“HELLO, AMERICANS”
“SLAVERY ABEDNEGO”
December 30, 1842
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.
Hello Americans...... last week our alphabet of the Islands brought us to the letter S -- to slavery and the story of Abednego, the slave......
1. Our scene is a fort—a ring of stone on a promontory
2. of one of the islands. A powder magazine—gun powder—
3. and four hundred desperate negroes. Abednego, the
4. slave, stands before them—

ABEDNEGO

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

(CROWD MURMURS)

10. They came for us by night—the slavers. Who here
11. remembers such a night?

(MURMUR)

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

(LOW MURMUR OF CROWD)

14. How many remember the slave ship?

(LOW MURMUR AGAIN)

15. Ninety days—a hundred days—we were the cargo—
16. jammed in huddled packs like fish in tins—from main
17. deck to the bilge—choking layers between decks—how
18. many remember? How many remember the auction block?

(MUSIC IN)

(SOUND—BELL)

CRIER

19. Hear ye! Hear ye! Gentlemen of Jamaica, planters and
20. dealers, citizens of Kingston, a public auction before
21. the Palace of Justice...
CRIER (Cont'd)

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

BUSINESS MAN

5. Item: Twenty-six Caromantos.
6. Item: Two hundred mile Dahomians.
7. Dahomians, meat eaters, sound in limb and teeth...
8. Mandragos, Senegalese, Waydahs, Nagass, Papoes, Hooes...
9. Cargos for your cane fields...will work from sun to sun and live on a handful of rice. Anicles and Sammils for your house servants, gentlemen—and clean.

AUCTIONEER

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

BUSINESS MAN

14. All docile, tractable, amiable and healthy specimens...
ORSON WELLES
(ABEDNEGO - 3)
12/20/42

AUCTIONEER

1. ...my tigers... ten giants - these
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 -- 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

1. I have one left, gentlemen... one left in this lot.
2. Here's a nice boy servant, gentlemen. This one's a
3. Swahili - intelligent, and beautiful.
4. A twelve-year-old... good teeth, and strong.

5. Twenty-five guineas.

Auctioneer

6. Twenty-five guineas! Gentlemen! Do I hear a hundred?
7. Do I hear a hundred? Seventy-five?

(MUSIC UP TO COVER - THEN DOWN UNDER)

Finch

8. Forty guineas.

Auctioneer

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

Voice

10. Fifty guineas.

Auctioneer


Finch


Auctioneer

13. Sixty? Make it seventy, Sir Barnaby... no? Sixty
14. guineas - once, twice --

(SOUND -- HAMMER -- CUTS MUSIC)

15. -- sold to Sir Barnaby Finch!

(MUSIC IN TO BACK, ENSUING SCENE)
(IN BACKGROUND)

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

FINCH

(ON MIKE)

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

ABEDNEGO

4. Abednego.

FINCH

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

(MUSIC OUT)

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

ABEDNEGO


FINCH

14. Splendid! Capital! Magnificent!

(MUSIC — BRIDGE)

FINCH

15. Boy!

ABEDNEGO

16. Yes, master.
FINCH

1. Do you know what day this is?

ABEDNEGO

2. Friday, master.

FINCH

3. Splendid. But do you know what Friday?

ABEDNEGO

4. No, master.

FINCH

5. This is a very particular Friday, boy. This is your birthday. In any case, the birthday we decided upon.

6. You've been with me two years today.

ABEDNEGO

7. Yes, master.

FINCH

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

ABEDNEGO

9. Yes, master.

FINCH

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

ABEDNEGO

11. Yes, master.

FINCH

12. And use our secret recipe.

ABEDNEGO

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

ABEDNEGO

2. Yes, master.

FINCH

3. 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

4. Thank you, master.

FINCH

5. Mind, bring my drink first. This heat is perishing.

6. 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.

7. This is your birthday. You can have your cake and eat it, too.

(INDELGENT LAUGHTER)

(MUSIC UP FOR BRIDGE - CHANGES COLOR)

(BACKING OF SHIPBOARD SCENE)

FINCH

8. Boy! Fetch me my rug. Sea air's cold. Good enough!

ABEDNEGO

9. 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

10. Who lives on the island, Master?

(PAUSE)

ABEDNEGO

2. Master, what are French people like?

FINCH

3. 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.

4. Too peppery.

ABEDNEGO

5. Master, are there black people on this island?

FINCH

6. 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

7. Yes, master.

FINCH

8. And where are we now?

ABEDNEGO


FINCH

10. Capital! Splendid! Now, quote me a verse from the

ABEDNEGO

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

FINCH

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

ABEDNEGO

7. Yes, master.

FINCH (CALLING)

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

ABEDNEGO

10. Yes, master.

FINCH

11. And if you hurry, I'll leave a good full inch in the
12. bottom of the glass. What?
(MUSIC - AND THEN DOWN)

ABEDNEGO

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

(SOUND - HAIR IS IN MOVING HORSE DRAWN CARRIAGE)

FINCH

18. Coachman!
1. Yes, M'rsu.

FINCH

2. Is this the hotel?

(SOUND -- CARRIAGE STOPS)

BREDA

3. Yes, M'rsu.

FINCH

4. Sounds like a merry evening, what, Abednego?

ABEDNEGO

5. Yes, master.

FINCH

6. 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

9. Yes, master.

FINCH

10. You, coachman -- you too.

BREDA

11. Yes, M'rsu.

FINCH

12. I shall expect to find you on this spot when I come out--

wait patiently both of you. And quite pleasantly, too,

14. 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

17. Yes, master.

(PAUSE)
BREDA
1. Abednego, -- that is your name? Abednego
2. Yes. Abednego
3. What does your name mean? Abednego
4. A King in the Bible put Abednego in a furnace. But the furnace did not kill Abednego. Abednego
5. Abednego is a good name. Where do you live? Abednego

(PARROT-LIKE)
6. I am the property of Sir Barnaby Finch. Abednego
7. Your master is English. Abednego
8. God save the King. Abednego
9. Do you know what a King is? Abednego
10. 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. Abednego
11. The King who gives us these things is up there. Abednego
12. God? Abednego
13. Yes.
1. But God is a dead man.

2. 

3. Who told you God was dead?

ABEDNEGO

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

BREDA

5. God is not dead.

(HIGH TINKLING LAUGHTER OF WOMEN REGISTERED)

(BACKGROUND MUSIC CONTINUES THROUGHOUT)

HENRI (FADE IN)

6. Is this the coachman of Sir Barnaby Finch?

BREDA

7. Yes, Henri.

HENRI

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

ABEDNEGO

9. He's only a child.

HEIIRI

10. He's big enough to swing a machete.

BREDA

11. SOFTLY, SOFTLY.
HENRI
1. He's big enough to hold a torch.

BREDA
2. And you are loud enough to bring the gendarmes.

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

BREDA
7. You say too much before the boy.

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

ABEDNEGO ((FRIGHTENED))
9. Yes sir -- It is Sir Barnaby Finch.

(MUSIC - SNEAKS OUT)

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

(STERNLY)
12. Go on!

ABEDNEGO

HENRI
14. What's yours?

ABEDNEGO
15. Abednego.

HENRI
16. Now say "Barnaby and Abednego", and then say, "Abednego
17. and Barnaby". - Say it!
ABEDNEGO


HENRI

2. 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 --

6. Henri Christophe.

BREDA

8. You should go back to your work, Henri. You will eat your sweetcakes, lad.

ABEDNEGO

10. 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

13. You eat the cakes, lad.

HENRI

14. What?

BREDA

15. 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 - )
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 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)
ABEDNEGO
1. M'su Breda -- M'su Breda!

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

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

BREDA
4. Thoughts.

ABEDNEGO
5. My master leaves the island tomorrow, M'su Breda.

8. I do not wish to go with him. I wish to stay with you.

BREDA
6. Is it that you like your master less than me?

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

(ANOTHER PAUSE)

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

ABEDNEGO
11. What word?

BREDA
12. (DROPPING HIS VOICE) Freedom.

ABEDNEGO
13. In the dark -- sometimes when no white ones can hear.
1. Do they wrap machetes in oilclothes and bury them against The Day?

ABEDNEGO

3. No.

ABEDA

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

ABEDNEGO

6. I do not think so.

ABEDA

7. 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

11. That you are hiding swords and pistols?

ABEDA

12. 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

15. Those are his words to you, my comrades -- the words of Toussaint L'Ouverture.

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

(MUSIC: UP THEN DOWN)

FINCH

18. (CALLING) Abednego!
ABEDNEGO

1. (OFF) Coming, Master.

CHITTENDEN

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

FINCH

5. Sixteen. What a frightful loss! Ameegs!

HUMBERTON

6. Revolution's spreading like a pest. It's that blasted mess in Haiti started it --

7. Toussaint l'Ouverture and Christophe. The thing's infectious.

FINCH


ABEDNEGO


FINCH

15. Rum punch all around.

ABEDNEGO

16. (FADING) Yes, Master.
FINCH
1. (DROPPING HIS VOICE) My most precious possession.
2. A jewel, gentlemen -- a shining black diamond in the rough...reminds me -- Know where I can pick up a
3. likely Swahili wench? -- Abednego's old enough to
4. have a wife now. Something around sixteen --
5. seventeen years?
6. CRITTENDEN
7. You don't propose to breed Swahili to Swahili, do you?
8. FINCH
10. CRITTENDEN
11. Yes -- if you're breeding for carpenters or smiths,
12. but it's better to breed hot blood to the colder
13. blood for --
14. HUMBERTON
15. I have a good Swahili wench --
16. CRITTENDEN
17. Here's our drinks. Thank Heavens!
18. FINCH
20. HUMBERTON
21. I can let you have that wench of mine for one-eighty.
FINCH

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

ABEDNEGO

10. No, Master.

FINCH

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

HUMBERTON

14. Nothing serious -- all she needs is a good warming.

FINCH

15. Keep her! There'll be no tidy brides for my
16. Abednego!

(MUSIC: UP BRILLIANT FOR BRIDGE THEN CHANGES COLOR
TO SUSPENSE)
1. (SHARPLY) Who's there -- Oh! Abednego. You -- you startled me. Abednego, what's the meaning of this?
2. 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

7. You have no more slaves.

(PAUSE)

FINCH

8. Where are they?

ABEDNEGO

9. They have joined the others in the hills.

FINCH

10. Insurrection!

MINGO

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

FINCH

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

ABEDNEGO

14. No, Mingo.

MINGO

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

ABEDNEGO

17. There will be no burning. Go out to the tool rooms, get machetes and axes -- you hear me, Mingo?
MINO
1. Yes, 'Bednrego.

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

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

FINCH
9. What do you mean by that?

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

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

ABEDNEGO
14. Yes.

FINCH
15. Are you with them?
(SILENCE)
16. Of course you aren't. You're like my son. You're a
17. house boy. You aren't a brute from the fields.
18. You're my boy! You belong to me.

ABEDNEGO
19. No, I do not belong to you.
(SILENCE)
FINCH

1. I have a gun, boy. I could blow your head off —
(SILENCE)

2. I have a horse whip.
(SILENCE AGAIN)

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

4. 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)

5. -- Go on, boy!

ABEDNEGO

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

FINCH

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

ABEDNEGO

8. wall.

MINGO

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

ABEDNEGO

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

(FINCH GASP — SOUND OF PISTOL CLATTERS TO FLOOR)

ABEDNEGO

11. Get out of here! All of you get out and go to the

place I told you and wait for me.

MINGO

12. (OFF) Make haste, 'Bednega. Soldiers coming here

before long.
1. Get out!

(SOUND OF RETREATING FOOTSTEPS)

FINCH

2. (WEAKLY) Abednego!

ABEDNEGO

3. Yes, sir.

FINCH

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

ABEDNEGO

5. Who put the candles out?

FINCH

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

ABEDNEGO

7. Very few greasy candles. Not much light. It's bleeding inside, Abednego -- You've been slipping out into the hills at night with the rest of them.

FINCH

8. Why! You're just like the others.

ABEDNEGO

9. We're all slaves --

FINCH

10. I've always been kind to you.

ABEDNEGO

11. You did the best you know --
FINCH

1. Abednego -- I'm cold -- fetch me a drink, Abednego --
2. A little glass of heart warmer. Our secret recipe.
3. Be quick now and I'll leave an inch in the bottom of
4. the glass -- in the bottom of the glass --
   (HIS VOICE TRAILS AWAY. SILENCE)
   (MUSIC SNEAKS IN AND BUILDS TO CRESCErDO THEN.
   CHANGES COLOR -- THEN DOWN AND FI'NISH BEFORE --)

ABEDNEGO

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

MINGO

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

ABEDNEGO

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

(Angry voices of protest in the crowd)
DEEP MALE VOICE

1. I ain't goin' back and have that white beast me like a suck-egg dog! We got gun-powder, and I tell you for true, 'Bednega, I ain't goin' back!'...WHAT ME!

OLD MAN

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

VOICE

5. We all are....YES.

OLD MAN

6. 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

9. We've lost, 'Bednega.

VOICE

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

VOICE


ABEDNEGO

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

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

HUMBERTON
5. Any truth in that report from the north?

CRITTENDEN
6. What's that?

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

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

ABEDNEGO
14. Yes, master.

(MUSIC IN THEN BUILDS UP FOR CURTAIN)
1. We come now in our A-B-C's of the Caribbean to the letter T. T is for tobacco. A little of it goes a long way. T is for tourists and the tourists trade and tired feet and the old Indian ex-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.

2. T is for treasure, buried treasure———

3. (MUSIC IN)

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

5. VOICE

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

7. WELLES

8. Gold bricks, silver bars, doubloons and pieces-of-eight——untold millions lie hidden in the coral gardens of the Caribbean. Every so often an old gold coin or an Aztec ornament washes ashore on the white sand beaches of the

9. Playa in Havana. The treasure is there. All you have to do is find it.

10. (MUSIC OUT)

11. U-- is for Union in which there is strength. Likewise
1. unions.
2. U is for the United nations....and V is for Victory.
3. V is also for Vespucci -- Americus Vespucci -- who
4. autographed a map and so named a hemisphere, and V is
5. for volcanoes. May they rest in peace! Volcanoes have been
6. generally kind to the human race in the West Indies. The
7. exception was Morne Pelee.

(MUSIC IN)

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

VOICE OF ST. PIERRE NEWSPAPER

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

WELIES

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

VOICE FADE IN

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

(PAUSE-----LONG PAUSE)
VOICE (cont.)

1. Hello -- Hello!
2. Hello -- Hello!
3. 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 ships 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.
4. 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?
5. I don't.

(MUSIC—SHORT SATIRICAL CURTAIN)

14. W is for work and for workers.
15. X is for Xmas.
16. Y is for Yuletide.
17. 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 Caribbean with the letter "Z" -- "Z" is for everything in the alphabet we didn't have time for -- anything we forgot -- everything we left out.
Goodbye now -- Feliz Navidad -- Boas Festas --
Merry Christmas to all -- and Goodnight Americans.