

SCAVENGER HUNTS

**Contestants In ZB Programme Scour Countryside
For Weird Collection Of Articles**

LAATEST reminder that the regular purchase and consumption of apples is one of our pleasantest economic duties is the *Apple Quest*, a radio "Scavenger hunt" which the four main ZB stations are now conducting regularly. Every Saturday night the session provides exciting chases for several hundreds of competitors throughout the country, a strenuous few hours for ZB officials who have to cope with, control, and judge the entries, and a good deal of amusement for listeners.

Judging by the experience of Station 2ZB on the first night it was staged, the *Apple Quest* should prove an amusing "stunt" programme.

The session was introduced at 7.45 p.m. with an explanation of what was required of competitors. They were told that between then and 9.15 p.m. they had to find and bring to the 2ZB studio eight articles: one yard of red tape, one hatpin, one empty toothpaste tube, one corn-cob, one worn rubber heel, one batch of tram ticket butts, a rusty three-inch nail, and one pound of Jonathan apples.

The first person arriving at the studio with a complete list of articles would receive a prize of £2 10s, the second would receive £1 1s, and the next three would receive cases of apples. Listeners were reminded that prizes of cases of apples would be awarded for the most suitable lists of articles for future quests, and that the winners would be interviewed over the station later in the evening.

Done Under Schedule

Three of 2ZB's executives, Stewart Duff, station director, Pat Brodie, advertising manager and Ian Mackay, production supervisor, had undertaken to sort out the competitors as they arrived.

They expected that it would be at least half an hour before even the most enterprising could be expected. At ten minutes past eight, however, a schoolboy in short pants burst into the studio like a tornado with all the required articles from the red tape to the pound of apples.

Two minutes later the next entrant arrived, to suffer a nasty setback when he was disqualified for having a yard of red ribbon instead of a yard of red tape.

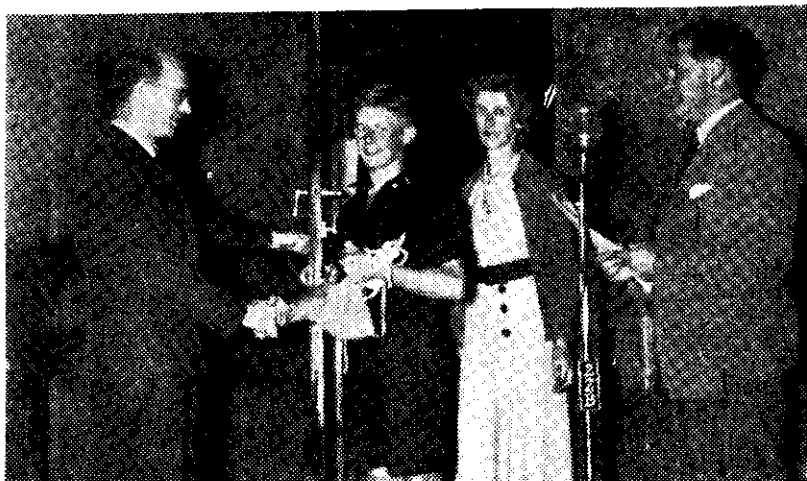
Four more persons with complete lists arrived shortly afterward, and by 8.14 p.m. it was all over as far as awarding the prizes was concerned. Public interest, however, was apparently just starting, and by half past eight the reception lobby of 2ZB was full and overflowing.

The Winner's Story

One entrant who lived in a distant suburb had a sad tale to tell. Jumping into his car with every necessary article except a corn cob, he rushed into town, stopping to buy a corn cob, to find that not only was he too late but that he had collected a ticket for speeding.

The winner was Frank Pool, and with the help of his mother he later told an amusing story of his race to collect all the articles in time.

Second prize went to Don Caldwell, who said that he borrowed the red tape from a friend who was a civil servant and that he searched round a tram terminus for the ticket butts. Finding several, he took one and shrewdly scattered



STATION 2ZB'S *Apple Quest* Winner arrives at the Studio: Here is Frank Pool, accompanied by his mother, being greeted by Stewart Duff, station director (left) and Michael Forlong, who later interviewed the winners over the air

The "Apple Quest" is conducted over the four main ZB stations every Saturday night. The conditions and the list of articles to be collected are read out at 7.45 p.m. and the winners are announced and interviewed at 9.45 p.m.

the others lest they be found by other competitors.

The consolation prizes were won by S. A. Livingston, Betty Pullen (a ten-year-old girl) and L. Cannons.

In Auckland, 1ZB officials had a similarly strenuous time. Apparently neither the blackout nor shortage of petrol deterred competitors, the first of whom arrived at the studio at 8.15 p.m.

Community Effort in Christchurch

The articles which 3ZB listeners were invited to collect consisted of a bone thimble, a nail file more than five inches in length, a hat pin, a worn rubber heel, a corn cob, an empty toothpaste tube, a totalisator ticket from any recent race meeting, a man's blue sock and grey tie, and a rusty three-inch nail.

The winner, who was Jack Adam, a 14-year-old lad, disclosed in his interview that his success was due to a community effort. The hat pin, remarkably, was contributed by a bachelor who lived next door; the bone thimble came from a house further down the street. The used totalisator ticket was the result of one of his mother's less fortunate investments, at the races.

The winner of 4ZB's *Apple Quest* was Miss Holmes Libbis, who turned up with all the required articles at 8.32 p.m. It was noticed that a number of competitors had shown great ingenuity in producing the most difficult article, the yard of red tape. White tape coloured with red ink or cochineal filled the bill.

DO YOU SAY GRACE?

(By K.S.)

WE always say grace before meals in our home. Many of our friends think this strange, because otherwise we observe few of the outward marks of religion, but right through my childhood my father always said grace, so when I got married I just automatically carried on.

Nowadays, of course, young Richard thinks he is old enough to say it, and in his boyish voice he says the grace that I use, which is exactly the same grace that my father said three times a day for over 30 years to my knowledge:

"For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful. In Jesus name we ask it, Amen."

Why do we do it? Frankly I don't know—just habit I think. But we would never dream of starting a meal until grace has been said—and in fact I insist on the children bowing their heads quietly and on Richard saying the words if not reverently, at least decently. I

think all this is odd myself, so I should not be surprised at anything others thought about it.

WE have had some very amusing experiences over grace. Friends and relatives know of our habits, of course, but for strangers I usually explain that it is our custom and ask for silence for a moment. Sometimes this is met with the raised eyebrows of astonishment, and occasionally even complete ignorance of what I mean. Sometimes when we have a saintly visitor or a wealthy relative or someone like that to dinner, I have been unable at the crucial moment to remember the words—which makes it look as though the whole thing is a put-up job. Once, a business acquaintance remarked loudly at the conclusion: "You don't often meet that sort of stunt these days, do you?" And he was right. Among all our friends grace before meat has died out as an institution. Our circle is roughly the lower professional class—lawyers, accountants, dentists, school teachers,

newspapermen, government clerks, and bank officials, and I am pretty positive that none of the families says grace, except perhaps a few who are active Church members.

I was in an amateur dramatic production once of Thornton Wilder's "The Long Christmas Dinner." The whole of the action takes place round a Christmas dinner table, and the father of the family starts off by saying grace. When it came to rehearsing that play I found I was the only member of the cast who knew the words of a grace.

ON the other hand, there are the folk who not only say grace but have some "stunt" of their own. One couple say it silently, i.e. they bow their heads and close their eyes and presumably think the words, though how this is going to work out when their babies grow up a bit, I don't know. Another family (I haven't seen this) say they hold hands round the table while grace is being said. They say it is an old English custom. I also know a quiet home and a charming old couple where grace is a real institution. Not only is it very comprehensive and said in a low voice, but it is both preceded and followed by a lengthy period of silence. Not knowing when the silence was due to finish

troubled me at first, but now I think it is rather beautiful. We get few enough periods of contemplative hush in this life.

Perhaps all this is one reason why I rather like at 9 o'clock every night: "All stations are now standing by for the period of silent prayer during the chiming of Big Ben."

The steady, unharried chimes of Big Ben coming through the night from war-battered London thrill me—a symbol of the majesty of Britain linked with quiet resolution. I have no faith in the God of Battles listening to and answering the prayer of unbelievers because we now find ourselves in a tight spot. In fact, I rather agree with Oscar Wilde (I think it was) who said that prayer should not be answered because it then ceased to be prayer and becomes a correspondence. But the old Quaker custom of keeping silent appeals to me. Just as in our own little family we are none the worse for quietly bowing our heads before a meal, so I think the whole Dominion is all the better for stilling the racket in this manner for at least one period of the day, and perhaps (who knows) some quiet peace and comfort may steal into our hearts.