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"IN WHAT DIVERSE PAINS"

(Written for "The Listener" by
ALFRED ST. GEORGE)

STUDENTS of human nature will find much to interest them at the Out-Patients' Department of any big hospital. Hundreds daily attend there with anything from a sore finger to a broken heart, for the shortage of private doctors and lack of hospital accommodation have greatly increased the already large number of out-patients. You may meet anyone at "Out-patients" from a university professor to a street sweeper. Yet in spite of the social barriers, a friendly spirit exists among all the patients. Truly, as Garrick says, "a fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind."

And the stories you hear! Stories of serious operations performed under the most hazardous conditions, stories of miraculous recoveries, stories of triumphs over adversity, stories of people who have been crossed in love; even stories of complicity in crime: all these and more, are poured into your credulous ears by your fellow patients. And, strangely enough, the most inoffensive looking person tells the most incredible story. It's human nature, I suppose.

BY far the busiest and most interesting day at the Wellington Hospital is Monday. From 8.30 a.m. until late in the afternoon, doctors, nurses, and clerical staff are going "eyes out." Men who on Saturday have been drinking the waters of forgetfulness, or who have been fighting, youths who have been playing over-strenuous games of football, form the greater part of Monday morning's callers. Then the department may be turned into a confessional box.

"You know," confides the ragged-looking individual next to you with a bandage over his eye, "I 'ad a foight on Sat'dy night. 'E," pointing his thumb over his shoulder at some mythical being, "storted it. Still, I'm sorry now."

Some tell stories of rows with the "old woman." "I clouted 'er 'ard, I did. You'd done the same thing, too, y'know." But he looks as if she clouted hard, too.

You agree, cautiously.

Yes, stories demoralising or otherwise: stories of human perfidy, stupidity and cupidity: you get them all on Monday morning.

FOR some weeks now I have been attending as an out-patient. My first appointment was for 9.0 a.m. Arriving at 8.45, I was more than surprised to find that already a large number were waiting. I took my place in a seemingly endless queue. Half an hour later (according to my watch!) I was at the counter.

"Have you ever been an out-patient before?" asked one of the clerks. I confessed I had not. "Then join the other queue," she said, "and fill in your form." And so I started once again. Truly, I thought, patience is a virtue! An hour later, I had taken my place to see the

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... And the stories you hear!

doctor. As you report, your dossier is sent to the doctor concerned. So it is wise, as the picture-houses tell us "to get in early."

But with all these delays and vexations, you are amazed at the efficiency (and patience) of the staff; from the women who run the canteen, to the nurses and doctors, whose cheerfulness is in itself a tonic and an inspiration. You find yourself adapting the hymn you used to sing:

*Oh in what diverse pains they met!
Oh with what joy they went away!*

Haydn's Pianoforte Trios

A Note By Frederick Page

IF Mozart's Trios for Piano, Violin and 'Cello are not very often played still less so are those of Haydn. There are 31 of these, of which but four are available on records. One is very lucky if one hears four of Haydn's trios played in public in a lifetime, but, as Professor Tovey was fond of pointing out, a concert hall is not the only place in which one may hear music.

These trios of Haydn's are perhaps ideally realised in some sort of intimate music-making. Private patrons of music could secure their performance for themselves and their friends by booking local musicians to play to them, though, so far as I know, they do not. Fortunately, the National Broadcasting Service will step in on alternate Monday evenings, beginning at 9.20 on August 2, to allow listeners-in to 3YA to overhear Nos. 1-6 of Haydn's trios.

Haydn published an edition of his trios in 1799 with the title "Sonatas for the Pianoforte, with Violin and 'Cello Accompaniment." No wonder that string players have fought shy of them! Proper trios are those written by Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Brahms and Dvorak, Smetana and Co., and poor old Haydn obviously does not know his business. But, Haydn has a way with him, and it may be that if we listen to these trios on their own terms, we will recognise his invention, his sheer goodness of sound, his continuing praise.

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