

NORTH TO THE SUN

by "SUNDOWNER"

FROM Sydney to Rockhampton a wild shout greeted our train as often as we passed groups of workmen. In some cases it was a demand for newspapers. Sometimes it was mere ribaldry—a half-contemptuous challenge to change places. Usually, however, it was exuberance and little else—a

JUNE 8 happy bellow from uninhibited men living and working in the sun. Australians don't subject themselves to the stresses and strains we impose on ourselves in New Zealand. They are looser-tongued, socially less self-conscious. If they run to larrikinism more rapidly than we do, they know better than we do how to rest half way.

At this point, if I were preaching a sermon, I would give a back-handed slap at the boisterousness that is merely impertinence and vulgarity. But this is a sentimental journey, and I have not found it all unpleasant to be jeered as well as cheered on my way for a thousand miles.

SO far I have not seen so many birds as I expected to find in Capricornia, nor have many of them been exciting to look at. The most arresting, both to eye

and ear, have been the crows, which, because their call is so ridiculously unlike any sound you expect a bird to make, I find endlessly fascinating. But only their feathers are beautiful.

JUNE 15 Their flight is clumsy, and they seem to be as happy searching for carrion among the mangroves as for fruit in gardens and orchards. When they appear, and perform, there is, of course, nothing more fascinating than a pair of kookaburras, but most of those I have seen so far were in the dead timber we passed in the train, and I have only once heard a performance at close range. It was by a solitary bird, sitting on a power pole above a railway station where it had to compete with the steam escaping from the engine.

I suppose the wrens and wagtails come next on my list, the first because of their beautiful colour, and both because of their captivating movements. But I have spent a good deal of time watching the swallows, not only in flight, but clinging to the eaves of houses and the verandah ceilings of city shops. Though it is now technically winter here, the weather is so warm that the migration of the swallows has not yet taken place



KOOKABURRAS

"When they perform, there is nothing more fascinating"

—if it ever does take place in this latitude. To see the parrots and the cockatoos, the honey-eaters, the whip-birds, the eagles, brush turkeys and lyre birds, I shall have to move farther inland; farther in some cases than I shall ever get; but I am disappointed that I have not yet seen any of the larger water birds, though I am living at present

above a tidal creek, with a view across miles of mangrove swamps. I have, however, seen a flight of big bats (flying foxes) emerging from one of these swamps, but the light was not good enough to show them clearly.

There is one bird that has not disappointed me. I heard him in the night

(continued on next page)




can you read this?

SERIOUS EYE TROUBLES ARE OFTEN CAUSED BY SEVERE OR PROLONGED STRAIN...AND ONE OF THE SUREST WAYS TO STRAIN YOUR EYES IS INSUFFICIENT OR BADLY SITUATED ARTIFICIAL LIGHTING. YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL. THAT'S WHY YOU SHOULD INSIST ON CONDOR —THEY LIGHT BETTER, LAST LONGER. THEY'RE COILED COIL!

Re-lamp with Condor

N.Z. Distributors TURNBULL & JONES LTD.
Stockists everywhere

A single sip proves it!



ONE DOSE...

stops your **COUGH!**

From the first wheeze or sign of tightness take Buckley's — right away. Heavy congestion is loosened, breathing becomes easier — a good night's rest is assured. Instant — Action relief for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Flu. Buy Buckley's today!

Buckley's

TRIPLE STRENGTH
CANADIOL
COUGH MIXTURE

From all Chemists and Stores
DAVID SPARKS LIMITED
33 Great South Road, Otahuhu.