

## WRITE INTO MONEY!

Writing is a Profession, and as such it does bring many and large cheques to writers who can give Editors the kind of stories they are always seeking.

### ARE YOU WRITING FOR PROFIT?

Or are you unpaid because you are untrained? Stop collecting Rejection Slips NOW!

The REGENT SCHOOL OF FICTION WRITING will lead you to success in the greatest of all Professions by means of interesting and individual home-study training supervised by expert tutors.

Our Marketing Service, with specialised knowledge of Editors' requirements, will market your work for you.

Write now for details of our Course on Short Story Writing, and Specimen Lesson.

### REGENT SCHOOL OF FICTION WRITING

Dept. L, G.P.O. Box 1060, WELLINGTON, N.Z.

# AT THE BARBER'S

(Written for "The Listener" by HELEN WATSON)

"MR. B. won't be long."  
"Thank you," I said, diving my nose back into a Constitutional History of England to overcome the suffocating smell of permanent waving.

Mr. B. wasn't long—only 20 minutes. When I had settled myself into his large uncomfortable chair, and suffered his attendant, smelling strongly of steriliser and lipstick, to tie me up in the usual sheet, I began to consider the best way of tackling Mr. B. I decided to make a

firm stand. It is always so difficult to persuade hairdressers to do what you want.

"And how would you like your hair cut, Madam?"

The "Madam" rather disarmed me, but after a while I got used to it.

"I want an Eton crop," I said, and then I sighed because I could see it wasn't going to be easy. "Clipped well up the back here, and round here, and all this on the top off. I want it very short," I added firmly.

"Strictly speaking, Madam, an Eton crop is not clipped up the back."

"Oh, well, then," I said. "Whatever you call it, I want it clipped up the back."

\* \* \*

THEN he began jabbing my hair with a comb, like a farmer looking for ticks on a sheep. I consoled myself that at least he wouldn't find any. But in spite of my confidence in the hygienic condition of my hair, I became a little uneasy when I saw the victorious look on his face.

"The last person who cut your hair has hacked it about dreadfully," he said. "It'll take some time to grow in, Madam."

"Yes, I suppose so," I said. I did not let on that the last time it was cut, I had done it myself. "It is so difficult," I said, "to find a hairdresser interested in cutting hair. They are all so taken up with perms."

"Madam, the foundation of a beauty salon is hair-cutting," and waving his comb in the air, like a picture of Canning addressing the English House of Commons, "I have been cutting hair in this city for the last 16 years.

I looked duly impressed.

\* \* \*

AFTER an argument with one of the girls over whose rubber gloves those were in the drawer, Mr. B. returned with the clippers and worked steadily on the back of my neck for some time. I could see I was too low for him, for he was tall and had to bend nearly double.

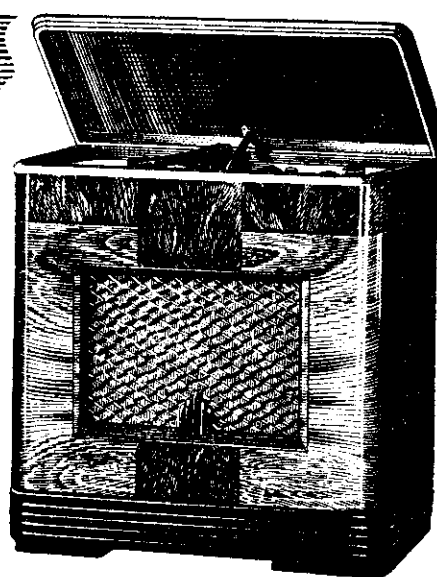
"Would you like me to sit on a higher chair?" I said.

"No, it's all right, Madam," he said. "Most of the work we do is on the top of the head, so we have to have low chairs."

I pondered on this for a while and then I asked, "But how do you cut other people's hair?" It struck me that most hair didn't grow upwards, so whatever the hair style, it would still have to be cut round the bottom.

"You are unfortunate, Madam, in having your hair growing a long way further down the neck than most people." With that he pulled out the collar of my dress and started clipping down my spine. I peeped anxiously at the mirror to reassure myself that I hadn't turned into a monkey. I considered volunteering the information that I had hair growing down the front of my neck too, but I decided against it, for I knew he wouldn't be able to resist the temptation of clipping that also.

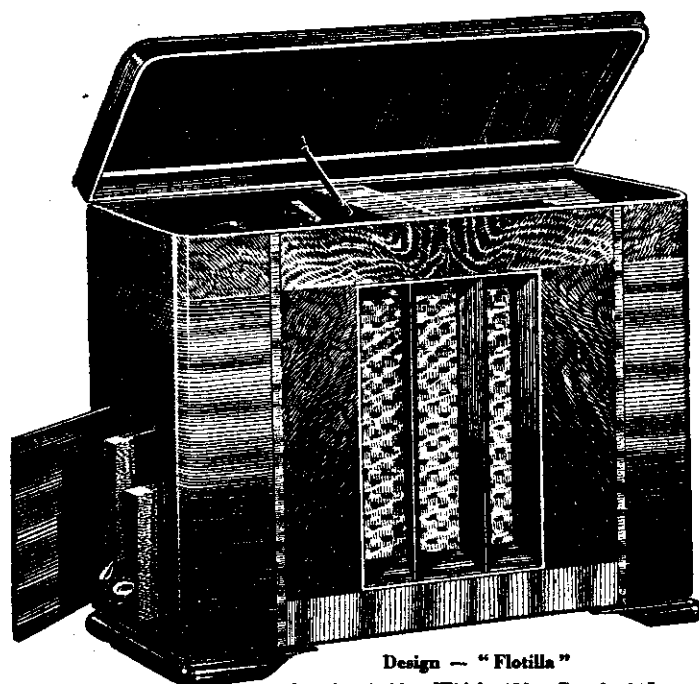
We lapsed into silence, while he clipped morosely on. I thought of the Italian barbers one reads about, whose



Design — "Caravel"

Height: 32½"; Width: 33"; Depth: 15½".

— the most satisfying source of musical enjoyment that any home can possess.



Design — "Flotilla"

Height: 34½"; Width: 45"; Depth: 18".

Illustrated here are two versions of radio-gramophone combination which attain rare perfection of tonal quality and superb dignity of appearance. Illustration and description of both models is included in the Columbus book "Radio Pre-Eminent" which is available upon request.

#### Guarantee of Performance and Satisfaction

Every COLUMBUS radio is unconditionally guaranteed. For twelve months after sale, we service and attend to each COLUMBUS, at its owner's request, absolutely free of charge. This guarantee is offered without any reservations whatever, and our services will always be promptly, courteously and gladly given. In that way we accept full and unqualified responsibility for the quality and reliability of every radio which bears our name.

## COLUMBUS RADIO

### NATION WIDE SERVICE

Whangarei, Auckland, Hamilton, Gisborne, Napier, Hastings, Dannevirke, Taihape, New Plymouth, Wanganui, Palmerston North, Masterton, Wellington, Nelson, Greymouth, Christchurch, Timaru, Oamaru, Dunedin, Invercargill.