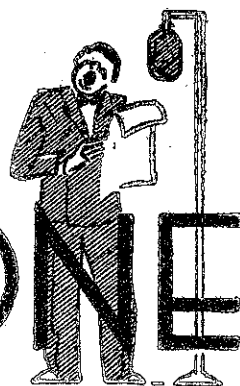


Your Side of the MICROPHONE



A CHIRPING sparrow calling himself (?) "Tui" has written disrating opera.

Now, I work in a P.W.D. camp, where there is no wireless, and what would I not give to be able to stay at home on a Sunday night and listen-in to those wonderful programmes. I have met people like "Tui" before, and, after explaining "the Story of Opera" to them, a new picture, alive with human interest, is presented to them when they hear the "world's best music." I thoroughly agree with "Nicodemus"—learn the story first.

OPERA STARS

Should Speak Their Own Language

THE presentation of Gounod's "Faust" from 2YA on a recent Sunday lost much of its appeal by being translated into English, which robbed it of the natural fire of the Continental languages, more particularly as the singers were English themselves.

Compared with the Latin races, the English, hedged in by reserve and inhibitions, lack expression and spontaneity; there is a coldness and absence of emotion.

A great lover of grand opera, I enjoyed the rendering in English less than usual. It failed to touch the depths of appreciation, or rouse me to the heights of intense feeling which operas sung in their original language always do. So many of the little subtleties, richnesses of tone, and shades of expression are lost in translation.

Please, NBS, let us have our operas in the language in which they were composed. Tell us the story before each act opens as is your custom, and then if a listener cannot follow the passionate expressiveness of grand opera stars, he should turn instead to "The Japanese Houseboy," or Eb and Zeb.—**Leith Tulloch (Gisborne).**

I am confident that in these days of increased leisure, the man in the street (sparrows included) will in the years to come, learn to appreciate opera. Until that happy day, we must cater for all classes, and give them "The Japanese House Boy" and Scotland Yard mysteries.

After this issue "Safety Valve" will be closed in the meantime, and no further contributions should be sent in until requested. Final prize-winners are: Leith Tulloch, Gisborne (7/6); "Mephistopheles," Invercargill, Mrs. T. O'Brien, Southland. "1938," New Plymouth, "Listeners," Lower Hutt (2/6 each).

However, "Long live opera":—"Mephistopheles," Invercargill.

Points Of Law

I HAVE often heard the wish expressed for a "Law Session." What an interest this would have for farmers and others who do not know many simple points. For instance, I listened to a drover and a farmer one evening. Both knew the law was "stock must be put in a paddock at dusk," but neither knew if the drover could demand a paddock from the farmer he happened to reach at dusk.

It seemed unreasonable for 50 bullocks to be turned into the only paddock the farmer was saving for a little winter feed, but the drover believed he could demand a paddock for the night. It was going to cost 10/6 to have the point decided.

What a lot of questions could be asked and answered in, say, 10 minutes over the air.—**Mrs. T. O'Brien, Southland.**

Why Home-Made?

I CONSIDER that the NBS could render valuable assistance to the secondary industries of the Dominion by presenting a series of talks upon the subject of "Modern Thrift," these to be delivered by our own able economists.

Visitors to this country often say our womenfolk work hard, but the truth is that many of them spend far too much time indoors "keeping up the old tradition" of having things home-made. Seldom is it necessary these days for a housewife to turn her home into a miniature factory, or even a bakehouse. Rather should she take a share of the new leisure, and, incidentally, create employment for others.

Descriptions of various industries, followed by logical reasons for not infringing on them in the home, would prove interesting, and, furthermore, would illustrate the commendable form of patriotism which prompted a woman to remark, "I buy all my jam, pickles and sauces. It helps to keep somebody in a job."—"1938," New Plymouth.

Overlapping

IN a recent issue "Madame Butterfly," was listed for 8.30 p.m. at 4YA on Sunday, and another "high-light" operatic programme was be-

ing broadcast from 2YA at the same time.

Many of us wanted to hear both entertainments, but could not do so.

In recent issues of your paper unfavourable remarks were made (rightly) about the absolute "tripe" from all stations on Saturdays. Why not divide the operas and give us one on Saturday nights?

Now, regarding Talks: Most of these are very interesting, but as in the case of operas (but not so frequently) they overlap. Surely this could be avoided?—"Listeners," Lower Hutt.

Too Hard To Please

I SEE many people seem to complain in "Your Side of the Microphone," but rarely is there a paragraph praising our radio programmes. Certainly some of the suggestions are very good; but I think that people like "Tui," of Timau, are very selfish in their views! She suggests omitting from programmes sopranos, operas, Wurlitzer organs and crooners. Even though I have a small circle of friends, I can truthfully say that each one of those items is appreciated by most of them. I think that the programme organiser really tries to please all, and I challenge anyone on any one night to look through the programmes and not find a large selection to pick from. The trouble is that many people are too lazy (mentally) to try to find what they really like, or else they have not much idea of what they want.—**"M.W.H.," Wyndham.**

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