

acres especially managed for game restoration. I hope we shall soon see the day when there will be more National forests in the east, as the presence of such forests will not only benefit the stream flow and natural environment but will provide game refuges. To this end the McNary-Woodruff Bill was passed in the Federal Congress last year, and if the funds authorised by the Bill are appropriated we can look for some relief in this direction. New York State will eventually set aside 100,000 acres of State-owned forest land as game refuges.

It is perhaps even essential for the private owners of forest lands, whose holdings approximate 370,000,000 acres, to cultivate wild life if they are to increase the profitable utilisation of their lands. Commercial forestry is a precarious undertaking from a financial point of view, but the cultivation of the land to provide correct environment for wild life opens up many possibilities in the way of financial enterprises.

In the last analysis, therefore, it is a question in a very literal sense of "getting back to the soil." To many laymen, this phrase has no significance except from an agricultural standpoint, but no one can estimate the far-reaching benefits to be derived from the proper cultivation and restoration of the soil of our woodlands, where our forests must take their roots, and in the wake of adequate forest cover will come controlled stream flow, proper environment for game life, both land and aquatic, increased opportunities for recreation in the out-of-doors, which must result in greater vigour for the American people and thus bring to the nation a finer race of men than can ever be bred if we are to neglect our natural resources and live wholly urban lives.

TREES.

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast.
A tree that looks to God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray.
A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair.
Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

—By Joyce Kilmer.