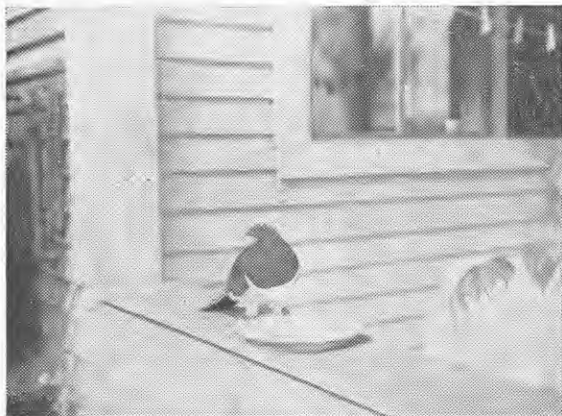


## The Friendly Pigeon

A STORY FROM THE WEST COAST OF  
THE SOUTH ISLAND

(Contributed by Miss Watson).



ONE evening in 1940 we found a baby pigeon on the roof of the garage. We kept it throughout the winter, feeding it on brown bread and milk and sultanas.

Then it was taken to a farm near the bush and was released. For two weeks it disappeared, but then came back to the house to be fed. The following year it came back again bringing its mate and later its brood. Since then it has come back alone year after year, disappearing at intervals when the food is plentiful in the bush.

The farm has since changed hands, but the wife of the present farmer continues to feed it, as shown in the photograph below, and it will take food from the hand whilst perched on the side of a plate held in the other hand. The photographs were taken recently.



## The Hinau Tree

By ALBERT KILMISTER

HINAU trees were fairly numerous in the hill country bush. They grow to about 25 feet tall and up to 4 feet in diameter with spreading branches. It was the medium-sized dead trees that produced most of the good, durable heart timber for posts, rails, and battens—they were a real boon to the pioneer farmers. The large trees are mostly decayed inside, while the medium-sized green trees are mostly sap wood that was of no value for the purpose. When felled, the crash as the branches hit the ground would be the last straw to a flock of kaka, who would fly around over the bush screeching as if very annoyed at the loss of their dear old hinau tree.

The tops and the few big limbs on the old hinau are hollow and were the nesting places of the kaka, parrakeets, and kingfisher. The white man brought bees to New Zealand; some soon went wild and made their hives in the birds' nesting places. Hinau flowers are like lily-of-the-valley, the berries are like small stony marbles in colour and size with a dry mealy coating on the outside. Not a showy berry on the tree—perhaps Nature intended them mainly for the ground birds in winter time. The berries dropped off in such quantities as to nearly cover the ground under the trees.

The truth is that Canada is not yet emerged from the twilight of destructive exploitation. We still have the social outlook of the bush-whacking pioneer. Scandinavia has left it behind and long since has reached the broad high plateau of national planning through engineering skills and decisive public opinion. . . . Our children grow up in the ancient zeals of exploitation. The Norwegians grow up in the zeals of stewardship and the needs of unborn generations. —Robson Black in "Forest and Outdoors" (Canada).

Thus writes a Canadian. What can one say of New Zealand?