

## 100%

*If you wish to be thought quite the literary gent,*

*Never say "whole," but "100%,"*

*Never say "very," or "purely," or "quite,"*  
*So banal, so common, so tame and so trite;*

*When your pocket is empty, your money all spent,*

*Say you are "broke 100%,"*

*When in gruelling labour your back has been bent,*

*Say you are "done up 100%,"*

*When your shinbone has suffered a terrible dent,*

*Say that it hurt you 100%,*

*When you've fully explored every hamlet in Kent*

*You've inspected that county 100%,*

*When you stump up the fiver that you have been lent,*

*Say you've repaid it 100%,*

*When you say you've been cheated be sure that you meant*

*That you misjudged the fellow 100%,*

*When you've painfully cleared up arrears of your rent,*

*You can say you're "financial 100%,"*

*When you fall on your foe with felonious intent,*

*Threaten to "down him 100%,"*

*When the doctor steps in your demise to prevent,*

*Ask him to cure you 100%—*

*When you finally go where your ancestors went,*

*You'll prove to be mortal 100%;*

*Don't say "entirely," don't say "completely,"*

*For 100% says it always more neatly*

*And falls on the public ear ever more sweetly.*

—Arnold Wall

(continued from previous page)

new gods and spoken of all these. As an interesting deduction from all this, the talk concluded with a brisk assault on the apostles of phonetic spelling, who see the written word simply as a representation of sound and would by their phonetic standardisation flatten out and destroy the very inconsistencies of spelling which register the history of words and language, and can, by the stimulus their oddity affords to the inquiring mind, bring words to a life they could never enjoy as mere sound.

### Unfamiliar Paths

MISS DOROTHY HELMRICH, who is making a tour of the YA stations, is that comparatively rare phenomepon, an intelligent singer. Her programmes have struck a happy balance between the well known and the unfamiliar. Among old friends was Schubert's "Erl-King." Miss Helmrich's interpretation of this was nothing short of thrilling; the voices of the boy, the father, and the Erl-King not only had a different quality but a different character. But her excursions into the less well known have been even more interesting to the adventurous listener. There was some Moussorgsky—the delightful children's "Evening Song" and the exciting "Gopak"—and Mahler, little known here—the very moving "Songs of a Wayfarer." As delightful as any was a little song by Massenet, who is usually

associated with light if not trivial music. "Crepuscule" is songwriting at its very best, a mere suggestion of accompaniment, the interest lying in a perfectly balanced vocal line which matches the words and carries them along, light as a zephyr.

### Radio Revue

"CAP AND BELLS," a short variety programme compered by Naunton Wayne (who, with Basil Radford, made up "Charters and Caldecote," the immortal tourists of screen and radio just before the war), and broadcast recently by 3YA, is a revue of a type little known in New Zealand: the fast, slick, ultra-sophisticated West End sort, equally unlike the knockabout "Krazy Kapers," "Itma" variety on the one hand and the American mixed show on the other. This stuff is brisk and amusing, but somehow transplants badly; it is a special growth which flourishes in one soil only, and that simply is not ours. Most radio variety postulates an audience of habitues, who know the songs, the gags and the personalities; and the "Cap and Bells" audience is something far more metropolitan than anything we can muster, and—let us add—far more monied.

### Dal Segno

RECENTLY Maurice Clare and Frederick Page, broadcasting Beethoven's Violin Sonata No. 7 from 3YA, were cut off accidentally to make way for the commentary on the New Zealand Bowling Championships. And there, some forty or fifty bars lost in the airy infinite, the matter might have rested. Music for most people is of such an evanescent quality that the irritation occasioned by such a happening would soon be forgotten, leaving no more than hope for a complete performance at some later date. In this case the sonata was one of a series—Beethoven's Ten Violin Sonatas—and the performance had educational as well as entertainment value. Mr. Clare, therefore, was extending a very proper courtesy to the listener when, in broadcasting the eighth of the series a few days later, he preceded it with a repetition of the previously incomplete last movement of No. 7. This may be regarded as setting up a very desirable precedent. It may even be possible, sometimes, when such unhappy accidents occur to replay the whole work again, *da capo* rather than *dal segno*.

### Another "If"

I HAVE been listening to a programme of Purcell by the London String Ensemble under Maurice Miles. Elegant, graceful, refined, it remains, despite the superficiality of the Restoration period, great music and most English of all. In Purcell's music there is the beginning of a tradition, especially for the theatre. But Purcell died at thirty-six. Had he lived to fifty-one he would have known Handel. In this lies another of history's "ifs." Undoubtedly he would have been influenced by Handel's brilliance, but more important, he might easily have been an obstacle to Handel's progress in England. Instead of the all-pervasive shadow of the Handelian oratorio over English music almost to the present day, we might have seen grow out of "Dido and Aeneas" an English operatic style.

## ONLY NATURE'S BEAUTY OILS GIVE YOU

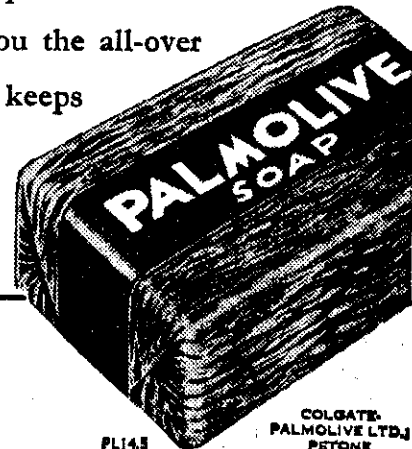
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