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GIVE IT A NAME - IF YOU CAN!

THE ways of satisfying the radio public's apparently insatiable craze for general information are legion, and scarcely a week passes but someone at the ZB stations thinks up another one. There is *Information Please*, in which you are allowed to ask questions and in which, if you are shrewd enough, and even if completely stumped, you can often bluff your way through to the correct answer and a cash prize. There is *Spelling Jackpots*, which is an easily tapped source of pocket-money for precise spellers. As special departments of human knowledge there are *Sports Quizzes*, *Movie Quizzes*, *What's That Noise Quizzes*, and the patron saint of radio quizzes alone knows what else besides.

In the realm of straight-out general knowledge is an

interesting quiz which hides under the title of *Give It a Name Jackpots*. It caters specially for contestants with agile brains and a good fund of superficial general knowledge. If you can announce without running to an encyclopædia which planet has five rings around it and who painted the Mona Lisa, you should enter for it. You may win anything from a shilling to several pounds. In hard cash with no deductions for wage tax.

* * *

IT is Monday night, the time is 8.30 and the 22B studio is already thronged with a dozen or more people whose embarrassment announces plainly that they are about to be put through the general knowledge hoops before a microphone which will betray their probable ignorance to thousands of radio listeners.

A few minutes before 8.45 o'clock, which is the time at which the *Give It a Name* session is due on the air, the competitors, 14 of them now, group themselves in a wide semi-circle around the microphone, standing at which is 22B's Michael Forlong, who conducts the session and is a person of some importance to-night.

The strain of waiting is telling on some of the competitors, and it is interesting to study their reactions. Two young women conceal their nervousness by knitting furiously; a schoolboy sits hunched up with a slightly pallid smile; two young men shift about uneasily and make nervous jokes; a plump, pretty girl of eighteen or so clasps her hands tightly in her lap and smiles ferociously at everyone; a bright little girl in green sits rigidly upright in her chair and engages Michael Forlong in conversation.

Mr. Forlong, for his part, attempts to put everyone at ease with a flow of light conversation, and is finally reduced to telling that amusing old story about the two men who went into a fish and chips shop and one asked for fish and chips and the other for chips and fish, so how did the woman behind the counter know the second man was a sailor? (Because he wore a sailor's uniform.)

* * *

SUDDENLY there is a time signal, a commercial announcement, and *Give It a Name Jackpots* is on the air.

The first competitor, who is a young woman, draws question number three which is as follows: "One of the finest of all the works of a celebrated painter was stolen and recovered after a period of 25 years. It had been taken to America



from England and was located by the well-known detective firm of Pinkertons. The name of the thief was Joe Elliott, the name of the picture The Duchess of Devonshire. What was the name of the man who painted the portrait?"

This question, it is announced, is worth 15/-, but even that cannot inspire the unhappy competitor. She twists her fingers, suggests Reynolds not too hopefully and then confesses she is stumped. She is told that it was Gainsborough.

Another competitor, a girl who announces herself as "Acushla," and who is asked to name the man of French extraction who in the 19th century set himself up as the Paramount Chief of New Zealand, smiles ingenuously at Mr. Forlong and says brightly "Can I ask a question?" She is reminded sadly that this is not *Information Please*, and she subsides with a woeful "The only person I can think of is Busby." It was, of course, Baron De Thierry, and but for her lamentable lack of knowledge of early New Zealand history, she would have been five shillings to the good.

The next competitor, who gives the name "Jack," very nearly meets disaster when he is asked to name the film actress who often expresses a desire to go home; her original home was not in America where she now works. "I don't go the pictures very often," he says. "I'm afraid it doesn't mean very much to me." There is a certain amount of ribald laughter from the other competitors. "It wouldn't be Garbo, would it?" Jack suggests hesitatingly. Of course it would be.

Question number eleven has a value of £1/15/- and it falls to a young woman. She is asked to name a well known English caricaturist of the last century who is probably best known today for the illustrations he did for Dickens's works, but who also illustrated the works of Defoe, Goldsmith, and Scott. The young woman chews her lip and there is an awful look of concentration on her face. Then, when her time has all but run out, she cries breathlessly, "Cruikshank." And so it was.

* * *

HERE, for the benefit of people who didn't hear the session, are the other questions:

A British sculptor born of Russo-Polish parents in New York. He has

(Continued on next page)

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