

OUTDOORS

Spark interest

Abandoned fire lookout offers striking views of Mount Hood

Eddy Binford-Ross
Salem Statesman Journal
USA TODAY NETWORK

The fire lookout stands at the top of Devil's Peak.
EDDY BINFORD-ROSS/STATESMAN JOURNAL

I look up through the stately conifers draped in moss and past the orange-leaved bushes showing that autumn is in full effect. There it is, the weather-worn, decommissioned fire lookout situated at the top of Devil's Peak. ● My energy renewed, I quicken my pace up the last hill to the bottom of the lookout. At the base of the wooden stairs, I drop my backpack and climb the 14 steps to the platform, where a striking view greets me. Framed by trees, Mount Hood stands grandly in front of me and the grueling hike immediately feels worthwhile. ● Fire lookouts, like this one, that are decommissioned but still accessible, are rare finds. Today, the distinctiveness of Devil's Peak Lookout entices visitors year-round, including on snowshoes in the deep winter months. ● "There are hundreds of lookouts that used to be on the landscape that are no longer there," said Heather Ibsen, Public Affairs Officer for the Mount Hood National Forest. **See LOOKOUT, Page 2B**



Anticipation? Try fishing; low tides come in low light



Fishing
Henry Miller
Guest columnist

As a charter member of the Procrastinators Society, the idea of same- or next-day delivery has a certain appeal.

In truth, there is no such organization. Apparently we, the temporally challenged, kept putting off filling out and sending in our membership forms, and organizers neglected to schedule the first meeting.

Just kidding. I digress. Actually, the current kinks in the global supply chain provide a certain measure of nostalgia for those of us of a certain vintage, or as others sometimes put it, well past their best-by date.

IMHO, "in my humble opinion" in text-speak, there's one vital element to maturity that's woefully lacking in the current instant-gratification culture: the sublime experience of anticipation.

No more do youths go through the thrill of going to the mailbox daily for three weeks waiting for something you ordered (by mail, naturally) to arrive.

That excruciating, exasperating anticipation, fol-

lowed by the giddy rapture of fulfillment.

Welcome to living history, oh online shoppers who see the expected delivery date sometime next month when you press "order now" on the shopping cart icon. Up until the current global bottleneck, there were only two experiences that come to mind that required that most underappreciated of virtues, patience.

The first is gardening. Granted, you still have to wait for the planting season to start.

But that global supply chain to retailers and home gardeners came up with a work-around to waiting for seeds to sprout: selling 2-foot-tall veggie plants, some with Lilliputian cukes and tomatoes already forming.

To my mind, that's cheating, although in all honesty, I'm a repeat offender.

The second exercise in patience is fishing. Sometimes interminably, and often as with the unseen title character in Samuel Beckett's play, "Waiting for Godot," without result.

But nothing beats that delicious anticipation of a strike, or even a nudge or a nibble, and if you're lucky, the sheer, enveloping joy of the intermittent success.

As with gardening, you always can buy a tomato or a fish.

But as with both, it's the reward-to-effort ratio that's the real prize.

I fish; therefore I wander, flail, and wait. Welcome to my world.

Someday you can regale your grandkids with their



Patience is a virtue much in short supply, except among anglers and gardeners during current supply chain bottleneck. HENRY MILLER/SPECIAL TO THE STATESMAN

drone-delivered, 1-hour packages about the exquisite two-week anticipation of the arrival of the Postal Service, UPS or Amazon Prime delivery van.

See MILLER, Page 2B