

ONE OUT OF THE BOX FACTORY

Harry Roy Practised The Banjo To Keep Him Cheerful

If anyone had told Harry Roy 25 years ago that he would someday conduct the most popular dance band in England, he would have laughed heartily. For at that time (just before the Great War) he was more concerned with making cardboard boxes.

Harry Roy, who is 40 years of age, was born Harry Lipman, but changed his name by deed poll. When he was

Harry Roy and his band are featured in the Famous Dance Bands session from Station 2ZB on Wednesday and Saturday nights, February 5 and February 8, at 10.0 p.m.

15 years of age he left school to join his father's business, a card-board box factory in London. The war, however, brought difficult times. His brother Syd (now his manager) joined up, his father died, and eventually the 200 working people in the factory dropped to four. Young Harry did all the business, working in the factory with his sister and two girls during the day and attending to office routine at night.

All the time he was practising on his first musical instrument, a banjo. "I needed something to keep me cheerful" he says now. "In spite of our hard work we lost a fortune during the war."

After the war the brothers organised their first dance band which they called "The Darnswells," a pun of which Harry Roy is still proud. They had the

usual ups and downs of a small, struggling band, but one day a West End restaurant asked the brothers to form a special combination. It prospered, and another and better band was formed, which for four years played at London's Cafe Anglais.

Recent history has been success after success. Roy has toured widely, visited South Africa and Australia, and he also found time for a highly publicised romance with a daughter of the Rajah of Sarawak.

Since the war Harry Roy and his band have been doing Trojan work entertaining the troops in various parts of England.



HARRY ROY

CALLOUSES?

Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with separate medicated discs included in every packet, to loosen callouses for easy, safe removal. Soothing and healing, they cushion and protect from nagging pressure. Waterproof. Do not stick to the stocking or come off in the bath. Special sizes also for corns, bunions, corns-between-toes.

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ISN'T THERE A MAN IN THE HOUSE?



WILLIAM, WHEN I WAS A GIRL, STANDING UNDER THE MISTLETOE MEANT SOMETHING

IT STILL DOES, GRANNY—BUT WELL, YOU SEE BETTY HAS BAD BREATH!

GRANNY TAKES A HAND!

BETTY, YOU'RE A SWEET GIRL, SO I'M GOING TO TELL YOU SOMETHING. IT'S—WELL, IT'S ABOUT YOUR BREATH! ASK YOUR DENTIST ABOUT IT, CHILD!

BETTY SEES HER DENTIST...

TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOUR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...

COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ... MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!

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LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

WILLIAM, IN MY DAY, A YOUNG MAN DIDN'T TAKE ALL A GIRL'S DANCES UNLESS—

UNLESS THEY WERE ENGAGED? WELL, BUT BETTY AND I ARE ENGAGED, GRANNY! SHE JUST THIS MINUTE SAID YES!



Listen-in every Wednesday night at 9 o'clock to "THE YOUTH SHOW" from your ZB Station. Every artist under 21—every artist a star!

Sowing Wild Oats

(Continued from previous page)

a definite objective. As I was about to depart the man held me in conversation and finally took me as his partner in a fencing contract.

Home Again

When the job was finished I caught the first boat for Maoriland with the firm intention of never sowing wild oats again. In later years I travelled overseas with the N.Z.E.F., but that was a different matter; what with military police and military law there was not much chance of oat-sowing escapades.

If there is one outstanding fact which travels have brought home to me it is that New Zealand is a paradise on earth for those who love the open spaces and are not wholly wrapped up in getting rich. If I go to a city for a while it is not long before the mountains where I live are calling me back.

Australia is a fine land, and her generous people I will never forget; but New Zealander as I am, I love my own land better than any on earth, and the sowing of wild oats in other parts intensified that love tenfold.