The Forest Air

Fred C. Battell
Iowa State College

Follow this and additional works at: https://lib.dr.iastate.edu/amesforester
Part of the Forest Sciences Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://lib.dr.iastate.edu/amesforester/vol22/iss1/19

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.
THE FOREST AIR

I do not care for city life
With all its noise and speed and strife—
   Its troubles here, its worries there:
Just put me in the forest air.

No cars to dodge nor steps to climb
Nor busses where you pay a dime
   Whenever you would go somewhere:
I'm happy in the forest air.

Where I would go there are the trees,
The flowers, and the honey bees.
   If you're in town you cannot share
These blessings of the forest air.

You're welcome to your stupid fops,
Your salesmen, and your traffic cops.
   Not one of them would ever dare
To linger in the forest air.

So go your way and I'll go mine;
You take your money—I my time.
   You'll just exist with constant care,
But I'll live in the forest air!

FRED C. BATTELL, '34.