

# FOREST AND BIRD

ISSUED BY

FOREST AND BIRD PROTECTION SOCIETY OF NEW ZEALAND  
(INCORPORATED)



TOMTIT—MALE AND FEMALE (top)

## FOREST AND BIRD PROTECTION SOCIETY OF NEW ZEALAND (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.

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## FOREST AND BIRD PROTECTION SOCIETY OF NEW ZEALAND (Inc.)

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**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.



THE WEKA SOON CONFIDES IN A NATURE-LOVER.

## Need of National Action.

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**I**F the conservation of forests and wild life in New Zealand is to be done satisfactorily from the national viewpoint, a big change must be effected in the present scheme, which shows a distressing lack of plan, without co-ordination of effort.

No real progress can be made on this ground until the duty of safeguarding the national assets concerned is put upon a properly-constituted Board of Control, fully representative of folk interested in scenery preservation, farming, forestry and bird-life. Such an organisation would administer certain Acts and Regulations which now come within the functions of several Departments—Internal Affairs, Forest Service, Lands and Survey, Agriculture, Tourist, and Marine. In addition, there are such bodies as the Tongariro National Park Board and the Egmont National Park Board, etc., which have worked with varying success in their own spheres.

Unhappily, the making and working of a truly national policy for forestry and wild life is regarded by many Parliamentarians as beyond the bounds of "practical politics." It does not come into the hurlyburly of election campaigns, although it is immeasurably more important than many so-called "popular proposals." However, politicians can be emphatically assured that an overwhelming majority of electors will support the principle outlined in this article.

At present a very disproportionate amount of money is available for the breeding and distribution of "something to kill," but there is not nearly enough for the constructive work of real conservation on behalf of New Zealand as a whole.

## THE NORTH ISLAND OR WHITE-BREASTED TOMTIT

(*Petroica toitoi*.)—Native Name: Miromiro.

A black beady eye, a jet black glossy head and upper surface a white splash on the wings and tail, a white spot above the bill, a white waistcoat, a boldness akin to impudence, a constant "where is that grub?" attitude—such is the cock North Island tomtit. Where the male is black the female is grey; her breast is greyish white. Also, she is of a much more retiring disposition. The cock bird has a cheery warble of eight notes repeated with little variation at frequent intervals. The hen sings infrequently, and then always in a subdued manner. Both have a penetrating call note, "see," repeated three or four times to keep the pair in touch when hunting for food. The idea of territory is strongly developed in the tomtit, so much so that a pair of birds seem to spend all their lives in the same area and strongly resent the intrusion of another of the species. Although forty years ago the white-breasted tit had become very rare it is now common, not only on the island sanctuaries but also in widely separated areas in the North Island. In some places it is the commonest native bird. The clearings still scattered with charred stumps, and the bush-clad foothills, are favourite summer haunts; in winter, in orchards and gardens, it achieves complete independence of native vegetation.

Towards the end of August the birds prepare to nest. A hole in a tree is a favourite site, or a mossy recess in a bank, or amongst rocks. Sometimes it is found on a shelf on a large bole, at others in the smaller branches of a low tree. Grass, moss, leaf skeletons, spider web, downy seeds, tree-fern scales, and a lining of feathers go to make the cosiest nest in the bush. At this time the sexes are particularly devoted to each other. The female does all the construction work, using material brought by the cock who, in between times, feeds his mate on the choicest of grubs. She is a jealous guardian of the nest and its contents, even feigning lameness or a broken wing to lure the stranger away. Up to four eggs are laid, creamy white and freckled all over with brown specks, thickest near the larger end. Incubation seems to be the prerogative of the female who leaves the nest to be fed when called by the male. When the young are hatched both parents catch food for them. It is then that they frequent paths and clearings in the bush. Occasionally insects are caught on the wing, others are searched for under the bark of trees; but most of the food consists of larvae taken on the ground. The usual attitude is with the wings slightly drooped, the tail erect. Resting for a moment on a branch or tree trunk, a rapid dart is then made

to the ground to pick up a grub. Almost without stopping a return is made to the original look-out station, or perhaps to another deemed more favourable. When walking through the bush we can help the tomtits in their hunt by occasionally dragging a foot to disturb the leaves and expose insects. In the open a fence line provides a perch from which to hunt insects in the grass. In the garden use is often made of a spade or rake as a perch to spy out insects on the freshly cultivated ground. The eyesight is remarkable—grubs or other insects may be seen as much as forty feet away. This keen eyesight was known to the Maori. "Ma te kanohi miromiro" (for the eye of a tomtit) was said as a stimulus to a person seeking a lost article.

After leaving the nest the young tomtits are assisted by the parents in catching their food. Then the hen begins to build again, leaving the cock bird to supervise the first family until they can look after themselves.

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## NESTING AIDS FOR NATIVE BIRDS.

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### Scope for Experiments.

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In Great Britain, United States of America, Canada, Japan, and many other countries much aid is given to wild birds in the provision of artificial nesting facilities for them. Indeed, the British Ministry of Agriculture has issued an illustrated leaflet titled "Nest Boxes for Birds," and similar action has been taken in other leading countries.

"Nest boxes," it is stated, "are something more than pleasant aids to the study of bird life, for by their means useful birds, which might otherwise be absent, may be induced to take up residence on farms and in orchards, gardens and allotments, to the great advantage of the owners."

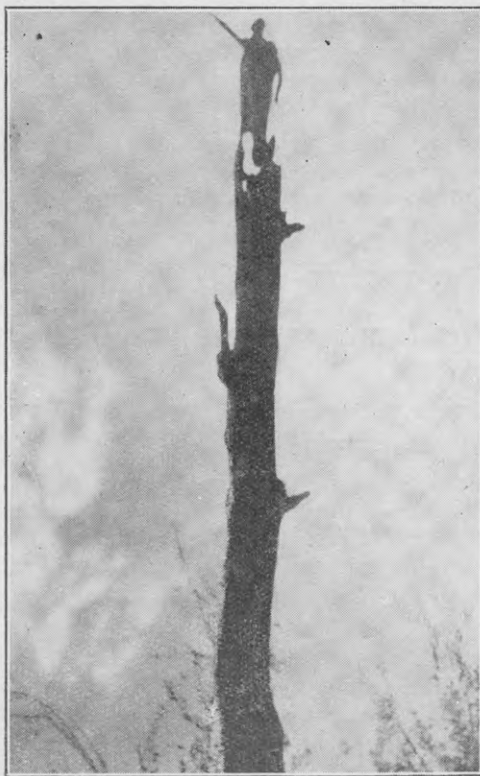
Of course, it is well known that many species of native birds would not be interested in artificial nesting places, but some species would welcome man's assistance if it took suitable form. Also there may be other ways of inducing native birds to nest near people's homes. For example, one bird-lover prunes certain trees in a manner to ensure good sites for nests.

Here are opportunities for admirers of native birds to find scope for their ingenuity and nature-sense by experimenting, and thus gaining knowledge which they will gladly share with other New Zealanders.

## A WARNING TO DESTROYERS.

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Here is an exact reproduction of a photograph taken many years ago on the South Island's West Coast, where a forest was hacked down and burnt in the vain hope that its place would be taken by profitable pasture.



The imaginative mind of an old-time Maori could easily believe that the forest god, Tane Mahuta, had forced the fire to trace out the figure of a prophet of dire penalties for the stupid destruction of his children. Similar pitiful monuments to man's folly may be seen in many parts of New Zealand, remnants lying black or bleached on steep slopes. Visions of such hideous ruin evidently inspired the poem "The Avengers," written by O. N. Gillespie. Here is a selection of verses:—

Like some huge earth god sprawling motionless  
And staring at the sea, the long hill lay,  
While busy centuries wrought him a dress  
Of splendid green to cloak the dingy clay.

\* \* \*

Tuis sat gravely, little singing nuns,  
Of some old pagan fane of long ago;  
And swift small birds like tiny coloured suns  
Flashed up from pools and sparkled to and fro.



In toiling hands the spinning axes rang,  
Till crashing one by one, the great ranks fell:  
Hark! As they lay a grim bush spirit sang:  
"Brothers, the Bush . . . Will take revenge . . .  
farewell!"

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## COLLECTORS AS EXTERMINATORS.

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A cynic has said that "collectors have no consciences." Many stories are told of some men and women—unquestionably respectable in their ordinary lives—who have resorted to queer ruses in obtaining specimens for their collections. Rare native birds in New Zealand have suffered severely at the hands of collectors.

The kind of mischief that they do is memorably described in a book, "Rare, Vanishing and Lost British Birds," edited by Linda Gardner (Secretary of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds) from notes and publications of the late W. H. Hudson, the world-famous naturalist.

"It is very difficult," Mr. Hudson wrote, "to determine which of the following three inveterate bird-destroyers have done, and are doing, the most to alter, and, from the nature-lover's point of view, to degrade the character of our bird population—the Cockney sportsman, who kills for killing's sake; the game-keeper, who has set down the five-and-twenty most interesting indigenous species as 'vermin' to be extirpated; or, third and last, the greedy collector whose methods are as discreditable as his action is injurious."

In later years Mr. Hudson came more and more to the conviction that the collector is by far the greatest and most dangerous enemy of the three.

Far too much collecting has been permitted in New Zealand. The time has come for either a total prohibition of collecting or a very strict limitation of permits, with effective safeguards against their abuse. A responsible officer should accompany any one who has been granted a permit to kill "protected" native-birds.

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## RECORD BROODS OF WEKA.

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For four years I practically bred wekas (writes Mr. C. Lewis) when I lived in a hut at Parapara. Regularly one hen would hatch out three broods in the season, but now that record has been broken by a man living about two miles from my old hut. This season one of his wekas has hatched out four broods, and she stands by the side of the owner's dog in the hut to be fed.

## FAIR PLAY FOR NATIVE HAWKS.

Mr. E. T. Frost, representative of the Forest and Bird Protection Society in North Auckland, a careful observer, makes a spirited protest against the persecution of native hawks, which are enemies of rats and other rodents. Here is some interesting comment of Mr. Frost:—

I found a harrier hawk's nest when it had four eggs in it, and kept it under observation until the birds were just ready to fly. Three eggs hatched out.

I saw the young birds practically every week for eight weeks, and during that period I never saw the remains of any bird around the nest. What I did see was rats' tails, and one day as I passed the nest I saw the remains of a rat half devoured. One hour later I rode past it again, and the old bird arose from it as I got near. During that interval it had brought another very large rat, which the young ones had just begun to devour.

In face of these facts we must admit that these birds have a necessary function in ridding us of a large number of rodents, including weasels, stoats, and others. I am certain that during the eight weeks the young were in the nest the old bird must have brought over a hundred rats to them. Just think of the nests that these rodents would have raided and the damage they would have done our own food supplies!



"WHO SAID 'RATS'?"—Young Native Harrier Hawks, North Auckland.



## SCENIC RESERVES—REAL OR NOMINAL?

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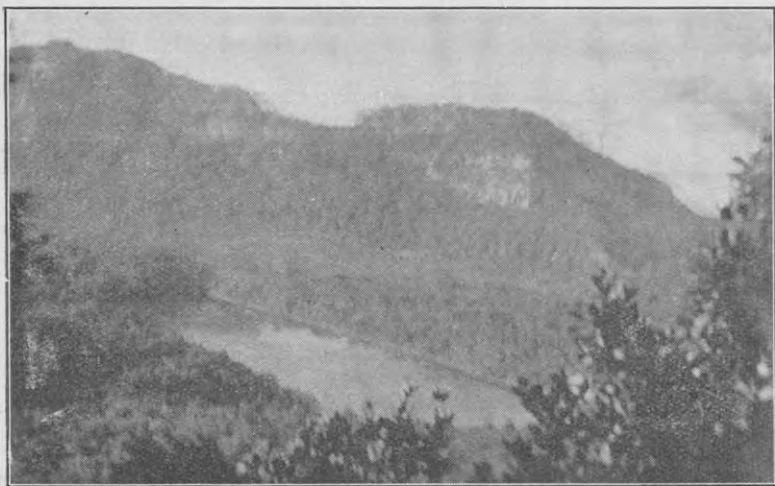
Some scenic reserves suffer damage from cattle and other browsing animals, because they are not fenced. This lack of protection is also observable on some sanctuaries for the preservation of native birds which require forests for their welfare. Some of the 4½ million pounds a year paid by the general public in the taxation of wages and salaries should be available for this purpose. Here, too, is a proper first call on any revenue derived by the State from the forests, including opossum license fees and royalties.

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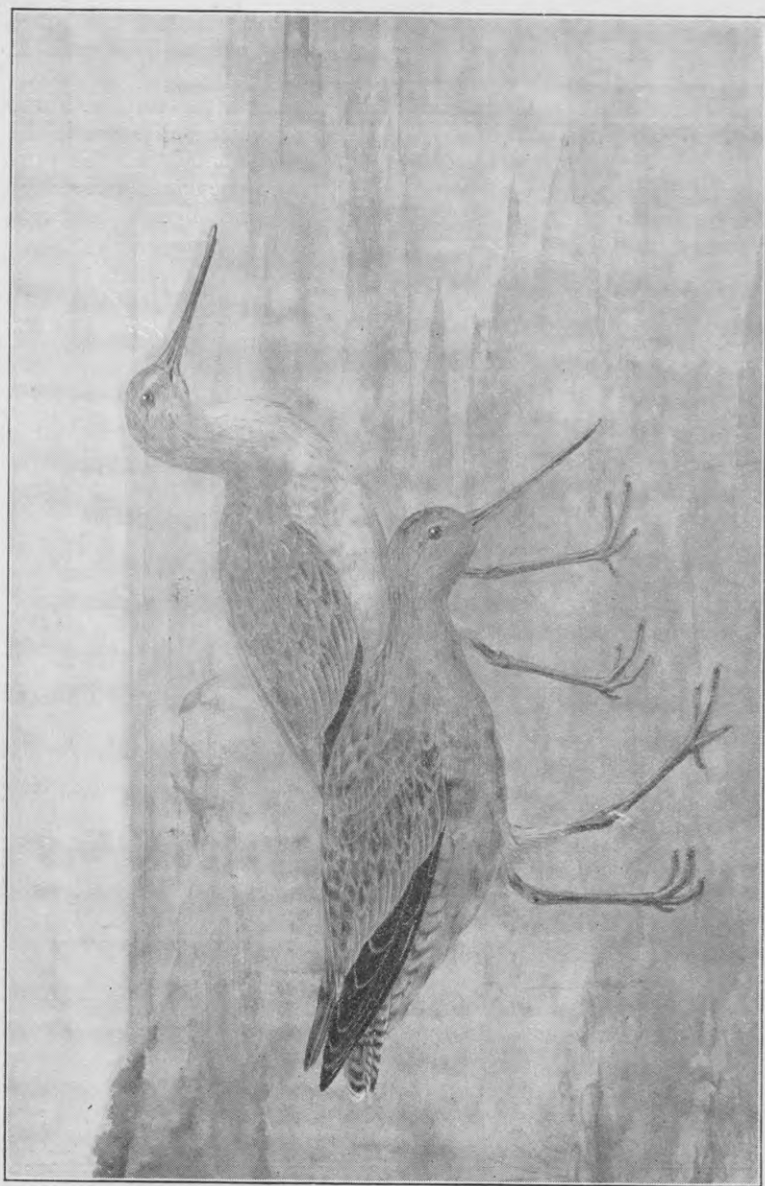
## HELP TO FIGHT THE FIRE FIEND.

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How easy it is during the hot, dry summer-time to start a destructive fire in or about a forest! A carelessly dropped butt of a cigarette or dottle of a pipe or live ashes of a picnic fire may soon set up roaring waves of flame. We do not imagine that nature-lovers would be guilty of such slackness, but it is well to remind them that they can do very important service for New Zealand by giving helpful advice on fire risks to their friends and acquaintances.



Fire recently marred the beauty of this Sanctuary, which includes a Crater Lake, Mayor Island, off Tauranga.



PAIR OF GODWITS (KAUAKA).  
A species now being depleted in numbers by shooting.

## THE PACIFIC GODWIT (*Limosa lapponica*).

### Native Name—Kuaka.

During the northern summer the coasts and lands about the Arctic Circle are the haunts of millions of birds belonging to the group known as shore birds or waders. They vary in size, shape and colour, but practically all of them agree in having flexible beaks adapted for obtaining food from amongst sand, mud, or fine gravel. Godwits, of which there are several species, are of medium size and distinguished by a slightly upturned bill. When the northern nesting season is over, practically all waders fly south on migration, and some of them regularly cross the equator. The Pacific godwit, nesting in Eastern Siberia and Alaska, reaches New Zealand in great numbers every year.

During October flocks begin to arrive on the coasts, where they remain feeding until the end of March. River estuaries, tidal harbours, and sandy beaches are their chief haunts, and they range from North Cape to Stewart Island in such localities. Usually they are in flocks, hundreds and even thousands of birds together acting almost in unison as they move from one feeding ground to another. Feeding and resting between meals are their only concern when in these southern regions.

Between the end of their nesting season in August and their arrival here in October all the adult birds have shed their worn summer plumage and are clad in their "winter" garb of drab brownish grey and white. It is a pretty barred and spotted pattern as seen in one of the birds in the plate, but is without bright colour.

Any young birds that happen to come are much like their parents in appearance. With no concern but feeding in a rich feeding ground, and no family cares, the birds soon grow plump and regain the energy they have lost in the long flight south. Their food consists of tiny shellfish, shrimps and marine worms, each one a tiny morsel in itself, but nutritious and satisfying in any quantity.

By the middle of February a change in plumage begins to take place, and the old birds, especially the males, begin to show reddish chestnut feathers on the body, and by the end of March some are resplendent in full breeding plumage. It seems likely that only the younger female birds come to New Zealand, for females in red feather are seldom seen here. The female is distinguished by having a longer bill—a difference shown in the plate.

A good deal has been written about the final departure of godwits for their nesting grounds in March and April, and it

has even been stated that they all depart in one huge flock from Spirits Bay in the far north of New Zealand. The facts are, however, that flocks from all over New Zealand begin to move north in March and leave when they are ready. Probably the largest flocks take their final departure from the Parengarenga Harbour, but Farewell Spit, in the South Island, is also a jumping-off place.

There is a restless energy shown by these birds ready to leave, and the slightest alarm or a loud cry from one of them will send the whole flock into the air with a roar of wings and chorus of wild cries. After several false alarms they finally string out into a trailing wedge and disappear in a northerly direction. There is still much speculation and theorising about how these migrating flocks keep a course for their destination, but so far the only fact that has been proved by experiment is that all migratory birds possess a "homing sense" enabling them to head consistently for a point indefinitely distant. It should be added that a few non-breeding birds remain in New Zealand throughout the year.

Not very much is known about the nesting habits of the Pacific godwit. Its haunts are the tundra slopes of Arctic lands beyond the limits of human habitation, and the nests may be seen by only a few Eskimo and an occasional naturalist. In recent years American naturalists have described the nests, mere depressions lined with grass, the four pear-shaped mottled eggs, and the downy young that grow so fast that within a few weeks they can go with their parents on the long return flight to the feeding grounds of the South.

There is still left in this subject of bird migration across the Equator much of the mystery that was sensed by the ancient Maori, with his limited knowledge of overseas geography, when he asked: "Who has seen the nest of the kuaka?" Our godwits perform one of the longest regular migrations known, and may well be ranked amongst the more remarkable of New Zealand birds. Fortunately their northern breeding grounds are undisturbed and likely to remain so. Their feeding grounds here, except for occasional reclamation and pollution, are also unchanged, and there is no reason to fear reduction in their numbers from these causes. A short open season for the shooting of godwit is permitted at present, but with the increase of settlement and rapid transport by launch and car it will undoubtedly be necessary to prohibit strictly any shooting of this species if visiting godwits are to have a sporting chance of returning each year to the Arctic to breed.



RED-BILLED SEAGULLS

In Mr. C. Lewis's Garden.



## JOY IN A GARDEN

Pleasure with Profit.

At the age of 84 Mr. C. Lewis finds much joy with birds in his garden at Collingwood. It is really a case of pleasure with profit, as this letter, received by Captain Sanderson, President of Forest and Bird Protection Society, shows:—

There are so many subjects I would like to mention that it is difficult to decide with which to begin. In the first place I may say that I have been feeding any birds that come to my garden since 1922. The beginning came through one of your Society's bulletins. I love the birds, and know from my own observations that they are indispensable to human welfare. I have only a quarter-acre of ground—a house with a shrubbery (native plants), a flower garden, and a garden.

When I began gardening, the snails derived most of the benefit. The thrushes took on the work of snail destruction satisfactorily; the blackbirds feast on grubs under-ground; green caterpillars, that once took heavy toll of my tomatoes, disappeared under the vigilant eye and busy beak of the sparrow; leaf-rollers, cabbage-fly, and blight are cleaned up by the silver-eyes.

Mr. Sparrow takes light toll of garden stuff. This can be guarded against with a reel of cotton and a light dressing of arsenate of lead. In his tithe I get 90 per cent. of stuff left. Silver-eyes may hollow out a few ripe figs, but they regularly inspect closely every plant and shrub in the garden and rid them of pests.

From my window I can see about three-quarters of an acre of very steep hill grass land. On it in any hour of the day can be seen blackbirds, thrushes, starlings, sparrows, and an occasional kingfisher, all busy, each in his own particular branch of pest-destroying. What would that land be without the birds' work? Just a barren hillside, I am sure of that.

In front of my house I feed the pretty little red-billed gulls. They come to my whistle and tap on a plate. Frequently some one will come to photograph them. At one time I bought scraps from the butcher to feed them. Now I see them in front of his shop, as he now throws out scraps for them—the force of example. The boys are very good; even the dogs never interfere with the gulls now.

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## MAKE THIS AN ARBOR YEAR.

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Arbor Day will come along in due course, about the middle of the year, but active nature-lovers should be busy with their planting long before the date which the Government proclaims.

Folk who like trees and shrubs—particularly “natives”—will take the first available opportunities to make additions to their beautiful plantations—if they have any space left—and to persuade friends to follow their example.

While the main consideration must be an Arbor Year, it is important to have a worthy celebration of Arbor Day, one which will make a permanent impression for good on the minds of the rising generation. For this purpose tree-lovers should form efficient committees in all districts. Now is the time to begin preparations for the best Arbor Day of New Zealand's history.

The utmost care should be taken to have a proper planting of only such a number of trees as can be assured of a good prospect of strong survival—especially in the early stages of their growth, lest Arbor Day may be converted into a tree-murder day.

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## STARLINGS' DEMONSTRATION AGAINST CATS.

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Early one Sunday morning a commotion in the bird world awoke me (writes Miss R. Zeller). Whenever this takes place I get up to investigate, as it is always something unusual that causes such a noise before it is fully light. Usually it is a cat on the guttering looking for baby-birds in the corner of a roof.

The starlings do their best to drive away the marauder, even when it is a sparrows' nest and not their own which is in danger. Several times I have had to lend a hand by sending some soft clods of earth aimed none too skilfully on a neighbour's roof, hoping I would not bring out angry people rubbing their eyes to see what was the matter, and thus have birds and me all into trouble.

When the cat is successfully routed the starlings stand guard for quite a time, while the poor parent sparrows find courage to re-enter their home and count their “babies.” If the cat so much as dares to show his nose round a corner, the starlings once more set up the loudest possible din.



## NEW ZEALAND WASTING AWAY.

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Although many of New Zealand's newspapers give frequent reminders of the ever-increasing erosion in this country, the extent of this loss is not properly recognised by the general public, nor by Parliament, nor by local bodies. Some of the damage seems to be beyond repair, but it is possible in many cases to take effective measures against the forces of erosion. It is simply a matter of forming a friendship with nature instead of waging war against her.

The kind of penalty which New Zealand will have to pay for neglect in this field is indicated by the experience of the United States of America. Here is a passage from a report of Mr. H. H. Bennett, Director of the Soil Erosion Service, for which a sum of £2,000,000 has been allotted as a "first instalment":—

"While we have spent hundreds of millions of dollars for fertiliser, soil-improving crops, plant breeding and agricultural machinery, we have done little to conserve the soil itself.

"Fully 35,000,000 acres of formerly cultivated land, worth £350,000,000, has been ruined by unrestrained erosion, and the products of wastage have clogged stream channels and filled costly reservoirs.

"In addition, 125,000,000 acres have been stripped of the more productive top soil, with a consequent reduction of value of more than £600,000,000.

"On these soil-stripped, impoverished areas tens of thousands of farmers are battling for existence," he went on. "Land stripped of the fecund surface covering is not soil; the exposed subsoil is simply the material of which soil is made through long periods of natural processes.

"Over twelve of our principal soil types, occurring chiefly in the Mississippi Valley, actual measurements have shown that under prevailing methods of usage sixty-five times as much soil and five times as much rain water are being lost every year as compared with the losses under natural conditions of vegetation and ground structure."

Man's folly or lack of vision in New Zealand has made many depressing spectacles in the loss of top soil from a mere slip on a hill-side to the huge slides on the flanks of mountains, such as may be seen at Arthur's Pass (in the Southern Alps), and in numerous other localities. This first vanishing of the surface is, of course, not the only misfortune, for masses of debris, previously held in place by nature's cover, hurtle into the beds of rivers, choke them and cause ruinous floods. Another disadvantage is that the rivers from time to time are forced to tear out fresh courses.

## NEW ZEALAND FOR DEER OR MANKIND?

### The Vital Factor of Forests.

Recently several New Zealand newspapers published an article with the following impressive headings: "Menace of Deer—Huge Herds Seen—Forest Suffers Severely—Extermination of Pest Urged." The district concerned was around the headwaters of the Hopkins River, at the back of Lake Ohau, Canterbury. Statements of the havoc wrought by deer in that region were given by Messrs. R. H. Booth (New Zealand Alpine Club), H. McD. Vincent and D. Minson (Canterbury Mountaineering Club).

On one flat of about ten acres they saw more than fifty deer. On the return journey they counted 182 deer along a ten-mile stretch of river-flats. They said that in one locality "they could have mown down a hundred or so with a machine-gun without any stalking."

"The ravages of the deer were only too obvious," the report continues. "The beech forests were riddled with miles of deer tracks. There was no new seedling growth. The bush was in a state of absolute degeneration. Tracks traversed every bluff above the bush level. For some time the climbers were puzzled by great patches of turf torn from the earth on the steep slopes until they discovered that they had been uprooted by stags attempting to rid themselves of their season's antlers. Those turf-denuded patches were the obvious cause of slips. At the Waitaki Power Station concern was expressed at the degeneration of the beech forests because of the effect on the Waitaki



**THE COUGAR**, a fierce natural enemy, helps importantly to control deer in North American Forests.

watershed. The opinion was expressed that unless the Government took effective action to preserve the bush by sending deer-killers into the watersheds, heavy flooding of the Waitaki would become a problem for the future."

In contrast with that article—which should encourage the Government authorities to intensify the campaign against deer—another one was published in other papers, with the following headings: "Deer in South—A Valuable Heritage—Famous Hunter's Views—Control Methods Attacked." The hunter is Mr. H. Frank Wallace, who seeks gun-play in many countries. In his view New Zealand is not a country that should produce food and other necessities for mankind, but rather one that should give good stalking sport to comparatively few hunters.

In his book "Big Game: Wanderings in Many Lands," Mr. Wallace remarks:—"The Government were apparently influenced in their decision by the agitation of people who knew nothing about the real conditions and by 'crank' societies. These drew lurid pictures of the destruction done by deer to trees and the danger to native-bird life."

Sport-minded casual visitors, such as Mr. Wallace, who attach greater importance to stalking than to a whole country's welfare, persistently ignore the fact that New Zealand's forests are totally different from those in other countries where deer have been controlled by natural enemies. The native forests in New Zealand evolved without deer to worry them. The trees, shrubs and soil surface are not of a nature to withstand the onsets of deer.

It is the commonsense duty of all members of Parliament—particularly Ministers of the Crown—and of all other New Zealanders interested in the present and future welfare of the country to wage war vigorously against deer, particularly during the rutting season.

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### A TREE SPEAKS TO TREES.

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Live, live, live, our fields and woodlands need you;  
Live, live, live, our hopes and blessings speed you;  
Live, live, live, and may the fair gods leave you.  
Love, love, love the winds and the storms that bend you;  
Love, love, love, and yield lest they should rend you;  
Love, love, love the sun and the rain that tend you.  
Grow, grow, grow, till never a tree shall shade you;  
Grow, grow, grow, till homage proud is paid you;  
Grow, grow, grow, and climb to Him Who made you.

—PHYLLIS BOOKER.

## **"DON'T GIVE US AWAY."**

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### **Plea of Rare Birds.**

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If one happens to see a rare native bird, it is most unwise to report the locality, except to the Forest and Bird Protection Society, which can be trusted to keep the secret. A certain type of collector will be only too eager to take advantage of any information which will enable him to commit a crime—the killing and skinning of a very valuable specimen.

The same remark applies to an animal such as the fur-seal. Newspapers are being requested to refrain from publishing reports which would help poachers (including collectors), to take the lives of creatures which have protection in law—but, alas, not always in fact.

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### **TAME TUIS AND BELL-BIRDS.**

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A letter from E. N. Priest, schoolboy of Makirikiri, Wanganui, to the Forest and Bird Protection Society:—

I found a bell-bird with its wing out of joint, and nursed the bird till it was right.

When I was over on the river-bank two kingfishers came and sat on a bough not far from me, and a thrush flew up and commenced a fight. I have learned something, for I thought a kingfisher was afraid of thrushes, but they put up a good fight and drove the thrush off.

My tuis and bell-birds are still with me. Four tuis and two bell-birds disappeared for a few weeks and returned with young ones. I have now seven tame tuis and six bell-birds. The latter are poor singers; for what reason I don't know.

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### **OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS.**

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Go feed the birds, and cage them not,  
God gave to them their little lot.  
They have a little life to live;  
Destroy it not, but give, O give!  
Add to their noble little day.  
Ah, cherish them—nor take away.  
They're helping us at every turn;  
Yet we their leafy homes would burn.  
They have a little life to live;  
Take not away, but give, O give!

—F. E. RICHARDSON.

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