

watershed. The opinion was expressed that unless the Government took effective action to preserve the bush by sending deer-killers into the watersheds, heavy flooding of the Waitaki would become a problem for the future."

In contrast with that article—which should encourage the Government authorities to intensify the campaign against deer—another one was published in other papers, with the following headings: "Deer in South—A Valuable Heritage—Famous Hunter's Views—Control Methods Attacked." The hunter is Mr. H. Frank Wallace, who seeks gun-play in many countries. In his view New Zealand is not a country that should produce food and other necessities for mankind, but rather one that should give good stalking sport to comparatively few hunters.

In his book "Big Game: Wanderings in Many Lands," Mr. Wallace remarks:—"The Government were apparently influenced in their decision by the agitation of people who knew nothing about the real conditions and by 'crank' societies. These drew lurid pictures of the destruction done by deer to trees and the danger to native-bird life."

Sport-minded casual visitors, such as Mr. Wallace, who attach greater importance to stalking than to a whole country's welfare, persistently ignore the fact that New Zealand's forests are totally different from those in other countries where deer have been controlled by natural enemies. The native forests in New Zealand evolved without deer to worry them. The trees, shrubs and soil surface are not of a nature to withstand the onsets of deer.

It is the commonsense duty of all members of Parliament—particularly Ministers of the Crown—and of all other New Zealanders interested in the present and future welfare of the country to wage war vigorously against deer, particularly during the rutting season.

A TREE SPEAKS TO TREES.

Live, live, live, our fields and woodlands need you;
Live, live, live, our hopes and blessings speed you;
Live, live, live, and may the fair gods leave you.
Love, love, love the winds and the storms that bend you;
Love, love, love, and yield lest they should rend you;
Love, love, love the sun and the rain that tend you.
Grow, grow, grow, till never a tree shall shade you;
Grow, grow, grow, till homage proud is paid you;
Grow, grow, grow, and climb to Him Who made you.

—PHYLLIS BOOKER.