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tearing roar cascaded upon them. And there it was. The mainstream.

A great struggling tide of water rasped its way down the river bed. There were minor waves in the middle and no sign of a ford. Deep groans and rumbles came from the bowels of this leviathan as boulders knocked and ground together in the rush of its passage.

"Ah!" said Alf, and George looked up to see Scotty jogging up on the other bank. His horse moved along the water's edge. It went in. A pace or two. Water up to its belly. Stockstill. Then back out. Along the bank. Another place. Out again. Still another try. A third of the way over this time. Then the sturdy forelegs planted square in the current, the foam rushing past them. Scotty perched nonchalantly, giving the horse its head. Around and out again. It wouldn't go.

Across the rush of the river they could see Scotty grinning and hear him bawling something urgently to them. They strained to hear.

"Sounded like *Try higher up*," said George.

"Maybe she splits up there somewhere," Alf suggested. "We'd better have a look. I don't feel like camping here for a week till she goes down."

They trudged up the river bank. It was an hour before they found a place where the mainstream broke into a series of streams that were worth trying. Carefully they worked their way across the smallest of them, tacking up and down the river to make the best possible use of shoals and bars of shingle.

On the edge of the final stream, now smaller in volume, George got out the climbing rope. He tied it round his waist and walked up and down the bank a few times trying to decide the best line to take.

"If this eighty footer's not long enough you'll have to get in the water part of the way," he said.

"Yes," said Alf.

Alf had the rope coiled on the ground beside him with the lead to George running through his hands and belayed across his shoulders.

George went into the water. It tore at his legs and boiled up round his thighs. He balanced between for the force of the current and the tension on the rope, moving steadily down and across the stream at the same time. Alf never took his eyes off George. The rope flew through his hands in little bursts as George moved. He knew the slightest jerk or check would drag George off his balance and he would not recover.

The end of the rope came. George had a few feet to go.

"I'm coming in," Alf yelled.

He stepped into the stream. Round his waist went the end of the rope. George dragged himself up on the other bank. He heaved around and made upstream. Alf with no tension to hold him bobbed and jerked and almost ran with the current. As he fought across the stream George kept moving on up the bank in the opposite direction, holding the rope steady.

Alf was still on his feet, but in mid-stream the current was too much for him. George saw an arm, part of his pack, then his head whipping away fast, but he just kept feeding the rope into the water. Alf came up a few seconds later. He kicked and pushed his way down the river with the pressure of the rope easing him into the bank. Soon he was blowing and spitting like a stranded fish in the shallows.

America's Open Microphones

"THE significant thing about American radio is that guest speakers are offered a completely open microphone—there are no censors, no script is demanded, and you are made to feel that what is wanted is frank, free and independent opinion, vigorously expressed. No withers are wrung by criticism." Kenneth Melvin, of Auckland, producer of the ZB series *Going Places and Meeting People*, told *The Listener* this when asked about the newspaper story which some months ago credited him with creating a near-sensation in New York by his comments as a Radio City guest speaker. The report said that irate Americans flooded the radio station with protest letters after Mr. Melvin had told them that New York was full of flummery and flap-doodle, that the country was adolescent and that its foreign policy was based on home-sickness.

"It wouldn't have been very bright of me to have spent my four quarter-hour broadcasts from New York in name calling," Mr. Melvin commented. "Nine tenths of what I said was laudatory, though obviously I tried to present the

Suddenly he began to thresh about, grabbing at the water. Then he just heaved himself up and grinned to watch his two pound notes dance away on the sparkling eddies.

"Forgot about them," Alf said.

"That's the fee for getting over," laughed George.

They picked up the bundles of wet rope and walked across the tussocks to restore the circulation in their legs. They stopped in a little hollow, took off their wet clothes, spread them in the sun and lay down out of the wind.

"That was a smart performance," said Alf as he rubbed himself on a dry jersey from his pack.

"We've just crossed one of the toughest rivers in the island," said George. "Do you know how long it's taken us?"

"No idea."

"Three hours."

"No wonder I'm tired then. Well, we'll get that cup of tea yet."

"Bet old Scotty's surprised to see us turn up on this side now. I didn't think he'd tell us to try a pile of water like that, either," said George.

"Should put our status up a bit around here," said Alf. "That was pretty tough work."

They lay back in the sun, watching the big clouds rolling overhead. The tussock in the wind rippled and waved like a woman's hair. Rest was good after struggle. And there was the warm feeling of identity with the great earth shapes all around them and the moist smell of the grass, the rustling of the wind overhead, and the sounds of the distant river. Their eyes closed . . . thoughts slackened.

Pandemonium!

George look up straight into the glaring eyes of a scraggy old high country ewe. Alf cried out as half a dozen more rattled past his head and trampled through his gear.

They jumped up and there was Scotty with his hat tilted back smiling at them. He was on his horse with a mob of sheep.

"Oh, you came over," Scotty drawled. Then, excitedly—"Hey! WHAT WON THE CUP?"

British point of view to American listeners. I said that our uneasiness at the course of American foreign policy focused chiefly on the apparent belief, in our view naive, that democracy can be exported, like dollars or machinery, as part of American foreign aid. And I stressed the fact that, although America, with prodigal generosity, is buttressing the entire Western World, she must learn the lesson already taught Britain by a thousand years of diplomatic experience—that there is no short cut to the development of self-government and democratic liberalism. My plea was for Americans to realise that their bustling efficiency in business is no substitute for the specialised knowledge and understanding of foreign affairs which Britain alone can offer. Incidentally, although there was a considerable amount of 'fan mail' only one writer in every ten was critical of my broadcasts, and if there was a 'near-sensation' I was certainly not aware of it.

"The fact is, however, that almost anything one might say about America could be true—and yet untrue, for America is an altogether improbable country, a vast, exciting, stimulating country in which one may find both the worst and the best. I would be the last to condemn America or to be unfriendly about American eccentricities."

Listeners will hear more about Mr. Melvin's impressions of America when they tune in to the new series of *Going Places and Meeting People*, which has just begun from the ZBs and will begin from 22A on May 7. These programmes are being broadcast at 9.0 p.m. every Wednesday, and will include material from all of the fifteen countries visited during a twelve months' tour. With his wife as secretary and sole technical staff Mr. Melvin travelled 40,000 miles by air, and 20,000 miles by car on the continent, in Great Britain, and in the U.S.A. He recorded an average of two half-hour programmes every week, in addition to collecting an immense amount of recorded material for future use. Wherever he went he found local



ST. GILES CATHEDRAL, Edinburgh, where the opening service of the 1951 Edinburgh Festival took place

broadcasting authorities friendly and co-operative, particularly Radio Malaya, the Egyptian State Broadcasting Service, Radio Italia, Radiodiffusion Française, the three major United States networks, and the Hessian Broadcasting Service of Southern Germany which enabled him to record the Mastersingers' Festival at Frankfurt on Main.

The broadcast to be heard on Wednesday, April 16, will include recordings of Stanford's *Te Deum*, presented at the opening service of the 1951 Edinburgh Festival in St. Giles Cathedral (the finest musical experience of the whole tour, Mr. Melvin thought), and an interview with Beverley Baxter, well-known London journalist and politician. "Beverley Baxter is perhaps the most astute observer of the British political scene," said Mr. Melvin. "He is convinced that Anthony Eden is 'not only the heir apparent to leadership of the British Tory Party, but could now at any time assume that leadership and become Prime Minister.'"

Other highlights to be heard in future episodes of *Going Places and Meeting People* will include children's choirs in Scotland, Holland, Belgium and Germany; an address by Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands; a message from their homeland for Dutch settlers in New Zealand; music from the Potsdamerplatz of Berlin; an interview with the Mayor of the Western Zone of Berlin; songs recorded in the famous students' inns of Heidelberg; barrackroom songs from Switzerland; folksongs from the villages of France; recordings made at the Burgundy Wine Harvest and at the wine tasting ceremony at Dijon; scenes from the Paris night-clubs of Montmartre and Montparnasse; and several programmes from the U.S.A., beginning with one on "What America Thinks About the British."



ANTHONY EDEN

"Heir apparent to leadership of the British Tory Party"