## Home—But Not To Stay

A WEEK or two back we asked the guardians of some evacuated children to tell us whether their charges had become New Zealanders or still hoped to return to Britain. One of those we approached was a farmer's wife in the Wellington Province, who had accepted a boy from Glasgow. Here, shorn of names, is her answer and a photograph (which arrived too late for incorporation in our original article):

"SOME of your questions are very difficult—not because we have given no thought to them; but because there are so many answers.

"J— has decided to take up a future farming career in New Zealand. He has had two years in the agricultural course of a high school, and is now gaining experience in practical farming.

"When the war is over, he wishes to return home, visit his parents and relatives and reacquaint himself with old haunts, after which his parents and he will return to his farm in New Zealand—an ambitious dream of youth in which a farm and success can be acquired without money. J——'s father is agreeable to his doing whatever he wishes.

"My own opinion is that since he has chosen a farming career, and been trained here, he should come back to New Zealand after having returned to his folk; but I do not know whether his parents would enjoy tearing up their roots in middle age and coming to a new land where they have no relatives and no old friends. J—— cannot see this point of view. He said they would come to New Zealand to live."

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I'm tired. But still I sit and look and hope.

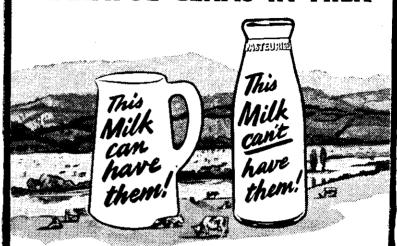
And as George Raft labours hard to find out who is labouring hard to embroil Turkey with Russia (of course he guesses the Nazis have a finger in the delight somewhere), as Sidney Greenstreet hurries busily between Berlin and Aleppo arranging for certain maps to be delivered to him, our little man and I take pleasure in collecting Quaint Touches: that uncompromising tie-pin on Mr. Raft (we suppose it is supposed to indicate that he is what he says he is, an Amurrican oil salesman); that chewing-gum Mr. Raft so cunningly uses to stick the maps to the underside of the table in his hotel bedroom (funny how surprised Mr. Raft is to find the table turned upside down when he returns); and, so quaint we could roarbut then, of course, we're in the game ourselves-Mr. Raft's businesslike visit to the comp. room in the newspaper office to break up the whole forme of offending type (that's the article that would have embroiled Russia and Turkey, you understand), while the comps. all run about wildly in white aprons, trying to stop him before he knocks the type out with a hammer, lifting up the forme lightly and deftly in his spare hand, just the mere undredweight or so.

Yes, if it hadn't been for the Quaint wouches. . . . .



DEPT. OF HEALTH

## HARMFUL GERMS IN MILK



## The <u>only</u> difference is PASTEURISATION!

When milk is pasteurised, all risk of dangers ous milk-borne diseases is removed. Years of experiment have shown that none of the food value of the milk is lost. It retains its flavour and is easier to digest.

Common milk-borne disease germs which are destroyed by pasteurisation include Diphtheria (which is destroyed at 130 deg. Fahrenheit), septic sore throat (at 133 deg.), typhoid and dysentery (at 137 deg.), tuberculosis and undulant fever (at 140 deg.). The minimum temperature at which pasteurisation takes place is 145 deg.

Switch to pasteurised milk. If you can't, pasteurise it yourself at home. There are two ways:

- (1) Heat the milk to 145 deg. Fahrenheit and keep it at that temperature for 30 minutes. Cool quickly.
- (2) Use the double boiler method (one container in another filled with water). Stir the milk from time to time, and bring it to a temperature of 162 deg. Fahrenheit. Keep at that heat for 15 SECONDS ONLY—while you count up to 15 slowly. Then stand the milk in cold water to cool quickly.

PLAY SAFE WITH PASTEURISED MILK.

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