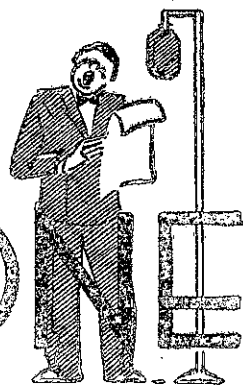


Your Side of the MICROPHONE



THE "Record" certainly deserves credit for publishing its very entertaining articles on debatable modern topics. Why, then, isn't the idea carried one step further, and the controversies of such great men as Gordon Mirams and Maros Gray (to say nothing of "Sari" and the swarm of opponents he seems to be raising), broadcast for the edification and amusement of the listeners, who could—by voting—determine the winner of such a debate. Fin-

Prize-winners this week are:—"J.G.," Southland (7/6); "Junette," Wellington (5/-); Ngaire Hogan, Auckland; "Admirer," Auckland; Jupiter," Otago; "Pakeha," Christchurch (2/6 each). Address your entries (not more than 150 words each), to "SAFETY VALVE," P.O. Box 1680, Wellington. Prize-money will be forwarded at the end of the month.

To-day the position has changed. Refinement and culture can, and does, work hand in hand with commerce.—"Admirer," Auckland.

Records With Talks

I ASK you, as man to man, if it's necessary for the various young lady announcers of the Commercial stations to play so many records during their half-hour talks? Most listeners have already heard several hours of recordings, and it's impossible to make sense of a talk when, after about four sentences, the lady brightly announces: "And now I think we'll have some music"—then when it's over, she breathlessly observes, "I do love Paul Robeson" (or whoever it is)—"don't you?"—and now to return to our subject." My feeble mind cannot cope with it, and I am left with a confused jumble of disjointed sentences.—"Jupiter," Otago.

Matter of Timing

TO the average listener in the Dominion, the programmes of the National Broadcasting Service leave little to be desired. To my way of thinking, however, the times at which the various items are broadcast could well do with some slight adjustment. For example, the dance music does not begin until ten, a time when most country listeners are thinking of bed; and a weekly dance programme, commencing at 8 p.m., from one or the other of the main stations, would be much appreciated. Then again, the other day I heard an aviation talk directed to boys at 1.15 p.m., a time when they are at school; surely between 12 to 1.0 or 4.30 to 5.0, would be a better period?—"Tiempo," Te Aroha.

"Poor Children"

SO amusing to read the "Record's" learned article, "Not So Naive," and then look at children and grown-ups enjoying fun and nonsense from Uncle Mick and Sambo at 3ZR. This uncle must surely have the long-distance record for a one-man show—and he is still going strong. Never say we lack creative artists while Uncle Mick lives.

Now it is hard to believe that Westland children are more naive than those elsewhere. So why not make re-

cords of this session and try out a series at other stations? The rough edges (and there are plenty), would have to be smoothed off, and the enjoyable local jokes left out, but something would be left to make your poor children forget the

terrible state of things in Europe.—"Very Naive," Westland.

Parlez-Vous Maori

A WEEK or two ago a contributor suggested a short session each week for lessons in French and German. I, too, would welcome this, but

NEW COMPLAINT

Radioitis

I SUFFER from a new complaint! Am I becoming super-radio-minded?

Dear old great-aunt Agatha (who possesses wealth and few relations) asks me to accompany her to the pictures. I do a high-pressure mental review of the evening's radio programmes—Ted and Aggie Nobody, Greasy Faces, Something Always Happens—

"Awful sorry, Auntie," I murmur. "Choir practice to-night."

Next morning Lucille rings and invites me to morning tea. "Sorry, darling," I carol, "I'm shopping with Garbo."

"What?" says Lucille vaguely. I repeat. She rings off violently.

About two the phone rings again. "Bridge, dear, do come!" Swift mental calculation reminds me of "Between You and I and the Gatepost." "Dentist," I wail, and hang up.

Peace till 6.45. Boy-hero calls with the car. Frantically I think of "The Baling Butcher," "Cock-Eye the Wailer," "The Fair Intruder"—and develop agonising toothache. Boy-hero sympathetically offers to call next morning on his way to work. This is too much. Weakly I whisper, "Aunt Daisy!" and swoon away.—"Junette," Wellington.

why not first of all put on a session of lessons in Maori? We hear a lot from time to time of the beauty of our native language. It certainly sounds beautiful, but if we could understand it, what further beauties might we not get out of it?—"Pakeha," Christchurch.

FOR A LARK

Impromptu Speeches

CANDIDLY now, don't you think the average broadcast talk savours too much of exactness and carefully-thought-outness, which makes the topic rather boring to the listener who is relaxing after a heavy day's work?

To produce a happy, natural atmosphere, and banish the usual artificiality, why not have a session for impromptu talks—and, incidentally, we could have some good laughs without fear of hurting the speaker's feelings!

Let the talks be conducted according to the usual competition rules; that is, the speaker chooses one folded slip of paper from a heap of several, thinks about the topic for one minute, and delivers his speech within five minutes.

I am sure there would be plenty of volunteers from the cities, especially if a prize were attached.—"J.G.," Southland.

ally, when the programme had become sufficiently popular, Mr. Savage and Mr. Hamilton, without their opposing factions, could bring their disagreements to a head.—Ngaire Hogan, Auckland.

A Bouquet

SOME of your correspondents seem to consider that "Safety Valve" should be used as a means by which praise and admiration may descend upon deserving announcers, etc.

It is a good idea, and, with your permission, I will act upon it. When advertising was first introduced into radio, I, in common with many others, hated it. It was noisy and foreign to us. In tone it was cheap and vulgar.