

wiggly little people to sew and mend for I just don't write.—**Mary Marie, Halcombe.**

IN between our nursing, we have been having fun sightseeing—we went to the bazaar, which was an amazing place, narrow, winding street packed closely with dozens and dozens of shops, with the greatest variety of wares you could ever wish to see. We had a splendid guide the day we went, and he took us into all sorts of places. We have been to the Pyramids of Gehizah, and the Sphinx. There we saw excavated tombs and other things that I have read so much about—but to see them myself! I didn't ride on a camel, which I should have done—there were dozens out there in gay and colourful trappings. But I have ridden on a donkey, in native boats, in trains, trams, taxis (you've no idea what a taxi driven by a native is like—it has a horn you wouldn't be seen within a mile of in New Zealand, and is driven on the opposite side of the road from what we are used to), in army cars, transports, ambulances, private cars, and, not least, in garis—funny little vehicles with a hood (up or down) drawn by horses. I like riding in these better than anything. We went to church on Sunday evening—the Empire's soldiers and sisters were all represented. It was great to see so many people from so many parts of the world all gathered together to worship.—**Sister Goody, Middle East Forces.**

TWICE recently I have been the ungrateful recipient of gifts, one a smart hat, and the other two lovely bowls which were given to me at a birthday party. Yes, I know it sounds incredible to be ungrateful for a new hat! My family have always taught me that it is wrong to deny the giver the joy of giving, but it seems to me that people, in certain circumstances, should think first of the comfort of their own dependants.

One gift was from a young mother with a very delicate child. I nursed this girl through a short but severe illness, which might have ended fatally, so that I was more than repaid for any time and labour I had expended when my patient was up and about again. But the mother had to spend money and energy to give the party for me, and quite honestly I couldn't enjoy it knowing that her child needed special-care. The other giver, an elderly woman drawing a meagre pension, and one who needs medicine and warm woollies these nippy days, was very thrilled when she handed me the hat-bag. In my usual tactless and impulsive way I raged and growled until I saw the look on her face, and the tears in her eyes as she faltered: "I'm sorry; I thought you'd like it." And then, of course, I felt like a criminal.



Flowers that bloom in the spring make gay the unbleached muslin frock worn by Kay Harris, who plays for Columbia. The full skirt is set with a red and blue solid colour band above the hemline, and the large pockets drop from a tie on the sash. Her sunbonnet is lined in blue muslin.

But knowing that both these people have had to deny themselves warm clothes and essential medicines, how can I really enjoy these gifts? A handkerchief, or a bunch of flowers, would have amply conveyed their thanks to me, and I could have enjoyed these gifts with a clear conscience. My friends tell me I am ungrateful and too fussy. What do you think?—**Huia, Pukekohe.**

WE have had a very severe winter, with very little rain, but plenty of hard frosts. But last week great, grey clouds loomed in the sky, and the heavens opened. Today there is an even worse flood. My home being in a valley, one sees the tiny creeks swell into raging torrents. The creek that passes through our lawn has overflowed its banks, and alas for the shrubbery, the lawns, and flower beds! Wild waters are swirling round the motor garage and bridge. It is really fascinating to watch, if only one could keep out of mind the damage the flood waters are doing. Even Monday's washing is waving madly in the wind, while the horses and cattle stand meekly by in the paddocks, heads down, seeking what little shelter they can find from the elements of the storm. The dogs and cats have long since found cosy nests to snuggle into. The hens keep to their house, but look so forlorn, as they do not like the wet. The birds have ceased their joyous singing, but the ducks and geese are in seventh heaven, and enjoying the flood to the full!—**Peggy, Pleasant Point.**

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