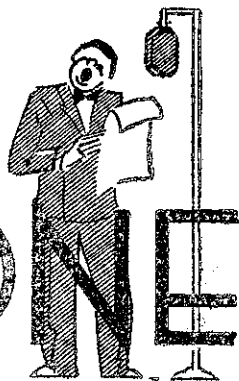


Your Side of the MICROPHONE



A RIOT of colourful costumes and decorations—

cheerful voices—cheerful, lilting dance strains. No winter night is without these bright scenes; these merry dances. In contrast, let us focus our attention

on those who sit drearily by the fire, knitting bed-socks to warm their motionless feet; dreaming that each stitch is a step in the dance they will never dance. Why only dreaming? Hear! O readers, the prosaic answer of the average working girl. "We cannot dance, and we cannot afford to learn."

Commercial stations welcome suggestions. So, what of a dancing session, with a bright announcer? Teach

JUST LIKE SHEEP

Follow-My-Leader Programmes

MR. "Programme Organiser," take note if your country cousin likens you to a "sheep." A sheep (in case you don't know) will always follow its mates, even over a cliff. This "following one another" in radio programmes is what I find so monotonous. First of all, the chimes are the most important event on the programme. Announcers all "down tools" and stand by for them. As if one station could not enlighten those unable to afford a watch!

And then between 9 and 10 a.m. all National stations shut down for a late breakfast. They evidently hate music with their own breakfast; but what about elderly folk just rising and dairy-farmers just home for breakfast? Five p.m. to 6 p.m. is for children with a vengeance! Can you see no one but children at this hour, Mr. Programme Organiser, or are you just following the sheep over the cliff? —"Make a Break" (Southland).

the unfortunates the fundamental dancing steps. Enable them thus to take their partner's arm with confidence and grace. Bright music, such as Jack Maybury's Orchestra excels in, would give the learners every desirable opportunity. —"Bed Socks," Christchurch.

They Learn Young!

EVEN the smallest children are getting radio-minded nowadays. The

The prize-winners this week are: "Make a Break," Southland (7/6); "Bed Socks," Christchurch; W. A. Given, Whangarei; "Musical," Timaru; "Nightmare," Kopuku (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.

following incident bears this out:—

Grandad was having his after-lunch nap, and was snoring loudly. As father entered, he saw little Betty twisting one of grandpa's waistcoat buttons. "What are you doing," he whispered. "you must not disturb grandpa."

"I'm not disturbing him, daddy," answered Betty. "I am trying to tune in on something different." —"Musical," Timaru.

Mystery Night

WHAT about a mystery night, in the same way as we have had mystery trains to unknown destinations? I suggest a night, on one station, without a published programme, leaving the listener guessing as to what he is going to hear next. A varied programme of "shorts" should make such an evening very entertaining. — W. A. Given, Whangarei.

Too Grizzly

IT was children's hour, and a YA station was entertaining with a record, "The Three Bears." The story was well told—my five-year-old daughter listened with interest. So did I. She knew the story, but with an ending where Goldilocks and the bears parted

the best of friends. Alas! In the record the bears awakened Goldilocks—growled lustily—chased her from the house and through the woods.

By this time the five-year-old was about 3in. off the chair—eyes wide with terror. I assured her that Goldilocks was unharmed.

The announcer said: "My word, we are lucky we live in such a nice country with no bears to chase us."

Now isn't it time these antiquated records were scrapped? The day of scaring children is gone. Instead of sending the tiny tots to bed with thoughts of bears chasing Goldilocks—who to them is very real—it would be quite a simple matter to say how little bear loved Goldilocks and asked father bear to invite her to come again. —"Nightmare," Kopuku.

Elocution, Please!

TO provide a session for lovers of poetry would be acceptable to many. Surely there are elocutionists who would be pleased to recite to us some of the famous poems by world-famed writers. Why not have one author each time and use his best-known compositions, or use one subject and compare the different poets' expressions of it. What a thrill it would give us to hear our favourite poems coming over the air. Masfield, Wordsworth, Tennyson and others just as famous seem to lose their place in our minds once our schooldays are over—yet why is it?—Because we are not reminded of them as we should be. —"Metre," Otorohanga.

A BRILLIANT TEAM

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