

(continued from previous page)

crossed the stage. (Was it an accident?) The tension grew. Then it came. . .

"What do you play a mandolin with?"

The lady thought a moment. "A thumb pick."

For the first time that night, Mr. Toogood looked uncertain. "Well, actually, it's called a plectrum, but . . ." his face cleared, "some people call it a thumb pick. Yes, we'll give you that." He leaned forward, and the microphone seemed to cower, as he yelled, "You've got it! You go for *It's In the Bag*!" They embraced. The Master looked pleased and happy. The lady looked dazed.

But more was to come. It was a middle-sized bag. Could be anything. The auction started. This would be the test.

"I'll give you ten pounds," yelled Mr. Toogood. "What'll you have? The money or the bag?"

This was easy. "I'll take the bag," said the lady.

"You never know," said the Master, "that bag might contain anything. We had a gent a while ago got an all-day sucker! Better take the money!"

"I'll take the bag."

"Fifteen pounds!"

The audience yelled: "The money!"—"The Bag!"—"The money!"—"The Bag!" Mostly it was the men who went for the money. Fifteen pounds is 600 beers in any man's language. The ladies preferred to gamble. After all, it wasn't their money . . . and that gleaming fridge!

There was a longer hesitation now. (Was the all-day sucker making itself felt?) And a subdued: "I'll stick to the bag."

And so it went, to £30. In the audience, the money-takers began to make themselves heard. The Master became more persuasive. He begged her to take the money. He thought only of her interests! Wasn't £30 in the hand worth an old sock in the bag? Well, wasn't it?

The lady held out. In the 20th Century, temptation was offered by the man, and the woman proved stronger. With the rest, we ceased breathing as the Master drew from the bag a tiny envelope. He tarried. He disputed. He even (we say it quietly) was guilty of a terminological inexactitude. Then he gave it away. It was a fridge! Not the largest, but the answer to most household dreams. The lady raised a smile, the audience a cheer, and the Master embraced the winner again. Rewards all round.

Later, we tracked the lady down. "I was sick with worry," she told us. "And sweating like a man. It was a terrible decision to make, especially when he got to thirty pounds." What, we asked, finally forced the decision? "Well," she said, "my husband and I had often talked about it, and we decided we'd take the bag. Anyway, it was *their* money we took a chance on." It turned out she'd qualified with a question on the eye-colour of a new-born babe. "I've got two." She giggled. "They had dark blue eyes. So I said that."

And how, we asked, did she happen to know all the answers? "Well, I left school early," she said. "But I do an awful lot of crossword puzzles. And whenever I find a word I don't know, I go straight to the dictionary."

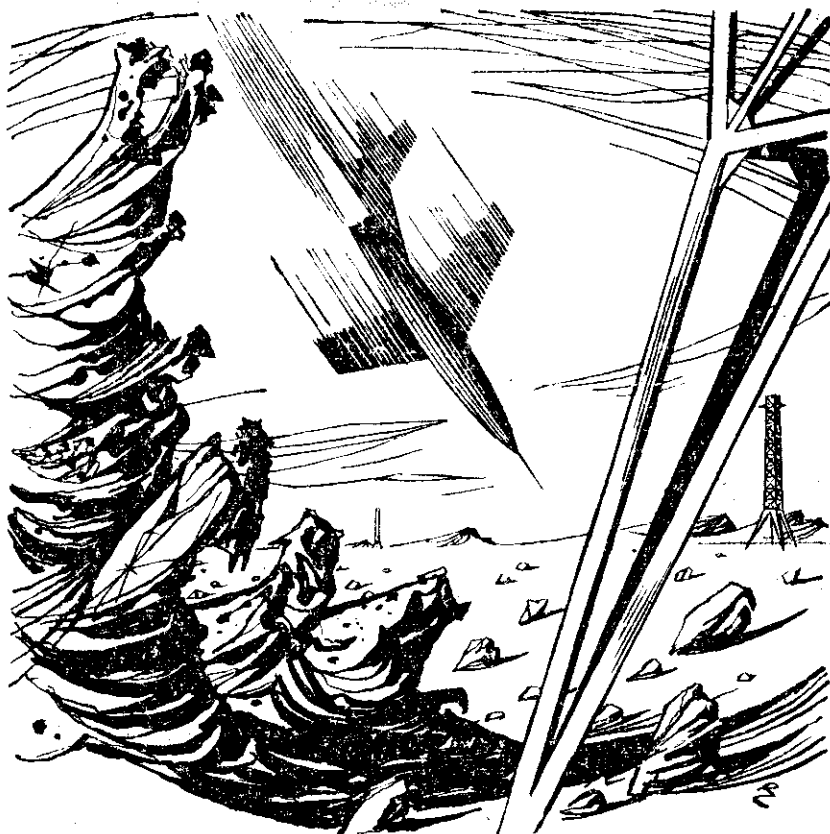
To complete the record, we approached a man who'd missed on his last—and vital—question. How did he feel? He tried to look glum, and failed. "Oh, well. Either you know it or you don't." Not the philosophers of old could have said a more final word.

Doomsday Story

TEN seconds . . . nine . . . eight . . . seven . . . six . . . five . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one . . . zero . . . Thus the seconds are counted, while the world waits. A new and powerful H-bomb is being exploded, and some scientists say it could misfire.

This cheerless consequence of man's desire for absolute security keynotes a new NZBS play to be broadcast in the ZB Sunday Showcase next week. Appropriately titled *The Doomsday Story*, the play deals largely with the efforts of a journalist to avert what could be the end of the world. At the beginning, the newshawk, Bill Sandys, has learned, no doubt from "authoritative sources," that in six days' time a newly-evolved super-hydrogen bomb will be detonated in the Australian desert. He has learned, too, that 12 of the world's most eminent scientists consider its effects could not be accurately predicted. "A week after the Bikini bombs were exploded, radio-activity was detected 4000 miles away in San Francisco. Winds had carried the air-mass that far and that fast. The radio-activity was weak, but it was there. And that was only a little old-fashioned atom-bomb. The new H-2 is a grown-up."

So, in six days, Bill Sandys must tell the world. He must arouse public opinion to the pitch where the public will force obedience on those who are determined the experiment shall go on. But Bill Sandys had no easy task. Governments must accept the advice of their experts, even if those experts are sometimes prepared to take risks. On the last day but one the journalist was writing: "There is one day more before the greater jury—the peoples of the

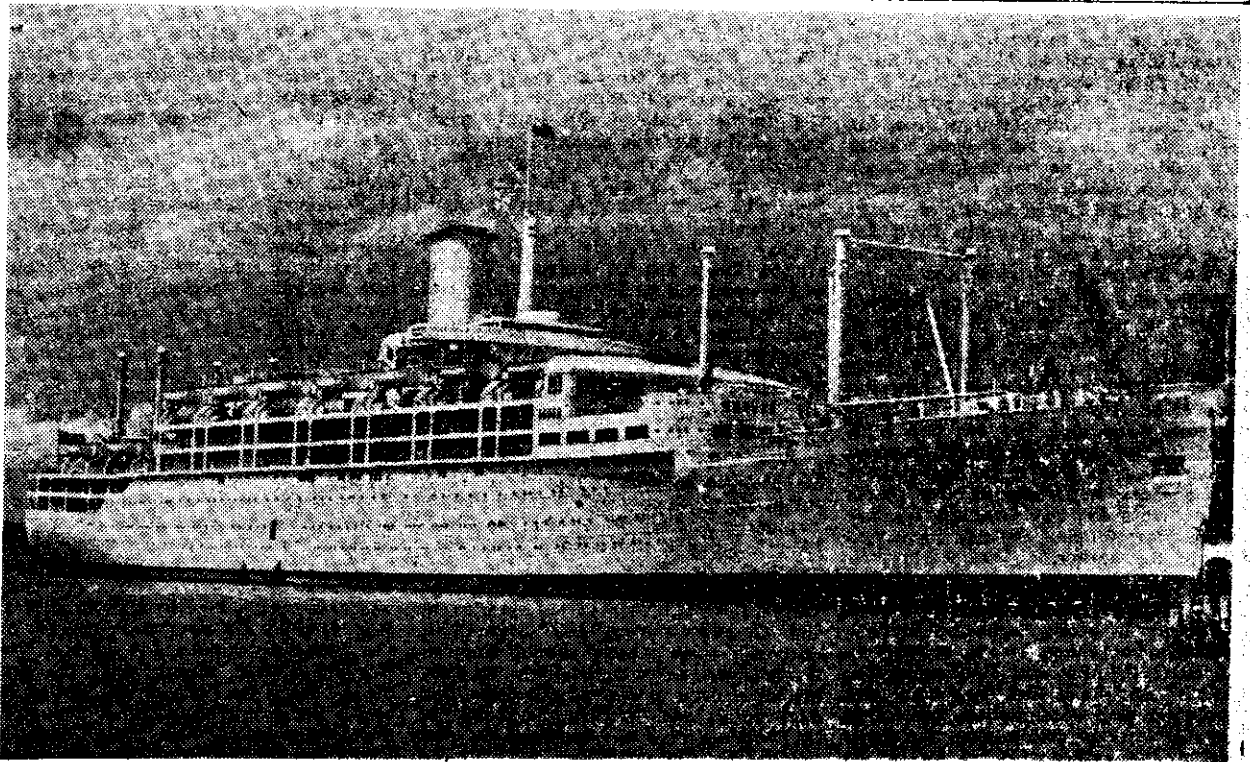


world—decide whether the H-2 experiment should be made, or stopped, and whether man has the power to call a halt to his inhumanity to man, before it is too late, and he is executed in his millions across the face of the earth. . .

Alongside his main theme, the playwright, Elleston Trevor, finds space for a more personal story of the reactions of men and women during the tense period of waiting for what may be the end. The play was adapted from the

novel by Warwick Scott and produced at the Wellington studios of the NZBS. The parts of Bill Sandys and his romantic interest Philippa Menton are played by Hector Ross (see page 28) and his wife, June Sylvaine, both of whom toured New Zealand recently with the *Dial M for Murder* company. Jago, the press-syndicate chief, is played by Patrick Smyth.

The Doomsday Story will be broadcast by all ZB stations at 9.35 p.m. on Sunday, August 1.



A PORTRAIT OF LIFE aboard the trans-Pacific liner Oronsay (above) is given in the programme "Floating City," which will be broadcast on a link of the YA stations at 9.30 a.m. on Sunday, July 25. The programme was recorded by Jack Dobson on the liner's first scheduled trip from Australia and New Zealand to Canada and the United States. It includes interviews with Captain S. S. Burnnand, O.B.E., and Sir Colin Anderson, a director of the Orient Line in London.