



Smile with CONFIDENCE

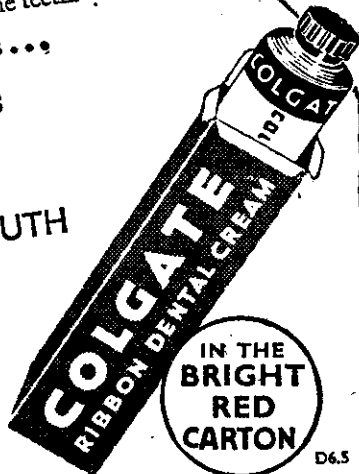
Let thorough brushing with Colgate
Cream do its good work by routing out
food particles from the crevices of the teeth. Colgate
Dental Cream cleans and polishes...

it cleans your breath as
it cleans your teeth

FOR A FRESH CLEAN MOUTH

Listen-in to the Colgate Dental Cream
Radio Programme "In His Steps" 7.30
p.m., every Thursday and Saturday —
all ZB Stations.

Colgate-Palmolive Ltd., Petone



for
Throat
& Chest

STACEY BROS. LTD.,
KHYBER PASS RD., AUCKLAND



Drake Changes Direction

(Written for "The Listener" by JACK POINT)

DRAKE is going West, lads.

He's been going West for years.
We're just a little tired of the same old song,
Trolled by a baritone loud and strong;
Or else by a basso with his voice in his vest
Telling us again how Drake is going West.

Now Drake must be tired of the same old trip,
Sailing ever westward in his tiny ship.
We wouldn't be surprised to hear him up and say—
"Blow the West, my bonny boys! Let's go the other way!"

Oh, we'll sail the other way, other
way.
Oh, we'll sail the other way, other
way.
We're sick of the West
So we'll give it a rest,
And we'll sail the other way.



DRAKE is going East, lad.

You'd like to go, would you?
You'll find it very different in Eastern seas;
There's another sort of smell about an Eastern breeze.
There are Burma girls a-smokin' out in Mandalay,
And if you get to Bali you will want to stay.



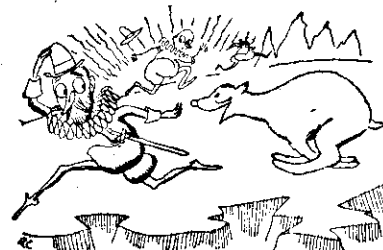
Punkah willi willi ah mah jong—
This is a silly silly sort of song.
It's bad to stay in the East too long
So we'll go once more a-roving.

DRAKE is going North, lad.

You'd like to go, would you?
We'd like to warn you, laddy, that it snows and snows,
And there's nobody to talk to but the Eskimos.
And the Polar Bears,
The Polar Bears,

The Polar Bears will get you if you don't look out!

Beware! Beware
Of the frisky Polar Bear!
For cold raw fish
Is his daily dish,
And there isn't the variety
That he would wish.
Look out! Look out!
If a Polar Bear's about!
For a fresh little, tubby little saffor
boy
Is just what a Polar Bear would
most enjoy
Beware! Beware!

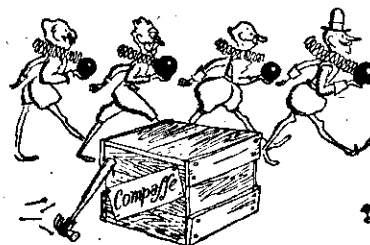


VISITORS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO TEASE THE ANIMALS.

DRAKE is going South, lad,

You'd like to go, would you?
It's a happy sort of hunting ground as we've heard tell,
Where the palm trees sway and beckon to the slow sea swell.
And daily,
The ukulele

Keeps a rippling obbligato to the plop, plop, plop
Of the coconuts a-falling from the top, top, top
Of the palms,
Of the palms,
Of the sun-kissed feathery palms.



NOW Drake has boxed the compass
Sing ho, my lads, sing ho!
He's sailed in all directions
And there's nowhere else to go.
So now we're rolling homewards
(Observe our winding wake)
And Plymouth soon will see us
At bowls with Francis Drake.