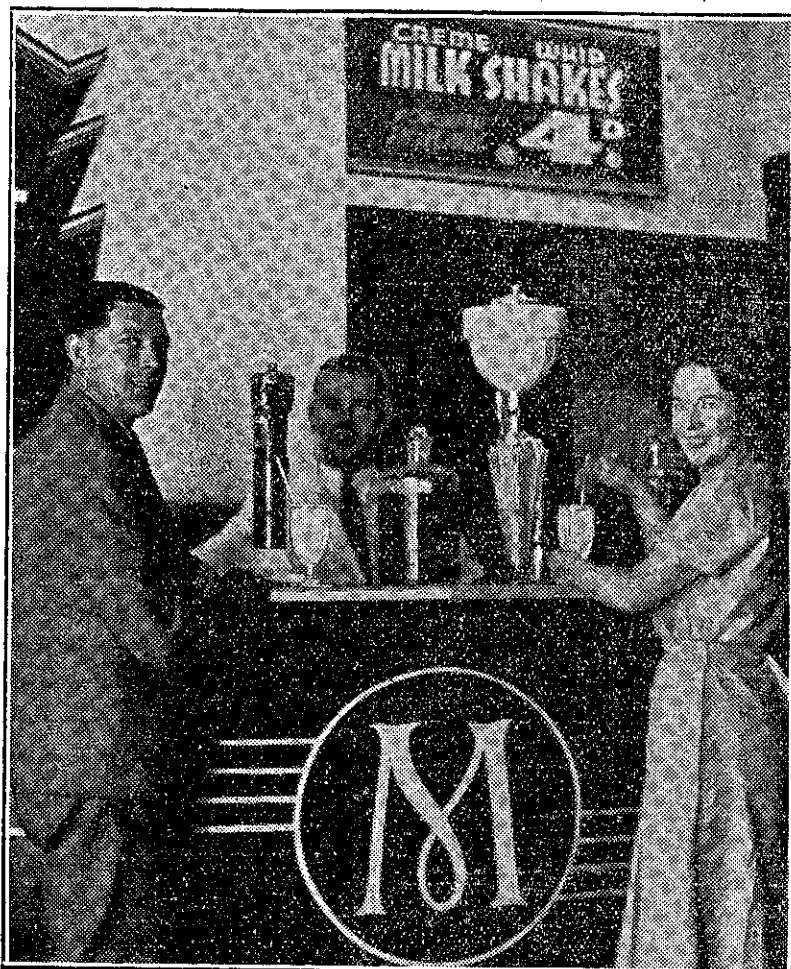


Is G. B. Shaw Responsible?



New Zealanders Take to Milk

Mr. Herron mentioned that he does not have breakfast but has instead a glass of milk, and feels very fit on it. He certainly looks very healthy and full of pep for a man who is a grandfather. After showing me over the Milk Department, he laughingly suggested that "morning-tea" might be acceptable. Along came two glasses of ice-cold milk. "There certainly is no 'cowy' taste with this milk, which is an objection that is sometimes raised by some people," said Mr. Herron as he went on to explain that people were gradually realising by the recommendation of doctors and scientists that the only safe way of taking milk is to have it pasteurised. This, he said, was not to be confused with sterilised or boiled milk. Under the department's process the milk is heated to approximately 145 degrees Fahrenheit, and is held at this temperature for 30 minutes. It does not have a cooked flavour and every process is mechanical, and 100 per cent. hygienically efficient.

Milk is a valuable dietary constituent, because it supplies high-quality protein, calcium and vitamin A. Some people are under the impression that much of the value of milk is destroyed by pasteurisation. It only lessens the amount of Vitamin C, which is easily procured in other foods, and for this small deficiency it really is not worth

AN assistant in my favourite beauty parlour was curling my hair. I really felt too comfy and lazy to make any attempt at conversation. It was 1.15 p.m., and a hot day.

On second thoughts I thought I'd better make a move to be polite, but as I generally have an inane desire to giggle when the weather is used as an opening shot, I said, "I suppose your lunch hours are somewhat irregular."

"Oh, yes," said the lady of the tongs, "but I don't bother about lunch. None of the other girls here do, either. We think it's much better to have a couple of oranges and then run across the road and have a milk shake."

"Milk shake? That's not much to come and go on!"

"Oh, yes it is! You'd be surprised how satisfying it is, and we all feel miles better since we gave up having pastries and snacks of cake or hot dinners. We find that it is much more sensible to have a hot meal at night when there is more time to digest it."

Apparently it is! The day after talking with the girl, I set out to gather a few opinions on this new idea, from people who were in the position to give first-hand information. I first of all called on Mr. R. E. Herron, the manager of the Wellington City Corporation Milk Department. "I really think that the increased consumption of milk is due to people who are getting on in years substituting milk and lighter foods for heavy meals," he said. "An elderly person or anyone in a sedentary job, does not require a great deal of heavy, heating food. When I was in America about seven years ago, I was greatly taken with the luncheon cafeterias where the Americans eat. I used to feel fine after one of these lunches. I would receive a silver goblet or "beaker" crammed full with a fruit mixture, cream and nuts, and was also given a small packet of fancy biscuits done up in hygienic paper. Sometimes I would have ice-cream instead. Ices are extremely nutritious and palatable."

the risk that is run when raw milk is used. Typhoid is one of the dangers abolished by pasteurised milk. Septic sore throat is another. Only just the other day at Sumner, in Christchurch, scores of cases of this septic throat were reported to the medical authorities. This sickness was accompanied by gastric trouble, and complete exhaustion of the patients. The analyst at the Milk Department showed me one of these septic sore throat germs under the microscope. It was magnified 1000 times and looked like a forked head. He showed me another plate under the microscope which looked more like a heavenly night sky scene than a mass of swirling germs which were found in raw milk.

It was just on twelve o'clock when I left and made my way to one of the big city restaurants to interview the manageress. I listened to what she had to say as we watched the people come in to lunch. Milk, both plain and "shaked," was becoming increasingly popular as a beverage, said the manageress. Did she think it would gradually replace tea-drinking? She gave me a quizzical look, "Well, now, you know how people like their tea," she said, laughing.

I decided to call at a new milk bar in Willis Street.

"Of course," said the manager, "this milk bar of mine is on a very modest scale. Sydney has some really big ones, which are run on American lines. Yes, I come from Sydney. There must be from 70 to 100 of these bars over there. Cyril Ritchard and Madge Elliott opened the latest one. Why is there an increased demand for milk drinks? It is because America, Australia and other countries are educating the people up to the health-giving properties of milk, and offering it in tempting guises. New Zealand is naturally following suit. Christchurch and Auckland being well to the foreground. By the way, would you care to take a seat and try one of our yeast milk-shakes? I promptly accepted, and as I finished my delicious "shake" I vaguely wondered whether George Bernard Shaw's "milk-talk" had in any way affected the tastes of New Zealanders.