

The White Ribbon

FOR GOD AND HOME AND HUMANITY

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THE SNOWY SOUTH.

Cold hands, a warm heart! So runs the old proverb, and its truth was proved by our Editor on a recent trip South. The climate of Invercargill was Arctic, but the hearts of its White Ribboners were warm as a tropical noon. A double-barrelled event was scheduled for our Dominion President at Invercargill on September 3rd and 4th. But, alas! that autocrat, the doctor, stepped in, and even our strong-willed President had to yield obedience to his behests. No travelling, no speaking, until a great improvement took place in her health, was his verdict. And so the Editor of this magazine filled up the gap.

It was indeed a joy to be among our Southern sisters, but oh! the "gittin' of 'er there." The Southern train is timed to leave Dunedin at 7.30 a.m., and as the first train from the Port does not reach the city till 7.40, we boarded a motor car for the eight mile run to town. Then, as our belated train crawled out of the southern end of the platform, we heard the Port train whistling in at the north end. Yet the Traffic Manager informed a deputation that it was orders from headquarters that the Southern "express" was not to be timed to leave after the Port train arrived. Truly the ways of a railway magnate are wonderful! The trip takes 10½ hours, but more than half that time the train reposes in the different stations. Nobody is in a hurry. Why should they be? The authorities allow 10½ hours for a trip that used to take 5½ hours. Half an hour we had to inspect Balclutha, Gore, and Milton. Clinton is allowed 25 minutes for dinner, but it lengthened out to 50 minutes, and

most stations kept us for 10 to 15 minutes.

All the low-lying country for miles was under water, and snow covered all the higher ground. But with two coats, a rug, a hot-water bag, and a foot-warmer, we defied General Winter and kept fairly comfortable. Sandwiches were not obtainable on the trip owing to scarcity of butter. It was quite a pleasant change to note that, bad as the weather was, folk were so busy growling at the wretched train arrangements, and the scarcity of butter, that they gave the usually discussed weather quite a rest.

We reached Invercargill at 6.15, only 15 minutes late. Miss Seed, a Y officer, met us, and soon we were in a motor, owned and driven by a White Ribbon brother, and whisked off into the kind care of Mrs Peters. Needless to say, we felt quite at home when we entered a Methodist parsonage. A wash, a brush up, and some tea, and then we were off to the mysterious supper which was to celebrate the first anniversary of our Y Union. A very fine gathering of young people was assembled in Victoria Hall, and many who, like ourselves, were no longer young, except in heart. The meeting had an able chairman in Mr Stead, O.B.E., Mayor of the city. The programme included songs, recitations, games, competitions, and a short address by Mrs Peryman. The Y Union numbered 256, with a large number of honorary members in addition. The appeal for members resulted in 10 joining, as well as 12 honorary members. Mrs Young, the Y Superintendent, is bright, active, tactful, and above all, enthusiastic, and the success of the social was largely due to her, though the girls one and all did their best to

see that all had a pleasant evening. The Invercargill Y's are a real force, and should give a good account of themselves in the coming campaign.

On Thursday the District Convention met. Six branches were represented—Invercargill District, South Invercargill, Invercargill Y's, Ryal Bush, Bluff, and Otautau. The railway restrictions hindered some branches from sending representatives.

Deep regret was expressed that owing to illness, Mrs Lillicrap, the District President, was unable to be present, and her bright presence was much missed. Mrs Pasley opened the Convention, welcomed the delegates, and then asked Mrs Peryman to preside. Reports were read from the Unions, showing steady, hard work done. Musical and elocutionary items were rendered, and afternoon tea handed round. Mrs Peryman spoke on the need for all to be up and doing, and answered several questions.

In the evening a public meeting for our workers was held. That old stalwart, Mr Baxter, presided, and spoke most hopefully of the prospects for the coming poll. Mrs Peryman gave an address, dealing specially with the question of State Control, and the urgent need there is to educate the public to vote for "no booze," either sold by the State or by private owners. A small orchestra, under Mr F. Lillicrap, gave two selections, which were a musical treat, and songs were rendered very ably.

The following morning, in a down-pour of rain, we turned our face northward. Another day of weary travelling and wearier waiting. We reached Dunedin at 6.25, that was 25 minutes late, just missing the 6.15