

then, suddenly, I knew, although I was hearing it for the first time. "Care!" it called. "Care!" Soon, far, far above I beheld it, hovering as a hawk might have hovered, above its glorious domain and looking down on the bush and the huge glacier white and grim in the approaching dusk. Afar he would see the blue Pacific and, facing it, those distant snow-peaks of the Southern Alps. What a domain! What an indescribably lovely home, vast, wild, and never to be forgotten! And how that lonely, poignant cry "care!" borne on the wings of night fitted it to perfection. I wandered on . . . that other kea I had seen was in my mind. "Happy? Of course he is happy! Why, he is in practically natural surroundings," I was told enthusiastically. He was in an aviary perhaps sixteen feet square. There was a miniature pile of rocks and a large pine-cone at which a doleful kea picked and picked, or spent endless fruitless hours trying to pull his tin of water from the ground where it was securely pegged. Poor captive! Probably never again would he cry "Care!" in the manner his wild brother was now doing, unless, maybe, in his dreams.

Days later I sat among some stunted manuka

watching the sun set over Lake Hawea. Already the rays had caressed the blue waters for the last time that day. By now the brown hills on the far side were turning purple. Flapping clumsily came a great black shag to alight on a stone within six feet of me. Through the screening manuka I peered at him with interest. Of a sudden he shook his sleek, glossy head and tiny beads of water flew, dimpling the tranquil lake surface. Next he stooped and bit tentatively at a small piece of drift-wood; I actually saw the bark crumple! Long moments he spent looking at the blue waters, white shore-line and big bare hills. And who shall say what thoughts were in his mind? With laborious flap of wings he lazily made off.

That night as I lay on a bracken bed gazing at the white tent walls and listening to little noises of the calm night, I sighed. To-morrow I had a three hundred mile ride home because my holiday was ended. And what a holiday! With what a wealth of flora and fauna New Zealanders are blessed. More and more was forced upon me the wisdom that lies in the clarion-call of the Forest and Bird Protection Society: New Zealanders, cherish your heritage!

PRIZES FOR NATURE-STUDY PHOTOGRAPHS

To encourage the development of Nature photography the Forest and Bird Protection Society is offering the following cash prizes:—

- Section A.* £1 for best photograph depicting native land bird or birds.
- „ *B.* £1 for best photograph depicting sea birds or waterfowl.
- „ *C.* £1 for best photograph depicting scenic beauty.
- „ *D.* £1 for best photograph depicting forest destruction or erosion.

Photographs of birds in captivity are not eligible.

The winning photographs, with the names of the prize-winners, will be published. Awards of 5/- each will be made to other competitors whose photographs are deemed worthy of publication.

Any competitor may enter any number of photographs.

The competitor's name and address and the title must be written on the back of each photograph, which must be a glossy print to facilitate reproduction. All entries become the property of the Forest & Bird Protection Society.

The judge will be Mr. G. C. Clarke, Process Expert. Entries close 1st July, 1940, and should be addressed to Forest & Bird, Box 631, G.P.O., Wellington.