"Even now I can hear the rhythmic hewing of pine and fir as I walk through the echoing forest. It makes me happy and carefree. I become as a man with dreams, a song in my heart, and with a certain touch of nature gripping my soul." (Bunyan's Paradise)

The air is shaken by the steady blows of ringing axes biting into timber; The sharp sound follows the swift stroke; Boughs lean slowly across the sky, dropping Snow as a cloud from heaven.

An iron wedge tilts the great trunk toward earth. The living gash cries out and opens, and the Crash shatters the white domain even to its edge.

- Lawrence Fisher - '37