

1-1-1926

In My Lookout Cabin

J. A. Larsen
Iowa State College

Follow this and additional works at: <https://lib.dr.iastate.edu/amesforester>



Part of the [Forest Sciences Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Larsen, J. A. (1926) "In My Lookout Cabin," *Ames Forester*: Vol. 14 , Article 5.
Available at: <https://lib.dr.iastate.edu/amesforester/vol14/iss1/5>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at Iowa State University Digital Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in Ames Forester by an authorized editor of Iowa State University Digital Repository. For more information, please contact digirep@iastate.edu.

In My Lookout Cabin

By J. A. Larsen

From my lookout cabin high,
Up above the eagle's nest,
Wave on wave of crests I see;
Glistening peaks and lakes at rest.

Every dawn first meets my gaze,
Ripening brilliant, scarlet, gold;
Throws a lurid purple veil
Over canyons dark and cold.

Wistful morning, pensive, calm;
Quickened by a whispering breeze,
Brings a fragrance and a balm,
Stolen from a million trees.

Gophers, chipmunks, grouse and quail,
Early pay their daily calls;
Coyote, bear or chance blacktail
Eye me wary on their strolls.

Passing swiftly overhead,
Downy clouds of radiant hue,
Made of evanescent thread,
Sail the deep cerulean blue.

From a thunder head at last,
Comes a distant muffled roar,
And a colder sullen blast,
Scurrying the mountain o'er.

Heavy rains the cabin splash,—
Blustering winds the tree tops bend;
Squirrels to their burrows dash,—
Lightning flashes heavens rend.

Roar and rumble, splash and crack;—
Cabin trembles as in pain;—
It's the onslaught of the storm,
In an avalanche of rain.

Sudden comes the sun anew;
 While the tempest rumbles on;
 Myriad iridescent gems
 Clothe each leaf and twig again.

Shadows lengthen—twilight softens
 Over mountains, lakes and streams;
 Darkness 'round me; stars above me;—
 Life and labor melt in dreams.

THINGS WE'D LIKE TO SEE

Russ Meyer hurrying to class.
 George Peters getting to an 8 o'clock on time.
 Prof. Mac when he wasn't busy.
 Greef when he wasn't talking about ethics.
 Perk when he wasn't talking about Snoqualmie, Bogalusa,
 or the Battle of Newport.
 Jeff when he wasn't philosophizing.
 A forester wearing knickers to seminar.
 Chet Walling taking a course without "eatin' 'em."
 Ike McLaren when not substituting.
 Fat Tharp doing the Charleston.

FAVORITE EXPRESSIONS

Larsen—By golly.
 Jeff—Pardon a personal illustration.
 Ike—Oh, shoot.