

Things I Hate in Radio

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I HATE the master of ceremonies who says, "Now comes a young lady who's long been a favorite of mine, and after you've heard her I'm sure she'll become a favorite of yours, too. A very talented young lady who really needs no introduction; it gives me great pleasure to introduce Miss ____." You never heard of the young lady, and neither did this grandiloquent poet of the clichés until he saw her name on the script. At that moment was born a favorite.

I hate the comedians who begin, "Funniest thing happened to me on the way over to the studio tonight . . ." And the concerts that feature a voice with a purple hush, saying, "The house lights dim, the orchestra is tuning up, and Maestro takes his place on the podium . . ." And oh, the singers who insist on thanking you "on behalf of myself and the boys in the band." Thanking you, presumably, for not taking pot shots at them with peashooters when they reach for a high note.

I hate the young lady who says her name is Lorelei Glutz and that she comes from Brooklyn. Cheers, screams, whistles, catcalls, low moans, and that peculiar noise they make with their feet in the balcony herald this simple confession. "Well, well, folks," booms the quiz master, "I guess there must

be somebody here tonight from Brooklyn."

I hate the programs that are forever saluting somebody. It's beginning to sound a little silly. It's either the Spars of the Hotel Statler, or the Brooklyn Navy Yard, or the Zilch Corrugating Company of Fall River.

I hate the lady commentators. They spend ten minutes of every 15-minute program giggling over some delicious off-mike nonsense with their announcer, whose name (I don't know why) is always George. If George is such a wit, I ask myself, why don't they put him on the air and throttle the lady with a frog in her throat and a recipe in her hand for raspberry gelatine with green peppers?

I hate the news announcers who say "Gwa-DAHL-can-AHL." And those who read each bulletin as if auditioning for the lead opposite Katharine Cornell in a period piece.

I've a special, reinforced hatred for the commercial announcements that bend over backward to bring in the war angle. "Dazzle your soldier beau with a bright new lipstick called Drummer Boy Red!" Or buy lots of furs and diamonds now, because it's patriotic to buy things like furs and diamonds now.

And I hate the phony laughter of studio audiences. Listeners at home know they're being cheated. That the merry crew in the studio is laughing not at the gags but at the distinguished star of the evening who, after getting a whiff of the script, thoughtfully pulled on a pair of pink lace bloomers over his plaid suit and put a rose in his teeth.

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