



Perhaps it is a cold place for some of us. We might not enjoy the sun of Nelson and Hawke's Bay. There might not be the sweltering heat and beaches of the Northland. We are inland here, far from the ocean and the scream of sea-birds. To the Southerner there is a charm in the hills of golden tussock. Yes, it is a long way to the South Island—but there are lots of longer places. In spite of it all our lot is a happy one, and, isolation or not, we all love our own country and have been seeing plenty of it lately.

A few miles from the camp is a deer-stalker's Paradise. Miles of mixed pine and beech forest stretch away south towards the Ruahine Range. In this the red deer roams and is stalked. On the Onetapu Desert there are plenty of rabbits and hares. One hour in a car will take us to Lake Taupo where trout like Manukau schnapper fight to be landed. There are the mineral baths at Tokaanu; here one can wallow, then swallow a hearty meal in the hotel. (Other things are there to swallow too.) The skiers rush headlong up Mt. Ruapehu, the "artists" to Taihape, and the dance-friends to Ohakune and the Devil, which it is understood is another name for sly-grog.

For the Nudist, our Camp has a distinct attraction. The nudist can chose a most secluded spot, there to perform his strip-tease to the large hairy mountain blow-flies. Then there is Natural History. Scientifically-minded botanists and geologists pore the hills for posterity. Nearby hills contain exposed beds of fossils belonging to the Tertiary Era. Shells, millions of years old lie, exposed to the eye of the palaeontologist. The whole National Park is a botanist's Paradise. On the Desert Road can be found the smallest pine-tree in the world. It is only a few inches high, forms a mat on the desert, and bears cones less than a quarter of an inch long. Then there are the mountain primroses, daisies, eye-brights and buttercups.

The photographer finds himself on the threshold of Nature's paint shop. Colour runs riot in the rivers, gorges, lakelets, bush and mountain scenery and the forest. As we go to press, the valleys around are flooded with the warm gold blossoms of the Kowhai—our national flower. On Mt. Ruapehu, the alpine flowers are pushing their sturdy stems through the melting snow. Yes, we certainly have recompense for our isolation. And we do get Home too, of course.

"Troop—attention! Lift up your left leg and hold it straight in front of you."

Trooper Jo lifts his right leg, bringing it side by side with his neighbour's left leg.

"Who is that intelligent fellow over there holding up both legs?"

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Anna: How did you win your D.C.M., Hori?

Hori: I saved the lives of the entire Tank Brigade.

Anna: Gee, how ever did you do that?

Hori: I shot the bloody cooks.

