



RADIOGENICS

Argument In A Barber's Shop

THIS sketch by T. Thompson originally appeared in "The Manchester Guardian Weekly" and was written in North Country dialect. The translation into plain English has been done by "The Listener."



"WHAT would you say was the most beneficial invention to mankind?" asked Young Winterburn.

"Bed," said Jim Gregson.

"If you asked me . . ." began Young Winterburn.

"Nobody's asking you," said the barber.

"If anybody asked me," continued Young Winterburn, "I'd say it was the wireless."

"Just listen to him," said the barber. "Did you hear that sympathy concert last night? I never heard anything like it—fair put my teeth on edge."

"Ay," said Alf. Higson, "it was a bit near the bone. Sounded like sucking alum to me."

"Music's like anything else," said Young Winterburn; "it can't keep static."

"Give me a good tune," said Farmer Platt. "Something I can whistle when I go to get the cows in."

"What's music to you," said Young Winterburn, "would be nothing to an African native."

"I should think not," said the barber indignantly. "You don't have to be black all over and wear nothing but a pudding-cloth to understand music."

"You do if it's African music," said Young Winterburn. "If music is to progress, it'll have to be dynamic."

"I don't call it music if both the cat and the dog get up and walk out," said Jim Gregson.

"You're a human being," said Young Winterburn, "you're neither a cat nor a dog."

"We're none of us African natives either," said the barber.

"I like listening to the Indian music," said Young Winterburn.

"You're going to get us all mixed up," said Old Thatcher. "You'll be round the world before you've had your hair cut."

"Not if I can help it," said the barber.

"A radio programme," said Young Winterburn, "should be radiogenic."

"I don't think they're as bad as that," said Jim Gregson. "I reckon I get my ten bobs' worth."

"You don't follow me," said Young Winterburn.

"Who would?" said the barber.

"When I say radio programmes should be radiogenic," said Young Winterburn, "I only mean that you've only your ears to listen with."

"Crikey," said the barber. "He's Christopher Columbus and Lady Godiva rolled into one."

"Ergo," said Young Winterburn.

"Ergo?" said Alf. Higson. "Who's he?"

"Ergo," said Young Winterburn, "what's written should be written for the ear alone."

"I know," said Jim Gregson. "A chap speaks three lines as though he was burying an uncle that's left him nothing and then the big drummer gives his drum a hell of a welt and the trumpeters try and find a few notes that'll go together."

"That's background," said Young Winterburn.

"Well," said Jim Gregson, "why doesn't it stay in the background?"

"The background's put in to give the right atmosphere," said Young Winterburn. "It's part and parcel with the words."

"I don't know," said Alf. Higson. "You're just getting interested in what the chap has to say when another damn squawk makes you grab the arms of your chair. Why don't they let him get on with the job and give the music after?"

"The whole thing's a work of art," said Young Winterburn. "It's radiogenic."

"I like those farmer discussions," said Farmer Platt. "They just talk homely



"Well," said the barber, "you know what you can do"

about my job. Farming doesn't need trumpets and all that."

"When you listen to radio," said Young Winterburn, "it's not like the stage. You can't use your eyes to help you. You've got nothing but your ears."

"That's what I'm getting at, you fat-head," said Jim Gregson. "You've only got your ears and they try to make you listen to two things at once."

"I'm glad I've got no wireless," said Old Thatcher, "if it means all this arguing."

"You can't have a work of art," said Young Winterburn, "that's all plain and straightforward; if you did everybody'd be able to understand it."

"I reckon the best things on the wireless," said Farmer Platt, "are plain, simple things. The easier they are to follow, the better they are. Every time you add a bit of extra fiddle-de-dee you spoil the job."

"It's no use me talking to you," said Young Winterburn.

"Right first time," said the barber, "get in the chair and let me operate on you."

"Now, don't get up in the air about it," said Farmer Platt. "You're not the first chap to think he's got something others haven't. If you've got something, it'll come to us in time. But if a chap comes to me trying to sell me something I expect more than a song and a dance. He'll have to show me his machine'll work. Till he does, I take it it doesn't work."

"Every artist that's really creative has been scoffed at in his day," said Young Winterburn.

"Ay, ay," said Farmer Platt, "but it doesn't follow that very chap that's scoffed at is an artist. He may be just a plain darned fool."

"How are we to know?" asked Jim Gregson.

"If he has long hair and wears a yellow sweater," said Alf. Higson, "you'll know he's radiogenic!"

"Oh hell," said Young Winterburn, "it's a waste of time talking to you."

"Well," said the barber, "you know what you can do."

Wrong Clothes!

ENTRANTS in 2ZA's "Topical Turf Teasers" were somewhat taken aback in a recent session when the compère took off his coat to reveal himself in the respectable but somewhat inappropriate garb of a clergyman. However, it was just Joe Lorigan, the usual conductor of the session, who had an engagement to appear later in the evening as the "Rev. Frank Alleyne" for the Little Theatre Society. As the margin of time between his session at 2ZA and his appearance on the stage was very narrow, he had come to the station ready dressed for the part.

Forces' Request session

ON Friday, September 24, Station 2ZA in conjunction with the Army Education and Welfare Service, will inaugurate a special Request Session for the Forces. It is anticipated that this session will prove very popular and that there will be a big demand for the playing of favourite recordings. The session will be heard at 8.35 p.m.

Saturday Specials

THIS Saturday evening, September 18, in the series of "Saturday Night Specials" from 2ZA, Miss Kathryn Williams will give a soprano recital in conjunction with Mrs. Harry Palmer, cellist. The October "specials" feature Archie Simpson in a song and piano presentation; H. de O. Chamberlain in a talk on "Old English Inns;" and Merle Hardie, who will present a recorded programme.



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