

after year. Fish could well be used for winter stores of dog food, but apparently to kill caribou is rather less trouble. Harper says "Few inhabitants of the North, whether native or white, stay their hands while caribou are present and ammunition is available. There is undue reliance on a continuation of past abundance and an indifference to the welfare or rights of posterity". Hunting caribou calls for little skill, and unfortunately there are far too many .22's in the hands of Eskimos. Only the expert can kill deer humanely with a .22.

What is to be the end of it all? Frankly, it is hard to say. Human predation is increasing and weapons are more lethal. Can Eskimos, Indians and the white men of the Barrens be taught conservation? Can they acquire a conservation ethic? If we are hopeless about this and the answer "No", then the ultimate extermination of the caribou is certain, for there is now the added hazard of increased incidence of fire in the winter grounds.

It is to be hoped that Harper's monograph will be widely studied.

F. D.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S AMERICA. By FARIDA A. WILEY. American Naturalists Series. The Devin-Adair Company, New York. \$5.75.

This book is an anthology from the writing of a president of the U.S.A., whose slogan was "the big stick and the square deal". Canada and the Republic of Panama cannot forget occasions when Roosevelt applied the big stick without the square deal, but members of this Society may remember him for virtues which were at least as great as his faults; certainly no one man can have done more to give fauna "the square deal".

Roosevelt was a sportsman of the most virile and best type, one who could write that, because hunting the Bighorn Sheep was "the hardest and most difficult form of sport", it was "for that very reason . . . the noblest . . . always excepting, of course, those kinds of hunting where the quarry itself is dangerous". He was a Harvard-trained scientist, whose passion for accuracy appears, for example, in his insistence on pacing off the distances, at which he and others killed game; the results were often disconcerting to hunters who prided themselves on "long shots" made at ranges they merely guessed. Neither had he tolerance of careless assertions made by museum naturalists, a trait illustrated in the admirable essay reprinted here, "In Defence of accurate scientific Writing." Love both of

hunting and of accuracy made Roosevelt a first-class field naturalist; the hunting stories in this book are packed with far more sound observation of animals than, unfortunately, is usual in sportsmen's stories; these essays contribute much to the value of the book.

Some of the most readable passages in this very readable volume describe Roosevelt's experiences in "the Wild West"—the genuine article, as distinct from the caricature presented in Hollywood's "horse operas". Here, too, his often deflating realism appears in such remarks as "if a man minds his own business and does not go into bar rooms, gambling saloons and the like, he need have no fear of being molested", and a revolver was "a mere foolish encumbrance"; or, again, of affrays in bar rooms, "as the men are generally drunk . . . and the revolver is at best a rather inaccurate weapon, the bystanders are nearly as apt to get hurt as the participants"!

Our quotations may give some taste of the quality of the man and of this book. It does not specialize in Roosevelt's work as a conservationist, but records that upwards of sixty wildlife refuges were founded in the U.S.A. during his presidency; and it gives his opinion in the following sentence from one of his letters:—"When I hear of the destruction of a species I feel just as if all the works of some great writer had perished; as if we had lost all instead of part of Polybius or Livy." One can hardly put it better than that.

R. G.

TREE TOPS. By JIM CORBETT. Oxford University Press. 6s.

This little story, written by Jim Corbett, who needs no introduction to those who love the wild life of nature, covers a period of a few hours which, when history is written, will rank as the first rung on a long ladder of a life of self-sacrifice for the benefit of mankind by Queen Elizabeth II.

It is the story of a night in "The Tree Tops" overlooking a salt lick near Nyeri in Kenya where Princess Elizabeth became Queen of England. Perhaps the most moving part is when on arrival the Royal Party were threatened at very close quarters by an angry herd of elephant. Princess Elizabeth walked bravely on and a few minutes later was sitting calmly in the tree photographing the game, which enthralled her for the rest of the night.

The tale is told in the simple words of Jim Corbett, who watched the scene at the Princess's side, and will delight old and young as a bedtime story, before turning out the light on a night in Africa.

I. D. M.