



HERE THEY ARE, all lined up for the big swim. The prize was a free radio, but a free concrete-mixer would have done the trick just as well—and the free publicity would have been enough for some



THEY'RE OFF—But a position on the rails isn't the best guarantee of a good finish when the field is as well bunched as this. Notice the well-dressed sportsman on the right who has managed to keep his hat on

Sparrow Pictures

## FREE FOR ALL

WHATEVER you do, don't under-estimate the power of the radio. For that matter, and to be more specific, don't under-estimate the power of a portable radio, especially if it represents the sporting chance of something for nothing. For those who doubt, the pictures on these pages should be convincing evidence. This is what happened.

When the first Auckland session of *Posers, Penalties, and Profits* was held the other evening, one of the prizes—a portable radio set—remained in the hands of the compère, Selwyn Toogood, at the end of the show, and it was announced that it would be awarded to the winner of an impromptu harbour swim at lunch-time the next day. In spite of drizzle, thousands turned up to see the fun. They crowded the edges of the wharf, hung precariously on the dock-gates or over the parapets of sheds; they even invaded the wharfside shipping.

The contestants—several score of them, in almost all stages of dress or undress—jostled on the wharf-steps as they prepared to pay a penalty from which only one could profit. On a launch about 35 yards out stood the compère and the radio. The starter's pistol banged, the eager beavers (male and female) hit the water, the crowd roared. A few seconds later the launch sagged precariously as the vanguard climbed aboard. First over the side was R. G. Brown, aged 19, who got the profit.

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