

Your Side of the MICROPHONE



I'M in just the same fix as "Juliana," who wrote a short time ago about a "Flappers" session, the only difference being that I'm a man, and *what* a man! Six-foot-one of splendid young (only 35) manhood, handsomer than any hero of fiction! I possess, among many other attractions, a lovely chin built distinctly on Mussolini lines. Now why is it that I'm not beloved by all ladies?

I can be slick and Clark Gable in the latest check suit; gay and debonair in slacks and silk shirt; or very cavemannah, and move about with untamed grace in denims and a holey singlet.

I can say "Bai Jove, my deah girl," or "Damn it all, wench," with equal fervour and meaning. When proposing I can be casually indifferent, or infinitely tender and, then again, I can

ELECTION TIME

Advice For Women Voters

THE Municipal Elections are approaching, and women have a vote. Will they use that vote? Will they use it intelligently? I suggest a series of talks to educate the women, to awaken them to a sense of their responsibilities and to make them civic-minded.

Let some clear-minded, impartial person point out to the women of New Zealand that they must not vote for a man because they once knew his uncle's cousin's aunt, or because he's got a smile like Clarke Gable, or because the last person they spoke to outside the polling booth told them to vote for him.

They must vote for a man because he is the man for them and their interests, and they should take into consideration the rest of his ticket and the policy of that ticket.

I do not advocate propaganda, but merely education.

—*"Suffragette," Auckland.*

This week, prizes have been won as follows: "J.H.S.," Timaru (7/6); "Suffragette," Auckland (5/-); "Julius," Kumara, "Potential Customer," Auckland, "Sally Horner," Frankton Junction, and "Talking Gas," North Brighton (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.

"Floppers" (masculine of flapper?) session, wherein you could answer this burning question, and perhaps coach us in the noble art of crooning.—*"Julius," Kumara.*

Introductions

I FIND I am always more interested in the sessions when I know who the announcers are (although not knowing them personally), and, judging by requests in the slaps and claps session, 1ZB, there are evidently others who like to know who the announcer is, too.

I would like to suggest that each announcer introduce his successor, particularly from the Commercial stations. To my mind this gives the personal and human touch so necessary in making any advertisement convincing.—*"Potential Customer" (Auckland).*

First Aid

FOR people, especially mothers, in isolated country districts, short talks on First Aid would be appreciated. Just a few minutes at a time, a little and often, is much easier to remember than a long talk would be. Also, it would be one way of reaching Maori women. Ignorance is responsible for many deaths. New ways of dealing with sickness and slight accidents are constantly being discovered. As an example, take burns or scalds. How many people or how few people know the best way to treat a burn, and, again, with sprains and bruises, which is to be used, hot or cold compresses?—*"Sally Horner" (Frankton Junction).*

Sunday Nights

IN reply to "Sleepy Sol's" complaint about "highbrow" Sunday night programmes, I can assure him (?) that there are plenty who shudder at the "lowbrow" Saturday programmes. To be sure, some of the secondary stations would be worth listening to, but, unfortunately, it is not always possible to hear them. On Sundays the "Sleepy Sols" of the listening public can at least fortify themselves with a certain amount of light music during the day, but on Saturdays the "highbrows" do not even have their afternoon classical hour to console them for the lack of

entertainment in the evening. It seems a pity that one of the YA stations could not broadcast on Saturday night the kind of programme considered suitable for Sunday, and vice-versa. If, however, this cannot be, let "Sleepy Sol" remember that Sunday is the opera fans' only night.—*"Listener," Morrinsville.*

FED UP!

Recipes Galore

WHAT well-fed beings the men of to-day must be. One wonders what our fathers did for changes in menus, or, indeed, how they existed at all. Turn on to 3ZB.—We get "Sunshine Gracie" with recipes galore. Hoping for a change, we switch to 2ZB, and there we find someone else dispensing latest information in the culinary art.

Then "Gran" at 1ZB, and Gill at Dunedin are just the same. In desperation we turn to the YA stations only to receive another avalanche of recipes and talks on Home Science. Sadly we turn off the radio, coming to the conclusion that we are a nation of gourmands.—*J.H.S., Timaru.*

Sports For Boys

ON behalf of my friends, may I put forth a suggestion to you. This suggestion would also be popular among other youth of New Zealand. This is a "sports talk" for boys, a talk which we would benefit from, and also it would be very interesting. I remember listening, once a week, to a talk on tennis given over during a children's session. I myself benefited from this, learning various points that I had never heard of before. There could be a talk about football, explaining points and giving us a small story about such great figures as George Nepia. How to keep fit, could also be another point. In summer, swimming, tennis or cricket could be the subjects. I am sure there would be many of us boys who would give up a lot to listen to the "sports talk."—*A.T. (Wellington).*

THE United States remains an extraordinarily old-fashioned country.—*Mr. H. G. Wells.*

acclaim my great love with the most turbulent passion ever witnessed by woman.

There's only one thing I can't do, and that is croon. Now, tell me kindly, Mike, is this the reason for the aloofness of the ladies? May I suggest a