

(continued from previous page)

those two Adams *spécialités de maison*, biscuits-and-cheese or biscuits-and-tomato.

VERY occasionally I think it would be nice to know the Joneses. I would like a slip of that little blue creeper of hers, and it's a pity when all the Adams greens have been scratched up by the hens to see next-door's silver beet going up to seed entirely disregarded. But this is more than cancelled out by the delicious detachment with which I was able to view Mr. Jones's indisposition of last week. (We thought there must be something wrong when the lawn wasn't mowed last Saturday, but knew it couldn't be really serious when the doctor didn't come. Sure enough, he emerged wanly in dressing-gown and pyjamas to take the sun last Wednesday, so I deduced it was just that 'flu that's going round and round). It was so nice not having to rush in with anxious enquiries or whip up a bowl of broth.

And I sometimes feel that there are disadvantages to the Joneses in not

knowing us. I felt quite sorry for Mrs. Jones yesterday as I watched her with little ineffectual heartfelt cries trying to shoo our hens off her strawberry bed, debarred by the mere lack of an introduction from coming round to my front door and demanding that something be done about it.

But perhaps we haven't so very long to enjoy our freedom from the responsibilities of neighbourliness. Already, as we stand together at the bus stop or pass on our way to the beach I feel that slight loosening at the corners of the mouth that will, I am afraid, in time lead to a smile, an indiscretion which might precipitate both families into the sterilities of formal acquaintance. Let me at all costs postpone it another twenty years. Only then, I feel, when the ranks of the little Adamses have been thinned by matrimony and malnutrition (must at all costs get some vegetables in next spring, though useless till the fowl-run's fixed), only then will I feel equal to the task of keeping up with the Joneses. Till then—it's so nice not knowing them.



IF you have ever wondered at the popularity of juvenile quiz sessions among grown-up listeners, most parents could supply an explanation. After any normal day, in which one has been harried from crack of dawn to dewy eve by an unending barrage of unrelated questions, it is peculiarly relaxing to the mind (and refreshing to the spirit) to sit at ease and listen while the young are themselves exposed to the same treatment. So far as Quiz Kids contests are concerned, there is, of course, the additional element of wonder that young heads should hold such quantities of miscellaneous information, and that children who are usually assumed to have a dislike for the formal pursuit of knowledge should answer with enthusiasm questions which in school would bore them into silence.

There was certainly no boredom when the Dunedin Quiz Kids team met Auckland in the final of the National Quiz Kids' Championship. Eight teams started in the contest, four in the North

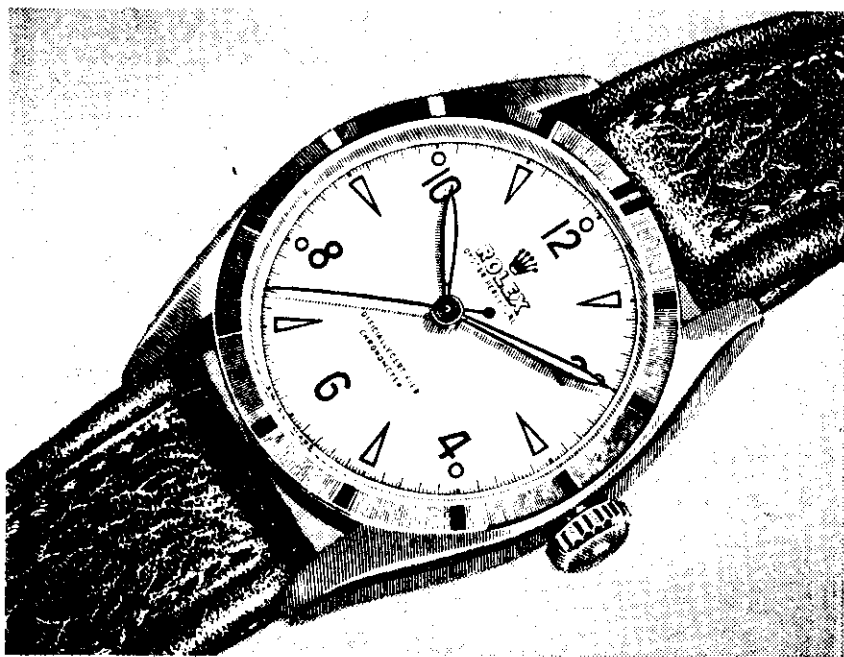
Island and four in the South, and the final was held on December 14.

Victory went to Dunedin, and the members of the winning team were (above, left to right): Paul Aubin (15), Charles Croot (15), Ken Price (12), Brian Merrilees (13), and Dierdre Boyes (12). They and their Auckland opponents were quizzed in their home city studios, and marks were awarded by the quiz-master, Selwyn Toogood, who conducted the session from Wellington. The quiz called for much preparation, not only in the way of transmission arrangements within the ZB network, but also in the choice and grading of questions. Only one slight hitch occurred—when one of the contestants offered an unexpected answer—but expert confirmation was provided by the Wellington Zoo authorities within a few minutes.

Because of the popularity of the contest with both listeners and contestants it is possible that another National Championship will be held in 1952. (See also page 17).

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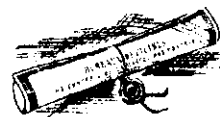
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