

various empirical forms it has been practised in Europe since the Middle Ages, and in Asia since the days of Genghis Khan. The biological equation responsible for its success was probably not understood, but this did not worry the Great Khan as long as his hunting was good.

It should, however, worry us. Environmental control, like every other really potent idea, is a two-edged sword. It is the only possible way of keeping alive the sport of hunting in the face of unregulated human population growth. This is one edge of the sword. The other is that overcontrol is open to many abuses. A case in point is the bitterness which European nature-lovers feel towards the excessive and indiscriminate predator control practised on private hunting preserves. This should be a lesson to managers of both private and public hunting grounds in this country. Moreover, excessive manipulation of environment tends to artificialise sport, and thus destroy the very recreational values which the conservation movement seeks to retain.

Intelligent manipulation of game environments is impossible without research. In only a few cases are the main factors affecting National Forest game as yet known. This is no reason for a do-nothing attitude, but it is a powerful reason for a radical expansion in the game research programme.

The "reservation" idea has enjoyed a satisfactory growth, and requires no lengthy comment. A far-flung system of refuges is gradually being built up. These, to be sure, differ somewhat from the original idea of preserving a sample of threatened species. Refuges are a machine to feed breeding stock to the adjoining range; reservations are a museum where specimens are set away for safe keeping.

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### THE FOREST.

In gracious friendliness the forest stands  
With arms outspread to shield from sun and rain  
And beckons us into a quiet lane  
As one who welcomes friends with outstretched hands,  
And proffers freedom of his house and lands.  
Though filled with voices one cannot explain,  
A quietness pervades the vast domain  
As when one enters some cathedral grand.  
On entering we feel beneath our feet  
Luxurious carpetings of moss and leaf,  
As, reverently, down arching aisles we pace.  
With majesty the woodland seems replete;  
Enchanting, wondrous, strengthening our belief  
That sylvan gods are dwellers of the place.

—Conrad Sedgewick.