

THE POET OF THE WOODS

Foresters and lumbermen can not claim the woods as their special possession. The whole world is turning more and more to the outdoors in search of health and happiness. The literature of the forest has been growing in volume and interest year by year.

But the forester and lumberman see more in the woods than the layman might. The layman sees the trees and the beauties of Nature. The woodsman sees not only the trees but the lumberjack or ranger whose camp is pitched in the wilderness and who has his special philosophy and humor; and men have longed for a singer who could put not only the woods but the woodsman as well into song.

In recent years such a singer has arisen and has been gaining steady recognition until today the name of Douglas Malloch, a young American poet, has become a familiar one to many thousands of men who range the forests, or fell the trees; and to all whom the forest appeals he comes as a welcome messenger. For that reason the announcement of a new book from his pen has more than the interest of a mere "book review" to the reading public, and to the forester and lumberman especially. To the latter a library without his verse is not a forester's or a lumberman's library at all. For in such a library his verse deserves a place of prominence.

The George H. Doren Company of New York, and the American Lumberman of Chicago have just issued a new book of Mr. Malloch's best work. It is entitled "The Woods" and the men from whose ranks Mr. Malloch comes may well be proud of it. It will do much to give the public a better idea of the men in the lumber camps and in the Forest Service. For this Kipling of the woods has put into verse the humor and sentiment of the hayroad and the trail and painted not merely the beauties of Nature but sang the song of the forester and lumberjack as well.

It is hard to quote from a book in which there is so much that is entertaining. To analyze it is equally difficult. Mr. Malloch's philosophy is the philosophy of contentment. That it is a phi-

losophy that appeals to the public is evidenced by the fact that his poem "Today," which appears in permanent form in his new book, is said to be the most widely known bit of current verse now in circulation. It has been printed hundreds of times in American and British publications, for its cheery "Ain't it Fine Today?" struck a responsive chord in the public heart.

But the timing in Mr. Malloch's new book that will appeal to the lumberman and the forester is the

vigorous verses descriptive of the woodwork, verses with the Kipling punch and swing. The humor and romance of the forest are interpreted in the way that will give delight. With lumbermen, foresters, and all who love the forest "The Woods" will constitute a special and personal message. The cause of conservation and of forestry will also be aided by this volume, for it will quicken public interest in the woods and their preservation.

"The Woods" itself is an unusually attractive example of the bookmaker's art. The price is \$1.

The following are several of Malloch's poems selected by the staff at the Forest History Society. They were taken from his books *The Woods* (1913); *In Forest Land* (1906), and *Tote-Road and Trail* (1917).

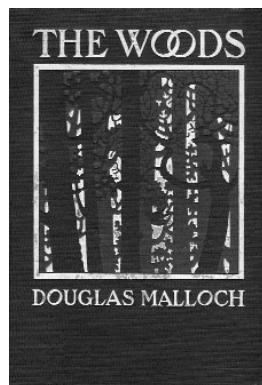


(adapted from *American Forestry*, August 1913, Vol. 19(8):544-546)

TO-DAY

Sure, this world is full of trouble—
I ain't said it ain't.
Lord! I've had enough, an' double
Reason fer complaint.
Rain an' storm have come to fret me,
Skies were often gray;
Thorns an' brambles have beset me
On the road—but, say,
Ain't it fine to-day!
What's the use of always weepin',
Makin' trouble last?
What's the use of always keepin'
Thinkin' of the past?
Each must have its tribulation,
Water with his wine.
Life it ain't no celebration.
Trouble? I've had mine—
But to-day is fine.

It's to-day that I am livin',
Not a month ago,
Havin', losin', takin', givin',



As time wills it so.
Yesterday a cloud of sorrow
Fell across the way;
It may rain again to-morrow,
It may rain—but, say,
Ain't it fine to-day!

THE LOVE OF A BOTANIST

I long for the land of the pinus palustris
Where the liriodendron is busting into bloom,
Where taxodium distichum faithful, industr'ous
Is waving in sadness o'er Clementine's tomb.

'Twas under the spreading hickoria pecan
We pledged our fond love by the light of the stars;
"If any be faithful," we whispered, "then we can,"
While leaning at eve o'er the fraxinus bars.

A flower from the sweet asimina triloba
She pinned on my coat as I bade her farewell;
But her love grew as cold as the far Manitoba
And my hopes like the frost-bitten autumn leaves fell.

They planted catalpa, the fair speciosa,
They planted the bush and the tree and the vine,
They planted a sprig of robinia viciosa
And, underneath these, planted poor Clementine.

THE WAY HOME

We ain't very strong on right an' on wrong,
us fellahs at lumber Camp Ten
If a man wants to cuss er to kick up a fuss,
It don't bother the rest o' the men.
If a man's on the square an' inclined to be fair,
we like him the better fer that;
But we don't pick a quar'l with the man who will snarl,
any more'n we wud with a cat.

You can easy surmise we was took by su'prise when Scotty,
the boss of the barn,
Got serious kind an' said, to his mind,
he cared not a golly gosh darn.

If a man went to kirk, er in camp had to work,
where he never heard singing or text—
He cud be jest as good as any cuss could,
in one place as well as the next.

This theology biz, or whatever it is,
was a new kind of talk around there.
We didn't think much on religion an' such;
we was rusty on preachin' an' prayer.

There wasn't a one, not a son-of-a-gun,
but wanted to Heaven to get;
But we had the idee that, if Heaven we'd see,
we must go by the way of Marquette.

When we're up in Camp Ten it is different then,
away from the church an' the chime;
We have our own laws an' fight our own cause
an' eat venison any old time.
So when Scotty, the boss of the heifer an' hoss,
the other lads started to rake,
They gave a ho-ho an' told him to go
an' take a big jump in the lake.

Now isn't it strange, how quickly we change
from joy into sorrow an' back,
How a man seems to know he'll be called soon to go
acrost the great river so black?

In an hour, by the watch, that bundle of Scotch
in a bunk we saw tumble an' toss;
Fer a kick on the head by that blamed heifer red
had ended it all fer the boss.

No preacher was there with a comfortin' prayer
to make easy the comin' of death.
There was no one to say a text er to pray
Fer the poor devil pantin' fer breath.

Then he opened his eyes, but no pain or su'prise
In the face of the man we could see;
'Twas the face of a child, thet looked upward an' smiled,
an' said, "Fellahs, listen to me:

"If a man goes to kirk, er in camp has to work
where he never hears singin' or text,
Remember he can be a God-lovin' man
in one place as well as the next."

"It's all over, I know, but I ain't scared to go,
though my heart at the partin' is sair;
I kin see the white gate where my wee babbies wait—an' I
Know that I'm goin' straight there."

CHAUDIERE

From a pathway of quiet unstirred by commotion,
From the forests of green to the dwellings of brown,
In quest of the river, in quest of the ocean,
The Ottawa waters come peacefully down
And, her by the town,
Throw aside the dull gown
Of their up-river green
For the shine and the sheen
And the gossamer glory of rapids that run,
For the glitter of jewels that flash in the sun.
Here they leap
From their sleep
And in majesty sweep
Through a gateway of stone, through the cataract's lair,
Where the leonine rocks shake the mist from their hair
And startle the shore
With the roar
Of Chaudiere.

From the hush of the forest where censers are swinging,
 Where lilies unfold and the wild roses bloom,
 In quest of the world where the saw-song is singing,
 The Ottawa timber comes down to the boom;
 And here waits the flume
 Frothing white with the spume,
 Frothing white with the spray
 Of the waters at play.
 Now the channel is opened that leads to the slide,
 And now safe by the rapids the timber-cribs glide.
 Just a flash
 And a crash
 And a plunge and a splash
 In the calm of the stream where the waters run fair—
 And all vainly the rocks in their mid-river lair
 Shall threaten them more
 With the roar
 Of Chaudiere.

From the land of the forest, the cabins dim lighted,
 From the camp in the woodland asleep in the sun,
 In the quest of the world that in dreams they have sighted
 The men of the shanties come down for their fun,
 Come down ev'ry one
 When the wild work is done
 As the river at play
 Leaps to ripples and spray
 When it sniffs the St. Lawrence and glimpses the goal
 Where the salt breezes freshen and long billows roll.
 To be free
 As the sea
 Ev'ry man longs to be
 'Mid the lights of the town, 'mid the smiles of the fair—
 Then what shall the sturdy young shantyman care
 Though tremble the shore
 With the roar
 Of Chaudiere?

But the years hurry by and the years hurry onward,
 The ax-stroke is busy on hill and in glen;
 As fade the pale stars when the night travels downward,
 The trees in the sky tumble earth ward again.
 They shall vanish – and then
 Shall the shoutings of men
 Diminish and die
 Where the waters run high.
 O you maid in the town, hold your shantyman dear
 For the men of the river shall vanish from here.
 They shall weep
 To the deep
 Where the centuries sleep
 And shall leave but a kiss and a memory fair,
 Like the waters that flow to the mystic Out There,
 Returning no more
 To the shore
 Of Chaudiere.

THE WOODLAND

If you would love the woodland, it
 Must be a living thing to you –
 A comrade at whose feet you sit
 And look together at the blue.
 You must love sun as flowers do
 The god of day; the kiss of rain
 Must be as healing sweet to you
 As to the daisy on the plain.

 You must go faring without fear
 The woodland wild, However far—
 In some new path a pioneer,
 And for your compass but a star.
 You must lie down with door ajar
 Beside the midnight waters' hem,
 You must lie down where wild things are
 And feel companionship with them.

You must delight in that delight
 The bud enjoys when first it knows
 The passing of the Winter night
 And wakes to find itself a rose.
 You must feel pleasures such as those,
 The joy of living in the land,
 And, as the waking leaves unclose,
 Must feel your petaled soul expand.

THE CONNECTICUT DRIVE

From the home of the towering spruces,
 By Connecticut's cataracts hurled,
 We have come over dams and through sluices
 To knock at the door of the world.
 We bring you the wealth of the forest
 That long in her treasure-house stood;
 We bring you a gift of the river adrift—
 We bring you the heart of the wood.

Like the horse first imprisoned and haltered,
 The river resisted our will—
 Now stubborn, unmoved and unaltered,
 Now hot with a passion to kill.
 It foamed in white fury at Turner's.
 At Miller's awoke with a roar;
 Mad the race that we rode while it chafed with its load
 As it groaned with the burden it bore.

But we conquered the turbulent river,
 And we plunged from the torrent's alarms
 To a silence that trembles forever
 O'er a valley of plenteous farms.
 And this is the gift that we bring you,
 Borne swift on Connecticut's flood—
 From the land of the spruce, for the world's ready use,
 We bring you the heart of the wood.

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