

SOME THOUGHTS ON SPORT.

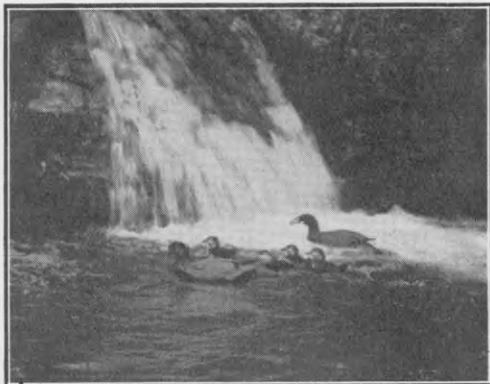
HAVOC OF BLUNDERING GUNMEN.

(By LEO FANNING.)

Who has not heard that old British saying: "It's a fine day. Let's go out and kill something"? Alas, there is another saying which can apply to New Zealand and many other countries: "It's any kind of a day. Let's go out and wound something."

Now that the season for the licensed firing at certain wild birds in this Dominion is drawing near, it is well to make a plea to shooters that they should act honourably, humanely—fairly and squarely—on the principles of true sport. After all, unless the attack on game is made with such a code which gives birds some measure of fair play against well-armed men, it ceases to be sport, and comes under the contempt of conscientious sportsmen.

The worst enemy of sport is the person who feels that the payment of a comparatively small license fee entitles him to go his own way, however callous or careless it may be, in his blazing at the birds. He stupidly takes a long shot which hits a duck, but has not shock enough to bring it down at once. It manages to escape, but its wound saps its strength, and it becomes easy food for a hawk or a weasel.



A FAMILY OF BLUE MOUNTAIN DUCKS IN
TYPICAL ENVIRONMENT.

On another occasion, the stupid shooter, who is really an anti-sport, will fire into a flock of birds. He may not kill one outright, but he may wound several. He fails to bag them—and the birds are doomed to lingering death if they miss the merciful attention of a hawk or other enemy.

An indication of the havoc wrought by blundering hit-or-miss sportsmen and sportswomen is given by Darel McConkey in a contribution to "American Forests." He vividly describes how