# FOREST AND BIRD

ISSUED BY
NEW ZEALAND NATIVE BIRD PROTECTION SOCIETY (INC.)

BELLBIRD
KORIMAKO OR MAKOMAKO

BULLETIN No. 32. APRIL, 1934

# THE NEW ZEALAND NATIVE BIRD PROTECTION SOCIETY (Inc.)

Invites all those who have respect for our wonderful and unique native birds, all those who realise the great economic and aesthetic value of birds, all those who wish to preserve our unrivalled scenic beauties, to band together with the Society in an earnest endeavour to fully awaken public interest and secure efficient preservation, conservation and intelligent utilisation of our great heritage.

With the co-operation, appreciation and assistance of the general public New Zealand can stand unrivalled. Without such our forests will be hopelessly marred and destroyed by fire, animals and wasteful exploitation.

The subscriptions are—Life members £5, Endowment members £1 per annum. The ordinary subscription, adults 5/-, children 1/-. Endowment members comprise those who desire to contribute in a more helpful manner towards the preservation of our birds and forests. Besides this, we ask for your co-operation in assisting to conserve your own heritage. Is it not worth while?

We aim at issuing only accurate information, all of which is checked by leading authorities. No remuneration is asked by any of our officers. Your contribution goes solely towards better informing others.

---

# THE NEW ZEALAND NATIVE BIRD PROTECTION SOCIETY (Inc.).

**HEAD OFFICE: WELLINGTON, N.Z.**

**MARITIME BUILDINGS, CUSTOMHOUSE QUAY. P.O. BOX 631.**

**EXECUTIVE:**

PRESIDENT: Capt. E. V. Sanderson.

| | |
|---|---|
| Gilmer, Mrs. Knox | Aston, B. C., Esq. |
| Morice, Dr. C. G. | Kirk, J. R., Major, O.B.E. |
| Andersen, J. C., Esq. | McLean, W. E., Esq. |

Dominion Acting Secretary and Treasurer: Miss C. M. Gow.

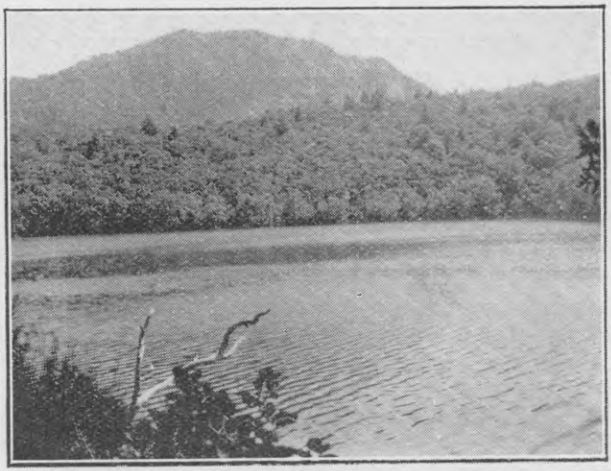
**REPRESENTATIVES:**

BAY OF PLENTY—B. Sladden, Esq., Box 52, Taneatua.
TARANAKI—W. W. Smith, Esq., Grand View, New Plymouth.
NELSON—Mrs. P. Moncrieff, The Cliffs.
CANTERBURY—L. W. McCaskill, Esq., 72 Dean Street, Christchurch.
OTAGO—G. C. Thomson. Esq., Box 672, Dunedin.
SOUTHLAND.—J. B. Thomson, Esq., Box 154, Invercargill.

**OBJECTS—To advocate and obtain the efficient protection and preservation of our native birds, enlisting the natural sympathy of our young, unity of control of all wild life, and the preservation of sanctuaries, scenic reserves, etc., in their native state.**

**Affiliated with the International Committee for the Protection of Wild Birds.**

**The foundation of true conservation is in the setting aside of sanctuaries efficiently and rigidly controlled by men who know how.**



A GLIMPSE OF MAYOR ISLAND.

## WHITHER ARE WE GOING?

*EROSION of the high lands is in evidence almost throughout New Zealand. Plant-eating animals are rapidly destroying our few remaining forests, but the gravity of the situation is not yet fully realised either by the public or the authorities.*

*The sawmiller is continually making inroads into the few remnants of our forests. Even such national estates as our scenic reserves and the Tongariro National Park are not considered by the timber-getter as sacred.*

*Fire takes its toll year by year. In the meantime all are burdened with intolerable debt and taxation. Are we surely not heading fast to that time when New Zealand, denuded of the original plant life, will be brought to that stage when surface covering will be merely a skeleton of its old-time state, and the producing capabilities will be reduced to vanishing point?*

*Former civilisations perished because of forest denudation. Is our civilisation not yet sufficiently advanced to recognise the perils and insure against it? The time is overdue for a rigid prohibition of forest-clearing on certain highlands where a protective covering is necessary on the watersheds and for a replanting of native forests on steep slopes where short-sighted selfishness or folly has interfered disastrously with Nature.*

## THE BELL-BIRDS' CHORUS.

### A WONDERFUL MORNING SONG.

(By Will Lawson).

One of the most wonderful of Nature's gifts to New Zealand is the song of the bell-bird. Though at one time this wild minstrelsy could be heard anywhere in the New Zealand bush, to-day it is only to be heard in a few places, remote from the sounds and signs of civilisation. One of these places is Tangarakau Gorge through which the railway has recently been taken and which penetrates steep, razorback country, heavily timbered, with clearings here and there where settlers have struggled to secure a footing.

But though the railway pierces the ranges by this route, at the place where the bell-birds are to be heard, the line passes by a side gully, leaving the feathered singers undisturbed.

In the stillness of the morning, at about three o'clock, those who desired to hear the chorus of the bell-birds, rose and went a little distance into the bush, where they waited for the little musicians to warm up to their song.

Through the silence was heard presently the clear-cut sound of an axe. "That is a tui, starting the music," a bushman said; "they are mimics." Again there was silence. Then came a faint sweet *tinkle, tinkle*—faint and thin, from the bush slope some distance away. It was such a tiny sound, that first call of a bell-bird, that a feeling of disappointment was unavoidable. One expected to hear clear, ringing bell notes.

Such a note, the true note of a tui clear and loud, suddenly rang out. That seemed more like the popular idea of a bell-bird's song. But like an under-current of sound, fairy-sweet and elfin-clear, the bell-birds' chorus was rising. In waves of gentle sound the music swayed, now louder in the gully, now on the ridges, as though thousands of tiny bells were being softly shaken by warm breezes or a ghostly hand. "Magical" was the word that sprang into the mind, to describe it. If ever there were fairies, this bell-bird song surely was theirs.

The dawn was breaking over the high hills. The light gave the songsters encouragement. The volume of music grew and swelled, sometimes in strong waves of sound, sometimes fading away. Tall trees showed their shapes in the growing light of dawn, and louder still the bell-birds sang.

As broad daylight beamed and the glow of the coming sun was seen, the choristers seemed to be bursting their throats, so full-toned and sweet was their music. Yet it was a perfect

harmony of bird notes; no clear individual notes were heard; only the silver bells seemed to ring more loudly, as though trembling in stronger winds or swung faster by invisible hands. As the listeners returned to sleep again, that wonderful orchestra of small green singers of the steep ranges and deep gullies was still sending louder and louder waves of music up to the God of the world they lived in.

Until the sun rose, the song went on. Then it rapidly died away, and once more the small, bright-eyed bell-birds were going about their daily business of life, calling their short, monotonous notes as they moved from tree to tree in search of food.

It is their morning song which is so wonderful and which should be heard by everyone who can do so. Nothing more surprising or so incongruous, considering the size and appearance of the birds, and their daytime music, can be imagined.

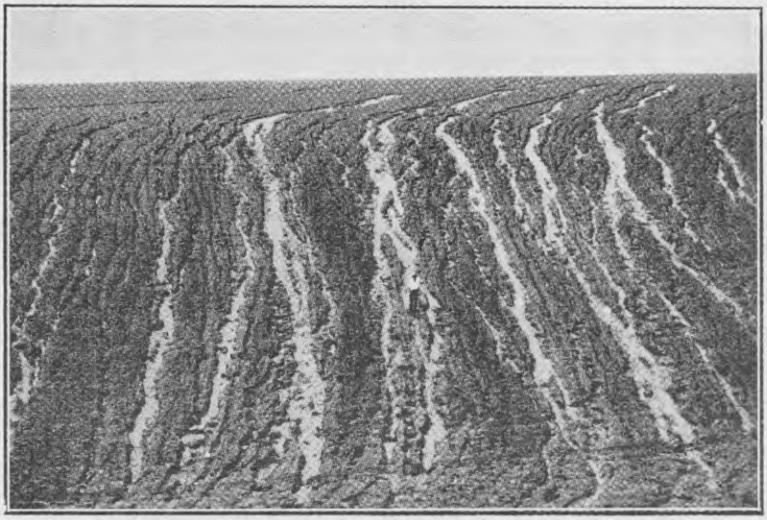
## WHEN THE VANDAL GOES ABROAD.

### JOHN MASEFIELD'S DENUNCIATION.

The brilliant poet and novelist, John Masefield, had occasion recently to denounce the type of vandal who desecrates the natural beauty of woods and waysides.

"We have seen," he said, "a great growth in this country of masses of hideous buildings which we miscall cities, and, as a consequence, hordes of men and women who have to live in these cities are shut away from Nature, are starved of Nature and hardly know what Nature is. In the last generation of men, machines have made it possible for these Nature-starved people to flood into the country, and, like little children when marvellous toys are placed before them for the first time, they pillage and sack and defile and de-flower Nature hardly knowing what it is they do. As a consequence it has become necessary to have a Society for the Preservation of Rural England; to preserve rural England for those who mind and love it more than they expected.

"I suppose in course of time this nation may become a user of rural England, and when that happy day comes, I have no doubt that rural England will be preserved as in the days of our fathers. Until that day comes along, sanctuaries are very necessary, as when the cities began to become big, arms of precision became possible and also cheap. As a consequence, every parish in this kingdom has at least one shooter who will blast into eternity every strange and beautiful bird that happens to come his way."



AN ARRESTING INSTANCE OF SOIL EROSION. NOTE MAN IN CENTRE.

## S.O.S.

### "SAVE OUR SOIL."

"Save the surface and you save the lot" was the slogan of a very successful advertising campaign of paint manufacturers in the United States of America. That country and many others (including New Zealand) have to be concerned with a much more important "save-the-surface" enterprise—the saving of the surface of farming lands, threatened by the ogre of erosion.

This ever-increasing evil of soil-scouring is rapidly telling its tale in New Zealand. From North Auckland to Southland one sees the denuding process taking place on the steeper lands with the consequent flooding and destruction of the lower lands.

Mr. H. D. Bennett, in "American Forests," describes the same destruction as occurring in the Mississippi region in the following terms:—

"Estimates indicate that every year three billion tons of soil material are washed out of the fields and pastures of the nation. More than four hundred million tons of suspended solid matter and many more millions of tons of dissolved matter pass out of the mouth of the Mississippi River annually. This comes largely from the farm lands of the Mississippi Basin. The greater part of this water-transported material, picked up from plain, prairie, and mountain slope, consists of super-soil, enough

of it to build 1,250 farms of 160 acres each, all having a depth twice that of the average upland soil of America. Many have used the expression "as rich as the soil of the Nile" without knowing that the alluvium of the Mississippi flood plain is still richer.

"Three billion tons of soil lost every year is an incomprehensible quantity. To haul its equivalent from our fields and dump it into the oceans and valleys would require the simultaneous loading of a fleet of trucks running six thousand abreast, every minute throughout every day and night, year in and year out. If it is possible to visualise such an unending parade of hurrying trucks, then one can develop a fairly clear picture of the prodigious cost of this annual washbill of the fields of America.

"When this soil has departed from its place of origin it cannot be hauled back. We can restore land which has been sapped of its plant food by continuous cropping, if the solid soil material still remains in the field; but the soil removed by erosion can not be restored for the simple reason that not merely the plant food is taken, but also the humus, the mineral soil particles and the myriads of beneficial microscopic organisms dwelling within the soil."

New Zealand's physical features—mountainous country from which many rivers have comparatively swift courses to the ocean—should intensify the people's fear of erosion. Obviously this country cannot afford to have much of its best soil swept out to sea, where it is a nuisance to Harbour Boards instead of the benefit it would be to farmers if left in its natural place!

---

**WHITE HERON IN ITS MODERNISED HABITAT.**

## NEW ZEALAND'S DWINDLING FORESTS.

### A COMPARISON WITH EUROPEAN COUNTRIES.

It will surprise many New Zealanders to learn that the area of the remnants of their forests, as stated in a percentage of the total land surface, compares very unfavourably with the figures of several countries of Europe.

The area of controlled forests in Finland amounts to 60 per cent. of the total area of the country, that of Sweden 50 per cent., Germany 25 per cent., France 19 per cent.

New Zealand's per centage is 11.7, much of which is not permanently reserved, or 19 per cent. including scenic reserves and other such reservations. The Auckland district, containing about a third of the Dominion's population, has only 6 per cent. of its total area under forests. Let us remember that it is an accepted fact that no nation can live in prosperity without a sufficiency of forests.

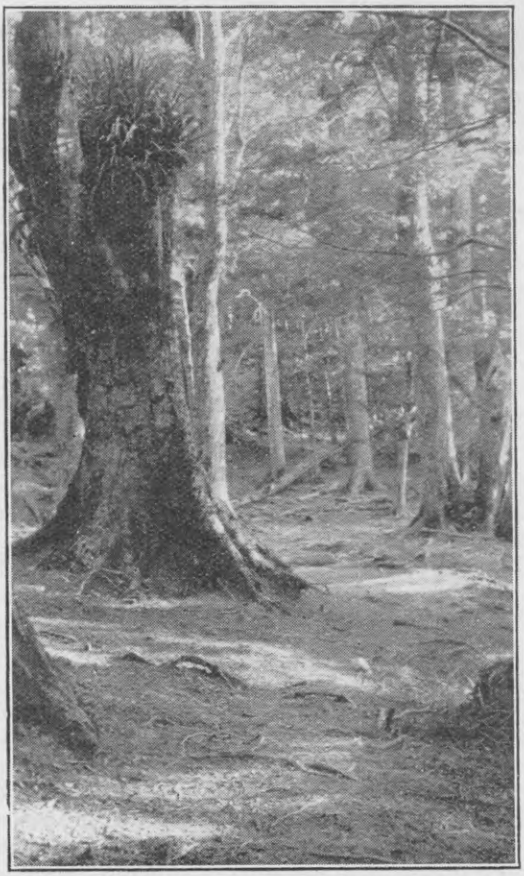
In his report for the past year the Director of the State Forest Service makes some terse comments on the importance of protection forests. There is a passage which should be well heeded by New Zealand's people:—

"Pending the completion of the forest inventory, work on which has unfortunately been delayed for reasons of economy, it is difficult to quote the total area of protection forests under State control in the Dominion, but it is probably in the vicinity of 5,000,000 acres. It has been emphasized in many previous reports, but cannot be stressed too often, that, although they have little or no commercial value, the question of control, protection, and management of these protection forests is of the greatest importance. It is realized that expenditure on this work will not return any direct revenue to the State, but by applying proper forest treatment these lands can be made to exercise a wonderful influence on the productivity of the lower-lying farming country; to do this, however, it is a *sine qua non* that the forest-cover should be unmolested and held inviolate to perform the functions ordained by nature. Failure to observe this natural law has resulted in great national loss in many parts of the Old World and the American Continent. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the serious floods, land-erosions, and river-siltings which periodically occur in our own Dominion are primarily attributable to the same cause.

"It is equally important that the forest-floor should not be disturbed in order to properly regulate stream-flow and prevent rapid run-off. On the question of protection forests the following extract from the annual report of the United States Forest

Service for the fiscal year ended 30th June, 1932, is of particular interest:—

> "'Forest management and protection investigations seek better knowledge of the many forces which together determine forest productivity. In the virgin forest these forces are in a certain balance. As soon as this balance of nature is disturbed corresponding changes begin to show themselves in the character of the forest growth. They may be relatively temporary or far-reaching. Their character and extent depend not only on the kind and amount of disturbance, but also on the natural conditions. To apply forestry it is necessary to know how to control and direct the life of the forest.'"



**SERIOUS DEER DESTRUCTION IN HAURANGI FOREST, SOUTH WAIRARAPA.**

*From Photo, "Strand Magazine."*

**VISCOUNT GREY, OF FALLODON, WITH SOME OF HIS FRIENDS, MANDARIN DUCKS, AT HIS PRIVATE SANCTUARY.**

## THE BIRDS OF VISCOUNT GREY.

### ON HIS FALLODON SANCTUARY.

Seton Gordon, in the September issue of the "Strand" Magazine last year, gave some very pleasant impressions of the late Viscount Grey's sanctuary for birds at Fallodon. Many New Zealanders will be warmly interested in the following extracts:—

"On the Northumbrian coast, sheltered by old woods from the sea wind, is the small estate of Fallodon. The owner of the estate—Viscount Grey of Fallodon—is perhaps better known to the world as Sir Edward Grey, who was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs during the memorable days which saw the outbreak of the Great War.

"Viscount Grey is a lover of birds and beasts. More than any man I know, he has the gift of patience and understanding for his feathered and furred friends, and at Fallodon to-day are seen the marvellous fruits of his love and care for the wild creatures which surround him and cheer his days. Even in his retirement, and handicapped as he is with failing sight, Lord Grey is a busy man, and has, of necessity, to undertake frequent journeys to London and elsewhere. From these journeys he returns to his birds as to old friends, and like old friends his birds greet him.

"Almost as tame as the robins are the Fallodon tits. They fly fearlessly into the house, and have recently become quite a nuisance, for they peck the tops of the lamp shades, apparently finding the glue to their liking. The lamp shades have had to be treated specially to prevent further damage being done to them.

"The evening feed at Fallodon is a remarkable experience for a lover of birds. Many of the ducks are on the lawn, and when they see Lord Grey leave the house they hurry eagerly to him, and follow him down the path to the feeding place below the larch at the lower of the two ponds. The evening feed consists of grain and bread. It is remarkable to see a flight of tufted duck fly at great speed, alight with a splash on the water, hurry out of it on to the land, and come up to Lord Grey's feet, to take bread from his kindly hand. Should he withhold the food the ducks pull his shoe-laces or his stockings, and are aggrieved if they are not attended to promptly.

"The widgeon, flying whistling overhead, are equally tame, and many of them feed from the hand also. But perhaps the tamest of all are the mandarins. The mandarin drake is an extraordinarily handsome bird, and not only feeds from the hand, but actually flies up and perches on one's head. One night I had two mandarins on my head at the same moment!

"Birds and man are here in perfect harmony, but a thing which happened the other evening showed me that the vigilance of the waterfowl was by no means lessened from their close contact with man. Lord Grey and I were sitting together on the seat at an evening feed. The waterfowl were all around us, many of them feeding from the hand. Suddenly a blackbird flew overhead and uttered his warning chuckle. On the instant every duck took wing, and flew into the water in alarm. Again, during the hard frost at the early part of this year I was feeding the ducks. A sudden alarm seized them, and they flew over the ice and settled on the circular zone of water which they had kept free of ice by dint of much hard work. I had not moved, and so I knew that I was not the cause of their alarm. I looked up, and saw an old heron planing down towards the pond. When he saw me he swerved off, but the birds had noticed his approach, and perhaps they had mistaken him for a large hawk, hence their alarm.

"I was the witness of a scene at Fallodon which will remain long in my memory. It was a fine spring morning of sunshine, and Lord Grey had seated himself on the white seat beside the upper pond, and had begun to feed the ducks. I saw a mandarin drake a little distance away watching him intently and even as I looked, measuring his distance carefully, flew up and

alighted upon Lord Grey's hat. There he stood happily. A minute or two later two other mandarins also flew up and settled on the back of the seat, one on either side of the statesman, and perhaps a couple of feet from him. The picture they made was a very remarkable one; they appeared to be acting as a bodyguard, and the bright sunshine heightened their beauty. After a time one of the three mandarins actually went to sleep.

"Two instances of the remarkable confidence which exists at Fallodon between man and birds may be mentioned. It is well known how reluctant birds are to disclose their nesting place to human eyes. A tufted duck here actually rose from her eggs, covered them with the down of the nest, and then came up to be fed, all while the human observer was standing close beside her. The second occurrence is even more remarkable. One day the gardener saw a mandarin duck very perturbed. She came up to him, plainly imploring his aid, and led him, as a dog might have done, for some distance along the side of one of the ponds, now and again looking back at him encouragingly. After a time she stopped, and the gardener saw that one of her ducklings was entangled in some wire. While he was liberating the duckling the mother stood beside him, showing marked approval, and when the good work had been successfully completed she thanked him as plainly as it is possible for a duck to thank a human being. This action shows, I think, the intelligence of the mandarin duck, and is a tribute to the family atmosphere of the Fallodon sanctuary."

Some New Zealanders, by similar kindness to wild birds, have also won their confidence. The way is open for anybody to build a firm friendship with charming birds.

## SEAGULLS HELP FARMERS.

Seagulls are usually regarded as fisher-birds, but now and again they penetrate inland and feed on almost anything that comes in their way (remarks a contributor to "Smith's Weekly," Sydney).

During a caterpillar plague at Tilba Tilba (N.S.W.), thousands of gulls appeared in the paddocks, and gorged day after day on the pest. Many of the farms in the locality were saved by the birds destroying the crawling hordes before they could reach the crops. The gulls walked and fluttered about the ground until their crops were full, and then retired to a swamp or waterhole.

When the caterpillars had disappeared the birds left.

Similarly, in many districts of New Zealand, seagulls have waged war on insects and grubs that worry farmers.

## MEMBERS, REMEMBER!

### HOW YOU CAN HELP.

Members of the New Zealand Native Bird Protection Society, your Executive's annual report shows that plenty of good constructive work has been done during the first year. Still more will be done this year, if you are determined to do your best for the achievement of your Society's national-welfare ideals.

Many of the adult members who pay the ordinary subscription of 5/- a year may be able to step up to the higher grade of endowment membership (£1 a year). The extra 15/- works out at only ½d. a day which is a trifle to an individual, but a big help—when much multiplied—for the Society. At present there are only about a hundred endowment members; the number should be well over a thousand.

Every member should strive perseveringly to bring other folk into the Society's fold. After all, membership of this active, public-spirited Society is a case of self-help, because the Society works wholly and solely for New Zealand, present and future. The subscription for an ordinary member, 5/-, means less than 1¼d. a week. How many New Zealanders cannot afford such a contribution, to help in assuring the welfare of themselves and posterity? For children the charge is only 1/- a year (merely, 1d. a month). On that basis the great majority of this Dominion's children should be members of the Society.

Members all, will you undertake this year to bring more members into the great fighting fellowship of New Zealanders for New Zealand? Plan now and work now, so that you will be able, a year hence, to look back on a worth-while effort and feat of your own for the protection of your country's birds and forests.

## SUNDOWN.

The day descends, and I behold
The beauty of gulls' wings over me.
The wild light spreads, the wind grows cold
And slants the headland's lonely tree.

In clouds of amethyst and gold,
The evening lies upon the sea;
On salty wind, the sea-birds fold
Their slow-cut arcs in ecstasy.

—Frances Frost in the "Christian Science Monitor."

## AGAINST CRUEL BIRD-CAGING.

### BRITAIN'S BUCKMASTER ACT.

Some people who are really kind-hearted keep birds in cages. Persons who would not knowingly commit the slightest act of cruelty keep singers as prisoners in cages hardly big enough to allow the captives to stretch their wings. It is a case of thoughtlessness—lack of imagination. No cruelty is intended, but it is there all the same. Whether cruelty is deliberate or unintentional, the bird's suffering is the same.

Happily, public opinion in Great Britain has been strongly developed on behalf of wild birds. Hence has come the Buckmaster Act, forbidding the caging of wild birds.

Catching of wild birds has long been barred. The use of bird lime is also prohibited. The Buckmaster Act shows that New Zealand is lagging behind the Mother Country. At certain times of the year boys and men may be seen using bird-lime in and about many towns of the Dominion.

## GLAD TO DIE.

### LAMENT OF A CAGED GOLDFINCH.

A wretched little Goldfinch I!
My song is changed to piteous cry.
Through long days drear I fret and rage
Pent tight within this narrow cage.
Broken my leg, worn bare both wings and tail
In puny efforts—but of no avail—
To free myself. I can't get out!
I hear the children play and shout
And wonder on this sunny morn
Why bird like me was ever born.

Hearken! One comes with hushed breath.
He whispers "Birdie, I am Death,
Love's servant, sent to set you free."
I feel a warmth enfolding me
Like mother wings in bygone days,
To kindly Death be thanks and praise.
Man's cruelty I can now defy,
And so I . . . little Goldfinch . . . die.

*F. L. Horner.*

## A CHAT ON HEREDITY.

(By Captain E. V. Sanderson.)

A versatile writer, Mr. A. S. Patterson, has pointed out that civilisation does not advance on a front, as it were, but more in the form of a queue. There are always to be found a few in the lead, who are strenuously fighting for a better state of things; yet, ever and anon, they are being pulled back by those behind. This queue is formed of all grades from the most advanced form of civilisation right down to almost the ape man, at least in disposition if not altogether in form.

Heredity is that which retards man's progress. Look around and you will see it in many ways, both in man and all animals. Why does a dog attach itself to Man, for instance? When ancient Man went out with his spear or club in order to obtain food, he took the palatable parts of his prey only. The dog, being primarily a scavenger, soon learned that food for him, too, was always to be procured by following Man. The dog, not being good eating, was not harmed in these hunting trips, and in the course of time followed Man closer and closer until at last he even learned to assist in the kill.

When one sees the modern hunter, equipped in a nice shooting suit and armed with a modern gun, proceeding in quest of his quarry in a motor car, accompanied by his setter, we can recognise that he is merely following the call of heredity—a call which is inherent in all and which, wherever it is of a harmful or cruel nature, we should strive to overcome.

In the same manner, if we look enquiringly around, we shall find this hereditary drag ever present within Man and animal. A cow instinctively uses its horns to protect its calf. A woman pulls the blinds down, ostensibly to protect the wallpapers and furniture, but it has been stated that, because the human male does not bother in a like manner, this trait is hereditary from the days when woman hid in the darker part of the cave while her lord and master was away hunting or fighting his neighbours.

On and on we may trace the working of this hereditary drag almost everywhere, even down to the small boy and often the ornithologist who loves bird-nesting. The latter camouflages the hereditary call on the plea of scientific research upon a matter which has been enquired into time and time again. Why are birds' nests attractive? Our ancestors were ever looking for them as the raw eggs and young birds were an addition to their food supply. The Maori in the same way still eats huhu grubs, and they are probably good eating, just as much so as nestlings

and birds' eggs were to our ancestors; nay, even as hen eggs are to us to-day. I have just purchased half a dozen, because Man must eat to live, but there is no necessity to do cruel things like needlessly robbing birds' nests just because our ancestors had a need to do so in order to live.

## BIRD LIFE OF LITTLE BARRIER.

Miss Ruth E. Nelson (daughter of the late caretaker of the Little Barrier Bird Sanctuary) writes interestingly about the bird life there.

The only enemy they had was the hawk (she remarks), and in this respect they were in no way stupid, always having a sentinel placed on guard on the highest point of the beach to warn them if the enemy was in sight. The method was very characteristic of these birds, being a loud "coo" repeated twice or thrice, and making a great commotion with the wings the bird would fly swiftly to the nearest tree for safety, all the rest of the flock following as fast as they could. I do not think many of them were seized by the hawk; only an occasional one was taken.

Many of them found food in the garden. Much preference was given to the hearts of cabbage and cauliflower, which appeared to be greatly to their taste. In this way they would become a nuisance; so we had to find adequate protection for the growing plants. This all shows how tame these birds could become when left unmolested.

Pigeons were to be seen at any time of the year. Some went inland during the winter months, others crossed to the mainland; but the majority were always with us.

The little green parrakeets would also come down with the rest to eat. They were quite common also. We had a tame kaka parrot which stayed with us for a long time. It was very quaint indeed, and would give us a lot of fun watching its antics with the other birds. It preferred to have the dishes all to itself, and would run from one dish to another, chasing the other birds away. The tuis objected to this form of play, and when the kaka was eating would hop round about and flap their wings in a gallant effort to drive it away; but it would take not the slightest notice of them, and went on eating quite indifferent to everything but the food in its claw until it had eaten its fill.

## THE WAYS OF THE BELLBIRD.

(*Anhornis melanura.*)

(From *"New Zealand Forest-Inhabiting Birds,"* published by the N.Z. Native Bird Protection Society.)

It is usually accepted that Cook indicated the bellbird (known to the Maoris as Korimako, Makomako, etc.), when he wrote in January, 1770:—"The ship lay in Queen Charlotte Sound at the distance of somewhat less than a quarter of a mile from the shore, and in the morning we were awakened by the singing of the birds. The number was incredible, and they seemed to strain their throats in emulation of each other. This wild melody was infinitely superior to anything that we had ever heard of the same kind. It seemed to be like small bells most exquisitely tuned."

The bellbird rapidly decreased before the onset of civilisation, until by 1890 in most places it was very rare. Within the last twenty years, especially in parts of the South Island, it has so increased even in settled and urban districts that it seems that the bird has adapted itself to the new conditions sufficiently to ensure its perpetuation. One factor in this is undoubtedly the variety of its tastes as regards food. In the winter it feeds largely on insects found on the furrowed trunks of broadleaf, under the papery bark of fuchsia and native holly, or on the branches of all kinds of introduced trees. Berries are also eaten, especially those of coprosma, fuchsia, cabbage-tree, and mistletoe. The native ivy tree, New Zealand flax, ratas, Australian banksias, acacias, and eucalypts, tree lucerne, and red-hot pokers, all have flowers bearing nectar accessible to a bird with a brush tongue. But it is when feeding on fuchsia or kowhai that the birds give most pleasure, adding acrobatics to their other charms as they hang down in all sorts of grotesque attitudes in their efforts to insert their bills into the drooping flowers. Their fondness for nectar enables us to attract bellbirds to our homes by exposing coloured tins of sweetened water.

Until one has had some practice it is difficult to see the bellbird in the bush, as the colour of the feathers harmonises so completely with the background; on the wing they are easily seen. The soft slender lines, the long tail, the undulating but rapid flight are characteristic. It is one of our most shapely birds.

Both sexes work at nest building. The structure may be found in a variety of positions, such as a fork in thick branches, beneath a sheltering canopy of bush lawyer, near the top of a small tree, or under the thatch formed by the leaves of a cabbage-

tree. Grass and moss often form the basis, interlaced with sprays of tough manuka. Feathers are much sought after for the lining. The interior may be a symphony in colour, the scarlet of the kaka mingling with the green of the parrakeet and the ultramarine of the kingfisher. Three or four eggs are laid of the most delicate white, but sometimes with the faintest glow of a pink tinge. They are marked, principally towards the larger end, with a profusion of reddish-brown spots. The young are fed by the parents long after they are full fledged.

The song of the bellbird has much in common with that of the tui, even to the whisper songs, jangles, sneezes, gutturals, and chuckles. "It is at the grey break of dawn and in the still hour that closes the day that its chimes strike clearest on the ear. It is comparatively silent during the noontide heat, unless some few individuals meet on a tree or shrub that offers a tempting show of honey-bearing blossoms. A note or two is briefly sounded, the numbers rapidly increase, and after much noisy fluttering of wings a gush of clanging melody bursts forth from a score of quivering throats forming a concert of unharmonious yet most pleasing sounds." Towards dusk bellbirds utter a succession of notes like the tolling of some distant bell.

FRILLED SHAGS AT HOME.

# N.Z. NATIVE BIRD PROTECTION SOCIETY (INC.).

## LIST OF OFFICERS.

### Patron:

His Excellency The Governor-General of New Zealand, THE RIGHT HON. LORD BLEDISLOE, P.C., G.C.M.G., K.B.E.

### President:

CAPTAIN E. V. SANDERSON.

### Vice-Presidents:

| | |
|---|---|
| ANDERSEN, JOHANNES C., ESQ. .. .. .. | Wellington |
| ARCHEY, GILBERT, ESQ., M.A. .. .. | Auckland |
| BENHAM, DR. W. B., M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S., F.Z.S. | Dunedin |
| COBELDICK, WM., ESQ., F.R.G.S. .. .. | Whakatane |
| DRUMMOND, JAMES, ESQ., F.L.S., F.Z.S. .. | Christchurch |
| FACHE, GEO. C., ESQ. .. .. .. | Waiuku |
| FALLA, R. A., ESQ., M.A. .. .. .. | Auckland |
| FELS, WILLI, ESQ. .. .. .. .. | Dunedin |
| FRASER, W. M., ESQ. .. .. .. | Whangarei |
| GUTHRIE-SMITH, H., ESQ. .. .. | Tutira |
| HAWKE, HON. A. F., M.L.C. .. .. | Invercargill |
| KIRK, J. R., ESQ., M.B.E. (Mil) .. .. | Gisborne |
| MACLEAN, LADY .. .. .. .. | Napier |
| MCCASKILL, L. W., ESQ., M.Agr.Sc. .. .. | Christchurch |
| MCKAY, DR. WM. .. .. .. .. | Greymouth |
| MILNER, F., ESQ., C.M.G., M.A. .. .. | Oamaru |
| MONCRIEFF, MRS. P. .. .. .. | Nelson |
| MYERS, DR. J. G., Sc.D., F.E.S. .. .. | London |
| PHILLIPS TURNER, E., ESQ., F.R.G.S. .. | Hamilton |
| SLADDEN, BERNARD, ESQ. .. .. .. | Tauranga |
| THOMSON, G. C., ESQ. .. .. .. | Dunedin |
| THOMSON, J. B., ESQ. .. .. .. | Invercargill |
| VAILE, H. E., ESQ. .. .. .. | Auckland |

HON. AUDITORS: MESSRS. CLARKE, MENZIES, GRIFFIN & ROSS, Wellington.

HON. SOLICITORS: MESSRS. BUDDLE, ANDERSON,, KIRKCALDIE & PARRY, Wellington

HON. LIFE MEMBERS: DR. L. COCKAYNE, C.M.G., F.R.S., D.Sc.
W. W. SMITH, ESQ.

## LIST OF LIFE MEMBERS.

ABSOLOM, MRS. G.
ALLMAN, GEORGE, ESQ.
ANDERSON, R. A., ESQ.
BARNETT, LADY
BARCLAY, DR. W. J.
BATHGATE, DR. D. A.
BRADLEY, ORTON, ESQ.
BRASS BROS., LTD., MESSRS.
BROWN, WM., ESQ.
CAMPBELL, H. R., ESQ.
CARGILL, MISS F. M.
CHAMBERS, JOHN, ESQ.
CLARK, T. P. ESQ.
COWIE, DR. HELEN, B.A.
DICKISON, JOHN R., ESQ.
FELS, WILLI, ESQ.
FERGUSON, MISS CATHERINE
FERGUSON, W. D., ESQ.
FITZGERALD, GERALD, ESQ.
GIBSON, DR. HAROLD B.
GIRL GUIDES' ASSN. OF N.Z.
GUNSON, LADY
HAINES, MRS. CHARLES
HANDLEY, MRS. C. H.
HARDING, R., ESQ.
HOLDSWORTH, MRS. L. V. *England*
HUDSON, R., ESQ.
HUTCHINSON, FRANCIS, ESQ.
HUTCHINSON, MISS I.
KINDLEY, W. G., ESQ.
KIRK, J. R., ESQ.
MACLEAN, LADY
MAPPIN, F. CROSSLEY, ESQ.
MCCASKILL, MRS. JANET
MCEWAN, W. B., ESQ.
MCKAY, D. W., ESQ.
MEADE-WALDO, E. G. B., ESQ.
MONTGOMERIE, IAN, ESQ.
MORRIS, CROSBY, ESQ.
MORTEN, ARTHUR, ESQ.
MULLIN, DR. W. J.
NAIRN, MRS. EDITH
NELSON, MRS. W. B.
NEAVE, MISS E.
O'RORKE, MISS A. C.
PRICE, HERBERT, ESQ.
REED, A. H., ESQ.
RUSSELL, ARTHUR S., ESQ.
SAINSBURY, G. O. K., ESQ.
SMITH, MRS. H.
SMITH, MISS M.
SMITH, W. S., ESQ.
STUCKEY, H. B., ESQ.
SUTHERLAND, MRS. R.
TAPPER, GUS., ESQ.
TAPPER, JULES, ESQ.
TARARUA TRAMPING CLUB
TAVERNER, MRS. A. A.
THOMSON, MISS E. M.
THOMSON, G. C., ESQ.
THOMSON, MRS. JESSIE
THOMSON, J. B., ESQ.
THOMSON, J. SCOTT, ESQ.
THOMSONS LTD.
TURNBULL, MISS S.
TURNER, GEO., ESQ.
VAILE, H. E., ESQ.
WARREN, DR. ERNEST, *Natal*
WILKINSON, A. S., ESQ.
WILLIAMS, A. B., ESQ.
WILSON, MRS. F. U.
YOUNG, MRS. T. L.

## LIST OF ENDOWMENT MEMBERS.

ABSOLOM, J. ARCHER, ESQ.
ADAMS, MRS. JESSIE
AITKEN, H. M., ESQ.
ALLEN, J., ESQ.
ALSWEILER, L., ESQ.
ATKINSON, ALFRED, ESQ.
BATCHELOR, MRS. STANLEY
BELCHER, H. C., ESQ.
BENHAM, PROF.
BEWS, J. E., ESQ.
BLUNDELL BROS., LTD.
BORAMAN, WALTER J., ESQ.
BROAD, C. J., ESQ.
BRODRICK, N. A., ESQ.
BUDGE, MRS. H.
BURNS, DR. WM. C.
BUTLER, J. P., ESQ.
CAMPBELL, J. D., ESQ.
CLARK, DR. A. G.
COBELDICK, WM., ESQ.
COLES, W. R., ESQ.
COOPER, G. R., ESQ.
CUMMING, R. J., ESQ.
DENTON, HENRY, ESQ.
DERBIE, ALEX., ESQ.
DIXON & SONS, J. H. LTD.
DOUGLAS, R. A., ESQ.
DUNEDIN NATURALISTS' FIELD CLUB
DU PONT, MRS. A. J.
EWART, DR.
FACHE, G. C., ESQ.
FERGUSSON, SHOLTO, ESQ.
FINLAYSON, MISS M. P.
FLEMING, ANDREW, ESQ.
FRASER, W. M., ESQ.
FULTON, DR. ROLAND
GAMLEN, R. B., ESQ.
GRIEVE, WM., ESQ.
GUDOPP, A. R., ESQ.
HAMMOND, E. E., ESQ.
HARRISON, S. T., ESQ.
HINCHEY, WM., ESQ.
HOGG, DR. R. H.
HORE, ARTHUR, ESQ.
HORNE, JOHN, ESQ.
HUMPHREYS, G., ESQ.
HUTCHINSON, MISS H. S.
JONES, A. W., ESQ.
JONES, E. ABBEY, ESQ.
JONES, WALTER, ESQ.
KIRK, R., ESQ.
KIRKCALDIE, K., ESQ.
LAWSON, ERIC, ESQ.
LILLICRAP, J. F., ESQ.
LOUGHNAN, F., ESQ.
MACALISTER, ALAN, ESQ.
MACALISTER, S. M., ESQ.
MACALISTER, W., ESQ.
MACDONALD, DR. J. G.
MATHESON, MISS A.
MCGIBBON, DR.
MCGRUER, TAYLOR & CO.
MCINTYRE, HUGH, ESQ.
MCKAY, JAMES, ESQ.
MCKAY, DR. WM.
MCKENZIE, WILL B., ESQ.
MCKINNON, C. J., ESQ.
MILNER, F., ESQ.
MITCHELL, MRS. GEORGE
MITCHELSON, HON. SIR E.
NELSON, ROBERT, ESQ.
NELSON, ROYAL, ESQ.
NORTH CANTERBURY ACCLIMATISATION SOCIETY
OTAGO TRAMPING CLUB
PERSTON, ARTHUR, ESQ.
PERSTON, MRS. GRACE
PHILLIPS TURNER, E., ESQ.
PRESTON-THOMAS, MRS. GABRIEL
REICH, MRS. J. J.
ROBERTS, MRS. W. H. S.
ROSS, A. A. ESQ.
REID, J. B., ESQ.
ROBINSON, MISS M. D.
SANDERSON, CAPT. E. V.
SCANDRETT, D. M., ESQ.
SCANNELL, DAVID, ESQ.
SIMPSON, GEO., ESQ., SR.
SIMPSON, GEO., ESQ., JR.
SLADDEN, BERNARD, ESQ.
SPENCE, J., ESQ.
STATE FOREST SERVICE
STEWART, DR. A. A.
STONE, RICHARD, ESQ.
TAYLOR, T. R., ESQ.
THOMSON, JOHN, ESQ.
THOMPSON, MRS. T. T.
TODD, W. S., ESQ.
VALDER, MISS L.
VICKERY, P. H., ESQ.
WALL, FRANK, ESQ.
WANHILL, E. G., ESQ.
WATSON, MRS. J. L. MC. G.
WATSON, T. H., ESQ.
WATT, MISS E. A.
WEGGERY, W. H., ESQ.
WILSON, J. R., ESQ.
WILSON, MISS NANCY

## CONTENTS.


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| Whither Are We Going? (Introduction) | 1 |
| The Bellbirds' Chorus | 2, 3 |
| When the Vandal Goes Abroad | 3 |
| S.O.S. (Save Our Soil) | 4, 5 |
| New Zealand's Dwindling Forests | 5, 7 |
| The Birds of Viscount Grey | 8, 10 |
| Seagulls Help Farmers | 10 |
| Members, Remember! | 11 |
| Sundown | 11 |
| Against Cruel Bird-Caging | 12 |
| Glad to Die | 12 |
| A Chat on Heredity | 13, 14 |
| Bird Life of Little Barrier | 14 |
| The Ways of the Bellbird | 15, 16 |


Printed by Blundell Bros., Ltd., Willis Street, Wellington.—66427.