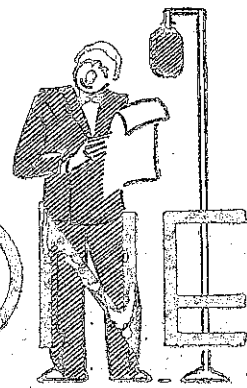


Your Side of the MICROPHONE



MANY of our well-known artists and other people of note could speak of some interesting incidents or stories in their lives.

An ideal broadcast could be arranged as a series on these lines, and prominent people asked to contribute a talk each week about how they became famous, or started on the road to success, and their ambitions. Such sessions would prove an encouragement to many listeners, and much could be learned in this way, by the less fortunate ones, from

Prize-winners this week are: M. Dalziel, Christchurch (7/6); "Good Meals," Dunedin (5/-); "Gemini," Timaru, "Sleepy Sol," Palmerston North, "Doggie," South Canterbury, "Junette," Wellington (2/6 each). Prize-money will be forwarded at the end of each month. Address your entries (not more than 150 words each), to "SAFETY VALVE," P.O. Box 1680, Wellington.

shed—all will be found to figure here—"Miser," Auckland.

Tell Them Yourself

"J.L." (R.R. 25/3/38) thinks this page requires more praise for programmes and announcers, and less

"suggestions." I appreciate his sentiments, but has he noticed the heading to the page, "Your Side of the Microphone"?

Isn't the idea, as the name implies, a "safety valve" for listeners?

Praise your favourite announcers certainly, but why impersonally, on this page? If you admire a particular radio personality, why not write a little

IS THIS WHAT

Aunt Daisy Does On Sunday?

"I WONDER what Aunt Daisy does on Sunday?" said a friend idly one day. Immediately a picture rose up before me. Aunt Daisy sat before a table spread with food and drink. She stretched out a charming pair of ankles clad in Barm stockings and rested her feet on a Breatholite suitcase. "It won't hurt," she said briskly. "It's light as a feather and strong as iron." She took a spoonful of Breddo Pudding with Hustle's Cream flowing richly over it. "Ah," cried Aunt Daisy, smacking her lips, "delicious," and washed it down with a draught of Borni-bite, then on to a tasty morsel of Glibby's Baked Beans and a Bunco Blancmange, followed by a refreshing cup of tea. "And whose tea do you think?" Aunt Daisy enquired of a seagrass chair which had just had a coat of Wenulo. "Why, Pushell's, of course, my dear." Then Aunt Daisy gave a yawn. A glazed look crept over her eyes. She roused herself and took up a fork. But in the act of spearing a King Henry sardine, the Sandman sold Aunt Daisy some of his stuff and as she drifted off she murmured, "Beautiful, beautiful,"—M. Dalziel, Christchurch.

men and women, many of whom have had to fight their way up from a small beginning.—"Gemini," Timaru.

Black Sundays

MUST we go all "highbrow" on Sundays? Sunday night after Sunday night, I yawn my way through operas,

orchestral and band items, etc., etc. I very nearly wear out my wireless set switching first to this station and then to that. On rare (very rare) occasions, a little humour is heard, and what a relief it is!

We not-so-musical listeners are beginning to regard our Sunday programmes (more especially after 8 p.m.) as "black."

Could they not possibly give us more songs, more humour, and perhaps a little drama? If not—excuse my yawning.—"Sleepy Sol," Palmerston North.

A Dog's Taste

IN reading "Red Ryan's" and "Klon-dike Kate's" remarks about sessions, and thinking what a difficult matter it would be to suit every individual taste, an incident came to my mind which shows that even dogs have their taste in radio programmes.

During a visit to a farm in the back-blocks, our host, who had been living alone nearly all his life, and who had a crystal set, was enjoying a listen-in, when his old dog came in and got on a chair next her master. Instantly our host removed his earphones and placed them on the dog. She wagged her tail in appreciation. "She has a listen-in every night," he said. "She's very fond of music, but when a drama comes on she always asks me to take them off."

We watched, and after a while she became restless and barked—we then listened and found a play was in progress.—"Doggie," South Canterbury.

Filthy Lucre

THE greatest power on earth is "money." A debatable statement? I think not. From the old days of barter to these modern days, wealth, in the guise of purchasing power, has lifted its fortunate possessor into a supreme position.

Now, to many of us the word "money" conveys little beyond the fact that we either have it (ware the tax-collector) or we haven't. But there is more to it than that. The history of "money," or to be more exact "purchasing power," is long and intensely interesting. Give us a series of talks on the evolution of money and the history of coinage. Ambition, romance, blood-

GOOD MEALS

Helpful Advice on Diet Problem

ALL housewives are interested in the diet problem. As Dr. Ulrich Williams is to speak on health and diet from B stations, it would be a good idea for him to give some really helpful hints and ideas for meals suitable for our N.Z. climate instead of the destructive criticism he has handed out in his articles in the "Radio Record."—"Good Meals," Dunedin.

note and tell him, or her, so? I think announcers would appreciate it, and it would bridge the gap that exists, not between listener and announcer, but between announcer and listener.—"Junette," Wellington.

Poetry Contest

WE have had a play contest—and another is being conducted—and a Deanna Durbin contest. They have been unqualified successes because of the talent unearthed.

Now what about a poetry contest?

Such a contest may stimulate unknown merit to discover itself. Many publications try to achieve this; but the competitive atmosphere of a nation-wide radio quest should have greater success, and, above all, tend toward that cultural uplift which is surely the primary object of our increased leisure.—"Ars Poetica," Howick.

WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE
For Children's Hacking Cough