

FOREST AND BIRD

ISSUED BY

NEW ZEALAND NATIVE BIRD PROTECTION SOCIETY (INC.)



THE TUI

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., F.I.C. N.Z. Inst.

MORICE, DR. C. G.

KIRK, J. R., MAJOR, M.B.E., J.P.

PHILLIPS TURNER, E., Esq.

MCLEAN, W. E., Esq.

Dominion 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 Society for the Preservation of the Fauna of the British Empire (of which the Prince of Wales is Patron) and with the International Committee for the Protection of Wild Birds.

SELF BEFORE SERVICE


ROTARY CLUBS in all countries have the same motto—"Service Before Self." When humanity, in the mass, acts on that principle, which is embodied in Christ's "Sermon on the Mount," the millennium will be here. The big obstacle to-day is "Self Before Service"—the seeking of individual gains, whatever may be the resultant losses to the community.

For example, to the sawmiller a stand of native forest is not a beautiful home for birds or a natural regulator of the flow of water from rain or thaws of snow or ice. He sees in the trees a means to get something for himself. To him the trees of the forest are only so much board timber. He prefers the moan and sigh of the saw to the song of the birds.

To the stalker, the forest is a natural park for deer. He turns a blind eye to their destructiveness and a deaf ear to arguments against the animals. He is eager for his own sport, and national welfare must come second in his view.

To the furrier, the forest is simply a providential place for alien opossums which will give him some profit from his dealing in skins. He does not bother about the damage done by the pests—particularly their interference with native-bird life. He sees a chance of gain for himself, and goes for it.

To the collector (citing "science" as his excuse) a bird is usually a "specimen" for a museum or even for a private hoard.



SYLVIA THOMSON,
Of Dunedin (the Society's
youngest member).

To the cager, who may regard himself as an aviculturist, a bird is a creature to be studied behind bars. He hopes for personal pleasure in observing the conduct of his prisoner, and cheerfully overlooks the truth that the behaviour of a bird in captivity may be different from its habits in natural liberty.

Yet there is hope of a better understanding between nature and mankind. In many countries many earnest, intelligent men and women are striving for the ideal of "Live—and Let Live." They can see clearly that the world will be a much happier place for mankind and for those lower creatures, which deserve human sympathy, when mankind has a wholehearted co-operation with nature.

THE TUI.

(*Prothemadera novaeseelandiae*).

One of the World's Best Singers.

This is the gayest and most aggressive bird in the forest, noted throughout the land for its extreme rapidity of movement, the gloss and sheen of its plumage, the wild outburst of joyful notes, its general air of bustle, happiness, and gaiety. We know it as one of our main honey-eaters. To enable it to collect the nectar from rata and kowhai and other honey-producing flowers, its tongue is furnished at the tip with a brush of exquisite fineness. It is a beautiful sight to see these charming songsters clinging and swinging in grotesque postures on the brilliant crimson blooms of the rata, sipping the nectar and flying every few minutes to some bough to gladden the forest with an ecstasy of song. In the winter they may leave the bush and visit civilization to feed on the nectar provided by the tree lucerne and certain eucalyptus which flower at this time. Then in early spring the kowhai groves are visited by flocks of tuis, the trees echoing with a continuous peal as the birds practise their acrobatics in obtaining the nectar from the pendulous flowers. Berries and insects, many of the latter caught on the wing, supplement the diet.

The tui is at all times a lively and active bird, with flight rapid, graceful, almost undulating, the rustle of wings plainly audible. Delight is found in combined display. "Perhaps ten or even more will turn, twist, throw somersaults, drop from a height with expanded wings and tails or perform other antics, till, as if guided by some preconcerted signal, they suddenly dive into the forest and are lost to view." The varied notes of this, our most remarkable songster, continually break the stillness of the bush. Although thoroughly joyous only in the full glow of sunlight, it nevertheless sings earliest in the morning and latest at night of all the bush birds. It is remarkable for the variety of notes as well as the versatile manner of delivery. A medley of musical notes will intermingle with chucklings, clicks, and clucks; beautiful liquid sounds will be followed by a noise not unlike the breaking of a pane of glass or perhaps a series of gentle sobs; dainty whisper songs alternate with coughs and sneezes. After sunset the wild revelry ceases. Until darkness sets in the song consists of a succession of notes like the tolling of a distant bell.

The nest is placed in the fork of a bushy shrub or perhaps among the leafy tops of a forest tree. Fairly wide and shallow, it often has an untidy appearance because of the interlaced twigs and rootlets which project in all directions. These twigs are often mixed with coarse green moss; sometimes cobwebs are used to hold them together. The cavity is lined with fibrous grasses

or the black hair-like substance from young tree-fern fronds, and occasionally with feathers. Three or four eggs are laid, variable in form and colour, but usually white with a faint rosy blush and lightly freckled all over with pale reddish brown or marbled with rust-red veins. The tui is a courageous bird, and will allow no others in the vicinity of the nest. If an intruder approaches a nest with young, one bird always on the watch will give a piercing alarm cry which attracts other tuis to the spot. While the hen bird is sitting the male will perch on a high tree, and throughout the day pour out his soul in song. The hen will even sing on the eggs, a most unusual occurrence among birds. During the first week the young are fed entirely on insects, but later, berries such as fuchsia are added to the diet.

ARBOR OR TREE DAY.

A Call to All Nature-Lovers.

A well-directed effort is being made to resuscitate this somewhat decadent institution, and the 1st of August has been gazetted as a most fitting day. The next thing to decide is what to plant and how to plant. So far as native trees are concerned we cannot go far wrong if those plants are chosen which are indigenous to the locality.

As to planting, if we cannot afford the properly hardened-off seedling procurable from a reliable nurseryman, let us select those growing under hard conditions. Probably 90 per cent. of the delicate plants wrenched from their snug forest dwelling die. Great care should be taken not to expose the tender rootlets to sun or wind—nay, even air. Keep the roots damp and plant as soon as ever possible. This planting should be carefully done or disappointment will follow. Puddle your plant in the hole with water, excluding all grass, turf, etc. See that the soil gets into every crevice and hole, and, finally, when the surplus water has disappeared, compress the soil with the foot solid and firm. People with big feet make good planters.

Plants must not be likened to fencing posts which, having been stuck in a hole, are finished with. No! Plants are live things like ourselves, and when planted they have undergone a very severe operation. Therefore for a fortnight or so they will require nursing and care.



The Convert's Reward.

In this delightful sketch Mr. A. H. Messenger anticipates the good results of radio chats on birds by "Wirehana," an enthusiastic member of the N.Z. Native Bird Protection Society.

BIRD MONTH.

Everybody Can Help.

Viewing the whole as a whole New Zealand may be looked upon, from a bird point of view, with the same idea as a pastoralist looks upon his holding. He knows that the limit of his carrying capacity is the number of stock which can be successfully wintered. So he supplements the natural available food supply by growing turnips, etc., in order that he may make full use of the plentitude of food in the coming spring. So it is with birds and most creatures.

The available winter food supply is the deciding factor in giving us a sufficient number of birds to combat the prolific spring breeding of harmful insects which, increasing at a much more rapid rate than birds, annually cause grave losses. Therefore, let us double the excellent efforts which many have made in the past, thus helping more birds to live through the hard times of winter. Enough waste of food daily takes place to feed hosts of birds, and by feeding the birds we can prevent them from eating that which we do not wish them to, such as our early peas, etc., because they are usually driven by sheer necessity to such sources of food which at other times are unpalatable. Beef suet, heavily

sweetened porridge and milk, cooked potatoes, nay, almost any refuse, will be consumed by most birds when hungry, including tuis and bellbirds. It has, moreover, been fully determined by skilled observers that well-fed birds can easily avoid their enemies if cover is handy, because they are alert and have the dash and speed to seek the safety which the cover affords.

In these facts, by the way, lies the panacea for the preservation of our fast disappearing waterfowl. They need cover in

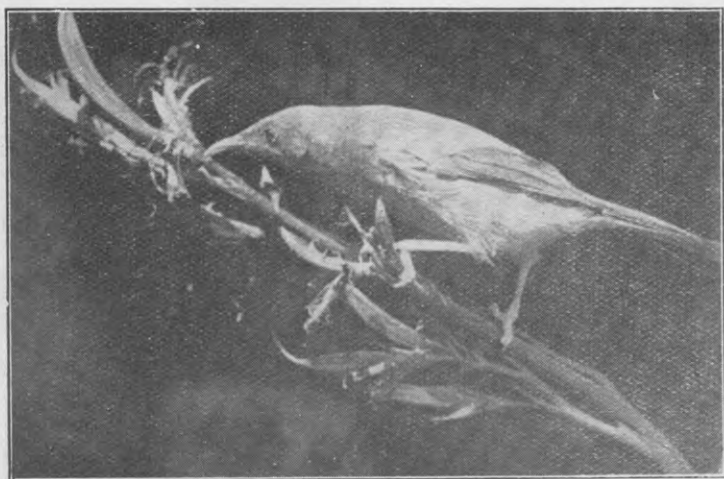


MARSH RAIL ON NEST.

This bird is also known as the Banded Rail.

the form of sanctuaries and feeding thereon. August has been selected as usually the most pressing winter month, and it is therefore called "Bird Month."

The feeding of birds presents little difficulty. Soon they will recognise their benefactors and come to the sound of a bell or whistle, if so desired, provided the summons and food are regularly given. It is advisable not to feed over a heavy growth of grass or other plant life, as some of the food usually is dropped on the ground and in seeking it birds get hopelessly wet and chilled. Therefore let your food station be over cultivated or bare ground. Quite a good idea to keep the ever-present neighbour's cat in check is to fence in a small area, say 12 or 20 feet in width, with large-mesh wire-netting to a height of 6 feet. The birds fly to the feeder through and over the netting while pussy stays outside.



BELL-BIRD SIPPING NECTAR OF FLAX.

The Tui also likes that delicious juice. Planters of trees and shrubs should remember the kinds which yield food for native birds.



"The best conservation laws are graven upon the hunter's conscience," remarks a contributor to "American Game." Now, are they? Suppose that there is no conscience?

Sad experience has proved that many hunters utterly lack conscience. Any attempt to touch them through their conscience would be like trying to thrust a feather through a crocodile's hide.

VERY FRIENDLY ROBINS.

Birds of Paradise.

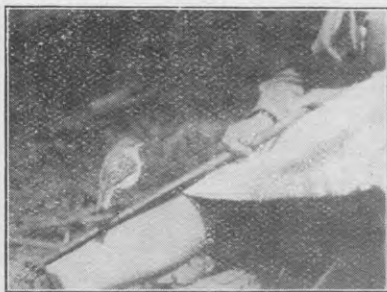
(By H.K.D.)

Would you make friends with the friendliest little birds of our New Zealand bush? Then when next Christmas holidays come round, why not go to board or camp at Paradise, at the head of Lake Whakatipu?

In January last some of the happiest half hours our party spent were with the robins in the back forest there. On a sunny morning, with biscuits in our pockets, we would wander quietly, sometimes singly, sometimes in pairs, into the bush beyond the cottage garden. Presently, we would hear the clear shrill whistle of a robin somewhere near. We would at once settle ourselves on a fallen log or sunny slope, scratch up the dead beech leaves beside us to uncover some grubs or insects, and by whistling or other forms of invitation, attract the bird toward us.

The biscuit crumbs usually brought him within a yard or two. Then his inquisitiveness did the rest. He would hop all round us and peck the buttons or laces on our shoes, the worsted of our stockings, the brown speckles on our coat. Sometimes he even hopped up our legs, on to our laps and actually pecked our finger nails. Billies, tin-openers, bangles — anything bright — was sure to

attract his attention. Four of us had cameras, and we vied with one another in taking snaps of him at close range. The most successful one shows very clearly his long black legs and beady eyes.



MR. ROBIN SAYS "GOOD MORNING!"

Sometimes a second robin appeared close at hand, but our first friend usually regarded him as an intruder to be promptly sent about his business. The first would presently return to us, still hissing out his anger. My companion on such occasions was a lively young schoolgirl of nine; but even she had no difficulty in sitting quietly, and she marvelled at the ways of these trusting creatures of the bush.

I feel sure that the memory of the gentle friendly robins will draw us back again to the glorious valleys of the Dart and Rees, to Diamond Lake and Paradise.

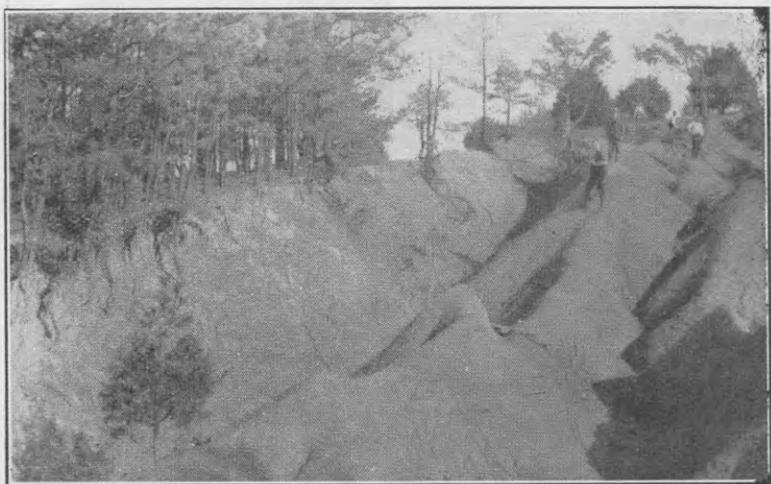
DEMON OF EROSION.

New Zealand Wasting Away.

It is less than a century since organised settlement of New Zealand by British people began—and yet in that short span of years (very short in the history of a country), large tracts of fertile land have been lost by erosion, due to man's stupidity in hacking and burning away forests from steep watersheds.

Thoughtful men in the United States of America are bewailing the loss of thirty million acres of productive country, ruined by erosion since the advent of Europeans. Probably a careful survey would show New Zealand to be a proportionately greater sufferer.

Anybody who studies a relief map of New Zealand will see clearly that this country is peculiarly susceptible to erosion if forests are cleared away from high country. New Zealand is mainly a group of hills, mountains and valleys. Many of the highlands, as they are very steep, offer a favourable playground for the demon of erosion if the flow of rainwater is not regulated by suitable forests. The word "suitable" is used advisedly, for some of the man-made forests—gloomy stands of exotic pines and other aliens—are not nearly as effective as native forests in the control of rain-flow.



TOP SOIL SCOURED AWAY BY UNCHECKED RAIN-FLOW, LEAVING BARE ROCK.

How many more years of continuous loss will be required to impress on New Zealanders in the mass—particularly their representatives in Parliament—the cold hard fact that their country is wasting away?

The fear of erosion in the United States of America is now so keenly felt that the great Civilian Conservation Corps—an organisation due to President Roosevelt's big national plan—is hard at work to check the scourge. Similar action must be taken in New Zealand. The longer the necessary action is delayed, the greater will be the penalty on the people and their descendants, for some of the havoc will be beyond repair.

One vital need is a war of extermination against deer which are bringing death to native forests.

THE THOUGHTLESS CAGER.

Should Try the Same Life.

Members of the Scottish Society for the Protection of Wild Birds had a very pleasant field day recently when a hundred wild birds were set free from cages. A report of the incident mentions that the birds "expressed their delight in repeated chirpings and flutterings of wings."

Of course, the majority of cagers do not have a notion that they are deliberately cruel, but they are certainly thoughtless. To an imprisoned bird, pining for liberty, a cage is always a cage, a cramping gaol, whatever may be the owner's state of mind or heart.

Some of the persons, who keep birds in close confinement, try to persuade the public that the captives, relieved from the problem of "cost of living," rather like being penned up. Such assertions are sheer nonsense. The organism of birds is highly sensitive, and the prisoners usually are grievously conscious of their misfortune.

Those individuals might have a different view of this matter if they were shut up for a few weeks or months in a cage which did not give them enough space to exercise their limbs. Even if they were well fed, and greeted with plenty of "baby-talk," they would not take kindly to the imprisonment. There is something wrong with the make-up of persons who can ignore the feelings of a caged bird.

FRIENDLY NATIVE LARKS.

(By H. Ross, Southland.)

Nature-lovers in New Zealand are blessed with the presence of a bird, so quiet, so obviously desirous of our good-fellowship and help that, to me, it is a wonder we do not hear more about the little native lark (the pihoihoi, commonly known as the pipit or ground-lark). Its varied snatches of song are as bright and colourful as its plumage is dull and sombre. Wherever we go—to the peaty, moss-clad swamps, to the wind-swept, barren hill top, to the green, fertile meadow, or far inland to sun-scorched sand wastes—the native lark is ever to be found. Always bright and perky, ever with a great deal to say for himself, he scuttles beneath our feet, so close that we almost tread on him. Do we stop for a rest Mr. Lark stops, too. Usually perching upon a post, stump or stone, he impatiently awaits our continuance of our walk. Then, with a triumphant "Cree!" he gaily accompanies us.

In size and general appearance the native lark somewhat resembles the imported skylark. He is, however, not so yellowish about the head and he has no crest. Likewise, he is longer in the body and, I think, a trifle more corpulent than his English cousin. This latter fact, with the half-dozen or so native larks that practically live upon our lawn, may be due to the amount of food they obtain. In no sense can it be said that the native lark soars; indeed, it seldom makes a flight of more than two or three chains, preferring to run or to make low flights. It always moves in that manner when accompanying human strollers.

For about four years a pair of these larks lived on the lawn, coming to the porch several times a day for food. Year in, year out, they were always there, except during the month of August, when hundreds of silver-eyes appeared. The larks would never remain in company with the green birds. Directly I began feeding the strangers the larks vanished, and they did not return until after the silver-eyes had departed for their forest home.

This year the usual pair of larks have been joined by four more. They all usually put in an appearance at the door some time during the day for food. We find them very easily satisfied in the food line; bread, usually soaked in water, scraps of cooked meat and potatoes, cooked food of any kind, they seem to relish.

The food placed for them has attracted the fattest, most ostentatious cock sparrow I have ever seen. He perches upon

the chimney or spouting, and from morning until night keeps up a ceaseless "Cheep! Cheep! Cheep!" Yet, in spite of all his noise and boldness in our presence, he is a rank coward when facing one of the larks. Any one of them can, and moreover does, at will, rob him of his meals. It is only because of this that I allowed him to remain.

Besides the interest and endless amusement of the larks they are very useful. Woe betide the unwary fly or other insect that strays near them. Does it happen to be flying high up they rise and catch it with surprising ease. If low to the ground, they pursue it on foot, for all the world as a tame young duck chases blowflies. Very seldom do they miss it.

When I am digging the garden the larks are in their element. They search every nook and cranny in the freshly-dug earth and eat every grub and particle of insect larvae that appears. The common white grass grub is a favourite tit-bit; especially when feeding the young birds and the sitting female do they prize this grub. Our garden is over-run with this pest, yet if I dig ever so many during a day's work, the larks are able to deal with every specimen.

One lark is so tame that, when hungry, he will take grubs from my hand. Like all of his kind when carrying food to his mate and family, he treats the unfortunate grub in one particular manner: First he lays it upon the ground, then deliberately he bites it with his very serviceable beak; starting at one end of his prey, he crushes it flat, working slowly along until he has arrived at opposite ends; then very neatly he doubles it over, catches both ends in his bill and departs. In a few moments he is back, ready for the next victim.

The birds also delight in following the plough, or rather in eagerly fossicking in the freshly turned earth. When I was working close to the house two of the little chaps used to await my hitching-up of the horses every morning. Towards ten o'clock they would disappear; presumably their appetites were satisfied.

One morning, while yet it was too frosty to plough, the larks awaited me as usual. Presently one, tired of waiting, flew back to the lawn, while the other one—who must have been very hungry—after much consideration attacked an enormous frozen worm. It was so big that he could hardly shift it, let alone eat it. Eventually, however, he succeeded in breaking off a piece about a half-inch long, which, after a tremendous struggle, he swallowed. Then he flew to a post, where with a cheerful "cree! cree!" he began to preen his feathers, apparently highly pleased with himself. It was the only time I ever saw a lark eat a worm.

I remember, too, seeing one perched upon a fresh furrow making repeated jumps into the air. Closer examination proved that a host of small insects were flying up and down the fresh earth, and this astute bird was enjoying the feast of a lifetime.

The native lark appears to be able to outwit any cat. The old grey and white cat who lives here has long since grown tired of attempting to catch them. Nowadays he never bothers to raise his eyes at them. True, one lark a while ago appeared one morning minus its tail. My suspicion fell on a stray black cat which had taken up residence under the dairy. Perhaps it was unjust, but one morning I shot that cat, and the larks have been left in peace since then.

Usually our pets nest in the long grass not far from the house where they have no difficulty in procuring food for their hungry offspring. The nest is generally well hidden in a bunch of grass. Well made of dried grasses and carefully woven and moulded, it forms a very comfortable home. From three to five eggs are laid; they resemble those of the skylark except that they are of much lighter colour. Usually the young birds are brought up to the door by the proud parents and fed until such time as they are able to take care of themselves. Rather remarkably, the youngsters never remain here after they are full-grown. If they do—the adorable little sprites—we shall be delighted to feed them.

THE PIHOIHOI.

(New Zealand Ground Lark).

Not yours to soar into the blue
At break of morn, not yours to sing
In song immortal, when the dew
Lies on the grass and jewels cling
To shrub and tree, not yours to dress
In raiment fine, but just to wear
The greyness of the wilderness
And all its joys and sorrows share.

And yet your homeliness in me
And cheerful chirp on summer days
Awake a deeper memory
Than gayer plumes or grander lays.
They bring me back the long ago,
The happy days when as a child
I knew life's joy without its woe,
Amid the wonders of the wild.

—D.L.P.

SCIENCE—AND COMMON-SENSE.

Two Types.

There is science which includes the best elements of common-sense, and there is science which does not.

There is science which looks into the heart of things, and does wonderful work for humanity. The real scientists in this field are humble. The more they increase their knowledge, the more they see the infinite scope for further learning.

There is other science which is fussily superficial, pretentious, pompous, scornful of the "lay public." Some of the students in the field do no more permanent good for the world than children do with the castle-building on the sea-shore.

The two kinds of scientist are seen in the case of birds. One type sees a bird simply as a collection of feathers and bones. He is more concerned with the tally of feathers in the tail than with the number of man-worrying insects which the owner of the tail may eat in a day. To him the bird is rather a "specimen" than a living bird of interesting habits. The other type studies the bird from a commonsense viewpoint, and gains helpful knowledge of the bird's functions in nature's scheme of things.



A KIWI BUSY AT BREAKFAST.

TWO VIEWS OF WILD LIFE.

Anglers and Deer-Stalkers.

While some members of Acclimatisation Societies are protesting justly against the pollution of trout-bearing rivers, others are practically defending the destruction of native forests by deer.

What is the proportion of anglers to deer-stalkers? Some anglers may be deer-stalkers as well, but such "mixers" would be comparatively few. Probably an accurate tally would show a ratio of far more than a hundred anglers to one stalker. The total of stalkers would run into only a few hundreds, but the aggregate of anglers would be thousands. Thus angling is the sport of the many; stalking is a hobby of the few. But the few are threatening the sport of the many. How? By trying to retain deer which are laying waste the forests on which the trout-bearing qualities of rivers depend.

Is the scouring of rivers by heavy floods beneficial to trout? Fish food is destroyed and much other mischief is done when rain-water runs raging through denuded country into the rivers and forces them into wrathful moods. Forest-cover in high country is the insurance policy of angling—but there will be no forest-cover if deer are allowed to ravage the undergrowth and tear up the forest-floor.

GOOD SENSE OF CZECHO-SLOVAKIA.

A New Zealand girl, who toured Europe recently, was very favourably impressed by the "forest sense" of the Government of Czecho-Slovakia. There is strict observance of a law which requires the replacement of every tree that is felled by man or broken down by storm.

During the winter, when the country is snowbound, stores of hay are distributed through the woods as feed for deer, which otherwise would gnaw away the bark from young trees. It is estimated that each animal could do damage to the extent of £6 10s. 0d. in the forest in one year.

If each member of the N.Z. Native Bird Protection Society persuades at least one relative or friend to join this year, he or she will be doing a good deed, not only for forests and birds, but for national welfare.

WHOSE NEW ZEALAND?

Anybody's or Everybody's?

There is an old saying, as true now as when it was first uttered: "What is everybody's business is nobody's business."

Surely it should be everybody's business to insist on a policy for the conservation of New Zealand's life-sustaining resources, but this country has never had a Parliament or a Government which has given whole-hearted and clear-minded attention to this national need. At intervals, individual Ministers of the Crown have taken a statesmanlike view of the field, but they have been more or less isolated cases. Indeed some Governments in the past were guilty of disastrous ignorance and short-sightedness when they insisted on the clearing of priceless forests on steep watersheds when land was leased or sold to Crown tenants.

To-day, in many parts of the country one may see very grave offences against the public interest by individuals who believe that they have a perfect right to do whatever they like on their land regardless of the consequences to other people of this generation and posterity. Some are guilty of pollution of rivers. Some allow rabbits or noxious weeds to increase on their land. Others destroy the forest cover on rugged high country. The time is long overdue for effective restraint of the individual liberty which, in some cases by stupid action and in other cases by careless neglect, proves harmful to national welfare.

"COLLECTING" MUST CEASE.

No Need For It.

Even the famous Sir Walter Buller, who was a nature-lover, felt more thrill in "collecting" rare birds than he did in their songs or other charm. He shot a pair of mated huias while they were caressing each other with their beaks.

If a great Buller would commit that crime (which he himself confessed in one of his books), what would not some of the comparatively "small fry" do?

Buller killed specimens of nearly all species of native birds, skinned them, and examined the bodies and skeletons in all manner of ways. He did the job carefully, and recorded the results of his observations in English and Latin for the wide world to read.

New Zealand's birds have also been overhauled by other scientists. There is nothing new to be learned about their beaks, tails, wings, bones and general structure. Why, then, is it necessary to have any further collecting of skins and skeletons?

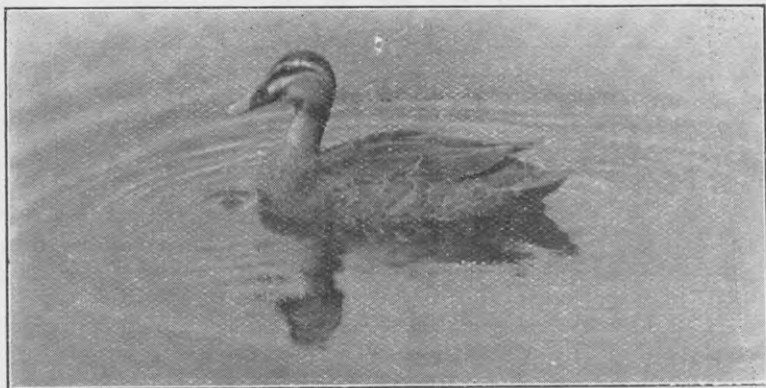
A CRY FOR FAIR PLAY.

Game-Birds Need More Sanctuaries.

The ever-increasing number of shootists, who have modern transport facilities and very efficient weapons for their one-sided war against game-birds, is a reminder that unless the provision of suitable, fenced sanctuaries is extended the birds will be wiped out.

Gunmen are not content with the assistance which motor-cars, launches and deadly fire-arms give them. Some of them resort to treacherous baiting during some weeks before the opening of the shooting season. They also ambush themselves in structures of branches, reeds or rushes, and, of course, they use decoys as well. Is that "sport"? What chance has a duck against such highly-organised schemes for slaughter? It is a very ignoble part, indeed a contemptible part, for man to play against birds which have a right to live. They have their helpful place in nature's balance.

It will not be enough to have more sanctuaries. It will be necessary to ensure supplies of food there, so that persecuted birds will have a fair chance of survival.



BEAUTIFUL NATIVE GREY DUCK, THREATENED WITH EXTINCTION BY SHOOTISTS.

*Show Your Bulletin to Your Friends and Invite
Them to Apply for Free Copies!*

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
CHAPMAN, HON. SIR FREDRIC R., K.B.	Wellington
COBELDICK, WM., Esq., F.R.G.S.	Christchurch
DRUMMOND, JAMES, Esq., F.L.S., F.Z.S.	Christchurch
FACHE, GEO. C., Esq.	Waikuku
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, MAJOR J. R., M.B.E., J.P.	Wellington
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.
CAPT. E. V. SANDERSON.

LIST OF LIFE MEMBERS.

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

LIST OF ENDOWMENT MEMBERS.

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

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Self Before Service (Introduction)	1
The Tui	2, 3
Arbor or Tree Day	3
The Convert's Reward	4
Bird Month	5, 6
Very Friendly Robins	7
Demon of Erosion	8, 9
The Thoughtless Cager	9
Friendly Native Larks	10-12
The Pihoihoi	13
Science and Commonsense	13
Two Views of Wild Life	14
Good Sense of Czecho-Slovakia	14
Whose New Zealand?	15
"Collecting" Must Cease	15
A Cry for Fair Play	16