

actual damage. As the lambing season is short, it is suggested that it would pay to give the sheep special protection during this period, and even feed the crows on culled animals instead of killing them, so that the value of their services in other directions, and at other times, would not be lost.

So far as the sheep industry is concerned, the outstanding trouble is the blowfly, and here again the bird question comes into the picture. Conflicting reports are available as to the value of the Starling in destroying the blowfly. What is the food of millions of starlings? Flocks can be seen in the potato and other crops, where they certainly appear to be working in the farmers' interests.

Enough has been said to show that the R.A.O.U. has a very definite task in co-ordinating the study of bird economics to rural industries, and thus assisting the man on the land to arrive at a true understanding of the value of the bird life. There is no reason why the Union should not play a more important part in the country's development, and, instead of having a limited membership, it might bring in many pastoralists and farmers to assist in this broader aspect of the work. This would make the Union what it should be—a recognised power for good in the country. As a lead it is suggested that the name be altered to Bird Union, with a neat badge of membership, for very few country people understand the meaning of Ornithologist. Then an organised appeal to farmers, graziers, and orchardists for increased membership, with the support of the Federal department of Entomology, might do much to give increased scope and usefulness.

Lyrebird Feeding Young. — There is nothing more fascinating than a fern gully in August just as dawn is breaking, when the bird world greets the new day with a burst of song. Every songster, from the tiny Thornbill to the Lyrebird, contributes its sweetest song to the music of the wild. As the morning advances the songs cease, for there are domestic duties to be attended to. Equipped with the camera, we make our way to the nest of the Lyrebird. The young one is now in the nest, and the adult female is a chain away scratching at a decayed log for food. We note that the pouch under the beak is being packed with worms and other animals, and in a few moments she comes toward the nest, uttering a soft crooning note, which is answered by the nestling. The infant then opens its mouth to the fullest extent, the mother places her beak in the young bird's mouth, and pushes the contents of her beak down its throat. I spent the best part of several days observing this procedure, and was able to secure a number of photographs.—CLARENCE L. LANG, R.A.O.U., Ararat, Victoria.