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By a
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NURSE

"MY arms and legs were covered with ugly, thick dark hair. I tried everything—irritating pastes, smelly powders, even painful electric treatments. Using a razor only made the hair grow faster and coarser. Then a friend told me about the New 'VEET.' It removed every trace of hair in three minutes.

Left my skin white and smooth as velvet. With New 'VEET' my superfluous hair troubles are ended." Note: New 'VEET' gently dissolves away hair below the skin surface—therefore leaves no bristly stubble like the razor—and it actually weakens hair growth. 1/3 and 2/6 at all Chemists and Stores.

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Blond hair that has gone mossy, "off-colour" spoils your looks—Stablond's 7 secret ingredients give back to darkened blond hair its former lighter colour and beauty and prevent light blond hair from darkening (no dyes). Its amazing "Vite-F" (Vitamin F) feeds the follicles, tonics and softens the scalp, banishes dandruff—makes hair like silk.

ENGLISH PRODUCT

STA-BLOND SHAMPOOS

THE TALE OF A CRANKY COUNT

Stravinsky Was Greeted With Boos And Howls

ONE evening in the spring of 1913, the intelligentsia of Paris gathered at the Theatre de Champs-Elysees to see and hear an extraordinary new ballet. It was indeed something to talk about. Put on by the Russian impresario Serge Diaghilef, it was his idea of the ritual excitement of primitive man, come spring-time. The choreography was interesting, but the banshee-wailing symphonic frenzy of Count Igor Stravinsky was absolutely disturbing.

Of the music except when it was blasting at full strength, the audience heard little, for from the first opening bassoon passages of "Le Sacre du Printemps" (The Rite of Spring) half the audience was booing disapproval while the other half was booing down the boos.

One who was present, Carl Van Vechten, described the scene: "I was sitting in a box . . . A young man occupied the place behind me . . . The intense excitement under which he was labouring . . . betrayed itself presently when he began to beat rhythmically on the top of my head with his fists. My emotion was so great that I did not feel the blows for some time. They were perfectly synchronised with the beat of the music."

"Musical Murder"

From that time on, "Le Sacre Du Printemps" showed every sign of being the 20th century's most debated composition. According to one English critic, it was "a threat against the foundation of our tonal institutions." He declared that it should have been dedicated to that celebrated English dentist, Dr. Crippen, who murdered his wife and then cut her body in pieces. But Igor Stravinsky did not care two hoots: he was becoming the most influential composer of his generation.

Struggling young musicians threw over studies of counterpoint and orthodox harmonies, and launched Stravinskian cacophonies of grunts and groans on the unsuspecting heads of music-lovers. To be caught writing a pleasant tune was almost as embarrassing as to be caught without one's pants.

He Changed His Tune

Stravinsky's friend, Pablo Picasso, passed through one phase of the same affliction when he painted the human body as if it had been quarried and not born, and soon had several faithful satellites imitating his cubism. But he dropped his idea. Meanwhile Stravinsky, having started an *ism* of wild musical howls, abandoned his followers and devoted his time to polishing up 18th century fugues and roundelays. None of these compositions created the stir his "Sacre" did, but he remained the pre-eminent ballet composer of our time, and



Museum of Modern Art
IGOR STRAVINSKY (by Picasso)
... police thought it was fortifications

certainly one of the most important half-dozen symphonic composers. Nowadays he is most popular for two early ballet scores—"Petrouchka" and "The Firebird."

Although he was born in Russia, Stravinsky became a naturalised Frenchman, but is still held in great respect by the "Comrades" back home. His home was in Paris, but he has travelled frequently to the U.S.A., where he lectures and sometimes teaches composition at Harvard University. He is a confirmed hypochondriac, afraid of the cold, and when he gets up he does muscle-flexing exercises; when he goes for a walk, he bundles himself up to the ears with clothing. Worrying about his own and everybody else's health, he recently cut himself down from 40 to 5 French cigarettes a day. Once he began a letter to a friend: "How are you feeling, I am not feeling very well."

Picasso's Suspicious Picture

Once his friend Picasso drew a picture of him, which you see here. It has an amusing history. When during the Great War Stravinsky tried to take the picture out of Italy with him, Italian police decided it was a plan of a fortification and detained him at the border.

At 9.15 p.m. on Friday, August 16, 1YA Auckland will present Stravinsky's "The Firebird." The sections are Introduction and Dance of the Firebird, Dance of the Princess, Dance of the King Kastchei, and Berceuse.

FOR EVER ENGLAND

(Written For "The Listener")

By MARY HEDLEY CHARLTON

"THERE'LL always be an England." The song is running through my head.

It came over the wireless sung by a tenor with a golden voice—it vibrated round the room—

"If England means as much to you as England means to me."

Well, we all have the spirit and the love of England, and nothing will go wrong.

To-day I stood pondering a moment—what was it that wrung my heart so when I thought of England? Was it loyalty or the primrose lanes? The people or just the fact that I was born there?

Then a child came running along with a puppy tumbling after him, and I realised that it was for that I loved England. For the peace and freedom of all living creatures. (And, of course, the primrose lanes, too.)

* * *

A year ago I saw a boy of seventeen dancing round at a party of jitterbugs. He wore fancy-dress and he flaunted a painted-on moustache. To-day I saw him, slim and young as ever, in khaki, with a strap under his chin, and a real little moustache, and something in his face that had not been there a year ago. When I saw him I knew suddenly that we were in some way going to be all right.

There is something in our hearts that is going to save England. There is a deathless courage that is behind our sometimes frivolous selfishness—that courage that we have because we are British and have a passionate love for a calm little island with primrose lanes.