

Generic Radio Workshop Script Library ([BACK](#))

Series: Cavalcade of America Show: A Child Is Born

Date: Dec 21 1942

A Child is Born

Dec 21 1942

ANNOUNCER:

DuPont presents the Cavalcade of America!

MUSIC:

DRUM ROLL ... CAVALCADE THEME ... THEN IN BG

ANNOUNCER:

Ladies and gentlemen, this is the Cavalcade of America, sponsored by DuPont, Makers of Better Things for Better Living Through Chemistry. Tonight, we are privileged to present the distinguished stars of the American theater Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in a new Christmas miracle play written for our times by Stephen Vincent Ben?t. It is called "A Child is Born."

MUSIC:

FOR AN INTRODUCTION, THEN IN BG

NARRATOR:

I'm your narrator. It's my task to say
Just where and how things happen in our play.
It's an old task--old as the human heart,
Old as those bygone players and their art
Who, in old days when faith was nearer earth,
Played out the mystery of Jesus' birth
In hall or village green or market square
For all who chose to come and see them there.
So we, tonight, who are your players too,
Ask but to tell that selfsame tale to you.
The time is--time. The place is anywhere.
The voices speak to you across the air
To say that once again a child is born.
A child is born." I pray you all, give us your audience
And hear this matter with reverence."

MUSIC:

OUT

NARRATOR:

There is a town where men and women live
As people do in troubled times,
Times when the world is shaken. There is an inn.
A woman sings there in the early morning.

INNKEEPER'S WIFE:

(SINGS) In Bethlehem of Judea
There shall be born a child,
A child born of woman
And yet undefiled.
King Herod, King Herod,
Now what will you say--

SOUND:

APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS ON STONE STAIRS

INNKEEPER:

(ANGRY) Singing again! I told you not to sing!

WIFE:

I'm sorry. I forgot.

INNKEEPER:

Forgot? That's fine!
That's wonderful! That answers everything!
The country's occupied. We have no country.
You've heard of that, perhaps?
You've seen their soldiers, haven't you? You know
Just what can happen to our sort of people
Once there's a little trouble? Answer me!

WIFE:

(WEARY) I've seen. I know. But--

INNKEEPER:

But--! Oh, la, la, la! Sometimes I think your ways will drive me mad. Is it your business what King Herod does? Is it your place to sing against King Herod? Do you pretend to know the ins and outs of politics and why the great folk do the things they do--and why we have to bear them? Because it's we--we--we who have to bear them, first and last and always, in every country and in every time. They grind us like dry wheat between the stones. Don't you know that?

WIFE:

I know that, somehow, kings should not be wicked and grind the people down. I know that kings like Herod should not be.

INNKEEPER:

All right--all right. I'm not denying that. I'm reasonable enough. I know the world. It's a bad world but it must last our time. Herod is Herod but my inn's my inn. I do the best I can. I pay my taxes here in this conquered and forsaken land. And as for all your fine rebellious souls, who hide out in the hills and stir up trouble, call themselves prophets, too, and prophesy that something new is coming to the world, the Lord knows what! Well, it's a long time coming, and, meanwhile, we're the wheat between the stones.

WIFE:

Something must come.

INNKEEPER:

Believe it if you choose, but, meantime, if we're clever, we can live and even thrive a little--clever wheat that slips between the grinding stones and grows into the good, the profitable grain. At least, if you'll not sing subversive songs to other people but your poor old husband--(CHANGES TONE) who loves you still in spite of all your fancies, and always will. Come, wife, I've got some news. I didn't mean to be so angry with you. Give us a kiss.

WIFE:

(MEEKLY SIGHS)

INNKEEPER:

I couldn't help the child. I know you think of that, this time of year. He was my son, too, and I think of him. I couldn't help his dying.

WIFE:

(AGREES, SYMPATHETIC) No, husband, no.

INNKEEPER:

He stretched his little arms to me and died. And yet I had the priest--the high priest, too. I didn't spare the money.

WIFE:

No, my husband. I am a barren bough. I think and sing. And I'm a barren bough.

INNKEEPER:

Oh, come, come, come!

WIFE:

The fault is mine. I had my joyous season, my season of full ripening and fruit and then the silence and the aching breast. I thought I would have children. I was wrong, but my flesh aches to think I do not have them. I did not mean to speak of this at all. I do not speak of it. I will forget. Not sing at all. It was long past and gone. Tell me your news. Is it good news?

INNKEEPER:

(EAGERLY) The best!The prefect comes to dinner here tonightWith all his officers--oh yes, I know,The enemy--of course, the enemy--But someone has to feed them.

WIFE:

And they'll pay?

INNKEEPER:

Cash.

WIFE:

On the nail?

INNKEEPER:

Yes.

WIFE:

Good.

INNKEEPER:

I thought you'd say so.Oh, we'll make no great profit--not tonight--I've seen the bill of fare they asked of me,Quails, in midwinter! Well, we'll give them--quails!And charge them for them, too! You know the trick?

WIFE:

Yes.

INNKEEPER:

They must be well served. I'll care for that,The honest innkeeper, the thoughtful man."Oh, do not spoil my servants with largesse,Your worship!"--And he won't. He pinches pennies.But, once he's come here, he will come again,And we shall live, not die, and put some coin,Some solid, enemy and lovely coinUnder the hearthstone, eh?Spoil the Egyptians, eh?

SOUND:

A KNOCK AT THE OUTER DOOR

INNKEEPER:

Hark! What's that?I'll go--the maids aren't up yet--lazybones!

SOUND:

THE KNOCK IS REPEATED, IMPERATIVELY

INNKEEPER:

A minute--just a minute!It's early yet--you needn't beat the door down.This is an honest inn.

SOUND:

SHOOTS BOLT, OPENS DOOR

INNKEEPER:

(SURPRISED, SUDDENLY OBSEQUIOUS) Oh, er -- Good morning.

SOLDIER:

Hail Caesar! Are you keeper of this inn?

INNKEEPER:

Yes, sir.

SOLDIER:

Orders from the prefect. No other guests shall be entertained at your inn tonight after sundown. The prefect wishes all the rooms to be at the disposal of his guests.

INNKEEPER:

Sir, when the prefect first commanded me, There was a party of my countrymen engaged for a small room--he'll hear no noise--No noise at all--

SOLDIER:

This is the prefect's feast--the Saturnalia--You've heard your orders.

INNKEEPER:

Yes, sir. Yes, indeed, sir.

SOLDIER:

Well, see they're carried out! No other guests! Hail Caesar.

INNKEEPER:

(FEEBLY) Hail Caesar.

SOUND:

DOOR SHUTS

INNKEEPER:

Well, that's pleasant. All the rooms at the disposal of the prefect! No other guests! Remember, No other guests!

WIFE:

I will remember.

INNKEEPER:

Do so. It's an order. Now, about the quail. You'll make the sauce. That's the important thing. A crow can taste like quail, with a good sauce. You have your herbs?

WIFE:

Yes.

INNKEEPER:

Well then, begin, begin! It's morning and we haven't too much time. Sarah! Leah! Where are those lazy servants? Leah and Sarah, come and help your mistress! I'll rouse the fools! There's work to do today!

SOUND:

HIS FOOTSTEPS UP THE STONE STAIRS

MUSIC:

A GENTLE BRIDGE, THEN IN BG

NARRATOR:

And the day passed and night fell on the town, Silent and still and cold. The houses lay huddled and dark beneath the watching stars and only the inn windows streamed with light--

MUSIC:

OUT

SOUND:

SLIGHTLY OFF, A BIG NOISY PARTY GOING ON UPSTAIRS

SARAH:

(TO LEAH) What's the prefect saying up there?

SOUND:

NOISE SUBSIDES AS PREFECT BEGINS SPEECH

PREFECT:

(OFF) Gentlemen--men of Rome--mindful of Rome's historic destiny--and of our good friend King Herod ...

CROWD:

MURMURS ITS APPROVAL

PREFECT:

(OFF) ... who has chosen alliance with Rome rather than a useless struggle--keep them under with a firm hand--

SOUND:

DOOR SHUTS, CUTS OFF PREFECT'S VOICE

SARAH:

Oh, what was he saying up there?

LEAH:

I don't know. I don't know the big words. The soldiers said--

SARAH:

You and your soldier!

LEAH:

Oh, he's not so bad. He brought me a trinket--see?

SARAH:

You and your Roman trinkets! I hate serving them. I'd like to spit in their cups each time I serve them.

LEAH:

Oh, you wouldn't dare!

SARAH:

Oh, wouldn't I, though?

SOUND:

INNKEEPER AND WIFE'S FOOTSTEPS APPROACH

INNKEEPER:

Here, here, What's this? Why are you standing idle? They're calling for more wine!

SARAH:

(REBELLIOUS) Let Leah serve them. She likes their looks!

WIFE:

(ADMONISHES) Sarah!

SARAH:

(MEEKLY) Yes, mistress?

WIFE:

Please, Sarah--we've talked like this so many times.

SARAH:

Very well, mistress. But let her go first. (TO LEAH) Get up the stairs, you little soldier's comfort! I hope he pinches you!

LEAH:

Mistress, it's not my fault. Does Sarah have to--

WIFE:

Oh, go, go--both of you!

SARAH:

(TO LEAH) You go first.

SOUND:

MUTTERING, THE SERVANTS WALK UP THE STAIRS

INNKEEPER:

You ought to beat the girl. She's insolent and shows it.

WIFE:

We can't be too hard on her. Her father's dead, and her brother's in the hills, and yet she used to be a merry child. I can remember her when she was merry, a long time since.

INNKEEPER:

You always take their side and yet, you'd think a self-respecting inn could have some decent and well-mannered maids! But no such luck--sullens and sluts, the lot of them! Give me a stool--I'm tired.

SOUND:

DRAWS UP A STOOL AND SITS

INNKEEPER:

(TO HIMSELF, FIGURING) Say, uh, thirty dinners and double for the prefect--and the wine--Best, second best and common--h'm, not bad. But then-- (ABRUPTLY, TO WIFE) Why do you sit there, staring at the fire, so silent and so waiting and so still?

MUSIC:

UNEARTHLY ... VERY FAINT AT FIRST, THEN BUILDING THROUGH SCENE

WIFE:

I do not know. I'm waiting.

INNKEEPER:

Waiting? For what?

WIFE:

I do not know. For something new and strange, something I've dreamt about in some deep sleep, truer than any waking, heard about, long ago, so long ago, in sunshine and the summer grass of childhood, when the sky seems so near. I do not know its shape, its will, its purpose and yet all day its will has been upon me, and there is light in it and fire and peace, newness of heart and strangeness like a sword, and all my body trembles under it, and yet I do not know.

INNKEEPER:

You're tired, my dear. Well, we shall sleep soon.

WIFE:

No, I am not tired. I am expectant as a runner is
Before a race, a child before a feast day,
A woman at the gates of life and death,
Expectant for us all, for all of us
Who live and suffer on this little earth
With such small brotherhood. Something begins.
Something is full of change and sparkling stars.
And yet--I cannot read it yet. I wait
And strive--and cannot find it.

SOUND:

A KNOCK AT THE OUTER DOOR

WIFE:

Hark? What's that?

INNKEEPER:

They can't come in. I don't care who they are.
We have no room.

SOUND:

THE KNOCK IS REPEATED

WIFE:

Go to the door!

SOUND:

INNKEEPER RISES, WALKS TO DOOR, SHOOTS BOLT, OPENS DOOR

MUSIC:

HAS PEAKED AND NOW FADES OUT COMPLETELY

INNKEEPER:

Well?

JOSEPH:

(FROM OUTSIDE) Is this the inn, sir? We are travelers
And it's late and cold. May we enter?

WIFE:

(EAGERLY) Who is it?

INNKEEPER:

(TO WIFE) Just a pair of country people,
A woman and a man. I'm sorry for them--

JOSEPH:

My wife and I are weary,
May we come in?

INNKEEPER:

I'm sorry, my good man.
We have no room tonight. The prefect's orders.

JOSEPH:

No room at all?

INNKEEPER:

Now, now, it's not my fault.
You look like honest and well-meaning folk
And nobody likes turning trade
away
But I'm not my own master. Not tonight.
It may be, in the morning--

WIFE:

Wait!

INNKEEPER:

(TO WIFE) Must you mix in this?

WIFE:

Wait! (TO JOSEPH) Good sir, the enemy ARE in our houseAnd we--

MUSIC:

HEAVENLY ... REPRESENTS THE VIRGIN MARY WHO DOES NOT SPEAK ... CONTINUES IN BG

WIFE:

(STARTLED) Oh. I did not see your wife. I did not know.

JOSEPH:

(SIMPLY) Her name is Mary. She is near her time.

WIFE:

Yes. Yes.(TO INNKEEPER) Go--get a lantern.Quickly!

INNKEEPER:

What?

WIFE:

(INSISTENT) Quickly!(TO JOSEPH AND MARY) I once had a child who had no room.We have no room. That's true.And it would not be right. Not here. Not now.Not with those men whose voices you can hear,Voices of death and iron.--King Herod's voices.Better the friendly beasts. What am I saying?There is--we have a stable at the inn,Safe from the cold, at least--and, if you choose,You shall be very welcome. Will you share it?

JOSEPH:

Gladly and with great joy.

WIFE:

The lantern, husband!

JOSEPH:

Nay, I will take it. I can see the path. (MOVING OFF WITH MARY) Come!

INNKEEPER:

(TO WIFE) Well, I suppose that you must have your wayAnd, any other night--They're decent peopleOr seem to be--

WIFE:

(SYMPATHETIC) He has his arm about her, smoothing outThe roughness of the path for her.

MUSIC:

HAS SLOWLY FADED OUT

INNKEEPER:

--AlthoughThey are not even people of our town,As I suppose you know--

WIFE:

So rough a path to tread with weary feet!

INNKEEPER:

Come in. There's a frost upon the air tonight.I'm cold or--yes, I must be cold. That's it.That's it, now, to be sure. Come, shut the door.

MUSIC:

UNEARTHLY, IN BG

WIFE:

Something begins, begins; Starlit and sunlit, something walks abroad
In flesh and spirit and fire. Something is loosed to change the shaken world.

MUSIC:

UP FOR A GLORIOUS BRIDGE, THEN IN BG

SOUND:

A BELL RINGS THE HOUR

NARRATOR:

The night deepens. The stars march in the sky. The prefect's men are gone. The inn is quiet. But, in the street, outside--

MUSIC:

CROSSFADES WITH SHEPHERDS' CAROL

SHEPHERD:

(SINGS) As we poor shepherds watched by night.

CHORUS:

(SINGS) With a hey, with a ho.

SHEPHERD:

(SINGS) A star shone over us so bright. We left our flocks to seek its light. [X]

CHORUS:

(SINGS) In excelsis deo, Gloria, gloria, In excelsis deo.

SHEPHERD:

(SINGS) Now how may such a matter be?

CHORUS:

(SINGS) With a hey, with a ho.

SHEPHERD:

(SINGS) That we of earth, poor shepherds we, May look on Jesu's majesty? And yet the star says-- "It is He!"

CHORUS:

(SINGS) It is He! It is He!

SARAH:

(OVERLAPS WITH ABOVE SINGING AT X) Who sings so late? How can they sing so late?

LEAH:

I'll go and see. Wait--I'll rub the windowpane. It's rimed with frost. (BEAT) Why, they're shepherds from the hills.

WIFE:

Shepherds?

LEAH:

Yes, mistress. They have crooks and staves. Their tattered cloaks are ragged on their backs. Their hands are blue and stinging with the cold. And yet they all seem drunken, not with wine. But with good news. Their faces shine with it.

WIFE:

Cold--and so late. Poor creatures--call them in.The prefect's men are gone.

LEAH:

Aye but--the master--

WIFE:

He's dozing. Do as I tell you.

SOUND:

DOOR OPENS

LEAH:

(CALLS) Come in--come in--tarry awhile and rest!

SHEPHERD:

(SPEAKS, OFF) We cannot stay. We follow the bright star.

CHORUS:

(SINGS) Gloria, gloriaIn excelsis deo! (SINGING SLOWLY FADES OUT AS THEY WALK OFF)

WIFE:

Where did they go? Would they not stay with us?

LEAH:

Mistress, they did not even look on me.They looked ahead. They have gone toward the stable,The stable of our inn.

WIFE:

The stable of our inn. And they are gone?

LEAH:

(EXCITED) Aye--gone but--Mistress! Mistress!Do you hear?

WIFE:

Hear what?

MUSIC:

IN BG

LEAH:

Hear it? The tread of steeds on the hard ground, Iron-hoofed and ringing clear--a companyThat comes from out the East. I've never seenSuch things. I am afraid. These are great lords,Great kings, with strange and memorable beasts,And crowns upon their heads!

INNKEEPER:

(APPROACHES, EXCITED) What's that? What's that?Lords, nobles, kings, here? In Bethlehem,In our poor town? What fortune! O, what fortune!Stand from the window there, you silly girl,I'll speak to them!

MUSIC:

OUT

INNKEEPER:

(CALLS) My gracious noble lords,Worthy and mighty kings! Our humble innIs honored by your high nobility!Come in--come in--we've fire and beds and wine!Come in--come in--tarry awhile and rest!

KING:

(SPEAKS, OFF) We cannot stay! We follow the bright star!

CHORUS:

(SINGS) Gloria, gloriaIn excelsis deo! (SINGING SLOWLY FADES OUT AS THEY WALK OFF)

INNKEEPER:

I do not understand it. They are gone.They did not even look at me or pauseThough there's no other inn.They follow the poor shepherds to the stable.

WIFE:

They would not tarry with us--no, not one.

INNKEEPER:

And yet--

WIFE:

Peace, husband. You know well enoughWhy none would tarry with us.And so do I. I lay awhile in sleepAnd a voice said to me, "Gloria, gloria, in excelsis deo.The child is born, the child, the child is born!"And yet I did not rise and go to him,Though I had waited and expected long,For I was jealous that my child should dieAnd her child live.And so--I have my judgment. And it's just.

INNKEEPER:

Dreams.

WIFE:

Were they dreams, the shepherds and the kings?Is it a dream, this glory that we feelStreaming upon us--and yet not for us.

LEAH:

Now, mistress, mistress, 'tis my fault not yours.You told me seek the strangers in the stableAnd see they had all care but--I forgot.

SARAH:

Mistress, the fault was mine.You told me also but I did not go.

INNKEEPER:

If there was any fault, wife, it was mine.I did not wish to turn them from my doorAnd yet--I know I love the chink of money,Love it too well, the good, sound, thumping coin,Love it--oh, God, since I am speaking truth,Better than wife or fire or chick or child,Better than country, better than good fame,Would sell my people for it in the street,Oh, for a price--but sell them.And there are many like me. And God pity us.

MUSIC:

IN BG

WIFE:

God pity us indeed, for we are human,And do not always seeThe vision when it comes, the shining change,Or, if we see it, do not follow it,Because it is too hard, too strange, too new,And now I know this, standing in this light,Who have been half alive these many years,Brooding on my own sorrow, my own pain.Life is not lost by dying! Life is lostMinute by minute, day by dragging day,In all the thousand, small, uncaring ways,The smooth appeasing compromises of time,Which are King Herod and King Herod's men,Always and always. Life can beLost without vision but not lost by death,Lost by not caring, willing, going onBeyond the ragged edge of fortitudeTo something more--something no man has seen.

MUSC:

OUT

WIFE:

You who love money, you who love yourself, You who love bitterness, and I, who loved
And lost and thought I could not love again, And all the people of this little town,
Rise up! The loves we had were not enough. Something is loosed to change the shaken world,
And with it we must change!

DISMAS:

(BREAKS IN, QUIZZICAL, INDEPENDENT) Now that's well said!

INNKEEPER:

Who speaks there? Who are you?

DISMAS:

Who? Oh, my name is Dismas. I'm a thief. You know, the starved, flea-bitten sort of boy
Who haunts dark alleyways in any town, Sleeps on a fruit sack, runs from the police,
Begs what he can and--borrows what he must. That's me!

INNKEEPER:

How did you get here?

DISMAS:

By the door, innkeeper, The cellar door. The lock upon it's old. I could pick locks like that when I was five.

INNKEEPER:

What have you taken?

DISMAS:

Nothing. I tried the stable first--and then your cellar, Slipped in, crept up, rolled underneath a bench,
While all your honest backs were turned--and then---

WIFE:

And then?

DISMAS:

Well--something happened. I don't know what. I didn't see your shepherds or your kings,
But, in the stable, I did see the child, Just through a crack in the boards--one moment's space.
That's all that I can tell you. (PASSIONATE) Is he for me as well? Is he for me?

WIFE:

For you as well.

DISMAS:

Is he for all of us? There are so many of us, worthy mistress, Beggars who show their sores and ask for
alms, Women who cough their lungs out in the cold, Slaves--oh, I've been one!--thieves and runagates
Who knife each other for a bite of bread, Having no other way to get the bread,--The vast sea of the wretched
and the poor, Whose murmur comes so faintly to your ears In this fine country. Has he come to all of us
Or just to you?

WIFE:

To every man alive.

DISMAS:

I wish I could believe.

SARAH:

(SCORNFUL) And, if you did, No doubt you'd give up thieving!

DISMAS:

Gently, lady, gently. Thieving's my trade--the only trade I know. But, if it were true, if he had really come to all of us--I say, to all of us--Then, honest man or thief, I'd hang upon a cross for him! Would you? (PAUSE) Well, I see I've said something you don't like, something uncouth and bold and terrifying, and yet, I'll tell you this: It won't be till each one of us is willing, not you, not me, but every one of us, to hang upon a cross for every man who suffers, starves and dies, that there will be no crosses and no tyrants, no Herods and no slaves. (PAUSE, CHANGE OF TONE) Well, it was pleasant, thinking things might be so. And so I'll say farewell. I've taken nothing. And he was a fair child to look on.

WIFE:

Wait!

DISMAS:

Why? What is it you see there, by the window?

WIFE:

The dawn, the common dawn, the ordinary and poor and mortal day. The shepherds and the kings have gone away. The great angelic visitors are gone. He is alone. He must not be alone.

INNKEEPER:

I do not understand you, wife.

DISMAS:

Nor I.

WIFE:

Do you not see? Because I see at last. Dismas, the thief, is right. He comes to all of us or comes to none. We are the earth his word must sow like wheat and, if it finds no earth, it cannot grow. We are his earth, the mortal and the dying, led by no star--the sullen and the slut, the thief, the selfish man, the barren woman. And yet, unless we go, his message fails.

LEAH:

Will he bring peace? Will he bring brotherhood?

WIFE:

He would bring peace, he would bring brotherhood and yet he will be mocked at in the street.

SARAH:

Will he slay King Herod and rule us all?

WIFE:

He will not slay King Herod. He will die. There will be other Herods, other tyrants, great wars and ceaseless struggles to be free, not always won.

INNKEEPER:

These are sad tidings of him.

WIFE:

No, no--they are glad tidings of great joy, because he brings man's freedom in his hands, the thought, the wish, the dream of brotherhood, never and never wholly to be lost, the water and the bread of the oppressed, the stay and succor of the resolute, the harness of the valiant and the brave, the new word that has changed the shaken world. And, though he die, his word shall grow like wheat and every time a child is born, in pain and love and freedom hardly won, born and gone forth to help and raise mankind, there will be women with a right to say "Gloria, gloria in excelsis deo! A child is born!"

SARAH:

Gloria!

LEAH:

Gloria!

WIFE:

Come, let us go. What can we bring him?What mortal gifts?

LEAH:

I have a ribbon. It's my prettiest.It is not much but--he might play with it.

SARAH:

I have a little bell my father gave me.It used to make me merry. I've kept it.He may have it.

DISMAS:

My pocket's empty and my rags are bare.But I can sing to him. That's what I'll do.And if he needs a thief to die for him--

INNKEEPER:

Don't speak of dying.It's a nasty thing. Nasty and cold.And--I will give my gold.I say I'll give my gold. All of my gold. Every round piece.Oh, do not look at me so judginglyWith your child's candid eyes. I'm but a man.I will give all ... give all ... give all my heart.

WIFE:

And I my faith through all the years and years,Though I forget, though I am led astray,Though, after this I never see his face,I will give all my faith.Come, let us go,We, the poor earth--but we, the faithful earth,Not yet the joyful, not yet the triumphant,But faithful, faithful, to the end of time!Come!

MUSIC:

CHOIR HUMS ADESTE FIDELIS, IN BG

DISMAS:

(SPEAKS) Come, all ye faithful.

INNKEEPER:

(SPEAKS) Joyful and triumphant.

WIFE:

(SPEAKS) Come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem!

CHORUS:

(SINGS) Come and behold Him, born the King of angels;O come, let us adore Him,O come, let us adore Him,O come, let us adore Him,Christ the Lord.

MUSIC:

OUT

ANNOUNCER:

To Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, and to Stephen Vincent Ben?t who wrote "A Child is Born," DuPont extends its warm thanks and deep appreciation for their contribution at this Christmas season on the Cavalcade of America. And to all our Cavalcade listeners, we extend our Christmas greeting -- a greeting of Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men. Those words are as radiantly hopeful as ever in this bitter year of war, and as strong. So it is with hope and courage and abiding faith that the two hundred thousand men and women of DuPont join this Christmas season with people of good will everywhere in a wish for the greatest gift of all, victory and peace.

MUSIC:

CAVALCADE THEME, THEN IN BG

ANNOUNCER:

Next week, ladies and gentlemen, the Cavalcade of America, sponsored by DuPont, will present Paul Muni in "Eagle's Nest," a play about Garibaldi, the liberator who brought freedom to the Italian people, a freedom which has since been snatched away from them by a ruthless dictator. Be with us again next week when the Cavalcade of America presents Paul Muni as Garibaldi. On tonight's program, the orchestra and original score by Arden Cornwell were under the direction of Don Voorhees. This is Clayton Collyer sending best wishes from DuPont.

SOUND:

APPLAUSE

MUSIC:

CAVALCADE THEME, THEN IN BG

NETWORK ANNOUNCER:

This program came to you from New York. This is the National Broadcasting Company.

MUSIC:

FADES ... NBC CHIMES