

March 1, 1946.

## SPECIAL REPORTS

## CRADLE ROLL PARTY

## Palmerston North

The annual party was held on Saturday afternoon, February 9, in St. Andrews' Hall, and was attended by about 70 children and 40 adults.

\* Proceedings began with a verse of "Jesus Loves Me," and a short prayer, after which each child was presented with a paper cap, the work of Mrs. E. Carter. The opportunity was taken of presenting Mrs. Carter with a posy and small gift as a token of thanks for having made the caps for many years in succession.

The programme began with songs and recitations by the children, after which a story was told by Miss L. C. Thompson, who was mistress of ceremonies. It was about some foolish geese who ate some fermented jam thrown out by the housewife. It was fermented to such an extent that the geese became drunk, and fell down and went to sleep. The housewife, thinking they were dead, plucked out all their feathers, but, to her amazement, after a few hours they became alive again! Many people were more foolish than the geese, for they drank fermented liquor, and should know better.

After the story came a few games and afternoon tea. On departing, each child was presented with a gift and some sweets, while the mothers were each given a temperance leaflet called "To Mothers."

## HEALTH AND NUTRITION

Something of a controversy is going on in health enthusiast circles as to whether wholemeal bread is all that is sometimes claimed for it. The writer had the privilege of hearing a very interesting story the other day, and in the interests of those who are anxious to do what is best for their families in the matter of diet, passes it on.

Some time ago at the Auckland Zoo disease manifested itself among some of the captive animals. Tuberculosis, blindness, and skin troubles of a very serious nature were among the many manifestations of something being wrong. Several animals had to be destroyed. The Zoo was closed for some time while investigations were made. A little bear, blind, his skin in a very bad state with sores, and without any hair at all on his body, was put under close care and observation. Previously the animals had been given a good deal of stale white bread to eat. This was now replaced for them all with stale wholemeal bread. In the case of the little bear, the bread was smeared with codliver oil. In one month the sores had dried up on the

## SIT DOWN AND PURL

All sorts of sit-down strikes seem to be quite in order. Even the lovelorn Swain has copied the labouring man's technique, and refused to budge from his self-imposed sit-down-on-the-floor until his heart's choice responded to his proposal with a somewhat deferred "Yes." Indeed, the sit-down protest is fast becoming as popular as mah jong and crossword puzzles in their heyday—but it is not new.

Back in Indiana more than one hundred years ago the righteous women of Mooresville sat down and knitted to show their determined opposition to the sale of liquor in their town. They did not sit down in their own homes, or in a church or some other highly respectable place. No, they invaded the only saloon in town and took possession of, and purled the hours away.

And was the proprietor's face red? He had a full house, but no customers. The "boys" simply would not patronise that bar as long as the ladies were present. As for the ladies, they worked in relays or shifts, all day and all night, purling in the most zealous manner. The women labelled their action "a strike for decency."

That saloon-keeper of 1831 gnashed his teeth and argued a bit, and stood his ground for several days. Somehow he could not get the knitters to listen to his reasoning. They refused to gather up their needles and yarn, and go home. Finally the man agreed to get out of town, and take his stock of liquor along; but the ladies remained until he had fulfilled his promise.—From "Stop Press."

skin. In two months Master Bruin had begun to see enough to be able to find his food when it was thrown to him, and in six months he was able to see as well as any other animal or human. He had grown a good coat of fur; and now stood on his hind legs and caught the food when it was thrown to him in traditional bear fashion. Other animals not too far gone reacted similarly and the trouble was pretty well remedied. Brown, unpolished rice, now unobtainable, was also a great part of the little bear's diet.

"So what?"

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## IN MEMORIAM

## Miss M. McCallum, Invercargill South

It was with deep sorrow that the news of the passing on of our beloved friend and comrade, Miss Mary McCallum, was received. Her work as "Bulletin" agent brought her into contact with many of us, and her bright, cheerful personality made her an outstanding figure. The following is contributed by Mrs. Reidy, secretary of the Invercargill South Union.

"Our sympathy goes out to the relatives of our beloved and valuable sister, Miss Mary McCallum, from the Invercargill South W.C.T.U. Although in very frail health for some time, she really died in harness as it were. She had a broad Christian outlook and was ever ready and willing to help others in need of the truth. She was a great idealist, seeing visions and dreaming dreams. The best feature of her was her ideal of citizenship. She was one of those who saw that citizenship had widened its horizon to include the whole world. Did the Creative Purpose create and fashion that fine human life only to end it all in the frustration and futility of death? Death cannot be the Creator's last word. That the future life will surely be not less than this life, we know; but it will be greater and richer. Transplanted human work will bloom to profit everywhere."

## Miss L. M. Read, Ponsonby

On Sunday, January 20, one of the best-known and best-loved of the members of the W.C.T.U. was called to higher service, in the person of Miss L. M. Read. Very quiet was her passing, she just fell asleep to awake in the Heavenly Father's home.

The late Miss Read was one of the first members of the Ponsonby Union when it was reorganised by Mrs. Lee Cowie in 1923. Miss Read had, previous to this, been a member of the Auckland Union. She was for some years the secretary of Ponsonby, and when Mrs. Lee Cowie resigned the presidency in 1928, Miss Read succeeded her, holding the position for fourteen years. Miss Read also held all the offices in the district at different times, being district president for two years, vice-president for five years. She will be greatly missed for her loyal and faithful service to the W.C.T.U. over a long period of years.—Contributed by Mrs. R. A. Joiner.

## The Child Enthroned—from page 4.

the challenge. It is not possible to know how far the influence of our efforts may be felt. Evidence is not wanting that the children can and do wield a direct influence in the home by what they learn elsewhere.

Difficulties? Of course there are. They rise on every hand. But surely we of the W.C.T.U. have seen how these can disappear before the mighty power of our God?

Let the Child be enthroned in our unions. God help us all as we plan,