

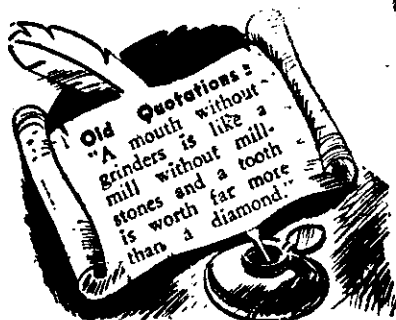
DO YOU KNOW?



To be a wife of Solomon, you would have to have perfect teeth. Kolynos does a thorough job of brightening and cleaning your teeth because it swirls away stains and dullness.



Only 30 years ago, a woman consulted a sorceress on cure of toothache. She was advised to take a foot-bath before sunrise and pour the water out after sunset. The scientifically approved way to help keep teeth free from decay is by twice daily cleansing with Kolynos Dental Cream.

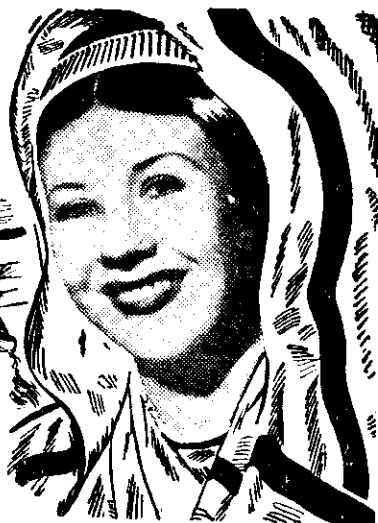


Are you embarrassed by a dull-looking dental plate when you go to the dentist's? One brushing with Kolynos Dental Plate Cleanser will make it shine like the first day he gave it to you. Daily brushing keeps it that way. All shops that sell Kolynos sell Kolynos Dental Plate Cleanser, too.

The fierce and warlike Duau tribe of Dabu regarded the missionary, Dr. Bromilou, as a god! He overawed them by removing his false teeth. Your teeth will stay strong and sound when you use Kolynos. Kolynos swirls into narrow interstices between your teeth and sweeps away the food deposits that cause decay.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

KOLYNOS (N.Z.) LTD., 60 KITCHENER STREET, AUCKLAND.



Kolynos has been awarded the Gold Medal of the London Institute of Hygiene for consistent purity and quality.



God with Gold Teeth. Heimdale, northern god of the primitive world, Keeper of the Heavenly Gates and Son of Odin, possessed a whole row of gold teeth.



RADIO VIEWSREEL

What Our Commentators Say

Where Do We Go From Here?

THE Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto was played the other night at 1YA by Nanette Andersen Tyrer with the studio orchestra and others. Tchaikovsky is an expensive composer, and an attempt was made to do him justice by considerably augmenting the studio orchestra, as was done when Andersen Tyrer played the Tchaikovsky and the Grieg concertos here some two months ago. There is probably no other type of broadcast that costs so much per minute as a concerto with an orchestra temporarily augmented. While I loudly applaud the principle of increased expenditure for quality, I think we must face the blunt question whether we are getting full value for our money in making hand-to-mouth arrangements like these. However able individual players are, they are not a team until they have worked together regularly. What Auckland is starving for is a permanent symphony orchestra, which shall not only broadcast from 1YA, but sometimes be seen on the concert platform. By spending a little more than is involved in "augmenting" the present orchestra, a permanent combination might be held together. This, too, would enable 1YA and Auckland public audiences to take advantage of the occasional visits of conductors of world-wide reputation who pass through this city by air on their way between America and Australia.

Volga Odour

I'M not sure of the success of 4YA's recent arrangement of the Classical Hour giving one hour to each conductor; with an hour devoted to one composer you have a fair idea what to expect, but a conductor may make records of anything from a Bach concerto to a Sibelius symphony. Tuning in to "Constant Lambert Conducting," I found myself listening to something unusual—a symphonic poem by Glazounov, based on the Russian folk tale "Stenka Rasin." This notorious personage plied his outlawed trade on the Volga in luxurious comfort, not least of his pirate ship's adornments being an expensive mistress, a princess, no less. His fortunes at a low ebb, in a grand gesture he flings the lady to the river as a superstitious offering. In his music Glazounov combines a fine fury of sound, which may be descriptive of Stenka Rasin's wild character, the ebb and flow of the fortunes of war, or the ancient river itself, with a nostalgic reminiscence of the Volga Boatmen's Song, more properly known as Song of the Haulers on the Volga. I don't know just what is the correct pronunciation of the name of the hero of this tale, but judging by the odour of his deeds the announcer was probably right in calling him Stinker Razeen.

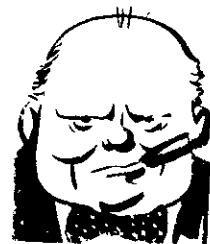
Canadian Hill-Billies

A 3YA broadcast by the Royal Canadian Air Force Band raised mildly nationalistic speculations. The announcer spoke of it as a programme of largely Canadian music, including, he said, hill-billy songs. And in due course a singer invited us to bury him out on the lone prairie; and other ditties were sung of a similar sort and highly familiar individually. Were these songs Canadian? And what is hill-billy, in the precise

sense of the term? And what is his geographical location, if any? (If I write rhetorically, I must plead that I am listening to the House of Representatives while I do so.) The rest of the programme was entertaining in its national and other aspects; the Canadian accent in song can be compared interestingly with the American, and superhuman self-restraint was displayed in getting through a Canadian programme without playing "L'Alouette."

H.M.V. on the Hustings

THE broadcasts in the British election campaign, recorded by 2YA, have been remarkably interesting hearing. It need not be thought political partisanship if I record what seems to me an historical fact—that Mr. Churchill has changed the course of British public oratory. His was the first voice I heard



in this series, and I marked all the old characteristics—the pitch, the rising intonation at the end of sentences, the pauses, a certain manner of using the vowel sounds, and the general indefinably nautical quality of a big ship driving through heavy seas. Then a night or two later Brenden Bracken had unmistakably the same tone. Well—the faithful follower—that was to be expected. But here was that stalwart of Labour, Ernest Bevin, and even that Welsh nightingale, James Griffiths, and there was no doubt whose voice inspired their palates if not their politics. The thing has been done now; one hears the Churchillian intonation too commonly for it to be conscious imitation. It is the return of an Elizabethan quality; one can hear it in reading Drake's speech to his sailors: "My masters, I am a very bad orator, for my bringing up hath not been in learning; but whatsoever I shall here say let any man take note of it if he list . . . and I will answer for it in England, yea, and before Her Majesty . . ." The voice is alive.

O Clap Not Your Hands

THE Leech Choir has inaugurated a new type of concert, providing a time and place for the performance of music which may seem scarcely at home on the concert platform. The first hour of the Choir's recital of ecclesiastical music was broadcast by 4YA; the performance was in Knox Church. Whether owing to the nature of the programme or the influence of their surroundings, the audience forbore to clap; this lack of applause sounded eerie over the radio and also impressive. Ordinarily the radio listener knows that studio performers are singing to a microphone; he himself is merely a part of a widely-dispersed audience, and no amount of applause on his part will be heard by the singers; but when the listener knows that the singers have before them a large and unseen audience which makes its presence felt by its very silence, there is generated a current of feeling very suitable for the reception of such music as was presented here. The only disappointment I felt was in the complete absence