

BETTER THINGS
for
BETTER LIVING
...through Chemistry



ORIGINAL RADIO SCRIPT OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

FROM THE
CAVALCADE OF AMERICA
PRESENTED BY DUPONT

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 13TH, 1940

To the Cavalcade of America Audience:

It is with a great deal of pleasure and pride that the du Pont Company sends you this special copy of the radio script presented on Tuesday night, February 13th, 1940, entitled "Lincoln, The War Years."

We feel safe in saying that this radio program, as presented over the National Broadcasting Company's network, set up a standard that will last for many years. Never before had popular acclaim taken to its heart a Lincoln actor as it has Raymond Massey, star of "Abe Lincoln In Illinois," or Robert E. Sherwood, who wrote the magnificent stage drama and for it received the Pulitzer Prize. Carl Sandburg's four-volume biography, "Abraham Lincoln: The War Years," will undoubtedly prove to be the greatest work on Lincoln ever published.

For the Cavalcade of America drama which would best present Lincoln, the man — not Lincoln, the historical figure — the du Pont Company retained the services of all these men — Mr. Massey to act the part, Mr. Sherwood to write the actual radio script, and Mr. Sandburg to supply the material from his new and monumental work.

That is the Lincoln drama that Cavalcade presented the day after Lincoln's birthday in 1940, the drama that you now possess. It is a significant contribution to radio, to historical research, and to the great existing mass of Lincolniana.



ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

DU PONT presents

THE CAVALCADE OF AMERICA

with RAYMOND MASSEY *in*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

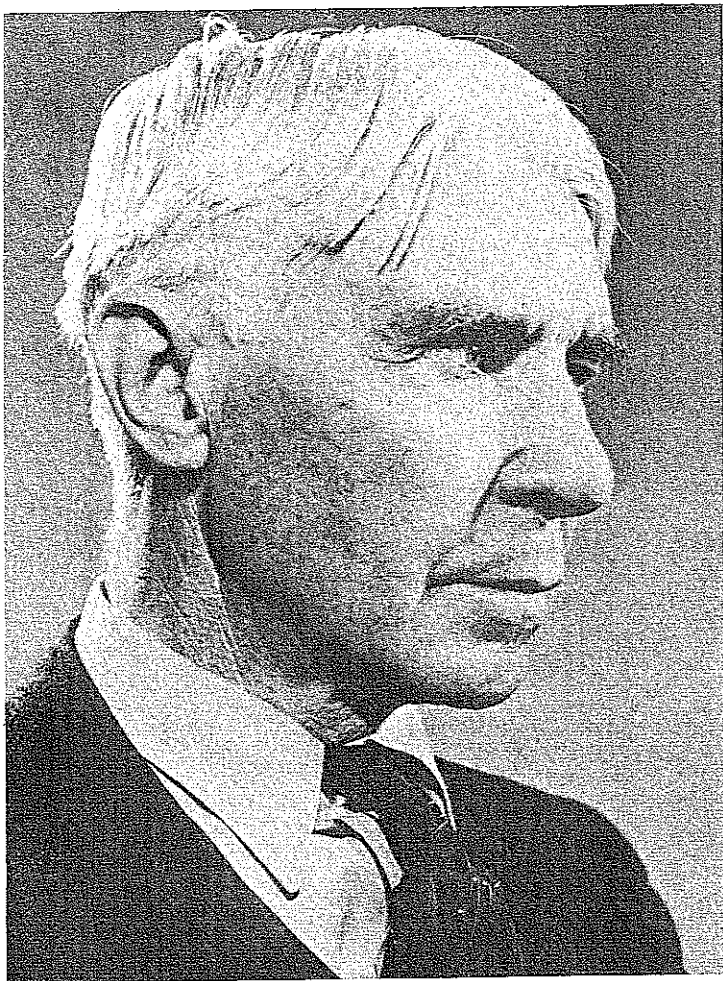
Based on material from

CARL SANDBURG'S

"Abraham Lincoln: The War Years"

Tuesday, February 13th, 1940

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CARL SANDBURG



RAYMOND MASSEY

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(Music)

NARRATOR

The Cavalcade of America, presented by du Pont.
(Chord)

NARRATOR

Abraham Lincoln in *The War Years*, starring Raymond Massey.
(Chord)

NARRATOR

An original radio play by Robert E. Sherwood, written especially for tonight's *Cavalcade of America*.
(Chord)

NARRATOR

Based upon Carl Sandburg's—*Abraham Lincoln: The War Years*.
(Theme)

NARRATOR

Tonight we look backward to the one man who above all others epitomizes the American character. Du Pont, in looking backward on the rôle it has been privileged to play in the American scene, takes pride in the fact that it has been able to add to the strength of the Union of the American States that Lincoln re-welded. For du Pont and chemistry are doing their parts in making America secure and self-sufficient within her own borders, no longer dependent on foreign sources for the vital raw materials for factory and farm that once came from the four corners of the earth. At the time of the last world war, American life and industry were plunged into a chaotic state through sudden stoppage of foreign imports. Rubber, camphor, nitrates, dyestuffs — to mention a few of the necessary ingredients of our daily living — rose to almost prohibitive prices as their scarcity increased. The chemical industry, faced then with the gargantuan task of developing domestic sources of supply has, in the past 20 years, emerged triumphantly

with man-made rubber, a native dyestuffs industry, fertilizers made from air, yarn made from wood-pulp and from coal, air and water — to name only several of chemistry's unending stream of developments.

Our liberation from dependence on an *undependable* world is even now a saga of American enterprise that we might well thrill with pride to hear. But of more importance is the fact that these advances of chemistry and industry are a guarantee that we may look confidently ahead. For once again, as she has in the past, America has found a road, wide and straight, along which its Cavalcade may roll.

NARRATOR

No drama of Abraham Lincoln can have a finer introduction than the words written by Carl Sandburg in the preface to his timeless biography of Abraham Lincoln.

(Music in and down)

VOICE

In the story of a great struggle we meet gaps and discrepancies. . . .

Many men and women, now faded and gone, lived this drama before it could be written.

They do and say what they did and said in life — as seen and known to the eyes and ears, the mind and spirit of themselves or other men and women of their own time.

Some of them spoke with action, some with words, some with both action and words. . . .

What they say by act or deed is often beyond fathoming, because it happened in a time of great storm.

(Music up and down)

(Rainfall under following)

NARRATOR

February 11th, 1861, eight o'clock in the morning. A cold drizzle of rain is falling over the Great Western Railway Station in Springfield, Illinois. The prairie horizon is veiled in chilly, grey mist. *(Puffing of engine)* A short, little loco-

motive with a flat-topped smokestack stands puffing with a baggage car and special passenger car hitched on. Inside and around the brick station a thousand people have taken off their hats and are looking up at a tall, bearded man on the rear platform.

LINCOLN

Friends . . . today I leave you. I go to assume a task more difficult than that which devolved upon General Washington. Unless the great God who assisted him shall be with me and aid me, I must fail. Permit me to ask that with equal sincerity and faith you will all invoke His wisdom and guidance for me. With these few words I must leave you — for how long I know not. Friends, one and all, I must now bid you an affectionate farewell!

CONDUCTOR *(Off)*

'Board! All aboard!

(Engine bell clangs)

(Train chuffs)

VOICE *(Off — not shouted)*

Good-bye, Abe.

(Voices take it up softly: "Good-bye" — "Good-bye, Abe")

(Bell—Train gathers momentum) (Singing)

(Music—Train under following)

NARRATOR

At Decatur they watched from saddle horses.

FARMER

All over now. He'll split the Union worse than he ever did a Sangamon log.

WOMAN

Prince of Rails, indeed.

MAN

Anybody but that Abolition Ape would be a better President. I say it still should've been Judge Douglas.

(Effect up and down)

NARRATOR

At Indianapolis they stood under darkening skies.

LITTLE BOY

Mom — mommie! I seen him — I seen him!

MOTHER

Well, he's not much to look at. Come, let's go home. Take your Pa's hand.

PA

C'mon, Sonny. Well, Martha, it's the worse thing that ever could've happened. Big loon with flapping ears for a President! What's going to happen next?
(*Effect up and down*)

NARRATOR

At Buffalo they watched — and some waited.

JACK

Get a-going, now, with that saw, Jed. You just seen him on that train yourself.

PETE

Hurry up! Can't wait around all night for you to pay off that election bet. Next time maybe you'll pick a winner.

JED

All right, all right — I'll pay my election bet. But you boys'll see I'm right some day. (*Music segue*) The South will have something to say about Abe Lincoln being President — wait and see — just wait. There's going to be trouble — plenty of trouble.

(*Music up and down*)

NARRATOR

February 21st, 1861. Philadelphia. In a hotel parlor.

JUDD

Well, here you are, Abe. I'm mighty glad to see you.

LINCOLN

Thank you, Norman. If my journey keeps going on at the slow rate it has so far, it will be Resurrection Day before I reach the capital.

JUDD (*Laughing*)

Well, anyway, in ten days' time, you'll be President. Abe — the country wants to know how you're going to stop secession.

LINCOLN

I can't answer 'em yet.

JUDD

You got to, Abe.

LINCOLN

Now, listen, I want to tell you something. Once, years ago, when I and other lawyers were riding the circuit, there was a heavy spell of rainfall and all the streams were flooded and we had great difficulty fording 'em. We stopped at a little tavern and there we met a preacher who was accustomed to riding over that region in all sorts of weather. We gathered about him for advice as to how we could get over the Fox River. He told us he knew all about that. "But," he said, "I have one fixed policy in regard to the Fox River: *I never cross it till I come to it!*"

(*Door knock*)

JUDD

Who's that?

(*Door opens*)

SERVANT

A man's outside. Wants to see you, Mr. Judd, and the President.

JUDD

All right, Abe?

LINCOLN

Yes — yes, let him come in.

JUDD

Very well, boy.

SERVANT (*Off*)

This way, sir.

(*Door closes*)

PINKERTON (*Off*)

Gentlemen (*coming in*), my name is Allen Pinkerton. I am a detective in the employ of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad. I have to tell you, Mr. Lincoln, that there is a serious plot to assassinate you when you arrive in Baltimore. The ringleader is a man named Fernandina.

LINCOLN

Probably just another one of those fanatics.

PINKERTON

But he has a strong group of followers. They're well armed. They're desperate, and — Mr. Lincoln — they're killers!

JUDD

You're their enemy, Abe. You know that there are many who will do anything to prevent you from —
(*Door opens*)

LINCOLN

Be quiet, gentlemen.

MARY LINCOLN

Abe! Oh — I thought you were alone.

JUDD

Good evening, Mrs. Lincoln.

LINCOLN

It's just a little political discussion, Mary. That will be all gentlemen. I'll give your suggestions my most serious consideration.

PINKERTON

Very good, sir.

JUDD

I'll see you later, Abe. Good-day, Mrs. Lincoln.

LINCOLN

Good-day, gentlemen.

MARY

Good-day. (*Door closes*) Abe — what were they talking about?

LINCOLN

Oh — they were just talking about political appointments. Come here, Mary — come over to the window. Now then, Mary, look down there. That's Independence Hall where I'm speaking tomorrow.

MARY

Oh, Abe — I'm frightened — I'm frightened.

LINCOLN

Frightened of what?

MARY

Of everything that may come to us. Civil war —

LINCOLN

There's nothing to be scared of, Mary. We may have a pretty rough road ahead of us, but we'll pull through.

(*Music*)

(*Train — Off*)

PINKERTON

Everything's working as we planned, Mr. Lincoln.

LINCOLN

Fine — fine, Mr. Pinkerton.

PINKERTON

Taking this special train will get us to Baltimore long before you are scheduled to pass through. The town will be asleep. We'll be leaving any minute now.

(*Engine chuffs off*)

(*Train rumble*)

LINCOLN

Thank you, Mr. Pinkerton. Guess I'll get some sleep. Good-night, Sir.

(*Train gathers momentum*)

(*Music*)

NARRATOR

On the eve of his inauguration Abraham Lincoln escaped assassination by secretly arriving in the national capital.