

held November 4, with scattered results indicating many dry victories. Four precincts in Columbus and one township in Franklin County voted dry.

Kentucky correspondence indicates that the last wet oasis in eastern Kentucky, Pike County, the largest county in Kentucky, having nearly 800 square miles and 91 voting precincts, voted dry by 910 votes, putting 139 saloons out.

In all these contests, the outstanding feature was the reliance upon purely factual data in bringing the question to voters.

Surely the above proves the value of educational work. These people know their facts and see to it that others do, too.

Never has the call for education on the evils of the liquor traffic been more urgent. Our young women and young men are thronging into the commercial and civic life of the country. Are we seeing to it that they know the value of keeping clear heads and living decent lives? Surely each one of us is challenged by the life and death and resurrection of Christ to use to the utmost our prayers and brains to help these young ones to help themselves.

Learn all you can about the evils of the liquor traffic; if you **should** learn anything good about it you could tell us that too.

We can only reach our goal, of a country cleansed of this iniquitous and soul-destroying traffic by taking steadily, step by step, the road that lies before us. We must realise that we have not time to miss steps or to take short steps when we might take long ones.

In the time before next Parliamentary election let us try to find men and women to represent us who are not afraid to stand four-square against the liquor traffic; men and women with clean records, both in public and private life.

Radio programmes still need reforming. Keep at it. Children are still needing greater protection; sometimes, alas, protection from their parents.

There is work for every woman in one or more of our Departments. Surely out of 23 Departments every one can find an interesting and worthwhile avenue of real service; and, above all, there is the crying need to remove the stumbling block of alcoholic beverages out of the way of our sisters and brothers.

In closing I would like to bring before you these quotations, "Refrain not to speak when there is occasion to do good." "A great door and effectual is opened to us," and through it, under our banner with its motto "For God, Home, and Humanity," with the help of the Lord we march to certain VICTORY. As you go forward in this year of our Lord, 1948, I give you the wish with which the early pilgrims used to cheer each other, "I wish you Good Luck in the name of the Lord."

A NEWCOMER'S IMPRESSIONS OF CONVENTION

Jane Emery

We arrived in Wellington to attend Convention, expectant of—we were not quite sure what. The smiling welcome of two charming members of the Wellington W.C.T.U., who met us, assured us of what lay ahead.

Convention opened under the gracious guidance of the Dominion President, Miss Kirk, whose kindly charm linked all delegates together in happy harmony. She was ably assisted by her capable officers, whose help was so courteously and freely extended to all throughout the first days of Convention.

As newcomers we were intrigued, interested, and imbued with the sincere, happy spirit of it all; and struck with the earnest desire of these delegates to give of their best to matters placed before Convention. That this annual event is a training-ground, giving insight into the vast fields of humanitarian endeavour encompassed and encouraged by the W.C.T.U., and fulfilled, to a great extent, was obvious to us novices from the beginning. In the bettering of conditions for children, men, and women, and all humanity generally, our organisation works quietly and efficiently at its target for good, influencing the laws of the country in the right direction.

Its world-wide endeavour for the welfare of humanity in peace, prosperity, and health, was brought home in few words very vividly to Convention, by our two accomplished delegates who attended the World Convention in America. At that huge gathering of the world intellect of the W.C.T.U. movement, black, brown, white, and yellow delegates met to learn from each other, and to combine with each other in their effort and action for World Welfare—to stamp out humanity's No. 1 degrading curse, the drink traffic, with its attendant evils.

It was not all work at the Dominion Conference. A reception of welcome, interspersed with songs by accomplished artists, teas, visiting lecturers, church services, and organised outings were recess high lights. We took advantage of the glorious sunshine Wellington so kindly favoured us with in such great measure, to enjoy a trip across the harbour to Day's Bay. It was a perfect Saturday afternoon, warm sunshine, tempered with gentle sea breezes from the sun-flecked blue-

green of the harbour, stretching out to the water-line of its surrounding hills, hazy with the sun-kissed blue of the heavens above. The "Rangatira," with its trim whiteness and bright orange funnels, rode gently beside the grey, weather-worn wharf. A flock of sea-gulls alighted on the glistening blue water beside it but soon rose again with a whirr as our launch chugged in to collect us. The jetty was crowded with people in holiday mood, and we milled and surged with them up the green gangway on to the launch, with the infectious lightness of "the afternoon off" atmosphere prevalent.

From our seats on deck we watched Wellington recede and take on its proper dimensions, with the tang of the sea in our nostrils. Our gaze swept round Halswell's Point to the curve of Oriental Bay, the congested masses of the wharf with its cosmopolitan shipping to the ill-fated "Wanganella," round the abundant curving miles of the harbour to Petone, and further round, to the point of our excursion, Day's Bay. The hills and slopes of Wellington were a blur of houses, bright roof-tops intermingled with an abundance of trees and shrubs. Soames Island lay to the right in a gossamer haze; the rock on which the "Wanganella" met its fate stood out in defiance within the roadstead to the open sea. Trim white yachts cruised by in elegant leisure as our launch chugged onward. The drowsy tranquillity of the open spaces mingled with the joyous laughter of gleeful children and more serious adults was good to experience.

We landed at Day's Bay and climbed the shady bush track which took us up and up to a marvellous view of Wellington and its environs. We came down, elated, to afternoon tea in the whitewashed, up-to-date pavilion with its shady verandah, and delightful garden retreats. Day's Bay is a Paradise of Peace with its lovely native bush mantling the steep slopes and deep gullies, and the rooftops of red, yellow, and white—just vivid patches of colour standing out of a tufted cloth of green. The beach beckoned and claimed its quota of enthusiasts. Motor cars lined the parking area of the Bay, facing out to the sea. Revellers boated, swam, walked, ate, and paddled. Tinies built castles in the sand, while others such as we just drowsed on the warm, sandy banks, drank in the lovely lines and activity of the Bay, contemplating lazily the beauty of life.