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## Series: Cavalcade of America Show: The Undefended Border Date: Dec 18 1940

MUSIC:

THEME ... THEN IN BG

ANNOUNCER:

The Cavalcade of America! Presented by DuPont, maker of Better Things for Better Living Through Chemistry.

MUSIC:

THEME UP ... THEN IN BG

ANNOUNCER:

To the pioneers of the American continent who built its great nations and to the millions of men and women who together cherish and preserve a way of life in a new world of freedom, we proudly dedicate this performance of the Cavalcade of America.

MUSIC:

THEME UP AND OUT ... FILLS A PAUSE, THEN IN BG

ANNOUNCER:

One of the most inspiring chapters in the history of the Western Hemisphere is the long peace that has existed between the United States and Canada for over one hundred and twenty-five years. To tell this story, the Cavalcade of America asked the distinguished American writer and poet Stephen Vincent Ben?t to prepare a symbolical play celebrating this long peace. Mr. Ben?t has written a poetic play based on historical fact called "The Undefended Border." In it, the Cavalcade of America presents the internationally celebrated star Raymond Massey, known to millions for his performances on the American stage, the screen and in radio.

MUSIC:

OUT

ANNOUNCER:

Our Cavalcade orchestra and the original musical score are under the direction of Don Voorhees. As a special program, this performance of the Cavalcade of America is to be short-waved to South America.

DuPont, maker of Better Things for Better Living Through Chemistry, presents Raymond Massey in "The Undefended Border" by Stephen Vincent Ben?t on the Cavalcade of America!

MUSIC:

FOR A STIRRING INTRODUCTION ... WITH HEAVENLY CHOIR ... THEN IN BG

THE BORDER VOICE:

All over the world, there are borders between countries. They may be rivers or mountains--they may be nothing more than lines on a map. But, in time of war, they are ravaged land--No Man's Land. And, in time of peace, the guns still look at each other. Between the wars, the grass grows back again, but sometimes it doesn't grow for long. And there are always soldiers.

But from New Brunswick to Puget Sound there runs a border between two great nations of proud people, individual people, people with their own customs and beliefs and ways, and that border has not one fort, not one ship of battle, not one hidden or usable gun. There is a lone cannon. And they point it out to tourists as a memory of the past. The cannon is rusted now and covered with moss.

The little boys on both sides of the border climb over it and are not afraid. And there are the voices of people talking across the border--voices like Bill Carter. He was born in Chicago.

BILL CARTER:

Yeah, I lived in the States until 1916. Then I enlisted over the border. Told the recruiting sergeant I was from Montreal, but I guess he knew where I came from. They used to call me the Yank. I was wounded and gassed but my girl married me just the same. Now we're living in Vancouver and I've got a nice little business there.

THE BORDER VOICE:

People--people. All through the years, millions of people both sides of the border. Take Sally Forbes. Sally came from North Dakota. They married young out there in the '70s, and Sally was like the others. She was only sixteen when she married Randall Forbes.

SALLY FORBES:

Randall Forbes! Always said I snatched him bald-headed--but you know how a man talks. Well, we homesteaded near Calgary and the years went by so fast. Randall Jr.'s a doctor in Baltimore. Harry teaches at McGill. I've got one grandchild -- Lucy's. Was born in Hawaii. If you're asking about the border, well, I know it's there. But - you can't build a fence between a woman and her children.

THE BORDER VOICE:

Just the voices of people talking across the border. The voices of people who have known how to share a continent together in Peace and Good Will, through the Sun and the Rain and the Years. Voices of men and women with the same sort of beliefs, the same sort of courage even seventy years ago, voices like our own.

MacEACHERN:

(SCOTCH-IRISH) My name's Hugh MacEachern--there were four MacEacherns of my name before me in Canada. Yet I fought four years in the Army of the Potomac--and there were fifty thousand like me, first and last, in the Union Armies. Oh, they gave me bounty money--but that wasn't why I went. I felt it was a fight for freedom. When it was done, I came home. I worked my lands. I gave my life and strength to Canada. But all my life I remembered the men I had fought beside. When they came to my house, they were welcome; when I went to their house, I was welcome. May it ever be so between the two houses.

THE BORDER VOICE:

And yet it wasn't always so. There had been a war in 1812. A war between two peoples who spoke the same tongue, and, like all wars, it left scars. Let's stand on the Canadian side of a great water. It is summer in the year 1817. There's a small boy launching a toy boat. His name is Jock McKinstry.

MUSIC:

OUT

SOUND:

LAKE WATER ... BIRDS WHISTLE

BOY:

Do you like my new boat, father?

JOCK:

Aye, you've done a good job on her, son. She's a fine little sloop of war.

BOY:

Billy Ross and I are gonna have a big battle and sink all the Yankees.

JOCK:

Hmm. Son--look across the water there.

BOY:

(PUZZLED) Yes, father?

JOCK:

Do you mind the boy Jimmy Hunter you played with in the old days? He lives over there. And now maybe he's building a boat, too--a fine little sloop of war--on his side of the lake.

BOY:

Father--I--I don't understand--

JOCK:

Jimmy's father was my friend too, son. And here, on both sides of the border, we've a great free land to dwell in. So what would you do, now war's over?

BOY:

I'd send him a peace belt--the way the Indians do.

JOCK:

Now that's a suggestion. But would he take it, do you think?

BOY:

Oh, of course he would--you have to take a peace belt.

JOCK:

Mm. But here's your fine big sloop of war, son. And it's not boys that build them--it's grown men--both sides of the border.

MUSIC:

A MARTIAL BRIDGE, THEN IN BG

SOUND:

NOISE OF HAMMERING SNEAKS IN DURING FOLLOWING--

THE BORDER VOICE:

Yes--it isn't boys--but grown men--both sides of the border. Hear the hammers! Shipwrights' hammers, carpenters' hammers, calking hammers, hammers on fresh-smelling wood and bright iron. Hammers by the ports and shores of Ontario and Erie and Champlain. The pleasant harbors, the pine-smelling beaches. Hammers, building the ships of war! Lakes? These are not lakes but oceans. They must be defended.

CANADIAN VOICES:

(CHANTING) Lead pills for the Yankees. They'll soon have enough With grape and with round shot, We'll give them hot stuff.

1ST VOICE:

British Admiralty. Lake Ontario. Ship of the line, St. Lawrence, one hundred ten guns.

2ND VOICE:

The Psyche, fifty guns. The Princess Charlotte, forty.

3RD VOICE:

Sailmakers--

4TH VOICE:

Powder monkeys--

1ST VOICE :

Carpenters--

2ND VOICE:

Seventy-four-gun frigates. Seventy-four-gun frigates. Prepare. Prepare. Prepare.

MUSIC:

HAS BUILT TO ANOTHER MARTIAL BRIDGE, THEN IN BG

THE BORDER VOICE:

And as it was on one shore, so it was on the other.

U.S. VOICES:

(CHANTING) And have you heard of Perry?Of Oliver Hazard Perry?Oh, have you heard of Perry?And his famous victory?

1ST VOICE:

United States Navy Department. Lake Ontario. The Superior, forty-four guns. The Mohawk, thirty-two guns. The General Pike, twenty-four guns.

2ND VOICE:

Get ready. Prepare.

3RD VOICE:

Militia--

4TH VOICE:

The Niagara. The Jefferson. Eighteen guns.

1ST VOICE:

Forts--

2ND VOICE:

Men. Arms. Frigates. Cannon.

MUSIC:

HAS BUILT TO ANOTHER MARTIAL BRIDGE, THEN IN BG

CANADIAN-AMERICAN CHORUS:

(RISING) Cannon. Cannon. Cannon. Cannon. Cannon. Cannon. Cannon! Cannon!

MUSIC:

TO A CLIMAX ... THEN OUT

THE BORDER VOICE:

And that's the way it starts.

MUSIC:

GENTLY ... IN BG

THE BORDER VOICE:

That's the way we know it starts. The border must be kept with forts, ships and cannon. Come and see how Americans felt about it on their side of the lake in 1817.

MUSIC:

OUT

SOUND:

SWISH OF WATER ... CANOE IS BEACHED DURING FOLLOWING--

JEAN-BAPTISTE:

(SHOUTS) Jim Hunter! Howdy, Jim Hunter!

HUNTER:

(OFF) Jean-Baptiste! Come on t' shore, you old pirate--ain't seen you in a coon's age.

JEAN-BAPTISTE:

(LAUGHS) Well, well! I'm glad to see you, Jim Hunter.

HUNTER:

Well, I'm glad to see you! (A "LET-ME-TAKE-A-LOOK-AT-YOU" GRUNT, CLOSER) New canoe?

JEAN-BAPTISTE:

Ohhh! Finest dam' canoe on lakes!

HUNTER:

Don't doubt that none. Well, Jean-Baptiste, what's the news?

JEAN-BAPTISTE:

Oh, she 'bout the same. New baby. A good year for beaver.

HUNTER:

Uh-hunh. You fight in the war?

JEAN-BAPTISTE:

Ohhh! Sure, I fight. I fight like six men at Chateaugay.

HUNTER:

(CHUCKLES) Fought at Lundy's Lane, myself.

JEAN-BAPTISTE:

(LAUGHS) Say, you know what I do at Chateaugay, Jim?

HUNTER:

What?

JEAN-BAPTISTE:

(LAUGHS) I capture my own cousin!

HUNTER:

Huh? (LAUGHS)

JEAN-BAPTISTE:

(LAUGHS) Sure--he's lying on the ground with a bullet in his leg. He's Baptiste-Jean, Henri-Louis-David-Ligonier. Like me. Same name. Afterward, he go home to Maine--he write me letter-- (REMEMBERS) Ohhhh, there I am, one big fool! I got letter for you, Jim Hunter--I forget--!

HUNTER:

Letter?

JEAN-BAPTISTE:

Yeah. Here, look.

HUNTER:

Well. Feels sizable. Who give it to you?

JEAN-BAPTISTE:

Jock McKinstry. You open up now, Jim. I take answer back.

HUNTER:

Well, let's see here--

SOUND:

OPENS PACKAGE

HUNTER:

Why--it's a wampum belt.

JEAN-BAPTISTE:

(MUMBLES AGREEMENT)

HUNTER:

White belt. That's old, that is. That's Huron work.

JEAN-BAPTISTE:

Well, the white belt--she mean peace, Jim.

HUNTER:

Yeah. Peace--and already they're building ships of war again on the lakes. I wish the people in London and Washington could know how we people on the border feel. Someone ought to tell 'em.

JEAN-BAPTISTE:

You're right there, my friend.

HUNTER:

Well, there's only one way to do that. Tell 'em. Folks like us can't go across the ocean to London. But a man could get to Washington if he'd aim to. I wonder where Washington is. They say it's a long way away

...

MUSIC:

BRIDGE, THEN IN BG

THE BORDER VOICE:

It was a long way to Washington. But there was the pole star to go by and the old Indian trails. That was the forest when Jim Hunter left the banks of the great lake. Beyond, south and east, lay rolling green valleys not yet claimed from the wilderness. And Jim Hunter slept under the stars, head pillowed on his pack. Through the wilderness, through the Onondaga section he strode; and the hunting good on the finger lakes; and the twigs crackling underfoot when Jim Hunter sighted a clump of cabins through the trees.

SOUND:

DOG BARKS FIERCELY, THEN IN BG

HUNTER:

(CALLS OUT) Halloo, the house!

SETTLER:

(OFF, OVER DOG) Halloo yourself!

HUNTER:

What's the name of this place, stranger?

SETTLER:

It ain't got a name. It's mine.

HUNTER:

What's the nearest town?

SETTLER:

(TO THE DOG) Quiet, wolf. (DOG QUIETS, THEN TO HUNTER) Tioga.

HUNTER:

How far?

SETTLER:

Quite a piece.

HUNTER:

Y' got any meal?

SETTLER:

I might have.

HUNTER:

I'll swap you three prime squirrel for some. I've come quite a ways and I'm tired of eating squirrel.

SETTLER:

It's a trade. Come in a' light.

SOUND:

DOG BARKS MERRILY

MUSIC:

A GENTLE BRIDGE, THEN IN BG

THE BORDER VOICE:

A long way to Washington. The moccasins wearing thin. But there were friends in the wilderness. Countrymen. And all the rich sweet valley of the Susquehanna lay ahead. Through Sunbury, not stopping the night. The next night rain, dripping through the boughs. Jim Hunter went on. Gray morning into late dusky evening. Days had become weeks. Then--Harrisburg, a settlement still sleeping in the curve of the blue river, the mountains, misty beyond. And at York, a signpost pointing to Baltimore, a city. The first city Jim Hunter had ever seen. Just forty miles from Washington. Washington!

And now, in the muddy and straggling Washington of 1817, two other men meet to talk of a distant border. They aren't remarkable men. You don't read much about Richard Rush in the history books. Richard Rush--Acting Secretary of State--not Secretary, you know, just Acting. And Sir Charles Bagot--British Envoy Extraordinary to the United States--for a while--with no great name in history. English--American--two honest men of good will.

MUSIC:

OUT

SOUND:

DRINKING GLASSES CLINK

RUSH:

A toast, Sir Charles--to His Highness, the Prince Regent!

BAGOT:

To the President of the United States!

SOUND:

THEY CLINK GLASSES AND DRINK

RUSH:

And now, Sir Charles. Shall we proceed to our business?

BAGOT:

With pleasure.

RUSH:

Correct me, sir, if I am in error--but the question between our countries seems to resolve itself to this-- what armed forces, if any, our respective governments intend to keep on the border between the United States and Canada.

BAGOT:

(GENTLY CORRECTS HIM) Ah, between Canada and the United States.

RUSH:

I accept the correction. Now, uh, Mr. Adams feels that these armaments should be greatly reduced.

BAGOT:

Lord Castlereagh, unofficially, has long been of the same opinion.

RUSH:

(AN INCREASINGLY EDGY TONE IN THEIR VOICES) At the same time, Sir Charles, we have laid down the keels of certain ships.

BAGOT:

His Majesty's Navy has not been wholly idle.

MUSIC:

IN BG

WHISPERED VOICE:

British Admiralty. The St. Lawrence, one hundred and ten guns.

2ND WHISPERED VOICE:

Prepare. Sailmakers. Powder monkeys.

RUSH:

Sir Charles, I don't control the military policy of my government--but as a citizen I can say we are profoundly disturbed by the recent developments in American waters.

WHISPERED VOICE:

The Niagara. Badly damaged. Refit. Prepare.

BAGOT:

Our citizens along the Maine border are greatly disturbed by what seems to them American aggression.

2ND WHISPERED VOICE:

Get ready. The Psyche, fifty guns. Frigates.

RUSH:

Maine is defending her just claims, Sir Charles!

WHISPERED VOICE:

The Superior, forty-four guns. The Mohawk, thirty-two guns--

BAGOT:

Her just claims to Canada's fisheries, Mr. Rush?

2ND WHISPERED VOICE:

Prepare. Cannon. Cannon.

RUSH:

The fisheries question has nothing to do with it, Sir Charles! The recent--and most unwarranted attack on an American vessel--

WHISPERED VOICES:

(OVERLAPS ABOVE, BUILDING IN TENSION) Cannon. Cannon. Cannon. Cannon. Cannon. Cannon. Cannon. Cannon--

MUSIC:

AN ACCENT, THEN OUT

BAGOT:

(AFTER A PAUSE, GENTLER) I--I confess I--I was growing heated. Your pardon, sir. Another glass of your excellent Madeira.

RUSH:

With pleasure.

SOUND:

THEY CLINK GLASSES AND DRINK

RUSH:

Oh, come, Sir Charles. Let's drop diplomatic formalities for the moment. For that border line between us isn't just a set of marks on a map. Let me show you something I received from that border today.

SOUND:

DESK DRAWER SCRAPES OPEN

RUSH:

Here. Do you know it's significance?

BAGOT:

Mmmm. A belt of Indian wampum.

RUSH:

Well, it was brought me this morning by an American trapper. May I ask you to hear his story?

BAGOT:

Why, of course--

SOUND:

RINGS BELL ... A DOOR OPENS

RUSH:

(TO SERVANT) Show Mr. Hunter in.

NEGRO:

Yes, Mistah Rush. (OFF, TO HUNTER) Will you come in, sir?

SOUND:

PAUSE ... DOOR SHUTS

RUSH:

Sir Charles, this is James Hunter, one of our frontiersmen. Mr. Hunter--Sir Charles Bagot, His Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary.

BAGOT:

Your obedient servant, Mr. Hunter. Mr. Rush has just shown me this very interesting belt.

HUNTER:

Yes, sir. Indian work. Means peace.

BAGOT:

And how, if I may ask you, is the feeling between the citizens on the border?

HUNTER:

Well, it depends. We ain't tame on the border. Neither side. But we'd like to be shut of fighting. That's why I brought the belt.

BAGOT:

You'd like to be shut of fighting. May I ask you why?

HUNTER:

Well, mister, it's - it's like this. You see, here's me, one side of the lake--and here's Jock McKinstry, the other side. He's got his ideas and I got mine. He's loyal to the King and Crown, I'm loyal to the United States. But, we get along fine. Well, Jock McKinstry sent me the belt. He's Scotch and he don't talk much but he meant what he said. He meant peace. Well, I know he couldn't get to London--that's across the water--so I figured I'd better come here.

BAGOT:

If I may ask, Mr. Hunter, how long did the journey take you?

HUNTER:

One pair of moccasins--call it a moon and a half--

BAGOT:

Uh, one pair of--?

RUSH:

Perhaps forty days, Sir Charles. On foot.

BAGOT:

Forty days!

RUSH:

Mr. Hunter, tell me--and you may speak quite freely--what force do you think would be sufficient to maintain peace and order on the lakes?

HUNTER:

Well, that's for you folks to say.

BAGOT:

But we want to know what you think--you and Jock McKinstry.

HUNTER:

Well, if it was me and Jock--I'd say just one boat each side.

RUSH:

Uh huh. What about forts--and soldiers--?

HUNTER:

Well, forts and soldiers--you see, they're for enemies. We've fought, but we ain't enemies. We'll differ and we'll always differ. But we want to be friends.

BAGOT:

I believe you, Mr. Hunter. May I keep the white belt? I should like to send it to London--and thank you.

MUSIC:

A BRIDGE, THEN IN BG

THE BORDER VOICE:

And finally the Rush-Bagot agreement was signed, in April, 1817. James Monroe was president then. James Monroe of the Monroe Doctrine. And because of the sense and good will of two peoples the hammers stopped on the Great Lakes. And a bored clerk read in the Senate of the United States ...

MUSIC:

OUT

VOICE OF CLERK:

"Naval forces to be maintained upon the American Lakes by His Majesty's Government and the Government of the United States shall be confined, on Lake Ontario, to one vessel not exceeding one hundred tons burden and armed with one eighteen pound cannon ..."

MUSIC:

IN BG

THE BORDER VOICE:

The lone cannon. And back and forth, back and forth, across the border, the tide of human beings has ebbed and flowed. Trapper, trader, farmer, merchant, woman and man. It's they who have kept the peace and the freedom. The border's men and women.

MUSIC:

FILLS A PAUSE, THEN IN BG

THE BORDER VOICE:

I am the voice of the border. I was born under the Maple Leaf. I was born under the Stars and Stripes. I'm people who are used to space and wide skies--to an old and dear tradition and the wind that blows over a new world.

The Douglas fir and the redwood, the trillium and the number one hard wheat--all these are in the veins of my people. The gray stones of Quebec are part of them and the old French speech--the rolling Dakota plains and the warm, wheat-growing summers--the springs of the Mississippi and the shining bay of Vancouver and the rocky shield of the Laurentians, the necklace around the North Pole.

Where there is space and freedom, love of law and love of justice, you will find my people. We live next t' each other and we're used to each other's ways. We swing the same kind of ax and we drive in the same kind of cars. We marry back and forth and the children don't quarrel. We've had a lot of history together and our wide earth remembers it.

We've had William Lyon Mackenzie and John Brown. We've had Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Teddy Roosevelt and John A. MacDonald and Abe Lincoln. We've had folks who tried to sow dissension, too, but they never raised a crop and they never will.

For when we say "freedom" we mean it, and we have faith in the people. Dominion--Republic--we have faith in the people. And together we'll keep that faith, for the years and the children still to be.

MUSIC:

DRUM ROLL ... UP DRAMATICALLY, IN BG

AMERICAN VOICES:

(CHANT) We built a house for freedom hereAnd free it shall remain.

CHORUS:

(SINGS) Freedom!

CANADIAN VOICES:

(CHANT) We built it out of Northern pineAnd Manitoba grain.

CHORUS:

(SINGS) Freedom!

MIXED VOICES:

(CHANT) We built it with our hearts and livesFrom Puget Sound to Maine.

CHORUS:

(SINGS) Freedom!

MUSIC:

OUT

CHORUS:

(SINGS, A CAPELLA) The House was built in freedom's nameAnd so it shall abideFor your tall sons and my tall sons,Whatever may betide,We'll keep the peace our fathers keptAnd keep it side by side.

MUSIC:

IN BG

THE BORDER VOICE:

We built it with the broad axAnd the shining rails of steel,The birchbark of the voyageurs,The creaking wagon wheel,We built it with the best we hadFor the loyal and the leal.

CHORUS:

(SINGS) While rock endures and pine enduresAnd Western corn grows tall,With your strong sons and my strong sonsWe shall maintain it all.The house we built in freedom's name,The house that shall not fall.

THE BORDER VOICE:

The great house of freedom,The house that shall not fall!

CHORUS:

(SINGS) The house we built in freedom's name,The house that shall not fall.

MUSIC:

TO A FINISH

(STUDIO AUDIENCE APPLAUSE)

ANNOUNCER:

The Cavalcade of America thanks Raymond Massey and the Cavalcade Players for their performance of Stephen Vincent Benét's original radio play "The Undefended Border." And now the DuPont Company brings you its story from the wonder world of chemistry.

ANNOUNCER 2:

Over the trade routes that bind the countries of the Western Hemisphere flows a never-ending stream of goods. Rubber, machinery, hides, spices, tires, shoes, automobiles, copper, foodstuffs, textiles -- all the good things of living. One of the most important of these textiles is Rayon, and our story tonight is about this product of chemistry.

Rayon is made of cellulose from cotton or from wood. Most people know that. Not so many know that one of the most important ingredients in Rayon yarn, and the most carefully measured, is Time. Time, the Fourth Dimension.

What do we mean when we say Rayon has Time spun into it? Well, in the viscose process of making Rayon, the sheets of cellulose which come to the Rayon plant looking like great squares of blotting paper, are soaked in a solution of sodium hydroxide for a definite length of time. Thus, Time enters into it at the very beginning.

After soaking, the cellulose is shredded for three to four hours by machines that look like gigantic lawn mowers. It tumbles from these machines into storage bins in the form of coarse snow or crumbs. The crumbs are stored away for two days. Time again entering the process. It is stored away, oddly enough, to rest. And not merely to rest, but to rest for a certain specified length of time. Left alone in the dark for two days, the molecules of cellulose grope toward one another and clasp hands like youngsters playing a game.

The white snow in the next step turns to the bright color of a pumpkin. Curiously, it smells like a pumpkin. Then the orange crumbs become a brownish-orange syrup. And the syrup again must be stored away in vast white tanks in a cold room. More Time is necessary.

It is almost as if someone said, "Tomorrow, you're going to be spun into silvery, glistening yarn. So please sit here a while and get used to the thought."

At last the spinning solution is pumped out through tiny spinneret holes to form into thread. From cotton or wood cellulose to thread, the process takes five days. And the glass wheel that draws the thread from the spinnerets must whirl at exactly so many thousand revolutions a minute. Just as exactly timed as the whirling bucket into which the yarn falls from the wheel.

Again, Time ... Time. The chemist knows Time must be steeped into Rayon; soaked into it; spun into it. He knows exactly how much Time. Two days here, ninety-four minutes there. Because he wants to make the best Rayon, he gives it exactly the Time it needs. Time is a very precious ingredient that the chemist includes along with other materials.

The woman who buys a dress woven of Rayon yarn may think she is merely buying a dress. But it's every bit as true to say she is buying a garment cut to the mysterious cloth we call Time. Time, handled as an essential element and with sure knowledge by the workers of DuPont, is an important ingredient of all the products bearing the DuPont oval housemark, products that are Better Things for Better Living - Through Chemistry.

MUSIC:

THEME, IN BG

ANNOUNCER:

And now Ted Jewett of the Cavalcade Players, to tell you about next week's program.

JEWETT:

Ladies and gentlemen, next week, as a Christmastime message to our listeners, we bring you an American classic on the Cavalcade of America, a play whose kindly humor and gentle fantasy have endeared it to the hearts of the nation -- "The Green Pastures" by Marc Connelly. For the first performance of this play on the air, Cavalcade has assembled before its microphones a great and talented cast, including the

world-famed Hall Johnson Choir and many of the original Broadway cast. Next week, DuPont brings you "The Green Pastures" by Marc Connelly. Thank you.

MUSIC:

UP TO FILL A PAUSE, THEN IN BG

ANNOUNCER:

On the Cavalcade of America, your announcer is Clayton Collyer sending best wishes from DuPont.

(STUDIO AUDIENCE APPLAUSE)

MUSIC:

FADES OUT