



There were trains that did not arrive on time and telegrams that did not arrive at all. . . .

We got stranded in the overcrowded towns. One night it was Hull, and another night it was Chesterfield (the police helped us here), and again it was Grantham. But we always seemed to find a bed somewhere, a friendly welcome, and the month's egg ration on our breakfast plate, no matter how loudly we protested.

* * *

THERE were haunting scenes—the mist hanging on the silent mountains round Loch Lomond that day when everything dripped, and the solitude of the place heightened by the wail of a bagpipe far up in the hills. . . .

The steady drone of the bombers going out over the coast at night, a prayer on our lips for each . . . and,

above all, the doleful moan of the air raid warning carried along by the wind from one hill-top to another.

Sombre pictures, too. The shelterers each night in the London Underground; the faces of the children sleeping on the floors under the feet of passers by, in draughts of dusty air.

The battered face of Hull and Bristol and London, with their exposed, embarrassed scars. You who have lived here and watched the damage grow, cannot know the shock to one who suddenly comes on it around a corner.

* * *

THERE it is, or a small part of it, anyway. There you have the face



of Britain as we have seen in these two years. We have met you all now, the workers and the dons, the teachers and the deans, the bishops and the soldiers, young girls, farmers, miners, publicans and children, an earl or two, and an M.P.

We thank you for your hospitality, for opening your homes to us, for smiling at us and dancing with us, for marrying some of us, for being patient with our faults, for listening to our talk with tolerance, for struggling with our quaint tongue and then adopting it.



For playing host to this vast army of foreigners without letting it get you down. For showing us quiet courage and stamina, and the patience that is your greatest virtue and worst handicap. We will remember England. . . .

—Robert Arbib

A FEATURE which has created for itself a large listening audience among those people who tune their sets to 4ZB, Dunedin, is *Robinson Crusoe Junior*. Although designed more especially for children, this programme is followed with interest by many adults. Surveys of public opinion taken in America have proved *Robinson Crusoe Junior* to be one of the most popular juvenile serials ever produced. It is presented on Monday evenings at 6 o'clock from 4ZB.

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