



MILK

**See that it is
pasteurised**

Milk is the almost perfect food. But it can carry infection. This very real danger is destroyed by pasteurisation.

In a small country town 26 people caught typhoid fever and four died. All cases were traced to one infected source of raw milk. Part of that supply went to the city, where it was pasteurised. No typhoid cases occurred in the city.

In another town 10 cases of scarlet fever were traced to one milk round. One of the milk handlers had the germ in his throat. He was suspended and that milk supply was then pasteurised. There were no further cases.

Germs in the cow's udder can pass on Tuberculosis, Undulant Fever, Septic Sore Throat. Infected fingers of milkers or roundsmen can and do infect milk with Typhoid Fever, Food Poisoning, Summer Diarrhoea and Dysentery. From milker or roundsman Scarlet Fever and Diphtheria germs can get into milk.

Milk-borne disease is a serious risk, yet Milk is the most valuable single food of all. What then? The answer is simple:

**Pasteurised Bottled Milk
protects against milk-
borne Diseases.**

Insist on Pasteurised Milk

FOR A HEALTHIER NATION

NORTONS
THE ORIGINAL EGG PRESERVER

Manufacturers: T. J. NORTON LTD., Lyttelton.

AUNT DAISY'S TRIP

(continued from previous page)

One of the strangest programmes I took part in was that run by a mind-reader — or master mentalist as he is called. It is a coast-to-coast programme, and immensely popular, as anything "magic" always is. You might wonder what I could do on that programme, and indeed, it was not much; yet it did give New Zealand a good "boost," and I had reports on this programme from many sources. People I met everywhere in clubs and shops and parties for the next few days said, "Oh, you must be the Aunt Daisy Basham I heard on Dunninger's programme! Did he really read your mind?"

Mr. Dunninger is also a clever conjuror, and before the programme goes on the air, he gives what he calls a "Half-hour's Warm-up" to the packed studio audience, with the neatest and slickest of card tricks, and so on. Then his assistants pass round slips of paper and little pencils; and you are asked to write down some special thought and concentrate on it—perhaps your telephone number, or the ages of your children, or something in your handbag—or anything at all.

The first time I saw this programme I was one of the ordinary audience; and was so thrilled by his clever tricks, especially by his taking a full glass of water out of a perfectly empty bag held by two servicemen, who made sure it was empty, that I wrote on my paper, "Did you ever meet Malini? Wellington, New Zealand." (Many of you will remember Malini, a fine conjuror, who toured New Zealand some time after the last war). Now the catch was that the papers on which we wrote were not collected! Dunninger passed round some envelopes, one to each row, and we put our papers in these and one of us kept the envelope. In my row a young British sailor in uniform pocketed the envelope. Then we went on the air, Dunninger sitting at a desk on one side of the stage and three "judges" seated at a table on the other side. After the usual preliminaries and the advertising "spot" the master mentalist began his "mind-reading." The very first mind to be read was mine! I could scarcely believe it when he began by saying, "Now I get the impression that a lady in the hall is wondering whether I have ever met Malini. I take it that Malini is a man in this same line of business. Well, no, I have not met him. The question comes from Wellington, New ORLEANS! Will the lady please stand up?" Of course by this time my heart was beating in double-quick time, and I'm sure I was open-mouthed with astonishment. I rose to my feet, and every eye was turned upon me, as Dunninger asked "Am I right?" I gasped out, "Oh, yes—except not New ORLEANS." "Well, perhaps New Zealand," said the Master Mentalist — and then, very sternly, "Have you ever seen me before?" "No, indeed," said I. "Thank you!" said he — and a sigh of delicious mystification rose from the audience and was amplified over the air. Dunninger then went on to tell the written thoughts of about 20 other people in the audience. It was really a very cleverly staged show.

There are many more things I could tell you about my tour, but I'm afraid I shall have to go back to the recipes and mail-bag next week, for letters on those subjects are mounting up.