

October 2017

Censorship my Cure the Worst Ills of Loud Radio

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Recommended Citation

"Censorship my Cure the Worst Ills of Loud Radio" (2017). *Published Materials by Anna J. Cooper*. 23.
http://dh.howard.edu/ajc_published/23

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whelming. He was getting over his grief, and was electrocuted far too soon.

KATHARINE BIRNEY SEIB.

Censorship May Cure the Worst Ills of Loud Radio

To the Editor of The Star:

Might not the "radio nuisance" be remedied from the top somewhat by having a more drastic censorship of what goes on the air? Perennially "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," and surely the right sort should be just as efficacious in smoothing out the ruffled spirits of overwrought Americans.

"So the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs
And as silently steal away."

This is not the least bit like being bawled at from the air by jazz and hog calls and the crazy outlandish stuff of dance halls, much of which seems deliberately and maliciously designed to offend the ear and confuse the brain with mere noise.

Suppose somebody high enough up should decree that the wings of wireless shall be reserved exclusively for what is best, noblest, most edifying in American aspiration and achievement. Would any one complain that such sounds were too far flung because they reach many a hungry soul that could never get over the doorstep of our palaces of music and art? A listener-in from Mars may yet take the temperature of our civilization from the pulse beats we intrust to this wonderful ether, and even now it may not be amiss to remember "the chiel amang ye takin' notes."

In Germany, I am told, the strictest supervision is exercised over street noises—even a hurdy-gurdy must not be allowed to spoil the ear or vitiate the taste of the musically trained population. Radio may yet become our first school of Americanization and universal education.

ANNA J. COOPER.

Radios in Apartments