

Stop Germs growing in Food —

KEEP IT COOL

In order to grow, germs must have food, warmth and moisture.

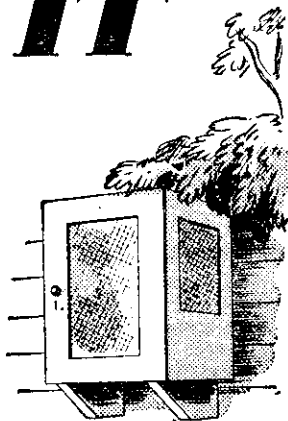
Food should not be left about the kitchen for hours, or left for any length of time in a warming oven. Warmth quickens the rate of growth of germs. For example, staphylococci are the germs found in boils, infected sores, scratches and wounds.

If these get into food from cooks or food-handlers, they multiply at room temperature, producing a substance that causes food poisoning. Foods that are particularly good mediums for the growth of germs are those of animal origin — meat, fish and dairy products.

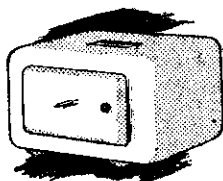
Restaurants, hotels, and food premises generally must, for safety, keep perishable foods and cooked foods cool. Cream fillings, custards, milk puddings, spanish cream; pastries containing cream or custard fillings; cooked meats and salads of all kinds—every foodstuff from meat, fish, eggs or dairy produce—must be promptly cooled if it is to be kept for any time, and kept below 50°F. The low temperature will prevent growth of germs.

Housewives — the warmth of the kitchen or dining room shelf encourages germ growth and invites trouble. Use an ice box in summer time if you have no refrigerator.

KEEP FOOD COOL
AND BE SAFE

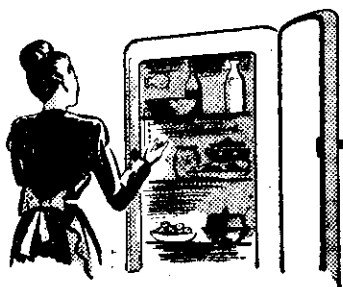


OPEN AIR SAFE IN
A GOOD DRAUGHT



BUTTER COOLER

BEST OF ALL—A 'FRIG



This is another of a series of advertisements issued by the Department of Health in the interests of safe and clean food handling.

Be bright and gay with
Fairy Dyes

30 FAST COLOURS in easy-to-use glass tubes for boiling or cold water tinting. Made in Scotland.

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The Elephant and Society

(continued from previous page)

about this business of the State in relation to certain aspects of his life. He takes it for granted when it works reasonably well, and no doubt wouldn't stand for it where it worked badly. And that's a sensible attitude to take to political and economic institutions. But there is a considerable section of the New Zealand "intelligentsia" who look at these things in a doctrinaire sort of way. Because State control has worked well in some things, they think it must be right for everything, including the things that are expressions of individuality and so are best left to grow up according to individual bent with the richness that comes from variety. I mean such things as education and the arts. I always think of the self-appointed "intelligentsia" of New Zealand as "The Elephant and Society." I expect most of you have heard the joke about the Englishman, the American, and the Frenchman who were asked to write about the elephant. The Englishman entitled his effort, "Hunting the Elephant"; the American, of course, wrote about "Bigger and Better Elephants"; while the Frenchman produced a dainty pamphlet on "The Love-Life of the Elephant." The traditional story does not include a New Zealander in the party, but if a New Zealander were added I have no doubt what his title would be: "The Elephant and Society." Of course we are talking of the class of New Zealanders who go in for writing and such-like activities. Ask them to give a lecture to a literary club, and they announce "Literature and Society." If they give a radio talk on the cinema, it is entitled "The Film and Society." And so on, ad nauseam. I don't so much mind their excessive concern with society (I share that vice myself), but I wish they would show a little originality in their titles. As a matter of fact, the content of the lecture or talk has often little or nothing to do with society, but still the good old title pops up. It's expected, you see, "the done thing," like wearing evening dress in Dunedin on the slightest pretext.

"Creative Writing"

All this is a symptom of the one-track mind, of the lack of that variety and originality which should be the essential characteristic of culture. Now just look at New Zealand writers. Instead of getting on with the job, they spend three-quarters of their time wrestling with their consciences as to whether they are producing a native culture and as to what direction New Zealand literature should take. Meanwhile, New

Zealand literature stands still. But it's a serious business, is writing ("creative writing" is the current pet-phrase). And, like any other serious matter, they think it should come under the State. So far they have only got to the stage of asking for State support, but sooner or later they'll ask the State to set up tribunals to tell them what to do. We are continually informed that a New Zealand author can't make a living from his writing. Well, how many authors elsewhere make a living that way? And why should they expect to do so? The really good writer writes because he has something to say, something that won't stay bottled up but has to come out, not because he decides to earn a living by it. And in fact, if you look at the New Zealand writers who really have got something to say, you find that they get on with it in their spare time, while earning their living by doing an ordinary sort of job. They get on with it, and don't talk so much about it.

It is generally recognised that New Zealand culture does not reach a very high standard by comparison with European countries. But at the same time I want to add that the standard of culture that is reached has a wider spread than in Europe, or at any rate wider than in England. If you took a typical small English town comparable to Dunedin, you wouldn't find anything like so many people interested in good music, higher education, and so on. You might find a few who reach higher standards of culture—though actually I doubt that too, for those higher standards are mainly confined to a few centres like London, Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh. The reasons why New Zealand does not reach a higher standard of culture are isolation and small population. You can't do much about the isolation, but you can do something about immigration of larger numbers if you really want to.

Well, of course, there's a lot more to talk about, but I haven't time. Although I have criticised and poked fun at one or two things, I hope you will have gathered that my general impression of New Zealand is a very favourable one. For the ordinary man New Zealand is probably the best place on earth. I shan't forget New Zealand, and when I get back to England I expect I shall look at things there with new eyes, with a New Zealander's eyes. For I have become quite a bit of a New Zealander myself in my three years here—and I think I'm the better for it.

THE TIME FOR MIST IS PAST

THE time for mist is past and the time for grief,
Gone with the golden sorrow, the falling leaf:
Gone with winter and the lean winds and borne
Beyond the furious west with suns forlorn.

FOR now we stand in spring and now we know
Truth from the earth and love like a rippled flow:
Shall the face draw the blind of tears or learn
The world again while all these triumphs burn?

WHAT is and shall be with all this bloom is out,
Smothered never beneath black snows of doubt:
For this is time gusty with dreams, the spring,
In which eternal beauty shows a wing.

—J. R. Hervey