

lost in the world.
 It followed me from dawn to dusk...from the
 summer of hoot-owling
 To the moments that the rains returned to the
 forest.
 And one day I returned it to the wild land from
 whence it came,
 And my heart was lonely,
 I wondered long on the pattern of life and
 remembered
 A compassionate logger caste in the image of
 stone.
 Yes, these are the loggers...the buckler, the
 faller, the high climber,
 Choker setter, whistle punk, cat skinner,
 donkey puncher,
 Rigging slinger and the bull of the woods,
 Drinking, brawling, fighting, lusting after life
 and women,
 And true to his fashion he had the kind of
 masculinity
 That made each woman aware of her
 womanhood.
 But under it all, we find the empire builder, the
 dreamer of dreams,
 And a man big enough to hurl himself against
 the universe,
 And not count the cost.
 For each logger that we laid to rest under the
 sod,
 In the verdant and magnificent land in which he
 lived,
 We buried not a man but a life force and a
 power unafraid,
 And because of him the houses of this nation
 rise,
 The factories of this nation produce, the ships
 of this nation sail,
 And the paper for all the books clothing the
 intelligence of this world,
 Move inexorably across the face of the earth.
 This is the logger, stronger than steel,
 And as tender as the touch of dawn.
 A legend of the ages...and in memory of the
 saga about to die,
 I think tenderly of him in death, in sawed off
 pants and calk boots,



Head faller (right) sighting the spot the tree should fall. Bull buck (scaler) standing in the background. Second faller on left springboard. (Photo courtesy of City of Toledo Museum).



Riding the log attached to the hayrack boom to be loaded on railroad cars (Photo from the files of Pacific Studio).

Sweating and swearing softly in awe...
 Striding from mountaintop to mountaintop in
 some far place,
 Worlds without end.
 And I hear him laugh, not in submission, not
 even reverently,
 But with a mockery on his lips to the Devil and
 a challenge to God...
 I hear him say to the Creator:
 Lord, I have come home, I have lived
 life as it came and not altogether to the
 letter of Your Law, but I am here. I
 come to help complete your Universe. I
 see Your Gates, I see Your Mountains
 and Trees beyond. I have come to build
 the Mansions of which You spoke in the
 words of the Great Book.
 To you who have come from the south of the
 borders of Oregon,
 I leave the portrayal - for this genius is
 peculiar to your art.
 Portray him well, the Logger who walks the
 Temples of our wilderness.
 You shall never be so challenged again,
 For how do you portray he who mocks at death,
 laughs at adversity,
 Sins with dedication, reverences life, and
 curses
 Because he is not stronger than God?

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