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Radio Script - April 1952

Prairie View A&M College

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JAMES SULLIVAN - Father

11th Ave. Second

1952 April 15

RADIO SCRIPT: SUNDAY, APRIL 13, 1952

(MUSIC-----CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA IN THEME AND DOWN FOR:)

Announcer - - AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF CHRIST

(MUSIC--PUNCTUATE AND OUT)

Announcer: Presented by Prairie View Sunday School Dramatic Club

(MUSIC--CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA In. HOLD THEM FADE FOR:)

Announcer: Tonight we present "He Came Seeing" a miracle in the life of Christ Christ--the greatest life ever lived, the first of our two Easter Series.

(MUSIC--UP TO PEAK. FADE TO BACKGROUND FOR:)

Narrator: As the scene opens Asa, the father of Joab, is seen standing, somewhat impatiently, enduring the many fussy little arrangements that Judith, his wife, is making to Joab's clothes. She flings Joab's heavy cloak over his shoulders, drawing it tight about his neck. She fusses and pats and loves him, treating him like a little child. Joab stands weak and willing, accustomed to it and liking it. He has never waited upon himself. He has a staff in his hand and when he moves he gropes his way, feeling timidly with his staff, for he is blind. Asa is carrying him to the Temple where he goes daily to beg for his daily bread.

(MUSIC UP AND OUT - HOLD- THEM FADE FOR:)

Narrator: Anna, an old friend of the family enters as Joab is leaving. She and Judith stand like children discussing delicious, forbidden things:

Judith: (Gossipy) I ought not to tell, I promised Asa I wouldn't, but you know. This Jesus is a dangerous man. Our young men are following him. He is heading a revolution and my husband's master, "Ildiah, and some other of our leading men, they've got spies, and they're to arrest

(MORE)

Judith(Cont'd) him before the Romans. Oh, don't you ever tell I told, Anna. Asa would be provoked, because it's a great secret. But they know every single person that is listening to him-----

(MUSIC---FADES ON DRAWING JUDITH'S LAST WORDS, FOR:)

Crowd: (MUTTERING)

Narrator: A great noise is heard outside the door. Joab returns followed by a crowd of neighbors made up of men, women and children. His entire appearance has changed. His head is up, his face radiant, as well as wet. His hair is also wet, and when he opens his outer cloak his clothes are seen to be wet and clinging. The most startling thing, however, is that his eyes are open and it is evident that he can see. He looks eagerly at his mother, then at a neighbor, Anna, a friend of the family who loves him very much...He has never seen his mother, so he stands with wondering eyes and finally asks:

Joab: Mother! Which one?

Narrator: He runs to Anna, feels her up and down eagerly, shakes his head. He goes to Judith, feels her, and then gives a glad cry:

Joab: Jeab Mother!

Narrator: He kisses her on both cheeks and holds her off by the shoulders, looking deep into her eyes.

Joab: I said: "I will not look, I will not see till I have seen my mother's face. That must be first. "Oh, you are ~~beautiful~~, beautiful, but your eyes are sad. I thought they would be happy eyes. Oh, my mother, how I love you!

Narrator: He ^{runs}/~~turns~~ his fingers lightly down her arms and laughs with infectious gaily, in which the children join.

(CROWD GIGGLE)

(MORE)

Joab: Isn't it funny? I see you with my eyes, now, and yet to be sure you are my mother, I must feel.

Crowd: (LAUGH GAILY BREWERING)

Narrator: Suddenly he skips up and lifts a copper bowl from the shelf, his face is illumined with happiness.

Joab: Oh, this is the bowl we eat out of! Wonderful! It is the one I have always helped you polish. You said it must always be kept shining, but oh, my mother, I did not know shining was so beautiful.

Asa: Son, you see?

Narrator: Bounding to his father and running fingers up and down him.

Joab: Father!

Narrator: He is like a faun, glad and gay, as if only beauty and gladness existed.

Asa: (Voice stern with awe). How did you get your sight?

Joab: I sat where you put me, father, by my column in Solomon's porch. Some men were coming and I held out my bowl. I heard one of them ask who had sinned - you, father, or mother, or I, and oh, I was so angry. They cannot say my mother sinned. Then, suddenly, another man spoke, and ah-- that a voice! I can tell by men's voices, whether they are good and friendly, or bad and dangerous. This man's voice--it was strong...

Jesus' Voice: "nobody hath sinned, but that the work of God is going to be seen.

Joab: I felt the strangest, most thrilling something, and then He was stooping over me and putting mud on my eyelids and he spoke--oh so kindly and yet with command:

Jesus' Voice: "Go. Wash in Siloam."

Judith: Oh, my son, you didn't? Not alone?

Joab: Mother, I had to. If you had heard his voice, you'd know I had to.

Narrator: He looks down at the eager child who smuggles close to him and he lifts one of his dark curls wonderingly, exchanging a loving smile with the boy. Judith continues.

Judith: But you promised! Oh, the danger!

Asa: Hush, Judith. And then?

Joab: He went off with his disciples and I got up and tried to start. Oh, I was frightened. I had never found my way alone.

Judith: Never.

Joab: And I didn't want to disobey you, Mother. It was dreadful, all alone, and I almost gave up, but something made me keep on. It was the ring in his voice I couldn't forget.

Jesus Voice: Go, wash in Siloam.

Joab continues: I kept feeling my way and getting all turned about, and lost, and then I was at the steps and I knew I had found the pool. I threw off my cloak, Mother, and plunged right in.

Judith: Oh! In the water! All by yourself!

Joab: It was ~~so~~ terrible, the plunge, but I got my sight. Oh! Mother!

Crowd: It is miraculous! How can it be? Who is this man? How great was his faith. It's the power of God. etc. etc. (each speaking an individual part at the same time).

NARRATOR: While the crowd marvels at the wondrous work wrought in Joab whom they have known and loved all of ~~his~~ his life. Malkiah, a derviet Pharasee and
(MORE)

Narrator(cont'd) and a man of great repute in the city enters the house of Asa, his servant to question them about their son, and to threaten them into denying the healing of their son through the Son of God, There is a hush over the Crowd as he speaks:

~~Crowd~~ - - - - ^Murmuring -- hush --

Hilkiah: Is that your son, Asa?

Asa: My only son, ~~sir~~. *Hilkiah, Sir,*

Hilkiah: Was he ever blind?

Judith: Born blind, sir.

Hilkiah: It is your son, the same son?

Asa: Our only son, my lord.

✓ Crowd: Murmurs

Hilkiah: (To crowd) You here, do you know this boy?

Crowd: Yes, my lord.

First Neighbor: Yes, my lord, I know him well.

Hilkiah: You? Do you know him?

✓ Second Neighbor: (Trembling) Oh, yes your honor, I knew him very well.

Hilkiah: So? He isn't the same?

✓ Second Neighbor: No, sir. This is a different boy.

✓ Crowd: (Arguing) What's come over him? We've known him from birth. The man's a coward. ^how can he say such a thing etc. etc.

Hilkiah: (Commandingly) Quiet! (After crowd quiets down) You say, the boy is different from the boy you knew, how different?

Sec. Neigh: Well, for one thing, this fellow is a foot taller.

Judith: He does look taller, standing so straight. His blindness made him ~~step~~ ^{stoop}.

Sec. Neigh: Oh, it isn't that. This boy's got spirit. Joab is a poor devil.

Joab: (With a gay laugh) Wasn't I Eliakim?

First Neigh: It's Joab, sir, I'd known him anywhere. We all know him.

Crowd: Sure we know him.

Judith: (Fiercely to Second Neighbor) I guess I know my own son.

Crowd: (MURMURS)

Second Neigh: Oh, I admit the fellow looks like Joab - some. Not much when you look at him close.

First Neigh: 'Tis too Joab.

Second Neigh: 'Tain't I tell you.

Joab: (Laughing) Eliakim, you don't know me, that's rich!

Hilkiah: Are you or are you not Joab, the son of Asa?

Joab: (Sober) Sir, I am he.

Hilkiah: Were you blind?

Joab: Oh, yes, sir -- blind from birth.

Hilkiah: Are you sure you see ^{now?} ~~not~~?

Joab: (Breathlessly) I see! I see!

Hilkiah: Are you sure?

Joab: Sure, I'm sure, sir.

Milkiah: Well, if you really see, what do I look like?

Joab: (Gravely) You, sir. It is rather hard for me to say. I haven't seen much in this world, yet. But there was one thing I did see, coming home, I think, sir, you're like that.

Milkiah: (kindly) Indeed, what was it?

Joab: It was a palm tree.

Milkiah: (Pleased) Well, so I remind you of a palm tree? A royal palm. In what way?

Joab: Well, sir, the trunk is hard, like stone. It looks dead all the way up! It isn't thrilling with life, the way you expect a tree to be--it's life is only at the top--for all, it looks so dead.

Crowd: (Crowd laugh)

Milkiah: Well! Really!

Asa: (In frightened reproval) Why, Joab:

Narrator: This is a great moment for the crowd, hearing someone who dares to speak up to an aristocrat. They are scared but delighted. Joab and the children are the only ones who do not sense the seriousness of the situation.

Joab: have I said anything amiss? He asked, and it's all I have seen that seems like him. Now, this bench, he's not like it, father. It is lowly and serving, like you father. Or the bowl! You'd never say he is like it! Would you? It is shining! Glowing! This is like ---You know, I didn't see the man who cured me, father. He was gone when I came seeing, but I heard his voice and I think he must look like this shining bowl.

Milkiah: Then you didn't see him?

Joab: No, sir.

Hilkiah:h Well, I did, and I want to warn you, boy, that he's dangerous fellow.
(To Asa) Asa, I'm afraid this is going to get you into trouble. I mean to help you if I can.

Joab: You saw him? Where did the man, Jesus, go?

Hilkiah: (With bitterness) He went into the temple, after breaking the Sabbath-- the blasphemer!

Joab: How did He break the Sabbath?

Hilkiah: Why, by curing you, boy! That was work, wasn't it?

Joab: Oh, that was the work of God. He said so. I know it was, anyway, because I felt it here, inside me. Nobody but God could get inside me, could they?

Hilkiah: He put mud on your eyes. That was working.

Joab: But it wasn't the mud that cured. It was what happened inside of me. The mud on my eyes made me know something was going to happen, and then it did, but it was God's work.

Hilkiah: Hush, boy. God doesn't work.

Joab: He said He did.

Judith: (Frightened) Oh, my darling, you musn't -----

Hilkiah: (Stern) You, born in sin, are you trying to teach me?

Joab: In the temple, you said? I'll find him. He'll know. I'll find him.
(Fades off)

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT)

Narrator: Joab drops the little boy's hand and runs off toward the temple. Judith starts after him, but Asa pulls her back.

Judith: Oh, if anything should happen to him!

Joab? But it wasn't the mud that cured. It was what happened inside of me. The mud on my eyes made me know something was going to happen, and then it did, but it was God's work.

Hilkiah: Hush, boy. God doesn't work.

Joab: He said He did.

Judith: (Frightened) Oh, my darling, you musn't ———

Hilkiah: (Stern) you, born in s^hon, are you trying to teach me?

Joab: In the temple, you said? I'll find him. He'll know. I'll find him.
(Fades off)

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT)

Narrator: Joab drops the little boy's hand and runs off toward the temple. Judith starts after him, but Asa pulls her back.

Judith: Oh, if anything should happen to him!

Asa: He isn't blind, now.

Hilkiah: Let him go. Clear out these people!

CROWD MURMURING ——— ———

Narrator: He makes authoritative gesture to the crowd, which moves out grumbling with curious backward looks. The little boy with his mother is last to leave.

Hilkiah: Asa, this is a serious matter. When the thing happened and I was told it was your boy, I came to warn you. We had a meeting and it was like this / FADE /

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT. DOWN AND UNDER FOR:)

Crowd - Noise

Narrator: Joab returns with the crowd behind him and the little boy beside him;

Narrator(Continue): his arm about the child. He is full of you th and confidence
the crowd rejoices with him.

Crowd: Never a man spoke like that man. Truly, he must be the Son of God.
What did he say to you Joab? Do you want to follow him? What will
the rulers say? etc. etc.

Joab: It was God that worked. I knew that was what he said. I found him,
sir. He heard that I was going to be cast out of the synagogue and he
was looking for me. Wasn't that kind of him? Oh, Mother, you must
see him. His face is shining like a bowl --~~is~~ only different.

Hilkiah: So he's heard about the ex-communication, has he?

Joab: (Cheerfully) Yes, but I told him he needn't worry about that. They'd
never cast anybody out because he wasn't blind anymore, would they, sir?

Narrator: He laughs at the absurdity of the idea, but Anna grasps Judith's hand
and they exchange a quick, anxious glance as Joab relates his feelings.

Joab: (Meditatingly) God working in us--wanting to make us beautiful! Isn't
that thrilling, Mother? Oh, I knelt at his feet and begged him to let
me stay with him always, like the young men who were with him when
he cured me.

Hilkiah: So you are his disciple, are you?

Joab: He wouldn't let me. He said I had leaned on other people too long as
it was. If I stayed with Him the spirit of God would not have a chance
to grow in me.

Hilkiah: Well, of all the disgusting talk! It's worse than I feared.

Joab: It's so different I was afraid I didn't understand to go on without
him, but he said I did. All you need is to begin giving God a chance.

- Joab: He isn't mad. He's just as quiet and plain. He says-----
- Hilkiah: I don't want to hear anymore what he says. I want to know what you are going to say, young man, when you're brought before the Sanhedrin.
- Joab: (Delighted) Oh, I shall be taken to the Sanhedrin?
- Hilkiah: Yes.
- Joab: Father! Think of that! The council wants ~~it~~ to hear about my cure. Oh, sir, I'm glad, though my cure isn't really that important thing. What matters is God ----
- Hilkiah: Enough!
- Joab: Very well, sir, I'll save the rest for the Sanhedrin. I hope I can tell it right, but it's so big and so different- ---
- Hilkiah: You've just one thing to tell the council and that is that you don't know one thing about the man who cured you. You don't know who he is nor where he came from, do you?
- Joab: Why, no, sir. I didn't think to ask.
- Hilkiah: Say so, then.
- Joab: But that isn't the important thing --who he is. What matters is that He was sent by God. He told me so.
- Hilkiah: Young man, I'll have you understand that the Sanhedrin isn't interested in news.
- Joab: Aren't they? Well, after all, they are not so important. God is big-- like yeast, isn't he father? His ideas are big, aren't they father?
- Asa: Too big, my son.
- Joab: How could they be too big, father?

Asa: Too much life in them.

Joab: ~~xx~~ Life! Yes, he spoke about life--- abundant life. Doesn't the Sankedrin want abundant life, sir?

Narrator: Milkiah throws up his hands in despair of the boy's ignorance. He looks, not unkindly at Asa--as Asa attempts to explain to his son.

Asa: My son, your blindness has kept you from understanding the real world you live in.

Judith: I didn't want you to know, my darling.

Asa: He tried to spare you suffering. You had enough with your blindness. But now that you see--~~Joab-----~~

Joab: (Frightened by their seriousness) Father, what do you mean?

Asa: My son, sight has come to you. It is a blessing, but don't see too much.

Joab: All my life afraid of darkness, must I fear the light?

Asa: There's more danger in it, my son.

Narrator: Father and Son stand facing each other with tragic understanding, but Judith does not understand and is impatient.

Judith: Asa, what are you talking about? There is not one bit of danger if Joab says exactly what your kind master tells him to. Prince Milkiah is a very wise man. You couldn't have a better adviser.

Joab: But I have.

Judith: Who?

Joab: My father.

Judith: Oh, well, your father wants you to do as the prince says.

Joab: I mean God.

J^udith: (Shocked) I don't like to hear you speak that way about God.

Joab: But that's the point of the good news, Mother. All my life I have been led by others, but now I know I have a guide within. I see.

Asa: Don't try to see too far, at first, my boy.

Hilkiah: You have one duty, and only one--to obey your parents. It is the law!

Joab: The law of Moses, but there is a higher law.

Hilkiah: What?

Joab: The law of man's own soul-- the Father within---

J^udith: How could a law be higher than Moses?

Joab: A greater than Moses has spoken to me, Mother. He charged me that I must be true to the light--even--why, he said if a man lived the way he did, he would have to be willing to forsake his father and mother-----

Hilkiah: Horrible!

Judith: (Sailing) After all I've sacrificed for you.

Joab: Try to understand, Mother dear. He didn't mean it that way.

Hilkiah: Young man, when you are cast out of the synagogue, no one will give you so much as a drink of water, or a coal to light your fire.

Narrator: Joab does not understand. He looks puzzled. Hilkiah beckons to the crowd to come near him. They come murmuring excitedly.

Crowd: We've done nothing. Why are you calling us? We're not looking for trouble? I'm going home. No, you can't go now. etc. etc.

- Asa: For a little time yet, my son, you must lean on others. You have never worked. You have no trade. Among strangers you would starve. Your own people will stand by you and help you, but the Romans are cruel. You would stand no chance with them.
- Joab: (With great emotion) Cast out! Out of my own people? Out of my own home? That is impossible. I ~~deare~~ do not believe it---Why, you are all my friends--my old friends--you would not go back on me--you can't-- what have I done?
- Narrator: The crowd stands sullen without reply.
- Hilkiah: Every Jewish door will be shut against you and you will be driven from the temple porch where you have so long sat with your begging bowl.
- Judith: The disgrace! No decent life after once being an outcast. I could not bare it---I could not bare it! (Cries)
- Asa: Dear boy, I understand the struggle in your heart, but this world is too hard a place for perfect loyalty.
- Judith: (Pleading and crying) You wouldn't disgrace me, Joab? You wouldn't disgrace your mother! (Continues to weep)
- Joab: (Bewildered) What are you asking of me, oh, my Mother?
- Hilkiah: Silence, nothing more. When they question you, you do not know.
- Joab: One thing I know: I was blind, and not^I see.
- Hilkiah: (Eagerly) Say that, but as for this Jesus --Silence.
- Asa: You do not need to lie. In gratitude for all the weary years our hands have led you, be silent for our sake. Afterwards, follow the voices, but now---
- Joab: (With reverence) When the call comes, if you don't answer it who

Joab:(cont'd) knows whether it will come again? Who was it that said: "Seek the Lord while he may be found. Call upon him while he is near?"

Milkiah: The prophet Isaiah.

Joab: He knew.

Asa: They killed him for knowing, my son--they cut him into four pieces.

Joab: Oh----

Asa: (desperately) If you want to be safe in this world, don't see too much, and what you do see, don't talk about it.

Milkiah: (Sternly) You must decide. Stand by this stranger and every friend you have in the world will desert you.

Crowd: Murmuring -----

Milkiah: Here, you! If this young man is cast out, how will you treat him?

Crowd: (Gives a low growl and ~~draws~~ draws back)

Milkiah: You will not speak to him?

Crowd: No!

Milkiah: You will not feed him?

Crowd: (With stronger voice) No!

Milkiah: You will not warm him by your fire nor give him drink from the well?

Crowd: (IN frantic shout) No, No!

Milkiah: Henceforth he is accursed, a vagrant, and an exile from home and country, and if one of you so much as speaks a word of pity in his ear, that one, too, is an outcast.

Crowd: Murmuring-----

Crowd: Murmuring -----

Hilkiah: Here, you! If this young man is cast out, how will you treat him?

Crowd: (Gives a low growl and fraws back)

Hilkiah: You will not speak to him?

Crowd: No!

Hilkiah: You will not feed him?

Crowd: (With stronger voice) No!

Hilkiah: You will not warm him by your fire not give him drink from the well?

Crowd: (in frantic shout) No, No!

Hilkiah: Henceforth he is accurst, a vagrant, and an exile from home and country,
and if one of you so much as speaks ~~to~~ a word of pity in his ear,
that one, too, is an outcast.

(MUS. C: UP AND OUT)

Narrator: The mother of the little boy grabs him hastily by the arm and drags
him away from Joab. The child tries to cling to Joab, but cannot.
Joab looks at them all in amazement.

Joab: Why, Anna? Mary? Eliakim? Little John?

Narrator: To each he reaches out arms of pleading and is repulsed by each-----

Joab: You would not go back on me, my old friends? You have always been
kind to me, helping me in my blindness (desperately) how could I do
without your friendship?

Hilkiah: They must desert you. They have no other choice if they would live.
Speak, men!

THE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

RADIO SCRIPT: 4/22/51

Good evening ladies and gentlemen:

The Radio Committee of Prairie View A. & M. College is happy to present to you this evening a radio version of Henry Fielding's play "The Miser". It was first produced at the Theatre Royal in London in 1733. The plot isn't new. It was first used by Moliere for one of his French pieces -- then Voltaire appropriated it, and Shadwell translated it into English. Fielding saw it, and believing he could do a much better job, rewrote it, and offered it to the public in the form we bring you tonight. As the curtain rises, we find ourselves in an old-fashioned English garden. Harriet Lovegill is sitting in a wicker chair reading, when she hears footsteps crunching along the garden path. (Takes)

Music: Fades out with speech.

Sound: Footsteps in. Stop.

For the past thirty minutes you have heard a radio version of Henry Fielding's play "The Miser" which was made possible by the Department of English and under the direction Albert Cardman, instructor in the Dept. of English and Melvin B. Tolson Jr., instructor of foreign language.

The characters of tonight's play were:

CO-OPERATORS

Mr. Lovegold ----- James Payne
Clara Lawsey
Harriet ----- Clara Lawsey
Mariana ----- Imogene Ford
Mrs. Wisely ----- Lorty Russell
Fred ----- John A. Davis
Lappet ----- Ruth Farley
Reville ----- John McIntosh
Sparkle and Decorator ----- Archie Mangrum
Mr. Gatin ----- John McIntosh
(Warra or Announcer -----

If you enjoy these programs, please feel free to write a card or letter relative thereto.

Listen next week at this same time when we will again bring to you another program for our listening enjoyment.

TRAIN VIEW SERVICE TRAINS

This is _____ speaking

THE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

RADIO SCRIPT: 1/22/51

Good Evening Ladies and Gentlemen:

The Radio Committee of Prairie View A. & M. College is happy to present to you this evening a radio version of Henry Fielding's play "The Miser". It was first produced at the Theatre-Royal in London in 1733. The plot isn't new. It was first used by Plautus for one of his Roman farces -- then Moliere appropriated it, and Shadwell translated it into English. Fielding saw it, and believing he could do a much better job, rewrote it, and offered it to the public in the form we bring you tonight. As the curtain rises, we are in an old-fashioned English garden. Harriet Lovewell is sitting in a wicker chair reading, when she hears footsteps crunching along the garden path. (Pause)

Music: Fades out with speech.

Sound: Footsteps in. Stop.

For the past thirty minutes you have heard a radio version of Henry Fielding's play "The Miser" which was made possible by the Department of English and under the direction Albert Hardeman, instructor in the Dept. of English and Melvin B. Tolson Jr., instructor of ^{Romance} Foreign Language.

The characters of tonight's play were:

Her first number will be:

- I. I Attempt From Love's Sickness to Fly - - Purcell, Henry
- II. "Oh don fatale" (from opera Don Carlo) - - Verdi
- III. The Star - - - - Roge~~r~~
- IV. Oh What A Beautiful City (A triditional Negro Spiritual by Boatner)

For the past thirty minutes you have heard a program presented by the State Alumni Association, featuring Mrs. Ar e M. Henry Muckoby and Mrs. Christen Sanders Farris graduates of this College. They were assisted on the program by Dr. ~~Wald~~ Rudolph von Charlton, head of the Dept. of Music on the Steinway.

If you enjoy these programs, please ~~feel~~ feel free to write us a card or letter to this station relative thereto.

Be sure to tune in next week at this time when we will bring you the Hempstead Community Chorous.

PRAIRIE VIEW SERVES TEXAS

This is _____ speaking

DUPONT-----No

CURRINGTON-----Mr. Rodgers do you have any further question.

RODGERS-----No

CURRINGTON- Thank you for your participation in the discussion this evening and you have my best wishes for a successful year.

Introduction of Miss Kay Francis Jones

Soprano----- Freshman Music Major from Dallas, Texas
Acc. By Dr. R. Von Charlton at the Piano.

O! what a Beautiful City----- Arr. By Boatner.

Eye & bye ----- Arr. by J. R. Johnson.

Jesus walked this lonesome valley----- Arr. By Dawson.

Give me Jesus by ** Johnson . *2 2*

4/2 Let us break bread together. = *Gregory & ...*

Swing Low Sweet Chariot ----- Arr. by Johnson (Traditional Spiritual).

Alma Mater

Closing

Handwritten notes and faint markings at the bottom of the page.

Dec/10/51

For use of Radio Script: "BETWEEN HOME LIVES THROUGH
HOLD PLAINING"

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Austin Frederick". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the typed name.

Austin Frederick

Office of the Program Director

Dear Sir:

The Radio Committee and the Department of Information of this college have combined to expand the services and the information outlets of this college through the medium of Radio. We have had five years of preparing both taped and live broadcast through Houston Outlets and feel that we could give you a good program if you so desired on tape for any public service time that you might have for such programs. We do both musical and dramatic programs, and have the facilities for recording the same at high broadcast fidelity. If you had some need for such a program we would like to be considered as one of the sources by which such a need could be filled.

Our recordings are done on a Magnecord Recorder at either $7\frac{1}{2}$ or 15 inches per minute recording speed. We could provide you with either a 7 inch reel or a $10\frac{1}{2}$ inch reel for the 15 or 30 minute program as you prefer. We think it would be possible to wrk out some kind of schedule whereby we could mail you the tapes and you could send them back to us after you had finished with them.

Thanking you for any c nsideration you may find it possible to give this suggestion and hoping to hear from you soon, we remain

Respectfully

George Ruble Woolfolk,
Chairman of the Radio Committee

C. A . Wood, Director of
Information