

Your Side of the MICROPHONE



ALL the world loves a lover, and every happily and unhappily married woman readily gives advice and assistance to the bride. But there are brides—many of them—living in remote places or debarred by reason of personal pride from seeking the help of neighbours and friends. Poor brides! Their problems are many and varied from the culinary questions of just how many seconds an egg should be cooked, to how many stitches are required before that button on hubbies' trousers becomes a permanent fixture. Give the brides a real orange blossom session of their own and smooth the stony path of matrimony for them.—"Klondike Kate," Auckland.

Race Dividends

WHY don't they announce the dividends paid at race meetings? The law as it stands simply prohibits publication in newspapers or by exhibiting documents in public giving the information. The broadcast word was undreamed of when the law was enacted.

FOR POISE

Talks On How To Behave

THE isolation of our land denies us many things which those who rub shoulders with the polished peoples of the older countries of the world enjoy—a certain ease of manner, a poise which comes of knowing and of doing the correct thing naturally and, indeed, unconsciously. We may never feel our need acutely if we remain safely at home, but let us leave our native shore, and we immediately realise our disadvantage; for even though we may never become sticklers in our observance of all the forms and ceremonies which apply to our social life, there is a tremendous advantage in being well-informed. Many, I am sure, would appreciate a weekly evening talk on etiquette, followed by the answering of questions.—"A.R.C.A." (Te Aroha).

Personally, I have twice heard dividends announced, but no proceedings were taken. The point could be settled in a simple way by the authorities obtaining a legal opinion and having a

Prize-winners this week are: "Solemn" Christchurch (7/6); "A.R.C.A." Te Aroha (5/-); "Klondike Kate," Auckland; "A.L.," Wellington; "Vox Missa," Wellington, and "Needles," Otorohanga (2/6 each). Send 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 each month.

case decided in the courts.—"Vox Missa," Wellington.

Plain And Purl

HOW about it ladies? Every other woman in New Zealand at present is knitting in preparation for the winter, so why not let us have a little bit of time over the air? A competent woman could describe new stitches in a few words and provide us with other hints on the subject. These talks would interest all women—and some men too. Why shouldn't our programme have a homely touch as we sit over a fire and count the stitches?—"Needles," Otorohanga.

Publicity

IT was the nervous voice of an old lady, a soft, bewildered and uneducated voice, but the voice of a very human person.

She told the old, old story of the pioneer—of coach-drives over ill-made roads, of loneliness and hardship, of flood and fire and (piece de resistance, this) of a bushranger. You saw a little weatherboard house lit with kerosene lamps, the only light for miles around. "And it was so quiet," she said, "except when the dingoes howled. . ."

Then the announcer, brisk and businesslike—"But a few years ago Mrs. Jones was troubled with rheumatism and obtained great benefit from Sure-Cure Pills, sold everywhere at 1/6 per bottle. Is that not right, Mrs. Jones? Now our time is up, and Mrs. Jones will say good-night."

I was about to switch the thing off when the Voice came on again, rather bewildered now but undaunted by modern science or modern ways, and as though speaking to her flock of children Mrs. Jones said simply and sweetly. "Good-night, my dears."—"A.L.," Wellington.

For Dull Days

TO-DAY is a melancholy day. It is cold; the hills are shrouded in mists; frequent rain showers keep everything extremely moist and dreary. According to weather reports, this condition seems fairly general.

And here we sit like birds in the wilderness, as the old song goes, des-

perately fighting off Old Man Depression, turning the dial round and round in a frantic search for bright entertainment. From one station come "Household Hints" (and we're fed up completely with the house to-day), from a second comes a talk on China (for very small children, evidently), and from a third comes

heavy, ultra-classical music.

Please, Mr. Programme Organiser, could you not alter your more serious programmes on days like these, and give us something cheery and happy?—"Junette," Wellington.

OUTCLASSED!

Salesmanship De Luxe

WE all know those enthusiastic if misguided gentlemen who can, at a moment's notice, dash into raptures over the wonders of their respective cities and scorn the attractions of less favoured spots.

Take Christchurch's Avon (about three fire-buckets would do), Dunedin's cable-cars, Auckland's . . . um . . . Oh! Yes! Auckland's unconventional Domain-keeper, Sydney's bridge, etc.

Hear their sponsors rave with fiery abandon that nothing can compare; nothing is quite so unusual, so wonderful.

But, Mr. Microphone, listen to our favourite ZB announcer proclaiming the virtues of Truffles Tinned Trotters. Hear his voice hushed in reverence; imagine him stroking the precious label, caressing its immaculate smoothness, crooning to its delectable contents and then his firm, sincere tones of warm frankness as he presses on us the urgency of not delaying one moment before securing this prize.

Is this not enthusiasm surpassing our earnest citizens? How would this gentleman describe Our Avon?

—"Solemn" (Christchurch).

Child Stars

SOME time ago, there was a programme called "Stars in the Nursery"—a recital by world-famous children. If they have any more programmes like this one I should be glad if they would let us hear them. Being youthful and very fond of music, I like to hear children of my own age (or younger), who have made good in the musical world.—"Mad About Music," Hastings.