EXPRESS TO ISTANBUL

T takes a long time to travel from Ostend to Stamboul; three days and nights have to be spent on the train; and it is the time between departure and arrival that Grahame Greene is concerned with in his novel Stamboul Train, and which is an integral part of the story as it has been dramatised for broadcasting. It will be heard on Saturdays at 7.0 p.m. and will begin at 12B on February 2, 2ZB on February 16, 3ZB on March 1, and 4ZB on March

For Carleton Myatt, a young and wealthy London Jew travelling to Stamboul for his firm, it was just another business trip, a period of relaxation to be spent eating, drinking, sleeping and wondering what schemes rival firms might have up their sleeves. The possibility of meeting a young woman like Coral Musker did not enter his head. To Coral Musker the journey represented a chance to survive. Calls on London theatrical agents had brought her nothing until at last she had been offered a chorus position with Dunn's Babies, a variety show playing in Constantinople. There was nothing could do but take it, buy a second-class ticket on the Orient Express and hope that the strange land would not be too inhospitable to her. On the train, however, her plans underwent a miraculous transformation, helped by luck, Carleton Myatt and Mabel Warren.

On the staff of the Clarion, Mabel Warren was something of a legend. She was hard as nails, ugly and a ferocious man-hater, yet she could squeeze the last sob out of any story, no matter how unpromising it looked. And she had a pretty girl, Janet Pardoe, for com-panion. She had set off on the Stamboul Train to wring an interview out of Quin Savory, a Cockney novelist of a certain amount of standing. It was only after she got her interview and was leaving the train that she saw a man in another compartment; she leaped aboard the express again.

To look at Richard John could have been what his passport said, an old

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school teacher taking a long-needed holiday. But there were things about be worth very little. When he dishim that did not fit. How, for instance. did he come to acknowledge himself to be a doctor of medicine when Coral Musker had a mild heart attack in the through Belgrade, the city where the corridor in front of him? And how, too. was it that a man with such an English name spoke with such a strange accent? For Mabel Warren the answer was obvious. Her memory took her back five years to the Kamnetz affair. Kamnetz, a Government official, had appeared on trial. Richard John, then Dr. Karl Czinner, a man known to hold revolutionary ideas, had given evidence for the prosecution. The General was



ALFRED BRISTOWE

-and Czinner's life had been known to appeared most people assumed that the Government had liquidated him. And yet here he was, on a train bound trial had taken place.

For Mabel Warren this enigma made a story of stories. To Dr. Czinner it was nothing more than a final gesture. He was going to Belgrade not to ferment another revolution, but voluntarily to stand trial. Yet it was to be more than a gesture. The cause he believed in needed the strength and the inspiration that only a martyrdom could give it. He had to stand trial in public to make his last defence in the pre-

sence of the people for whom he had worked, and the representatives of the world press. As in the case of Coral Musker, though, events turned the course of his plans. There was heavy snow, the train was delayed, Mabel Warren's story reached London and richochetted back to Belgrade before he arrived. There was a search, soldiers on the line, a secret court-martial, an escape . . .

Stamboul Train is a story that deals with individuals, their motives and their actions living together for three days and yet almost as far apart as if they had never met. In the radio version which was dramatised for broadcast by Richard Lane, Allan Trevor plays Carleton Myatt, Alfred Bristowe plays Karl Czinner, and Margot Lee (who was Sally in Dossier on Dumetrius) has the role of Coral Musker.



ALLAN TREVOR



RICHARD LANE

In 1943 he condemned the American people, especially Congress, for selfishness, lack of unity, prejudice and greed. "Can it be that when it comes to a

showdown we haven't got what it takes?" he said. Can it be that a nation born in the blood of freedom's battle has so far wandered from its heritage as to be ignorant of the bold requirements of continued freedom and self-preservation? Now is the time for high ideals. We've proved our skill in talking about things worth dying for. How about the things worth living for? . . . There have and will continue to be mistakes, con-tradictions, untold mass suffering, and anguish. But these are inevitable considering the scope and nature of the struggle; to fail to look past these dark by-products into the larger needs and the larger ideals is to pass up the greatest opportunity for constructive thinking in history.

HE described a recent visit to Korea, where, at Taegu, which he called "misery junction," he saw refugees being "shovelled like gravel into box-cars,"

and where an American soldier asked him, "Brother, do they know there's a war on back home?" He described a visit to the Kingsway refugee camp near Delhi, where thousands of Indians were dying of hunger while the American Congress debated whether they would send them surplus wheat. "Why are you Americans so stupid?" one Indian asked him. "Go away! You are not wanted here. America has lost its heart."

"There isn't much left of the human dignity we hear so much about in these places," he said. "One by one the sanctuaries of man in our time are being closed down. The escape hatches are being sealed off." He appealed for a Human Point Four Programme, in which thousands of American doctors, nurses and social workers would go abroad, especially to Asia, to share America's special skills with the under-privileged. He appealed also for the establishment of world law, for a world police force working against a background of world law, through which we would eventually achieve one world.

I was not surprised to hear afterwards that Norman Cousins is vice-

president of an organisation called the United World Federalists. His address gave the Weekend just the kind of send-off it needed. The foreign students cheered and cheered. This was what they had come to hear, the voice of idealism rather than the voice of doubting introspection. When I walked about the campus looking at the air-raid shelter signs, and when I saw along the magnificent road to New York called Roosevelt Boulevard, a new twenty-foot sign: "In the Event of Enemy Attack this Highway will be Closed to Civilian Traffic," it was comforting to think that there were still in America men like Norman Cousins.

THE American character and its background in history are brought closer to listeners in a series of 12 recorded talks by Professor G. G. Van Deusen (Professor of History at the University of Rochester, New York), who recently left New Zealand after a period here as visiting professor under the Fulbright Foundation. Under the general title Trends in American History, the series will be broadcast by 4YC, starting at 9.30 p.m. on Monday, January 28.

Beginning his development of the subject with the conclusion of the American Revolution and the signing of the Treaty of Paris in 1783, Professor Van Deusen traces the growth and maturing process of the nation that was born on the occasion of that treaty. In one of the later talks he outlines many of the difficulties that appear ahead of the nation as it enters the second half of the century. Professor Van Deusen does not apparently side-step unpleasant truths, nor spare his fellow-countrymen from criticism when he considers it necessary. In his concluding remarks on the future he says: "The United States has grave problems confronting it today. That no one would deny. But we face those problems confidently, our initiative and optimism unimpaired. As has been the case in the past, challenge will meet with response. Vision and determination will conquer obstacles and open the road to a better way of life for ourselves and for the world of the future."