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## Why Is A Forester?

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## Why Is A Forester?

By C. A. Rindt, For. '27

There on high, through the April sky go a band of north  
bound geese.  
How straight and true they travel through to the north, the  
lakes and peace.  
As they fade from view in the boundless blue, I feel myself  
give way  
To a pulsing surge, a pulling urge, to follow the geese away.

So I've tied my pack, I'm going back to the shore of a crystal  
lake.  
From the city's moil, from the city's toil, from the filth that  
cities make.  
With one true friend that will not bend to the puppet powers  
that be  
Away to the wood where the world is good, just one true  
friend and me.

We'll do our share in the open air of our work for the human  
race.  
In the north or west, they all are best with forests every  
place.  
We'll make our home 'neath an azure dome, at the foot of a  
giant pine,  
Where all we see is offered free, the world is his and mine.

You'll know what I mean if you've ever seen the close of a  
summer day,  
Watched crimson and jade turn to gold and fade behind the  
trees and away;  
Seen a snow-capped spire in a cloud of fire reflected in a  
clear lagoon;  
Seen the birch's white bark in the gathering dark, or a pine  
against the moon.

Watched the stars come out and all about, the night's deep  
shadows fall;  
While the campfire's light shuts out the night behind a  
black impassable wall.  
With the day's work done, the cruise strip run, or another  
location line.

With topog and type all checked just right, it's the woodsmen's friendship time.

Oh, again to gaze at a dancing blaze, to watch the red coals gleam and glow,

While away up high the great trees sigh as the south winds softly blow.

Then to go to rest, where rest is best, while the round moon slowly climbs,

To be lulled away to another day by the whisperings of the pines.

