

GROVER'S MILL



THE 50TH
WAR OF THE WORLDS

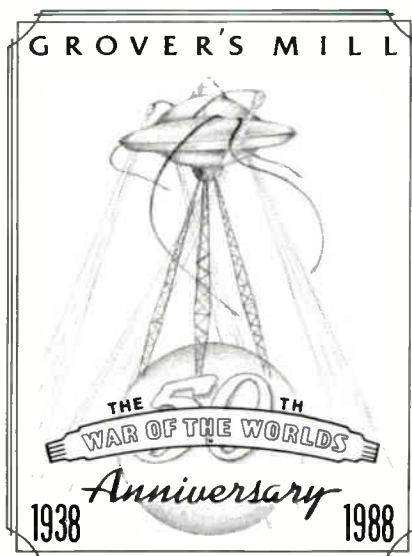
Anniversary

1938

Original Radio Script Inside

1988

Hillman



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WAR OF THE WORLDS
COMMEMORATIVE COMMITTEE
WOW, INC.

EDWARD DiPOLVERE

LUCIA DiPOLVERE

SHAWN ELLSWORTH

DOUGLAS R. FORRESTER, Chairman

ANDREA FORRESTER

SELMA GOORE

SUE LEVINE

GENE R. O'BRIEN

RAE ROEDER

NICHOLAS G. SKROUMBELOS

PETER R. WEALE



STATE OF NEW JERSEY
 OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR
 CN-001
 TRENTON
 08625

October, 1988

THOMAS H. KEAN
 GOVERNOR

Dear Friend:

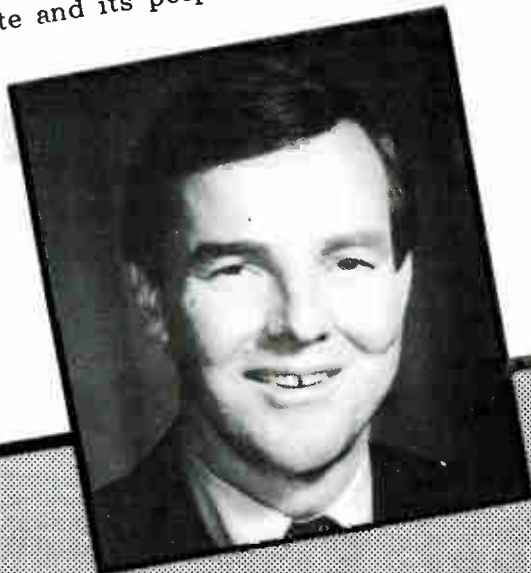
New Jersey is a wonderful and varied State with a rich history. One of the more unusual and remarkable pieces of that history is the world famous Martian landing in Grover's Mill, New Jersey. On October 30, 1938, Orson Welles and the Mercury Theatre cast presented Howard Koch's radio dramatization of "War of the Worlds." Broadcasting has never been the same. Perhaps 12 million people heard the story that night all over the country and nearly 1 million believed that Martians had invaded. Alarm was widespread among the listening audience and with those who heard of the invasion through friends and neighbors.

Although we might look askance at the distinction of hosting history's only Martian "invasion," the richness of this piece of Americana should be preserved. The questions of that October night are still with us. Questions about civil defense, human psychology and the power of broadcasting which were raised at the broadcast's aftermath are provocative issues which warrant our attention. This golden anniversary is a suitable time to enjoy the fun of Martians but also to consider the deeper questions about who we are as a people and why we must think critically about the issues of the day.

Enjoy Grover's Mill and the attributes of West Windsor during this festive time. Enjoy all of New Jersey and savor the diversity of the State and its people. We extend a welcome to all --- even Martians.

Sincerely,

Thomas H. Kean
 Governor



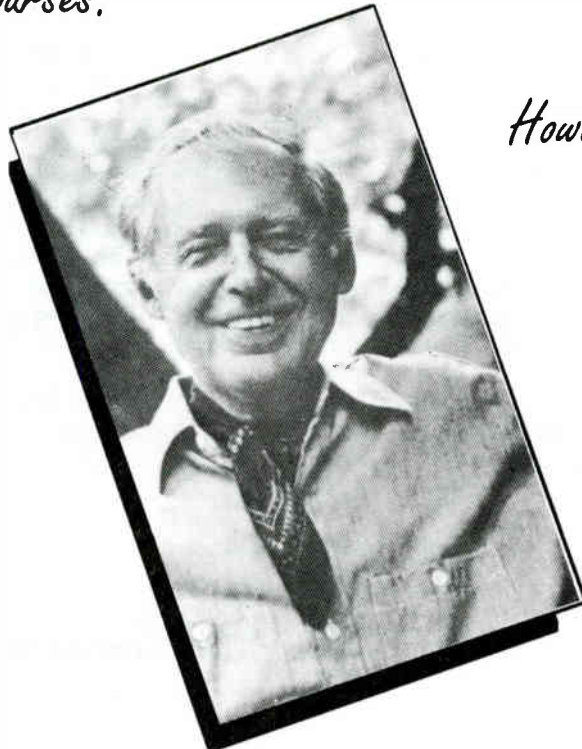


THE DEYS

The restoration of Grover's Mill Pond as the Martian Landing Site would not be possible without public ownership of the pond. The Dey Family generously gave to West Windsor Township the 37 acres of the Pond Site in order that it would be preserved and enhanced. We appreciate such an example of foresight and public spiritedness. The Deys deserve everyone's gratitude.

A Note From The Radio Playwright:

Looking back at the event, I feel I did the Martians an injustice by writing them in my play as destructive monsters. I believe if ever living beings arrive at Grover's Mill from another planet, they will have the wisdom to come in peace and friendship. I think they would wonder why we make war on each other and build doomsday weapons for no rational purpose when we've been given this splendid little planet to enjoy, a planet much more bountiful than Mars. The threat, I believe, comes not from outer but from inner space where our warriors, hot and cold, invade our minds to fan our prejudices and fatten their purses.



Howard Koch

October, 1988



Dear Friend,

On behalf of the War of the Worlds Commemorative Committee, I wish to thank you for participating in one of the more unique remembrances any community can present. The 1938 Martian landing in Grover's Mill, N.J. as depicted in the "War of the Worlds" has brought a great deal of attention to our town during the past half century. Most every year for fifty years, curious visitors and members of the press have asked us to recount the time when this community was panicked by invaders from Mars. One of the reasons we have endeavored to present a golden anniversary commemoration is to set the record straight: the good people of Grover's Mill and West Windsor responded the same way other listening audiences responded. Some were perplexed, some were amused and some were alarmed.

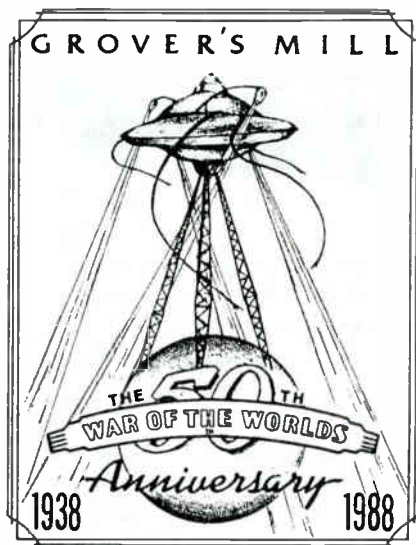
The significance of that night is not primarily a local event but really one which embraces everyone. This golden anniversary commemoration is our way of reaching out to all those whose imaginations (and fears) have been captivated by this marvelous radio drama. We want you to join us in remembering something amusing, but also an event whose meaning is still worth a good discussion. We wish to turn what some have considered an awkward moment in our history into something charitable and worthwhile. That is why we have chosen to use the proceeds from the commemoration to fund educational and commemorative events, the restoration of Grover's Mill Pond (as the Martian landing site) and establish the Howard Koch Scholarship Fund. We wish to have a positive, permanent legacy for the "War of the Worlds."

This remarkable piece of American history illustrates better than most that we are inextricably linked in this life with each other. What we consider reliable, trustworthy and believable is a function of how we relate with each other and how much credibility we establish. It would be unfortunate if we look back on 1938 and consider those who were affected that night as different from ourselves. It would be imprudent and unfair because we face the same pressing need for critical thinking, feel the same desire to trust established authorities and fear the same unknowns of a universe whose mysteries we are only beginning to fathom. We need to learn the lessons of the "War of the Worlds incident" in order to face the future without unnecessary alarm.

Best wishes to those of you visiting for the first time and a special welcome to those who have returned to Grover's Mill to remember the night the Martians landed.

Cordially,

Douglas R. Forrester
Chairman, W.O.W., Inc.



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DRUG EMPORIUM

Drug Emporium is pleased to sponsor the first "Martian Panic" Cycling Criterium. There are three short-course races sanctioned by the United States Cycling Federation and produced by Hence Mason: a two-mile citizens race; a 15 mile category 3 & 4 race and a 20 mile category 1 & 2 race.

The War of the Worlds Commemorative Committee wishes to express its appreciation to Drug Emporium for making these fine athletic events possible.

50 Years Later: The Story Of The Commemoration

As if to test the limits of the ancient argument concerning the dominion of Providence or Chance, the tip of Howard Koch's pencil wavered in the air for a second and then came down on a map of New Jersey at a place called Grover's Mill. Koch liked his "choice" because it sounded authentic. What he didn't know was that fifty years later, a pond there would become the focal point of a spectacular commemoration of the War of the World's radio broadcast that has become part of the fabric of America.

Orson Welles' Martians landed in Grover's Mill. But visitors in search of the spot usually had to ask directions, and then might not be sure they were in the right place once there. The old Mill still stands, as does the water tower that some people swear was shot at that night in 1938. Grover's Mill sells and fixes lawn mowers, but mostly, Grover's Mill, if there is such a thing, is a pond.

In 1976, Mr. and Mrs. Larry Dey, who owned the pond, offered to give it to the Township of West Windsor, the municipality of which Grover's Mill is a part. But between lawyers' cautions, questions about dredging, and concerns of neighbors, the members of the governing body weren't at all sure that they wanted it. So in 1981, the Mayor of West Windsor, Douglas Forrester, appointed a Grover's Mill Pond Advisory Committee to study the possibility of town ownership.

While the study commission deliberated, a group called the New Jersey Conservation Foundation offered to take the pond from the Deys and hold it in trust until West Windsor made up its mind. The Conservation Foundation then issued a 1985 press release that led to headlines like: "Martian Landing Site to

be Preserved." And suddenly, everyone realized that in just a few years, the War of the Worlds, that battle which for thousands began in Grover's Mill, New Jersey, would mark its 50th anniversary.

In 1986, West Windsor's Township Committee decided to observe the event with a commemoration. So in the summer of 1986, the Township Committee appointed a War of the Worlds Commemorative Committee. Ed and Lucia DiPolvere, Shawn Ellsworth, Selma Goore, Sue Levine, Nicholas Skroumbelos, and Pete Weale, were asked to join the new committee as representatives of various township groups. Rae Roeder and Andrea Forrester joined WOW Inc. last year and have done much to make the commemoration a success. Gene O'Brien became the township committee liaison. Douglas Forrester, who was then on the Pond Advisory Task Force was asked to chair the Commemorative Committee.

At first, some local residents greeted the idea of a commemoration with reluctance. After all, for years they had spurned publicity about how the broadcast had made Grover's Mill famous. In the end, however, the public came to support the idea of turning an unusual moment into something charitable and provocative. West Windsor decided to celebrate "their" Martian invasion.

In 1987, the WOW Committee held a press conference by Grover's Mill pond. In attendance was Howard Koch, playwright for the 1938 War of the Worlds broadcast. As Mayor Stephen Decter presented the key of the city to Mr. Koch, he announced that Grover's Mill pond would finally be transferred to Township ownership, thus preserving not only open space, but some history as well.

From that point on, the commemoration took on a life of its own, and came to

rival the original broadcast in press coverage and curiosity of the public. News articles appeared in major papers around the country, including the New York Times which, in 1938, had run the page-one headline, "Radio Listeners In Panic, Taking War Drama as Fact." Major television networks and radio stations covered the story, and the name of Grover's Mill, New Jersey, U.S.A. appeared in newspapers of Britain, France, Italy, Germany and the Netherlands.

Now, after months of preparation, the four days of the commemoration have arrived, and are full of promise. A Martian parade is planned, as is an elaborate, fund-raising "Flight of Fantasy" dinner dance. At Mercer County Park, an explosion of Martian mania will be unleashed complete with fireworks and a Martian star-ship. A race called the Martian Panic Run is set to go, and in near-by Princeton a re-enactment of the original radio play is being staged.

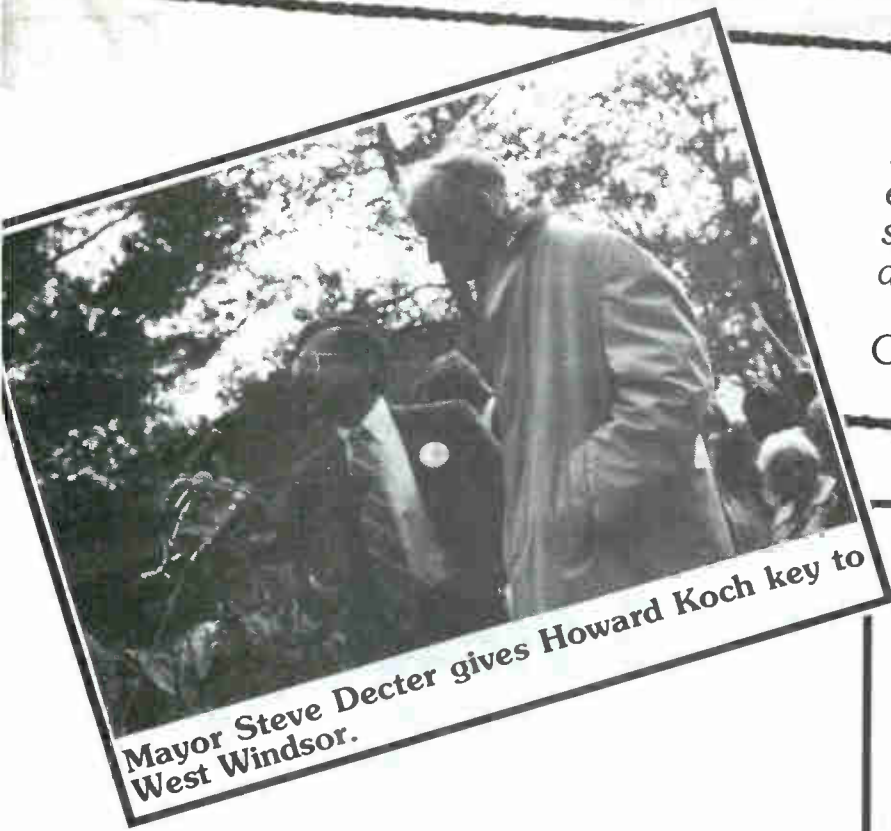
But like the original event, the commemoration also has its serious side. A panel discussion, "Should we go to Mars?" will explore the possibility of standing the "Martian invasion" on its head. Another public discussion, "Could it Happen Again?" (with panelist Garrison Keillor whose own stories have centered around a little-known place) will consider how much or how little people and times have changed in 50 years.

Finally, the WOW Committee will unveil a permanent monument commemorating the Martian landing place at the Grover's Mill pond. For committee members, and all who contributed to the success of the 50th anniversary gala, the unveiling will be a gratifying moment. For everyone, it is a time to wonder at the power of drama, the spoken word, and the imagination.

For Grover's Mill, and its little pond, the events of this October, 1988 remind us of its place in history. Indeed, Howard Koch made more of a mark with his pencil than he knew.

"And far from blaming Orson Welles, he ought to be given a Congressional medal and a national prize for having made the most amazing and important of contributions to the social sciences."

- Dorothy Thompson, columnist



Mayor Steve Decter gives Howard Koch key to West Windsor.

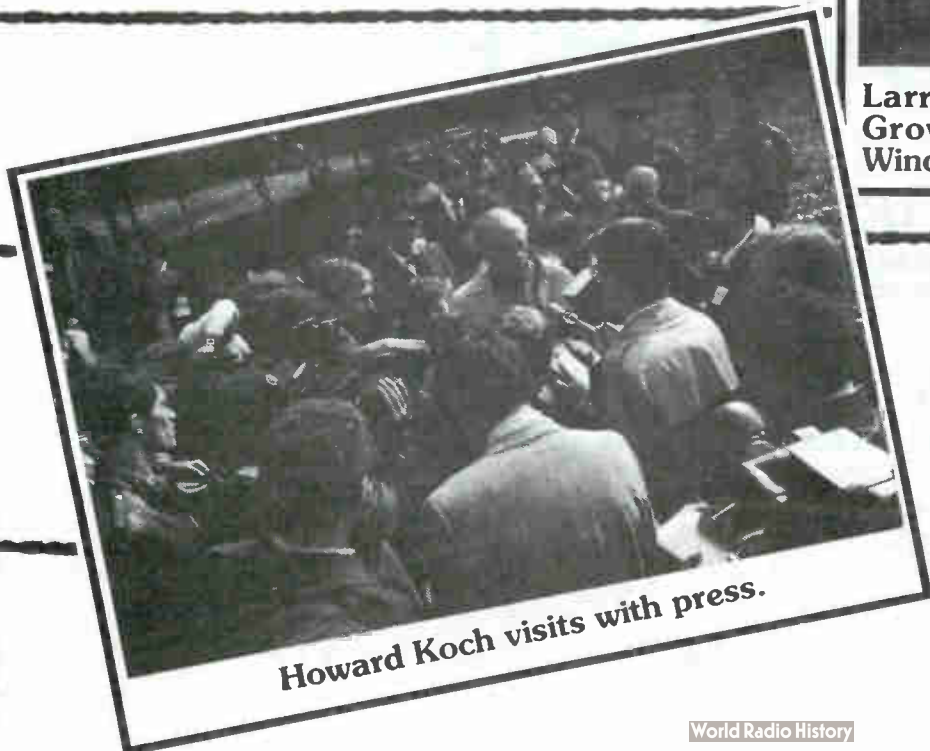
*"It wasn't a local event, but a national event. The entire United States was smitten by the power of an imagination."
- Douglas Forrester, 50th Commemoration Chairman*



Larry Dey tells why he gave Grover's Mill Pond to West Windsor.

"By nine o'clock, several high-ranking CBS executives had arrived or were in full flight toward 485 Madison. We were in trouble."

*- Larry Harding,
CBS production supervisor*



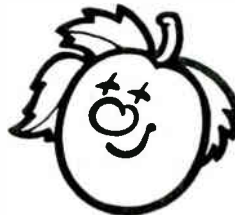
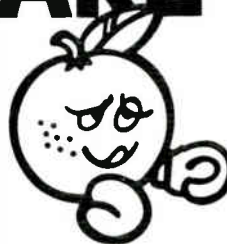
Howard Koch visits with press.

"When Ed and I celebrated the 43rd anniversary at the pond, we wanted the world to recognize the unique place of Grover's Mill in history."

*- Lucia DiPolvere
WOW Trustee*



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IMAGINATION BECOMES REALITY



"The War of the Worlds" changed the way in which people think. The broadcast that panicked America left people questioning their sources of news, information and entertainment. It generated a great interest in space and the possibility of extraterrestrial life. It has become a multi-faceted part of history which is constantly talked about, studied and in our case, celebrated!

Orson Welles, the creator of the broadcast, was a genius. Some will remember him as one of the greatest film directors of all time, a director whose films revolutionized cinema. Orson Welles was a gifted artist whose work, regardless of the medium in which it was created, was charged with *magic!* Welles, himself was a practitioner of magic since his early childhood and only two years after the "War of the Worlds" broadcast presented a grand magic and illusion show in Hollywood, California. It was called the "Mercury Wonder Show". So with all the discussions about Mars, space, extraterrestrials, the psychological ramifications of the broadcast, etc.,etc., MarkOBrien Productions would like you to remember that the whole thing started with a magician.

MarkOBrien Productions is a company specializing in the creation of magic and illusion for... popular entertainment, event spectaculars, corporations (trade shows, new product introductions, meetings and entertainment), television and film production. MarkOBrien Productions is based in Parsippany, New Jersey.

"WAR OF THE WORLDS," 1938

by Lee R. Parks

Fifty years ago, on October 30, 1938, at least a million Americans joined in a frenzy of terror brought on by what they thought were newscasts of an invasion from space. The radio program that started it made Orson Welles famous. It also created what the scriptwriter later suggested may be "the only historical site in the world where the event that made it memorable never happened." Grover's Mill, a community in West Windsor Township, Mercer County, is the place where the Martians landed.

Crucial Choices

Orson Welles was a brilliant 23-year-old actor with a voice that could produce extraordinary theatrical effects. He was the director of The Mercury Theatre, an unsponsored Sunday-evening dramatic hour on CBS. This program filled the unsellable time slot opposite NBC's popular ventriloquist, Edgar Bergen, and his dummy, Charlie McCarthy. It specialized in radio plays adapted from classic novels.

Welles insisted on H.G. Wells' War of the Worlds for Halloween week. So that the long narrative would not bore the listeners, the setting was changed from England to the United States and the script was written as a simulated newscast.

Howard Koch, the scriptwriter, charted the invasion on a New Jersey map. Setting a pencil point down with his eyes closed, he struck Grover's Mill. "I liked the sound," he recalls. "It had an authentic ring."

The Broadcast

At 9 p.m. the night before Halloween, ten million listeners tuned in Charlie McCarthy and one million tuned in the Mercury Theatre. "In the early years of the twentieth century," Welles began, "intelligence greater than man's ... regarded this earth with envious eyes."

A simulated radio show then began. It started with a weather report, then moved to a fictitious hotel where a fictitious dance band played tunes like "Stardust." The music was interrupted by frequent "bulletins" for a while; eventually it disappeared.

The principal character in the Martian news reports was "Professor Richard Pierson, famous astronomer," played by Welles. Pierson and several "announcers" kept the listeners abreast of the Martian activities.

Early in the broadcast Pierson traveled the eleven miles from Princeton to Grover's Mill in about a minute. Other human characters set even greater speed records. The Martians were fastest of all. Their space cylinder traveled the forty million miles to Grover's Mill in eight and a half minutes.

On the farm where they landed, the creatures -- who resembled octopi --

assembled skyscraper-high marching machines. Quickly they poisoned an artillery unit at Morristown and most of the citizens of Newark with thick black smoke. They were invincible. They stepped daintily over the Pulaski Skyway, waded the Hudson, and killed everybody in New York City except three million who found time to evacuate. In the meantime hundreds more huge cylinders landed all over the country.

The second half hour of the broadcast contained no news bulletins; the radio stations had all been destroyed. Instead, Professor Pierson read extracts from a diary in which he followed the Martians on foot from Grover's Mill to New York, dodging hungry Martians and crazy earthlings. Months later he found all the invaders dead in Central Park. They had been unable to defend themselves against the earth's bacteria.

The play contained evidence that might have kept people calm. First, the "news bulletins" were only superficially realistic; they included factual mistakes, stock characters from movies and radio plays, and comic-book language. More obvious was the impossible speed of the events. Furthermore, the listeners heard several announcements that the presentation was fictional.

But it sounded real to many people. About twenty percent of the regular listeners took it seriously. Some of these had their radios on as background and were not listening until the drama neared its peak. Half or more of the million Charlie McCarthy listeners who switched stations at the commercial believed it too. Others, turning to CBS on the advice of worried friends and neighbors, were unable to orient themselves.

By the end of the broadcast between four million people (Hooper poll) and twelve million (Gallup) had turned in, and over a million of them were busy with the end of the world.

The End of the World

Crowds gathered; people packed suitcases and drove away; some sped to rescue loved ones. Many prayed; others collapsed; some waited calmly for the end. Looting was reported in one city. At least one theater emptied after a man was paged with the "news."

One woman "shook so that I couldn't walk. I was sick in bed for three days after the broadcast."

Many people rushed away from their radios without hearing the second half hour. Others kept listening, but what they heard did not interfere with their fantasies. At least one person who heard the entire broadcast insisted that no disclaimers were ever made.

Many people performed simple tests,

such as changing the station, and still believed in the catastrophe. Some concluded that stations not carrying the news were covering it up. Some saw traffic outside as refugees in flight; some saw no cars and decided everybody was dead. These people tended to call friends rather than police or news sources.

For every person who called the police to verify the news, dozens called to ask where they could get gas masks. Others reported sighting Martian machines. One man believed he had heard President Roosevelt ordering the cities evacuate.

The highest percentage of listeners frightened was on the West Coast. The lowest was in New England. Men and women were frightened in equal numbers.

In Newark, after the "announcer" reported poison smoke rolling up Raymond Boulevard, one whole neighborhood panicked. According to The New York Times, a rescue squad found "twenty families with wet cloths on faces contorted with hysteria." Some of the "were attempting to move their furniture on their cars."

In Grover's Mill there were many false reports of fires started by the invaders' heat rays. Armed farmers hunted space aliens, and there was an unconfirmed shooting of a windmill. Eventually the State Police sent a hundred troopers to calm things down.

Not everybody who was deceived went into panic. Hundreds of doctors and nurses volunteered to help. Grocery companies offered food. A man in Piscataway Township was glad he would not have to pay the butcher's bill. For one woman, the end of the world "was the thrill of a lifetime."

A Princeton graduate concluded that "There wasn't any God." A fundamentalist woman assumed that "we were being given punishment at last for our evil ways." A high-school girl discovered that "everything seemed unimportant in the face of death." A midwestern man had the opposite insight: "How pretty all things on earth seemed."

One suicide attempt was reported. There were some injuries, and many people were treated in hospitals for shock and hysteria. No one was killed.

The Morning After

Although the Mercury Theatre had a sponsor the following week, its company members were national villains for a while. The police held them at CBS for several hours, thinking about arrests. Many people pronounced the broadcast "rotten," "asinine," "crummy." Lawsuits worth millions of dollars were filed against the network and the Mercury Theatre; none came to trial. Investigations were demanded. One congressman proposed a radio censorship board.

News coverage lasted for two weeks. Grover's Mill became a tourist attraction, with farmers charging visitors to park in their fields and citizens holding guns or peering skyward for the benefit of newspaper cameras.

Much of the press coverage blamed the panic on mere stupidity. More serious commentators discussed its political implications. The eventual consensus was that Welles had usefully warned the nation of the danger of "mass manias" and demagoguery.

Hadley Cantril, associate director of the Office of Radio Research at Princeton University, published a study describing many psychological and social elements that interfered with listeners' "critical ability." He urged the development of educational methods to help minimize "the latent anxieties conducive to panic."

Life After the Invasion

No doubt the broadcast brought Orson Welles his widest fame, although his most substantial achievements were in films. In 1941 he made *Citizen Kane*, one of the most admired movies ever produced.

Other company members, such as Joseph Cotten and John Houseman, distinguished themselves in film and theater. Howard Koch wrote the screenplays for *Casablanca* and other movies.

Not Just Stupidity

The War of the Worlds broadcast has become proverbial as a display of human gullibility. But the case is not quite so simple.

Many features made the broadcast hard to recognize as fiction. The script included many "experts" who sounded plausible. The "Secretary of the Interior" uttered calming words. The reports were full of real place names. The news-bulletin format made people expect news; many thought the bulletins were genuine network interruptions of the play they were listening to on the Mercury Theatre. The broadcast "seemed so real" to some listeners that they disregarded fallacies when they noticed them.

Coincidence fanned the hysteria in at least one instance. The town of Concrete, Washington, had a power failure partway through the broadcast, leaving the townspeople without access to news from the outside world.

There was also a ripple effect. Many people panicked without listening to any of the broadcast. Hearing frantic and often confusing reports of some kind of catastrophe, they grew frantic themselves.

Still, the idea of reasonably well-informed people believing in octopoid Martians in 1938 is laughable.

But not all the broadcast's victims did. Many ignored the announcer's fantastic words and substituted others that made better sense. Some thought the announcers were hysterical; one called them "ignorant." Few of the actual incidents reported in the newspapers the next day involved reports of Martians. Many people thought some natural or industrial disaster had occurred. Many believed meteors were exploding and releasing poisonous gas all across the country. One-quarter of Hadley Cantril's subjects thought the Germans were invading. A few thought the Nazis were extending

their anti-Jewish policies abroad.

The People who Panicked

The people who panicked made one mistake in common: they did not verify their information before they acted on it. Beyond that, diverse psychological, social, political and economic factors contributed to their reactions.

Cantril found that the educated, the intelligent and those with generalized interests or special knowledge kept a little more "critical ability" during the broadcast than the rest. But many people had these qualities and panicked anyway. Some were emotionally insecure. Others heard the broadcast under the wrong circumstances. People listening in groups, for instance, caught fear from each other or deferentially waited for someone else to check the information. People with family members in the "battle zones" were also less objective.

"We can hear the firing all the way here, and I want a gas mask. I'm a taxpayer."

- Brooklyn caller to the police station

Many journalists blamed the panic on the economic and political situation. Although things had improved since the early 1930's the Great Depression continued and economic insecurity was chronic for many. As fighting and aggression spread in China, Spain and eastern Europe, seventy-five percent of the American people thought the United States was likely to get involved in a war. The nation's nerves, as many correspondents noted, were "stretched taut."

One respondent told Cantril: "Anything is liable to happen. We hear so much news every day. So many things we hear are unbelievable. Like all of a sudden six hundred children burned to death in a school fire. Or a lot of people thrown out of work. Everything seems to be a shock to me."

Radio

One cause of the panic was radio itself. Eighty-five percent of the families in the country had radios. Radio entertained them, advised them and even presented wisdom to them. One study concluded that radio soap operas offered many listeners "a model of reality by which one is taught how to think and how to act."

Because it gave speakers huge audiences and listeners a sense of intimacy, radio was a perfect tool for influencing people. President Franklin D. Roosevelt built confidence with his Fireside Chats. Senator Huey Long of Louisiana and Father Charles Coughlin, a Roman Catholic priest from Detroit, attacked banks, big business, internationalism, Communism, and many Roosevelt

policies over the air, and they formed passionate followings among people frustrated by modern forces that seemed to be taking over their lives.

Radio had become the chief source of news for half the people in the country. News broadcasting was ubiquitous. It was also sentimental and theatrical. The explosion of the dirigible Hindenburg was the most spectacular of many events reported during the decade in an emotive style that blurred the distinction between news and drama. Radio often involved people in events through emotion more than reason.

During the months before the broadcast the nation had had a strong dose of radio news. In the spring of 1938 the networks had covered Hitler's invasion of Austria, and only a month before the Martian panic they had produced almost continuous coverage of the Czechoslovak crisis that ended in the signing of the Munich pact.

Radio news techniques encouraged bad mental habits. Items rushed past in headline style. Ever since the invention of the telegraph critics had been complaining that communication by electricity made people digest too many stories, usually incomplete and often inaccurate, all at once and without any way to evaluate them.

Radio was the first medium capable of getting information into many households at the same instant. By the time people got up to tell the neighbors what they had just heard, the neighbors were coming to tell them. When millions of people heard about the ultimate invasion at the same moment, it was already too late to stop them from believing it.

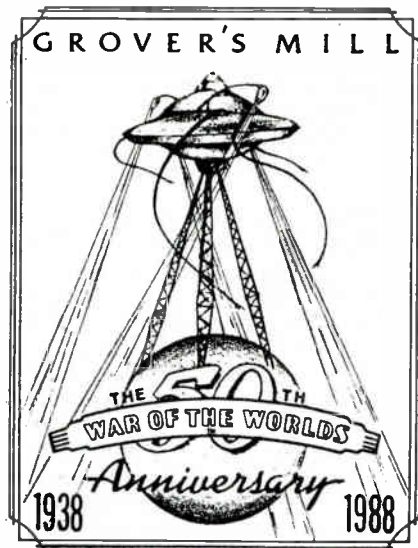
Radio may be the only medium that can panic so many people so quickly. Perhaps it touches people's nightmare life more directly than movies or television. In the preface to the 1966 edition of his study, Hadley Cantril speculated that a TV production would probably not have scared many people. Television images, he suggested, "could hardly compete with the scenes created in the imagination."

The Impossible

Although there was much to be nervous about in 1938, the Martian panic did not refer to any of the recognized dangers. In fact the Martian threat was generally understood to be nonexistent. It has been said that true horror is aroused when things happen that are impossible.

In 1938 there were no Martians. Furthermore, nobody could move that fast and nothing could destroy that efficiently. But much was happening throughout the world that seemed impossible. The Mercury Theatre inadvertently went straight for the jugular of a collective subconscious that was already half expecting the apocalypse.

Reprinted from the New Jersey Historical Commission Newsletter, October 1988. Lee R. Parks is the Book Editor at the New Jersey Historical Commission.



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PROJECT DEVELOPMENT STAFF

The Martian Festival at Mercer County Park would not have been possible if not for the indefatigable energy and expertise of Jack Salvesen and the Governor's Office of Project Development. They are proud of New Jersey and we are proud of them.



Seventy-six year old William Dock of Grover's Mill believed the 1938 War of the Worlds broadcast to be a true account of an actual invasion from outer space.

But Mr. Dock did not panic when he heard about the "Martian landing". Instead, he prepared to face the Martian monsters with his trusty rabbit gun.

"Good heavens, something's wriggling out of the shadow like a grey snake. Now it's another one, and another! They look like tentacles to me. There, I can see the thing's body. It's large as a bear and it glistens like wet leather. But that face. It's indescribable!"

- From the script

RADIO SCREEN STAGE

VARIETY

PRICE 25¢

NEW YORK WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1933

RADIO DOES U. S. A FAVOR

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I HAVE JUST BEEN HANDED A MESSAGE THAT CAME IN FROM GROVER'S MILL BY TELEPHONE. JUST A MOMENT. AT LEAST FORTY PEOPLE, INCLUDING SIX STATE TROOPERS, LIE DEAD IN A FIELD EAST OF THE VILLAGE OF GROVER'S MILL. THEIR BODIES BURNED AND DISTORTED BEYOND ALL POSSIBLE RECOGNITION..."

DAILY NEWS

NEW YORK, MONDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1938

64 PAGES

2 CENTS

FINAL

FAKE RADIO 'WAR' STIRS TERROR THROUGH U.S.

ON THE RECORD

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

Mr. Welles and Mass Delusion

THE NEW YORK TIMES, MONDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1938.

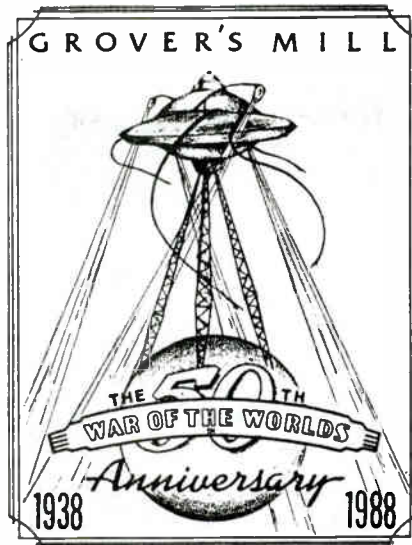
VOL LXXXVIII... No. 29,500

NEW YORK, MONDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1938

THREE CENTS

Radio Listeners in Panic, Taking War Drama as Fact

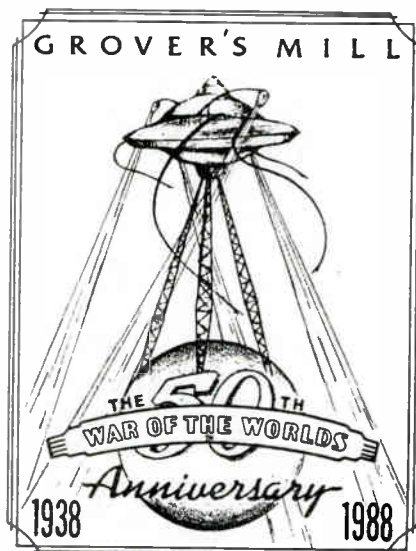
Many Flee Homes to Escape 'Gas Raid From Mars'—Phone Calls Swamp Police at Broadcast of Wells Fantasy



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KODAK

Eastman Kodak Company is pleased to sponsor the re-enactment of the "War Of The Worlds" radio play on it's 50th Anniversary at the McCarter Theatre, Princeton, New Jersey, October 30, 1988.



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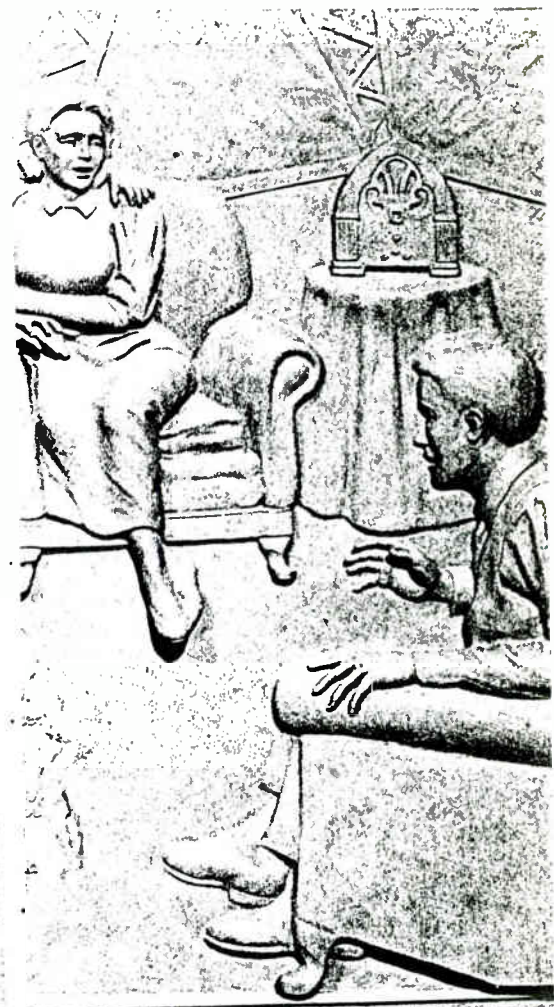
The War of the Worlds Commemorative Committee wishes to thank the members of the Grover's Mill Circle who have generously given \$1,000 or more toward the purposes of the commemorative effort. They exemplify the spirit of this community with their generosity and imagination.

DRUG EMPORIUM • EASTMAN KODAK
 WARNER LAMBERT • UNITED JERSEY BANKS
 PRINCETON HYATT REGENCY
 CARNEGIE CENTER ASSOCIATES
 WHWH / WPST • TOUCHE ROSS, INC.
 CENTER FOR HEALTH AFFAIRS • GE / RCA ASTRO
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 THE TRENTONIAN • SPRINT PRINT
 CONTINENTAL AIRLINES
 WEST WINDSOR DIVISION,
 PRINCETON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
 FRIENDS OF WEST WINDSOR • METRO LOGIC



On the evening of October 30, 1938, Orson Welles and the Mercury Theatre presented a dramatization of H.G. Wells' *The War of the Worlds* as adapted by Howard Koch. This was

to become a landmark in broadcast history, provoking continuing thought about media responsibility, social



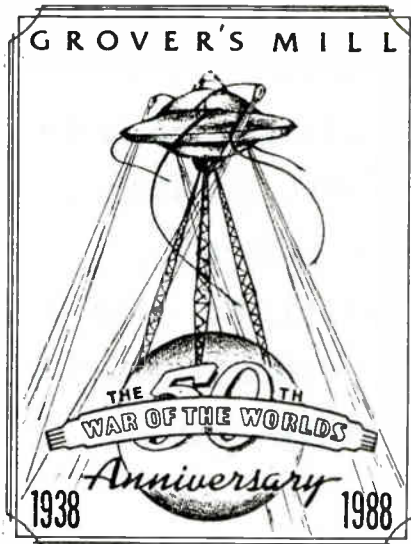
that Martians had invaded the earth, beginning with Grover's Mill, New Jersey.

Dedicated by the citizens of West Windsor on the occasion of the 50th Anniversary of The War of the Worlds broadcast - October 29, 1988.

(Scripted by Jay Warren)

psychology and civil defense. For a brief time as many as one million people throughout the country believed





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HYATT

The War of the Worlds Commemorative Committee wishes to express its affection and gratitude to Don and Maggie Henderson and the Princeton Hyatt Regency staff for their unsurpassed service, creativity and warmth.

If the Martians come again, they will certainly stay at the Princeton Hyatt. There is no superior example of graciousness and elegance this side of Jupiter.

creamy mints
in **PURE** chocolate

Junior Mints®

IS PROUD TO PRESENT . . .

**EXTRATERRESTRIAL
DECEPTIONS**

starring Illusionist Extraordinaire

MARK O'BRIEN

**STARSHIP RASCALS EXHIBIT
October 27 - 30, 1988**

**MERCER COUNTY PARK
MERCER COUNTY, NEW JERSEY**

Junior Mints™, another fine product from the Warner Lambert Co.

Windsor Recalls 'The War'

The Man on the Planet Mars: Who Dunit?

The Apollo missions may have consigned the man on the moon to the realm of starry-eyed fantasy, but scientists aren't quite so sure about his Martian counterpart. In 1976 a photograph taken from the Viking spacecraft showed what looks like a sculpted human face staring up from the red planet's surface. Now, after using a computer to reconstruct the image in three dimensions, Mark Carlotto, an engineer at The

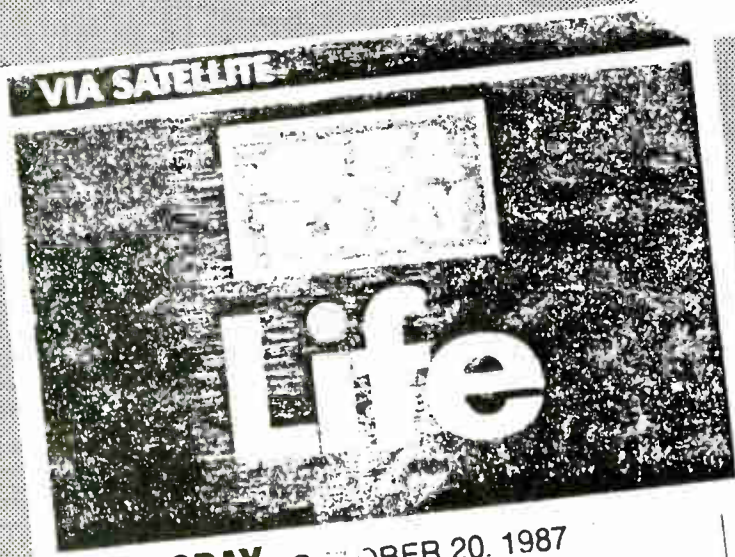
journal Applied Optics that the face is not just a trick of light but rather a real formation. The vast majority of planetary scientists suspect that Martian winds, not Martian hands, chiseled the one-and-a-half-mile-long visage. But its proximity to other unusual forms suggests to Carlotto, an engineer at The Analytic Sciences Corp. in Reading, Mass., that its origins "may not be natural." Resolving the mystery may require another trip to Mars.



The Martian mystery face

Commemoration of 'War of the Worlds' broadcast set 50 years later, town to welcome Martians

50 Years Later in Grovers Mill, Martian Invasion Very Welcome

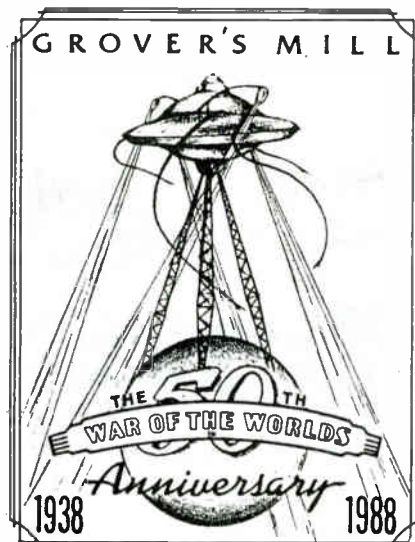


TUESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1987
TRICKSTER'S TREAT: *War of the Worlds* script writer Howard Koch goes to Grover's Mill, N.J., Oct. 30 to celebrate the 49th anniversary of the Mercury Theater's "Martian Invasion" broadcast. Koch will swap *War* stories with the man whose father owned the mill, a former state policeman who fielded panicky phone calls and others who remember the Halloween broadcast.

Don't Touch That Dial: Welles's 'War' Recalled

June 8, 1988

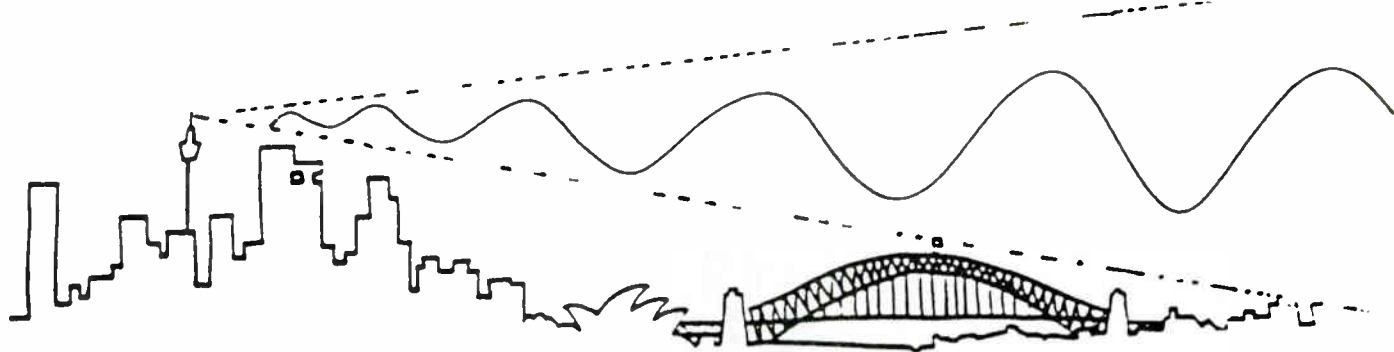
WOW Martian mania souvenirs are hot



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WHWH

The War of the Worlds Committee wishes to express its appreciation to WHWH for its inspiration, assistance and faithful coverage of the WOW events during the past year. It is difficult to conceive of a station which takes more seriously its commitment to serve the public within its broadcast area. The power of broadcasting, which we commemorate with this anniversary, is not used more responsibly than by John Morris and the management of WHWH.



OVER THE AIRWAVES (The Ballad of Grover's Mill)

OVER THE AIRWAVES in 1938

Drama betrayed us

A journey through fear was our fate

On the other side of Grover's Mill

A voice was piercing the night

Where imagination landed

Under Halloween's moonlight

OVER THE AIRWAVES

We heard it was a Martian

Orson Welles, he sent caution through the darkness

On the other side of Grover's Mill

There was panic in the streets

Where isolation shouted

Prepare for the trick or treat

OVER THE AIRWAVES

Drew attention to the danger

Could someone be watching?

An alien or stranger

On the other side of Grover's Mill

There's a pond where the water glows

What landed on that Jersey site

I'm sure nobody knows

OVER THE AIRWAVES

OVER THE AIRWAVES

OVER THE AIRWAVES

Balancing reality with fantasy

OVER THE AIRWAVES

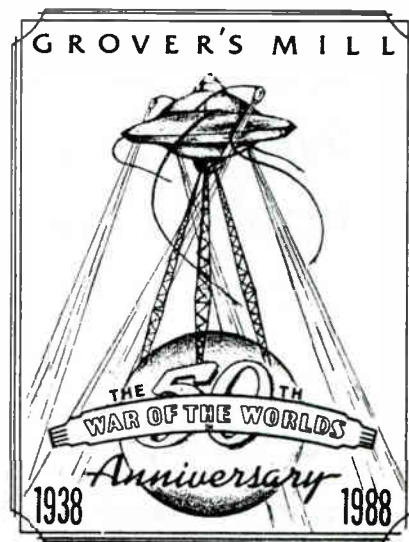
OVER THE AIRWAVES

OVER THE AIRWAVES

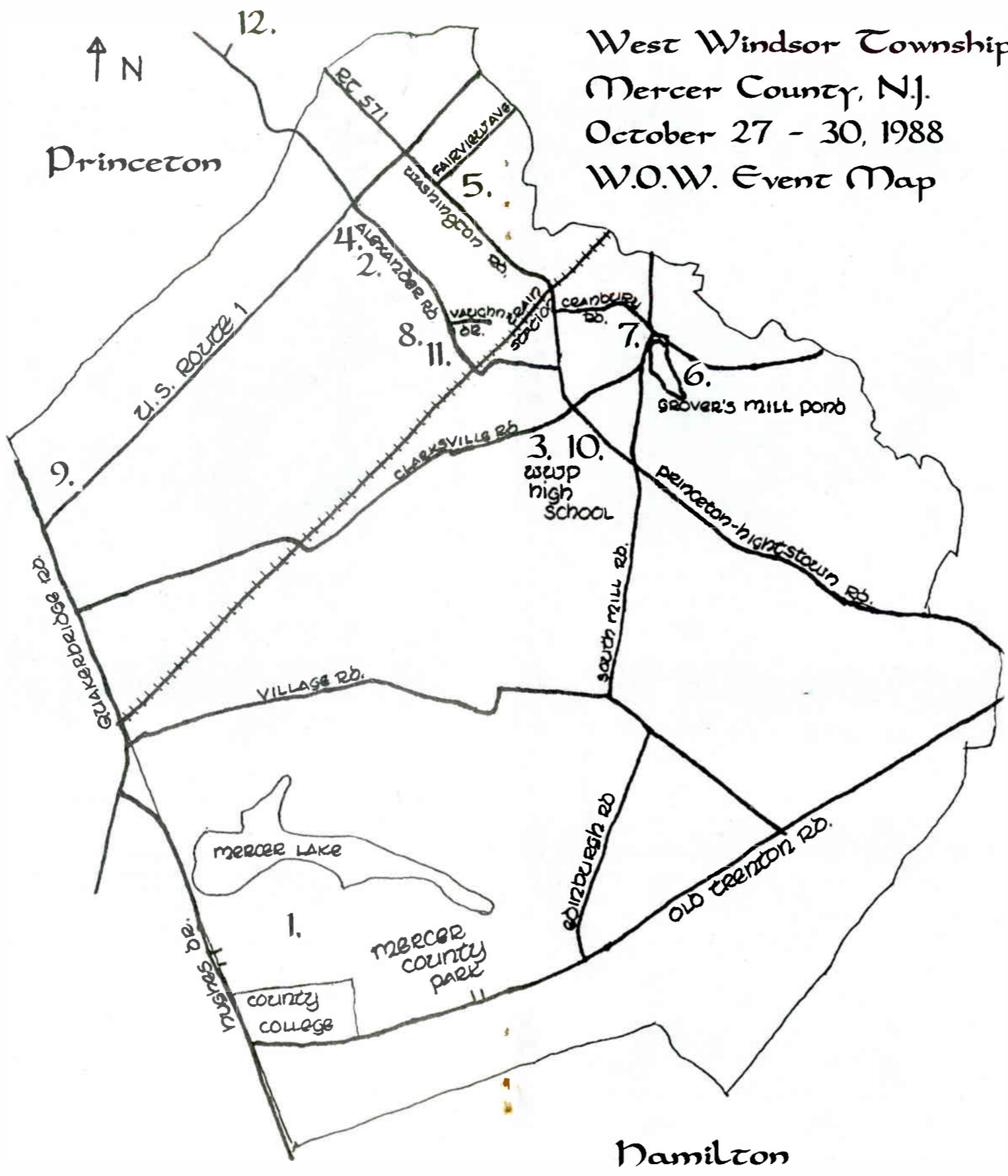
Or do we believe in what we touch and see?

OVER THE AIRWAVES

OVER THE AIRWAVES

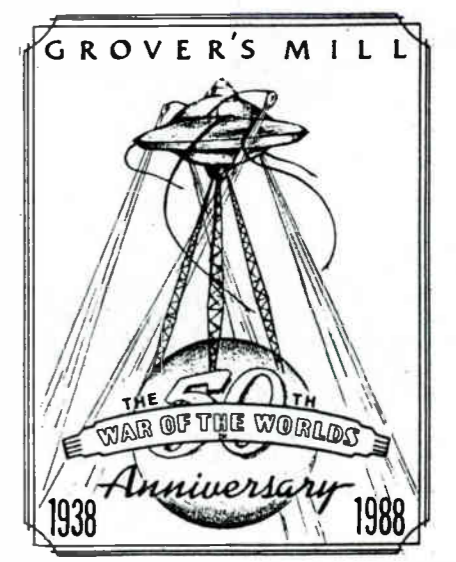


West Windsor Township
 Mercer County, N.J.
 October 27 - 30, 1988
 W.O.W. Event Map



1. **MARTIAN FESTIVAL** -
 Mercer Park. 27-30. Fireworks, Lasers, Rascals Starship. Carnival, Martians & More! Thurs. & Fri. 6-10 P.M. Sat. & Sun. 1 P.M. To Closing. Admission \$1.
2. **WOW ART SHOW RECEPTION** -
 Sponsored by Carnegie Center Associates Thurs. 5-8 P.M. Carnegie Center Bldg. 210. Show on Display Through November.
3. **'WE REMEMBER'** -
 Resident Recollections & Mars Lecture. Thurs., 7:30 P.M. West Windsor/Plainsboro High School.
4. **FLIGHT OF FANTASY** -
 Formal Ball. Princeton Hyatt Regency. Friday 7-Midnight. Tickets \$150.
- MARS PLANETARIUM SHOW** -
 State Planetarium, Trenton, N.J. Friday 8 P.M.
5. **MARTIAN DAY PARADE** -
 8:30-10 A.M. Saturday. Fairview to Clarksville on Princeton-Hightstown Rd.
6. **MARTIAN LANDING SITE DEDICATION** -
 Grover's Mill Pond After Parade. Pond Pass Required.

7. **MARTIAN PANIC BIKE RACE** -
 Sponsored by Drug Emporium. Saturday, 1:30-4:30 P.M. Grover's Mill Co. Start/Finish.
8. **'COULD IT HAPPEN AGAIN?'** -
 Panel Presentation Hosted by Center For Health Affairs. 760 Alexander Rd. Saturday, 7-9 P.M. Tickets: \$10.
9. **MARTIAN FLING SOCIAL MASQUERADE** -
 Hosted by Nassau Park. Saturday, 9 P.M.-Midnight. U.S. Rt. 1, Near Quakerbridge Tickets: \$25.
10. **MARTIAN PANIC 10K RUN AND 2 MILE RACE** -
 Start/Finish: West Windsor/Plainsboro High School.
11. **'SHOULD WE GO TO MARS?'** -
 Panel Presentation Hosted by Center For Health Affairs. 760 Alexander Rd. Sunday, 4-6 P.M. Tickets \$10.
12. **'THE WAR OF THE WORLDS' RADIO PLAY** -
 Original Script Re-Enactment Sponsored by Kodak at the McCarter Theatre, 91 University Place in Princeton. 7:30-9:30 P.M. Sunday. Tickets \$18; Students \$10.



"I don't think we'll try anything like this again."
 - Orson Welles



"We have been fortunate to share the limelight of Orson Welles' genius and talents. God bless Orson Welles."
 - Nicholas G. Skroumbelos, WOW Trustee

War Of The Worlds Artists



(L to R) JAY WARREN, sculptor for monument; TOM MAROLDA, song artist; BILL KOKAS, logo artist.

The War Of The Worlds Commemorative Committee is pleased to introduce three artists whose work is of foundational importance to the success of the committee. The creative efforts of these individuals have given us the War Of The Worlds logo by which the committee's souvenirs and publications are recognized - the bronze monument dedicating the Martian landing site and the "Ballad Of Grover's Mill" which so brilliantly captures the richness of this unique piece of Americana. All of these artists live and work locally and are fine examples of the talent which resides in this area.

BILL KOKAS, of Lawrenceville, created the committee's logo. It may be seen on the t-shirts, posters, mugs, and frisbees which are for sale at various establishments locally and out of state. The logo is the keystone of the committee's public presence and we are pleased that it is aesthetically pleasing and historically significant. The logo is based upon the spacecraft initially envisioned in H.G. Wells' story and includes the typeface and duotone style of the late 1930's when the radio adaptation was presented.

JAY WARREN, of Hamilton, is preparing the bronze monument which will be placed at Grover's Mill Pond on October 29, 1988. This bronze relief will be six feet in height and three feet wide. It will artistically present the three main components of the 1938 broadcast and its ramifications: Orson Welles; the Martians; and the reaction of the American radio audience. It will be an appropriate, permanent marker of an historical event whose meaning is still being assessed.

TOM MAROLDA, of Mercerville, is the song artist for Over The Airwaves/The Ballad of Grover's Mill. Mr. Marolda both composed and performed the piece which is the theme song for the commemoration. The lyrics clearly capture the power of imagination and the tenuous relationship which exists between fantasy and reality in our lives. The committee expects the song to be widely enjoyed in this country by all those whose imagination has been captured at one time or another by the remarkable story of the Martian invasion of Grover's Mill.

ORIGINAL RADIO SCRIPT

by Howard Koch

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM
ORSON WELLES AND MERCURY THEATRE
ON THE AIR
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1938
8:00 to 9:00 p.m.

Cue: (Columbia Broadcasting System)
(. . . 30 seconds . . .)

ANNOUNCER: The Columbia Broadcasting System
and its affiliated stations present Orson Welles and the Mercury Theatre on the Air in War of the Worlds by H.G. Wells.

THEME

ANNOUNCER: Ladies and gentlemen: the director of the Mercury Theatre and star of these broadcasts, Orson Welles
ORSON WELLES: We know now that in the early years of the twentieth century this world was being watched closely by intelligences greater than man's and yet as mortal as his own. We know now that as human beings busied themselves about their various concerns they were scrutinized and studied, perhaps almost as narrowly as a man with a microscope might scrutinize the transient creatures that swarm and multiply in a drop of water. With infinite complacency people went to and fro over the earth about their little affairs, serene in the assurance of their dominion over this small spinning fragment of solar driftwood which by chance or design man has inherited out of the dark mystery of Time and Space. Yet across an immense ethereal gulf, minds that are to our minds as ours are to the beasts in the jungle, intellects vast, cool and unsympathetic regarded this earth with envious eyes and slowly and surely drew their plans against us. In the thirty-ninth year of the twentieth century came the great disillusionment.

It was near the end of October. Business was better. The war scare was over. More men were back at work. Sales were picking up. On this particular evening, October 30, the Crossley service estimated that thirty-two million people were listening in on radios.

ANNOUNCER CUE: . . . for the next twenty-four hours not much change in temperature. A slight atmospheric disturbance of undetermined origin is reported over Nova Scotia, causing a low pressure area to move down rather rapidly over the northeastern states, bringing a forecast of rain, accompanied by winds of light gale force. Maximum temperature 66; minimum 48. This weather report comes to you from the Government Weather Bureau. . . . We now take you to the Meridian Room in the Hotel Park Plaza in downtown New York, where you will be entertained by the music of Ramon Raquello and his Orchestra.

(SPANISH THEME SONG . . . FADES)

ANNOUNCER THREE: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. From the Meridian Room in the Park Plaza in New York City, we bring you the music of Ramon Raquello and his Orchestra. With a touch of the Spanish, Ramon Raquello leads off with "La Cumparsita."

(PIECE STARTS PLAYING)

ANNOUNCER TWO: Ladies and gentlemen, we interrupt our program of dance music to bring you a special bulletin from the Intercontinental Radio News. At twenty minutes before eight, central time, Professor Farrell of the Mount Jennings Observatory, Chicago, Illinois, reports observing several explosions of incandescent gas, occurring at regular intervals on the planet Mars.

The spectroscope indicates the gas to be hydrogen and moving towards the earth with enormous velocity. Professor Pierson of the observatory at Princeton confirms Farrell's observation, and describes the phenomenon as (QUOTE) like a jet of blue flame shot from a gun. (UNQUOTE) We now return you to the music of Ramon Raquello, playing for you in the Meridian Room of the Park Plaza Hotel, situated in downtown New York. (MUSIC PLAYS FOR A FEW MOMENTS UNTIL PIECE ENDS . . . SOUND OF APPLAUSE)

Now a tune that never loses favor, the ever-popular "Star Dust." Ramon Raquello and his orchestra . . . (MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER TWO: Ladies and gentlemen, following on the news given in our bulletin a moment ago, the Government Meteorological Bureau has requested the large observatories of the country to keep an astronomical watch on any further disturbances occurring on the planet Mars. Due to the unusual nature of this occurrence, we have arranged an interview with the noted astronomer, Professor Pierson, who will give us his views on this event. In a few moments we will take you to the Princeton Observatory at Princeton, New Jersey. We return you until then to the music of Ramon Raquello and his orchestra. (MUSIC...)

ANNOUNCER TWO: We are ready now to take you to the Princeton Observatory at Princeton where Carl Phillips, our commentator, will interview Professor Richard Pierson, famous astronomer. We take you now to Princeton, New Jersey.

(ECHO CHAMBER)

PHILLIPS: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is Carl Phillips, speaking to you from the observatory at Princeton. I am standing in a large semicircular room, pitch black except for an oblong split in the ceiling. Through this opening I can see a sprinkling of stars that cast a kind of frosty glow over the intricate mechanism of the huge telescope. The ticking sound you hear is the vibration of the clockwork. Professor Pierson stands directly above me on a small platform, peering through the giant lens. I ask you to be patient, ladies and gentlemen, during any delay that may arise during our interview. Beside his ceaseless watch of the heavens, Professor Pierson may be interrupted by telephone or other communications. During this period he is in constant touch with the astronomical centers of the world. . . Professor, may I begin our questions?

PIERSON: At any time, Mr. Phillips.

PHILLIPS: Professor, would you please tell our radio audience exactly what you see as you observe the planet Mars through your telescope?

PIERSON: Nothing unusual at the moment, Mr. Phillips. A red disk swimming in a blue sea. Transverse stripes across the disk. Quite distinct now because Mars happens to be at the point nearest the earth . . . in opposition, as we call it.

PHILLIPS: In your opinion, what do these transverse stripes signify, Professor Pierson?

PIERSON: Not canals, I can assure you, Mr. Phillips, although that's the popular conjecture of those who imagine Mars to be inhabited. From a scientific viewpoint the stripes are merely the result of atmospheric conditions peculiar to the planet.

PHILLIPS: Then you're quite convinced as a scientist that living intelligence as we know it does not exist on Mars?

PIERSON: I should say the chances against it are a thousand to one.

PHILLIPS: And yet how do you account for these gas eruptions occurring on the surface of the planet at regular intervals?

PIERSON: Mr. Phillips, I cannot account for it.

PHILLIPS: By the way, Professor, for the benefit of our listeners, how far is Mars from the earth?

PIERSON: Approximately forty million miles.

PHILLIPS: Well, that seems a safe enough distance.

PHILLIPS: Just a moment, ladies and gentlemen, someone has just handed Professor Pierson a message. While he reads it, let me remind you that we are speaking to you from the observatory in Princeton, New Jersey, where we are interviewing the world-famous astronomer, Professor Pierson. . . . One moment, please. Professor Pierson has passed me a message which he has just received. . . . Professor, may I read the message to the listening audience?

PIERSON: Certainly, Mr. Phillips.

PHILLIPS: Ladies and gentlemen, I shall read you a wire addressed to Professor Pierson from Dr. Gray of the National History Museum, New York. "9:15 p.m. eastern standard time. Seismograph registered shock of almost earthquake intensity occurring within a radius of twenty miles of Princeton. Please investigate. Signed, Lloyd Gray, Chief of Astronomical Division." . . .

Professor Pierson, could this occurrence possibly have something to do with the disturbances observed on the planet Mars?

PIERSON: Hardly, Mr. Phillips. This is probably a meteorite of unusual size and its arrival at this particular time is merely a coincidence. However, we shall conduct a search, as soon as daylight permits.

PHILLIPS: Thank you, Professor. Ladies and gentlemen, for the past ten minutes we've been speaking to you from the observatory at Princeton, bringing you a special interview with Professor Pierson, noted astronomer. This is Carl Phillips speaking. We now return you to our New York studio. (FADE IN PIANO PLAYING)

ANNOUNCER TWO: Ladies and gentlemen, here is the latest bulletin from the Intercontinental Radio News. Toronto, Canada: Professor Morse of Macmillan University reports observing a total of three explosions on the planet Mars, between the hours of 7:45 p.m. and 9:20 p.m., eastern standard time. This confirms earlier reports received from American observatories. Now, nearer home, comes a special announcement from Trenton, New Jersey. It is reported that at 8:50 p.m.

a huge, flaming object, believed to be a meteorite, fell on a farm in the neighborhood of Grover's Mill, New Jersey, twenty-two miles from Trenton. The flash in the sky was visible within a radius of several hundred miles and the noise of the impact was heard as far north as Elizabeth.

We have dispatched a special mobile unit to the scene, and will have our commentator, Mr. Phillips, give you a word description as soon as he can reach there from Princeton. In the meantime, we take you to the Hotel Martinet in Brooklyn, where Bobby Millette and his orchestra are offering a program of dance music. (SWING BAND FOR 20 SECONDS . . . THEN CUT)

ANNOUNCER TWO: We take you now to Grover's Mill, New Jersey. (CROWD NOISES .



Friendly Martians wave greetings.



UNITED JERSEY BANKS

The War of the Worlds Commemorative Committee wishes to acknowledge the indispensable support of United Jersey Banks. One of the WOW Committee's earliest supporters, UJB has assisted the anniversary effort in every possible way without asking for special recognition of any kind. A generous donation, financing assistance for the Martian Festival and participation in the "Flight of Fantasy" have earned UJB our committee's lasting gratitude.

"I spread out the map, closed my eyes, and put down the pencil point. It happened to fall at Grover's Mill. I like the sound, and it had an authentic ring."

- Howard Koch, playwright

.. POLICE SIRENS)

PHILLIPS: Ladies and gentlemen, this is Carl Phillips again, at the Wilmuth farm, Grover's Mill, New Jersey. Professor Pierson and myself made the eleven miles from Princeton in ten minutes. Well, I . . . I hardly know where to begin, to paint for you a word picture of the strange scene before my eyes, like something out of a modern Arabian Nights. Well, I just got here. I haven't had a chance to look around yet. I guess that's it. Yes, I guess that's the . . . thing, directly in front of me, half buried in a vast pit. Must have struck with terrific force. The ground is covered with splinters of a tree it must have struck on its way down. What I can see of the . . . object itself doesn't look very much like a meteor, at least not the meteors I've seen. It looks more like a huge cylinder. It has a diameter of . . . what would you say, Professor Pierson?

PIERSON (off): About thirty yards.

PHILLIPS: About thirty yards. . . . The metal on the sheath is . . . well, I've never seen anything like it. The color is sort of yellowish-white. Curious spectators now are pressing close to the object in spite of the efforts of the police to keep them back. They're getting in front of my line of vision. Would you mind standing on one side, please?

POLICEMAN: One side, there, one side.



WOW Chairman Doug Forrester welcomes audience to the 49th Anniversary Commemoration.

PHILLIPS: While the policemen are pushing the crowd back, here's Mr. Wilmuth, owner of the farm here. He may have some interesting facts to add. . . . Mr. Wilmuth, would you please tell the radio audience as much as you remember of this rather unusual visitor that dropped in your backyard? Step closer, please. Ladies and gentlemen, this is Mr. Wilmuth.

WILMUTH: I was listenin' to the radio.

PHILLIPS: Closer and louder, please.

WILMUTH: Pardon me!

PHILLIPS: Louder, please, and closer.

WILMUTH: Yes, sir — while I was listening to the radio and kinda drowsin', that Professor fellow was talkin' about Mars, so I was half dozin' and half . . .

PHILLIPS: Yes, Mr. Wilmuth. Then what happened?

WILMUTH: As I was sayin', I was listenin' to the radio kinda halfway . . .

PHILLIPS: Yes, Mr. Wilmuth, and then you saw something?

WILMUTH: Not first off. I heard something.

PHILLIPS: And what did you hear?

WILMUTH: A hissing sound. Like this: ssssssss . . . kinda like a fourt' of July rocket.

PHILLIPS: Then what?

WILMUTH: Turned my head out the window and would have swore I was to sleep and dreamin'.

PHILLIPS: Yes?

WILMUTH: I seen a kinda greenish streak and then zingo! Somethin' smacked the ground. Knocked me clear out of my chair!

PHILLIPS: Well, were you frightened, Mr. Wilmuth?

WILMUTH: Well, I — I ain't quite sure. I reckon I — I was kinda riled.

PHILLIPS: Thank you, Mr. Wilmuth. Thank you.

WILMUTH: Want me to tell you some more?

PHILLIPS: No. . . . That's quite all right, that's plenty.

PHILLIPS: Ladies and gentlemen, you've just heard Mr. Wilmuth, owner of the farm where this thing has fallen. I wish I could convey the atmosphere . . . the background of this . . . fantastic scene. Hundreds of cars are parked in a field in back of us.

Police are trying to rope off the roadway leading into the farm. But it's no use. They're breaking right through. Their headlights throw an enormous spot on the pit where the object's half-buried. Some of the more daring souls are venturing near the edge. Their silhouettes stand out against the metal sheen. (FAINT HUMMING SOUND)

One man wants to touch the thing . . . he's having an argument with a policeman. The policeman wins. . . Now, ladies and gentlemen, there's something I haven't mentioned in all this excitement, but it's becoming more distinct. Perhaps you've caught it already on your radio. Listen: (LONG PAUSE) . . . Do you hear it? It's a curious humming sound that seems to come from inside the object. I'll move the microphone nearer. Here. (PAUSE) Now we're not more than twenty-five feet away. Can you hear it now? Oh, Professor Pierson!

PIERSON: Yes, Mr. Phillips?

PHILLIPS: Can you tell us the meaning of that scraping noise inside the thing?

PIERSON: Possibly the unequal cooling of its surface.

PHILLIPS: Do you still think it's a meteor, Professor?

PIERSON: I don't know what to think. The metal casing is definitely extra-terrestrial . . . not found on this earth. Friction with the earth's atmosphere usually tears holes in a meteorite. This thing is smooth and, as you can see, of cylindrical shape.

PHILLIPS: Just a minute! Something's happening! Ladies and gentlemen, this is terrific! This end of the thing is beginning to flake off! The top is beginning to rotate like a screw! The thing must be hollow!

VOICES: She's a movin'!

Look, the darn thing's unscrewing!

Keep back, there! Keep back, I tell you.

Maybe there's men in it trying to escape!

It's red hot, they'll burn to a cinder!

Keep back there! Keep those idiots back!

(SUDDENLY THE CLANKING SOUND OF A HUGE PIECE OF FALLING METAL)

VOICES: She's off! The top's loose!

Look out there! Stand back!

Ladies and gentlemen, this is the most terrifying

thing I have ever witnessed . . . Wait a minute! Someone's crawling out of the hollow top. Some one or . . . something. I can see peering out of that black hole two luminous disks . . . are they eyes? It might be a face. It might be. . . (SHOUT OF AWE FROM THE CROWD)

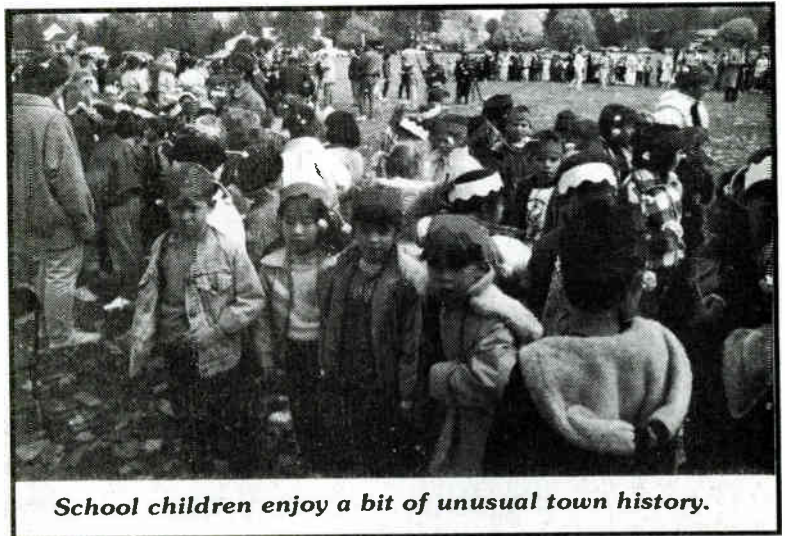
Good heavens, something's wriggling out of the shadow like a grey snake. Not it's another one, and another. They look like tentacles to me. There, I can see the thing's body. It's large as a bear and it glistens like wet leather. But that face. It . . . it's indescribable. I can hardly force myself to keep looking at it. The eyes are black and gleam like a serpent. The mouth is V-shaped with saliva dripping from its rimless lips that seem to quiver and pulsate. The monster or whatever it is can hardly move. It seems weighed down by . . . possibly gravity or something. The thing's raising up. The crowd falls back. They've seen enough. This is the most extraordinary experience. I can't find words. . . I'm pulling this microphone with me as I talk. I'll have to stop the description until I've taken a new position. Hold on, will you please, I'll be back in a minute. (FADE INTO PIANO)

ANNOUNCER TWO: We are bringing you an eyewitness account of what's happening on the Wilmuth farm, Grover's Mill, New Jersey. (MORE PIANO)

We now return you to Carl Phillips at Grover's Mill.

PHILLIPS: Ladies and gentlemen (Am I on?). Ladies and gentlemen, here I am, back of a stone wall that adjoins Mr. Wilmuth's garden. From here I get a sweep of the whole scene. I'll give you every detail as long as I can talk. As long as I can see. More state police have arrived. They're drawing up a cordon in front of the pit, about thirty of them. No need to push the crowd back now. They're willing to keep their distance. The captain is conferring with someone. We can't quite see who. Oh yes, I believe it's Professor Pierson. Yes, it is. Now they've parted. The professor moves around one side, studying the object, while the captain and two policemen advance with something in their hands. I can see it now. It's a white handkerchief tied to a pole . . . a flag of truce. If those creatures know what that means . . . what anything means! . . . Wait! Something's happening! (HISSING SOUND FOLLOWED BY A HUMMING THAT INCREASES IN INTENSITY)

A humped shape is rising out of the pit. I can make out a small beam of light against a mirror. What's that? There's a jet of flame springing from that mirror, and it leaps right at the advancing men. It strikes them head on! Good Lord, they're turning into flame! (SCREAMS AND UNEARTHLY SHRIEKS)



School children enjoy a bit of unusual town history.



SHOULD WE GO TO MARS?

Mars has fascinated humanity perhaps more than any other celestial body. The technology is at hand to visit the Red Planet but there are significant public policy arguments surrounding this decision making process. The War of the Worlds Committee is grateful to the panel members who will address the question of how and when to approach Mars. Ron Maehl, Alan Ladwig, Gregg Maryniak and Brian O'Leary are uniquely qualified to offer their presentations to public decision-makers who will chart our course. The Committee is pleased to offer an important forum for public discussion at a critical time.

Now the whole field's caught fire. (EXPLOSION) The woods . . . the barns . . . the gas tanks of automobiles . . . it's spreading everywhere. It's coming this way. About twenty yards to my right. . . (CRASH OF MICROPHONE . . . THEN DEAD SILENCE. . .)

ANNOUNCER TWO: Ladies and gentlemen, due to circumstances beyond our control, we are unable to continue the broadcast from Grover's Mill. Evidently there's some difficulty with our field transmission. However, we will return to that point at the earliest opportunity. In the meantime, we have a late bulletin from San Diego, California. Professor Indellkoffer, speaking at a dinner of the California Astronomical Society, expressed the opinion that the explosions on Mars are undoubtedly nothing more than severe volcanic disturbances on the surface of the planet. We continue now with our piano interlude. (PIANO . . . THEN CUT)

Ladies and gentlemen, I have just been handed a message that came in from Grover's Mill by telephone. Just a moment. At least forty people, including six State Troopers lie dead in a field east of the village of Grover's Mill, their bodies burned and distorted beyond all possible recognition. The next voice you hear will be that of Brigadier General Montgomery Smith, commander of the State Militia at Trenton, New Jersey.

SMITH: I have been requested by the governor of New Jersey to place the counties of Mercer and Middlesex as far west as Princeton, and east to Jamesburg, under martial law. No one will be

permitted to enter this area except by special pass issued by state or military authorities. Four companies of State Militia are proceeding from Trenton to Grover's Mill, and will aid in the evacuation of homes within the range of military operations. Thank you.

ANNOUNCER: You have just been listening to General Montgomery Smith commanding the State Militia at Trenton. In the meantime, further details of the catastrophe at Grover's Mill are coming in. The strange creatures after unleashing their deadly assault, crawled back in their pit and made no attempt to prevent the efforts of the firemen to recover the bodies and extinguish the fire. Combined fire departments of Mercer County are fighting the flames which menace the entire countryside.

We have been unable to establish any contact with our mobile unit at Grover's Mill, but we hope to be able to return you there at the earliest possible moment please. (LONG PAUSE) (WHISPER)

Ladies and gentlemen, I have just been informed that we have finally established communication with an eyewitness of the tragedy. Professor Pierson has been located at a farmhouse near Grover's Mill where he has established an emergency observation post. As a scientist, he will give you his explanation of the calamity. The next voice you hear will be that of Professor Pierson, brought to you by direct wire. Professor Pierson.

PIERSON: Of the creatures in the rocket cylinder at Grover's Mill, I can give you no authoritative information — either as to their nature, their origin, or their purposes here on earth. Of their destructive instrument I might venture some conjectural explanation. For want of a better term, I shall refer to the mysterious weapon as a heat-ray. It's all too evident that these creatures have scientific knowledge far in advance of our own. It is my guess that in some way they are able to generate an intense heat in a chamber of practically absolute nonconductivity. This intense heat they project in a parallel beam against any object they choose, by means of a polished parabolic mirror of unknown composition, much as the mirror of a lighthouse projects a beam of light. That is my conjecture of the origin of the heat-ray. . . .

ANNOUNCER TWO: Thank you, Professor Pierson. Ladies and gentlemen, here is a bulletin from Trenton. It is a brief statement informing us that the charred body of Carl Phillips has been identified in a Trenton Hospital. Now here's another bulletin from Washington, D.C.

Office of the director of the National Red Cross reports ten units of Red Cross emergency workers have been assigned to the headquarters of the State Militia stationed outside of Grover's Mill, New Jersey. Here's a bulletin from State Police, Princeton Junction: The fires at Grover's Mill and vicinity now under control. Scouts report all quiet in the pit, and no sign of life appearing from the mouth of the cylinder. . . . And now, ladies and gentlemen, we have a special statement from Mr. Harry McDonald, vice-president in charge of operations.

MCDONALD: We have received a request from the militia at Trenton to place at their disposal our entire broadcasting facilities. In view of the gravity of the situation, and believing that radio has a definite responsibility to serve in the public



West Windsor/Plainsboro marching band leading the parade.

interest at all times, we are turning over our facilities to the State Militia at Trenton.

ANNOUNCER: We take you now to the field headquarters of the State Militia near Grover's Mill, New Jersey.

CAPTAIN: This is Captain Lansing of the Signal Corps, attached to the State Militia now engaged in military operations in the vicinity of Grover's Mill. Situation arising from the reported presence of certain individuals of unidentified nature, is now under complete control.

The cylindrical object which lies in a pit directly below our position is surrounded on all sides by eight battalions of infantry, without heavy fieldpieces, but adequately armed with rifles and machine guns. All cause for alarm, if such cause ever existed, is now entirely unjustified. The things, whatever they are, do not even venture to poke their heads above the pit. I can see their hiding place plainly in the glare of the searchlights here. With all their reported resources, these creatures can scarcely stand up against heavy machine-gun fire. Anyway, it's an interesting outing for the troops. I can make out their khaki uniforms, crossing back and forth in front of the lights. It looks almost like a real war. There appears to be some slight smoke in the woods bordering the Millstone River. Probably fire started by campers. Well, we ought to see some action soon. One of the companies is deploying on the left flank. A quick thrust and it will all be over. Now wait a minute! I see something on top of the cylinder. No, it's nothing but a shadow. Now the troops are on the edge of the Wilmuth farm. Seven thousand armed men closing in on an old metal tube. Wait, that wasn't a shadow! It's something moving . . . solid metal . . . kind of a shield-like affair rising up out of the cylinder . . . It's going higher and higher. Why, it's standing on legs . . . actually rearing up on a sort of metal framework. Now it's reaching above the trees and the searchlights are on it! Hold on!

ANNOUNCER TWO: Ladies and gentlemen, I have a grave announcement to make. Incredible as it may seem, both the observations of science and the evidence of our eyes lead to the inescapable assumption that those strange beings who landed in the Jersey farmlands tonight are the vanguard of an invading army from the planet Mars. The battle which took place tonight at Grover's Mill has ended in one of the most startling defeats ever suffered by an army in modern times; seven thousand men armed with rifles and machine guns pitted against a single fighting machine of the invaders from Mars. One hundred and twenty known survivors. The rest strewn over the battle area from Grover's Mill to Plainsboro crushed and trampled to death under the metal feet of the monster, or burned to cinders by its heat-ray. The monster is now in control of the middle section of New Jersey and has effectively cut the state through its center. Communication lines are down from Pennsylvania to the Atlantic Ocean. Railroad tracks are torn and service from New York to Philadelphia discontinued except routing some of the trains through Allentown and Phoenixville. Highways to the north, south, and west are clogged with frantic human traffic. Police and army reserves are unable to control the mad flight. By morning the fugitives will have swelled Philadelphia, Camden and Trenton, it is estimated, to twice their normal population.

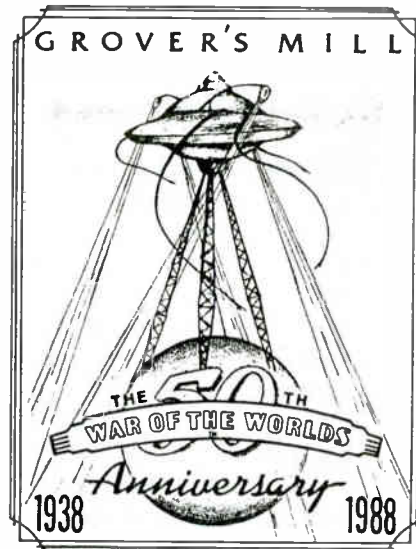
At this time martial law prevails throughout New Jersey and eastern Pennsylvania. We take you now to Washington for a special broadcast on the National Emergency . . . the Secretary of the Interior . . .

SECRETARY: Citizens of the nation: I shall not try to conceal the gravity of the situation that confronts the country, nor the concern of your government in protecting the lives and property of its people. However, I wish to impress upon you — private citizens and public officials, all of you — the urgent need of calm and resourceful action. Fortunately, this formidable enemy is still confined to a comparatively small area, and we may place our faith in the military forces to keep them there. In the meantime placing our faith in God we must continue the performance of our duties each and everyone of us, so that we may confront this destructive adversary with a nation united, courageous, and consecrated to the preservation of human supremacy on this earth. I thank you.



Mayor Steve Decter receives deed to Grover's Mill Pond from David Moore of the N.J. Conservation Foundation.

ANNOUNCER: You have just heard the Secretary of the Interior speaking from Washington. Bulletins too numerous to read are piling up in the studio here. We are informed that the central portion of New Jersey is blacked out from radio communication due to the effect of the heatray upon power lines and electrical equipment. Here is a special bulletin from New York. Cables received from English, French, German scientific bodies offering assistance. Astronomers report continued gas outbursts at regular intervals on planet Mars. Majority voice opinion that enemy will be reinforced by additional rocket machines. Attempts made to locate Professor Pierson of Princeton, who has observed Martians at close range. It is feared he was lost in recent battle.



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COULD IT HAPPEN AGAIN?

The question of whether such an event as the "Panic Broadcast" could happen again is one of the more provocative questions of Social Psychology. Are we different from those of fifty years ago? Are we just as vulnerable? The War of the Worlds Committee is pleased that this question will be addressed by a distinguished panel during the 50th Anniversary. We wish to thank Garrison Keillor, Greg Strangis, Joel Cooper and Howard Green for their significant contribution to the celebration. Their comments address the heart of the WOW commemorative enterprise.

LANGHAM FIELD, VIRGINIA: Scouting planes report three Martian machines visible above tree tops, moving north towards Somerville with population fleeing ahead of them. Heat-ray not in use: although advancing at express-train speed, invaders pick their way carefully, They seem to be making conscious effort to avoid destruction of cities and countryside. However, they stop to uproot power lines, bridges, and railroad tracks. Their apparent objective is to crush resistance, paralyze communication, and disorganize human society.

Here is a bulletin from BASKING RIDGE, New Jersey: Coon hunters have stumbled on a second cylinder similar to the first embedded in the great swamp twenty miles south of Morristown. U. S. Army fieldpieces are proceeding from Newark to blow up second invading unit before cylinder can be opened and the fighting machine rigged. They are taking up position in the foothills of Watchung Mountains. Another bulletin from LANGHAM FIELD, VIRGINIA: Scouting planes report enemy machines, now three in number, increasing speed northward kicking over houses and trees in their evident haste to form a conjunction with their allies south of Morristown. Machines also sighted by telephone operator east of Middlesex within ten miles of Plainfield. Here's a bulletin from WINSTON FIELD, LONG ISLAND: Fleet of army bombers carrying heavy



Lolly Dey tells her story of "panic night".

explosives flying north in pursuit of enemy. Scouting planes act as guides. They keep speeding enemy in sight. Just a moment please. Ladies and gentlemen, we've run special wires to the artillery line in adjacent villages to give you direct reports in the zone of the advancing enemy. First we take you to the battery of the 22nd Field Artillery, located in the Watchung Mountains.

OFFICER: Range 32 meters.

GUNNER: Thirty-two meters.

OFFICER: Projection, 39 degrees.

GUNNER: Thirty-nine degrees.

OFFICER: Fire! (BOOM OF HEAVY GUN . . . PAUSE)

OBSERVER: One hundred and forty yards to the right, sir.

OFFICER: Shift range . . . 31 meters.

GUNNER: Thirty-one meters.

OFFICER: Projection . . . 37 degrees.

GUNNER: Thirty-seven degrees.

OFFICER: Fire, (BOOM OF HEAVY GUN . . . PAUSE)

OBSERVER: A hit sir! We got the tripod of one of them. They've stopped. The others are trying to repair it.

OFFICER: Quick, get the range! Shift 50 30 meters.

GUNNER: Thirty meters.

OFFICER: Projection . . . 27 degrees.

GUNNER: Twenty-seven degrees.

OFFICER: Fire! (BOOM OF HEAVY GUN...PAUSE)

OBSERVER: Can't see the shell land, sir. They're letting off a smoke.

OFFICER: What is it?

OBSERVER: A black smoke, sir. Moving this way. Lying close to the ground. It's moving fast.

OFFICER: Put on gas masks. (Pause) Get ready to fire. Shift to 24 meters.

GUNNER: Twnty-four meters.

OFFICER: Projection, 24 degrees.

GUNNER: Twenty-four degrees

OFFICER: Fire! (BOOM)

OBSERVER: Still can't see, sir. The smoke's coming nearer.

OFFICER: Get the range (COUGHS)

OBSERVER: Twenty-three meters (COUGHS)

OFFICER: Twenty-three meters (COUGHS)

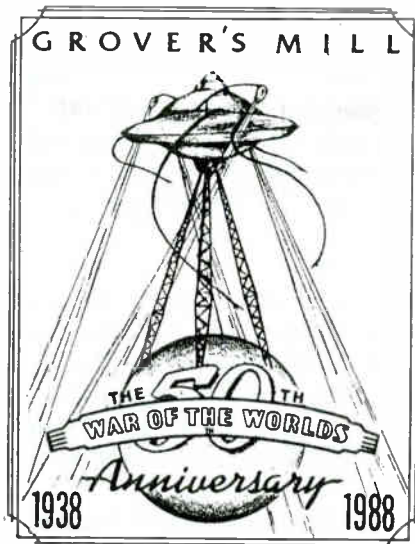
GUNNER: Twenty-three meters. (COUGHS)

OBSERVER: Projection 22 degrees. (COUGHING)

OFFICER: Twenty-two degrees. (FADE IN COUGHING)

(FADING IN...SOUND OF AIRPLANE MOTOR)

COMMANDER: Army bombing plane, V-8-43 off Bayonne, New Jersey, Lieutenant Voght, commanding eight bombers. Reporting to Commander Fairfax, Langham Field...This is Voght, reporting to Commander Fairfax, Langham Field...Enemy tripod machines now in sight. Reinforced by three machines from the Morristown cylinder. Six altogether. One machine partially crippled. Believed hit by shell from army gun in Watchung Mountains. Guns now appear silent. A heavy black fog



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FIRST FIDELITY

On July 24, 1988 the War of the Worlds Committee presented its first commemorative event, courtesy of First Fidelity Bank as part of its summer concert series. The Mercer County Park Concert of the New Jersey Pops was dedicated to the 50th Anniversary of the famous 1938 broadcast. The committee expresses its appreciation to First Fidelity for its support and to Mike Buglio and the New Jersey Pops for superlative music.



hanging close to the earth...of extreme density, nature unknown. No sign of heat-ray. Enemy now turns east, crossing Passaic River into the Jersey marshes. Another straddles the Pulaski Skyway. Evident objective is New York City. They're pushing down a high tension power station. The machines are close together now, and we're ready to attack. Planes circling, ready to strike. A thousand yards and we'll be over the first-800 yards...600...400...200...There they go! The giant arm raised...Green flash! They're spraying us with flame! Two thousand feet. Engines are giving out. No chance to release bombs. Only one thing left...drop on them, plane and all. We're diving on the first one. Now the engine's gone! Eight...

OPERATOR ONE: This is Bayonne, New Jersey, calling Langham Field...This is Bayonne, New Jersey, calling Langham Field...Come in, please...Come in, please...

OPERATOR TWO: This is Langham Field...go ahead...

OPERATOR ONE: Eight army bombers in engagement with enemy tripod machines over Jersey flats. Engines incapacitated by heat-ray. All crashed. One enemy machine destroyed. Enemy now discharging heavy black smoke in direction of...

OPERATOR THREE: This is Newark, New Jersey...This is Newark, New Jersey...Warning! Poisonous black smoke pouring in from Jersey marshes. Reaches South Street. Gas masks useless. Urge population to move into open spaces...automobiles use routes 7, 23, 24...Avoid congested areas. Smoke now spreading over Raymond Boulevard.

OPERATOR FOUR: 2X2L...calling CQ...2X2L...calling CQ...2X2L...calling 8X3R...Come in, please...

OPERATOR FIVE: This is 8X3R...coming back at 2X2L.

OPERATOR FOUR: How's reception? How's reception? K, please. Where are you, 8X3R? What's the matter? Where are you?

(BELLS RINGING OVER CITY GRADUALLY DIMINISHING)

ANNOUNCER: I'm speaking from the roof of Broadcasting Building, New York City. The bells you hear are ringing to warn the people to evacuate the city as the Martians approach. Estimated in last two hours three million people have moved out along the roads to the north, Hutchison River Parkway still kept open for motor traffic. Avoid bridges to Long Island...hopelessly jammed. All communication with Jersey shore closed ten minutes ago. No more defenses. Our army wiped out...artillery, air force, everything wiped out. This may be the last broadcast. We'll stay here to the end...People are holding service below us...in the cathedral.

(VOICES SINGING HYMN)

Now I look down the harbor. All manner of boats, overloaded with fleeing population, pulling out from docks.

(SOUND OF BOAT WHISTLES)

Streets are all jammed. Noise in crowds like New Year's Eve in city. Wait a minute...Enemy now in sight above the



Howard Koch shows Doug Forrester how he picked Grover's Mill.

Palisades. Five great machines. First one is crossing river. I can see it from here, wading the Hudson like a man wading through a brook...A bulletin's handed me...Martian cylinders are falling all over the country. One outside Buffalo, one in Chicago, St. Louis...seem to be timed and spaced.

...Now the first machine reaches the shore. He stands watching, looking over the city. His steel, cowlish head is even with the skyscrapers. He waits for the others. They rise like a line of new towers on the city's west side...Now they're lifting their metal hands. This is the end now. Smoke comes out...black smoke, drifting over the city. People in the streets see it now. They're running towards the East River...thousands of them, dropping in like rats. Now the smoke's spreading faster. It's reached Times Square. People trying to run away from it, but it's no use. They're falling like flies. Now the smoke's crossing Sixth Avenue...Fifth Avenue...100 yards away...it's 50 feet...

OPERATOR FOUR: 2X2L calling CQ...2X2L calling CQ...2X2L calling CQ...New York. Isn't there anyone on the air? Isn't there anyone...2X2L—

(MIDDLE BREAK)

ANNOUNCER: You are listening to a CBS presentation of Orson Wells and the Mercury Theatre on the Air in an original dramatization of War of the Worlds by H. G. Wells. The performance will continue after a brief intermission.

This is Columbia...Broadcasting System

(FADE THEME 10 SECONDS)WABC—NEW YORK.

(ENTIRE BREAK 20 SECONDS)

ANNOUNCER: War of the Worlds by H. G. Wells, starring Orson Welles and the Mercury Theatre on the Air..

(MUSIC)

PIERSON: As I set down these notes on paper, I'm obsessed by the thought that I may be the last living man on earth. I have been hiding in this empty house near Grover's Mill—a small island of daylight cut off by the black smoke from the rest of the world. All that happened before the arrival of these monstrous creatures in the world now seems part of another life...a life that has no continuity with the present, furtive existence of the lonely derelict who pencils these words on the back of some astronomical notes bearing the signature of Richard Pierson. I look down at my blackened hands, my torn shoes, my tattered clothes, and I try to connect them with a professor who lives at Princeton, and who on the night of October 20, glimpsed through his telescope an orange splash of light on a distant planet. My wife, my colleagues, my students, my books, my observatory, my...my world...where are they? Did they ever exist? Am I Richard Pierson? What day is it? Do days exist without calendars? Does time pass when there are no human hands left to wind the clocks?...In writing down my daily life I tell myself I shall preserve human history between the dark covers of this little book that was meant to record the movements of the stars...But to write I must live, and to live I must eat...I find mouldy bread in the kitchen, and an orange not too spoiled to swallow. I keep watch at the window. From time to time I catch sight of a Martian above the black smoke.

The smoke still holds the house in its black coil ...But at length there is a hissing sound and suddenly I see a Martian mounted on his machine, spraying the air with a jet of steam, as if to dissipate the smoke. I watch in a corner as his huge metal legs nearly brush against the house. Exhausted by terror, I fall asleep...It's morning. Sun streams in the window. The black cloud of gas has lifted, and the scorched meadows to the north look as though a black snow storm had passed over them I venture from the house. I make my way to a road. No traffic. Here and there a wrecked car, baggage overturned, a blackened skeleton. I push on north. For some reason I feel safer trailing these monsters than running away from them. And I keep a careful watch. I have seen the Martians feed. Should one of their machines appear over the top of the trees, I am ready to fling myself flat on the earth. I come to a chestnut tree. October, chestnuts are ripe. I fill my pockets. I must keep alive. Two days I wander in a vague northerly direction through a desolate world. Finally I notice a living creature...a small red squirrel in a beech tree. I stare at him, and wonder. He stares back at me. I believe at that moment the animal and I shared the same emotion...the joy of finding another living being...I push on north. I find dead cows in a brackish field. Beyond, the charred ruins of a dairy. The silo remains standing guard over the waste land like a lighthouse deserted by the sea. Astride the silo perches a weathercock. The arrow points north.

Next day I came to a city vaguely familiar in its contours, yet its buildings strangely dwarfed and levelled off, as if a giant had sliced off its highest towers with a capricious sweep of his hand. I reached the outskirts. I found Newark, undemolished, but humbled by some whim of the advancing Martians. Presently, with an odd feeling of being watched, I caught sight of something crouching in a doorway. I made a step towards it, and it rose up and became a man—a man, armed with a large knife.

STRANGER: Stop...Where did you come from?
 PIERSON: I come from...many places. A long time ago from Princeton.
 STRANGER: Princeton, huh? That's near Grover's Mill!
 PIERSON: Yes.
 STRANGER: Govers Mill...(LAUGHS AS AT A GREAT JOKE)
There's no food here. This is my country...all this end of town down to the river. There's only food for one...Which way are you going?
 PIERSON: I don't know. I guess I'm looking for——for people.
 STRANGER: (NERVOUSLY) What was that? Did you hear something just then?

Only a bird (MARVELS)...A live bird!
 STRANGER: You get to know that birds have shadows these days.
 ...Say, we're in the open here. Let's crawl into this doorway and talk.
 PIERSON: Have you seen any Martians?
 STRANGER: They've gone over to New York. At night the sky is alive with their lights. Just as if people were still living in it. By daylight you can't see them. Five days ago a couple of them carried something big across the flats from the airport.



John Genz, state trooper on duty that night tells his story.



ELLSWORTH'S

The War of the Worlds Commemorative Committee wishes to express its deepest gratitude to Ellsworth's in Princeton Junction for its astounding commitment to the goals of this celebration. No business has worked harder to ensure the success of the WOW golden anniversary enterprise. Ellsworth's is the standard for community service.

I believe they're learning how to fly.

PIERSON: Fly!

STRANGER: Yeah, fly.

PIERSON: Then it's all over with humanity. Stranger, there's still you and I. Two of us left.

STRANGER: They got themselves in solid; they wrecked the greatest country in the world. Those green stars, they're probably falling somewhere every night. They've only lost one machine. There isn't anything to do. We're done. We're licked.

PIERSON: Where were you? You're in a uniform.

STRANGER: What's left of it. I was in the militia—national guard.... That's good! Wasn't any war any more than there's war between men and ants.

PIERSON: And we're eatable ants. I found that out.... What will they do to us?

STRANGER: I've thought it all out. Right now we're caught as we're wanted. The Martian only has to go a few miles to get a crowd on the run. But they won't keep doing that. They'll begin catching us systematic like-keeping the best and storing us in cages and things. They haven't begun on us yet!

PIERSON: Not begun!

STRANGER: Not begun. All that's happened so far is because we don't have sense enough to keep quiet...bothering them with guns and such stuff and losing our heads and rushing off in crowds. Now instead of our rushing around blind we've got to fix ourselves up according to the way things are now. Cities, nations, civilization, progress...

PIERSON: But if that's so, what is there to live for?

STRANGER: There won't be any more concerts for a million years or so, and no nice little dinners at restaurants. If it's amusement you're after, guess the game's up.

PIERSON: And what is there left?

STRANGER: Life...that's what! I want to live. And so do you! We're not going to be exterminated. And I don't mean to be caught, either, and tamed, and fattened, and bred like an ox.

PIERSON: What are you going to do?

STRANGER: I'm going on...right under their feet. I gotta plan. We men as men are finished. We don't know enough. We gotta learn plenty before we've got a chance. And we've got to live and keep free while we learn. I've thought it all out, see.

PIERSON: Tell me the rest.

STRANGER: Well, it isn't all of us that are made for wild beasts, and that's what it's got to be. That's why I watched you. All these little office workers that used to live in these houses—they'd be no good. They haven't any stuff to 'em. They just used to run off to work. I've seen hundreds of 'em, running wild to catch their commuters' train in the morning for fear that they'd get canned if they didn't; running back at night afraid they won't be in time for dinner. Lives insured and a little invested in case of accidents. And on Sundays, worried about the hereafter. The Martians will be a godsend for those guys. Nice roomy cages, good food, careful breeding, no worries. After a week or so chasing about the fields on empty stomachs they'll come and be glad to be caught.

PIERSON: You've thought it all out, haven't you?

STRANGER: You bet I have! And that isn't all. These Martians will make pets of some of them, train 'em to do tricks. Who knows? Get sentimental over the pet boy who grew up and had to be killed. And some, maybe, they'll train to hunt us.

PIERSON: No, that's impossible. No human being...

STRANGER: Yes they will. There's men who'll do it gladly. If one of them ever comes after me...

PIERSON: In the meantime, you and I and others like us...where are we to live when the Martians own the earth?

STRANGER: I've got it figured out. We'll live under ground. I've been thinking about the sewers. Under New York are miles and miles of 'em. The main ones are big enough for anybody. Then there's cellars, vaults, underground storerooms, railway tunnels, subways. You begin to see, eh? And we'll get a bunch of strong men together. No weak ones, that rubbish, out.

"The WOW commemoration brings us laughter, but most of all, a sense of community pride.

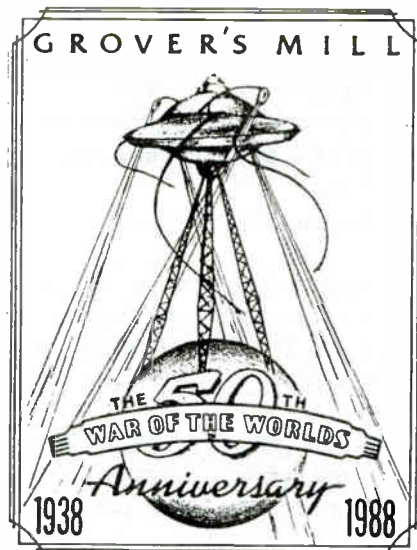
- Rae Roeder, WOW Trustee

PIERSON: And you mean me to go?

STRANGER: Well, I gave you a chance didn't I?

PIERSON: We won't quarrel about that. Go on.

STRANGER: And we've got to make safe places for us to stay in, see, and get all the books we can—science books. That's where men like you come in, see? We'll raid the museums, we'll even spy on the Martians. It may not be so much we have to learn before—just imagine this: four or five of their own fighting machines suddenly start off—heat-rays right and left and not a Martian in 'em. Not a Martian in 'em! But men—men who have learned the way how. It may even be in our time.



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CARNEGIE CENTER ASSOCIATES

Carnegie Center Associates is the sponsor of the first War of the Worlds Art Show. This show brings together artistic interpretations of the 1938 broadcast and its aftermath. The committee is very grateful that this sponsor has worked so hard to make the show a great success. Carnegie Center Associates has done far more than was requested in support of War of the Worlds and has given all of us a presentation of great esthetic value. We are pleased to have such an excellent neighbor.

Gee! Imagine having one of them lovely things with its heat-ray wide and free! We'd turn it on Martians, we'd turn it on men. We'd bring everybody down to their knees.

PIERSON: That's your plan?

STRANGER: You and me and a few more of us we'd own the world.

PIERSON: I see.

STRANGER: Say, what's the matter? Where are you going?

PIERSON: Not to your world....Good-bye, Stranger....

PIERSON: After parting with the artilleryman, I came at last to the Holland Tunnel. I entered the silent tube anxious to know the fate of the great city on the other side of the Hudson. Cautiously I came out of the tunnel and made my way up Canal Street.

I reached Fourteenth Street, and there again were black powder and several bodies, and an evil ominous smell from the gratings of the cellar of some of the houses. I wandered up through the thirties and forties; I stood alone on Times Square. I caught sight of a lean dog running down Seventh Avenue with a piece of dark brown meat in his jaws, and a pack of starving mongrels at his heels. He made a wide circle around me, as though he feared I might prove a fresh competitor. I walked up Broadway in the direction of that strange powder—past silent shop windows, displaying their mute wares to empty sidewalks—past the Capitol Theatre, silent, dark—past a shooting gallery, where a row of empty guns faced an arrested line of wooden ducks. Near Columbus Circle I noticed models of 1939 motor cars in the show rooms facing empty streets. From over the top of the General Motors Building, I watched a flock of black birds circling in the sky. I hurried on. Suddenly I caught sight of the hood of a Martian machine, standing somewhere in Central Park. I climbed a small hill above the pond at Sixtieth Street. From there I could see, standing in a silent row along the Mall, nineteen of those great metal Titans, their cowls empty, their steel arms hanging listlessly by their sides. I looked in vain for the monsters that inhabit those machines.

Suddenly, my eyes were attracted to the immense flock of black birds that hovered directly below me. They circled to the ground, and there before my eyes, stark and silent, lay the Martians, with the hungry birds pecking and tearing brown shreds of flesh from their dead bodies. Later when their bodies were examined in laboratories, it was found that they were killed by the putrefactive and disease bacteria against which their systems were unprepared...slain after all man's defenses had failed, by the humblest thing that God in His wisdom put upon this earth.

Before the cylinder fell there was a general persuasion that through all the deep of space no life existed beyond the petty surface of our minute sphere. Now we see further. Dim and wonderful is the vision I have conjured up in my mind of life spreading slowly from this little seed-bed of the solar system throughout the inanimate vastness of sidereal space. But that is a remote dream. It may be, that destruction of the Martians is only a reprieve. To them, and not to us, is the future ordained perhaps.

Strange it now seems to sit in my peaceful study at Princeton writing down this last chapter of the record begun at a deserted farm in Grover's Mill. Strange to see from my window the university spires dim and blue through an April haze. Strange to watch children playing in the streets. Strange to see young people strolling on the green, where the new spring grass heals the last black scars of a bruised earth. Strange to watch the sightseers enter the museum where the disassembled parts of a Martian machine are kept on public view. Strange when I recall the time when I first saw it, bright and clean-cut, hard and silent, under the dawn of that last day.

(MUSIC)

This is Orson Welles, ladies and gentlemen, out of character to assure you that the War of the Worlds has no further significance than as the holiday offering it was intended to be. The Mercury Theatre's own radio version of dressing up in a sheet and jumping out of a bush and saying Boo! Starting now, we couldn't soap all your windows and steal all your garden gates, by tomorrow night...so we did the next best thing. We annihilated the world before your very ears, and utterly destroyed the Columbia Broadcasting System. You will be relieved, I hope, to learn that we didn't mean it, and that both institutions are still open for business. So good-bye everybody, and remember, please, for the next day or so, the terrible lesson you learned tonight. That grinning, glowing, globular invader of your living-room is an inhabitant of the pumpkin patch, and if your doorbell rings and nobody's there, there was no Martian...it's Hallowe'en.

(MUSIC)

END

(Reprinted with author's permission.)

"Over the Airwaves in 1938

Drama betrayed us

A journey through fear was our fate

On the other side of Grover's Mill

A voice was piercing the night

Where imagination landed

Under Halloween's moonlight"

- From the song Over the Airwaves,

1988 by Tom Marolda



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BERGMAN HATTON ASSOCIATES

The War of the Worlds Time Capsule, which will hold a copy of this program guide along with other personal and corporate remembrances, was made by the engineering firm of Bergman Hatton Associates. The firm has long been associated with West Windsor as the Township Engineer and has done much to ensure the integrity of the town's infrastructure. If anyone can make a time capsule strong enough to withstand a Martian invasion it is the firm of Bergman Hatton Associates.



WAR OF THE WORLDS 50th ANNIVERSARY MOVIE MARATHONS

New Jersey State Museum
Auditorium
205 West State St., Trenton

2 X WELL(E)S

H.G. WELLS

Saturday, October 22

- | | |
|---------|---|
| 2:30 pm | <i>Kipps</i> (95 min.) |
| 4:15 pm | <i>The Time Machine</i> (103 min.) |
| 6:00 pm | Supper Break |
| 6:30 pm | <i>War of the Worlds</i> (85 min.) |
| 8:00 pm | Guest Speaker: Stan Schmidt,
Editor, "Analog: Science
Fiction-Science Fact" |
| 8:30 pm | <i>Things to Come</i> (92 min.) |
- LATE NIGHT HORROR CLASSICS
- | | |
|----------|---------------------------------------|
| 10:10 pm | <i>The Invisible Man</i> (72 min.) |
| 11:20 pm | <i>Island of Lost Souls</i> (72 min.) |

ORSON WELLES

Saturday, November 5

- | | |
|---------|--|
| 2:30 pm | <i>The Lady from Shanghai</i> (67 min.) |
| 4:10 pm | <i>Touch of Evil</i> (108 min.) |
| 6:00 pm | Supper Break |
| 6:30 pm | <i>Citizen Kane</i> (119 min.) |
| 8:30 pm | Guest Speakers:
Ruth Warrick, Co-star of
<i>Citizen Kane</i> , now appearing as
Phoebe Tyler Wallingford on
"All My Children"
and
Prof. Terry Comito,
George Mason University |
| 9:30 pm | <i>Magnificent Ambersons</i> (88 min.) |

ADVANCE REGISTRATION IS REQUIRED

Tickets (for each marathon):

\$9-movies & box supper; \$6-movies only;

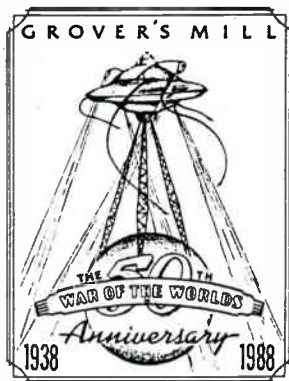
\$7-movies & box supper (groups of 10 or more)

To register or for more information,

phone: 609-292-7780.

Sponsored by the Friends of the New Jersey State Museum

The New Jersey State Museum is a division of the
Department of State.



The War Of The Worlds Commemorative Committee wishes to thank the dozens of volunteers who have helped to make this commemoration possible. These individuals and establishments exemplify the spirit of community service which is necessary for the rest of us to enjoy our lives. There is no way to adequately describe the magnitude of assistance which these helpers have rendered. They have made all of us proud.

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Dinner Dance - CAROL BESKE
10K - JOHN DONAHUE
Parade - SUE ADILETTA

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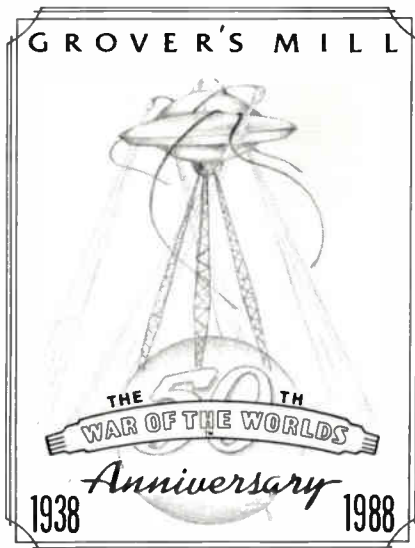
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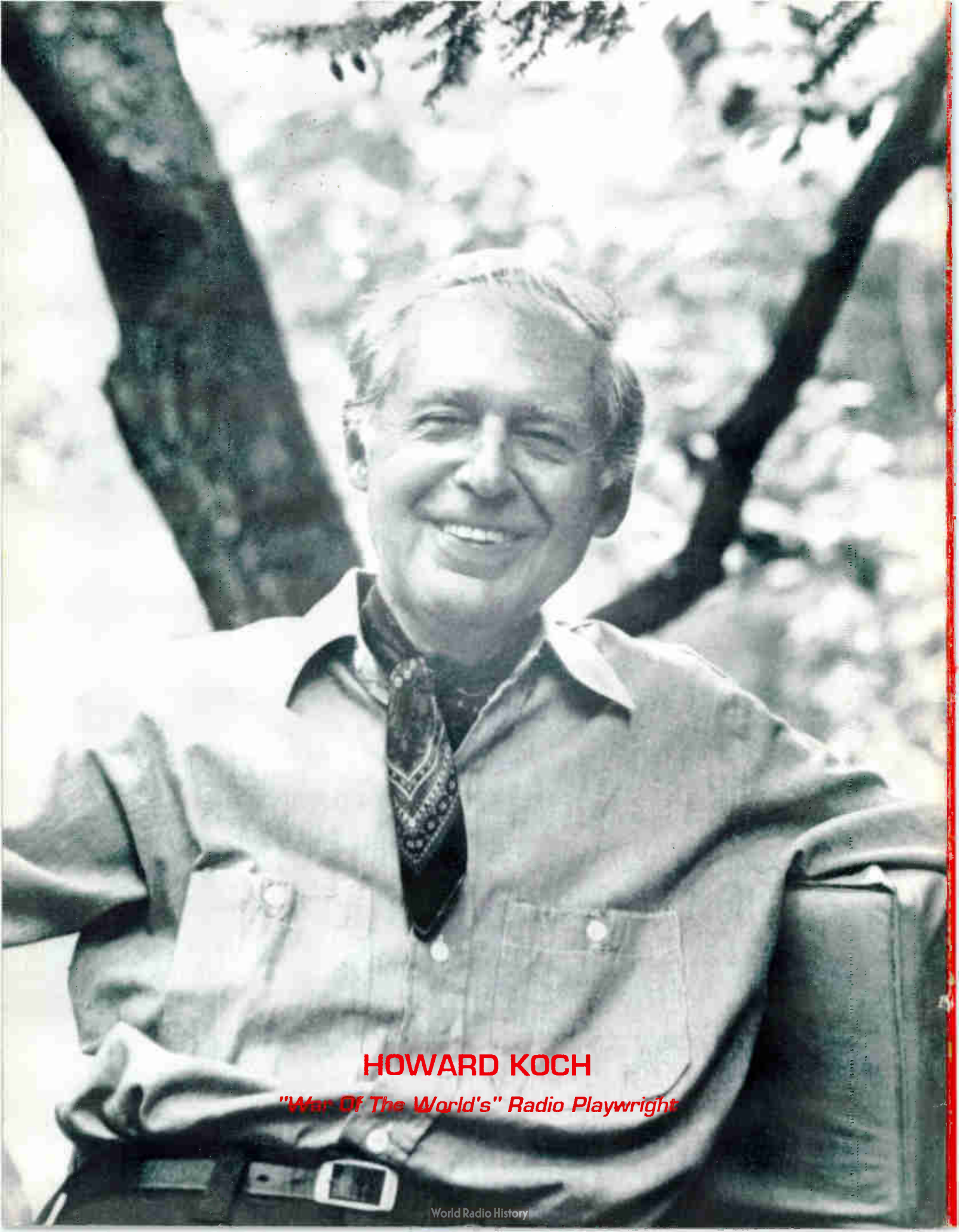
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