this, the lightest of his operas, Wagner had in mind the very serious purpose of lampooning his critics and justifying his principles, the music remains gay and wholly entertaining.

Mr. Barbirolli is going to play for us four selections from the opera: the *Prelude* to Act III; the *Dance of the Apprentices;* the *Entrance of the Masters;* and the *Homage to Hans Sachs.*

The beautiful prelude to the third act of "The Mastersingers" exhibits a tenderness and a quiet beauty rare even in Wagner's music. It is built principally on the theme of Sach's monologue in which, in a moment of despair, he declares that all things human are but vanity. Here is expressed the philosophical resignation and innate kindliness of the famous shoemaker as he meditates over the frailty of humankind. In the second half of the brief prelude there is a development of the sonorous chorale in which the people pay warm homage to Sachs.

The *Dance of the Apprentices,* which is often referred to as Wagner's only waltz, occurs in the scene immediately preceding the great song contest. A crowd of young men, all apprentices in the various trades, dance with laughing girls; and all is gaiety and excitement.

Following the *Dance of the Apprentices,* mastersingers arrive in a scene of great pomp and ceremony. At the head of the procession is their flowing banner, with its picture of their patron, King David. All take their places on a raised platform at one side of the stage; and Hans Sachs comes forward to address the assembly.

This music leads directly into the *Homage to Hans Sachs.* At the sight of the venerable shoemaker-philosopher, the crowd jumps to its feet in joyous exultation and joins in singing the mighty chorale beginning: *Awake! The Dawn of Day Draws Nigh!*

Again Mr. Barbirolli is approaching the conductor's stand, and we hear the *Prelude* to Act III; the *Dance of the Apprentices;* the *Entrance of the Masters;* and the *Homage to Hans Sachs*—

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all from Wagner's comic opera, "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

6. *Selections from "Die Meistersinger"*

With the performance of music from "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," we bring to an end this all-Wagner concert by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York. This afternoon's program marks the 259th consecutive broadcast by the Columbia Network of the concerts of this world-famous orchestra. The regular conductor of the Philharmonic-Symphony, John Barbirolli, directed the program; and the intermission commentator was Deems Taylor, the noted composer-critic who is Columbia's musical consultant.

Today's broadcast originated in Carnegie Hall in New York City, and was the eighth of twenty-eight Sunday concerts to be brought to the international CBS audience during the 1937-38 radio season. Columbia's regular stations were joined by the coast-to-coast network of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation; and the program was carried also to foreign countries by short wave.

Next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, E.S.T., John Barbirolli will again conduct. The program will include the *Overture* to "Coriolanus" and the *Symphony No. 6* or *Pastoral Symphony* by Beethoven; and the *Symphony No. 1 in E minor* by Jan Sibelius.

May we call to the attention particularly of the parents and young people of our audience the first of the Young People's Concerts of the Philharmonic-Symphony Society. It will be broadcast exclusively through the facilities of the Columbia Network next Saturday, December 18th, from 11:00 A.M. to 12:15 P.M. E.S.T.

It is with regret that we announce that Ernest Schelling has met with an accident in Switzerland and will not be with us this season. Next Saturday's program will be directed by the Philharmonic-Symphony's regular conductor, John Barbirolli, who has had many years of experience in children's and young people's concerts abroad. Mr. Barbirolli has graciously consented to conduct the opening program; and the remaining five Saturday morning Young People's Concerts will be under the direction of the eminent Swiss pianist, composer, and conductor, Rudolph Ganz.

Your announcer ——.

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WRITING EXERCISES

1. Write a full continuity for a symphony broadcast comprising the following program:

Overture to "Egmont" ....Beethoven
(2-minute introduction)
Symphony No. 5 in C minor, Opus 67........Beethoven
(4-minute introduction)

INTERMISSION

Symphony in D minor...................César Franck
(4-minute introduction)

2. Write a full continuity for a symphony broadcast comprising the following program (Use your own judgment about length of introductions.) :

A London Overture......................John Ireland
Fugue for Violins..................Arcady Dubensky
Concerto for Piano and Orchestra No. 2 in F sharp minor ....Abram Chasins
Soloist: Abram Chasins

INTERMISSION

Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 in G major, for Strings............................J. S. Bach
Allegro
Allegro
Symphony No. 3 in E flat ("Eroica")........Beethoven

3. Write the continuity for this symphony broadcast:

Overture to "The Bartered Bride"............Smetana
Flight of the Bumble Bee............Rimsky-Korsakoff
Concerto for Cello and Orchestra in D major, Opus 101 ....Haydn
Soloist: Gregor Piatigorsky

INTERMISSION

Scherzo from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" Mendelssohn
Overture to "Tannhäuser" ....Wagner

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Nature of Program: One of a studio symphony series in which the conductor is the major interest. A different conductor of the same orchestra each week. The conductor is given opportunity to display his talents and virtuosity. The program serves as a build-up for the conductor as well as a vehicle for presenting unusual works.

Problems of Continuity: To place the conductor according to his position in the field of contemporary musicians; to keep him in the forefront through his choice of works and through the relation of these works to him; to keep the concert in proper focus (it is the same sort of thing one might hear in a concert hall and therefore the music must come in for its share of attention); to keep the conductor's build-up dignified and legitimate so that it will not too obviously overshadow the other features.

Technique: Treat the continuity in much the same fashion as a program in which the instrumentalist is the major interest. (See George Copeland analysis later.) But since the program is twice the length of the Copeland one, it is permissible to go into greater detail about the music; and in the case of little-known composers, it is necessary to explain their positions in music. Link up the conductor with the specific pieces, using quotes about him and by him, and mention his work in introducing new compositions.

For the continuity on the program "Bernard Herrmann Takes the Baton" William Fineshriber was given only (as before) the following:

1. *Occasional Overture* ....Handel
2. *Choral Prelude: Jesus Christus, Unser Heiland, Der von Uns den Zorn Gottes Wandt*...Bach-Herrmann (Mss.)
3. *A Musical Joke,* K. No. 522........................Mozart
   Allegro—Minuet—Adagio Cantabile—Presto
4. *Jack-in-the-Box* (Orchestrated by Darius Milhaud).....Satie
   Prelude—Entr'acte—Finale
5. *Prelude and Fugue from Fourth Symphony*......Ives (Mss.)
6. *Six Variations in Fox Trot Time on a Theme by Jerome Kern* ....Robert Russell Bennett (Mss.)

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Here is Mr. Fineshriber's work on this assignment:

ANNOUNCER.—The Columbia Network presents the fifth in a series of hour-long symphonic concerts featuring the Columbia Concert Orchestra under the direction of prominent guest conductors. This evening Bernard Herrmann takes the baton. Mr. Herrmann is the gifted young composer-conductor of the Columbia Network, who is also musical adviser to the American School of the Air. Formerly conductor of the New Chamber Orchestra of New York and active in the work of the League of Composers, Bernard Herrmann is one of the promising members of the younger group of American conductors. He is intensely interested in native American music and has done much to bring forward the works of his contemporaries. As a composer, Bernard Herrmann is known widely both for his original works and for his many transcriptions. For the past year he has composed all of the original music for the Columbia Workshop programs.

As his opening selection this evening, Bernard Herrmann has chosen the imposing *Occasional Overture* of George Frederick Handel. The longest and most majestic of all the eighteenth-century master's works in this form, the *Occasional Overture* was written in 1745 as the first number of the festive *Occasional Oratorio*. The event which it celebrates was the victory of King George the Second of England over the Young Pretender, Prince Charles. This triumph of the House of Hanover sent a wave of joy and enthusiasm over the whole populace; and Handel caught its verve in this tremendous overture. Although Handel was sixty years old at the time of composition, the *Occasional Overture* has all the fire and energy of youth. It is a paean of thanksgiving . . . a proud call to victory . . .

1. *Occasional Overture of Handel*

That was the *Occasional Overture* of Handel, played by the Columbia Concert Orchestra, under the direction of Bernard Herrmann. We hear next one of Mr. Herrmann's own transcriptions of a little-known choral prelude of the great Johann Sebastian Bach. . . . *Jesus Christus, Unser Heiland, Der von Uns den Zorn Gottes Wandt*—"Jesus Christ, Our Saviour, Who Protected Us from the Wrath of God." It is rarely played even in its original form, for organ; and this is the only orchestral arrangement of it. The *Choral Prelude* was played by orchestra for the first time last year under the direction of David Mannes at the Metropolitan Museum in New York; this evening's performance will mark its air *première*. It is a majestic work in three sections. The first expresses a mood of serenity and contemplation; the second, a troubled groping in darkness; and the third a mood of exaltation. It works up to a tremendous

climax which suddenly fades away as the last section ends with a quiet coda. Bernard Herrmann's transcription of the Bach *Choral Prelude: Jesus Christus, Unser Heiland . . .*

2. *Bach Choral Prelude*

From the stately Bach *Choral Prelude: Jesus Christus, Unser Heiland,* Bernard Herrmann turns to one of the lightest and most amusing works of Mozart. It is a little tour de force—a gay bit of travesty which Mozart himself named *A Musical Joke.* He wrote it in 1787 as a good-natured dig at the many mediocre composers of the time. Their lack of talent was such that they found it impossible to stay in one key for more than a few bars without becoming monotonous. Hence Mozart pokes fun at their constant modulations by imitating and distorting their mannerisms. The piece is in four sections: an Allegro, a Minuet, an Adagio contabile and a final Presto. Mozart's *A Musical Joke.*

3. *Mozart's A Musical Joke*

You have just heard Mozart's *A Musical Joke,* played by the Columbia Concert Orchestra, under the direction of Bernard Herrmann. We pause now for a brief intermission. (*Break*) We're back again in Columbia's Concert Hall. Our guest conductor of the evening, Bernard Herrmann, takes the baton to continue this CBS hour-long concert with another bit of musical humor. It is by the French modernist, Eric Satie, and is called *Jack-in-the-Box.* Satie originally wrote it for the piano—probably with the idea of a ballet in mind. After his death in 1925 it was orchestrated by one of his friends and disciples, Darius Milhaud.

Satie was one of the most influential pioneers in modern music. Even as a youth, he could bear the orthodox training of the Paris Conservatory for only one year. His temperament could express itself best in strange harmonies and pointed dissonances. His novel musical speech was matched by the curious titles he gave to his works; and while still in his twenties, Satie became a storm center in French music. His influence on Debussy and on the famous "French Six" did much to lead modern composition into untried paths. To the public at large, however, Satie remains primarily the satirist, or, as he has been somewhat extravagantly termed, "the father of humor in music." The amusing selection Bernard Herrmann brings us now is characteristic of this phase of his work. Eric Satie's *Jack-in-the-Box.*

4. *Jack-in-the-Box*

Four years ago at a concert in Town Hall, Bernard Herrmann conducted the world *première* of the music we hear next—the prelude and fugue from the *Fourth Symphony* of Charles Ives. Mr. Herrmann has long been a great admirer of Ives's

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works and has been instrumental in bringing them before the public. Charles Ives is a unique figure in American music. He has been called "the Walt Whitman of American music," for his music is fundamentally of America. His compositions spring from the soil of New England, and he writes as his emotions dictate. If certain established standards fall by the wayside, he creates his own standards. He has aptly characterized his artistic creed in one typical sentence: "If a poet knows more about a horse than he does about heaven, he might better stick to the horse, and some day the horse might carry him to heaven!"

The prelude and fugue which we are about to hear are based on old hymn tunes which Ives must have listened to frequently in his youth at the village churches of New England. *From Greenland's Icy Mountains* is used as the first subject of his fugue. Another fragment is from the hymn, *Coronation,* to which are often sung the words, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name." Still another hymn tune makes its appearance in the coda, which is based on *Joy to the World.* This section of Ives's *Fourth Symphony* is in marked contrast to the polytonality and polyrhythms of the preceding movements. It is meant to represent the "reaction of life into formalism and ritualism"; and the writing is therefore rarely dissonant. Bernard Herrmann and the orchestra play it for us now.

5. *Prelude and fugue from Ives's Fourth Symphony*

That was the prelude and fugue from the *Fourth Symphony* of Charles Ives. Now another American work—this one dedicated to Bernard Herrmann, our guest conductor of the evening. It is called *Six Variations in Fox-Trot Time on a Theme by Jerome Kern* and was written by Robert Russell Bennett, the well-known American composer and orchestrator of musical comedy. Incidentally, Mr. Bennett has collaborated with Jerome Kern in arranging many of his musical hits, the latest of which was "Roberta."

The theme of the present work is *Once in a Blue Moon,* from Kern's musical revue, "Stepping Stones." After stating the melody in broad, symphonic style, the composer goes on to develop it in six different ways—each a humorous take-off on the style of a famous composer. See how many you can recognize.

6. *Six Variations on a Theme by Jerome Kern*

With the playing of Robert Russell Bennett's *Six Variations on a Theme by Jerome Kern,* we bring to an end the fifth in a series of hour-long symphonic broadcasts featuring the Columbia Orchestra, under the direction of prominent guest conductors. This evening the baton was taken by Bernard Herrmann, gifted young composer-conductor of the Columbia Network and musical adviser to the American School of the Air.

Next week at this same time we invite you to be with us

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again when Fritz Mahler takes the baton. The nephew of the famous Bohemian composer-conductor, Gustav Mahler, Fritz Mahler made his first appearance in this country on a CBS broadcast last summer. He has arranged an interesting program which will comprise two works of Mozart: "The Marriage of Figaro" *Overture* and the *Linz Symphony;* Handel's *Concerto Grosso No. 6 in G minor;* and the *Bunte Suite* by Ernest Toch.

Your announcer ——.

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WRITING EXERCISES

1. Write the continuity for an hour-long program in the same series in which Fritz Mahler takes the baton:

   a. *Overture* to "The Marriage of Figaro"........Mozart
   b. *Symphony No. 36 (Linz Symphony)* Koechel No. 425 ....Mozart
   c. *Concerto Grosso No. 6 in G minor*............Handel
   d. *Bunte Suite* ....Ernest Toch

2. Write a continuity for an hour-long program in the same series in which Hans Kindler takes the baton:

   a. *Impresario Overture* ....Mozart
   b. *Unfinished Symphony* ....Schubert
   c. *Suite* from "Le Roi S'Amuse"...............Delibes
   d. *Capriccio Espagnole* ....Rimsky-Korsakoff

3. Write a continuity for an hour-long program in the same series in which Philip James takes the baton:

   a. *Overture* to "Die Fledermaus"...............Strauss
   b. *Berceuse* ....Jarnefeldt
   c. *Symphony No. 95 in C minor*................Haydn
   d. *Dance before the Ark* from "King David"...Honegger
   e. *Die Moldau* ....Smetana

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PROGRAM: BASES OF PIANO LITERATURE

Nature of Program: One of a series whose purpose was to trace the evolution of piano composition as successive generations of musicians added new elements to the expressive power of the instrument. The entire emphasis in the continuities for this series was on the composer. Each composer was in turn treated from the historical point of view, and his works were analyzed from the angle of what they added to the development of piano music. The composer as a workman, rather than as a man.

Problems of Continuity: To place the composer (in this case Chopin) in the picture of piano composers and to give him his proper focus therein; to illustrate the fundamental forms in which he composed and to clarify his contributions to each; to tie up, in passing, the content of Chopin's works with his personal life; to clarify the import of "pure" music (i.e., non-program music) without becoming technical; to use anecdotes very sparingly.

Technique: Locate the particular program in the series briefly, and get rid of the performing artist as quickly and courteously as possible; in sweeping (but not tumid) terms give in your introduction the unique position of Chopin and itemize his outstanding characteristics; treat each selection as a phase of the composer's genius and relate each of these, wherever appropriate, to his other achievements; use general "human interest" material with economy, there not being sufficient time for much of this plus the salient points.

Here is the continuity for the Chopin program as written by Mr. Fineshriber:

ANNOUNCER.—The Columbia Network presents another in a series of weekly broadcasts featuring the brilliant American pianist, Jacques Jolas. In these programs, Mr. Jolas, who is director of music extension for the Juilliard Foundation of New York, is giving a chronological survey of the Bases of Piano Literature. His purpose is to trace the evolution of piano composition —the changes in procedure—the growing expressive power of the instrument as composers evolved increasingly potent and complex designs.

Last week, Mr. Jolas illustrated the work of four of the great

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composers of the romantic period: Brahms, Schubert, Liszt, and Schumann. Today we come to the superromanticist, Frederic Chopin. The great Polish virtuoso-composer stands alone in the field of piano composition. From his earliest works he evinced a startling originality, and rarely does he show the influence of older masters. He created no new form, but he infused the existing ones with a wholly individual manner. Chopin's works are pure emotion. His music is expressive of moods—of phases of feeling—and always it is characterized by an extraordinary beauty and finish. He was first, last, and always the pianist. His ideas were perfectly adapted to the piano and to the piano alone. Historically, Chopin stands as a lonely pinnacle in the development of piano music. In his admirable study of the Chopin *Etudes,* James Huneker sums up their significance by saying that they will stand for the nineteenth century as Beethoven crystallized the eighteenth and Bach the seventeenth in piano music.

Jacques Jolas plays first the *Impromptu in F sharp minor,* one of the musically more important of Chopin's four works in this form. It has the quality of a ballad, delightful spontaneity of form and a spirit of free improvisation.

1. *Chopin Impromptu in F sharp minor*

Mr. Jolas turns next to the *Etudes* of Chopin. These little studies, only twenty-seven in all, represent the full flowering of Chopin's genius. With them the old idea of the *étude* as a mechanical exercise vanishes. They are first and foremost tone poems—expressions of some poetic idea, some sentiment, some dramatic situation. And at the same time they are indispensable to the student. Each has its own technical problem; each is a study in melody, in harmony and in rhythm. We hear first the *Etude in C sharp minor . . .*

2. (a) *Etude in C sharp minor*

Next the *F minor Etude* of Chopin . . .

(b) *Etude in F minor*

Mr. Jolas brings us now the *Etude in F major . . .*

(c) *Etude in F major*

As the fourth in this group of Chopin studies Jacques Jolas plays the posthumous *F minor Etude . . .*

(d) *Etude in F minor* (Posthumous)

It was natural that Chopin, who aspired to be the representative composer of his country, should turn to the polonaise, the national court dance of Poland. Together with the mazurkas, the polonaises are the most characteristically Polish of all Chopin's works. They are also the most masculine and the most energetic. In them is expressed the vigor of the composer's hatred for the oppressors of his native land. Mr. Jolas has chosen the *Polonaise in E flat minor* for today's program. The

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gloomy brooding and dramatic eloquence of its awesome measures have given it the name of the *Revolt Polonaise*.

3. *Polonaise in E flat minor*

Probably the most generally admired of Chopin's works are his poetic nocturnes. They are true night pieces, whose delicate charm and lacy texture seem to demand soft lights and a sylvan setting for performance. Jacques Jolas brings us the *Nocturne in E major. . . .*

4. *Nocturne in E major*

Another form which Chopin enriched and ennobled was the waltz. Although Schubert and Weber before him had raised it from the level of a common dance tune, it was left for Chopin to impart to the waltz the dignity of an art form. The fifteen waltzes which he wrote might possibly serve for dancing purposes, but as Schumann so aptly put it, the dancers should at least be countesses! Jacques Jolas plays the *Waltz in A flat,* one of Chopin's last compositions. It is difficult to realize that this lovely waltz was written in the grip of a fatal illness.

5. *Waltz in A flat*

From the four scherzos of Chopin, Mr. Jolas has chosen the one in C sharp minor, the most dramatic of them all. It was dedicated to Chopin's friend and pupil, Adolph Gutmann—because Gutmann is said to have had a fist that could "knock a hole in the table" with the crashing chord in the sixth bar of the composition. The *C sharp minor Scherzo* of Chopin.

6. *C sharp minor Scherzo*

With the playing of the dramatic *C sharp minor Scherzo,* we bring to an end this all-Chopin program featuring the American concert pianist, Jacques Jolas. Next week at this same time Mr. Jolas will play for us the *First Book of Preludes* by the French composer, Claude Debussy. This has been a presentation of Columbia's Concert Hall, the sixth in a series of weekly broadcasts devoted to the Bases of Piano Literature. Jacques Jolas' recitals are a part of the CBS year-round music season.

Your announcer ——.

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WRITING EXERCISES

1. Write the continuity of about the same length as the all-Chopin program for a broadcast in the same series devoted entirely to Debussy. The program is the entire *First Book of Preludes.*

2. Write the continuity for a half-hour broadcast featuring the works of Ravel, played by his personal friend and fellow countryman, the pianist, E. Robert Schmitz. The program follows:

First Movement of the Sonatine: Modéré
Jeux d'eau
Pavane pour une Infante defunte
Rigaudon from "Le Tombeau de Couperin"
Toccata from "Le Tombeau de Couperin"

3. Write the continuity for a half-hour all-Stravinsky program, played by Arthur Loesser, pianist:

Six Russian folk dances (from southern Russia)
Vantsch Dance
Pamyr
Solo Armenian Dance
Khaitarma (Crimean Tartar Dance)
Lesghinka (Caucasian Dance)
Caucasian Dance
Selections from *The Firebird*
Dance of King Kastchei
Berceuse
Selections from *Easy Pieces for Four Hands*
Andante
Balalaika
Napolitana
Galop
Danse Russe from "Petrouchka"

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PROGRAM: EVENINGS WITH "PAPA" HAYDN

(A dramatized approach to serious music)

Nature of Program: An atmospheric and informal attempt to create the feeling of the eighteenth century as though we were present in it. The presentation of serious music with the aid of a dramatic setting. Effort to get over something of the composer's personality; the conditions under which he lived and worked; a glimpse of the circumstances surrounding his compositions.

Problems of Continuity: To put the music in its proper perspective; to build up to it by setting the stage through a series of anecdotes giving indications of the composer's personality, outlook on life, and idea in writing the specific piece; to bring Haydn to life as a host at a gathering like those over which he actually presided; to keep him in character, while at the same time getting over significant facts about the music; to find actual quotes from his letters and conversations which fit the situation; to retain dialogue form.

Technique: Impersonate Haydn by an actor with a suggestion of German accent and a voice which fits the historical conception of Haydn (à la "March of Time" impersonations of foreigners). Bring out Haydn's personality through his own relation of anecdotes. Have the announcer "feed" him with leading questions (as subtly as possible). Use verbatim quotes wherever possible, and base all improvisations on actual fact—things Haydn might have said, in the way he would have said them. Keep Haydn "in the picture" as consistently as possible—even during the performance of his music. Avoid discussion of anything technical about music. Make the whole performance credible and "easy to take." Always remember that the listener is sitting in on an eighteenth-century salon musicale, at which "Papa" Haydn is talking intimately and informally, and in which he is enjoying himself a great deal.

ANNOUNCER (*over theme music which fades out as he ends*).—We invite you to the last of four "Evenings with Papa Haydn," the great eighteenth-century composer who has come down in history as one of the most genial musicians who ever lived. His

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contagious good humor made him a charming host at frequent musical gatherings like the one the Columbia Network presents tonight.

Biz.—Subdued buzz of conversation begins exactly as music goes out with announcer's last word. HAYDN *enters over it at once, then it disappears.*

HAYDN (*good-naturedly*).—Yes, life is a charming affair. And I had my share of fun while I lived. You know, a mischievous fit came over me sometimes that was perfectly beyond control. When I was a boy in St. Stephen's choir, Reutter took me to Schoenbrunn to sing for the Empress Maria Theresa. They were decorating the palace, and the scaffolding was still up. I couldn't resist climbing up to the ceiling and balancing on the top board. (*Chuckles*) But the Empress saw me from her window. She called me "a fair-headed blockhead"—and I got a good hiding all right!

ANNOUNCER.—That was when Reutter dismissed you from the choir, wasn't it, Papa Haydn?

HAYDN.—No. But I guess it helped. A little while later someone gave me a new pair of scissors. I was itching to try them out, so I took them with me to choir service. The pigtail of the chorister in front of me seemed to be an ideal subject, so I made the experiment. It worked all right—too well. I was walking the streets of Vienna without a job the next day!

ANNOUNCER.—I'm afraid life wasn't such a charming affair then, Papa Haydn.

HAYDN (*thoughtfully*).—No. I was just seventeen then—and Vienna was a pretty big place for a penniless boy. (*Brightening up a bit*) But even then people were kind to me. I met a poor tenor named Spangler who gave me a helping hand. He invited me to live with him, so I shared his garret with his little family.

ANNOUNCER.—When did you meet Prince Esterhazy?

HAYDN.—Oh, that was not until 1761, when I was twenty-nine. For the first five years, I served at Eisenstadt as Vice-Capellmeister. Then when Werner died, Prince Nicolas made me Capellmeister; and the whole court was moved to the new palace at Esterhaz. It was a magnificent place! It was there that I wrote nearly all my operas, the music for the marionette theater, most of the arias and songs, and the greater part of my orchestral and chamber music.

ANNOUNCER.—Yes, Papa Haydn. The symphony we're going to play this evening was written at Esterhaz. The one in *F sharp minor, No. 45*. It dates from 1772.

HAYDN.—Yes, yes, I remember—the *Farewell Symphony*. I had some fun with that one too! The Prince had decided to stay at Esterhaz for two more months before moving into Vienna for the winter. My poor musicians were frantic. They were tired

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of staying out in the country and wanted to go home to their wives and children. I was at that time young and lively, and consequently not any better off than the others. They all came to me in despair, and of course I sympathized with them in full. They even thought of presenting a petition to the Prince. . . .

ANNOUNCER (*interrupting*).—What could *you* do, Papa Haydn?

HAYDN.—Well, I am sure that the Prince knew of our disappointment, so I decided to give him a hint with my music. That's how I came to write the *Farewell Symphony*. We played it at our next concert. Right in the midst of the music, one player snuffed out his candle, folded up his score and silently walked out. Soon another instrument ceased, and the player walked off the stage. Then a third and a fourth—all snuffing out the candles on their music stands and taking their instruments away. The Prince and his guests just sat still in silent wonder. Finally everyone was gone but Tomasini, the first violinist. I got up myself and went out. With that even Tomasini folded up his music and followed me away.

ANNOUNCER.—Well, that *was* a unique idea, Papa Haydn. And that's the way we're going to play the *Farewell Symphony* tonight. I'm going to ask you to tell our radio friends when the various members of the orchestra fold up their instruments and sneak away. Now for the first movement of the symphony.

1. *Farewell Symphony in F sharp minor, No. 45,*
Allegro assai

ANNOUNCER.—That was the opening movement—allegro assai—of the Haydn *Farewell Symphony*. Next is the slow movement . . .

Adagio

ANNOUNCER.—You are listening to the *Farewell Symphony*, played on the last of these CBS presentations of "Evenings with Papa Haydn." The third movement is a gay and lively Minuet . . .

Minuet

ANNOUNCER.—And now, Papa Haydn, we come to the Presto and the concluding Adagio—the finale of your *Farewell Symphony*. . . .

HAYDN.—Yes, the last movement is the one which gives the symphony its name. And you want me to tell our friends when the different instruments stop playing . . .

Finale: Presto—Adagio

HAYDN (*at proper places in score*).—Here's where the first musicians walk out—the first oboe and the second horn. . . . Now the bassoon stops playing. . . . The second oboe and the first horn finish here. . . . Now the double bass is finished. . . . The 'cello part ends here. . . . Only violins and violas are left. . . . And now the third and fourth violin sections disap-

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pear. . . . Here go the violas. . . . And the symphony ends with only the first and second violins playing.

ANNOUNCER.—Thank you, Papa Haydn. And tell us, did your "Farewell" idea work? Did Prince Esterhazy take the hint and let the musicians go home to Vienna?

HAYDN (*chuckles*).—Yes, yes. When we had all disappeared, he got up and said, "If all go, we may as well go too." A few minutes later, he walked into the musicians' anteroom smiling. We were all waiting there wondering how he would take it. Then looking at me, he said, "Haydn, the gentlemen have my consent to go tomorrow."

Biz.—On last word music of "Serenade" comes in.

ANNOUNCER.—This has been the fourth and last of a series of "Evenings with Papa Haydn"—one of the program features of the CBS year-round music season. The role of Papa Haydn was portrayed by Don Costello, and his lines were taken from Haydn's letters and the records of his contemporaries. Howard Barlow conducted the orchestra.

Your announcer ——.

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WRITING EXERCISES

1. Write a dialogue continuity for a half-hour broadcast in the "Evenings with Papa Haydn" series, in which the program is devoted to the *Oxford Symphony*. Use the idea of the many honors Haydn received during his life for the build-up material (since this is the symphony which was played on the occasion of Haydn's being given the degree of Doctor of Music by Oxford University).

2. Write a dialogue continuity for a half-hour broadcast in the "Evenings with Papa Haydn" series in which the program is devoted to Haydn's *Surprise Symphony*. Select your own background material.

3. Bring Hector Berlioz to life in a similar continuity for a program devoted to his *Symphonie Fantastique*.

4. Name four other composers whose works might be appropriately treated in this same manner. Give two works of each which might logically fit the scheme.

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PROGRAM: STORY OF THE SONG

Nature of Program: A studio-built series of half-hour vocal recitals featuring prominent soloists. Educational in the sense that—as the continuity indicates—"the purpose of the series is to bring to our listeners a fuller understanding of the master works of song, to reveal the story of their conception in the composer's mind, and to present them in relation to the poems and subjects which they illustrate." The music includes famous song cycles, individual songs of all nations, folk songs and art songs, and arias from the operas.

Problems of Continuity: To accomplish the ambitious purposes of the series as thoroughly as possible within the limited time allowed the announcements; to strike a mean between dryly "educational" material and pure entertainment; hence to make the series attractive to the housewife as well as to the student; research—to track down interesting anecdotes applicable to the particular songs; to locate material about relatively obscure songs and composers; to find unusual material about well-known songs; to place the songs in relation to the whole of the composer's output—and in their relation to song-composition in general; to maintain a historical approach without becoming pedagogical.

Technique: The song is the thing. A paragraph or less identifies the artists. In the case of a song-cycle, give the story behind its conception in the composer's mind and a brief description of the cycle as a whole; its place in the composer's works; its story or plot; its poetic or literary affiliations; then a brief introduction to each song in the cycle, giving the program content of each. In the case of individual songs unrelated, the technique must be varied. Give sometimes the background of the song, sometimes an idea of the composer's importance in song composition, sometimes the literary affiliations, often quotes from the lyrics themselves. In the case of folk songs, give something of the color and history of the peoples from whom they spring, their place in the lives of those peoples, their probable inspiration, their appropriateness to the situations they illustrate. Compare one song with another that

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treats the same theme, particularly an unfamiliar one with a famous one when they are settings of the same lyrics.

Here is a sample continuity for this program:

ANNOUNCER.—Columbia presents the first in a new series of weekly broadcasts featuring THE STORY OF THE SONG—a revival of the Columbia Concert Hall programs which won nation-wide popularity last spring and summer. In bringing THE STORY OF THE SONG back to the air, we shall present a whole new group of concert and radio stars in addition to those whose performances were outstanding last year. The purpose of the series is to bring to our listeners a fuller understanding of the master works of song, to reveal the story of their conception in the composer's mind, and to present them in relation to the poems and subjects which they illustrate.

Our soloist this afternoon is the eminent German baritone, Ernst Wolff, who was last heard over CBS in the series of recitals known as "A Little Night Music." Originally a concert pianist, Mr. Wolff became Musical Director of the School of Opera at the Frankfort Conservatory at the age of twenty-three. He was later appointed to the post of conductor at the Frankfort Opera. From conducting he turned to the concert stage as a vocalist, and has since established an enviable reputation as a singer of German lieder.

Accompanying himself at the piano—as is his custom—Mr. Wolff brings us today a sequence of eleven selections from Franz Schubert's song-cycle, "Die Schoene Muellerin." They are settings of poems by the German romantic poet, Wilhelm Mueller, a contemporary of Schubert. The composer came across these poems by accident while waiting in the outer office of a friend, and he was so fascinated by them that he set them to music in the space of a few months.

The lyrics of "Die Schoene Muellerin" tell a simple and touching story. A young miller, feeling the urge to roam, leaves his master's house and follows the brook down into the valley, coming at last to a mill which strikes his fancy. He applies for work, and soon falls in love with the miller's lovely daughter. She is interested for a time, but the arrival of a hunter is enough to distract her attentions, and the unfortunate lover seeks escape from his pain by drowning himself in the brook.

As this naïve plot suggests, the poems breathe the spirit of genuine folk song; and Schubert has successfully caught and preserved this spirit in his music. In it are the hopes, disappointments and sorrows of young love.

But now for the music. The first song is called *Das Wandern . . . Wandering*. The young miller has learned of the joys of roaming, and asks permission of his master to depart.

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1. *Das Wandern*

Not knowing his destination, the young miller asks the stream the secret of its magic spell that has enslaved him and brought him on his journey. "Sing on, comrade," he says, "and I will follow."

2. *Wohin?*

When the mill stream at length leads the youth to another mill with its familiar setting, he asks the stream if this be really his destination. . . .

3. *Halt!*

The youth finds employment at the new mill, and while working catches a glimpse of the miller's beautiful daughter. Since he can't ask his question of the flowers or the stars—for he is no gardener, and the stars, he says, are too high in heaven—he will ask the little brook. The whole of his world is bound up in the simple answer . . . Yes or No. Does the miller's daughter love him?

4. *Der Neugierige*

The young lover is restless with the impatience of youth. He would cut his declaration of love into the bark of trees, into every stone, and would plant the gardens with seeds arranged to spell the words: "Thine is my heart and shall be mine forever!"

5. *Ungeduld*

The two young people are sitting side by side at the brook's edge under a roof of alder trees. They look down at the stars mirrored in the water. Suddenly the mirror becomes clouded with raindrops, and the youth's eyes fill with tears. For the miller's daughter has said, "It's beginning to rain. Adieu, I'm going home."

6. *Traenenregen*

A proud hunter now intrudes upon the restful scene. What does he want here by the mill stream? It would be better for him to stay in the woods and leave the mill and the miller alone. A fish would be out of place in the green branches, or a squirrel in a blue pond. But if you would win the love of my sweetheart, know, my friend, what has been troubling her; it is the boars which come from the woods in the night, and break into her cabbage patch. Shoot the boar, hunter, if you would be a hero!

7. *Der Jaeger*

Now jealousy and pride struggle in the heart of the young miller. Where are you going so fast, so roiled and wild, dear brook? Are you running angrily after that impudent hunter? Come back first and scold your maid of the mill for her inconstancy. No well-behaved girl would stick her head out of the window when the hunter comes happily home from the chase. Go and tell her, my brook. But say nothing of my mournful face.

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Tell her he has cut a whistle from a reed, and is blowing pretty dances and songs for the children.

8. *Eifersucht und Stolz*

Behold, the green which symbolized the youth's young love has become a hateful color. I would go out into the world, but everywhere the woods and fields are green! O green, why must you look so proudly, so maliciously on me, poor man? Hark, when a hunting horn sounds in the woods, I can hear her at her window, and though she will not look at me, I still can gaze at her. Oh, take my green ribbon from her brow, and give me your hand in farewell!

9. *Die Boese Farbe*

The youth speaks once more to his little brook: "When a faithful heart dies of love, the lilies wither in every garden; the angels close their eyes and sadly sing the soul to rest." The brook tries to comfort him, saying, "And when love is released from sorrow, a new star appears in the heavens; the angels cut off their wings and come down every morning to the earth." "Dear brook, you mean it so well, but do you know what it is to be in love? How cool and peaceful it is below! Dear brook, sing me to sleep!"

10. *Der Muller und der Bach*

As the despondent youth drowns himself in the waters, the faithful brook sings this lullaby: "Sleep well! Close your eyes, weary wanderer—you are at home. Here you will find rest with me until the sea drinks up the brook. Good-night, until the great day of awakening; sleep out your joys and your sorrows! The full moon is rising; the mists are clearing away; and heaven is broad above us."

11. *Des Baches Wiegenlied*

With the performance of this sequence of eleven selections from Schubert's song cycle, "Die Schoene Muellerin," we bring to an end the first of a new series of CBS programs featuring THE STORY OF THE SONG. The noted baritone, Ernst Wolff, who played his own accompaniments, was the soloist.

We invite you to join us again at this same time next week for another presentation of THE STORY OF THE SONG. The featured soloists will be Rose Dirman, soprano, and Georges Joyces, bass.

—— speaking.

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WRITING EXERCISES

1. Write a full continuity for THE STORY OF THE SONG broadcast featuring the sixteen songs of the *Dichterliebe, Opus 48* of Robert Schumann. The soloist is John Charles Thomas.

2. Write THE STORY OF THE SONG continuity for the following program:

Soloists: Grace Moore, soprano
Feodor Chaliapin, basso

a. *Notte e Giorno* from "Don Giovanni" .... Mozart
Mr. Chaliapin

b. (1) *Traum durch die Daemmerung* .... Strauss
(2) *Auf dem Wasser zu Singen* .... Schubert
Miss Moore

c. *Two Roses* .... Gilberte
Mr. Chaliapin

d. (1) *Vaghissima Sembianza* .... Donaudy
(2) *Freschi Luoghi* .... Donaudy
Miss Moore

e. *When the King Went Forth to War* ..... Koenemann
Mr. Chaliapin

f. (1) *Nana* .... de Falla
(2) *Jota* .... de Falla
Miss Moore

g. *In the Town of Kazan* from "Boris Godounoff"
Mr. Chaliapin — Moussorgsky

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PROGRAM: ESSAYS IN MUSIC

Nature of Program: Unusual presentation of serious music. Limited strictly to program music descriptive of a single general subject. A different topic selected each week, and that subject illustrated by works associated with it. Composers of all nations and periods included. Programs based on the theory that music is a descriptive language and different composers—like authors—express the same ideas in different ways.

Problems of Continuity: To approximate an essay style of writing; to avoid the weary formula of "The next number will be, . . ." and to create atmosphere; to sustain the same mood throughout without becoming monotonous; to give as its introduction a word-picture of each selection—or rather the hint of a picture which will be more fully developed by the music; to relate one piece to another, showing how the second is a further development, a different interpretation, or another phase of the same general topic; to locate appropriate poetry and anecdotal material; to improvise your own. To give each program a kind of rough scenario, so that the whole program hangs together; hence to give the feeling that the broadcast has been an essay, with a beginning, a development and end.

Technique: The subject of the essay is the thing. Each piece must be subordinated to and integrated with that. Study the program carefully first; devise a means of treatment which will work it into a logical and consecutive essay. (For instance, an imaginary parade as in *Toys;* or a tracing of different kinds of evil spirits as in *Evil Spirits.*) Pay little attention to the composer except to mention him. Avoid all but *literary* descriptions of the music. Dig up familiar and unfamiliar poems which set the mood of a given piece. Write "atmospherically" —use a certain amount of poetic prose. Make it as colorful as possible. Soloists, conductor, orchestra—like the composer—must be kept subordinate to the subject of the essay. Don't even mention them except at the opening and close. Remember that each announcement is a kind of faint preview of the music, and try to write in harmony with the character of this music.

Here is a sample script:

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ANNOUNCER.—ESSAYS IN MUSIC!

Theme: Up and Under

ANNOUNCER.—The Columbia Network presents another in a series of broadcasts entitled ESSAYS IN MUSIC, and featuring the gifted young CBS conductor, Victor Bay. Assisted by well-known Columbia artists, Victor Bay and his orchestra are heard each week at this time in a musical exposition of a single general topic. Each essay is couched in the language of music, and the spoken word is used only to set the scene for a more complete expression in musical speech. Our narrator is David Ross.

Biz.—State theme of "Gnomes."

ROSS.—The eerie music of grotesque figures in Moussorgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition* gives the motif for our third ESSAY IN MUSIC . . . *Evil Spirits.* . . .

Biz.—Ross *pauses for a moment while music continues.*

ROSS.—Hence loathèd Melancholy
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
In Stygian caves forlorn
'Mongst horrid Shapes and Sights
And Shrieks unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell
Where brooding Darkness
Spreads his jealous wings
And the Night-Raven sings . . .

Biz.—Introduction to "Danse Macabre."

ROSS.—*Danse Macabre* . . .

1. *Danse Macabre* . . . Orchestra

ROSS.—So Death, the melancholy fiddler, calls forth skeletons from their graves to the ghostly strains of a midnight dance in the music of Saint-Saëns' *Danse Macabre*. Ghastly merriment marks the grim revelry as the father of Evil Spirits, Death himself, holds sway. Now speaks Mephisto, second of the fallen archangels and enemy of all mankind. The Archtemper, he feeds on human misery and leers as his victims suffer. His hideous, mocking laugh rings like an infernal refrain through his villainous serenade . . .

2. *Mephisto's Serenade* . . . Loewenthal and Orchestra

ROSS.—In the Faust legend, the Evil One, Mephisto, assumes human form and expresses his sinister designs in song. Russian folklore gives another incarnation of the Spirit of Darkness in Prince Kastchei, the Ogre-King. Half-serpent, half-man, this grotesque monster weaves his potent spells in weird, unearthly dances. Wild rhythms, clashing harmonies and ominous dissonances reveal the mad scene as Stravinsky has painted it in the music of his ballet, *The Firebird*.

3. *Dance of Prince Kastchei* . . . Orchestra

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Ross (*lightly*).—

What are these,
So withered, and so wild in their attire
That look not like the inhabitants of earth
And yet are on it?

Old crones, haggard and bent, they brew their evil potions in magic caldrons. Shadow-shapes of Halloween, they ride the air these brisk fall nights. Mounted on wingèd broomsticks, they cast weird outlines against the harvest moon. A voice is raised in *The Witch's Song*.

4. *The Witch's Song* . . . Ruth Carhart and Orchestra

Ross.—Now the Spirits of Evil come together in the wild orgy of a Witches' Sabbath. On the forbidding summit of a bare and treeless mountain they gather to do homage to Satan, their master. Hoarse winds whistle through subterranean caverns as the din of unearthly voices fills the midnight air. Misshapen forms of evil sorcerers twist and squirm in the horrible pageant of the Black Mass. Witches, conjurers, devils, satyrs—all the Spirits of Darkness join to make night hideous with the cries of their fantastic revelry.

5. *A Night on Bald Mountain* . . . Orchestra

ANNOUNCER.—With the playing of Moussorgsky's symphonic poem, *A Night on Bald Mountain,* we bring to an end the third of these CBS broadcasts entitled ESSAYS IN MUSIC, featuring Victor Bay. In keeping with the spirit of Halloween, the program this evening was devoted to the topic, *Evil Spirits.* May we take this opportunity to thank the many listeners who have written to us during the past week suggesting subjects for future broadcasts. Won't you tell us how you liked the program, and if you are interested in the musical treatment of any particular topic, please write to ESSAYS IN MUSIC in care of the Columbia Network, New York City.

Theme

ANNOUNCER.—ESSAYS IN MUSIC is under the musical direction of Columbia's gifted young conductor, Victor Bay. Our soloists this evening were Ruth Carhart, contralto; and Eugene Loewenthal, bass. The narrator, David Ross. Next week at this same time, the subject of our musical essay will be *The Waltz.* ESSAYS IN MUSIC is part of the CBS year-round music season.

—— speaking.

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WRITING EXERCISES

1. Write the continuity for a half-hour ESSAY IN MUSIC in which the topic is "The Sea." The program is as follows:

a. *Calm Sea* (Excerpt from *Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage*) .... Mendelssohn
b. *Sea Rapture*.......................... Eric Coates
Soloist: John Charles Thomas
c. *The Sea and Sinbad's Ship* (from *Scheherazade*) Rimsky-Korsakoff
d. *The Mermaid*........................ Anonymous
Soloist: John Charles Thomas
e. *At the Seashore* (from *Pelléas et Mélisande*) Debussy
f. *Sea Fever*............................... Ireland
Soloist: John Charles Thomas
g. *Overture* to "The Flying Dutchman"

2. Write the continuity for a half-hour ESSAY IN MUSIC devoted to "The American Indian." The program:

a. *From an Indian Lodge*................. MacDowell
b. *Sioux Serenade* .... Charles Skilton (Melody supplied by a Winnebago Indian)
c. *Far Off I Hear a Lover's Flute*............ Cadman (from an Omaha Tribal Melody)
Soloist: Margaret Daum
d. *Deer Dance*............................ Cadman (Melody from Rouge River, Oregon)
e. *Spring Song of the Robin Woman*......... Cadman (from opera, "Shanewis")
f. *A Chippewa Lullaby*...................... Busch
g. *Dance to the Sun God*................. Justin Elie (from opera, "Kiskaya")

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PROGRAM: GEORGE COPELAND, PIANO SOLOIST

Nature of Program: One of a series in which the artist is the featured interest. The series has a wider aim in that, as a whole, it seeks to give a comprehensive picture of keyboard instruments and their music. But in individual broadcasts the particular soloist of the afternoon is the thing. Each soloist chosen represents his own particular specialty in the wide field of keyboard music.

Problems of Continuity: To relate the individual recital to the whole picture of the series; to give the artist an impressive and accurate introduction which will set forth his position in the series and at the same time give him a full statement as to his own peculiar distinctions; to keep the artist in the foreground throughout the broadcast, but not to do this at the expense of interesting details about the music.

Technique: Set forth the purpose of the series as a whole in a brief opening paragraph. Establish the importance of the artist immediately thereafter, and then link him directly with the general aims of the series. Dig up all the possible connections between the artist and the music he is playing. Meet the artist if he is in your vicinity. Use quotes from recognized critics about the artist *if* they can be worked into a logical introduction of any of the selections on the program. Give the music adequate but brief introductions. Avoid dissertations on the composer unless they concern the artist as well. (For instance, an anecdote about a meeting of the composer and the artist, something they did together or said.) Avoid technical terminology. You are presenting a famous artist who is of interest equally to the dilettante and the student. Except for the opening build-up, keep continuity to a minimum.

Here is the continuity on George Copeland, pianist:

ANNOUNCER.—Columbia presents the first of a new series of weekly half-hour broadcasts known as KEYBOARD CONCERTS. The purpose of the series is to project, as far as practicable, the full range of keyboard instruments and their literature. Prominent concert pianists, duo pianists, harpsichordists and artists on other instruments of the piano family will be featured in the weekly programs.

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Our guest this afternoon is the eminent American concert pianist, George Copeland. A native of Boston, Mr. Copeland has concertized widely in this country and throughout Europe. For many years he has maintained a home in Spain; and during the past three years has spent much of his time on the Continent. In addition to his many concerts abroad, he has appeared as soloist with the Vienna and the Madrid Philharmonic Orchestra.

George Copeland enjoys the distinction of having introduced to America most of the piano works of the great French impressionist, Claude Debussy, as well as the compositions of the majority of modern Spanish masters of piano music. It is appropriate, therefore, that his program this afternoon should be made up of just those selections—works of Debussy and the modern Spaniards.

Mr. Copeland plays for us first his own arrangement for piano of Debussy's famous ballet piece—*L'Après-Midi d'un Faune.* This is the arrangement which Debussy himself considered the best piano setting of his music. George Copeland playing *The Afternoon of a Faun.*

1. *L'Après-Midi d'un Faune*

That was George Copeland's own arrangement of *The Afternoon of a Faun,* by Debussy—the opening selection of this new CBS series of KEYBOARD CONCERTS. Mr. Copeland turns next to another of Debussy's familiar works . . . the charming little piece from *The Children's Corner* which pictures the grotesque antics of a French rag doll—*Golliwog's Cake Walk.*

2. *Golliwog's Cake Walk*

The distinguished American critic, Philip Hale, has said of George Copeland that "no other pianist appearing in American concert halls is so successful in conveying the poetic spirit, the dreaminess of thought and suggestion, the mirage, the 'atmosphere' of Debussy's impressionistic works." These qualities are admirably illustrated in Mr. Copeland's next selection from Debussy . . . the sinuous *Danse Profane,* the title of which has been well translated as *Voluptuous Dance.*

3. *Danse Profane*

For his final Debussy number, George Copeland has chosen the exquisite little tonal sketch entitled, *The Girl with the Flaxen Hair.*

4. *La Fille aux Cheveux de Lin*

George Copeland turns now to the piano works of several of the modern Spaniards whose compositions he has introduced to this country. The first is a fandango or spirited dance melody by Turina. . . .

5. *Fandango*

From the fandango or Andalusian dance by Joaquin Turina,

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George Copeland turns to the piano works of another of the modern Spaniards—Manuel Infante. It is called simply *Tientos,* which is the name of a Spanish dance step.

6. *Tientos*

The color and romance of Spain are reflected in the works of the Spanish Nationalist composer, Albeniz. In his writings he evokes the traditional flavor and folk quality of the music of all the different provinces. George Copeland turns to Albeniz now, as he plays for us the famous *Tango in D.*

7. *Tango in D*

In the region of Sacro-Monte live colorful tribes of Spanish gypsies. Joaquin Turina has recorded ten of their exciting dance melodies and developed them into exotic orchestral works. George Copeland brings us now the gypsy dance entitled *Sacro-Monte.*

8. *Sacro-Monte*

For his concluding selection this afternoon, George Copeland turns to the works of the noted Cuban composer, Ernesto Lecuona. It is his conception of the ancient Spanish dance, the *Malaguena.*

9. *Malaguena*

With the performance of Lecuona's *Malaguena,* we bring to an end the first of a new series of weekly CBS broadcasts known as KEYBOARD CONCERTS. The soloist this afternoon was the distinguished American concert pianist, George Copeland.

Next week at this same time we shall present the eminent French concert pianist, E. Robert Schmitz, in a recital of the works of his fellow countryman, the late Maurice Ravel.

These programs are presentations of Columbia's Concert Hall —a part of the CBS year-round music season.

—— speaking.

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WRITING EXERCISES

1. Write the continuity for a single half-hour broadcast featuring the violinist, Jascha Heifetz, in the following program.

a. *Chaconne* (for violin alone)..................Bach
b. *The Girl with the Flaxen Hair*.............Debussy
c. *Hora Staccato*.....................Dinicu-Heifetz
d. *Gypsy Airs*............................Sarasate

2. Write the continuity for a half-hour broadcast in the KEYBOARD CONCERT series, featuring the pianist, Jacques Jolas. The program follows:

a. *In Thee Is Joy*......................Bach-Busoni
b. *Sonata in D major*.......................Scarlatti
c. *Alceste* ....Gluck-Saint-Saëns
d. *Etude in E minor*.........................Chopin
Etude in Thirds..........................Chopin
Polonaise in E flat minor..................Chopin
e. *Intermezzo in C major*....................Brahms
Rhapsody in E flat.......................Brahms

3. Write the continuity for a fifteen-minute broadcast featuring Nora Johnston, the inventor of the world's first portable carillon, and one of the four women holding a diploma from the Carillon School of Malines, Belgium. The program follows:

a. *Cuckoo Prelude*...................Van den Gheyn
b. *Londonderry Air*—Traditional (Arranged for carillon by Miss Johnston)
c. *Good King Wenceslaus*—Old Carol (Arranged by Miss Johnston)
d. *God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen*—Old Carol (Arranged by Miss Johnston)

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CHAPTER XXI

TALKS CONTINUITIES

THE formal manner in which radio talks were for a long time introduced on the air was often a great detriment to the value, interest, and liveliness of these talks. Prior to 1937 all talks presented over the Columbia Network were introduced by the following standardized statement: "At this time, Columbia Department of Talks presents Colonel J. C. So-and-So, who will speak on the subject: 'The History of Leather in American Wars. Colonel So-and-So is President of the Such-and-Such, . . ." That such an opening, repeated too many times, would fail to interest the listener goes without saying; also, such an opening hardly serves to help a talk of vital interest, or tell the listener that here is something really good, something that shouldn't be missed.

Talks continuities no longer approach a subject in this manner. A strong effort is made to make the subject attractive in the opening sentences before the continuity divulges the fact that this is to be a talk. Here are examples prepared in the old way and in the new way. The value of the second method over the first is so obvious as to need no further comment; and all that it requires is for the continuity writer to be familiar with current events as they are described in the daily papers.

Old Way:

At this time the Columbia Network presents a talk by Captain Victor Cazalet, conservative member of the British Parliament and Vice-Chairman of the Palestine Committee of the House of Commons, who will speak on the subject: "The Situation in Palestine." For this broadcast, we take you now to London, England.

New Way:

Last week's newspapers again carried stories of the shooting of British soldiers in Palestine by Arab irregulars—new and troubling evidence of Great Britain's difficulties in controlling peacefully its protectorate of Palestine. These problems arise out of the long-standing economic and religious differences between

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the Arabs and the Jews in that country, differences which have recently become more acute because of the thousands of Jews pouring into Palestine today to escape persecution in European countries, notably Germany and Poland. Because this problem is now of especial concern to England and the world in general, the Columbia Network is fortunate in being able to bring you at this time a talk from London by Captain Victor A. Cazalet, conservative member of the British Parliament and Vice-Chairman of the Palestine committee of the House of Commons, who will speak on the subject: "The Situation in Palestine." Captain Cazalet has just this week returned from Palestine, and will speak from first-hand information regarding the conditions there. For this broadcast, we take you now to London, England.

The same method can be applied to other subjects besides "hot" news or "scoops." Here it is applied to a talk of wide general interest;—and it is made to sound of wide general interest by the manner in which it is introduced:

In these days of unemployment—unemployment, specifically, of talented and capable young people unable to find their proper niche in the working world—a discussion of these problems is of especial interest and timeliness. Columbia's Department of Talks presents Miss Alice M. Wright, personnel analyst and placement expert, who will speak on the subject: "Hard-to-Fill Jobs for Hard-to-Find People." Miss Wright, after spending ten years of her life trying to find the right job for herself, now does just that for other people, and both her hobby and profession are the placing of individuals in positions in which they will do an outstanding job because they are sincerely interested and happy in their work. In this broadcast she will tell of her experiences in finding unusual people for unusual positions, and describe the human interest, humor, and social service aspects of a modern placement bureau. CBS presents Miss Alice M. Wright.

One more example will serve to illustrate what can be done by way of introducing a talk on a current event. The resourceful continuity writer will be able, by a brief introductory summary of the current situation involved, to interest his listener and enhance the importance and vitality of the talk to follow. The continuity writer will speak with more authority if he assumes that the listener already knows the events of the situation alluded to and merely reviews the situation briefly, as a kind of reminder, before he introduces the speaker—as in the following example:

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In his now-famous address of last week, Premier Mussolini announced to the world that Italy could immediately place nine million men in uniform, ready for war. This statement aroused considerable discussion, doubt, and alarm, as the case may be, throughout Europe and the United States. To speak to you on this subject this afternoon, the Columbia Network presents Major George Fielding Elliot, who will discuss the question: "How Strong Is Italy?" Major Elliot is the author of various recent articles in leading magazines and co-author with Major R. E. Depuy of *If War Comes*. He was with the Australian Imperial Force during the World War; and for eight years was Captain, and then Major, in the Military Intelligence Reserve of the United States Army. CBS presents Major George Fielding Elliot.

It is very much to be deplored that talks on the air have not as yet achieved the respectful position and attention they deserve but at the same time it is undoubtedly true that more and more listeners are coming to recognize both the entertainment and the benefit to be had from this source of the radio industry. Talks are getting better; audiences are every day becoming more conscious of this, and are watching the radio listings in the daily papers with increasing discrimination and growing regularity. More and more they are tuning in at specific times to hear discussions or expositions of specific subjects by men and women who have every right to speak and to be heard, and who have this right by virtue of their being, in most cases, the most responsible and informed spokesman on the subjects in question.

Much of the improvement in this division of network broadcasting has been the gradual result of the self-education of the speakers themselves. Scientists have learned to express themselves in lay language and have dropped the sharp exactness of their laboratories for the more agreeable approximations of common understanding. Educators have discovered that the disciplined attention of the classroom is an academic luxury and that they can't expect attention on the air unless their effort warrants it. Radio preachers have abandoned the field of formal exegesis and theology, and are talking in the simpler terms of humanity. Journalists, doctors, economists, historians, and businessmen generally all have found that the precise vocabularies and expressions of their respective callings are of little use on the air; this recognition has entailed a corresponding clarification of public speech. This clarification has brought to the public—in its actual effect on broadcasters

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and listeners alike—a richer contribution than most people think. It has started to humanize the arts and sciences. And this humanizing process has had two splendid salutary effects: it has pulled the expert from his microscope in order to address that public which he is already devoting his life to serve and has thereby given him a perspective which the confinement of his labor hitherto made impossible; and on the other side, it has magnified the curiosities of the public mind by making comprehensible the scope and significance of the work of these experts. Social response and social appreciation has been increased by publicizing the findings and theories and opinions of credited world leaders in every branch of human endeavor. Let us illustrate this briefly.

It is doubtful if the average layman would be able to understand a professional discussion of the use of insulin as a treatment for schizophrenia if such a discussion had been prepared for a medical journal. Dr. Z. M. Lebensohn, a well-known psychiatrist, recently described this treatment in a radio talk, and his method of attack is so admirably fashioned for radio consumption that it could well be used as an example for making a highly technical statement completely understandable to millions of nontechnical listeners. Here is what he said, in a short speech called "Saving Minds with Insulin":

Schizophrenia is one of the most common mental diseases. If you were to tour the hospitals in this country, you'd find there are so many schizophrenics they really fill one bed in four. There are about 250,000 men and women in hospitals suffering from this mental illness.

It's hard to make a healthy person understand what it's like to be mentally ill. Briefly, a person suffering from schizophrenia has a split mind. There seems to be a violent conflict between the emotions and the thinking mind—the intellect. Of course, we all experience conflicts between what we want to do, and what our better judgment tells us to do. If we're healthy, we don't have too much of a battle with our emotions. But the schizophrenic person can't stand this conflict. He's in such a confused and distressed state within himself that he begins to act strangely. And presently he's so entangled in his emotional war that he comes to a terrible deadlock. He is helpless to do anything. So, he just sits. in a dream world of his own, perhaps talking to people or objects that exist only in his bewildered mind. Some of these mentally sick people never speak a word, even for several years. Some won't eat and have to be fed.

Schizophrenia is also called dementia praecox. I assume the

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public is more familiar with the name dementia praecox. But we prefer the other. "Dementia" does not fit the disease, because the patients aren't really demented—haven't lost their minds—merely the power of using them rightly. And "praecox" doesn't fit, either, because "praecox"—like precocious, you know—implies that it's a disease of boys and girls, young people. Actually, people up to forty years old have been known to fall ill with it. That is why we call it schizophrenia, which refers to the split mind—the conflict I spoke of.

Until the shock treatment was worked out, a fair number of schizophrenic patients recovered—a fair number, but not many. Physicians tried different lines of treatment, and had occasional successes—but what helped one case wouldn't help another. Results weren't very promising.

And now, insulin to the rescue! The same insulin that has saved countless diabetic patients now shows a profound influence in aiding a substantial percentage of these unfortunate mental cases I've been describing. And what makes it more extraordinary is this: It isn't small doses of insulin that are used. Instead, the mental patient must take enough to produce insulin shock. Enough to put the patient into a state of coma. Enough to reach the brain cells and arouse them into a more normal type of activity.

I suppose most people know what insulin is—that it reduces the amount of sugar in the blood. It is used widely for diabetes. Sugar is vital in the human body. We can't live without it, and we can't live with too much or too little of it. The diabetic patient is in danger from too much, and insulin given in small doses reduces the amount in the body. But if, by accident, a diabetic is given too much insulin, then the blood sugar gets too low, and he's in danger of insulin shock—sinking into unconsciousness. And that's exactly what's being done now—deliberately—to help these mentally sick patients.

Every morning, patients who are taking this treatment, are given an injection of insulin. Each day, the dose is increased until the so-called "shock dose" is reached.

From seven in the morning until noon every day, the ward where insulin is being given is constantly supervised by a physician and specially trained nurses. Many of the patients lie rigid and unconscious in the shock state. They must be watched, because at any time one of them may need an instant dose of sugar. If neglected, the patient might die. The insulin causes the body to burn its sugar supply fast, and with such large doses the sugar may drop to a real danger point. The extremely small number of deaths that have occurred have occurred as a result of complications, rather than of the treatment itself. And several thousand mentally sick people have been treated, in this country and abroad. But I can't emphasize too strongly that it would be *fatal* for this

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treatment to be tried anywhere except in a hospital, with doctors and nurses who have experience in handling this kind of emergency.

At noon, patients that are in the unconscious state—the coma—are restored, and wakened by doses of sugar. And when they are fully conscious, it is amazing to see the change in those who do respond to treatment.

This is still an experimental treatment in many ways. In Vienna, where Dr. Manfred Sakel first worked out the really practical technique for using insulin in this way, there are patients who have had this treatment and are considered well. It takes about five years to show whether a patient is fully recovered, or will retain whatever degree of mental health he has recovered, by aid of his treatment.

Several hospitals in America started using insulin for these mental patients in 1936. Now almost all the mental hospitals in the New York State system are using it, and I should estimate that over 200 hospitals in this country employ this new method.

Insulin is being used to treat some other forms of mental disease, but its major usefulness in psychiatry seems to be in connection with this particular disease—schizophrenia. At St. Elizabeths Hospital, a government institution, we started using it in September, 1937. We haven't any statistics yet, showing our results; we can only say it has been very promising, so far. I can give you some figures for the New York State hospitals. Out of 276 cases of schizophrenia treated with this shock technique, 26 per cent have gone back to work and 23 per cent are much improved—enough to leave the hospital; that is, almost 50 per cent treated have left the hospital. Another 20 per cent are still in the mental hospitals but are considered better. That leaves 30 per cent—almost one-third of the cases—that have got no benefit from the shock treatment.

I must emphasize that this new discovery, this new way of treating schizophrenia and some other mental ills, is not a panacea for all kinds of mental illness. And not every patient suffering from schizophrenia can be treated by insulin. Before the treatment is tried a very thorough examination is necessary to find out whether a patient is physically capable of taking it.

Walter Miles, Professor of the Institute of Human Relations at Yale University, was equally successful in his radio report on "Mental Longevity." In addition to the simplicity of expression seen in the previous example, Professor Miles has made good use of two or three other factors which have great value in radio talks. He has introduced his subject at once; he has sprinkled his discourse with rhetorical questions;

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and he has kept his talk on an intimate and conversational basis throughout by the use of the first person plural ("We wanted to find out the effects of age . . ."); and by the use of the first person singular ("Well, I think it would be fairer to the individual . . ."); and by his occasional use of the second person ("You have probably heard people say that children are quickest at picking up a foreign language . . ."). In this last—the use of the second person—he has taken specific notice of his listener as a person and has thereby brought him into his confidence. Here is his talk, "Mental Longevity":

Are old folks as bright as the young ones? The answer to that question is yes, and no.

Of course, the mind of a young person is different from that of an older person. That is obvious. But psychological tests and experiments have shown that older people do very well on some tests of their mental abilities, much better than their children or grandchildren would have supposed. For example, when I was at Stanford University in California, we tested a large number of college professors, some old, some young. The older group were sixty to eighty years old. The younger were twenty-five to thirty-five. A good many of these teachers were in *Who's Who;* in other words we may consider them as successful.

We wanted to find out the effects of age on psychological traits. So, for one test, we compared the old and the young teachers in their understanding of words—their vocabulary—and we found that the older professors, men sixty to eighty years old, had as good or better grasp of word meanings as the young ones, showing that the years of experience in talking and lecturing had given them an advantage, and also that they had not lost their mastery of words; that is, they had not "failed." The language functions best withstand physiological decrepitude, and perhaps this is well, for it is through them that the factors of experience and accumulations of culture may best be preserved and handed on.

Besides the vocabulary test, we gave a number of psychological tests for accuracy and speed. There we found, as would be expected, that youth has some advantage. There is some slowing down with age, and some lessening of precision and accuracy in speed tests, but not so much as people have generally supposed, taking the older men as a group. Here we made an interesting discovery. When we gave an old college professor tests along his own line of teaching—his long-practiced specialty—we found that his mind had lost relatively little of its store of knowledge or readiness in using that information. This showed that, generally speaking, an individual's main interests in life and the skills associated with those interests are apt to be particularly enduring in his mind.

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Again, we tested the ability of people of all ages on how well they see objects under a standard condition. Eye specialists know about type size and distance, of course. But in our test each object was shown to every individual for exactly the same length of time. It was a test of how much you can see in a given time after you are fully ready to look. Up to seventeen years, a human being improves in his ability to see objects. Then a decline begins; it is a very slow decline, until sixty-two years of age, so that a fifty-two-year-old man should be able to see as well as a boy fourteen. We find there is no reason to say that middle-aged people do not see well.

How much faster than their elders do young people move? We tested reaction speed with an electrical device, which gives the signal to which the individual is to respond and times his response in one-hundred-twentieths of a second. With this device we found that there is apt to be a slowing down with age. But here again is the interesting point: about one-third of the older people tested —people beyond seventy years—proved as quick or quicker in response than the average fifty-year-old person. We find that a good proportion of men and women past seventy are mentally as alert and lively as their children.

Taking motor abilities as a whole, an individual continues to improve until he reaches his peak between twenty and thirty years or thirty-five. A marathon runner may show his top performance after thirty. By motor abilities I mean the response of the body to a mental stimulus—the speed and precision, let us say, with which you move to catch a falling pencil from a table. Distinctly psychological abilities that involve a minimum of motor response may have their climax later. Old age comes out well in these tests because the decline from that peak of relative perfection is slow—much slower than is popularly supposed. That's an outstanding revelation in these psychological studies that some of us have made. That, and the other big point—that individual adults differ so much more than people have ever realized.

These experiments should have a good effect on the morale of older people—make them feel that they haven't such worn down equipment, after all. Old people indulge decidedly in more self-belittlement than young people. They are inclined to see themselves as others have, somewhat mistakenly, seen them. So inferiority complexes are more common in old folks. They are inclined to underestimate their abilities.

What does this lead to? Does it mean that elderly people should begin learning new languages, or sciences, or that they should cling to their jobs longer? That's something that Dr. E. L. Thorndike at Teachers College investigated a few years ago. He found adults can learn almost as well as school children; in fact, grown people proved more apt at learning a new language than

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young children of about eight to twelve years. You have probably heard people say often that children are quickest at picking up a foreign language; yet the educational experiments showed that a young adult can learn more effectively than a child of eight or ten, and even at sixty-five years a man may expect to learn at least half as much in an hour as he could when he was a young man of twenty-five. And a sixty-five-year-old man can probably learn more in an hour than his ten-year-old grandson, although the youngster is just at the age when memorizing is supposed to be easy.

Whether a grown person of almost any age should tackle a new subject—whether it is wise to launch on a new career, and try to make a go of it, economically, at an advanced age—well, that is another problem. That depends on the individual, and individual differences in grown people are very great. When we measure the efficiency of seventy-year-old men and women, we find differences just as distinct as those among the young.

Should there be set age limits for retirement? Well, I think it would be fairer to the individual, and better for his employers, if retirement ages were not too rigidly set. But that takes us into economic problems. There is no good in telling elderly people they are capable of doing work in the world if there isn't work for them to do. That is an economic question, and it will have to be answered. But the first step toward helping older people to prolong their alertness and usefulness is to find out what they can do, and where they are needed. That is what we, as psychologists, are doing now. Then we may have to turn the problem over to economists, or at least obtain their co-operation, if the facts indicate that older people might be filling different roles as earners.

Considering that doctors and public health officials are doing so much nowadays to prolong human life, there should be some parallel effort to make life worth while for older people. I believe there are six million people in the United States now who are sixty-five years old, or older. Even the average lifetime is about sixty. In this country, it is sixty years for a man and sixty-four for a woman, and the average span of life is getting longer all the time. Since that is the case, the average person should give some thought to keeping mentally alert and young, as long as he can. A human being is almost never too old to try self-improvement, and with the evidence that mentality does not deteriorate very fast, there is less excuse for middle-aged and elderly people to "let themselves go."

To prolong usefulness and contentment into old age, I would suggest taking stock of one's self. A man of forty or fifty can organize in terms of this self-inventory. He can compensate for the gradual slowing down in his gross physical abilities by keeping up his still high manual skill: he can improve his skill with symbols,

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e.g., words and other mental tools, and at the same time he can broaden his mental horizon by reading and by mature conversation. If he does not broaden and bring up to date his mental interests, he will find himself slipping; he may find that his occasional efforts to prove he is "as good as he ever was" are just futile protests. Of course, he can't go back to being twenty. There is no mental fountain of youth, in that sense. But we can prolong youthfulness of mind, by combining natural traits of maturity with a lively interest in life itself, as a present moving current of affairs.

A psychologist can point out to older people that they have abilities and should use them, but it is up to the individual to make the most of himself. There are a good many pitfalls of age, traits that can be avoided—traits like overcriticism, talkativeness, harping on the past, being set in one's ways, being suspicious of other people, losing one's sense of humor, making age an excuse and a boast, ever looking back; all these can be avoided.

Mental alertness *can* be prolonged to keep pace with the lengthening span of human life.

Albert H. Marckwardt, eminent authority on English usage, in an address before the National Council of Teachers of English in the late fall of 1937, took for his subject "What Is Good English?" Here we have the example of the professional educator, the man of erudition, discussing a vexed and elaborate problem of semantics, a very frightening subject to the average layman. Most educators uninstructed in the uses of radio would have fallen down badly with this assignment. The whole question of language evolution could easily have turned into the most awful stuffiness imaginable. Professor Marckwardt has sidestepped any risk of pedantry and has instead given to his audience a warm and revealing projection of historical fact and present status and in so doing has succeeded expertly in striking at the information level of the average listener and raising the level from that point. Here is what he said:

Editorials are written about every phase of it. Teachers are deluged with letters asking them to referee disputes over it. Even our statesmen have manifested a consistent interest in the problem—both Benjamin Franklin and Theodore Roosevelt tried to reform our spelling. As far as the schools are concerned, everyone generally agrees upon one point: Good English should be successfully taught. But when it comes to deciding what is not Good English, there are almost as many points of view as there are persons to hold them.

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In all this diversity, two diametrically opposed attitudes may be discerned. At one extreme are those who look to the conventional rules of grammar, to dictionaries, to lists of frequently mispronounced words as absolute authorities. This attitude of dependence upon authority, since it implies a belief that a language may arrive at and maintain a relatively static condition—that it may be kept pure—is usually spoken of as *purism.* Little more need be said about this point of view for most of us are quite familiar with it. We have all met it somewhere, in the schools or out.

During the last twenty-five years, however, there have been indications of a change of attitude toward the question of Good English and its teaching, both in the schools and among the most competent linguists in the country. There has been formulated what may be called for want of a more accurate term a "liberal" attitude toward language, which is directly in opposition to many of the tenets and practices of the purists. As in the case of any liberal movement, this one has been accompanied by much misunderstanding as to its aims and methods. There are abroad sinister rumors that "anything you hear is right," and dire forebodings of future generations whose verbs and nouns will not agree.

It is most important, I believe, to the general success of the English language program in our schools, to clear away some of the erroneous conceptions which have sprung up in connection with linguistic liberalism. This may best be accomplished by pointing out, first of all, how and why this change in attitude came about; second, by defining the standards of Good English which the liberal grammarians uphold; and finally, by pointing out certain ideas and attitudes which they do not put forward. The limitations of space necessitate my treating only one aspect of this broad question, namely grammar in its more restricted sense. although what I have to say may be applied in most cases to problems of pronunciation and vocabulary as well.

To explain the rise of the liberal attitude toward a standard of Good English, we must examine briefly the history of the rules which are to be found in the school grammars of today. These rules, for the most part, originated with certain English grammarians of the eighteenth century—notably William Ward, Robert Lowth, and James Buchanan. These men were not as interested in reflecting and codifying the actual spoken English of their time as in setting up an ideal language for their own and future generations to strive to master. This ideal language was based in part upon the rules of Latin grammar—for the eighteenth century was an age which revered the classics—and in part upon what seemed to be a rational arrangement for a language—for the eighteenth century was also an age of reason.

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In the two hundred years which have elapsed since the formulation of these rules, the study of language has progressed remarkably, and we have learned much concerning this aspect of human behavior. The early nineteenth century was marked by a tremendous growth in our knowledge of the history of both ancient and modern languages.

The grammarians of the eighteenth century assumed that language was static, that it might reach and be kept at a state of perfection. In the nineteenth century we learned to apply the evolutionary concept to language as well as to botany and zoology. We came to see that language is not stationary, that it is in a state of continuous development, that standards which may hold good for one century are not necessarily applicable to another.

Along with our increased knowledge of the history of the English language and the conception of language as an evolving organism, came the realization that many of the rules of so-called correct English did not reflect actual speech habits; that they set up standards which were not only absent from spoken English but, more than this, were virtually foreign to the genius of the language.

In 1927, the late Professor S. A. Leonard, together with Professor H. Y. Moffat, began to study this problem. They selected from typical school textbooks then in use 102 expressions condemned as incorrect; they submitted these to a jury composed of 26 eminent linguists and a similar number of authors, editors, business executives, teachers of English and of speech—about 225 all told. This jury was asked to rate the 102 condemned expressions as acceptable, questionable, or illiterate. It is possible to give only a few of the results of the survey here, but it was found that more than 40 of the 102 expressions usually condemned in the school texts were considered acceptable by over 75 per cent of the linguists, and many others were held by them to be matters of divided usage.

Among the expressions condemned by the textbooks and accepted by the jury were: "This is a man I used to know," "That will be all right," "You had better stop that foolishness." The first of these omits the relative pronoun; the second used the term "all right" to which some grammars object; in the third the locution "had better" is at times condemned by textbooks as a colloquialism. All of them are obviously in current use today.

It is interesting to read what an eminent British linguist, Professor J. H. G. Grattan, has said on this same subject. He writes, "The attitude of the American schools is, so far as the English language is concerned, ultraconservative. Eighteenth-century ideas of correctness are not yet dead in the United States. Indeed, by American standards, many idiomatic usages long sanctioned in Great Britain are still bad grammar."

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When it became apparent that the rules of many of the school grammars prescribed something that was not idomatic English, the question immediately arose: If the rules of the grammars cannot be held to constitute a valid standard of good English, what standard can be set up in their place? This is, it will be recalled, the second of the three questions which were raised before.

The liberal grammarians answer in the following manner: The history of most modern languages shows that from generation to generation, and from century to century, there has been in existence an accepted or received standard form of that language—English, French, or whatever it may be; and that that standard form has been based upon the speech of the class and section of the country which was politically, economically, and culturally dominant at the time.

London English, just one of many English dialects, became the standard speech of England chiefly because the city of London rose to a position of prime importance in the affairs of the English-speaking people. The same was true of the language of the Ile de France and of the Kingdom of Castile. If this is generally the case, why should we not consider as the standard of present-day English that speech which is in actual use by the large group who is carrying on the affairs of the English-speaking people? An attitude of this kind is usually spoken of as a doctrine of usage.

In connection with such a doctrine or standard, one problem arises. Suppose the usage of this dominant group is not wholly in agreement on all points? Suppose some of its members occasionally use a split infinitive while other do not? What then is to be our guiding principle?

Here again we may have recourse to our knowledge of the history of our language. Since it is possible to examine with some accuracy the forms of the English language during the last thousand years, such a study will indicate that certain inflectional and syntactical traits have been constantly expanding and developing, while others have been disappearing. If it is possible from an examination of what has gone on in the past to make a reasonable prediction as to what will come about in the future—and we assume this with most of the studies we undertake—then, in the case of a divided usage, let us choose that form or construction which seems to be in accord with the developing tendencies or patterns of the English language.

To return to the problem of a split infinitive. Since a careful examination of the English of the last five hundred years shows such a construction to have been in constant use, and to have arisen from a desire to speak English naturally and clearly, the least we can do is to allow it equal rank with the alternative construction; to favor it when it seems better to perform the function of com-

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municating the idea involved; and to rule it out when it does not express the thought as clearly.

Unfortunately a number of misconceptions have arisen in connection with such a proposed standard of usage. Uninformed people frequently ask if such a doctrine means that any sort of English that may be heard on the street is Good English. If an expression is used, no matter where or by whom, must it then necessarily be correct? The answer is no. The doctrine of usage does not legalize the language of the gutter, for the language of the gutter is not the English which is apt to prevail as Standard Spoken English. It is perfectly true that upon occasion certain expressions and certain modes of pronunciation have spread from one social class to another, frequently from a higher to a lower, and at times from a lower to a higher. The broad *a* sound in such words as *past* and *half,* now considered to be ultrarefined by many speakers, is a case in point; for in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries it was, as a dictionary of the time puts it, "the sound used by the vulgar but not the polite and learned world." But these occasional crosscurrents do not justify an acceptance of wholly uncultivated speech as a norm. By virtue of the historical principles upon which the liberal grammarians proceed, they are still committed to the speech of the people who direct the affairs of the community as a standard. On the other hand, since the English-speaking countries are democratic in character, the limitation of the speech standard to the narrowest top layer of the social order is also precluded.

The second aspect of the doctrine of usage which frequently troubles people to whom the idea is somewhat new is the fear that the lack of strict and ironclad rules will lead to eventual disintegration. Again history shows such fears to be unfounded. It has been pointed out that rules for the speaking of correct English date chiefly from the beginning of the eighteenth century. They have existed only two hundred years of the fifteen hundred since the Angles and Saxons first came to the British Isles. Accordingly when English is considered in the light of its millennium of existence as a separate language, one is inclined to feel that the rules have had relatively little effect in either hindering or accelerating the main trends of development.

Moreover, we can never be too sure as to just what is meant by disintegration of a language, which innovations are bad and which are good. As one eminent linguist has written, "To the conservative grammarian all change is decay. Although he knows well that an old house often has to be torn down in part or as a whole in order that it may be rebuilt to suit modern conditions, he never sees the constructive forces at work in the destruction of old grammatical forms. He is fond of mourning over the loss of the subjunctive and the present slovenly use of the indicative. He hasn't

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the slightest insight into the fine constructive work of the last centuries in rebuilding the subjunctive."

At present the greatest need confronting those who are entrusted with the teaching of our language in the schools is for new textbooks which describe accurately the language of those now carrying on the affairs of the English-speaking people, particularly grammars which will record the forms and syntax of present-day American English. A most significant beginning in this direction has already been made by the National Council of Teachers of English who, in November, 1932, sponsored the publication of *Current English Usage.* This volume is in reality a continuation of the survey mentioned above, begun by Professors Leonard and Moffat, a survey which has for its purpose a codification of the usages of present-day English, and which proceeds upon the theory that it is the principal function of the grammarian to describe the language as it exists rather than to prescribe a state of perfection for it.

I can close in no more appropriate manner than to quote from Miss Ruth Mary Weeks's introduction to this forward-looking work. She writes, "Language is a living thing and the greatest law of life and growth is change. Dictionaries, grammars, books of rhetoric are not eternal statutes handed down from heaven like the tables of Mosaic law. They are history, not dogma; description not command—description of the changing speech habits of the mass of men.

"As our speech changes, so do dictionaries and grammars change; so must they change if we are to prepare our students to speak the language of their own time, or to secure from the better speech of our own day reinforcement of our teaching."

Edward R. Murrow, Columbia's director of European broadcasts, is one of the very few men to have had the unusual privilege of visiting and describing the Maginot Line. His talk belongs in the category of eyewitness reporting—impromptu description of a scene he could not even begin to imagine until it was suddenly disclosed to him. It is a fine piece of pictorial journalism, the more remarkable because it was an *ad lib* job from the very beginning. He keeps it fresh and moving by constantly changing the focus from which he speaks; one moment it is the immediate environment below-ground and the next moment it is a quick flash of the surface terrain (which he apparently saw on his way in). This maneuvering of the imagination from one scene to another, with as much contrast as possible, is one of the most effective devices there is to assure continuing attention. Here is Mr. Murrow's description of the famous French fortification:

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I am speaking to you this afternoon from a spot a little over a hundred feet underground somewhere in France, in the Metz sector of the Rhine. A few hours ago we drove up through this peaceful, rolling country, stopped our car and climbed a quiet hillside. Built into the side of the hill was a set of big iron doors, surmounted by a plaque bearing the crossed flags of the Republic of France and a legend which reads literally, "One Does Not Pass."

Entering through this doorway, we walked along a tunnel for about 75 feet to a very comfortable elevator which took us down about 100 feet where we boarded a little wrecking train, much like those used in mines. The train brought us along through a tunnel for several hundred yards, and here we are, talking to you from the center of one of the most closely guarded military secrets in Europe—the Maginot Line.

The Maginot Line is really a series of fortresses linked by underground passes. It lies near the Franco-German border, and stretches from Belgium to Switzerland. On one side of this line stands France, a nation of just over 40 million souls; on the other, the 75-odd million citizens of the Greater Germany.

This subterranean building is really very comfortable. It is air-conditioned and has central heating; moreover, it is bomb, shell and gas proof. I am talking from just outside the telephone exchange, a switchboard as big as that in any large modern hotel. Down the corridor is a short passage leading to a big kitchen equipped with the latest electrical laborsaving devices. Just across the way are the officers' quarters with their nice tiled shower baths. At the corner is a room with huge blackboards covering its walls; that is the control room from which the guns are directed.

Everything down here seems to be done mechanically. The little electric train carries ammunition and supplies along the corridors until they reach the elevators which take them up to a point near the surface. The bearings on the guns are operated as they are on a battleship: that is, the gunner cannot see the target; he receives his directions from the control room; his gun is fed by an automatic conveyor; he lays his gun as directed, and fires when ready to do so. There is constant gun practice.

Although I refer to this as a fort, it certainly does not look like one from the surface. Imagine a twelve-story building buried in the ground so that the roof protrudes just a few feet. The roof is of steel and reinforced concrete and on the surface looks like a series of little cupolas carefully camouflaged. Ordinary-looking enough, these cupolas are capable of withstanding a pounding by twenty-inch howitzers at close range.

The communications system underground is complicated. Double systems of telephone lines and lights have been installed. The underground railway system is a complete unit. Electrically

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operated, it is equipped with efficient signals, switches, siding and other railway paraphernalia, and the train itself can be carried up to the surface by means of the elevator. There are even two types of elevators—express and local! The electricity is supplied by a battery of huge Diesel engines, each of which develops hundreds of kilowatts.

One can readily understand the need for such a well-ordered mechanism down here. In time of emergency the lives of the men would depend almost entirely on the faultless functioning of these exceeding complicated machines. There must be a constant stream of power for the lights, the guns, the ventilators, the kitchens and all the other services.

If you were to take that little electric train up to the surface you would see some of the most beautiful countryside in this part of France—green fields, carefully kept woods, apple trees in bloom, a peaceful river winding through the valley. If you looked carefully you would see certain mounds shaped very much like toadstools. These are the cupolas or turrets surmounting the underground forts.

These forts are not laid out in a straight line by any means. They are staggered in S-formation, so that the gunners can swing around to fire in any direction. Every foot of terrain in the range of the guns has been mapped and charted and is on file here in the subterranean control room. If you look down ahead of the main line, you see other and smaller toadstool-like affairs. Those will be steel and concrete machine gun embankments. There are literally hundreds of acres of them in this section, but you have to look carefully to see them, because they are not very obvious.

Then if you look down beyond that line, you see something that looks like a dark brown string winding its way down through the valley and up to the crest of the hills to the west. At first glance it will look just like dead sagebrush, but if you were closer you would find that it consists of barbed wire entanglements firmly anchored to the ground. And just beyond the barbed wire you would see a strange sight—a little hedge of railroad rails, each one standing straight up about five feet above the ground. These rails are planted there like posts, and they are calculated to cause a great deal of difficulty for tanks. This hedge of railroad rails parallels the barbed wire as far as you can see. This whole country is interlaced with a system of high speed macadamized military roads, and walking through the woods in this sector you are likely at any time to come upon several acres of barbed wire.

As we drove up here a man pointed out to me a delightful little château set in a clump of woods.

"My grandfather was killed there in 1870," he said. No one knows how many Germans and Frenchmen have given their lives in this peaceful little valley in the course of the last two hundred

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years. It has been the floodgate of war. The area has been fortified since Roman times; I am told that workmen excavating for these modern defenses found remains of old Roman forts in the hill-sides.

If you turn to look behind you, you see a few grey buildings in the dim distance; these are the barracks. There are other barracks underground, for the officers and troops stay one week down in the forts and one week in barracks on top. The troops, or "moles," as they call themselves, seem well satisfied and happy. They play cards and listen to the radio during their leisure time. Their beds are comfortable double-decker bunks, very much like those used in American army barracks. Every young man in France must serve two years with the colors, and I must say that those I have met down here seem very cheerful about it. That extraordinary air of comradeship between officers and men traditionally associated with the French army exists here, yet discipline does not seem to suffer as a result.

There is something about this experience that is difficult to put into words; something unreal about these long miles of white corridors twelve stories underground; the unknown thousands of men spending their lives down here, quite natural and matter-of-fact about it. It is spring up above, and the sun is pouring down. People only a few miles away are sitting down to their evening meals. A gay band is playing in one of those delightful squares in Metz. Soldiers on leave dressed in their sky-blue uniforms are strolling through the parks with good-looking French girls. In a few minutes we, too, will go up above. But the men down here will continue to man their stations—waiting.

If you could look with me across the hills to the German border, I think your mind would turn, as mine does, to the thousands of miles of friendly and unguarded frontier between the United States and its neighbors, and you would probably wonder, as I do, how many people in Germany and France would be happier if this frontier could be as peaceful as ours.

One of the most difficult of all radio talks, the narration of pure incident, has been handled in a very competent way by the famous woman adventurer, Irma Goebel La Bastille. Madame La Bastille, greatest living authority on Latin America's ancient music, has been through hundreds of unusual experiences in quest of professional data. She recently recounted one of these in a broadcast which brought together five of the world's most renowned women explorers. The difficulty with pure incident is the temptation to embellish it with too much of the detail of the actual occurrence. To put it another way, the amateur raconteur, being too full of his own experience,

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is likely to overload his atmospheric build-up and run past his atmospheric stopping-point before getting to his story proper. He's likely to give too much. This in turn leads to rambling, the worst sin in the speaker's decalogue. Madame La Bastille has demonstrated in this little anecdote the proper balance of situation, atmosphere, and detail. Here is her "Adventure in Port":

I had been up in the South American jungle for four months, where I had gone in quest of the music of one of the mysterious Indian ceremonies, a wailing music of Panpipes and trumpets. For a woman to look upon these sacred instruments, by accident or design, is to look upon certain death—generally poison. So a certain nervousness still clung to me as I journeyed toward the nearest port where lay the ship which would eventually get me to the United States.

I arrived in the port town in the early afternoon. My ship was scheduled to sail at six o'clock that evening. The harbor was a huge one, as many South American harbors are; and the ship lay at anchor a considerable distance from the shore.

I had an errand to attend to before embarking, one which seemed urgent. A certain business acquaintance owed me $3,000. He had owed it to me for some time. He was a man of means, but had consistently postponed the day of reckoning from one "mañana" to another "mañana."

I hastened to his office. He received me with the customary Latin courtesy and charm, and explained that it had been quite impossible for him to get the money for me in United States currency, but that his man was out visiting all the banks and would soon be back. And so I settled down to waiting for the messenger from the bank.

Promptly at 4:15, my friend, again excusing the fact that the money had not yet arrived, offered to take me to the wharf so that I would not miss the launch. I smilingly thanked him and said that I was quite comfortable and would wait.

I was far from comfortable. The nervousness of the preceding night was still with me. My heart was very much set on my trip to the United States at all costs. We understood one another perfectly, each trying to wear down the other's patience.

Finally, at 5:30 his messenger appeared, quite out of breath, and with a long story of his visits to the banks of the town. He had succeeded in obtaining the money but he was so very sorry that it was in one-dollar bills! Now, three thousand one-dollar bills are quite a lot of one-dollar bills.

When they were handed to me I was not at all certain that there were three thousand of them there. The game had to be played to its limit, so I took some of my remaining precious

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minutes to count them. By this time my ship had given its next to last signal for departure. Then my friend smilingly asked me how I was going to carry the money. Obviously, it would not fit into a purse. Casually, I asked him for a newspaper, made a neat bundle and tucked it under my arm.

Now, in South America a woman does not carry bundles, ever. Certainly, no lady would carry a newspaper bundle. There is actually a significance about a woman with a bundle. And I had but ten minutes to get to the dock and out to the ship. The ship's launch had already left when I reached the dock. Quickly I inquired for another launch and, among the battered specimens at the dock, chose one which was enclosed; for a strong, gusty wind had sprung up, and there were already little whitecaps on the bay. It had grown dark. It was the winter season.

I asked the launch man his price for taking me to the waiting ship. He named an equivalent of two American dollars, which was approximately the sum I had left in my purse in the currency of the country. We agreed on the price, I stepped into the launch and we set off out into the bay.

We were about half way out toward our ship when he came to me to collect my fare. He said that he wanted $4.00. I reminded him that the price we had agreed upon a few minutes earlier was but half of that. He insisted on $4.00. In my purse I had only the $2.20, foreign currency. I dared not open my newspaper bundle!

Our argument became more heated. I finally told him he could return to the dock if he wanted to. He refused and insisted on his $4.00 or he would swing the launch out to sea. I measured the distance to my ship in that choppy, windy bay. I am a good swimmer but the night was black, the water cold, I had on a wool dress and a coat, and most important of all I had $3,000—under my arm in a newspaper package.

I decided against it. No one from my ship could possibly see me to offer help. At that moment the ship gave forth a last warning blast. In fifteen minutes it would sail. My man yelled one last threat, I refused, he threw the wheel over and headed for the open sea. I remember the thought flashed through my mind that I would have preferred the poison of the Indians to the ensuing moments in this tossing launch with this particular brute. I had no gun. Out of the jungle, I had not anticipated any use for it. I remembered the fact, vividly, that all these longshoremen carried their little sharp knives tucked away in a belt or a rolled-up trouser leg.

Suddenly, I was utterly, blindly angry. Madly I rushed at him with upraised arm and shrieked an awful war whoop which some Western Indians had taught me as a child. It came to my lips instinctively, utterly uncontrolled. Whether my man believed I had a gun in my upraised hand, whether it was the chill of that war whoop, or whether a shrieking woman was just more than he

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could stand, I shall never know. Without a word he turned his wheel again and headed toward my ship. Silently we traveled, I in my seat in the stern, he at the wheel. As the comforting side of my ship loomed above us I paid him, thanked him, and we politely said good-night.

Frankly, my knees shook as I clambered up the side of the ship.

The reporting of an interview is a more difficult radio problem than the live interview because it is, perforce, second-hand history. It therefore should be treated as a short story problem, or better still as a chapter problem in a work of biographical recording. William C. Lengel, prominent American novelist and editor, drew on his own resources as a realistic writer of fiction to reproduce a photographic record of his unusual interview with the late James M. Barrie, and his outstanding success with this talk is largely due to his early use of suspense and to his skill in making believable, by seemingly accurate quotation, conversations which took place many years ago. Here is "Barrie's Desk Drawer," Mr. Lengel's account of the meeting:

It seems only yesterday that I sat and talked with Sir James M. Barrie in that little recessed fireplace nook in his Adelphi Terrace studio-home; yet it was all of eleven years ago. It was a late winter's afternoon. The London rain seemed colder than sleet in New York or Chicago, and it came beating down with driving insistence. Yet, as I walked the two blocks from the Strand to Adelphi Terrace, I was conscious of neither rain nor wind nor fog. I was on my way to see and talk with the man who shared his dreams with the world. There were so many stories about him. Stories that had become legends. He was shy and retiring. He resented intrusion. Visitors were not welcome. That even went for American visitors.

Now I was to see him. At three o'clock. Here was The Savage Club in front of me. I decided to stop and have a bit of bottled Scottish sunshine to bolster my courage. I stood at the tiny bar without removing my overcoat. Not only was my engagement with Sir James only a few moments away, but at three o'clock the bar would close for two hours.

"What's your hurry?" Raphael Sabatini, a brother Savage, asked me. "I'm due at Barrie's at three o'clock," I answered. Whereupon, much hearty British laughter.

"He's going to see Barrie!" said Sabatini. "Well, we'll order him another drink before the bar closes and keep it waiting for him."

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I suppose I looked puzzled.

"You'll be back here in ten minutes," Sabatini told me. "Sir James will ask you how you are and you'll ask after his health. Then, the two of you will stand looking at each other. Barrie being a shy Scotsman, and you being a shy sort of egg for an American, neither of you will have anything more to say. So you will do the proper thing for a gentleman. You will bid Sir James *adieu,* and we shall be here waiting to welcome your return with a good drink to revive you."

You can imagine how that cheered me. So, out into the rain again and around the corner to Adelphi Terrace where Sir James lived. You would never guess that a world-famous author would be found in such an unpretentious dwelling. The lower portion of it was occupied by a warehouse. Through a doorway that looked almost disreputable, up a staircase built in an open, cold dismal well, you emerged into the warmth and comfort of living quarters that seemed all windows. "Sir James will be in, in just a moment," said the maid.

I went to the front windows. Below was the misty magnificence of the Thames, the solemn dignity and beauty of Old Waterloo Bridge. And through that grey and sometimes golden haze, there was a view and a vision that no mere words of mine can describe. Yet I saw it—that picture—and I felt it—that breathtaking spell of London—so keenly, that when I heard myself greeted by a soft, rather high-pitched voice, I could only murmur something about the wonderful view.

Sir James shook hands, cordially enough, but as if he were just as glad to have it over with. Many writing men dislike to shake hands. Theodore Dreiser avoids it when he can, and so does H. G. Wells. I said something to Sir James about my enjoyment of his work, of all of America's enjoyment of it and of how happy I was to meet the author of Peter Pan.

And then, as Sabatini predicted, we just stood looking at each other—the long, awkward stage wait. I was afraid the fellows at the club were right. Then Barrie said, "Would you like tea? And do you prefer India or China?"

I preferred China, as he did. I was saved, for the moment. We sat down before a calm fire in the grate. (Why is it, I wondered, that English fires burn so calmly, so evenly?) This spacious, gracious room, so unobtrusively furnished. One was unconscious of furnishing—only a sense of comfort. And through a wide doorway, another spacious room, and at the far end of that, a grand piano, a vase of yellow jonquils. . . . And this little man, sitting there, utterly relaxed, yet looking like a bird. At ease, yet alert. At rest, yet poised for flight. Something in the set of that head, sunk a bit between the shoulders—yes, like a bird. The eyes tired, yet ready to snap with fire. Self-possessed, yet de-

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fensive. So thoroughly assured of his place in this scheme of things and of his standing in the world of letters. And yet so modest, so self-depreciating.

What did I have to say that could be of interest to him?

Then suddenly, it seemed, we were talking. About books, about people, about plays, about the movies. I had lost the fear that what I might say could be of no interest to him. I talked excitedly, I know, which I always do when I become intense. Why, this little man was not shy. Or had I, by chance, come upon him at a time when he felt the need of human companionship, when he simply had to talk with someone?

I asked Barrie what he had written or was working on. He had written nothing, he assured me—absolutely nothing. Then he recanted that statement. He had written nothing he felt was any good. The war, yes, the war, had done something, he insisted, to almost every writing man of his generation in Britain. It had killed something within him. It had killed something in his heart. No, he had done nothing.

So that left me just about where I started. You see I had gone to Barrie with a specific idea in mind, a definite request for a magazine article. But it was on a topic that might offend his sensibilities and hurt him greatly. Here was a man, to whom happiness—or at least what we regard as happiness—had been denied. He had been denied children. He had been denied the happiness of love and of a family and of the sort of home that only family life can give. And to compensate for this loss, he had found an escape from life by creating a world for himself—a world of illusion, a world of fancy and fantasy. How many of us could wish for the power that would do the same for us? So I asked him if he would not write and tell how he had found such an escape. How he had found a substitute for life. How he had begotten the children he had longed for. Wasn't he, himself, The Old Lady in "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals"? Wasn't he really Wendy in "Peter Pan," or Peter himself, who wanted to be a boy forever, who sought escape in Never Never Land?

Barrie was silent. Had I offended him so deeply? Then presently he spoke. "That, Mr. Lengel," he said, "is the first sensible suggestion I have had made to me in fifteen years. It is the only topic suggested to me in the last ten years upon which I would like to write."

Well, you can imagine how my spirits rose! How excited I was! And how my excitement increased, when he added, "Yes, that interests me. I shall probably write that. . . ." There was a long pause. Then he smiled. "But you will never see it. No, you will never see it."

"But why?" I asked, bewildered.

Barrie got up from his chair and went to a desk in the

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middle of the room. He opened a lower drawer. A deep drawer it was. Almost completely filled with manuscripts—some rolled, some loose.

"Here is where your story will go if I write it," he told me. "Into this drawer. Do you recall a little play called 'The Twelve Pound Look'?"

I told him I did recall it. That I had seen Ethel Barrymore play in it. "Well," he said, "one night, my friend, Granville Barker, came to see me as you have come to see me today. He was looking for a play.

"He went to this desk, opened this drawer, and plunged his hand into it. He drew out the manuscript of 'The Twelve Pound Look' and ran from the room. That is how this little play came to be produced. You see, I did not think well of it after I had finished it. . . ."

He stood for a long time studying the contents of that well-filled drawer. Then he slowly closed it and turned to me.

"Yes, I may write your piece, but it will go into this drawer. You will never see it."

I was sorely tempted to commit larceny. Why should not I emulate Granville Barker, and steal a manuscript? But Barker was a privileged friend. No, I could not do that. I spoke these thoughts aloud. I told Sir James how tempted I was. He smiled again gently, and resumed his seat before the fire. We talked some more, but it was an anticlimax. I looked at my watch. It was five-thirty. I had been there two hours and a half. And my visit with him was to last ten minutes. (Were my brother Savages still waiting?) Barrie went to the door with me.

There in the cold hallway we stood talking, until, fearful for his health, I urged him to go inside. And beyond him, the last thing I saw, was that desk, a treasure chest of unpublished stories and plays. And I wonder if in that drawer will be found the manuscript of how Sir James M. Barrie found an escape from life? And will it be published? I wonder.

But after all, that doesn't seem to be very important any more, because James Matthew Barrie has finally reached his Never Never Land. And can't you hear Wendy laugh and ask Peter Pan, "Now do you believe in Fairies?"

The Dramatized Exposition

The dramatized exposition, while not yet a very common thing in the schedules of radio talks, has a vividness and reality which no amount of narration can approach. By the very nature of its structure it will be seen that the subject matter, whatever it may be, is bound to achieve greater effectiveness through the movement of drama than it could gather from the

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impulse of a single voice. In the piece which follows, Stuart Ayres, author and journalist, has convincingly covered a piece of unknown territory and made his point by the simplest sort of dramatic operation. The work should not be judged as a piece of drama because its sole purpose is to instruct. The character deficiencies do not matter because the aim here is to illustrate the *modus operandi* of a complicated propaganda machine by lifting up the hood, so to speak, and pointing out to the listener the function of every moving part in the mechanism. Here is what Mr. Ayres did with his piece of dramatized exposition on the subject "How False Propaganda May Start"—a broadcast prepared for an audience of high school age and delivered by Columbia's "American School of the Air":

ANNOUNCER.—No matter where we are—in school, in our homes, traveling—and no matter who we are—we are subjected these days to a great power that is intended to mold our minds—the power of propaganda. Propaganda comes to us through newspapers, through books, radio, moving pictures.

Of course not all propaganda is bad in motive. In a sense, in fact, nearly every word any of us utter is propaganda for our own point of view. But what we are considering today is propaganda that is improper in purpose and in method.

Today, with so many nations wanting certain things—and stirring up the minds of their own populations, and the populations of other countries, so that in general people feel that they deserve those certain things—it becomes all the more necessary for us to realize what propaganda is, and how it is foisted upon us.

A good definition for propaganda is this: propaganda is the planned attempt to control and regiment the thought and action of the public. Today we're going to create and present a purely fictional picture of national propaganda and show how a nation, if it desires, can stir the minds of its people to the desire of fighting another nation.

Now—in order that we don't have any propaganda in *this* program of *ours*—we are not going to mention the name of any nation. We're not going to tell any particular incident. In fact, the entire program will be imaginary. But it will show how a fictional nation *can* stir up its people to fight—and how nations *do*. And you will probably recognize the different types of propaganda from the history of the last fifty years.

We call this imaginary nation A-landia. Its neighbor, with whom it has been on good relations for the past one hundred years, is B-patria. A-landia would like to conquer a new colony in a near-by continent—the colony is the Country of C-vista.

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A-landia has just had its elections. The powerful War Party is in office. The formalities of the Congressional meeting are over. We look in on a little scene behind closed doors—the new President and his Cabinet are getting down to brass tacks, and forming the policy of the Administration. Their meeting, of course, is most informal. The President is speaking.

PRESIDENT.—Gentlemen—we've made our campaign promises, and now we're in office. For the next three years the government is in our hands. At the end of that time, naturally, we want to be re-elected. Re-election depends on the plans we make, and how we carry out those plans.

FOREIGN MINISTER.—Mr. President—

PRESIDENT.—Yes, Mr. Minister of Foreign Affairs?

FOREIGN MINISTER.—Throughout this broad realm of A-landia—I might say, in our hearts, the greatest nation of the world—people have put their trust in us. We owe these people our faithful duty.

PRESIDENT.—All right, all right. Election's over. Let's save the speeches for where they'll do the most good.

FOREIGN MINISTER.—But I was merely contemplating the larger scene—

PRESIDENT.—Excuse me. Now, look, boys. We don't need big words for this. We make our plans right now—at this meeting. We plan right now to create the public attitude for three years from now. When we know what we want, we set publicity in motion—call it propaganda, if you like—we make up the minds of the nation to think as we want them to think.

We've talked about these matters before. And I believe I can put into a few words our policy. We want to make A-landia entirely self-dependent—self-sufficient—economically self-contained. Am I right?

ALL (*ad lib*).—Correct. That's right. Yes.

PRESIDENT.—A-landia is both an agricultural and an industrial nation. Agriculturally, if need be, we could grow all our foods, and all our agricultural raw materials, with the exception of cotton. Therefore we need cotton.

SECRETARY OF COMMERCE.—Mr. President—

PRESIDENT.—Mr. Secretary of Commerce.

SECRETARY OF COMMERCE.—We have several sources of cotton now. We import what we need at a fair price from other nations. And—the climate here in A-landia is not suited to cotton.

PRESIDENT.—We must have a colony that supplies us with cotton. At present, we have none.

Biz.—Ad lib murmur.

PRESIDENT.—Gentlemen, please. Now industrially—we are fairly well self-sufficient industrially. But we need a somewhat larger

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supply of iron than we get from our own mines—we need more copper—and our great need, our crying need, is oil.

SECRETARY OF COMMERCE.—Yes. We have to import oil. And our uses of oil are steadily growing.

PRESIDENT.—Furthermore, in case of a war—

EDUCATION.—As we—are we talking of war?

PRESIDENT.—Yes, Mr. Minister of Education, I'm talking of war.

WAR.—That's the stuff, Mr. President—preparedness, I say.

PRESIDENT.—In case of war, we'd have to have oil. We haven't got oil. We've got to go about getting a supply of oil.

FOREIGN MINISTER.—In the foreign department, I can easily make trade agreements that . . .

PRESIDENT.—Trade agreements? Bah! We need a colony—a colony to supply oil—to supply oil, iron, copper, cotton—that's what we need—a colony. And there *is* a colony—waiting for us—waiting for us to take—a colony that will make us self-sufficient! And, gentlemen—if we get a colony for this nation by the end of three years, we'll be re-elected!

Biz.—Ad lib murmur.

EDUCATION.—Mr. President. Might I ask what is this colony you refer to?

PRESIDENT.—I'll answer that by asking you—since you're Minister of Education—what nation has been our great rival for the past hundred years? What nation did we fight, and were defeated by, a hundred years ago?

EDUCATION.—Why, B-patria, of course.

PRESIDENT.—B-patria. And will the Secretary of Commerce tell us where B-patria is developing a source of what we need—developing oil, cotton, iron, copper?

SECRETARY OF COMMERCE.—B-patria is developing the natural resources of C-vista.

WAR.—C-vista, eh?

SECRETARY OF COMMERCE.—C-vista is, of course, an undeveloped country. The people are backward. But a large oil field has recently been discovered there by capital from B-patria. And B-patrian capital is financing cotton-growing, and controls the iron mines.

PRESIDENT.—Gentlemen—we are going to take C-vista.

FOREIGN MINISTER.—That means war, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT.—Of course it does. That's why we're having this meeting. We're going to prepare for war. General Huff—as Secretary of War—how long will it take us to develop the army and the navy to the point where a war with B-patria would be an undoubted success?

WAR.—It would take us—I've gone over this carefully: the size of our army and theirs, the number of fighting men we have available, the length of time it would take to modernize and

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enlarge the army—it would take not quite four years of preparation to be sure that we would win a war with B-patria.

PRESIDENT.—Four years. Then, three years from now—at the next election—the people of A-landia must want that war. They must believe that it is right for us to go to war, that war is inevitable, and that we will.

EDUCATION.—How, Mr. President, are you going to bring that about?

PRESIDENT.—You're Minister of Education; you ought to know. We'll tell them what to think, and they'll think it. Propaganda. We've got three years for propaganda to make the nation want war. General Huff, what are your plans for propaganda that will effect gradual mobilization?

WAR.—At present, we require of every man two years of military service. We'll start a publicity campaign on the benefits of serving in the army—how it builds health, character, lengthens life. That will make men want to enlist—raise the size of the standing army. For the reserves who have had their military training we'll publicize the benefits of using vacation time for a short enlistment—going off to camp, going on maneuvers with the army. All with the purpose of showing the advantages gained by the reserve members of the army.

PRESIDENT.—So much for the army. Now, if war comes in four years, we'll be calling men from the age of 17 to 22. Today they are children—boys from 13 to 18. If the war lasts two years, we'll need children who are now 11. Mr. Minister of Education, they come under your province. What are you going to do to propagandize them?

EDUCATION.—We must strengthen their national feeling. First, we'll enlarge the Boy Rovers organization. They have a membership of almost 100,000 now—we'll promote a publicity campaign through the churches and schools to enlarge the membership to—ah—three million. That gives us 3,000,000 boys to work toward army service. Now, Mr. President, I believe we should write a new history for the schools. A history showing the past glory of A-landia, and the national pride in expansion. We can easily show B-patria in a bad light—tell stories of atrocities when we fought B-patria a hundred years ago, change the facts to show that we won the war, proving the power of right over wrong.

PRESIDENT.—Excellent. Now that, of course, is all groundwork for the first year of propaganda.

FOREIGN MINISTER.—Mr. President—we must think about creating an unfavorable attitude toward B-patria. If we're going to fight B-patria for possession of C-vista, the people must be made to hate B-patria—and we've only got three years to do that.

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PRESIDENT.—All right. First of all, of course, all news will be edited through your department, the Foreign Office. Newspapers and radio will only carry the news that we want sent out—that will be a matter of censoring news, writing with the slant we want, and even creating stories. Now—B-patria must lose all identity as a nation of individuals. We'll get the outstanding cartoonist in the country to draw a cartoon of a B-patrian peasant—crude, ugly, a cruel face, big, grimy hands. We start using this figure only occasionally. . . . But as time goes on, he will come to represent the nation of B-patria, and our people will think of B-patria as crude, ignorant, ugly, selfish—as an evil creature.

SECRETARY OF COMMERCE.—And for news—we print stories from B-patria to play up any particular vicious murder, to make it seem that this is typical lawlessness and vice in B-patria. Later we can show that a crime wave is sweeping B-patria—that the government is hand in hand with crime.

EDUCATION.—Then we can find some schoolteacher who has been dismissed in B-patria, and we can play him up in the papers and by radio as a liberal, a great thinker, persecuted by reaction and ignorance.

PRESIDENT.—Now, for specific plans. At the end of the first year, we show that B-patria is making it difficult for our nationals to do business there. A month or so later, we print pictures of sabotage in one of our factories in B-patria. Then we show similar pictures of a factory here, and intimate that B-patrians working in our factory have caused the damage.

WAR.—Then the army point of view, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT.—Yes, General Huff?

WAR.—During the first year, we should show newspaper pictures of new war devices in B-patria. As we carry on our campaign for enlarging the army, these pictures will create a demand at home that we also get these new devices. In the second year, we show new devices we have gotten for defense—only for defense. At the end of the second year we have a general promotion campaign for defense—radio commentators would be best for this. And during the third year we show the glory of our strength—by that time the people will be demanding that we have a big army and navy—there'll be a national pride in our virility, which, of course, propaganda will create and stimulate.

PRESIDENT.—That is all very, very good. Now, to start the actual war and the conquest. At the end of the first year, we will have established interest in C-vista, and our country will realize that they are crude, ignorant natives, unfit to govern themselves and develop their natural resources. We, on the other hand, will be shown to be the sort of nation who would help them, as—as a

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big brother. Now. At the end of the second year, we create an incident. Let's say, a group of reservists, as civilians, are hunting—and are attacked by a group of natives. Perhaps we'll have to shoot first. But we won't let that out—these men will simply be attacked. We protest—the king of C-vista apologizes. But we insist that we maintain a garrison to protect our nationals. Six months later we bring it about that a patrol from the garrison is attacked by natives.

WAR.—At once we send a punitive expedition.

PRESIDENT.—The king objects. But there it is—and secretly more and more men arrive. Finally the king objects strongly. Now we're ready to fight. We announce throughout the world that the King of C-vista has been egged on by B-patria, has been supplied with arms, that our nationals are in danger. Then we go a step farther—announce that B-patria is intending to subjugate C-vista, that our nationals and our interests are in danger, that we must free C-vista from the impending yoke of B-patria and at the same time protect our interests. And we send the navy—and an army.

FOREIGN MINISTER.—Of course, Mr. President, the king objects to that—

WAR.—Objects? He puts an army in the field!

PRESIDENT.—And we defeat the crude army of the king of C-vista —before B-patria knows what has happened. We have, of course, propagandized at home that B-patria is on the point of attacking us—in fact is mobilizing at the border. Immediately we mobilize our army—we have millions of men available—we rush to the border—national feeling is at fever pitch against B-patria—and B-patria doesn't dare fight.

WAR.—So—we conquer a new territory—C-vista—and probably do not have war with B-patria. But we're ready if need be, and they are not.

PRESIDENT.—So, gentlemen, that's my plan for the next three years. Through properly handled propaganda, we gain a colony that will supply us with raw materials; we cripple the trade of our rival, B-patria, and we stir up national feeling so strongly in the lines we want it—that there's not the slightest doubt that we'll be re-elected at the end of three years.

ANNOUNCER.—And that is one example of propaganda—how it is used, and for what purposes. Remember, of course, that no particular nation has been meant, or pointed at, in this story— that it is purely fictional. But it shows how national propaganda is being directed, at the very moment, in many, many parts of the world.

Arthur T. Jersild's analysis of the controversial question of children's radio programs, a remarkable piece of straight

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thinking and honest writing, has this additional (and rare) virtue: it is rigidly practical throughout. It is practical in both statement and speculation. It is practical, further, in the directness with which it invites specific criticism. Here is a man who refuses to see anything but the point, and his result—as a radio talk—is a brilliant summation of pros and cons, all of which he insists upon appraising in terms of their exact worth. It is another example of testimony by an expert, but its force here is carried forward by the strong current of impartiality. Dr. Jersild has spent many years studying this aspect of broadcasting. In addition to his being Columbia's consultant on children's programs, he is Associate Professor of Education at Columbia University. Here is his statement:

We need not be sour-faced reformers to recognize that the subject of children's programs is quite a practical one. The average child spends a good deal of his time in listening to these programs. They should offer him something in return.

Any scheme for good programs for children must necessarily build upon children's interests. This raises a problem right from the start, for the things children have liked best in dramatic sketches have also been criticized most. Now, who are wrong, the children or the critics? Actually, both may be largely right. Children have a right to their likes and interests. Broadcasters have a right to meet these interests. But critics (or anybody else) have a right to object if program-makers, instead of dealing constructively with children's interests, merely exploit them.

Perhaps someone will protest: Why not let the kids be kids and give them what they want? Fair enough. This slogan is just the thing. But when we apply it to other things in daily life, we try to do so with a sense of proportion, and with the child's welfare in mind. If a child has a sweet tooth, we do not feed him only on candy. If he likes an exciting story, we do not proceed to scare the daylights out of him. If he is ignorant on a subject and comes to us in good faith, we do not take advantage of his ignorance, but attempt to give him a good answer.

The same sort of sincerity may rightfully be expected in a children's program.

Standards can, of course, be too rigid, just as they can be too lax. The typical child is not a highbrow, steeped in culture and art. He is just a healthy-minded, somewhat naïve youngster with a live curiosity and a strong desire, among other things, for vicarious adventure.

Children have a right to enjoy vicarious excitement and thrills. A cold, intellectual diet does not fill all of their needs. But in supplying adventure, programs have sometimes come under

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the charge that they are too exciting, make children "nervous" and tense, and produce bad dreams, nightmares and fears. We can't dispose of this problem simply by noting that some children seem able to weather almost any amount of excitement, and that when severe symptoms do occur, they may be due primarily to other problems in the child's life.

No one can draw a precise line between legitimate and objectionable excitement, but a practical answer can be found. In a given treatment, the proper thing is to consider children who may suffer unfavorable effects, rather than to consider only the most unexcitable youngsters.

Actually, this problem of excitement seldom comes alone. If a broadcast has to depend upon terrifying suspense, it usually will have other questionable features. The important thing is the underlying quality. The more ably a children's script is prepared and produced, the more genuine its appeal, the less it will try to inflame the child in order to hold his interest.

Another thing that children like is a story that involves conflict.

We know that conflict and opposition are vital to all drama, whether for children or adults. An easy way to meet this interest is to give the child nothing but crime. Of course, a child can hear about crime without thereby acquiring a motive for committing crime, but the usual "crime formula" has no place in a children's program.

There is not much good to be learned from sham battles with criminals. On the contrary, it may be quite unwholesome constantly to emphasize vice, to advertise the techniques of crime and tacitly to convey the impression that the way to be a hero or to get a thrill is either to chase a crook or to be one.

Again, in solving this crime problem, the important thing is the basic content of the program and the general formula on which it is built. In a well-written serial for children, conflict and opposition will enter into the story, just as will other issues and themes. It will not be built merely upon suspicion and vindictiveness, but will give play to a wide range of human feeling. Although there may be crime in a genuine drama, the most valid forms of opposition will not be found in the antics of criminals.

The policies of the Columbia Broadcasting System deal in definite terms with the matters of excitement and crime in children's programs. These policies set forth standards for worthwhile entertainment for children. On the negative side, the policies list several treatments and dramatic themes that are not permitted in children's sketches broadcast over the Columbia System. This list includes, among other things, materials that glorify crime and materials that are likely to produce "harmful nervous reactions."

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When we look once more at our hypothetical child, we notice that he spends his time on many things that don't interest grown-ups. In like manner, he may enjoy a radio program which to his parents seems utterly inane. Here we may note that one of the most frequent criticisms of children's programs is that they are trashy, cheap, artificial and absurd. When this criticism is made, it should be remembered that a thing may not suit adult needs and still be suitable for children. When a boy gets a pair of pants that are just right for him, do we object if they don't also happen to fit his father? This point is often overlooked when criticisms are made. But it can also be abused. If a child is not as wise as he might be, and is somewhat indiscriminating in his tastes, this does not mean that we should ply him with humbug.

Columbia's policies deal also with this matter. It is recognized that it is sometimes difficult to define in words the difference between artificial and genuine dramatic treatment, nor is it easy "to capture in definition the fine distinctions between the pure fantasy which comprises some of the world's greatest literature for children and the fantastic distortions of realities." But nonetheless, the differences between these forms of treatment become rather obvious when the two are compared side by side.

If a program is based on fantasy, legend, or fairy tale themes, let it be true to its pattern. If it purports to deal with real events, let it be substantially true to its setting, even though it is fictional in timing and detail. If it dramatizes a literary classic, let it reproduce some of the qualities that made the story a classic, rather than select only the spiciest parts.

To be authentic, a story need not reproduce all the plodding details of everyday life, but it cannot be made authentic simply by patching a few items of truth on an unsound structure. If a program is artistic in its treatment of fantasy, or gives a genuine treatment of historical or contemporary events, it also has cultural values, even though it frankly is meant to entertain and not to teach.

We know, of course, that past generations of children have survived dime novels, mystery thrillers, comic strips, bizarre movies and all manner of things. They undoubtedly also could survive a trashy radio program. But the same children have also enjoyed stories that are literary classics, and stories that grow out of genuine backgrounds of adventure, travel, history, nature lore and other things.

A radio story which is grounded on knowledge or sincere fantasy can give a child all that he gets from a dime novel, and much more besides. Likewise, a hero with genuine qualities can be as interesting as a trumped-up hero who works wonders by hocus-pocus.

It must also be remembered that children's broadcasts seldom

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come singly. Let one be trashy and trade upon a child's ignorance and you have thereby lowered the standards for all. You also make it harder for a worth-while program to succeed.

The principle that a children's program should be valid to a reasonable degree, and show real understanding of the situations with which it deals, seems so obvious; yet it presents the biggest problem in promoting good programs.

Just by way of illustration here, let me mention the serial, "Wilderness Road," as it was produced on the Columbia System a year or so ago. This sketch, which rapidly gained in popularity, was rich in adventure. It was a moving drama dealing with Daniel Boone and other pioneers in the early history of our country. In its preparation, historical documents, museums and other sources of information were consulted, and one of the writers traveled through the very parts of the country through which the pioneers had made their way. These authentic features, coupled with shrewd character portrayal, gave the story a genuine flavor, even though much of the action and many of the characters were fictitious.

The principle of good workmanship, both in the writing and in the production of a program, covers also the matter of grammar and diction. Bad grammar and poor diction obviously are open to criticism if simply dragged in for artificial effect. A well-rounded production will, however, present people pretty much as they are, and will not portray all manner of persons as purists in their speech.

A pressing problem in some homes is that children want to listen to the radio when parents feel that they should be doing something else. Behind this there sometimes is a conviction that what the child listens to is not worth his time. To the extent that this is true, it is only natural that parents should resent the extra problem which radio brings to the home. It is the broadcaster's responsibility to supply children's programs that are worth while. Broadcasters cannot, of course, go beyond this to decide how much time a child should spend at the radio. Sometimes the difficulty is caused by children's interest in adult broadcasts. Here, of course, there is likewise a limit to what the broadcasters can do, for the audience would object if everything broadcast during the day or night were planned solely from the point of view of children.

My comments have dealt mainly with dramatic sketches, since these, in the past, have presented the biggest problem. In closing let me say that co-operation from parents can help in promoting good entertainment for children. Comments and criticisms will be most helpful if they deal with individual programs—not with programs in general. A general criticism or resolution, aimed alike at sinners and saints, is not the most effective, just as

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it seldom helps to boil over and give one big, general spanking to all the youngsters in a large family. When children's programs are treated on an individual basis, we sometimes discover interesting things. Opinions based on little snatches of listening often change when we learn to know a program better. We may discover that a program, which previously seemed bad, really is doing a good, sincere job; and that another, far from being the little gem we had thought, actually falls rather flat and is not at all adapted to children.

When we appraise individual programs, not from the point of view of adult preferences or the tastes of exceptional children, but from the point of view of the large child audience, we can also be most constructive. Co-operation along this line would not only be helpful but would be welcomed by all concerned with broadcasts to children.

About two years ago Mr. Edward Murrow, then Director of Columbia's Department of Talks, prepared a useful booklet on the subject of the radio talk. It was a very practical piece of work and I am going to include now its most instructive sections:

Radio is a peculiar sort of social medium; probably more powerful and more intimate than any other system of mass communication in history. Its microphone serves as a direct individual contact between speaker and listener. But the technique of speaking into a microphone is different from that of any other means of communication. It is essentially the art of being personal. A radio speech is usually heard by millions of listeners. But these listeners are never part of an audience. They have only you, as a speaker, in their living room. If you give them something they want to hear, something of importance to their lives, they become your friends.

Listeners are chiefly interested in themselves. They are as you are. Your problem is to make them feel your own fear or anger or comfort. They become your friends simply and solely because you make them see and feel as you do. You become part of their everyday lives.

Composing Your Talk

Before you start to write, you may find it useful to "talk out" your ideas to one person. Watch this friend of yours. When he begins to wiggle in the chair, or cross and recross legs, it is high time for you to stop talking—or else to revise your approach. Few speakers can hold a radio audience more than fifteen minutes. A very small number can hold interest for half an hour. A rare individual now and then can maintain interest for an hour.

You hold or lose your listener in the first minute or two.

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You must secure attention at once. Then let your friend travel along with you in search for the answer to your proposition. You keep him "on his toes" by building experience on experience. The very weight of your remarks keeps him attentive for what is coming next. Then you summarize these facts in an appeal to the motives that will make him act: pride, pleasure, safety, security, justice, and so on.

Then stop! Always stop before your friend wants you to!

Writing Your Talk

When you have tried out your ideas on a listener, then sit down at your desk and put your thoughts in writing. People like best a simple, readily understood vocabulary. This should be used in sentences short and to the point, without elaborate phrases or clauses. Formal literary speech is to be avoided. English as it is used orally in well-bred groups everywhere is the ideal.

Some speakers find it helpful to set an arbitrary limit of, say, twenty words on their sentences. They exceed this only when a longer sentence seems clearer than a shorter one. Other speakers limit the sort of words they use; they avoid literary words like "domicile," if a common-speech word like "home" can be substituted. Still others may try to attain the same end by a somewhat different discipline: by trying, for instance, to avoid words of more than three syllables. It is not possible to establish any iron-clad rule of this sort, or create any formulas. The dynamic speaker can successfully break all of them. The important thing is terse simplicity and clarity.

In making your subject interesting, you will want to develop it in terms that everyone will find familiar. Human interest stories and narrative as illustration, and references to events and things familiar in our everyday experience, help make a radio talk vital. As a guide in avoiding abstractions, some speakers find helpful the device of putting their thoughts in concrete terms of things that one can touch, taste, smell, hear, or see. As one commentator phrased it: "Inflation, as an economic term, means little to people; as pork chops at a dollar a pound it means a lot."

Timing Your Talk

Ever important in broadcasting operations is "time." A stop watch is used in timing programs, and even the fraction of a second counts. The actual time of a fifteen-minute program is fourteen minutes and thirty seconds; of a thirty-minute program, twenty-nine minutes and thirty seconds—the thirty seconds being used in each instance for technical network and station operation. Please remember, also, the announcer's introduction and conclusion generally require one minute—reducing the actual speaking to thirteen and one-half minutes for a fifteen-minute program.

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The time occupied by your own talk must exactly fill the assigned broadcasting period, less the ninety seconds required for announcements and switchover. Hence you will wish carefully to time your manuscript in advance.

Some speakers deliver as few as 125 words a minute, others as many as 250. Too slow a delivery may make an audience restive; too fast a delivery may be difficult to follow. By rehearsing at home, you determine the rate of delivery you wish to adopt for a particular manuscript. Then you time the manuscript page by page. A method used by some speakers is to write at the bottom of each page the number of minutes and seconds remaining for the delivery of the following pages. Then, during actual delivery before the microphone, you can refer occasionally to a watch, or glance at the ever-accurate studio clock, and make certain your correct rate of delivery is being maintained.

The Use of the Voice

The human voice is a compound instrument. Comparable with it in construction and sound production are some of the units of a pipe organ. The sounds of the voice are produced by a set of vibrating reeds which are called the vocal cords, in combination with a resonating pipe containing three modifying air cavities in the throat and head. The whole instrument is actuated by a human air chamber—the lungs.

The proper use of the voice is indicated when we consider it thus as an air-controlled instrument. The muscular control required for the change of tension on the reedlike vocal cords is practically involuntary. All the muscles within and surrounding the instrument must be sensibly relaxed in order for the voice to function properly—in either speech or song. This is of the utmost importance.

The all-too-common bad vocal production is due to the unnatural strain put upon the muscles of the throat and mouth and upper part of the chest. The result is distressing. The sounds produced are flat, choked, strident, nasal, sharp, and hard, because the tone-producing cavities are pinched and half closed by unnecessary muscular effort.

The first rules on the use of the voice, therefore, will be as follows: Relax the throat. Keep the muscles of the jaw and mouth at ease. Let all the resonant cavities around and above the vocal cords be open and comfortable. That is their natural condition for natural speech.

Vocal production will then be properly accomplished. The voice will be clear and strong, round and mellow. If at the same time the tongue and palate, lips and teeth have been trained to effortless articulation, the speech will be natural, precise, and pleasing.

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Proper voice production is more important in radio broadcasting than in conversation or platform address, because "on the air" the voice becomes the full medium of expression of the man. Radio and telephone engineers refer to a microphone in this instance as "a device for converting the energy of the sound waves which a speaker produces into electrical energy that has similar vibrational characteristics." The perfection of transmitting equipment has tended to the accomplishment of this with the greatest fidelity. The sound of the voice is translated into electrical energy and back into sound without distortion. Improperly produced voice sounds are therefore becoming more noticeable, faults in speech more apparent. The necessity for the improvement of vocal production is obvious.

Microphone Rehearsal

No matter how experienced or practiced a speaker or an artist may be, broadcasting companies always plan for a microphone rehearsal before he goes on the air.

When you arrive at the studio (this should always be at least twenty minutes before the scheduled broadcast) your voice will be tested over an open microphone. From this test of the condition of your voice, your proper distance from the microphone will be determined. Every effort is made to have your voice reach the listener in a natural, friendly, cordial tone.

The modern microphone is impartial. It catches every characteristic of a speaker's voice. In order to be in the best voice for important radio broadcasts, many radio speakers have records of their voices made before broadcasting, for careful study.

If any faults exist, rehearsal can help eliminate them and develop some of the necessary qualities: good enunciation, clear diction, careful pronunciation, pleasing tone or pitch, and charm.

At the Microphone

Some speakers find it helpful as they talk to picture, in their minds, a small group gathered around a radio. This group cannot see your gestures or your facial expressions. You must make it see, hear, and feel with your voice.

At the microphone the speaker should take the position and maintain the distance relative to it which have been indicated before the broadcast.

Breathing should be silent, deep, and deliberate.

The voice should be used at its normal pitch. The normal middle and lower registers are the most pleasant. A high-pitched voice sounds thin and ineffectual when used in radio address.

A variation in intensity is more desirable for emphasis than changes of volume. Sudden, unexpected changes in the voice

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volume make the sensitive microphone difficult for the engineer to handle.

The normal speaking level should be sustained to the completion of all sentences. The not uncommon habit of some speakers of letting their voices trail off at the end of sentences will make the listener's reception difficult.

Silence

The microphone which picks up your voice in the studios of the Columbia Broadcasting System is a very sensitive instrument. Its improvement from year to year only tends to make it more sensitive. The slightest sound—even one that may be inaudible to you—may be picked up by the microphone and amplified greatly in transmission.

Clearing one's throat, or coughing near the microphone, may be borne to the audience as the growl or roar of some hitherto unheard mammoth of the jungle.

And the rustling or crackling of pages of manuscript will sound to the listener like the ripping of a tin roof.

Thus one should never use a manuscript which is clipped together. As you finish each page, let it drop to the floor. This eliminates the shuffling and rustling.

For a brief period before you begin speaking, and after you have finished, the microphone may be open. It will pick up all sounds whether meant for the audience or not. During this whole period the microphone, its standard, and the cables leading to it, should in no way be touched.

The announcer or production man will notify you when the microphone has been turned off and your studio is definitely off the air.

Now to Summarize

Effective radio speakers realize that they hold or lose the listener in the first minute or two. Therefore, they make a point of doing these things:

Subject

They select a subject interesting, important, and vital to people.

They find out what interests people by asking those who really represent different sections of the radio audience—such as the businessman, the manufacturer, the scientist, the teacher, the young student, the man in the street, the laborer, the motorman, the clerk, and so on.

How They Write Their Speech

They write as they talk.

They make their talk alive with things of homely interest.

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They make their remarks short, terse, direct, and to the point.

They make their speech concrete and specific about a few points. They know that too many ideas confuse the listener.

They write their speech so as not to crowd the time allotted. They allow themselves ample time for emphasis, for using a free and easy manner without galloping to a finish.

They use simple, understandable words which every listener knows. They realize that it is unnecessary to impress on the listener that they know all the big words in the dictionary.

They avoid long, pedantic speeches.

They avoid statistics as they would the plague. If statistics are unavoidable, similes by word pictures are always best.

They avoid humor, unless they are qualified to use it. They know that it takes a natural humorist to tell a funny story.

They never make the direct statement that they are going to prove so and so. They know that this always makes a listener antagonistic.

Delivering the Speech

They approach the microphone as if they were discussing matters with a group of acquaintances.

They speak sincerely and convincingly.

They pace their talk as they would in face-to-face conversation. They always avail themselves of time for studio rehearsals at the broadcasting station.

They follow the meaning of their remarks, rather than the actual commas and periods.

They time their speech at rehearsal, and they carefully watch their time.

They leave their audience wanting more.

They broadcast as they talk, not as they read.

They do not clear their throats or cough when near a microphone. They have their manuscripts on loose sheets; never clipped together. They know that in this way they can drop each sheet to the floor as it is finished.

They never say anything for a few seconds before starting or after closing. They are conscious that the microphone might be open and might pick up such sounds.

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CHAPTER XXII

SPORTS CONTINUITIES

SPORTS broadcasts have always commanded wide attention in this country not only because most Americans like to play games and to see them played, but also because the quality of sports reporting by radio has achieved an exciting visuality of its own. The half dozen announcers on the nation's networks who have developed an extraordinary capacity to put into vivid English everything they are watching have made possible a nation-wide enjoyment of many hundreds of sporting events every year, events which otherwise would be witnessed only by a few people and which would be known to the general public only through newspaper accounts.

Since the actual broadcast reporting of an athletic contest is invariably an *ad lib* job, it may be wondered why the subject is given any attention here. The reason is simple: almost all sports broadcasts require a lot of preparation and much of this preparation is written work. Sports broadcasts go on the air several minutes before the event itself is ready to start and these preliminary moments are used by the announcer to describe the setting, to identify the contestants, to give the audience provocative data about records, previous performances, and the like—in other words the color which the present spectacle affords.

We are going to look at several of these prepared continuities. They will not require any comment here because they are simple, self-explanatory pieces of work. I think, however, that they can be studied as good examples of their own special types.

CONTINUITY FOR THE BELMONT STAKES, A COMBINATION OF PREPARED WRITING AND AD LIBBING

MEL ALLEN.—Good afternoon, Sports Fans!

This is Mel Allen speaking to you from the Belmont Park Oval, the largest race track in the world. A few minutes remain yet prior to post time and while your ace horse-racing commentator, Bryan Field, takes a peak through his field glasses at the horses and gets his broadcasting paraphernalia adjusted,

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permit us to tell you that the description of this race is a continuation of Columbia's extensive, exclusive nation-wide coverage of the New York season's turf activity at Jamaica, Belmont Park, Aqueduct, Empire City and Saratoga, a season which runs through the middle of October. All of these broadcasts of the New York Racing Season come to you under the sanction of the New York Radio Committee, which C. V. Whitney heads as chairman. The other members of the committee are George Bull, president of Saratoga; James Butler, head man at Empire City; John Kalton, chief at Aqueduct; Bryan Field, our commentator; Dr. Edward Kilroy, president of Jamaica, and Joseph E. Widener, leader here at Belmont. Getting back to the immediate business at hand, so to speak, the classic Belmont Stakes, the running of which marks the close of the 24-day Belmont Park Spring Meeting. This American counterpart of the English Derby was inaugurated in 1867 at Jerome Park. It ran there until 1890. From 1890 to 1905 the race was run at Morris Park and it wasn't until 1905 that Belmont became the locale of this renewal when H. P. Whitney's Tanya came under the wire first. The following season, incidentally, Mr. Whitney's Burgomaster was the winner. The race, the Belmont Stakes, wasn't run in 1911 and 1912. This race, which is rich in tradition, of course, being one of the most important three-year-old races in the land, boasts one of the greatest rosters of winners of any race in the country. Last year's winner was Glen Riddle's War Admiral, as many of you remember. Colin, Sir Barton, Man o' War, Grey Lag, Pillory, Zev, Crusader, Blue Larkspur, Twenty Grand, Gallant Fox, Omaha, and Granville are among the other winners, to mention a few of them.

Today, the name of Dauber is supposed to be added to this list of names according to popular sentiment, but our broadcaster, Bryan Field, will have more to say about that in a minute. This spring meeting at Belmont, incidentally, has been beset by plenty of disturbing weather. And we might tell you right now that it is raining again today. The rain started in about noon and it hasn't ceased. And of course plenty of raincoats are in evidence, including raincoats for the newsreel people and cameras. But now, ready to give you some information and to describe this historic classic renewal for you of Belmont Stakes is Bryan Field, master turf commentator, who has seen more than 15,000 races and has broadcast more than 250 of them, by far the largest number of any racing broadcaster. His years of training and experience and reporting horse racing for newspaper and radio have won for him nation-wide acclaim among turf followers as an authority. And here he is, Bryan Field—

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FIELD.—Hello there, ladies and gentlemen—thank you, Mel.

Ladies and gentlemen, Dauber is the big hero of this race, or we think he is going to be, as Mel has told you. But, whether or not he can run around the track, is the thing we are going to find out within the next ten minutes. This Belmont is a mile and a half—a race that tests all of the horses, all of the way. They are not running a short distance—they are running a final test of endurance to tell whether or not a true thoroughbred can carry his speed the full distance.

This inclement weather has not yet made the track slow or muddy. Despite the fact that it has been raining steadily, the strip at this place is such a remarkable one that it is still just going off a little from fast. For example, in the race prior to this one, there ran six furlongs in one twelve and a fifth. But to get into these details and these practicalities which we will do in a moment or two, let me say that it has always been our custom on Belmont Day—and this is Belmont Day—to bring you the voice of the president of the Park, Belmont Park, Joseph E. Widener. Unfortunately, the weather has kept him at his home in Philadelphia, but his son, Peter A. B. Widener, steward of the meeting, and functioning in the elder Mr. Widener's absence, will address you and give you the welcome which his father has for so long done. And now the next voice you will hear will be that of Peter A. B. Widener, II. Mr. Widener.

WIDENER.—I greet you all very cordially to Belmont Park, which is unsocially rainy today, to see the 70th running of our most historical race, which corresponds in every respect to the English Derby. And I wish you were all here to enjoy it with us.

FIELD.—Thank you, Peter, and before you leave I am wondering if you would venture a guess on the winner. We'll all take it as a guess.

WIDENER.—The favorite looks very logical. But my favorite is Jolly Tar, belonging to Mr. Walter Jeffords.

FIELD.—Thank you, sir! That was Mr. Peter A. B. Widener, II, ladies and gentlemen, son of Joseph E. Widener, the president of this Park, Belmont Park, and he has addressed you as his father has done for so many years.

And now back to our races, and I sincerely hope Mr. Widener's tip comes through, because I know that all of you love a long shot and that will give you a great deal more satisfaction than following a favorite home. Here, then, are the horses in the race, the weights, and the other facts, and you can deal with them as you please. In order of post position we have:

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Gentle Savage	J. H. Whitney
Magic Hour	O. Phipps
Cravat	Townsend B. Martin
Dauber	Foxcatcher Farms (That is, William Du Pont, Jr.)
Pasteurized	Mrs. W. Plunkett Stewart
Jolly Tar	Walter M. Jeffords

Since this is a race exclusively for colts and fillies, making no admission at all for geldings, since Belmont is devoted to the improvement of breed of horses, and colts and fillies do it, since these are the conditions, 126 pounds is carried by each horse. I presume you know that we have a scale of weights and this scale of weights is always adhered to at Belmont Park and at other racing grounds where the true tradition of the turf is adhered to.

The horses are:	The jockeys are:
Gentle Savage	Eddie Arcaro
Magic Hour	Johnny Longden
Cravat	Jackie Westrope
Dauber	Maurice Peters
Pasteurized	Jimmy Stout
Jolly Tar	Harry Richards

These horses are now in the paddock and we'll give you a preliminary line of them, pending which a late line will be brought to us as the horses go to the post. Here we go:

30 to 1 against	Gentle Savage
25 to 1 against	Magic Hour
4½ to 1 against	Cravat
1 to 3 against	Dauber (that means you must put up $3 to $1. That is how sure Dauber is considered by these 25,000 people who have come here today)
6 to 1	Pasteurized
20 to 1	Jolly Tar

That is your opening line and from that the prices will go up or down but I am pretty sure that Dauber's price will not alter a great deal because he is supposed to be a superior runner of the mud. And you know that he comes to us today from the Preakness which was run through deep slop. A sloppy track is one that is due to heavy rain and before the water has soaked down into the racing strip itself, when we consider it muddy. These fine distinctions perhaps some of you who are not initiates

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will laugh at. But actually these distinctions are terribly important because they alter the running ability of a thoroughbred.

In this Preakness when Dauber won so handsomely and so easily out of the clouds almost tumbling down, came Cravat, and Cravat is owned by the young man you heard on Columbia's radio last evening, Townsend B. Martin, who trained in Florida for what he thought was to be a long and successful campaign through the regular season—we call the regular season spring, summer and fall. Winter racing, while important and especially so in the last few years, is not really considered the normal time of the year to race horses. However, they do it and do it successfully you may be sure, especially at Hialeah Park, in Florida, where Cravat and Lawrin were both fitted and trained. Lawrin went on to win the Kentucky Derby and Cravat did not run in it at all. Prior to the Flamingo in Hialeah, Cravat was considered by Mr. Martin to have an excellent chance of beating Lawrin. As a matter of fact, he was much more favorite in the feature of prices against the Flamingo candidate than was Lawrin. He ran a race prior to it, however, in which he went to pieces or went sour, berserk, or sulked, or whatever these thoroughbreds do, they can't talk and they can't tell us, and subsequently he was retired by his young owner until the week prior to the Preakness when he ran a good tightener at Pimlico and then came back with that smashing second in the Preakness itself.

It is the opinion of a great many that if Dauber's colors are to be lowered this afternoon it will be by Cravat. This because Cravat showed every indication of being a stretch-running horse, won favor by running the long distance of a race such as the Belmont. The Preakness itself was a mile and $\frac{3}{16}$ths and this race is at a mile and a half or $\frac{8}{16}$ths.

Of course when we start saying nice things along that line about Cravat we have got to say them much more emphatically about Dauber. Because he certainly is one who has not only shown a liking for a route but has proved himself over it. He too raced in the winter, but in Santa Anita, that remarkable racing ground in southern California and they are about to start a new remarkable track in southern California. You probably know about it. It is to be a summer track at Hollywood, called the Hollywood Turf Club at Englewood and there the Warner Brothers are doing something which will rival Santa Anita. In any event it is in southern California that Dauber left to come to us here in the East. He ran second in that remarkable race, second to Stagehand in that Santa Anita Darby—I call that one Darby, I hope you notice, because the Kentucky Derby is Darby as the English pronounce it for that is the way the Derby was christened even though the other ones were

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christened by Americans and we have derbies to me . . . in any event there Dauber proved himself and then in Kentucky he was running right with Lawrin and ran second again. He came into his own at the Preakness and won and won away off, with Lawrin absent because he was ineligible. Lawrin also is ineligible to this race because the Belmont Stakes is the kind of race in which a horse must be named or nominated long before the running itself. For example, these horses were named as weaninglings.

And now to deal with some of these horses specifically other than Dauber and Cravat. Here is a later line and we'll see how any of these prices have changed if they have changed at all.

Gentle Savage, Jock Whitney's horse, which by the way was running as a work mate for Sea Biscuit a week or two ago, is 40 to 1. Magic Hour is 30 to 1; Cravat is up in the betting to 6 to 1; Dauber who was steady at 1 to 3 or 2 to 5, a slight flagellation; Pasteurized is up to 7 and Jolly Tar is 25. Well, in other words what we have here is a jumble loosening up out of the book. The Magic Hour horse which I called you at 30 you can make 50 on him. I presume you know that New York is the state which has competitive betting instead of mutuel betting and therefore if you see one man's odds at such a betting and you don't like them, you go next door and get the higher rate if it is there. Of course if it isn't there you are out of luck. But there is competition between these bookmakers for your business and thus they will give you longer prices than their rivals or their competitors to induce you to bet with them. And if you want to shop around a little on Jolly Tar you can get 30 or possibly 40 to 1. This then is a pretty keen line on what is happening down in that ring right at this moment and these horses are in the paddock and about to be saddled.

Now, before we leave preliminary chatter about these horses, let us deal with War Admiral. You know we suffered, all of us, a grievous disappointment last week when War Admiral did not go to post. War Admiral is last year's winner here in this Belmont Stakes and a marvelous job he did. And we always have considered that War Admiral was the type of horse that could go in any type of footing—wet or dry, mud or fast, anything else, War Admiral could handle it. And the explanation offered but none too definitely offered last week was that he was scratched from the Suburban that Snark won in such remarkable time because the track was unconditioned. In any event we hope to have the opportunity of broadcasting to you War Admiral's race on Monday, the day after tomorrow. This is the final day of the Belmont meeting and Monday will be the first day of the Queens County Jockey Club's meeting at Aqueduct. The featured race on that day will be the Queens County

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Handicap and for it War Admiral has been named. But this afternoon Trainer George Conway put in the entry and said: "If the track is off War Admiral will not go!" I am so particular to make this quotation because of the disappointment of last week which was primarily due to the fact that thousands and thousands of persons came to Belmont Park to see War Admiral alone. When he did not appear, many thought the association was guilty of deception in billing him as a starter when he was never intended to start. This, however, was not the case and all sorts of explanations were made to get the facts before the public, showing clearly that the responsibility for the withdrawing of War Admiral rested solely with Glen Riddle's stables. And now today we have this good news that if and when War Admiral will go to the post on Monday in the Queens County Handicap it is conditional upon the track is being good. In other words, the expression in racing, if the track is off, meaning that if the track is other than at its best. For example this very track before us today you might consider an off track. That is not because it is slow or muddy but it is not at its finest or its fastest. However, every detail has been followed by the management to make this track at its best and fastest but none of us can do anything about the weather. We wish we could. Can you hear that bugle?

Bugle

He had sort of a bubble in his voice there, didn't he, Ernest, did you hear it? Ha ha—Ernest is our engineer and he knows what you do because he can tell by those decibel markers on his machinery whether you can hear or not hear. That bugle call was the call to the post for the 70th Belmont. This horse race antedates all others except the Travers, which was run in '64 and this was first run in '67. And here they come—Red Coat Murray heavily swathed in raincoat and in a sailor on his lead pony, then comes Gentle Savage, Magic Hour, Cravat, and then the favorite, and he looks very fit indeed, a light chestnut, wearing speedy cupped bandages on his rear legs, which are usually put on by the trainer in going like this when he thinks there might be some danger of the horse nicking himself as he goes full slap past the others in this ride. He too is wearing blinkers and Pasteurized, Mrs. Stewart's horse, another chestnut but not quite so light in color as Dauber, comes past without blinkers and finally Jolly Tar, who is, by the way, a son of Man o' War from Tavee and he is last with no blinkers and no bandages. In other words these horses are out now ready for this race and the detail I have given you about the ankles of Dauber is merely really the loving touch of a trainer to be sure that a great classic like this shall not take any toll of injury from his horse.

These horses are now going down the track, parading before

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twenty or twenty-five thousand persons, most of whom are out on the lawn so that they can see what is what. These horses are given warm-up gallops. First to go way and down the track is Magic Hour. It might intrigue you fellows to know that the owner of Magic Hour and Townsend Martin are cousins and being cousins they have the same intense rivalry between them that fellows as brothers frequently do. They are always bickering and quarreling but let anyone else butt in there on that family quarrel and those two brothers will join up and battle the invader. Well, so it is with these two cousins—very intense rivals on the turf, and I can tell you that the other night Mr. Martin called up Mr. Phipps and offered to bet him horse for horse, "I don't know who is going to win this $50,000 Belmont Stakes but I think I can beat you." And the other fellow said, "You cannot. I can beat you." So anyway whether they came to a bet on it I am not at liberty to tell you about it; that is their affair. But they tried to make a deal between them and I'm interested to see whether Cravat beats Magic Hour or not. For regardless of all things I have said to you, that long shot has just as good a chance to win this race as Cravat.

And now the horses are coming back from their warm up. Tommy Cassidy is sending his crew of assistants and aides on the track, to take each horse. There is one man assigned to each horse. And the first one in is Magic Hour. Then comes Gentle Savage all by himself; Cravat, Dauber are brought up next to the line and the fourth one being brought to the starting gate is Jolly Tar. The start will be made at the mile and a half mark directly in front of us. They'll run around this track once. There goes Cravat, Pasteurized, and Dauber in and the rest are now waiting for Jolly Tar. Jolly Tar is in—they may start at any moment—but no, Dauber backs off a little. Cassidy is on the alert, he sees that and waits—they are waiting for Dauber, the favorite. And now Jolly Tar is out again and being swung behind the gate—Dauber is still out of position himself and is being brought around. They are in, those two now—Magic Hour breaks it up—Gentle Savage is standing best of all. Jolly Tar lunges through the gate. The favorite Dauber is in now—AND THEY'RE OFF!

Ad Lib Description of the Race

Pasteurized by a neck! Dauber by a half length! Cravat by five; Jolly Tar by five; Magic Hour by five and Gentle Savage. And so you see they still have got to run around that track. The winner, Mrs. W. Plunkett Stewart's Pasteurized. This is a chestnut colt by Milkman. And they are going to have a photo finish. I presume you know that we have a photo finish at this

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race track. And one is going to be taken on this race because it was a tight one. It wasn't at all tight to most, certainly not to the placing gentlemen, or judges. Some of them are to us all of course, as for example Snark last week, because Snark was such a far runner and then came up. But this one is not anything the judges are disturbed about. They know who won it and so do I and so do you. Pasteurized won it. The photo is a mere formality because the margin was so great—the margin of the neck or half a length and Cravat was third. The time of the race is being posted. There aren't any numbers and of course it will be some minutes before we get the official approval from the stewards. However, it might interest you to know that the time of the winner 2.29⅖ for the mile and the half compares with the 2.28⅗ which War Admiral took to run last year. And last year when War Admiral ran in 2.28⅗ he set a new track record for a mile and a half breaking his own sire's mile and a half record. I mean he broke Man o' War's track record when he won last year, I mean War Admiral. Therefore this time today of 2.29⅖ is very worthy indeed. For example it is faster than Granville made, or Omaha. And there go the numbers. The winner, Pasteurized; the second horse, Dauber; the third horse, Cravat; the fourth horse, Jolly Tar. This race is not yet official and perhaps you'd like to hear what is going on down in the unsaddling enclosure, the tanbark space on the track level—we're on the roof, you know. And it is into this enclosure that Pasteurized is being brought. His jockey is grinning, the horse is all broken out, that is to say sweating, and the great trophy which goes with the victory with the Belmont resting on the table for Mrs. Plunkett Stewart's stables to see and take.

For those of you who follow racing you know Mrs. Stewart's aim to try long and ably for a good horse. And she has succeeded none too well. I think her greatest victory prior to today of course was in the coaching class American Oaks. And this is the way racing goes. They must pour money year in and year out into this game and still not get a champion. Many, many men and women have got it. So here today, I am sure, we all rejoice that this woman who has been more devoted to the thoroughbred than many whose names are far more familiar to you should finally get a good colt. Because the test of a good horse is not how he looks, how he measures, how he weighs, or his blood lines. The test of a good horse is whether or not he can run and win.

Down from the stand now, everything is below us you know, comes Mrs. W. Plunkett Stewart and with her is young August Belmont IV. They have got to go far around to the lane to the end of the unsaddling enclosure and with Mrs. Stewart and

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young August Belmont IV is C. V. Whitney, Jr., the first vice-president of the Belmont Park who is pinch-hitting as senior officer in the absence of Mr. Joseph Widener. Mrs. Stewart is laughing and as the horse comes out she takes the bridle and looks at her white gloves and decides that she is going to take the horse by the head regardless of them. I think Mr. Belmont nudged her elbow and called her attention to her gloves—the horse is all asweat—but she grasped the bridle nevertheless and is leading him in. This is a traditional detail which is always done and I sincerely hope that nothing will go on to ruin this beautiful picture because a foul has been claimed.

A foul has been lodged against the winner. In other words, the possibility of Pasteurized's being disqualified exists. I think we can go on with our conversation because what transpired here was that Pasteurized went wide. He was tiring, as all horses will and do at the end of a mile and a half, and went very wide indeed. Cravat came in on the rail and had nothing to do with the two in front but Dauber, who was on the outside of Pasteurized, may have been carried wider by reason of the fact that Pasteurized was slanting outward and thus wider and wider as he drove to the finish line. Whether or not the stewards will consider this sufficient provocation to alter the placing remains to be seen. None know this but the three stewards and they are debating it now with the jockeys concerned. In the meantime we cast our eyes down into the enclosure where we left you last and tell you what's going on now. Mrs. Stewart is shaking hands with George Odem, the trainer of Pasteurized—he trains her horses as well as those of Marshall Field, Robert Gerry and many others—and now everything is suspended. I hope you see the significance of this. If the horse is disqualified, it will not be Mrs. Stewart who will get the handsome cup nor the horse who goes on the famous roster of winners, but some other horse. This matter of disqualification is something I think you should hear a bit about. Racing, which is very careful about any breath of suspicion raised against it, by reason of the fact that so many are quick to believe the wrong thing, has a particular and extraordinary method of adhering to rules, rules that are so strict that they almost stand up straight leaning backwards. There are many racetracks where they fear to disqualify in their big races, where they merely fine the jockeys for 30 days, as we have done in the Kentucky Derby of 1933, or where they merely are fined, and so on. But they do not alter the placing, presumably because this would mar the occasion. I assure you that winners of the Belmont have been disqualified before and will be again if they go against the rules of racing. The whole question is very largely one of deliberation. It is like

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murder. If you deliberate, you are guilty of murder of the first degree. If it is just hot blood, you are guilty only of hot blood. Hope you won't think I am a lawyer, I am not. But there is a big question involved here, of intent and if this horse went wide under stress of circumstances, he is to have that taken into consideration. But if he interfered with the second horse and stopped that second horse's winning chance, then regardless of intent, regardless of deliberation or the lack of it, the first horse must be disqualified. In other words, it is no equivocation as to whether or not it is a great day, or a fine occasion or who is feeling fit, we have got to stick to the rules. And so today, that will be done. Personally I would not like to hazard a guess as to whether or not Pasteurized's name will be taken down. Personally, if I did give you one and the thing went to the contrary, a lot of you fellows would write letters to the stewards and say, "Here is this fellow Bryan Field, who is supposed to know everything at least he talks that way, and that isn't the case as you of course know, and by golly he thinks so and so." Well, I am not going to take a guess. There goes the red number, men, the red line and red number stand as called. Pasteurized is the winner. This chestnut colt by Milkman out of Pete. The second horse is Dauber, the third horse is Cravat, the fourth horse is Jolly Tar. The time is 2.29⅗. And we can now take you back to the ring where dozens of photographers are massing around George Odem and Mrs. Stewart and the others for the presentation of the cup by August Belmont IV.

It's an official race—we have nothing more to say except that this nice gesture is going on down in the ring. August Belmont IV is presenting the cup. The rider and the horse have gone. And, Mel, I don't think we ought to intrude on anyone else's time.

ALLEN.—Thank you, Bryan. We do have a little time though in which we might give to our listeners the results of some of the earlier races in case they are interested or placed some bets along the line.

First Race: Purse $1,000, five furlongs.

Capulet	First place
Supreme Speed	Second place
Major Minor	Third place

Second Race: Twenty-third running of the Meadowbrook Steeplechase Handicap, $1,500 added for four-year-olds.

Rioter	First place
Sailor Beware	Second place
Little Marty	Third place

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Third Race: National Stallion Stakes, $4,000 added. Two-year-olds, five furlongs.

Donita M	First place
Third Degree	Second place
Entracte	Third place

Fourth Race: Purse, $1,000. Chance shot for three-year-olds in Class C.

Pagliacci	First place
Suntime	Second place
Spring Meadow	Third place

And that brings you up to the running of the Belmont which Bryan Field described to you just a moment ago.

Incidentally, before we leave you, ladies and gentlemen, on Monday Columbia will transplant its microphones to Aqueduct to bring you the feature of Aqueduct's opening day, the feature race that day being known as the Queens County Handicap, run over a distance of a mile. It should be quite a great renewal too. Snark, the sensational winner of the Suburban Handicap from the Wheatley Stables of a week ago which was described to you over these microphones will be entered. He at least is eligible for the race. Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons is the trainer and has been giving Snark quite a workout and he says he is ready for the race.

And as Bryan Field told you, War Admiral is eligible and may be sent to the post. Other eligibles for the Queens County Handicap on Monday which opens the season at Aqueduct are Deliberator, who is from the Everglades Stable, Aneroid, Danger Point, whom you might remember won the Metropolitan Handicap, Moonside, Rudie, Grand Slam, Conqueror, Rex Flag and Mythical King. Now all of these horses are eligible but that doesn't mean necessarily that they will run in the race on Monday. But, perhaps, we might see them all in there. This afternoon, for those of you who may have tuned in a little late, Bryan Field described for you the 70th running of the renewal of the Belmont Stakes, the American counterpart of the English Derby and it was won by Pasteurized. And that is all we have for you from Belmont this afternoon. Remember to tune in on Monday afternoon when Columbia will again bring to the nation exclusively the opening day feature at Aqueduct. This is Melvin Allen speaking for Columbia's Department of Sports and bidding you a very pleasant afternoon.

THIS IS THE COLUMBIA . . . BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

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A Good Example of the Sports Résumé

U. S. Announcer.—In connection with the Wimbledon championship tennis matches being played this week and next, the Columbia Network brings you the first of five transatlantic broadcasts covering the high lights of this latest sports event. Our reporter is William Tilden, internationally known tennis star, who will at this time bring you a summary of the first week's play from the famous English tennis center. For this broadcast we take you now to Wimbledon, England.

Tilden.—Hello, America. This is Bill Tilden speaking from the center court at Wimbledon on the close of the first week of play of the great championships. On the court before me as I speak to you, H. W. Austin of England is playing Gene Mako of the United States. The score is eight games to seven in favor of Austin in the third set, and the score is deuce, Mako having just saved a point set against him. The sets are one each. However, as the match is being played, I will tell you something of the week that has just passed.

The men's singles have reached the round of eight. In the round of eight at the present time, we find Max Ellmer of Switzerland; Henkel of Germany; Hecht of Czechoslovakia; Kukuljevic of Yugoslavia; Menzel of Czechoslovakia; Cejnar of Czechoslovakia; and Budge of the United States.

Just as I have reached this point, Austin has won the third set and now leads by two sets to one over Mako.

The play of the men's events throughout the week has produced comparatively few great matches, a great many rather exciting matches, but in the main, the field is so dominated by Donald Budge that most of the interest is centered in the woman's singles rather than the men's.

Budge has played sound, excellent tennis throughout the entire week. He has yet to drop a set and I would not be at all surprised if, for the first time in tennis history, Budge won the championship this year without dropping a set throughout the entire event. So far, he has only once been carried to deuce and that was when George Rogers parried him for the 7-5 set. No, I beg your pardon, Millington also forced him to a 7-5 set in the first round.

However, the women's events are quite another story. They have not yet gotten in to the round of eight in the women's events. Only Mrs. Helen Wills Moody has reached there and she reached the round of eight today in a very brilliant and exciting match against Mrs. Miller, the former Bobbie Heinie of South Africa, who has returned to the courts after a layoff from championship tennis of nine years. Mrs. Miller played exceptionally fine tennis today. Her tactics and her court covering

in the early stages of the match were really magnificent. In the early part of the match, it looked as if Mrs. Miller was coming home a victor. She went to 5-1 in the first set, but Mrs. Moody cost Mrs. Miller so much effort to reach the 5-1 that Mrs. Miller's defense began to weaken, and in a magnificent burst of driving in which she very materially increased her speed when facing defeat, Mrs. Moody finally won the set eight games to six. It was a brilliant performance by Mrs. Moody and showed once more the great courage of the famous American player.

The second sets of the match between Mrs. Moody and Mrs. Miller were somewhat on the reverse. Mrs. Moody went into the lead at the beginning, which she held up to 5-2, and it looked at that point as if Mrs. Miller was practically on a point of collapse from exhaustion. But with defeat staring in her face, the South African pulled herself together and scored two successive games by brilliant attacking. Just at the point when it looked as if she might bring the score to five games all, which, had she done so, might have resulted in a set to her and then anybody's match, Mrs. Moody brought Mrs. Miller to the net and on two successive points put up lobs, neither one of which were particularly good, and on each lob Mrs. Miller, I think largely from fatigue, overdrove the sidelines with the result that Mrs. Moody won the match 8-6; 6-4.

Miss Helen Jacobs reached the round of sixteen, where she will meet Miss Peggy Scriven, by a magnificent victory over Miss Freda James of England, by the score of 6-4; 6-3. It was a notable achievement from two standpoints: first, the fact that Miss Jacobs was playing under the handicap of her recent illness and although very much better, had not entirely reached her most perfect condition; the second thing is that Miss James, who had proved herself very dangerous in the past to many great players, was playing very close to the top of her form today. But Miss Jacobs's new forehand drive, coupled with her chop, proved a little bit too strong an offensive for Miss James to handle well. Throughout the first set, in which I felt that Miss Jacobs possibly was chopping too much, Miss James was always dangerous, and on the last game of the set, with Miss Jacobs serving 5-4, a terrifically long game took place which was only won in the final analysis by the greater power of Miss Jacobs's forehand. With the opening of the second set, Miss Jacobs forsook her chop stroke, settled on her drive and completely outclassed Miss James in all departments of the game. Today Miss Jacobs is coming to the net and volleying with great success, while overhead she was remarkably severe. It was a very impressive performance by Miss Jacobs and puts her right in the line for one of the favorites for the title.

The score at the present moment on the center court is one

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game to Mako in the fourth set and vantage point to him, with Austin serving, in the second game.

In the early rounds of the tournament, there were several interesting events from the standpoint of the United States. Young Owen Anderson carried Puncec, one of the seeded players of Yugoslavia, and who is now in the round of eight, to a bitter five-set match which Puncec only managed to win six games to four, and I might say that a very lucky net court shot gave Puncec the five-three score when it might very well have been four-all in the fifth set.

In the women's events both Dorothy Bundy and Sarah Palfrey Fabyan are still in the running, along with Alice Marble, Helen Jacobs and Helen Moody. As it turns out, Miss Bundy plays Mrs. Fabyan in the next round and I think we're going to see quite a bit of fur fly in that one, because I think Miss Bundy is very anxious to prove that she might very well have played the third single in the Wightman Cup instead of Mrs. Fabyan, while on the other hand, I'm sure that Mrs. Fabyan will want to justify her selection by defeating Miss Bundy.

Miss Marble is, I would say, playing as fine tennis throughout the first week of this tournament as she has ever played in her life. She has played comparatively few matches, having had a bye and one daily singles match. But I saw her in action yesterday in the mixed doubles with Donald Budge and she looked to me as if throughout the entire match, her service, forehand and volleying were at her very best.

I would say, having watched Mrs. Moody in all of her matches in the tournament, that so far she has not been terrifically impressive as regards her form. It is rather the calm courage of Mrs. Moody in moments of stress, more than anything else, which is impressive. On the center court Mrs. Moody seems not only perfectly at home, but supremely confident of her ability to get out of any difficult position in which she is placed. As I have watched her, not only in this tournament, but in the Wightman Cup and several of her other matches in smaller tournaments, I have been impressed with the fact that her stamina and ability to carry on at top speed for a long period of time are no longer what they were in the past. She no longer seems to be willing nor able to sustain the terrific strain of hard-hitting games which used to feature her play. Today she attempts, I would say, to win the first set as rapidly as possible and using most of her terrific hitting during the early stages of the first set. She sets out with a commanding lead. Unfortunately, at the present time, most of the girls she is playing recognize this fact and set out to make her run as far as possible, at any cost. So far, they have been rather successful. Against Mrs. Hopman, Mrs. Moody commanded the first set,

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but was forced to go so far that she faced a serious position in the second set. The following day against Mrs. Glover she again got off to a fine lead in the first set, but found herself in some difficulty again, being pushed rather far in the second set.

As it was today, against Mrs. Miller, it proved to be the reverse in the fact that Mrs. Miller got away to the early start. But even so, I noticed that Mrs. Moody is no longer hitting in the second set as she hits in the first set. However, I see no signs of fear on her part of her ability to meet the most critical challenge. I would say that Mrs. Moody is rather confident of her ability to come through and win in the critical moments of any match which she has to play.

I wish to come back for a moment to the match which is now on the court, because Mako is leading Austin four games to none in the fourth set, Austin leading two sets to one, but Austin gives every appearance of being extremely tired. I might say that yesterday Austin was presented by his wife with a baby daughter and I am rather convinced that Mr. Austin's mind at the present time is at home rather than on this court. But even so, he is making a gallant fight, although I have a feeling that we might see a great upset and Mako is going to score the first outstanding surprise of the tournament.

Getting back to further play over the week, the men's doubles are rather overshadowed by Budge and Mako. It has not gone far enough yet to really judge the tournaments. There has been enough rain this week to put the tournaments a little behind schedule, but on the playing to date, it's every indication that Mako and Budge are going to go through the tournament without serious difficulty. It is possible that Hecht and Menzel may cause some trouble. They're the outstanding team on the other side, and their next match, which they will play in the third or fourth round of the tournament against Borotra and Brugnon, will be the other most serious test in the doubles. Borotra and Brugnon yesterday won a sensational match from Kho Sin Kie, the Chinese star, and George Rogers, the Irish giant, in five terrific sets. The French team won the first set comparatively easily at 6-2. They won an enormous second set by the score of 16-14 games, at the end of which time Borotra, who was not completely recovered from his accident at San Moritz of the injured knee, skinned knee, showed definite signs of distress. Brugnon was also weaker, and the combination of the East and the West, Kho Sin Kie and Rogers, won the next two sets. At the opening of the fourth set, there was every indication that the combination of the East and West would win, but the French had quite a bit up their sleeves, but they came through and won the final set.

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At the present moment the score on the center court is five games for Mako, 40-30 in favor of Austin, and the fifth—set point—I must return you once more to the United States.

This is Bill Tilden signing off from the center court at Wimbledon, England.

U. S. ANNOUNCER.—You have been listening to a special transatlantic broadcast from Wimbledon, England, in which William Tilden, internationally known tennis star, summarized the events of the first week's play in the championship tennis matches. This was the first of five broadcasts which Columbia is bringing you covering high lights of this major sports event. The next four broadcasts will be presented next Friday and Saturday, July 1st and 2nd, beginning Friday morning at eleven o'clock, E.D.S.T., when Bill Tilden will describe the play in the women's finals. Further broadcast of the Wimbledon matches will be announced at that time.

A HYBRID CONTINUITY, PREPARED WRITING PLUS AD LIB INTERVIEW

ANNOUNCER.—The driver at pole position is still in first place; his car is number 23. He is followed by Kelly Petillo who won in 1935, and by Wilbur Shaw in 1937—Wilbur Shaw was last year's winner. Those are the first three, and now here they come —the next seven: Jimmy Snyder, Chet Miller and Chuck Gardner are one lap behind Roberts, Petillo and Shaw. Louis Tomey, Ronny Householder, Tony Gulotta, and Frank Wearne are two laps behind. There are the standings. Now, a few of the figures: The 200 miles: Floyd Roberts moved into first place with a new track record. This will give you an indication of the speed that is being traveled around this two-and-a-half mile brick oval this afternoon. A new track record of 118.867—that's 118 and 867/1000 of a mile. The old record was 114.181 set by Wilbur Shaw last year.

We have seen many interesting things out here this year as we often do, and we've seen a few things that were perhaps a little bit unfortunate. Emil Andres, who is one of the grand old-timers of the Indianapolis Motor Speedway, was running a good race, although he wasn't up among the front runners, and all of a sudden it happened. Back on a back turn, his car crashed over into a wall; he threw a tire as the car spun and the tire flew over the wall and into the spectators, and unfortunately, one of the spectators was hit by that wheel. Emil Andres is reported to be in the hospital, himself, but they say that he is not too badly hurt.

A few other figures for you: The track record was also broken at 150 miles by Jimmy Snyder. He was going at 120.035 at that time.

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Now, we'll tell you who are still in the race: Wilbur Shaw, last year's winner, as we said, Ted Horn, Chet Miller and Louis Meyer, the only three-time winner, Jimmy Snyder, that hard-riding boy from Chicago, and George Connor, Ronny Householder, Louis Tomey, Joe Thorne, the millionaire racer who has three cars out here. He's driving one of them himself. Maurie Rose, from Detroit, Frank Wearne, Henry Banks, went out at sixty-two laps, Kelly Petillo is still in, Chuck Gardner, Duke Waylin, Harry MacQuinn, Herb Ardinger, Al Miller and Billy DeVore.

A few of the very well-known favorites out here have been forced out. Bill Cummings went out at the seventy-first lap, had a little bit of trouble, and Rex Mays, who was leading all the way around the first forty-six laps, with Jimmy Snyder right on his tail, they were traveling back and forth, taking over the lead one after the other. Rex Mays was forced out at the thirty-fifth lap, driving his own car the Alfa-Romeo special which he bought from Tazio Nuvolari after the Roosevelt Raceway last year.

Stan, I think we ought to send it down in just a moment so suppose you take it here with some more figures.

SECOND ANNOUNCER.—Ken, I have some cars that ran the race here: Shorty Cantlon, number 47, was out on the fourteenth lap, supercharger trouble; Al Putnam is out on the sixteenth, broken drive shaft; Brisko is out on the fortieth lap, broken gasoline line; Ira Hall on the forty-fifth lap, he spun on the north turn. Mays is out. Emil Andres, as you explained, is out. Willman is out. Babe Stapp is out; Russ Snowberger and Drummons is out. And now we're all set to take you down to Columbia's announcer, Ken Riley, who is down in the pits now. All right, Ken, take it.

RILEY.—Well, here we are down in behind the pits where there's truly driving personified; where the cars pull in, the mechanics and the crew work frantically dashing hither and yon in the small boxlike enclosure, grabbing gasoline, water, tires and everything that you could think of in order that they may facilitate faster leaving of the pits. When these boys come into the pits, if the difficulty isn't mechanical and isn't too great, they're out of the pits in a minute or a minute and a half. They work with perfect precision and with plenty of speed.

We have a boy with us here who is in this five-hundred-mile race for sixteen laps and then because of difficulty he had to come out. It's Al Putnam, and, Al, what happened to your car?

PUTNAM.—A broken crankshaft on the back stretch just going in the turn.

RILEY.—Did you have any difficulty handling it?

PUTNAM.—Well, yes, I did a little bit. I had to get off the track

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going down—there were a few cars behind me pretty close. I threw up my hand and then I drove down on that apron that they have there— I did quite a bit of sliding in there—I didn't go clear around but I was sideways quite a bit until I finally got her to stop.

RILEY.—Well, tell me, how fast were you traveling?

PUTNAM.—I was going around 116 or 117 when it happened—down in Miami I don't know what the top speed was—approximately 130 I imagine.

RILEY.—Well, tell me this—they're going at a terrific speed out there now—

PUTNAM.—Yes, and I was going at 15 laps and the first 5 cars had lapped me and I was running around 116 or 117, so they were traveling pretty fast—I imagine they were running around 124 or 125, some of them are.

RILEY.—Do you suppose they'll be able to keep up this pace for the entire race?

PUTNAM.—Well, if it doesn't get too hot, I imagine they will. The one difficulty in my car is it runs very cold.

RILEY.—Well, do you suppose that was because of the climatic conditions this morning, when it was cooler—

PUTNAM.—Yes—uh huh.

RILEY.—Then perhaps you'd have been better off if the sun had been out.

PUTNAM.—Well, probably, yes.

RILEY.—Well, that's it, you know. What's good for one is bad for the other. Well, I'm sorry that you didn't get to finish the race—

PUTNAM.—I'll be back next year, a little bit better and run a little longer—and try and finish it.

RILEY.—That's the stuff!

PUTNAM.—And I'll say hello to everybody out there on the Coast and I'll be home soon.

RILEY.—Okay, fella, and thank you very, very much. Now we're going out behind, right up to the pits where the action really takes place. We do want to tell you a little story of drama here that happened just a few moments ago. We went up to talk to Rex Mays who is driving the Alfa-Romeo, and he was standing behind a pit and we asked him if he would come down and go on the air. Rex said he would be tickled to death to, but he couldn't leave that pit. I asked him why and he said that the driver was coming in and if the driver was tired he was going to jump into the car and carry on for him. The point that I'm trying to get over to you is this: that when these drivers get their car out of the race, that doesn't mean that their heart isn't still in it, and they're all right behind the pits, waiting and hoping that some driver might tire and they will get in the race.

Harry, would you say a word—how do you feel?

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McQuinn.—Why, pretty rough—I'll have to get the shocks tightened up—feel all right except that I'm kind of worn out where I sit down.

Riley.—Well, they're going at a terrific clip out there, aren't they, today?

McQuinn.—Going pretty nice, yeah.

Riley.—Do you think that with the sun out and heat bearing down, they'll be able to keep up that pace?

McQuinn.—Well, the heat don't seem to be bothering 'em.

Riley.—It doesn't, huh?

McQuinn.—No . . . it don't seem so hot out there when you're driving.

Riley.—Well, you're going at a pretty fast clip—that wind's pretty good to you.

McQuinn.—Yeah—the wind cools you off quite a bit.

Riley.—Fine—thanks a lot, Harry. That's another driver who just came in, Harry McQuinn, and a driver went in to relieve for him to give him a rest. In other words, that brings me back to my thought of Rex Mays—that these drivers all stick around—there's no going home or going over in the grandstand to sit down to watch the race. They're in there from the beginning until the end—even if they aren't in a car, they're hoping that before the race is over they'll get to put their foot on a throttle just once more. Of course that's the desire in life of a race driver. The race is going along at an amazing speed—a speed that we could hardly imagine. It's almost beyond conception, in view of the fact that last year the speed for the 500 miles was 113, and it looks like at least the first 5 cars that cross the finish line will better that 113 if they're able to keep up this terrific pace. As Harry McQuinn just told us, the heat isn't bothering them like it did last year. The heat last year was terrific, and the drivers were coming in to get relief and it looked like a lot of work even going to be able to continue the 500-mile race, regardless of whether or not the mechanics of the car were in good shape.

Well, that's about all we find for you now, down here at the pits—the drivers are all out on the track and we're going to return you now to Stan Thompson in the pagoda.

Thompson.—Here we are, ladies and gentlemen, back up in the pagoda right over the starting line, looking down over the track right now—we're going to give you the last minute standings that have just run through for us at 225 miles—Floyd Roberts, driving car number 23, had a lead of 38 seconds over Kelly Petillo, driving number 35. In third place we have Wilbur Shaw, winner last year.

And now here's Ken Ellington and he's going to give you all the dope and the latest happenings on the race and he has some

very important interviews for you—all right, Ken, take it, will you, please?

ELLINGTON.—First, ladies and gentlemen, the bearer of a very distinguished name in the automotive industry—may we present the official referee for the 1938 race, Mr. Harvey Firestone, Jr. —Mr. Firestone.

FIRESTONE.—This is surely America's largest and most spectacular sporting event. They say the crowd here is well over 150,000 and from this high pagoda at the starting line it is certainly a thrilling sight. The drivers this year expect to break the record again, and the way they are flashing by here now there doesn't seem to be much doubt about it. But there's a practical side to this race beyond the thrills and the picturesque crowd. This track is a great experimental laboratory. It has contributed much to the development of the modern automobile. Here many of the improvements on your motor car today were tested. Out there now are being tested engineering designs and improved products that will be a part of the car of tomorrow. And what a test it is—flashing around this hard brick track at two miles a minute or better, it takes mechanical stamina, as well as human endurance, to stand up under this strain. Once proved worthy, these new designs and improved products make a real contribution to better and safer motoring.

ELLINGTON.—Thank you very much, Mr. Firestone. May we say, ladies and gentlemen, that Harvey Firestone, Jr., who spoke to you just these few moments was the official referee also for the 1932 race, and during the twenty-five years of its conduct ranking figures in the world of motors and motor transportation have held this honored position. Mr. W. S. Knudsen, president of General Motors, was the referee for the 1937 race. And the veteran race driver, Ralph DePalma, officiated in 1936 and the late and much-lamented Amelia Earhart occupied the position in 1935. In 1934 Roy Chapin, head of Hudson Motor Company, officiated, and Larry Fisher of Fisher Bodies, served in 1933.

Now for just a few more words about the race itself and about what has gone on out here—it is hard to tell you of some of the heartaches that go on beyond and behind the scenes here. Wilbur Shaw called Gasoline Alley, which is the most famous place out here, the alley of broken hearts, simply because in those garages back alongside of the track, every year men work hard and harder still in order to get cars ready for the race only to see something happen either just before the race, or during the race, which prevents them from winning or being among those in the money at the finish. We can remember Lou Meyer, who did win only after having trouble in 1937 and after fighting his way through broken cylinder heads and everything else. We remember Bill Cummings who went out today, in 1936, two years ago,

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when he got right down here to the starting line, after working on his car for three months, broke a clutch right at the starting line and didn't even cross. That year there were thirty-two cars starting instead of the regular thirty-three.

There are many others of these that we can remember, but we would like to talk more about today's race. It's hard to tell, in fact, it's almost impossible to tell, who is going to be up there at the finish, because we never know anything about those things. We can only pick those whom we think have the best chance and hope that perhaps those guesses may come true. That's why we can always pick Wilbur Shaw, who is a master designer, who knows all about motors and who has certainly proved his worth out here in the years past. He won last year, as we've told you, I think several times. We can pick other people, like Louis Meyer, the three-time winner who won in 1928 and 1933 and again in 1936, as another possible winner. Of course Floyd Roberts, from Van Nuys, California, is always a possibility up there, and the way he's going today breaking track records, if he keeps it up it's certainly going to look as though he's going to be up there at the end. Ronny Householder, who is teamed up with Jimmy Snyder, and Joe Thorne with the Sparks-Thorne cars, is another possibility who is trying out here at the track this year for what is one of the greatest awards in sportdom. There are approximately a hundred thousand dollars in prizes to be awarded here for the winners today; twenty thousand dollars for the first prize, and there are many awards from automotive companies, and many other money awards, and these thousands of people out here are watching, as Mr. Firestone told you a little while ago, not merely a race, but a test for future improvement in automobiles. Stan, suppose you come in here.

THOMPSON.—I have some information, Ken, that's just come in to us. Car number 37 after making repairs, was permitted back in the race, with Chester Miller replacing Ira Hall at the wheel. This information comes to us from the contest board and it changes that list of cars that I gave you a little earlier, the cars that were eliminated at 200 miles, to nine—there are nine cars out of the thirty-three out of the race instead of ten.

And here's another late bulletin—Russell Snowberger relieved Herb Ridinger driving car number 54—pulled into the pits in the eighty-third lap for water and gas. Snowberger is in there. His own car is out.

Here's another bulletin for you: Wilman, formerly in car number 10, relieved Harry McQuinn in car number 45 of the ninety-second lap when the car took on water and gas and changed tires. Ken, I see that our time is just about up, let's rush through those standings once again. It's Floyd Roberts out in front; Floyd Roberts driving car number 23 out in front,

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averaging around 119 miles an hour, a little faster, I believe; car number 35—

SECOND ANNOUNCER.—I have it right here, Stan, it's our friend Kelly Petillo, who won in 1935—

THOMPSON.—And Wilbur Shaw driving car number 1, in third position.

The first two cars are in the same lap.

And now our time is up—we'll be back with you at two o'clock, Indianapolis time, right here.

Stan Thompson speaking—

This is the COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

ANOTHER HYBRID TWO-MAN JOB (TED HUSING AND HARRY NASH) PLUS IMPROMPTU INTERVIEW

HUSING.—Good afternoon, everyone, everywhere. The United States Golf Association again brings you its official report of the second day's play on the National Golf Championship now being played on the course of the Cherry Hills Course in Denver, Colorado. As usual these official reports come to you from press headquarters on the course through its official radio outlets of the Columbia Network with Ted Husing, Jimmy Dolan, and Harry Nash covering the huge arena where the contestants are now in battle. Spicing the reports tonight in this quarter-hour summary will be the appearance of the man of the hour out here in distant Denver where shot making today ran round the world as the large field belted old man par with the aplomb that marked Henry Armstrong's attack on Barney Ross not so many nights ago.

This tournament has developed that dramatic touch that was lacking yesterday in the desultory attack on par figures and today's cannonading left behind it a war-torn course that was glad to have a night's rest before the firing begins in tomorrow's double flight of 36 holes. And so the story and we leave detail out, let's get on with the story of the National Open Golf Championship in its second day. Well, they took the course apart, hole by hole, here in Denver today and while Jug McSpaden cracked out one of the most brilliant exhibitions of shot making by scoring a sub par 67, 4 under par, it was Henry Picard who lasted through today to lead the pack at this hour. The Hershey pro who tied with Jimmy Hines yesterday with a 70 made his onslaught on the lead when Hines faltered to a 75 for a 145 total. Picard fired a walloping sub par 70 into the breach and grabbed a 3-stroke lead from the energetic Harold Jug McSpaden who at 67 temporarily derailed a huge par shadowing field. The demonstrations given by McSpaden, Picard and Harry Cooper in the early afternoon were enough to satisfy the best

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fan who ever stoned a corn on the rough terrain of Cherry Hills. Where yesterday there were but 3 sub par or even par rounds, today there were 10, made up of a 67, a 69, 3 70's and 5 par 71's. It was a day of cannonading that really brought wave after wave of really exciting golf and changes in the location of the leaders. Picard now leads with Emery Zimmerman and Jug McSpaden tied at 143, 2 strokes behind the Hershey chocolate soldier. For individual 18 holes today before giving you the entire scores in numerical order listen to this. For 67, Jug McSpaden, 143 his total; 69 for Harry Cooper, 145 his total; 70's today by Tommy Armour, Louie Worsham, Henry Picard, and par 71's by Bobby Cruikshank, Paul Runyan, Byron Nelson, Vic Ghezzi, and Emery Zimmerman and with two-thirds of the field in, these are the leading half-way scores in the open championship. Scattering scores of well-knowns will be included at higher figures while 156 strokes may qualify the first 60 and ties for the final 36 holes tomorrow. With these two-thirds in there are 47 who are in those brackets and that's a two-thirds of the number who will qualify. One hundred and forty total for Henry Picard of Hershey, Pennsylvania. One hundred and forty-three, Harold Jug McSpaden, Winchester, Massachusetts; Emery Zimmerman of Portland, Oregon, at 145; Jimmy Hines of Long Island and Harry Cooper of Chicopee, Massachusetts; at 148, Byron Nelson, Denny Shute, Tommy Armour, Joe Belfore; 149, Paul Runyan and Stanley Kertes; 150, Tony Penna, Vic Ghezzi, George von Elm; 151, Dick Chapman and Herb Bowers; 152, Charlie Sheppard, Bob Stupple, George Fazio, Frank Moore, Frank Walsh, Lee McFarland, and Mike Murra. And that is the total of qualifiers to 155 or 156. Olin Dutra is on the course at the present time and went around with a 74 yesterday, 35 for the first 9, one under on the 15th. Will Wehrle, the amateur who went around at 74 yesterday, 39 for the first 9 is four over the first 15; Al Krueger at 79 yesterday shot a 33 for the first 9 today and is one under at the 12th. Johnny Revolta with a 74 yesterday, 34 at a par today for the first 9 even at the 12th. Ralph Guldahl, the defending champion, 74 yesterday, 34 went under par for the first 9 today, 2 under the 12th. Levi Lynch 74 yesterday, 33 and is now for the first 9, 1 under par on the 12th. Jimmy Thomson, who shot an 81 yesterday, shot par 35 for the first 9 today. And Willie Hunter, ladies and gentlemen, with a 72 yesterday, is now burning up the course, having blistered the first 9 with a 32 and he may be right in there with a possibility of 140, a tie with the leader. And there are yet a number out who are just turning the 9th.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, to Harry Nash of the Newark *Evening News.*

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NASH.—There is no need to be surprised at the barrage of those scores here today. As Ted and I told you yesterday, and I've been telling you every time we have been on the air in fact, there would be no collection of flattering figures so long as the greens remained in their hardened state. These putting surfaces, no larger than the dime, and harder than Simon Legree's heart, were enough to give a strikebreaker the jitters. Imagine what they did to the contestants. When we were leaving the course last night and Colonel Husing was waxing ecstatically over a gorgeous Colorado sunset, I noticed the sprinklers were tossing a hard warming spray over the greens. Yes, sir, officials lamented after watching the ridiculousness of yesterday's play and decided to soften the greens and ergo the course. A rain during the night didn't hurt either. We came out here this morning expecting to see some fancy pictures and figures. Our first stop was the turf tent. The board showed us that Paul Runyan and Wee Bob Cruikshank had rounded the turn at 32. Husing turned to me with a knowing nod. "But look at that boy Jug McSpaden go," quoth he. "Yeah, Brother, our good friend Jugola has started birdie, birdie, birdie. Let's run out and pick him up." Pick him up we did and for the remainder of the round we witnessed the demonstration of golf such as these eyes have never seen before.

I'll begin at the beginning because McSpaden supplied the details of those first few sensational holes, after he had completed his round and we retired to the club house for luncheon. The tall, handsome boon companion of Byron Nelson reeled off 3 birdies even as you and I get bogies. He stripped the first fairway with a T shot and there is a story in the driver Jug is using and I'll tell it to you if we have time. After the drive, he chipped his niblick shot 8 feet from the flag and "bop," in went the putt for a 3. A drive and a number 7 iron shot left Jug, and don't ask me why they call him Jug, he doesn't remember how or when the appellation was first applied. But, as I was saying, a drive with a number 7 iron shot left him three feet from the pin on the second. The putt went down for birdie 2. He needed nothing longer than a wedge after his drive on the third. An eight-footer dropped and Jug was winging away on a 3 under par start. He left his second shot on the fourth but pitched two feet from the putt and held the putt for a par. A drive in a spoon shot left McSpaden to the right of the green on the 535-yard trouble-studded fifth and he blasted out 8 feet from the cup and held out for a birdie 4. Six and 7 yielded pars. Jug then fired a great shot for the green and this on the 225 and barely missed it for 32. As he stepped to the 9th tee, 4 under par, McSpaden turned to Bobby Jones, one time king of all he surveyed in the golfing world, and said, "Bob, did you ever

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get in this position and then get scared?" Jones replied, "Don't do that, Jug." Jug didn't. He got his par for 34 out, which is 4 under. From the 10th tee McSpaden hooked his drive into the cabbage. It was the first time he had missed the fairway in 45 holes, including practice. He played a fine recovery shot but got a bad break as the ball hit the carpet and trickled into the sand. It is doubtful that McSpaden ever played a better shot than the one he exploded from the beach alongside that 10th green. A fine drive was his drive on the eleventh, a hole in which he took 2 in practice and chipped in yesterday for an eagle 3. But his second caught the heavy rough on the right. He hacked it out with a sand iron and then sank the putt, a 15-footer, for a birdie 4. From here on Jug placed a collection of the worst stroke-consuming holes you are likely to see. The twelfth is no bargain in any league. It is 205 yards to an elevated green. Caught and you are in a miniature lake. On all sides of this postage stamp green there is trouble. But McSpaden went boldly for the pin. It was a great long iron shot and left him a 10-foot putt. Again he barely missed. On the next green he missed one of similar length by a whisker. Jug hit a mashie shot poorly on the 14th but the ball escaped from him and stopped 10 yards short of the green. On 16 he caressed the lip of the cup but refused to become more familiar. Here he had entered the gates of the graveyard without his hat. But that diabolical 17th and that awful 18th were directly ahead. The drive on 17 wasn't bad but he pushed his second into the ankle-high clover. He looked at the tiny island of green and inspected all the trouble into which he could plunge himself, debated whether to play safe and then muttered, "God hates a coward!" How true. He shot out of the spinach, hit the green and stopped 12 feet from the cup. Again he barely missed. In an effort to keep as far shy of the lake on 18 Jug knocked his tee shot up into the high grass. He had a miserable lie but gambled with the mashie, reasoning that even should he miss, the ball would be in a good position for a short approach. The shot was about as good as could be expected. The ball stopped some 50 yards from the green. As Jug took his stance, two photographers broke through the crowd and began clicking shutters. Instead of shooing them away he went through with the shot—a bad one—and the ball still was short of the green. His shot ran 5 feet beyond the cup but he sank the putt to be back in 36 even par for a round of 67 and a total of 143. And now, ladies and gentlemen, I'd like you to shake hands with the fine golfer who scored the phenomenal round, Harold Jug McSpaden, professional at the Winchester Country Club, Winchester, Massachusetts. Jug McSpaden.

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McSPADEN.—Hello, golf fans, and hello, Eva, my wife. I played a very fine round today but still I felt as though I played as well yesterday. Everybody is talking about the greens. They really aren't bad. I think they are all right. I want to talk about the fairways. We, the boys who are playing here, have gotten to call them ribbons. So we just say if we miss one ribbon or two ribbons in each round we think we have done very well. I have only missed on an average of one to two fairways in the eighteen-hole rounds, which to me is a miracle for McSpaden.

NASH.—I heard you say, Jug, you hit the ball yesterday as well as you did today and yet yesterday you were 9 strokes higher than today. How do you figure that?

McSPADEN.—Of course the old green iron, that putter, you know, makes everything equal, but yesterday the ball didn't seem to go into the hole. I wasn't as close to some of them and of course the getting off to that marvelous start. As I told Bobby, I was 4 under par on the first 5 holes and then coming to the 8th hole I said, "Bobby, did you ever get scared when you were 4 under par in the national open?" He said, "No." And I said, "Bobby, I would have given a lot of money to have made that putt on the 8th because I would have been the first man to shoot 30 on the first 9 on the National Open, which to me I think is again a miracle."

NASH.—Bobby went up that 9th fairway, incidentally, and watched Jug sink the putt for 31, which tied that great 31 which Jones made at Wingfoot in 1929. Well, thank you, Jug McSpaden, and I hope tomorrow when you need a 4 for 66 you don't take a 5. And, ladies and gentlemen, here is Ted Husing.

HUSING.—Before we go on further since Henry Picard is out in front and you have some dope on him suppose you give them some dope on Pic and then I'll give them the dope on Harry Cooper. All right, Harry, take it.

NASH.—All right. Henry Picard has just finished with another 70 for 140, 2 under par; played some magnificent golf. We hoped to have Henry say a few words about his arm but he was weary, contemplated a shower with relish and asked to be excused. On the first hole he knocked in a 10-footer for a birdie 3. He missed putts of 6 on the 3rd and 4th and knocked in an 8-footer for the 6th and 7th. He was in the rough with his drive, played short of the ditch, and sank an 8-footer. In the 10th, Henry hooked his drive to the rough and took a 5. He was on with a drive with a mashie and down in two putts for a birdie 4. A 15-footer downhill dropped for a birdie 3 in the 13th and one of similar length for a deuce on the 15th. Picard drove into the rough on the 16th and by this time it was raining pretty hard. Now Henry was over on the green on the 17th and got down to putt for par. He bagged a regulation 4 on the home

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hole for a 70 and what looks like a total lead at the half mark. And now for some dope from Husing on Harry Cooper.

HUSING.—Thank you very much, Harry. That was Harry Nash from the Newark *Evening News* assisting in broadcasting who brought you the information on Jug McSpaden and Henry Picard. To come back to the leaders again, Henry Picard of Hershey, Pennsylvania, is leading with 140, 3 strokes behind Jug McSpaden whom you have just heard on the air, and Emery Zimmerman, the Portland pro, both at 143. At 145, Jimmy Hines shot 75 today; yesterday it was 70. Now the time remaining is less than two minutes and I think I might give you some dope about what happened today. I was going to tell you all about Harry Cooper's round but I don't think time will permit. His total today showed 8 1-putt greens, 3 bogies, all of which came in the home 9 and 5 birdies. A total of 145 puts him in with Jimmy Hines, who led yesterday. Cooper is now 5 under even fourths for his last 180 holes or ten rounds of U. S. Open Championship.

Well, I'm sorry but there isn't any more time to go into any more but look for us tomorrow and we'll tell you more of this fascinating story that is developing out on the West Coast here in distant Denver. This is Ted Husing saying—

THIS IS THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

SPORTS INTERVIEW—LARGELY PREPARED

HUSING.—Good evening, everyone, everywhere. This is Ted Husing speaking to you from our studios in New York City. The next ten minutes have been donated to sports by the Columbia Network, and I'm proud to have by my side the mile king of the world, Glenn Cunningham, the Kansas Flyer. Now, my purpose in having Mr. Cunningham in the studio is twofold: One, is to sell a ticket or two to listening New Yorkers for the Knights of Columbus Track Meet which takes place at Madison Square Garden this coming Saturday night, with Glenn Cunningham running the Columbian mile and the Casey 600, a feat attempted years ago by Paavo Nurmi of the old Garden. And the other purpose is to reveal Glenn Cunningham to you as he is, an unassuming but politely positive athlete who continues to astound the world by his running ability. Glenn will be with us in just a second, but first let me tell you this: On a June afternoon at Stagg Field, Chicago, in 1932, just before the big conventions took place, this network broadcast the N.C.A.A. Track Meet. The world mile record was then owned by a Frenchman, Jules Ladoumegue. No American had ever run a mile faster than four minutes twelve seconds, outdoors. But when the day was over, Glenn Cunningham had beaten Henry Brocksmith of Indiana in a very brilliant race, winding up with the American

record of four minutes, eleven and one-tenth seconds. From that very day to this, Glenn Cunningham has broken records by the score, miles, 1500-meter, 1000-yard, mile and a half, and almost shattered the world's half-mile marks as early as 1933. Glenn has never smashed a record in a performance that I didn't see, and that includes performances all over the world. That is, until he stole off to Dartmouth last Thursday night and ran the mile in four minutes, four and four-tenths seconds for a new world's record that surpasses all other mile efforts indoors and out.

Now, this season Glenn has made thirteen appearances in races from 800 meters to the mile. He won his last twelve starts, breaking two world's records of the mile and its metric equivalent, which is 1500 meters, created two city records in Boston and Providence, as well as an armory and a flat floor record and added a new meter record to one that he tied.

In an era when Jack Lovelock, Sidney Wood, Archie San Romani, Bill Bonthron and Gene Venzke are running the mile down in better time than four minutes, ten seconds, Cunningham stands alone, supreme.

So, here he is, ladies and gentlemen, the magnet of the mile, the man the track fans crowd the arenas to see, that marvel of timing, pacing and stamina, Glenn Cunningham, formerly of Kansas University, now with the Curb Exchange A. A. in New York City.

CUNNINGHAM.—Good evening, everyone.

HUSING.—Glenn, it's over five years ago that you flashed across the sports horizon, on that afternoon at Stagg Field and you're running faster today. What's the *real* secret?

CUNNINGHAM.—There's no secret, Ted. Just plenty of good hard work, proper rest and clean sane living.

HUSING.—Clean sane living—I suppose you suggest that to every schoolboy that's listening in.

CUNNINGHAM.—I wouldn't confine it to schoolboys—I think everyone would do well to try it.

HUSING.—Fine! Well, Saturday night at the Knights of Columbus, you're going to attempt the mile and the 600. Now, the mile comes first and the 600 later. How do you gear yourself from the distance run of a mile to the middle distance dash of the 600?

CUNNINGHAM.—Well, that's never bothered me much, Ted. Most boys prefer the longer distance first, but I've run them both ways and it doesn't seem to make any difference to me. It's just a matter of going out there and knowing the pace that you have to run for the different races.

HUSING.—Speaking of pace, that's one thing that I think you're a marvel at and I'm not going to put you on the spot about pacing

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because I think, something like my electric-light annunciator for broadcasting football, that's your own secret too.

Say, one of your great predecessors, whom I mentioned in my opening remarks, Paavo Nurmi, attempted this double and he failed, that is the double of the mile and the 600. I wonder if that thought registers with you, that perhaps you might fail at the 600.

CUNNINGHAM.—Well, with that field in there, it's going to be a tough proposition to try, after running the mile, to come back and win from those boys because they're plenty good.

HUSING.—Well, how much time have you got between the mile and the 600?

CUNNINGHAM.—I think it's an hour and five minutes.

HUSING.—Well, of course in the mile you don't get off the mark very fast for the dash but you'd have to run a pretty fast first quarter. Do you have any idea that you might try that?

CUNNINGHAM.—Well, that will depend on how I feel the night of the race. I may not even be able to be up with the boys the first quarter.

HUSING.—Well, you're very modest, and you've always been of course. I try to elicit information from you that comes directly from the heart, because I know exactly how you run, but you're running with a youngster in there that has pulled the Cinderella man idea in track, our little Howie Borck of Manhattan who ran it in 1:12 the other night and he feels he might run it in 1:10. Now, Glenn, that puts it right up to you.

CUNNINGHAM.—I think if he runs it in 1:10 that that's going to be pretty fast and should win as that goes under the world's record.

HUSING.—That's true. Well, we'll be there Saturday night, not to broadcast the mile, which will surprise you, but the 600. Now I think perhaps I'm double-crossing you.

Say, Glenn, this is a very interesting question to most everyone who listens: What does your present average day consist of?

CUNNINGHAM.—Well, recently, Ted, it consisted of a lot of headaches. I usually get up in the morning, have breakfast, go out—down to the office for a few hours' work on certain days of the week. On other days I'm attending classes at Columbia University and in the afternoons I test a group of athletes, gathering data for my thesis which I'm hoping to complete at New York University this spring.

HUSING.—Is it true that you walk around with a portable stepladder and make 'em run up and down?

CUNNINGHAM.—Not exactly that, Ted. It's only three steps that they have to go over.

HUSING.—Oh, I see. Well, I'm not going to go into your thesis because I still want to keep you right here in front of the micro-

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phone. That's your average day, uh? I wonder if I couldn't find out more about it, but I'm not going to ask you about the steaks that Mrs. Cunningham cooks.

CUNNINGHAM.—Of course I get home in the evening in time to see the family a little bit and play with the youngster and have that proverbial steak that everybody seems to hear so much about today.

HUSING.—Tell me, how is the youngster?

CUNNINGHAM.—Fine, thank you.

HUSING.—I'm glad to hear it. Say, when you first ran, who was your coach?

CUNNINGHAM.—As a high school runner, I was coached by Roy Varney, who was at Elkhart. Kansas, there for a number of years and turned out some very outstanding boys in both football and track.

HUSING.—He of course materially helped you with your early training, I suppose?

CUNNINGHAM.—Yes, I think he did.

HUSING.—Well, when did Bill Hargiss take you in hand?

CUNNINGHAM.—The first two years I spent at Kansas University, I worked under Brutus Hamilton who is now at the University of California, and Hargiss took over the training in the fall of '33—fall of '32, I mean.

HUSING.—I'm trying to bring all these names out because these men, of course, have made their mark as trainers of athletes and once in a while after a Cunningham, it appears they have a paucity of runners for a year or two, and this summer they come back again and I want the audience to know that these men really pick youngsters up and train them well.

Well, here's a question—you've run all over the world—in the years after the 1932 Olympics, in the pre-Olympic A.A.U. jaunts for 1936, the Olympics of 1936 and the post-Olympics since that time and I'm just wondering what trip, or incident, stands out in your mind?

CUNNINGHAM.—I imagine about the first one was the one that I took as a high school student when I went off to my first trip and went from one country to the other.

HUSING.—Well, that's short and sweet. Do you think you're going to be around for our 1940 Olympics?

CUNNINGHAM.—That's a difficult question, Ted—I don't know whether I'll be able to keep up with the boys for that long or not.

HUSING.—Well, Pop Time, you've been doing a beautiful job up to this moment. Is running fun for you?

CUNNINGHAM.—Yes, it is. I really do enjoy running and when it becomes work I'm going to quit.

HUSING.—When it becomes work—well, how about those warm-up sessions? Aren't they work?

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CUNNINGHAM.—Not at all. I enjoy them.

HUSING.—Oh, I'm glad to hear that because that'll give a decided incentive to a lot of kids listening in, too. I stress the children in that because I know a lot of them are listening.

Now here's the most important question of our entire afternoon: Are you planning an attack on Wooderson's 4.06⅖ world's record outdoor mile?

CUNNINGHAM.—Well, I haven't thought much about that yet. I'll have to finish this indoor season first and when the outdoor season rolls around see what condition I can get myself into for the outdoor races.

HUSING.—Um, hm—well, of course that's something I hadn't thought of at the moment. Well, the Knights of Columbus mile, which is the one you're going to be in this Saturday night, has been known as the fastest and the slowest mile ever run indoors until that Dartmouth record, of course. Will you try to lower your record for the K. of C. of four minutes, eight and four-tenths seconds Saturday night?

CUNNINGHAM.—That's another question that's difficult to answer because I don't know how I'm going to feel Saturday night and I don't know how the other runners in the field are going to behave. If they go out, I'll probably have to go out with them, or if they stay back, I may want to go out myself.

HUSING.—Glenn, you make a great interviewee. It's really a pleasure always to have you on the air. You go out and bust those records, kidee, and I'll be in there telling the folks about them.

Incidentally, the broadcast that they'll hear this Saturday night is going to be a CBS exclusive, through the courtesy of Frank Brennan, who is seated right here in the studio and is guffawing every now and then at some of these questions and answers. I only hope, Frank, that you have a sell-out at the Garden, and if our broadcast tonight between Glenn and myself has been of any material assistance, I'm sure that we'll be very happy.

All you have to do is step up to the Garden window, lay down that government printing and say you want a couple of seats and they'll be at the Garden—you have some left, I hope, Frank?

BRENNAN.—We have a few left.

HUSING.—They have a few left—fine! Well, Glenn, again thanks an awful lot for having come to the studio.

And, ladies and gentlemen of the Columbia Network, you've heard Glenn Cunningham in an interview from New York City.

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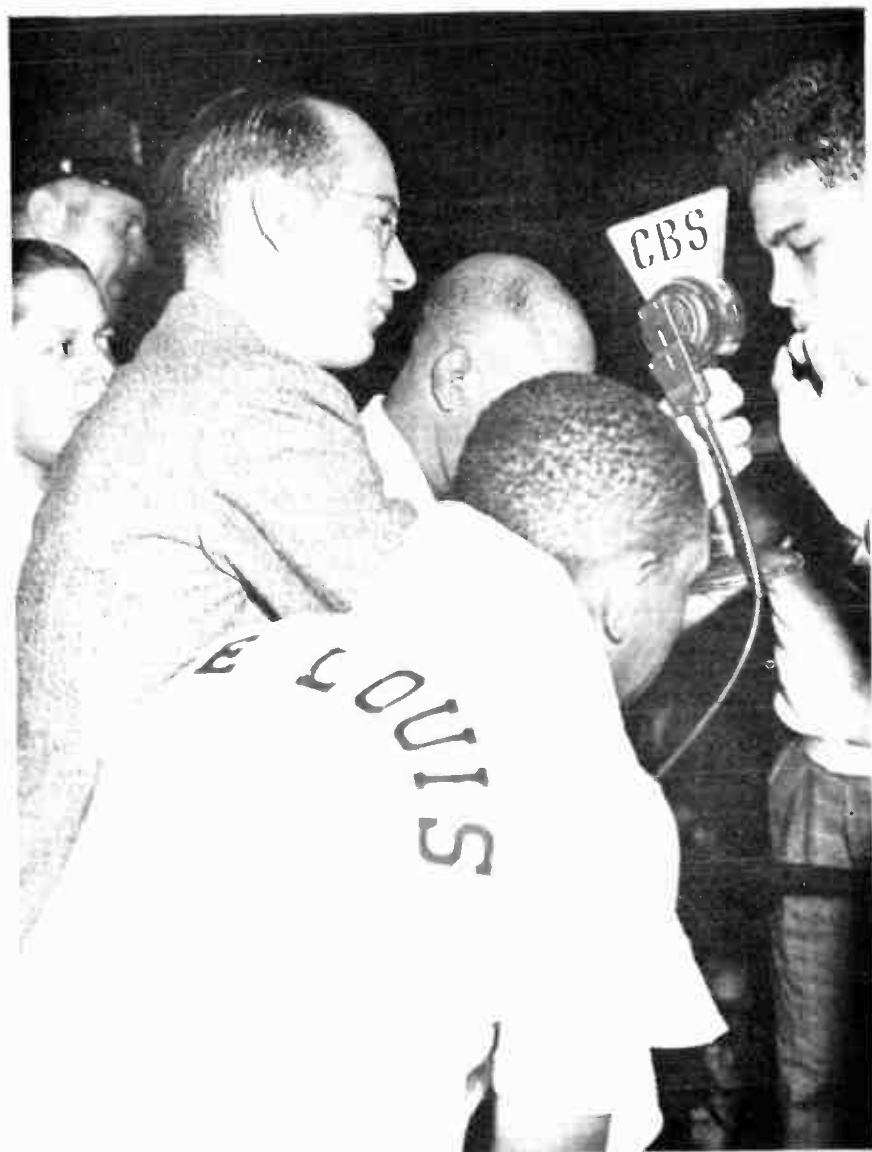

Ted Husing Waits for Joe Louis to Remove Mouthpiece

(Joe's entire speech: "He's a nice boxah, very nice boxah. Glad I won.")

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A Typical Scene During the Czech Crisis

A section of Columbia's News Department working under pressure: H. V. Kaltenborn, seated in swivel chair; Paul White, Director of Public Affairs, hands Mr. Kaltenborn a flash; Bob Trout, seated, waits to take over; John Read King and John Fitzgerald, standing in background, read incoming bulletins; at right, Lillian Jacobs studies a re-write.

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CHAPTER XXIII

NEWS CONTINUITIES

SOME time ago Mr. Orrin E. Dunlap, Jr., radio editor of the New York *Times,* outlined in his newspaper column the major advances of the science of radio since the outbreak of the World War in 1914. In his vivid recapitulation of developments one of his sentences stood out more compellingly than any other: "Broadcasting was a by-product of war." This is an interesting fact in itself, but it is interesting, further, as a study in what peace-time energies have been able to make, in less than twenty-five years, of the known principles of aerial transmission. "Today," as Mr. Dunlap said in another section of the same article, "if a voice is electrified from aerial wires in Paris, or London, or any other European capital, it leaps the hemispheres." All of us have witnessed this leap many, many times, and in the last three or four years the improvements in transoceanic broadcasting have been so effective that the foreign program has become for many listeners very commonplace indeed.

I can never feel that it is commonplace. In fact it seems to grow more and more remarkable as the weeks pass. At this moment of writing, for example, the entire world is waiting to see what the Czechs will do with Hitler's final proposal, Chamberlain has made two unprecedented flights to Germany, Great Britain is massing her Home Fleet in the North Sea, Bonnet and Daladier have become Paris-to-London commuters, Litvinoff is bridling at the Poles who are bridling at the Ruthenians, and Mussolini, with nothing at stake, is raging up and down Italy shouting at every Fascist within earshot. The Czechs themselves, epicentrum of this great seismic disturbance, seem to be the only sane people left on the continent.

All of this, of course, adds up to news, and what has been one of radio's most active expressions has now become a day-and-night responsibility that is almost overwhelming. Radio and news have been inseparable from the very start of the industry—in fact from that late November night in 1920

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when Dr. Frank Conrad broadcast the Harding-Cox election bulletins from his cast-iron microphone in Pittsburgh.

This affinity has grown stronger and it will grow stronger still. And it is not at all that news, via radio, is coming into its own but rather that news will increase to a startling degree in volume and significance during the years immediately ahead. Radio is geared to assume the burden of this work. And it is not only the networks which will have to do with this extra task. News will pour over the spillway of national life so rapidly that no combination of webs, chains and networks can give it its proper attention. It will require regional distribution and regional aeration and regional interpretation that is now impossible in any existing form of coast-to-coast coverage.

This necessity for special emphasis on, and interpretation of, certain aspects of news—especially news from the national front—is of course occasioned by the interests and requirements of those hundreds of contrasted regions into which this country is partitioned. We might go so far as to call them *community* interests and requirements. News of price fluctuations in the Chicago wheat pit, for example, is manifestly of great interest to almost everyone in the state of North Dakota (and six or seven neighboring states), but the same information is of no consequence to the Vermont farmer who is about to tap his maple trees.

Station WWVA, in Wheeling, West Virginia, to give a more pointed illustration, has a Farm and Home program at twelve noon every day, and this show commands a wide audience in three states. I heard three or four of these programs while attending a conference in that city a short time ago. I did not understand much of what was going on: informative talks about contour farming, strip-cropping, erosion control, arresting epidemics of cattle disease, plowing under alfalfa sod to fertilize corn fields, and many other subjects I can no longer remember. But the farmers and dairymen in this tri-state area understood it all, and in the course of many years of broadcast service they have come to recognize that they can, each day, learn how to improve their own skills by what they hear over the air, and thereby save themselves time and money and realize a higher level of living.

In fact local stations are doing their most effective broadcasting when they are applying to local problems the most reliable solutions known, and when they are making available the best opinion on all matters of local concern. In this field

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great credit belongs to our national Departments of Commerce, Labor, Agriculture, and Interior (with its sub-division of Education) in Washington, who have made most of this local news broadcasting possible by furnishing up-to-date information on weather, crops, business conditions and so forth.

Radio's distribution of news throughout the country is and should be a close parallel to the tradition and meaning of the American newspaper; first things first, and after that a graduated deployment into the fixed interests of the neighborhood the paper serves. The networks bring to the public at large all those developments, both domestic and foreign, which affect the public at large and which are of interest to this public as one great body of common people. They also bring to the public news which is derived from, or which affects, minorities, whenever such news is sufficiently newsworthy. But networks cannot give, and do not try to give, all the news to everybody all the time simply because what is news in one locality is very often of no concern to another. The Tydings-Lewis campaign in Maryland, under normal conditions, could not have attracted attention outside the Chesapeake area, but it attracted the attention of the whole country and did so solely because it was tantamount to a barometric reading of what many people thought might be symptoms of change and shifting influence in the Democratic Party.

All the key stations of the nation's networks are supplied with thousands of dollars' worth of special equipment to facilitate the instantaneous reception of incoming news. The United Press, the Associated Press, International News Service, Trans-Radio and Press Radio distribute their services to subscribers all over the country and the news bulletins from these sources reach their destinations in the executive offices of big business houses, in the city rooms of newspapers, and in the news departments of radio stations by teletype—an automatic typewriter that operates by electric impulse. Normally these machines begin to tap out their messages at five o'clock in the morning and send a steady flow of bulletins—some long, some short—until after midnight. In times of international crisis, as the present (late September, 1938), their rhythmic hammering never ceases. Yard after yard of yellow copy rolls out of the mouth of the teletype—in duplicate or triplicate as the emergency requires—and into the hands of re-write men, research men, editors, and newscasters.

It is obvious that most local stations and most student

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groups in high schools and colleges, irrespective of their transmission facilities, cannot do the same job which networks do, because, with rare exceptions, they do not have network equipment for the reception of incoming news. They do not subscribe to ticker services either because of lack of funds or because (in the case of local stations) they join a chain or national hook-up at regular intervals each day, and hence have no need for an independent service. But such groups and such stations are by no means crippled, and what handicap they may feel diminishes as soon as one examines the remaining news sources.

These sources are first of all the nation's newspapers, then magazines, then books, and finally the personal coverage of a news story by the individual who is himself to write the radio treatment. These four fields are available to all who wish to explore them and to do the work indicated. And they are not expensive either.

I have mentioned newspapers first because I am convinced, after several years of close observation, that the best newscasters in this country are those men who are most conversant with national and international events and who have achieved this familiarity with what is going on *by the regular habit of reading newspapers.* And I must say at once that this doesn't at all mean the regular habit of reading a *certain* newspaper. Good news broadcasts are the result of the work of men who read many newspapers, eight or ten a day. This is a very important point. I do not believe I am violating a professional secret when I say that *Time* magazine, the most accurate and most readable news weekly in the world today, depends upon newspapers for its news and depends upon them almost entirely. It is true that *Time* has foreign correspondents spotted in various news centers but the fact remains that the magazine's routine assignments are derived from newspapers.

Time subscribes to every important paper in the country. These papers, early each morning, are carefully clipped by a corps of young men who reassemble their clippings and then put on a separate spindle everything every paper said about every individual story. The accumulated newsprint is then delivered to the writer who is to do the story for the magazine. The value of this procedure is patent. No two stories written on the same subject are alike. One story may be colorless and factual and the next vivid or even sensational. After reading the same account as written by eight or ten different journal-

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ists, any writer who knows his craft has a sharp and personal picture of what happened and is able to sit down to his own task with a vast quantity of fact and atmosphere. The basic facts will, of course, repeat themselves in each newspaper treatment. At the same time each treatment will be vignetted with different side lights. One reporter will have noticed something that no other reporter saw. One reporter will have overheard and quoted a spoken sentence that humanizes or brutalizes the whole piece. One will have stressed emotion, another dress, another crowd reaction, or previous history of the people who have become newsworthy. It does not matter. Each newspaper story will bring its own separate contribution to the final news story, and the selection of those items which are the most effective—whether for pathos or punch or drama or humor or surprise or unexpected informativeness—is a matter of free choice. And proper discrimination in this matter comes, as do all things, from practice.

Time may have made changes in its gathering and reassembling of news in the past few years, but when I was myself a writer for this weekly the method of approach which I have described was standard practice. I see no reason why it should not continue to be so. It works. It is sensible. And it is eminently legitimate.

This should mean something to the radio student who is interested in the broadcasting of news. Newspapers are bound to be the back-log for the information he wishes to condense and re-phrase and re-animate. And the actual cash cost is not prohibitive. I have arbitrarily stated that there should be eight or ten papers coming in daily, but five or six will suffice and three will be more productive than one. This means that for a figure roughly between thirty and a hundred dollars a year any study group can avail itself of the basic source of news, and in so doing can be assured of being on the right track.

What about books and magazines? Their usefulness is easily expressed: they enable the newswriter or newscaster to limn in two things—biographical material and historical material. Biographical material has this frequent usefulness: it is dramatic when it is sprung on any individual of great prominence, especially when such prominence has been a matter of swift rise. Few people had ever heard of Konrad Henlein, the Sudetenland leader, until Hitler himself publicized the man by official recognition, and it was only then that the public began

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to wonder who this man was and how he came to figure so prominently in Czech affairs. Bob Trout, a well-known CBS news reporter, dug up Henlein's record and delivered it on his regular 6:30 P.M. broadcast of September 8, 1938. Many months before, Trout had found and put in his file a short biographical account of this man, a piece which appeared in a popular weekly magazine.

I am going to include at this point the Henlein portion of Trout's fifteen-minute news show for the date indicated. That day was not a very good one for news. Nothing very "hot" had happened. And for this very reason his inclusion of the compressed biography of Henlein acquired unusual effectiveness. By contrast with the other news items, the Henlein spot was the most substantial spot in the show. The other bulletins amounted to what are known in the profession as "quickies."

Good evening, everyone, this is Bob Trout bringing you the News of Today. . . . News from all the world to all the Nation. . . .

Europe is still deadlocked in its grave and unhappy predicament: the Continent waits for Adolf Hitler's Nuremberg speech on Monday—the speech which may weight the scales for peace or for war—and England, suspecting that Germany still believes she won't fight, calls her Cabinet to a special meeting in London eight hours before the Hitler speech begins.

English labor, restless under Prime Minister Chamberlain's hesitant policy, is now beginning to agitate for the summoning of Parliament back into session. Now, the latest news from across the Atlantic is that Viscount Runciman, Great Britain's mediator in Czechoslovakia, may resign his post. The reports are that Lord Runciman is dissatisfied with the tide of events in London, as they bear upon the Central European crisis.

Sudeten German leaders still refuse to negotiate with the Czech government, even though Adolf Hitler, said to feel that the abrupt breaking off of negotiations was bad strategy, has urged the Sudetens to pick up discussions where they left off. In Prague, Premier Hodza thinks the negotiations will be resumed tomorrow, but Paris and London—with their eyes on Nuremberg—are continuing their quiet preparations . . . in case the worst comes.

High officials of Britain's Army, Navy and Air Force and Air Raid Precautions Department are supposed to have met in London and discussed their plans. Across the channel, in Paris, Foreign Minister Bonnet conferred with American Ambassador Bullitt, keeping him informed of moves; and afterward our Ambassador talked it over with Premier Daladier, who then conferred

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with British Ambassador Sir Eric Phipps . . . extraordinary developments which indicate exceptional activities backstage. Meanwhile, Konrad Henlein, sent back to Czechoslovakia by Adolf Hitler, is now back in Nuremberg, conferring with the German Dictator . . . and to most casual observers of the News, Henlein remains just a name . . . BUT . . . a forty-year-old, solemn-looking gymnasium instructor, he is to the Germans of Czechoslovakia, The Man of the Hour. But to many of Europe's leading diplomats, he is a man manipulated by a ventriloquist. For, they say, the words and gestures are those of Konrad Henlein, leader of the Sudeten Germans, but the methods are those of Reichsfuehrer Adolf Hitler.

Mystic and romanticist like Hitler, is Konrad Henlein, and like Hitler Austrian-born; son of a minor Austrian official; native of a small town. Now he is commonly known as the "Hitler of Czechoslovakia."

It was on New Year's Day this year that Henlein predicted that the Sudeten German question would be one of the major European issues of 1938—one forecast that came true. At the start of his career, Henlein once wrote:

"Fascism and German Nazism cannot be imported into Czechoslovakia." Perhaps his conferences with high Nazi officials have changed his mind. For since the annexation of Austria into Germany Henlein has voiced a demand for Sudeten autonomy many times, always with increasing arrogance.

There is little doubt that his aim is "anschluss" of Sudeten Germans with the Reich. Secure in the knowledge that he is backed by Hitler, the once modest Henlein has gone from threat to threat, an apparently changed man.

Here is a little of his early history: Born an Austrian subject in the Sudetic Mountain regions, in the Austrian army in the World War before he was eighteen, he saw active duty on the Italian front; was severely wounded, captured, and sent to an Italian prison. There he learned the Czech and Hungarian languages which now serve him well.

Although the armistice was signed in November, 1918, Henlein was not released from his island prison until August of the following year. Then, returning to his homeland, he found it part of the Czechoslovak Republic.

Until 1925 Henlein had a small job in a local bank, but, unhappy, he resigned when he found his true vocation as gymnasium instructor. Soon his name became known in the athletic clubs of the German minority. He was invited to go from town to town to organize a German union of athletes.

With the Republic of Germany next door, Henlein paid little attention to politics. But all this changed in 1933 when the Nazis came to power.

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Hitler heard of the young man. He urged Henlein to give his gymnasts a political slogan; and Henlein was impressed by assertions in Hitler's book *Mein Kampf* that Germans were superior to the Czechs.

In October, 1933, the Czech government dissolved the German Nazi and Nationalist parties, and Henlein seized his opportunity. He gathered these dissolved parties together with his Gymnastic League and formed the Sudeten Deutsche (Doitch-ah) Party, which he leads today. Never a member of Parliament, he directs the campaign from the outside.

On the personal side, this man who peers owlishly from behind gold-rimmed spectacles is a family man; he spends much time at home with his wife and two children. Despite his expanding waistline he can still show the children how to do stunts on the parallel bars in his basement. He's almost a teetotaler: sips an occasional glass of beer and smokes but rarely. He could never be called a smart dresser, for his conservative gray suits generally bag at the knees. And unlike most Germans, Henlein detests sauerkraut . . . this is the picture of the plump, unimpressive little man with the thick spectacles, who commutes between Czechoslovakia and Berchtesgaden, and who today holds the destiny of all the world in his hands—though Europe believes those hands are manipulated by wires, and his decisions dictated by voices behind the scenes.

As a newscaster Trout embodies, in my opinion, those skills and attributes which make for the most effective announcing in this field. I believe that the requisite qualifications for newscasting are the same as those which obtain in any other work: intelligence, sincerity, self-control, and regular habits of output, with these two important additions: presence of mind and a positive capacity to deputize lesser responsibilities. Presence of mind is necessary in all microphone work and particularly so in newscasting. Last-minute jam-ups on days when the final word is eagerly awaited often mean that pageboys will rush into a studio with news bulletins during the actual course of a news show and hand the bulletins to the announcer. The announcer obviously can't take time out to read what he has just received. He must go on with the recital of his prepared material. But at the same time he must, by quick perusal, take in the content of what has been delivered, determine on the spot in what part of his program the flash is to be included, while at the same time decide where and how much he will have to cut in order to accommodate this new intrusion. And he must go on broadcasting all the time with-

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out a break and without revealing to his audience the strain under which he is working. I have seen Bob Trout in this spot a hundred times and have never seen the time when it interrupted his newscast.

In regard to the other qualification—the capacity to relegate lesser responsibilities to other people—it need only be said that few news broadcasts are the work of a single man. They are almost always the product of group composition. I mentioned in an earlier paragraph the great value of personal coverage of a news story. If a newscaster is himself covering a story, he cannot be doing the reading and research necessary to the preparation of three or four other pieces at the same time. Someone else has to do it for him. For example, Bob Trout wanted to attend a hearing of the Hines trial on a day on which Dixie Davis was to appear as a prosecution witness. He also wanted to tag his show that evening with a bright little story about Daylight Saving Time. It was the evening the clocks were turned back and everybody had an extra hour to sleep. I happened to be in the news bureau at the time. Trout turned to one of his assistants and said something like this: "Jack, I want a story on Daylight Saving Time—who started it and why, and who took it up and why—and anything else you can find, especially any figures you can get on the extent of its adoption and popularity today." And there was a day's work for somebody right there. But this took care of only two items in the broadcast for that evening. The rest, at least six, had to be prepared by rewrite men working with the news ticker. Their work was handed to Trout as soon as he got back from the trial, and he himself re-worked what they gave him in order to give cohesion to the whole and to create the feeling that the entire broadcast was being fed to its audience from the mind of a single person.

In any good news broadcast there are almost always a few very short items at the end of the program. Such items are necessary ingredients for the human interest they bring to the program as a whole, and also for their effect on the pacing of the show. No one can stand heavy news all the time. It must be brightened with spots of strongly contrasting colors. Tossed in as "quickies," these items give speed and lightness to the show at its very end, and in this way fulfill the same dramatic purpose of a fast last act in a stage play when the actors are "running for a curtain."

Only two bulletins came in over the teletype the day Bob

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Trout attended the Hines trial having to do with Daylight Time. Here they are now, exactly as they came out of the machine: *

UPR40

NEW YORK—FORGET TO PUT OUT THE CAT TONIGHT. EVEN FORGET TO FEED THE BABY, IF YOU LIKE. BUT DON'T FORGET TO TURN YOUR CLOCK BACK ONE HOUR. THE SIX-MONTH REIGN OF DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME ENDS OFFICIALLY AT 2 A.M. SUNDAY. FATHER TIME WILL RETURN THAT HOUR HE BORROWED OUT OF YOUR LIFE LAST SPRING—BUT ONLY IF YOU TURN BACK THE CLOCK.

GH738A

UPR133

NEW YORK—SPEAKING OF "TIME ON YOUR HANDS," THERE'LL BE THIRTY MILLION HOURS OF IT KICKING AROUND TONIGHT. RESIDENTS OF MOST OF THE NORTHEASTERN STATES WILL GAIN AN HOUR EACH WHEN DAYLIGHT SAVING ENDS.

ACTUALLY, 145 MILLION PERSONS IN THE UNITED STATES AND EUROPE USE DAYLIGHT TIME, BUT FOREIGN COUNTRIES DON'T CHANGE BACK UNTIL NEXT WEEK. MEANWHILE, ARGENTINA AND PERU ARE JUST ABOUT TO START DAYLIGHT TIME, BECAUSE IT'S SPRINGTIME DOWN UNDER.

IN OTHER WORDS, DON'T FORGET TO SET YOUR CLOCKS BACK ONE HOUR TONIGHT.

AK235P

These bulletins are more in the nature of fill-ins and agreeable warnings than actual news bulletins. They contain little information. All the material which was to go into the story on this subject had to be unearthed by the research men. They found some interesting and amusing stuff and here is what finally came over the air:

DAYLIGHT SAVING (CLOSE)

Tonight, thirty million Americans in this country will receive a gift beyond price: one precious hour of time, gained as Daylight Saving Time, 1938, ends; thirty million clocks are set back; and the northeastern United States are again synchronized with the Nation, south and west.

But, for one week, Europe will be out of step. For not until *October first* will "summer savings" time be over in the Old World, a date strangely significant, for not until the World War flared in Europe in 1914 was the practice of saving an hour of sunlight started. Now, in 1938, France and Belgium prepare to

* Teletype news bulletins reproduced by special permission of the United Press.

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discontinue what was a wartime measure on the very day—October first—that Adolf Hitler, leader of Germany, has set as the dead-line for Sudetenland's surrender.

It was, actually, during the second year of the World War that every European country officially decreed that their people's clocks be put an hour ahead, to save light and fuel. But the idea of Daylight Saving Time was thought up many years earlier, in 1908, by a British sportsman who wanted more sunlight in which to enjoy the outdoors.

William Willett, this pioneer's name, was a prominent man in the building business of Chelsea, England, who, at his own expense, campaigned to have the clocks of Old England moved ahead eighty minutes, in four periods, twenty minutes at a time.

That very year a bill was introduced in Commons, which simplified Mr. Willett's scheme to a one-hour change, made at one time. Promptly, the bill was put in a pigeon-hole and forgotten, until 1916, when a great wave of economy rolled over war-pinched England, and the Willett proposal was suddenly a wartime decree.

Swiftly, the idea crossed the English Channel; in a few months Daylight Saving Time was Europe-wide. Slowly, the idea crossed the Atlantic, for it was not until America entered the war, in 1917, that Daylight Saving was ordered by the Congress of the United States.

In our country, after the war, Daylight Saving Time was repealed over the determined veto of President Woodrow Wilson, and but a few states have, sporadically and fitfully, returned to the principle of an extra hour of sunlight every evening. In England, too, the practice of saving daylight lapsed as a victorious but weary country relaxed, but a few years after the Armistice, Parliament made Daylight Saving a permanent feature of English life, and now England, with the rest of Europe, waits for October first to turn Big Ben backward for one hour.

But down below the equator, in South America, Argentina is waiting for November first to put her clocks ahead; Peru goes on Daylight Saving a month later; while in sunny Mexico, our neighbors to the South like Daylight Saving so much they use it all year around.

Today, in Hartford, capital of Connecticut, Governor Wilbur L. Cross ordered Daylight Saving Time extended for one week, to retain that extra daily hour of sunlight, invaluable now as the Northeast digs its way out of wreckage left by flood and hurricane . . . this, in a state where it is unlawful to display any time on public buildings except Standard Time.

But Standard Time or Daylight Time, the clock says it's time for me to say . . .

Good night to you all until tomorrow's happenings become the News of Today.

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There is another type of news program which deserves attention. That is the program which presents more than one newscaster or commentator. Such a program is "Headlines and Bylines," a regular Sunday night feature. Each week three commentators are presented on this show, and the divisions of labor are cut up into the following responsibilities: one man for bulletins and color; one man for national news; and one man for international news. This is an excellent format for comprehensive news reporting, and the voice changes and departmentalization of the program give it continued variety and interest. Here is the complete program which celebrated the inauguration of the second year of this series:

HEADLINES AND BYLINES

Sunday, September 25, 1938

10:30-11:00 P.M. E. D. S. T.

Biz.—Code signals up full quickly . . . then down behind.

STARK.—Headlines and Bylines.

Biz.—Code signals up full quickly . . . then down behind.

PUTNAM (*first headline*).—"Britain and France Reject Further Concessions to Hitler."

STARK (*second headline*).—"Hopkins Heads WPA Workers in Flood Stricken Area."

WELSH (*third headline*).—"New York City Faces Serious Tie-up as 5000 Truck Drivers Strike."

Biz.—Signals full up and out.

STARK.—With these three headlines of today Columbia presents "Headlines and Bylines." One year ago tonight, the series began with these three headlines:

PUTNAM.—"Justice Hugo Black Takes Supreme Court Seat Tomorrow."

WELSH.—"U. S. Navy Families Endangered by Shells in Shanghai."

PUTNAM.—"Mussolini Refuses to Quit Spain."

STARK, ANNOUNCER.—In the year that has passed, "Headlines and Bylines" has brought its Sunday night audience *headlines* which made history and *bylines,* distinguished commentators, to analyze those headlines. In those fifty-two crowded Sunday evenings, here are some of the headlines made by history and reported by Columbia:

PUTNAM.—"Duke of Windsor Sends Regrets to President Roosevelt."

WELSH.—"Italy Quits League of Nations."

STARK.—"Air Raids Shatter Barcelona."

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PUTNAM.—"C.I.O. Confers with U. S. Steel."
WELSH.—"Berlin Threatens Czechoslovakia."
STARK.—"Mexico Confiscates American Oil."
PUTNAM.—"German Troops Enter Austria."
WELSH.—"President Speeds Spending Drive."
STARK.—"Mexican Revolt Crumbling."
PUTNAM.—"Lone Flier, Named Corrigan, Vanishes Over Atlantic."
STARK.—"Loyalists Accept Plan to Withdraw Foreign Troops."
PUTNAM.—"Franco Refuses to Withdraw Foreign Troops."
WELSH.—"Pope Pius Warns Against Exaggerated Nationalism."
Biz.—Signals up full and out.
STARK, ANNOUNCER.—Tonight, beginning its second year, Columbia presents "Headlines and Bylines." The fifty-third of a series of Sunday evening programs bringing you the week's news in review . . . and *headlines* in the news of the day . . . with bylines by . . .
PUTNAM, VOICE 1.—Ralph Edwards, Columbia's news reporter, with last minute flashes from Press Radio Bureau.
STARK, VOICE 2.—Carroll Kenworthy, reviewing highlights in the domestic affairs of the nation.
WELSH, VOICE 3.—H. V. Kaltenborn! The outlook on the week's foreign news!
Biz.—Code signals up full quickly . . . then drop behind.
STARK, ANNOUNCER.—Headlines . . . Ralph Edwards.
EDWARDS (*speaks for eight minutes . . . then: QST signals up full . . . then drop behind*).—Keyed to nerve-racking tension the world tonight awaits headlines in a manner not unlike those hours before 1914. But the world has weathered many a harrying headline since first a year ago tonight the call went out over this Columbia microphone "Headlines and Bylines." An exciting panorama of world news has been flashed to you by ace radio reporter Bob Trout and of late this correspondent. News given brilliant interpretations by that keen observer of the international situation, H. V. Kaltenborn. News from Washington concerning the domestic affairs of the nation. It is this time of relaxation in the news world, this brief period that marks the close of one week and the eve of another and reporters of world affairs are catching their breath for a fresh plunge in the matters of the moment and this program has brought a waiting nation first hand news. Headlines of tomorrow.

Indeed it was our good fortune on one occasion, the epic flight of Howard Hughes, to present a broadcast direct from the plane. The first public broadcast from the plane as it headed out over the dark Atlantic. Into your homes came the voices of history-makers as they were making history. This was but one of the year-long series of important headlines that tell a story more

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thrilling than fiction: the story of the yellow Yangtze River and a gunboat called *Panay,* U. S. gunboat and merchant ship sunk in China. America listening to our headlines that night were shocked to learn that an American warship had been sunk; sunk by direct attack. Bombed with over 20 American refugees aboard. Bombed by an unknown pilot who flew high in China skies. A death-dealing pilot who couldn't hear the Christmas songs that were already beginning to fill the air in America. Christmas carols that lured to his homeland another flyer who provided us with another headline.

"Lindbergh returns home." Lucky Lindy came home for Christmas. Lindbergh, surrounded by rumors of secret and official business, took advantage of an American son's privilege and came home for Christmas.

But 1938 was destined for bigger and more easily acquired news. Lindy, as he so much desired, was forgotten in the tide of events that swept the world in the months to come. Events that millions of you first heard on this program.

Anthony Eden resigns. That was the disturbing headline flashed through the CBS microphone last February 20th.

A winter's eve headline that cast the shadow of a Swastika over the isle that's England, because Eden wanted to take an immediate aggressive stand with France against Adolf Hitler but Prime Minister Chamberlain sought a friendly understanding with Germany's Chancellor. Conservatism went out and the dapper Mr. Eden stepped out of the picture, and the world rolled on and the shadow of the Swastika darkened. Darkened to threatening proportions over most of Europe and our correspondents Mr. Kaltenborn and Mr. Trout were at the microphone with the headline of the moment. "Germany absorbs Austria. Hitler absorbs Austria," and for the time being 1914 seemed uncomfortably close. Hitler slept that March 13th night at Linz, Austria, and dreamed of an empire that to him seemed to be moving toward reality. America left Hitler and his catnap and turned to the Far East to find death stalking the headlines. "1,000 died today in Canton." Canton had been bombed. 1,000 corpses lined the streets and it was our sad duty to report it.

And 1938 moved on making Monday morning headlines that we reported Sunday evening. Until tonight, the anniversary of this program's first year on the air, headlines have reached a deafening crescendo. Tonight abroad correspondents of the United Press, Associated Press and International News Service are writing the history dictated by European leaders, probably that part which will appear in bold type in books of tomorrow. The vivid observations of these key men are flashed by wire to the Press Radio Bureau, there edited and rushed to this desk and here are those last minute reports.

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The picture tonight in Europe is that of anxious waiting, armed silence, and our new spotlight focuses on Central Europe. Czechoslovakia has rejected Adolf Hitler's latest terms for the surrender of Sudetenland by October 1st. The Czechs' answer was delivered to British Prime Minister Chamberlain in London a short while ago by the Czech Minister Jan Masaryk. The British Prime Minister will meet with the French Premier Daladier and French Foreign Minister Bonnet at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning at 10 Downing Street and at the same time the British Cabinet will be standing by ready to act on whatever the French and British government heads may propose. The British and French leaders are also expected to confer on military plans for united fronts against Hitler, if Hitler's choice is war. And the head of the French Army Staff, General Maurice Gustave Gamelin, is flying over from Paris early tomorrow to attend the conferences. Hitler's position on the Czech reply may not be disclosed until tomorrow afternoon. The Fuehrer is to address a great mass meeting in Berlin at 2 o'clock New York time. This will be broadcast over many of the CBS stations. Meanwhile more German troops are reported moving across old Austria towards the borders of Czechoslovakia, and the Sudeten German troops now occupying the city of Asch and the adjoining country in the extreme Northwest country of Czechoslovakia have moved within a half mile of the Czech troops. Clashes between Czechs and Poles were reported today in Silicia, near the Polish border. The United Press tonight received information from Warsaw that Poland may reject Czechoslovakia's offer to negotiate the disputes in the Polish areas of the Czech Republic.

Czechoslovakia's mobilization is virtually complete. A group of American refugees heading toward the border were turned back at Eger because they heard that if they took a train into Germany they would be sent to concentration camps. The group returned to Prague and appealed to the American Minister.

While Europe suffers from a feeling that is said to far exceed the jitter stage, America looks at its latest flood catastrophe and a headline comes out of New England, "WPA Administrator Harry L. Hopkins is in Boston taking personal charge of the 110,000 WPA workers who have been placed at the disposal of the stricken area." Tonight Hopkins said that another 100,000 may be added.

News is being made in New York tonight among its truck drivers. New York City faces a serious tie-up tomorrow with the strike of 5,000 truck drivers who went out yesterday afternoon after a strike vote. It was voted by 4,000 to 300 to make final the temporary strike that has been in progress for 7 days.

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The vote was taken before Mayor La Guardia, who had flown back from Los Angeles to mediate, arrived in the city.

Chicago too is facing strike trouble. One million railway workers have voted overwhelmingly to strike on October 1st if the railroads insist on a wage cut. Labor leaders, however, expect that a Presidential fact-finding board will be appointed at once to prevent a shutdown.

This news was from the Press Radio Bureau and the final headline in this program's first year of broadcasting has been read. Let us hope, when we celebrate the second anniversary of "Headlines and Bylines" that the great troubled heart of Europe will have ceased its fearful pounding and will be only the concadence of a world in peace.

PUTNAM.—Carroll Kenworthy, Washington correspondent speaking from Washington, bringing you the national and political news of the week!

KENWORTHY.—You have just heard the news bulletins and are therefore wondering what all this trouble in Europe means to America, also what President Roosevelt here in Washington is doing about it. If that is the case you have lots of company in this country and in other countries too.

It seems from the activity of diplomats here in Washington that a lot of governments in Europe are anxious to know what America thinks and what, if anything, we will do about it. Well, those governments remember how America turned the tide in the World War and so today they are looking here for some hint whether our government will issue a warning to Europe or swear its power to one side or the other over there.

All through this critical week the Ambassadors or Secretaries of Embassies have been in touch with our officials to say what they think. Top diplomats have the right to proceed at present themselves, if they think that they are not disturbing too much. But where have they done that? Instead they usually go to the big grey stone office across the street where Secretary of State Cordell Hull and his staff handle our foreign affairs under the direction of the President. They drive down in big cars which they can park in reserved places at the curb while they go in to see Mr. Hull or his aides. Sometimes they just call up by telephone to see what is happening. Well, what do they find out? Usually they don't get much and that was the case especially this week. They find that our officials are very cagey onlookers at this whole mess in Europe. Our officials are watching out for Americans in Europe who need advice. They have warned our people in Czechoslovakia and in some other places of danger but they are not getting mixed up in diplomatic or military angles of this affair.

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The government's attitude in a few words is "Heads up, eyes front, but lips tight and hands off." The President has set the example. He is staying close to his desk and getting every important report by cable or radio and sometimes by direct form from Europe. He has important callers too. Those who give him their ideas on the situation. One this week was Bernard M. Baruch, Chairman during the World War of our War Industries Board and who was recently in Europe. The President listens to men like this and the State Department experts who size the situation up for him but he says almost nothing himself. His policy just now is "Everything in and very little out." For instance he had a press conference this week and talked to reporters on internal matters but advised them in advance that it would be a good idea not to ask questions on the war scare which would call for an opinion from him.

Over across the street Mr. Hull sees the diplomats day by day and also sees reporters but, like the President, he says very little. He is good-natured but he does not want to let slip any word which might frighten Americans or stir up trouble in case some government twisted the meaning of what he said. Incidentally he is careful also because many foreign reporters gather with American news men there along the long green table in his office to catch his every word. German, French, British, Italian and Japanese writers are there ready to wire their governments and people of what our government thinks or does. They are allowed at press conferences here, even those at the White House, because our government believes in the freedom of the press and expects to get fair treatment of our reporters abroad. Now Hull's helpers have hinted that there are other more important reasons for his caution just now. For example, he and the President know that the American public wants to keep out of war. Congress enacted along that line a neutrality law as a war time policy for the United States. It does not apply until war is declared formally. But our officials have tried in this European situation to be neutral, even in the days when conflict is merely threatened.

Then there is another reason. It came out in a single word which Mr. Hull used to suggest why he couldn't talk. He said that things over there are kaleidoscopic,—he meant changing so fast that no one could be sure from hour to hour as to what would happen. So the policy has been "tight lips." That doesn't mean however that officials are letting American interests slide. On the contrary the State Department said that it was watching out not only for Americans in Europe but for our American financial interests. You know I am sure that our Minister in Czechoslovakia warned Americans to be ready for immediate departure. He did that because officials were worried lest the

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Czech mobilization would commandeer trains, buses, vehicles and other means of transportation, and thus leave our citizens stranded. There were at the start of this year over 5,000 Americans who had permanent homes in Czechoslovakia, in addition to at least a few hundred tourists, students and other temporary visitors who were probably there when this trouble started. In nearby countries other thousands of Americans may be affected and officials are alert for their safety.

Now what are these financial interests over there? The Commerce Department said that Americans in recent years had bought over $25,000,000 worth of Czechoslovak bonds. Some had been sold back to Europe. But the amount held here is still substantial, officials said, and two of the Czech bond issues floated here were for loans into the very Sudeten area which Germany wants. One was for about a million dollars to the city of Karlsbad. Another was for $1,150,000 to a glass works in Bleichstadt. Officials are watching to see if the Sudeten area including those cities goes to Germany, because they remembered that the Germans have failed so far to accept responsibility for American debts, or rather for Austrian debts to Americans after Austria merged with Germany. Mr. Hull said just this week that he was still trying in every way to get a settlement on those debts. But bonds aren't the only property interests that Americans have in Czechoslovakia. Our people have about five million dollars' worth of office and business equipment over there used in many manufacturing firms and selling of goods. Then there is our new trade agreement with Czechoslovakia which came into force just last April and which may be changed if war comes or if Czechoslovakia is cut in size and its boundaries officially indicated. In the treaty we gave the Czechs concessions on their shipments to us of shoes, of cotton goods, cheese, hops and other goods. In turn they made it easier for us to sell them apples, grapefruit, raisins, lard, tobacco, motor vehicles, refrigerators and many other commodities. But now look what one government expert said over here that might happen. If some of Czechoslovakia is ceded to Germany and we continue to buy goods from that section it will no longer be Czech goods, it will be German and the Czechs will get no benefits of the sales. In that case would they be willing to keep on giving us the same favors arranged last April? And another thing, it works both ways . . . goods we sell to that transferred region would be sold to Germany under the proposed change. And we might think we were not getting from Czechoslovakia our money's worth for the concessions we give them. An official said that nobody could tell how this would work out and so it will be watched closely.

And last, and strangest of all, this crisis gives us a gold

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problem. Streams of the precious yellow metal are pouring into America because the Europeans want to put their money in a safe place. From the first of this month to the twenty-first, nearly half a million dollars' worth of goods came in here. The Treasurer said on Thursday that he thought the biggest rush was over but it had swelled our gold stocks already to $13,500,000,000 which means over $100 worth for every man, woman and child of us. Experts say that too much gold upsets the credit structure and so officials have partly sterilized this recent shipment, that is, put it in special funds where the gold won't cause trouble even if the Europeans suddenly decide they want it back.

This was a big week in domestic politics and was important on the foreign fronts facing Mexico and China. Officials want payment for oil and farm lands which Mexico has expropriated. And this week they prepared a new note to Mexico demanding settlement. They also started negotiations with China which may end by buying more Chinese silver. But those events did not produce concrete results this week. And so I am going to have to pass up the details.

The big headline political story was the war scare and on that officials like you just sat tight trying to keep wise and keep out.

Biz.—Code signals up full, fade.

ANNOUNCER.—H. V. Kaltenborn, editor, author, and dean of America's news commentators, bringing you this week's happenings in foreign affairs!

KALTENBORN.—Good evening, everybody.

Tonight's task must be in the poet's phrase "to see things steadily and see them whole." For two weeks now I have spent from twelve to sixteen hours each day listening to radio reports, studying up some bulletins and trying to interpret their meaning for Columbia's radio audience. In that brief period we have seen more than one very real European crisis come and go and tonight we face another and the most decisive of them all. Tonight too is the beginning of the second year of "Headlines and Bylines." It was my hope to be able to look back in leisurely fashion over the headlines of the year that has gone and to devote tonight's talk to a retrospect on fifty-two crowded weeks of world affairs, but in this fateful hour the bitter long-drawn-out Civil War seems unimportant except as it recalls Prime Minister Chamberlain's unavailing effort to conciliate the lesser of the two would-be Napoleons who strut the European stage—China and Japan in the Far East have been almost forgotten in the immediate concern with the European continent.

There is little chance tonight to look back but I have been reminded of a few statements made on this program during the past twelve months and the very first one— On October 3, 1937,

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came this: "The Italian troops will not be withdrawn from Spain." "Eden and Chamberlain are going separate ways." And the first mention of Czechoslovakia came on December 5th. Czechoslovakia has become a pawn in the European game and on December 12th we will soon learn that it was Japanese and not Chinese planes that bombed the *Panay*. This attack will stir up American Isolationists but we cannot and will not withdraw from China. And on December 19th only Italian and German help saves Franco from defeating Spain. And on January 2nd, the first of the broadcasts of 1938.

1938 will mark further gains for Fascism in Europe. And on January 9th the war in Spain has reached a stalemate; and on March 20th Europe is in a state of truce and not a state of peace; and my talk on that Sunday quoted my interview with President Benes of Czechoslovakia in which he said that the best way to satisfy Germany would be to bring about a pact which would unite Italy, Germany and all the countries lying along the Danube. He closed the interview with these words, "We must never lose hope." It looks tonight as though his faith might be justified.

On May 8th, Czechoslovakia began to assume importance in the news as was indicated by the phrase used that evening, "Czechoslovakia is the world's most serious problem." If that was true on the 8th of May it is many times more true on the 25th of September. Already on June 5th it was possible to say to the audience of "Headlines and Bylines" the Czechoslovak crisis is not spontaneous, it is stimulated from Germany and on June 12th I quoted Premier Hodza to this effect: "The minority issue in Czechoslovakia can be settled peaceably," and I ventured to add at that time, "Ah, yes, but only if Adolf Hitler wants it settled that way." And that statement made in June holds good tonight, and the whole world is asking at this moment, Can this crisis have a peaceful end? And frankly, I think it can. I think there is an excellent chance of peace even tonight. Now why? Let me review just briefly the position of the different countries that constitute the very center of this crisis and let us see just where Europe stands, just how it lines up tonight, and perhaps that will give the answer to the question why there is still, even at this eleventh hour, a great chance for peace.

Czechoslovakia has found friends and she has found her own strength. Her army, one of the finest in Europe, the finest insofar as numbers, the quality of individual soldiers, their training, their equipment are concerned; that army tonight stands in one of the finest frontier line of forts to be found anywhere in the world, a natural frontier, the Sudeten Mountains, with every man behind that line determined to defend his country against what he considers the unfair, unjust demands of a neighboring

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dictator; and Czechoslovakia notified today by the two partners of the little entente Jugoslavia and Rumania—"We stand true to our pledge. If you are attacked we come to your assistance," and note the immediate effect of that in other countries, the countries that were most likely to attack outside of Germany. And I am thinking of Poland, and today from Warsaw came the dispatch that reported negotiations having begun with Czechoslovakia over the settlement of the difficulty between the two countries with reference to the Teschen district. Mind you, that dispatch comes not from Prague but from Warsaw. It indicates that Poland's shrewd statesman, Joseph Beck, looking over the European situation, estimating the chances pro and con, as every good statesman does, says to himself, "Perhaps we better wait, perhaps it might be just as well to use this opportunity to negotiate the settlement on the Teschen difficulty." After all from Poland's point of view that's not very important. And Hungary promptly announces, when word had been sent out that Hungary had mobilized her army, and it's not a very large army, and not a very well-equipped army because only recently has Hungary begun to restore her army, and Hungary announces that it is not true that they have mobilized. Meaning, that while Hungary naturally is eager to get back some part of Slovakia and I hope that sometime in a more peaceful era there will be negotiations, that we'll help Hungary to get back more natural frontiers than she has today; but Hungary too, realizing how the alignment has gone, is willing to wait. And what about Italy? Italy, three, four speeches by Benito Mussolini, on successive days challenging Poland and Hungary to ask their bit of Czechoslovakia, saying that Italy has chosen her side. What word is there from Italy tonight? Tonight when Adolf Hitler listens anxiously across the Alps, across the Brenner and wonders what his friend is doing to get ready to stand with him against United Europe and do we hear any sign of Italian mobilization? Do we hear the tanks and the troops rattling up towards the Brenner as I heard them and saw them in 1934 when Benito Mussolini was determined that Germany should not have Austria? We do not. There is deep silence in Italy, while all the rest of Europe arms. And France and Britain at last, after a long negotiation, after many a hesitation, after many a difference of opinion, France and Britain tonight are engaged in a cabinet council together; are engaged together as friends and the *Daily Mail*, of all papers in London the most Fascist, the one whose Envoy Price is the only man who can today get an interview with Hitler, the *Daily Mail* says, "France and Britain stand together tonight." It's forgotten its Fascistic leanings, it's once more become British and it announces to the world that Britain and France are standing together against the Fascist dictators of Europe.

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And so I come to Germany. And what of Germany. That country I know well and I know it better perhaps than any country in Europe because my ancestors lived there and I speak its language and I love its people and its poetry, and I notice that this man Hitler from the beginning has sought to create a situation in Germany whereby he could cross the border into Czechoslovakia, take possession of that rich territory but without creating a war. I know that he created a free corps and sent that down to the Sudeten border because he was afraid to send the army there at this particular time, and I know that the German general staff, made up of intelligent men who know their business with its old tradition and high standing, and final authority, I know that that staff tonight is hesitating because it told Hitler long ago, against France, Yes; against Russia, Yes; against both, Yes; but not against France and Russia and Britain too. That would be too much; that would mean we fail and we have lost one war and we refuse to go into another that we are certain to lose. And so, you can see that the negotiations of the past two weeks have been intended by Hitler to put England and France out of any possible participation. Tonight we realize that Hitler has failed and consequently I believe that since Chamberlain has now seen light, since the democracies of Europe stand together, since the picture is against the dictators, I don't believe that there will be war.*

Good night.

Biz.—QST signals come in again . . . up full quickly, then drop behind:

STARK, ANNOUNCER.—The Columbia Broadcasting System has presented the fifty-third program of its Sunday night series, "Headlines and Bylines," bringing you the latest reports on the shifting scenes of the world news, and *headlines* in the week's foreign and domestic news, with *bylines* by

PUTNAM, VOICE 1.—Ralph Edwards!

STARK, VOICE 2.—Carroll Kenworthy!

PUTNAM, VOICE 3.—H. V. Kaltenborn!

Biz.—QST signals up full quickly . . . then out.

STARK, ANNOUNCER.—What will next week bring?

PUTNAM, VOICE 1 (*first question*).—"Will Franco-British Conference Solve Europe's Crisis?"

STARK, VOICE 2 (*second question*).—"What Will Hitler Say Tomorrow?"

WELSH, VOICE 3 (*third question*).—"Will Italy Stand with Germany?"

* Kaltenborn's English is not always grammatical; he speaks impromptu, never using a script.

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STARK, ANNOUNCER.—Tune in again next Sunday night at this same time for "Headlines and Bylines" with Ralph Edwards giving you the last minute flashes from Press Radio Bureau.

PUTNAM, VOICE 1.—Gilbert Seldes, pioneer critic of the popular arts, interpreting their significance in the news of the day.

WELSH, VOICE 2.—H. V. Kaltenborn with his keen analysis of national and foreign affairs.

Biz.—Code signals held up full till cue . . . then out.

STARK, ANNOUNCER.—The opinions expressed in this broadcast are those of the commentators themselves. "Headlines and Bylines" is another weekly feature of Columbia's extensive news coverage. . . .

This is the COLUMBIA . . . BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

—fade theme 20 seconds—

11 P.M. *B-U-L-O-V-A Bulova Watch Time*

WABC New York

This is the sort of program from which study groups can learn much by the preparation of similar news broadcasts themselves. They do not have to be hurried, coming as they do only once a week, and adequate time can be given to checking every item for accuracy and balance. "Headlines and Bylines" is a featured program of Columbia's Department of Education, directed by Sterling Fisher. Helen Sioussat, assistant director, produces the broadcast.

A third type of news show, the impromptu international exchange, is one of the most effective for network purposes, and I am including one of these partly to indicate why I said at the opening of this chapter that international broadcasts are anything in the world but commonplace, but mainly I am including it to preserve what I consider to be one of the most moving pieces of prose I ever heard over the air. As a model of sincerity and simplicity, the short speech of Jan Masaryk, Czech minister to London, is unexcelled by anything radio has ever presented, with the possible exception of the abdication speech of the Duke of Windsor. I believe that Masaryk's words belong with the great speeches of the world, as beautiful as Washington's farewell address to his officers, as moving as Robert Emmett's statement before his execution, as finely wrought as the Gettysburg Address. Here is the entire broadcast:

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Columbia Broadcasting System

JAN MASARYK

Friday, September 23, 1938

11:00-11:30 P.M.

ANNOUNCER.—Good evening, everyone. This is Bob Trout bringing you the news of Europe. According to the Press Radio Bureau, in a few hours Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain will be back in London to tell his Cabinet what occurred today in his final talk with Chancellor Hitler at Godesburg. The Prime Minister after a three hour conversation with the Fuehrer has announced that he will submit to the Czech government some proposals which represent Adolf Hitler's last word on what he will accept in return for keeping out of Czech territory. The Prime Minister would not say what the proposals consist of but he did say the situation is not entirely hopeless.

Now, as Mr. William Shirer, Columbia's Central European correspondent told us from Godesburg not long ago, Adolf Hitler and Mr. Chamberlain had issued a joint communique which said, "The friendly conversations of the German leader and Mr. Chamberlain ended today with the handing over of a German memorandum containing Germany's final attitude regarding the situation in the Sudeten German country. Mr. Chamberlain undertook to transmit the memorandum to the Czechoslovakian government and Mr. Chamberlain accompanied by British Ambassador Sir Neville Henderson and Sir Horace Wilson, paid his farewell visit in the presence of German Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop. The German dictator took an opportunity to express to Chamberlain his personal gratitude and that of the German nation for his efforts in favor of a peaceful settlement of the Sudeten question. The Prime Minister returns to England Saturday morning." And that is the end of the communique.

Now in the studio with me here is Columbia's news analyst, Mr. H. V. Kaltenborn, who is going to call England direct and find out what London is thinking about, for in our London studio are Edward R. Murrow, Columbia's Chief European correspondent, waiting to hold a conversation at this end with Mr. Kaltenborn. Now here is Mr. Kaltenborn.

KALTENBORN.—Hello, Ed Murrow. Are you there? Hello, Ed. Calling London.

MURROW.—Good evening, Hans.

KALTENBORN.—Good evening, Ed. Are you prepared to answer a few questions that I should like to put to you?

MURROW.—I'll try.

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KALTENBORN.—Here is the situation as we see it. Bob Trout has just read the last Press Radio Bulletin which gives the communique issued by both Hitler and Chamberlain. The first communique which is a joint one, and it is rather peaceful in tone,—does London at this particular moment share the beginning of a little optimism which we seem to feel over here?

MURROW.—Well, according to the newspapers that are to be published in London this morning, no great optimism is apparent. So far as the communique is concerned, the general feeling seems to be that the answer to that situation will be found in Czechoslovakia and not in London.

KALTENBORN.—You referred to the statement that Prime Minister Chamberlain made in which he said, "It is now up to the Czechs." Did you consider that as being in a sense a statement that was rather washing his hands of the matter and indicating that it was up to the Czechs to decide their own fate? How did you regard that particular phrase?

MURROW.—I think that's a very difficult question, Hans, and it's one that really can't be answered until Mr. Chamberlain returns and makes some official statement.

KALTENBORN.—To whom will he make that statement?

MURROW.—It's presumed that there will be a meeting of the inner cabinet immediately after Mr. Chamberlain's return tomorrow.

KALTENBORN.—Then we can expect a statement the moment that Cabinet meeting ends?

MURROW.—I'd hardly say that because you will remember there have been a number of Cabinet meetings in the past here without any statements being issued and that it's a little difficult to predict what will happen.

KALTENBORN.—I only thought that because of the generally tense situation that they would like to issue something as soon as they could.

MURROW.—I think it's generally expected that they will but there has been no definite announcement on it.

KALTENBORN.—Have you had any further report of military action in the Sudeten area?

MURROW.—There are still rumors and counter-rumors but in the course of the last two hours I've not received any reports of additional activities in the Sudeten areas.

KALTENBORN.—We have a definite indication that the Sudetens had occupied the Asch district. That, as you remember, is that curious, narrow, little salient that projects into Germany and surrounded on all sides by German territory and according to our information, the Czech troops have stopped just short of that salient and are evidently making no effort to reoccupy and the Sudetens now control that. Does that agree with your information?

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MURROW.—So far there's no definite confirmation of that statement here.

KALTENBORN.—We have here reports that the Hungarian Cabinet is meeting in special session and also indications that the Poles are very much excited over the situation. Have you anything further on the movements of either one of those countries?

MURROW.—The latest thing on the Polish situation here is that the Poles have denied a statement that they allege to have been broadcast by the Czech Broadcasting stations this evening stating that the Poles have given up their claims to certain Czechoslovakian territory.

KALTENBORN.—Yes, that of course is out of the question because we've had tonight a broadcast from the former Polish counselor to the Washington Embassy in which he very strongly reiterated Poland's claim to the Czechian district. In fact, I was hoping that I could persuade the Czech Minister to London to make a little comment on that District because we've only had the Polish point of view on it, and I thought perhaps he would like to say a little something about it from the Czech point of view.

MURROW.—Now that you speak of the Czech Minister in London, Hans, he's sitting here just on the opposite side of this table and, as you know, he's Jan Masaryk. This afternoon New York telephoned me to say that Mr. Masaryk, at the request of Duncan Moore of Station WJAR in Detroit, had agreed to speak tonight provided a microphone could be installed in the Czech Legation. Well, unfortunately there wasn't sufficient time to install that microphone in the Czech Legation so I telephoned to Mr. Masaryk and asked rather hesitantly whether or not he would come to the studios at the hour of 4:00 in the morning in London and talk to the United States. He agreed to do so, and judging from the activity that's been going on in the Czech Legation, the conferences that Mr. Masaryk has had, I think we're very fortunate indeed that he's come here this morning at 4:00 in London to talk to you.

KALTENBORN.—Will you present him to the American audience, Ed?

MURROW.—Right. Ladies and Gentlemen, I'm not going to say the Right Honorable Jan Masaryk because he's told me he prefers to be known as just Jan Masaryk, Czech Minister to London.

MASARYK.—It is for me quite an unexpected pleasure to visualize millions of the citizens of the great American democracy listening to me. At the same time it is an unexpected responsibility, believe me. It has been a very long day for me. It's four o'clock in the morning in London and I have not overslept myself lately.

Today my beloved little country ordered a general mobilization. We have definitely decided to resist aggression and I can tell you that this move was not made without the knowledge of

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France and Great Britain. Quite the contrary. In a very few words, the history of the last few weeks and days has been about as follows. Lord Runciman came to Prague as a mediator. We welcomed him. The Sudeten Germans welcomed him and gave him on both sides all the facilities to learn the real facts of the situation. Before he was quite able to finish his task, Mr. Chamberlain in a definitely honest endeavor to save the peace of the world, went to Berchtesgaden to discuss the fate of my country with Herr Hitler. The visit of the French statesmen in London followed and my government was suddenly, without in any way having been consulted, faced with a plan which meant, to say the least, a permanent crippling of my country.

After terribly hard and tearful deliberation they accepted this plan in full, in toto, as they say in Latin, and in full confidence that this time France and England will not forsake us. And there the matter stands at the minute. Mr. Chamberlain is again visiting Herr Hitler and at this moment he is being handed a memorandum containing Mr. Hitler's considered and final opinion of the Sudeten-German question. He will deliver it to us tomorrow. What the memorandum contains I have no idea. Just as I had no idea what the Anglo-French plan was till twenty-four hours after it had been decided upon. I hope and pray that it will be acceptable to us and that neighborly relations will at last be established worthy of such proud peoples as the Germans on one side and the Czechoslovaks on the other.

My people have gone further in self-restraint, discipline, international solidarity in these last few days than anyone could have expected and I am more proud than I ever was to be a citizen of Czechoslovakia. We shall study Mr. Hitler's proposal with good will and that same conciliation, which made us swallow many little pills and bitter pills in the last few days. But I solemnly declare that we shall not give in on the fundamental issues. We believe in democracy, humanitarianism, freedom of religion and speech and the importance of the individual. I personally insist upon reading the Bible and reading the poems by Hiner. Whether Hiner was a Jew or not does not interest me in the least. He's the author of "Lorelei," the most beautiful German poem I know.

And now I want to tell you that my country has not been perfect always. We have made mistakes. We are young and inexperienced but we are proud to be a democracy where a mistake can be acknowledged and where it can be rectified. But please know this, and I am speaking in a very serious mood tonight. Our German minority was treated better than any other in Europe and if it would not have been for the shocking propaganda from across the border, we and our Sudeten Germans,

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among whom I have hundreds of personal friends, would have settled our differences with dignity and without bloodshed.

My father was buried just a year ago. My united nation is assembled around his simple village grave, firmly resolved to safeguard the principles he laid down for us and we are convinced that truth, decency, freedom and love will triumph in the end. We shall defend it to our last breath. I tell you, Americans, our powder is dry. As one who has spent many years in America, who knows and loves it, who earned his first dollar in New York City when he was nineteen years old, as one whose mother was an American, and as a citizen of a small country, where St. Stanislaus and Jan Huss are our two native heroes and patrons, I greet you, brother Democrats, and may God give us peace. May he replace hatred by love and deliver us from evil.

Goodnight to you all. There is one more thought I had in my head. I know there are many of my countrymen who are listening in at the moment, people who perhaps fought in the last war to allow Bohemia and Slovakia to be free. Will you majority allow me to speak to this minority in their own tongue and tell them something?

Mr. Masaryk greeted his fellow compatriots in America in the Czechoslovakian language and said, "Truth must triumph and will triumph. I salute you, brother Democrats."

MURROW.—Thank you very much indeed, Mr. Masaryk. That concludes the remarks of Mr. Jan Masaryk.

KALTENBORN.—Ed, may I ask you just this question—have you communicated with Prague recently?

MURROW.—I've not been able to communicate with Prague in the course of the last, I should say, seven or eight hours.

KALTENBORN.—Yes, we too have only been able to get a short-wave broadcast from there. Ed, I have one or two dispatches here which I think perhaps as long as you're on the wire you'd be interested in hearing. One of them confirms your statement just now that the morning papers of London strike rather a pessimistic note. This bulletin says that the British public was warned in its morning newspapers today that war may not be far distant. That the London press was unanimous in taking an extremely grave view of the course of negotiations.

In conclusion I must say that I cannot tell anyone how to become a successful news commentator. There are certain specific things which the prospective news writer or newscaster can do for himself in order to cultivate those habits which make for good work in this branch of radio. He should,

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as I have said before, read newspapers every day and read them thoroughly. And these papers should be of as widely contrasted editorial and political opinion as possible. This makes for impartial determinations on the part of the individual. I think further that those whose interest is the news side of broadcasting should read *Time* magazine and read also all those articles appearing in *Harper's* and the *Atlantic Monthly* which deal with national and international issues. Familiarity with the techniques employed by those writers who do the profiles in the *New Yorker* magazine will bring to the perceptive reader very valuable devices in the difficult problem of converting any given individual into an interesting and entertaining study in human action and human behavior. All these suggestions are useful. They are not offered because it is presumed that they represent the whole field, but because the suggestions can be acted upon without great effort on the part of the student.

Mr. H. V. Kaltenborn is unique in both the quality of intellect and of analytical penetration. He has been a newspaperman for over thirty years, and this has of course exposed him to every news front in the world. He resists any sort of classification because he speaks directly to the microphone without reference to script. He never has anything more before him than a few scribbled notes. Bob Trout, who is now in his late twenties, has come by his great skill partly by a heritage of large mental capacity and partly by long practice at the microphones under every describable condition the radio industry knows. He is one of the ablest "ad libbers" in radio today and his work always suggests profound sincerity, but a sincerity without heaviness. He is opposed to making anything sound any more exciting than it really is. He is neither nonchalant nor casual, but he is in complete command of himself and of the situation before him at all times. He had opportunity to cultivate his natural gifts at one of the local stations in Washington and he made good use of this opportunity. He has told me privately that his seeming composure before the microphone is something that took him four years to achieve, and the only thing I have ever heard him say in reference to radio and to the demands it makes on those who are working with it was the simple phrase: "When there's work, get on it."

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APPENDIX

THE QUESTION OF COPYRIGHT

THE student and the prospective writer should know something of this subject. I say this because I have too often seen the unhappy situation in which a writer has brought in or sent in a good piece of dramatized adaptation and has then been bitterly disappointed to discover that the copyright situation was such that an air performance of the property was impossible. "But I thought that *you* would take care of the problem of clearing the material," they complain. And so we do, when the thing is possible. The point that is important is this: never spend time and energy preparing material previously published unless you yourself have ascertained that the property on which you are working or on which you intend to work can be delivered.

The second point about copyrights is mentioned next so that the new writer may have knowledge of the manner by which he may protect his own work; how he may obtain copyrights for his own original work. With these two points in mind, I am going to include now the statement of Mr. Jan Schimek, Director of the Copyright Division of the Columbia Broadcasting System. This is what he says:

> Legal concepts of property rights in artistic creations have developed, and continue to develop. Rights recognized today in the law have come into existence not so much through the development of the various art mediums as through the development of methods of reproduction and wide dissemination of copies of artistic creations. The troubadour, the minnesinger, the story-teller, could not restrain the repetition of his songs and stories. No legal restraint was placed on the cloistered monks from copying the manuscripts of the Middle Ages.
>
> When printing came into existence, conditions changed radically. Money was invested in presses and materials, and printers and stationers expected to make a profit from the works of the authors whose manscripts and musical compositions they reproduced for wide distribution. The printer who had made such an investment quite naturally desired a monopolistic control over that investment and the commercial exploitation of his product. The

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first statutes were therefore enacted to protect the "manufacturer" of copies of artistic creations in which he held proprietary ownership rather than the creator of the works of art.

Eventually the author, composer, and artist came into his own and common law together with copyright statutes recognized property rights in his creations. He could control the copying and, in cases of dramatic or musical works, could control the performance for profit and he could license others to do so. Obviously limitations had to be placed upon the extent of such protection so that progress in the arts might not be hampered. To illustrate: ideas, the actual product of the human mind, could not be taken out of circulation, so to speak; the actual words of any language could not be reserved to any individual; the characteristic behavior of mankind or any given individual would have to remain free "raw materials" for every artist to draw upon in the creation of his work. Furthermore, a creative artist could not be permitted to label his work by means of any given title and then reserve that title strictly to himself. All of these belong to the "public domain."

What then is the creative artist's property right in his creation? He holds rights in the form of his work. No one may copy the manner in which he has joined together the ideas; no one may copy the form of the composer's melodic vein and clothe it in the same notation.

Advances both in the arts and in methods of dissemination of the products of creative effort have brought about more precise definitions of the artist's property rights. These are embodied in the various laws of copyright which differ substantially. In the United States the work of the creative artist is protected under common law or the work may be protected by compliance with the statutory copyright provided for by Act of Congress. Under the former his work is protected in perpetuity and he may transfer those rights to his heirs and assigns provided there has never been publication or definite dedication of the work to the public. He may, however, have a dramatic work performed on the stage for profit, have his radio script broadcast, or he may have his lectures or sermons given under license from him and he may have his musical compositions performed in public, without losing common-law copyright.

It must be stressed again, however, that all common-law rights are lost if publication is permitted. While it is generally understood that "publication" means the reproducing and selling of copies of a work, decisions in courts have from time to time interpreted the meaning of publication in various ways, too many to be discussed here. It is highly important, therefore, for the author to obtain counsel before permitting any form of reproduction of his work, if he wishes to retain "common law" copyright.

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The Constitution, Art. I, Sec. 8, gave Congress the power ". . . to promote the progress of science and useful arts, BY SECURING FOR LIMITED TIMES TO AUTHORS and inventors THE EXCLUSIVE RIGHT TO THEIR respective WRITINGS and discoveries."

Pursuant to the authority granted, Congress has enacted from time to time statutes which give very specific protection to works in the various art mediums. In order to take advantage of this "statutory" form of copyright, the creative artist must comply with the provisions and requirements which are clearly set forth in the act itself. Copies of the act can be obtained from the Library of Congress. The first step in obtaining such protection is proper registration. This differs according to the type of work to be copyrighted. Under the various sections of the act the artist is protected for an initial period of twenty-eight years, and has the privilege of renewing the copyright for an additional twenty-eight years, provided application is made within the final year of the initial copyright period. The act furthermore provides specific remedies and definite minimum and maximum penalties for infringement.

In general practice authors or their assigns hold radio scripts and radio dramas under common-law copyright until "publication" in some form or another is contemplated. This has its advantage in extending the period of protection. Just as rights under common law are nullified by publication, an effort to secure statutory copyright may be ineffective by improper registration and constitute termination of common-law copyright, thereby throwing the work into the "public domain." It is best, therefore, to write to the Library of Congress requesting the proper application form for the specific type of material the author wishes to copyright and for requirements of the act. Registration costs are nominal, one or two dollars, depending upon the classification.

SOME PRACTICAL CONSIDERATIONS CONCERNING MATERIALS OTHER THAN ORIGINAL RADIO DRAMAS

Adaptations. Both under common law and under statutory copyright, the author of a story or novel retains the sole right to dramatize the work. It is therefore essential that the radio writer or the broadcaster make proper arrangements with the author or the proprietors before adapting such works. Both professional radio writers and novices have had many sad experiences by not keeping this point in mind. Not only do some authors of novels and stories prefer not to have their works utilized by radio, but some literary properties have become so valuable that the cost of permissions to use them may be prohibitive to the broadcaster. The writer has had the experience of facing a difference of $100,000 between bid and asked prices. Very often, too, the novelist or story writer may have already disposed of his radio dramatization rights. Furthermore, it is a technical violation of the copy-

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right act to dramatize a literary work and to submit it for sale without first having obtained permission from the copyright owner.

Stage Plays. No portion of a stage play may be adapted or even in its original form be included in a radio dramatization without specific permission of the copyright owner.

Poetry. While the copyright act does not restrain the broadcaster from reading a published and copyrighted poem, it does protect the poet against anyone's setting his poem to music or dramatizing it. If a poem is used as the basis of a dramatic sketch, some of the lines being given to characters, or transposed into dialogue, it is obviously a dramatization. Moreover if the radio writer includes portions of the original poem in a dramatic skit, and especially in such a manner that the portion used advances the plot, it may be construed as dramatization, but this construction is not necessary. Often a poem is read on the air and the reading is accompanied with a musical background.

Speeches. The copyright act specifically protects lectures, sermons, addresses, or similar productions. Therefore the radio writer should guard against using *substantial* portions from such works in his own speeches. The act, however, does not prohibit the use of small parts under the theory of "fair quotation" but it has not been defined exactly how much from a lecture or other literary work may be quoted or in what manner.

Music.—A great portion of modern broadcasting program content consists of music. It may be utilized (a) in strict concert form, (b) as a substantial part of a variety program, (c) as incidental music to a dramatic production, (d) background music, or (e) as musical bridges (commonly called cues) in radio drama. While the radio author need not concern himself with the rights to broadcast music there are definite limitations to the usage of music for which broadcasting stations are licensed. Broadcasting licenses usually cover so-called "small performing rights." These rights, generally speaking, cover the ordinary performance of musical compositions but do not include the right to utilize music "dramatically."

The following examples should clarify this point.

(1) The scene is a night club. Dance music is playing. John asks Mary to dance with him and during the dance (the music continues to be heard) they engage in romantic dialogue. The dialogue makes no reference to the music. This would be permissible on the theory that the plot is not advanced and any piece of music could be used in this spot.

(2) The same music is being played. John asks Mary to dance. They engage in romantic dialogue. This time, however, the dialogue includes direct references to the music. The song is the familiar *Loch Lomond.*

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JOHN.—It doesn't seem a year since we met.
MARY.—And you were cross with me. Remember! (*Sings the phrase*) But me and my true love will never meet again.—That's what you said to me when I sang this same old song.
JOHN.—But a man has the right to change his mind.
MARY.—Yes—but isn't it too bad we're not again (*sings*) On the bonnie banks of LOCH LOMOND.

This is dramatic usage and if this were a copyrighted song, it could not be so used without special permission.

(3) The continuity writer may develop a dramatic sequence and point his climax by the performance of a song which dovetails into his dialogue, but before use may be had of the piece, permission must be had.

(4) When a musical number from a stage production is used permission to use the song, together with the story which leads up to the song or a description of the scene and circumstances in the production when the song occurs, is necessary.

(5) It is not good practice to write a miniature musical comedy and cue in standard published and copyrighted songs, even though they may not have been part of other musical productions, because of the myriad legal complications involved.

Public Domain. Where work, which may be subject of statutory copyright, has been published without compliance with the copyright act, or where the term of copyright protection has expired, it is said to be free to the use of all who may wish to do so and said to be in the Public Domain.

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CONCLUSION

Almost all prospective radio writers seem to share one basic curiosity. They want to know what training they should go through in order to learn how to create acceptable broadcast material. I think there are certain things they should do: they should listen critically to all the programs they have time to hear; they should read all the literature they can get hold of —plays, novels, short stories, and dramatic poetry—they should go to the movies; and they should go to the theatre whenever they can, even to the bad shows of second rate companies in mouldy theatres.

Reading and listening and watching are the best sources of instruction. If the aspiring writer is an undergraduate, he is in a fine position to do the productive reading he needs; in fact he is in a better position than he is likely to find again in the course of his entire life. He should seize this chance and make reading a firm habit, for if he does not develop the habit in college, he will not acquire it after graduation—he will either not have the time nor the books.

I have only one word of caution for the new writer. It is this: never talk about your work to anybody. You will slake your thirst for it if you do. Through your own conversation it will achieve an imaginary existence. The free approval of your friends will give it a temporary reality. This reality is a false one, and it has killed more work than has ever been written.

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