

immature *Diomedea exulans*. Several Petrels. 10 a.m.—Seven Albatrosses. Same brown bird as yesterday. Petrels far astern. 3.30 p.m.—Twelve Albatrosses. Petrels. 4 p.m.—Twenty-two Albatrosses, mostly immature *Diomedea exulans*. Nearest land 300 miles N.

November 7.—Cold, strong S.E., rough. 7 a.m.—Two *Diomedea exulans* immature. 9 a.m.—No birds. 9.30 a.m.—Two *Diomedea exulans*. Noon.—Eight Albatrosses, including brown individual of November 5 and 6. No alteration in afternoon.

November 8.—Cool, S.E., calmer. 7.30 a.m. to noon.—Albatrosses and Petrels. Noon.—Off Cape Nelson. No alteration in afternoon. Melbourne reached that night.

Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?—During the five months July to December, 1929, my work took me through a large portion of north-western New South Wales, an area with Moree as its centre and with an average radius of about 80 miles. During that time I have travelled about 7,000 miles, and have seen but one example of that fine bird, the Australian Bustard (*Eupodotis australis*). Years ago the Bustard could be seen in flocks throughout the district, but now it is becoming distinctly rare. As a result of numerous enquiries, I find that the fox is considered the chief cause of the decimation of this species, and undoubtedly that is so to a great extent. All with whom I have discussed the matter blame the fox, but—nobody thinks to mention “the man with the gun.”

The Bustard is totally protected by law, but as far as I can see most men shoot it whenever opportunity offers. Such a statement may seem extravagant, but I believe it to be correct. Many a time have I asked, “Do you ever see any Plain Turkeys about now?” and too often the answer has been, “Well, very few. The foxes have cleaned them out, but I got one the other day. I hadn’t seen any for some time.” And now the reader will ask, “What are the police doing that they allow this shooting to go on?”

The following may give an indication of what some of the police are doing in the matter. When travelling recently with a police-constable from one of our north-western towns, I asked him did he ever see any Plain Turkeys in his district. “Well, they’re pretty scarce now,” was his reply; “but I shot two last week.” When I showed my surprise he merely said, “Well, if I don’t get them the fox will.”

Now I am told that this sort of thing is not unique. However, I can vouch for only the one case mentioned above. And this is how we protect our vanishing species! We have, indeed, just cause for pride in the way our game laws are administered.—C. S. SULLIVAN, R.A.O.U., Moree, N.S.W.