"HELLO, AMERICANS"

"SLAVERY - ABEDNEGO"

December 20, 1942

12/20/42

OPENING -

ANNOUNCER

Tonight and every Sunday night at this time, the Columbia Broadcasting System presents Orson Welles and the Mercury Theatre in a special series of broadcasts about the other Americas.

WELLES

Hello Americans.....last week our alphabet of the Islands brought us to the letter S -- to slavery and the story of Abednego, the slave.....

WELLES

Our scene is a fort - a ring of stone on a promontory of one of the islands. A powder magazine - gun powder - and four hundred desperate negroes. Abednego, the slave, stands before them --

ABEDNEGO

My brothers - fellows in arms - my comrades. I do not like this thing you are to do. I do not like it. I wish I had the words to change your heart. Better than some of you, I know what it is to be free. I was born free in Africa. Who here remembers Africa?

(CROWD MURMURS)

They came for us by night -- the slavers. Who here remembers such a night?

(MURMUR)

They burned our village and when they captured us, they chained us together. How many here remember the baracoon?

(LOW MURMUR OF CROWD)

How many remember the slave ship?

(LOW MURMUR AGAIN)

Ninety days - a hundred days -- We were the cargo -- jammed in huddled packs like fish in tins -- from main deck to the bilge - choking layers between decks -- how many remember? How many remember the auction block?

(MUSIC IN)

(SOUND - BELL)

CRIER

Hear ye! Hear ye! Gentlemen of Jamaica, planters and dealers, citizens of Kingston, a public auction before the Palace of Justice....

CRIER (Cont'd)

Entire cargos of the Brigantine Madonna Celeste... The Barkantine Trinidad de Los Angeles...two thousand slaves...strong men! Strong women! And healthy children...

BUSINESS MAN

~~Item! Twenty-six Coromantees. Item! Two hundred male Dahomanes. Dahomanes, meat-eaters, sound in limb and teeth... Mandangos, Senegalese, Whydahs, Nagoes, Pawpaws, Foocs... Congos for your cane fields...Will work from sun to sun and live on a handful of rice. Angeles and Swahilis for your house servants, gentlemen -- and clean.~~

AUCTIONEER

Ten Dahomians -- what am I bid? Ten Dahomians, strong as gorillas, clever as advocates...

~~BUSINESS MAN~~

All docile, tractable, amiable and healthy specimens...

SLIT

AUCTIONEER

~~1. ...No, a bleman - not cat. Ten giants -- these~~
~~2. ten men weigh two thousand pounds, gentlemen.~~ What
3. am I bid for these beautiful machines?

VOICE

4. One thousand guineas.

AUCTIONEER

5. Gentlemen, this isn't meat for your table - this
6. flesh is living. Two thousand pounds of men. I have
7. a thousand guineas. Do I hear two?

2ND VOICE

8. Sixteen hundred.

AUCTIONEER

9. Sixteen hundred - do I hear seventeen - seventeen -
10. thank you -- eighteen - eighteen hundred for ten giants.
11. Two thousand -- TWO Thousand — ~~do I hear twenty-five hundred?~~
~~12. Twenty-one hundred...twenty-one hundred...~~
(FADES OUT)

ABEDNEGO

13. Who can forget the slave block?
(CROWD MURMURS)
14. My brothers, I do not ask you to forget the slave block.
15. I ask you to live and remember it. I will tell you my
16. story (MUSIC IN) I was lucky. I was sold as a
17. house-boy.

AUCTIONEER

I have one left, gentlemen...one left in this lot.

Here's a nice boy servant, gentlemen. This one's a

Swahili - intelligent, [redacted] and beautiful.

A twelve-year-old...good teeth, and strong.

~~VOICE~~ Finch

Twenty-five guineas.

AUCTIONEER

Twenty-five guineas! Gentlemen! ~~Do I hear a hundred?~~

~~Do I hear a hundred? Seventy-five?~~

(MUSIC UP TO COVER - THEN DOWN UNDER)

~~FINCH~~ Hans

Forty guineas.

Finch

~~AUCTIONEER~~

Fifty

~~Forty guineas. Do I hear fifty? Fifty...~~

Hans

Fifty five

~~VOICE~~

~~Fifty guineas~~.

AUCTIONEER

Do I hear sixty? Sixty guineas.

FINCH

Sixty.

AUCTIONEER

Sixty? Make it seventy, Sir Barnaby...no? Sixty

guineas - once, twice --

(SOUND -- HAMMER -- CUTS MUSIC)

-- sold to Sir Barnaby Finch!

(MUSIC IN TO BACK ENSUING SCENE)

AUCTIONEER

(IN BACKGROUND)

Item eighty-six. Twenty-three Congos all hard and healthy -- no flaws -- all giants -- what am I bid?

FINCH

(ON MIKE)

Don't be frightened, boy. Speak up. What's your name?

ABEDNEGO

Abednego.

FINCH

The last one out of the fiery furnace, eh? Abednego! Splendid name. Splendid. Well, come along, boy, and we'll fit you out with clothing suitable for a gentleman's boy. Blue trousers and a white sash and a red jacket and a red cap for your head. You don't understand what I'm saying, do you boy? Not a word. Well, we'll soon remedy that.

(MUSIC OUT)

Look - you, Abednego. Me - master. Now who am I?

ABEDNEGO

Master.

FINCH

Splendid! Capital! Magnificent!

(MUSIC - BRIDGE)

FINCH

Boy!

ABEDNEGO

Yes, master.

FINCH

Do you know what day this is?

ABEDNEGO

Friday, master.

FINCH

Splendid. But do you know what Friday?

ABEDNEGO

No, master.

FINCH

This is a very particular Friday, boy. This is your birthday. In any case, the birthday we decided upon. You've been with me two years today.

ABEDNEGO

Yes, master.

FINCH

I wonder, do you recollect two years ago when I bought you --

ABEDNEGO

Yes, master.

FINCH

Well, well. Run out in the kitchen and fix me a glass of punch.

ABEDNEGO

Yes, master.

FINCH

And use our secret receipe.

ABEDNEGO

Yes, master.

FINCH (CHUCKLING)

You didn't know a word of English and now look at you!

ABEDNEGO

Yes, master.

FINCH

You make the best rum punches in the Islands, I'll tell you that! Hurry along now, pitter-patter and when you're done there's sweet cake for you. A big piece of it for your birthday.

ABEDNEGO

Thank you, master.

FINCH

Mind, bring my drink first. This heat is perishing. Send a yardboy in to pull the fan. You can do what you like for the rest of the day. I'll not require you. This is your birthday. You can have your cake and eat it, too.

(INDULGENT LAUGHTER)

(MUSIC UP FOR BRIDGE - CHANGES COLOR)

(BACKING OF SHIPBOARD SCENE)

FINCH

Boy! Fetch me my rug. Sea air's cold. Good enough! No, don't tuck it in, just loosely over my lap. Now, you may sit at my feet and tell me what you think of the voyage. (PAUSE) Well?

ABEDNEGO

Who lives on the island, Master?

FINCH

The French. French people.

(PAUSE)

ABEDNEGO

Master, what are French people like?

FINCH

Ho - there's a poser! 'Pon my soul. Confidentially, they're a race of barbarians. But their cooking's good, Sauce's a bit too peppery though for my taste. Too peppery.

ABEDNEGO

Master, are there black people on this Island?

FINCH

Yes, indeed, Abednego. They're dark and comely. Oh, ye daughters of Jerusalem, look not upon them for the sun has looked upon them. That's from the Songs of Solomon, Abednego. You didn't forget to read a chapter in the Bible this morning?

ABEDNEGO

Yes, master.

FINCH

And where are we now?

ABEDNEGO

The Book of Ruth, master.

FINCH

Capital! Splendid! Now, quote me a verse from the Book of Ruth.

ABEDNEGO

"Where soever thou goest, I go, Whatsoever thou doest, I do. Thy people shall be my people. and thy Gods my Gods."

FINCH

Marvelous! Run along to the galley now and fetch some hot water and fix me a nice strongish noggin of heart-warmer.

ABEDNEGO

Yes, master.

FINCH (CALLING)

Abednego. You remember, a pinch of ginger and a touch of citron.

ABEDNEGO

Yes, master.

FINCH

And if you hurry, I'll leave a good full inch in the bottom of the glass. What?

(MUSIC - AND THEN DOWN)

ABEDNEGO

My brothers, you will say that I have not known slavery with such a master. It is true that I loved him, having no father. I tell you all these things truly. I would have you believe what I tell you and learn what I have learned.

(SOUND - MIKE IS IN MOVING HORSE DRAWN CARRIAGE)

FINCH

Coachman!

BREDA

Yes, M'su.

FINCH

Is this the hotel?

(SOUND - CARRIAGE STOPS)

BREDA

Yes, M'su.

FINCH

Sounds like a merry evening, what, Abednego?

ABEDNEGO

Yes, master.

FINCH

Well, well. Stay here with the carriage, now. Don't go off and leave these light-fingered rascals to make away with my rug -- mind?

ABEDNEGO

Yes, master.

FINCH

You, coachman -- you too.

BREDA

Yes, M'su.

FINCH

I shall expect to find you on this spot when I come out-- wait patiently both of you. And quite pleasantly, too, I will say, with all that pretty ballad music for your entertainment. Be a good boy now, Abednego, and who knows but I shall send you out some goodies.

ABEDNEGO

Yes, master.

(PAUSE)

BREDA

Abednego, -- that is your name? lad?

ABEDNEGO

Yes.

BREDA

What does your name mean?

ABEDNEGO

A King in the Bible put Abednego in a furnace. But the furnace did not kill Abednego.

BREDA

Abednego is a good name. Where do you live?

ABEDNEGO

(PARROT-LIKE)

I am the property of Sir Barnaby Finch.

BREDA

Your master is English.

ABEDNEGO

God save the King.

BREDA

Do you know what a King is?

ABEDNEGO

A King is a kind white man like my master. It's because of the King that we have houses to live in and fine clothes to wear and good things to eat.

BREDA

The King who gives us these things is up there.

ABEDNEGO

God?

BREDA

Yes.

ABEDNEGO

But God is a dead man. [redacted]

[redacted].

BREDA

Who told you God was dead?

ABEDNEGO

I read books. They killed Him with a spear and nailed Him to a cross. They call it crucify.

BREDA

God is not dead.

(HIGH TINKLING LAUGHTER OF WOMEN REGISTERS)

(BACKGROUND MUSIC CONTINUES THROUGHOUT)

Cue → HENRI (FADING IN)

Is this the coachman of Sir Barnaby Finch?

BREDA

Yes, Henri.

HENRI

Pierre. So it's your coach the Englishman hired. I am sent out here with sweetcakes for his monkey.

ABEDNEGO

I am not a monkey.

HENRI

No? But you do tricks for cake, don't you?

BREDA

[redacted] He's only a child.

HENRI

He's big enough to swing a machete.

BREDA

Softly, softly.

HENRI

He's big enough to hold a torch.

BREDA

And you are loud enough to bring the gendarmes.

HENRI

My blood burns my skin! Bowing and scraping in there - simpering for green centimes. Hear them dance. Hear that pale, thin music. They'll dance faster when the Rada drums begin to sing.

BREDA

You say too much before the boy.

HENRI

Boy. - your master's name is -- Barnaby, no?

ABEDNEGO ((FRIGHTENED)

Yes sir -- It is Sir Barnaby Finch.

(MUSIC - SNEAKS OUT)

HENRI

I don't like "sir." Just Barnaby. - Say it, lad. Leave off the "sir".

(STERNLY)

Go on!

ABEDNEGO

Barnaby.

HENRI

What's yours?

ABEDNEGO

Abednego.

HENRI

Now say "Barnaby and Abednego", and then say, "Abednego and Barnaby". -- Say it!

ABEDNEGO

Barnaby and Abednego. Abednego and Barnaby.

HENRI

Look! The stars are still in the sky. The heavens did not fall. Now think about that often. It is a little thought I have given you -- and when you are wiser, remember who gave you that thought -- an unknown waiter - a poor humble black man named Christophe -- Henri Christophe.

BREDA

You should go back to your work, Henri. [redacted]r. Eat your sweetcakes, lad.

ABEDNEGO

I don't want to eat the sweetcakes. (PAUSE) I do not like to be a monkey and do tricks for sweetcakes. I shall throw them on the ground.

BREDA

You eat the cakes, lad.

HENRI

What?

BREDA

You eat the cakes! You hear me? Eat them! They will make you strong. You will prove nothing by going hungry. Remember that, lad. You will prove nothing. When you grow and become wise, remember that. You will prove nothing by dying unless you die fighting.

(MUSIC IN FOR QUICK BRIDGE THEN DOWN AND OUT BEFORE -)

ORSON WELLES
(ABEDNEGO - 15)
12/20/42

ABEDNEGO

Yes, my Brothers, when he was a waiter, I met Henri Christophe of Haiti - and Pierre Breda the coachman who spoke to me is now called Toussaint l'Ouverture. He ~~is~~ WAS a great man. I was young then, but he taught me much. Much I have passed on to you. Much I would that he could tell you now.

(MUSIC IN FOR BACKING OF FOLLOWING SCENE)

INSERT

ABEDNEGO

M'su Breda -- M'su Breda!

BREDA

Abednego! Go back to your house and your bed. It's very late and you are very young.

ABEDNEGO

I do not think my thoughts are young. I have been thinking many thoughts for a long time.

BREDA

Thoughts.

ABEDNEGO

My master leaves the island tomorrow, M'su Breda. I do not wish to go with him. I wish to stay with you.

BREDA

Is it that you like your master less than me?

ABEDNEGO

No. (PAUSE) I think it would be good to be free. (ANOTHER PAUSE)

BREDA

Lad, do the slaves on your island speak that word among themselves?

ABEDNEGO

What word?

BREDA

(DROPPING HIS VOICE) Freedom.

ABEDNEGO

In the dark -- sometimes when no white ones can hear.

BREDA

Do they wrap machetes in oilclothes and bury them against The Day?

ABEDNEGO

No.

BREDA

Do they steal gun powder and pistols and hide them against The Time?

ABEDNEGO

I do not think so.

BREDA

Your place is on your island -- there you can help all of us. Go back with your master. Grow strong and wise. Go back to your home and tell our people there what we are doing here.

ABEDNEGO

That you are hiding swords and pistols?

BREDA

Yes. Tell them that. Tell your people about Freedom. Tell them to fight for it. But tell them not to fight until they can win.

(MUSIC: UP THEN DOWN AND OUT)

ABEDNEGO

Those are his words to you, my comrades -- the words of Toussaint l'Ouveture.

(PAUSE) I will tell you the rest of my story.

(MUSIC: UP THEN DOWN)

FINCH

(CALLING) Abednego!

ABEDNEGO

(OFF) Coming, Master.

CRITTENDEN

More bad news, Sir Barnaby, at Barrett's plantation in the South. Troops had to shoot sixteen more slaves.

FINCH

Sixteen. What a frightful loss! Abnego!

HUMBERTON

Revolution's spreading like a pest. It's that blasted mess in Haiti started it -- ~~Toussaint~~ Toussaint l'Ouverture and Christophe. The thing's infectuous.

FINCH

Barbarious place, Haiti. I've been there. Food's good, though. Sauce a little bit too peppery for my taste. Too peppery. These gentlemen are thirsty, boy. Our secret recipe.

ABEDNEGO

Yes, Master.

FINCH

Rum punch all around.

ABEDNEGO

(FADING) Yes, Master.

FINCH

(DROPPING HIS VOICE) My most precious possession. A jewel, gentlemen -- a shining black diamond in the rough...reminds me -- Know where I can pick up a likely Swahili wench? -- Abednego's old enough to have a wife now. Something around sixteen -- seventeen years?

CRITTENDEN

You don't propose to breed Swahili to Swahili, do you?

FINCH

Why not? Breed to line for brains, I say.

CRITTENDEN

Yes -- if you're breeding for carpenters or smiths, but it's better to breed hot blood to the colder blood for --

HUMBERTON

I have a good Swahili wench --

CRITTENDEN

Here's our drinks. Thank Heavens!

FINCH

Ganymede himself! Apres-vous, me lords.

HUMBERTON

I can let you have that wench of mine for one-eighty.

FINCH

Not likely, old boy. Do you take me for a mark? I know your Swahili -- she's twenty-two at the least, and scurffy. Look at mine, gentlemen. Surely he deserves the best of mates. Abednego, keeper of the keys -- custodian of the scullery -- hand-maiden of my bath -- valet of my chamber. Ever faithful, patient, listener to every vagrant thought. The one creature in the world who never criticizes me in even the privacy of his thoughts. Do you, Abednego?

ABEDNEGO

No, Master.

FINCH

Splendid! Capital! Perfect! No, Humberton, my boy gets better than that wench of yours. ~~She's old and sour, What's more she has fits.~~

HUMBERTON

~~Nothing serious -- all she needs is a good worming.~~

FINCH

~~Keep her!~~ There'll be no ~~wormy~~ SCURFFY brides for my Abednego!

(MUSIC: UP BRILLIANT FOR BRIDGE THEN CHANGES COLOR TO SUSPENSE)

FINCH

(SHARPLY) Who's there -- Oh! Abednego. You -- you startled me. Abednego, what's the meaning of this? It's eight o'clock! Do you realize I've not had my supper? There's not a servant in the house. Where's Leroy? Where's Mingo? Where's Dessie? Where are the fieldhands? What's happened to my slaves?

ABEDNEGO

You have no more slaves.

(PAUSE)

FINCH

Where are they?

ABEDNEGO

They have joined the others in the hills.

FINCH

Insurrection!

MINGO

(FADING IN) Everybody here now, 'Bednego! We ready.

FINCH

Ready for what, you hulking ape? What's he talking about? What does he mean, Abednego?

ABEDNEGO

No, Mingo.

MINGO

All right, we set fire this whole plantation, then he know what we mean.

ABEDNEGO

There will be no burning. Go out to the tool rooms, get machetes and axes -- you hear me, Mingo?

MINGO

Yes, 'Bednego.

FINCH

Poor fools, Abednego, don't they know how many regiments are on this island? Do they think that we haven't known for months about their silly plans? Go out there and tell those people to come back home where they belong -- . Abednego, you don't want to see them killed do you?

ABEDNEGO

I don't want anybody killed -- not anybody.

FINCH

What do you mean by that?

ABEDNEGO

A horse is saddled waiting at the north gate. If you leave now -- by the back, you might make it.

FINCH

Do you think I'm going to run away from my own house? (PAUSE) -- Abednego --

ABEDNEGO

Yes.

FINCH

Are you with them?

(SILENCE)

Of course you aren't. You're like my son. You're a house boy. You aren't a brute from the fields. You're my boy! You belong to me.

ABEDNEGO

No, I do not belong to you.

(SILENCE)

FINCH

I have a gun, boy. I could blow your head off --

(SILENCE)

I have a horse whip.

(SILENCE AGAIN)

You know I wouldn't use it, Abednego -- not on you.

I'll tell you what we are going to do. I'm going to sit down here and wait for the soldiers and you're going back to the kitchen and make me a rum punch --

(STILL ABEDNEGO DOESN'T ANSWER)

-- Go on, boy!

ABEDNEGO

You must leave now, Sir Barnaby -- Quick, I hear them coming.

FINCH

I'll stay here, boy -- now! Back up against that wall.

MINGO

(OFF MIKE) Put down that pistol, white man.

ABEDNEGO

(SHOUTS) Mingo, you fool -- don't shoot --

(SHOT)

(FINCH GASPS -- SOUND OF PISTOL CLATTERS TO FLOOR)

ABEDNEGO

Get out of here! All of you get out and go to the place I told you and wait for me.

MINGO

(OFF) Make haste, 'Bednego. Soldiers coming here before long.

ABEDNEGO

Get out!

(SOUND OF RETREATING FOOTSTEPS)

FINCH

(WEAKLY) Abednego!

ABEDNEGO

Yes, sir.

FINCH

I'm -- I'm bleeding. Light the candles again.

Abednego. Who put the candles out?

ABEDNEGO

The candles are still burning. The bleeding's stopped now. It isn't bleeding any more.

FINCH

Very poor grade of candles. Not much light. It's bleeding inside, Abednego -- You've been slipping out into the hills at night with the rest of them. Why! You're just like the others.

ABEDNEGO

We're all slaves --

FINCH

I've always been kind to you.

ABEDNEGO

You did the best you know --

FINCH

Abednego -- I'm cold -- fetch me a drink, Abednego -- A little glass of heart warmer. Our secret recipe. Be quick now and I'll leave an inch in the bottom of the glass -- in the bottom of the glass --

(HIS VOICE TRAILS AWAY. SILENCE)

(MUSIC SNEAKS IN AND BUILDS TO CRESCENDO THEN CHANGES COLOR -- THEN DOWN AND FINISH BEFORE --)

ABEDNEGO

My brothers -- fellows in arms -- my conrades. You have said that I leave you because I go back to a kind master. ~~No man should sell his soul for kindness -- as surely as no man should buy another man for gold. For all that, I tell you that I loved my master. I leave you, but not for him.~~ He is dead. I leave you because I do not like what you are going to do.

std

MINGO

'Bednego, we got no army. Four-hundred of we and four-thousand dsoldiers huntin' us. What chance has our, machetes against their muskets?

ABEDNEGO

None. No chance at all. That is why I tell you now to hide your machetes, wrap them in oil cloth and bury them.

(ANGRY VOICES OF PROTEST IN THE CROWD)

DEEP MALE VOICE

I ain't goin' back and have that white beat me like a suck-egg dog! We got gun-powder, and I tell you for true, 'Bednego, I ain't goin' back! NOR ME!

OLD MAN

And I tell you likewise, I'm goin' to stay here.

VOICE

We all are. YES.

OLD MAN

If I go back, the only way I'll get rest is when they put me in the ground. I'd rather stay here and cheat 'em -- cheat 'em out of what few years I've got left.

VOICE

We've lost, 'Bednego.

VOICE

Napoleon has broken faith. He has signed a paper making slavery law again. The Island's run with blood.

VOICE

Stay here with us, 'Bednego.

ABEDNEGO

You will prove nothing. Those are his words -- the words of Toussaint l'Ouverture. ~~You will prove nothing. When you grow and become wise, remember~~ [redacted]. You will prove nothing by dying unless you die fighting. Be of good heart, my brothers. Live and grow strong, and some day all the world will be free.

(MUSIC:)

HUMBERTON

Well, well, old Finch's place doesn't seem to have been much hurt by the insurrection.

CRITTENDEN

No. Everything's about the same. I must say, I'm glad I took it on. It's pleasant here.

HUMBERTON

Any truth in that report from the north?

CRITTENDEN

What's that?

HUMBERTON

'Seems what was left of them -- four-hundred runaways or so, barricaded themselves in the old Spanish Fort, touched off some gun powder and blew themselves up. Ah -- here come the drinks. Thank Heavens!

CRITTENDEN

Still the best rum punches on the islands. My boy here has a secret formula that even I don't know. Isn't that right, Abednego?

ABEDNEGO

Yes, master.

(MUSIC IN THEN BUILDS UP FOR CURTAIN)

WELLES

We come now in our A-B-C's of the Carribean to the letter T. T. is for tobasco. A little of it goes a long way. T is for tourists and the tourists trade and tired feet and the old Indian ax-heads which are called thunderstones. Thunderstones are found after thunderstorms. The rain washes them out of the earth or maybe they fall from the sky. Some people say they do.

T is for treasure, buried treasure------

(MUSIC IN)

Pirate loot. The sack of Panama and the Spanish Maine guarded by hog-boys -- the ghosts of men killed by buccaneers and buried with gold. Have you ever seen a pirate's treasure map?

VOICE

Forty paces north-east from the dead man's eye, six fathoms under ---

WELLES

Gold bricks, silver bars, doubloons and pieces-of-eight -- untold millions lie hidden in the coral gardens of the Carribean. Every so often an old gold coin or an Aztec ornament washes ashore on the white sand beaches of the Playa in Havana. The treasure is there. All you have to do is find it.

(MUSIC OUT)

U-- is for Union in which there is strength. Likewise

WELLES

unions.

U is for the United nations.....and V is for Victory. V is also for Vespucci -- Americus Vespucci -- who autographed a map and so named a hemisphere, and V is for volcanoes. May they rest in peace! Volcanoes have been generally kind to the human race in the West Indies. The exception was Morne Pelee.

(MUSIC IN)

In 1902 Sain Pierre was the chief city of the Island of Martinique. On May seventh a great thundering was heard from the core of the volcanoe but nobody was worried. Pelee was harmless -- a place for picnics. Why, there was even a little lake on its top. Here's what the Saint Pierre newspaper had to say about it.

VOICE OF ST. PIERRE NEWSPAPER

Morne Pelee has released its ardours. The volcano will henceforth remain indefinitely at peace.

WELLES

The next morning just as the clock in the cathedral pointed to 7:43 a gentleman in Fort de France on the otherside of the Island put in a call to a relative in Saint Pierre.

VOICE FADE IN

Most assuredly nothing is amiss. Morne Pelee is quiet. There is nothing to be feared. It is a beautiful day----

(PAUSE------LONG PAUSE)

VOICE (cont.)

Hello -- Hello!

Hello -- Hello!

WELLES

An instant before, the minute hand on the cathedral clock had reached seven forty-four. Now there was no clock, no town. Forty thousand people were dead -- the whole population of the city, the chips in the bay were sunk. One survived; but the men on its deck were roasted alive. An officer lived to tell what he had seen. The whole side of the volcano had burst open without warning in a storm of living flame. A single man in the entire city was spared. He was a criminal in the dungeon of the jail. Do you know the moral of this story? I don't.

(MUSIC---SHORT SATIRICAL CURTAIN)

W is for work and for workers.

X is for Xmas.

Y is for Yuletide.

Christmas -- no matter how you say it. No matter how you keep it --Christmas. They have many ways of keeping Christmas in the : islands. In all the Americas we celebrate our greatest holiday with observances, each different from the other, all identical in spirit. Next week this program celebrates America's celebrations - for now we must wind up our ABC's of the Carribean with the letter "Z" -- "Z" is for everything in the alphabet we didn't have time for -- anything we forgot -- everything we left out.

WELLES (cont.)

1. Goodbye now -- Feliz Navidad - Boas Festas --
Merry Christmas to all -- and Goodnight Americans.