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The Call of the Wild

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The Call of the Wild

Oh it's off to the woods, to the tall uncut,
Get ye gone, do the work of a man,
Far away from the sphere of society's rut,
Live the life that is free while you can.

You have lingered too long on the smooth city streets
You have dined where soft music steals,
Get out for a while where the wild tempest beats
And the rattlesnake strikes at your heels.

Get to the hills where the wild waters roar,
While they rush, as for life, to the sea
To the crags where the eagles so gracefully soar,
And the mountain sheep craftily flee.

Take a plunge in a stream which is like liquid ice,
Take a ride on a steed that's alive,
Get out where the need is for men, not for mice,
Get out where the strongest survive.

'Tis the wild that is calling the Forester on,
'Tis the call of the life that is real,
And his voice rings with joy as he shouts, "I am gone
To reply to that welcome appeal."

CARL A. KUPFER, *Ames*, '07,
U. S. Forest Service.

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