

"Home Letters Received at Palmerston North"

Dr. A. Gilbey

4 Chichester Street,
Westminster, S.W.1.
England.

Dear Mrs. Coles,

Very many thanks from various aged and infirm (and some not so aged but somewhat infirm) residents of Westminster, who have benefited by the generous gifts of soap sent by the Palmerston North Union of the W.C.T.U. Household soap, and to a lesser extent, toilet soap, has been very scarce here, and the sight of it produced a sparkle in the eye that will soon be matched by a few more on sundry clothes lines. Westminster is the sootiest city in England after Sheffield, and its inhabitants complain bitterly of the hard water and shortage of soap which add to their laundry difficulties. However, one of the recipients of your soap has just handed me a copy of the "World Digest" with an article on New Zealand, wherein we read that your housewives have to contend with volcanic ash on their washing at times. Fortunately, we don't suffer from volcanoes; only a blitz which seems to erupt every 25 years! None of us will ever forget the morning of May 10th, 1941, after one of the heaviest blitzes on London. The sun was shining brilliantly at Highgate, which is about seven miles from here, but here we had a dense fog from smoke, and a rainfall of black, charred paper and pieces, which floated down all day, although the raid ended at dawn. There was some dirty work at the cross-roads that time! An old Irish patient of mine had to be taken to hospital with shock, and cuts on the face and nose, and greeted me with, "Hello, doctor, ole Hitler thought he'd give me a black eye, but he missed the mark and punched my nose instead." She was hit three times in different raids, but still emerged triumphant. A week ago she was nearly killed when the front of the house, weakened by blitzing, suddenly fell down. This week I took her some of your soap, and this was her greeting: "Oh, sure, and 'tis nice to see you, doctor—just when I'm feeling I don't like myself at all. And this is from New Zealand, you say? However, did they know my name and address now? Well, isn't that nice of them? And me with a week's washing all piled up to do." She is 72, living alone now. She has three sons, all married and living away. As one of them said: "Ma got more knocking about here than any of us did abroad in the fighting."

Another lovely soul of fifty-odd is going blind from a mixture of diabetes and too much tobacco smoking. She was told she must give up smoking, which was a great blow to her. So I sent her some soap and a new pipe and suggested that when she felt she couldn't resist smoking, she should

blow bubbles instead. She replied that that was tantamount to offering a doll to a woman who had lost her baby, but that all the same she was grateful for the soap which she proposed to use in the orthodox manner. She has lost weight to such an extent that it would be impossible for her to stand in a queue, so the soap is really a great help to her.

Another recipient is a cheery little body who is nearly crippled with arthritis and unable to do her own washing, but can get it done by a friend with the soap she received, and was delighted with her good fortune.

Two other patients, each with an ulcerated leg, were equally enchanted with your gifts. The medicated soap will soothe the envenomed skin of an allergic sufferer, and the toilet soap is pleasing to two old ladies with little of life's luxuries to bless themselves with.

We are sometimes sad when we hear of bits and pieces of the Empire dropping away like crumbling fragments from an ageing rock. And then comes a letter such as yours, and all the kindly thoughts and generous help from folk who've never known or seen us, yet call us kin, and we realise that by God's good grace, there are bonds of love that bind our countries more firmly than any treaty of conquest could ever do; and our hearts are lifted up once again. We shall ever remember with thankfulness the help that New Zealand has given.

We appreciate it deeply.

Yours sincerely,

A. GILBEY.

News of Our Delegates to World Convention

190 Medway Street,
Westminster, London.

Dear Miss Jamieson,

The parcel of good things in tins came to Headquarters while I was away at Convention in the States. Very many thanks to the senders from the recipients. I gave the distribution to members of the office staff, who mainly live alone, or with one other person. People with only one or two ration books are shorter of "points"—for which all of your gifts would have called if bought here; and so they greatly appreciate these additions. We are all grateful for the practical help from our "White Ribbon Sisters."

At the Convention it was good to meet again friends from whom we had been parted for so many years, and we from the B.W.T.A.U. had a very happy time, and a great welcome.

Your two New Zealand delegates were much applauded for their enterprise in flying over. It is a pity that travel is so costly, for it does curtail

"WITHIN THE VEIL"

Mrs. H. Doreen, Mrs. J. H. Griffiths,
Palmerston North Union

At the August meeting of the Palmerston North Union reference was made to the passing of two valued members, Mrs. H. Doreen and Mrs. J. H. Griffiths.

Mrs. Doreen had been hospital visitor for the Union for many years. She used to have a baking morning every Friday, and then in the afternoon she would visit the hospital, taking with her the dainties she had made. She loved to work, and felt that the patients were always glad to see her. She used to get stamps for them, post their letters and do any other little errand they wished. On some occasions, she would even have them in her house to convalesce.

Our Union always considered that she was the right woman in the right place, and that she was doing really effective work. It was effective because it was done in love—love to her Lord, and love to the patients. When she was no longer able to do this work she still attended meetings and took an interest in the temperance cause to the very last. She passed away on Monday, July 14th, in a private hospital. She is now in the presence of the Master Whom she served with a life-long devotion.

Mrs. Griffiths joined our Union at the Palmerston North Convention, when the White Bow was pinned on by Mrs. Hiatt, then Dominion President. She was not young, and failing health prevented her attending the meetings, but she took a great interest in the cause, paid the sub. most willingly and was always pleased to hear of the doings at the meetings. Her funeral took place on August 7th, whilst Palmerston North meeting was in progress. She, too, loved our Lord, and served Him to the utmost of her ability.

the delegations from afar. No one was present from Australia, and we had only 18 instead of our permitted 60 from England. Some of us had to fly because we could not get steamer accommodation, but this, too, is very expensive. But, despite everything, it was a good Convention, and the meeting together was one of the best things. There is undoubtedly a bond between "White Ribbon" folk that is missing from other conventions. We are now looking forward to 1950 when we meet again in England.

I hope some of you who have been so kind to us will come over; and though we may not, even by then, be a land of plenty in the catering sense, we shall give you a great welcome.

With every good wish, and with many thanks.

Yours sincerely,

DOROTHY STAUNTON.

(Miss Staunton is the Editor of the English "White Ribbon,"—Editor's note.)