

invariably choosing the weather shore, and I followed them up, sailing wherever I saw them fly. I got most of my shooting in the early morning. Many a time when I have looked out of the drill door of my floating house, I have seen the water black with game, mobs of ducks swimming within a few yards of the craft. I never sought to make a really big bag, for I found it difficult to get rid of the game, but one afternoon I shot fifteen ducks with as little trouble as the laziest man could desire. It had been raining and blowing all night, but at noon the gale abated, and I set sail along the edge

contended myself with picking up those that fell in the water. Seventy-five ducks for an afternoon's shooting is by no means a record, but it contented me. Later I went down to the mouth of the Waikato, and shot on the waters that lie between the sand dunes and the sea, and then having the catamaran taken over the Awaroa portage to the Manakau Harbour, I bagged a few ducks on the great banks there. But Manukau ducks are as wild as the Manukau Bar, and it was only by cautious paddling or drifting with the tide in a little canvas canoe that I was able to get within range.



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LAKE TAPU, TE HENGA, WEST COAST.

Auckland.

of a great raupo thicket. The ducks were sheltering in the reeds, and as I stamped on the deck they rose and flew lakewards. I sat on a deck chair, shifting the rudder with my foot, and had beautiful shooting. One little experience gave me a shock. I dropped a fine drake on what appeared to be a nice grassy flat. I drove the boat's stern against the bank, intending to jump ashore and secure the bird, when caution made me drop the light anchor on the grass. The anchor sank in soft mud, and if I had jumped I should have landed in a veritable quagmire. The duck remained on the flat, and I

The best estuary shooting I have had was at Mercury Bay; but then it was only in stormy weather that I could get a bag. I noticed that towards evening the ducks flew from the great expanse of tidal flats inland to an impassible swamp, so I planted myself in a clump of manuka and had some real good sport for awhile, the ducks being as heavy and strong as any I have ever known.

I have had good shooting in the beds of the big snow rivers in Canterbury, but there the absence of cover and the wariness of the birds render big bags difficult to obtain. During a yachting cruise round Stewart