

debated in the By-laws Committee. To add to his enjoyment during leisure hours is the job of the Reserves, Public Gardens, Parks, and Bathing Beaches Committee; and when his wife takes in the morning bottle from the front doorstep, remember the Milk Committee has a hand in its arrival. Without completing the list there is also a Works Committee, a Housing and Town Planning Committee, an Airport Committee, a Legislation, Leasehold, and Library Committee, an Estimates Committee, an Appeal Committee: the names and functions may, probably, will differ in one city from another, but in all cities that is where the groundwork of local administration is done.

By virtue of his civic position, a Councillor may be appointed to the boards of several institutions and bodies outside the Council. In Wellington the Art Gallery, the Observatory, and Victoria University College, to name some, have a Local City Councillor on their governing boards. And since the war numerous local organizations formed for patriotic purposes have called on members of the Council to preside at their meetings or serve on their committees.

Citizens with a grievance or a scheme for the betterment of the city both look upon the Councillor, rightly in a democracy, as their point of contact with the powers-that-be. He is truly one of the city fathers. To the one he can indicate the right channel of approach for the ventilation of his grievance, explain away the grievance, or intercede with officialdom. For the other, if his proposal has merit, the Councillor can assist in stimulating interest by the relevant authorities or officials.

Service on the Council does something to the citizen. Before his election he may be full of plans as to what he will do to the Council. After some years as a



Councillor it does something to him. He becomes more proud than ever of his city. Not only because of a sentimental affection for the city where he lives and

works, and was possibly born, but because he has been privileged to see the machinery of local government in action and take his turn in the engine-room. Like Paul of old, he feels "a citizen of no mean city."

The long hours of unpaid work, the misunderstandings inevitable among human beings, the tedious debate, the abuse and derision which at one time or another strike any one with the temerity to enter public life—all these are more than cancelled by the satisfaction of having a hand in the running of your own city, of having striven to leave things a little better than you found them.

And when the war is won and thousands of men return to New Zealand from overseas, this generation of city fathers hopes that those men who, keeping their eyes open and their minds clear, have seen how cities in other parts of the world are run, and can appreciate what in their own home towns is good and what needs improvement, will answer the call to civic service and give their best to the towns they will live in.

