

Hot River Watersong

OCEAN *Spray*

OCEAN is a group of Clatsop County citizens working towards recognition of the dangers involved with the use of herbicides. We are concerned with the long term environmental and economic effects.

In the four years that OCEAN — "Organized Citizens for Environmental Action Now" — has existed we have worked to bring the herbicide issue to the public's attention. We believe in the strength of public participation in eliminating environmental hazards. OCEAN has monthly meetings which alternate between Jewell, Brownsmead, Astoria, and Cannon Beach. These meetings are open to the public.

We have collected hundreds of scientific tests and reports which back our concerns. This information will be available through a resource library.

We are working toward improving the safety of our drinking water by keeping a close watch on potential contamination and by looking for ways to strengthen the weak laws that currently govern our watersheds.

OCEAN believes that reliance on the U.S. Environmental Agency (EPA) to determine the safety of herbicide spraying is unwise. EPA standards do not protect us from herbicides. Other methods of brush control must be used to protect human life, water quality and wildlife.

Over the strong opposition of the state forestry department, OCEAN organized a public tour of proposed spray sites in March 1981.

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Spring

Dugald Walker

by Jim Oyala

I know of no better barometer, or report card, of where we stand as caretakers of our environment than the Columbia River. As a child I remember helping my dad harvest part of the salmon runs that prevailed nearly year around. The advent of various dams spelled ruin to specific fish runs: The Grand Coulee wiped out completely the June run of mammoth Chinook. John Day Dam obliterated the Sockeye run. Without doubt, though, the entire system of dams on the Columbia and Snake has combined to reduce the runs above Bonneville Dam to near extinct levels.

Federal, state and private watchdogs of the resources are quick to draw on their own pet arsenals of reasons for the declining runs. User groups argue over who will catch the last fish. Perhaps the most important aspect of the problem is the least understood: water quality.

There has been a perceptible decline in water quality in the Pacific Northwest during the past decade. This is the conclusion reached in an EPA booklet entitled "Environmental Quality Profile" which was released recently. The reasons for this decline, according to the report, are apparently related to the intensity of water and land use. Rivers east of the Cascades, heavily used for power generation and irrigation, account for most of the overall decline.

Irrigation alters the quality of Columbia River water directly and indirectly. Directly, water removed from the river does not return to the system unaltered, nor does it return to the system in the same volume.

Indirectly, the removal of water creates less water in the system. This allows for less of a buffer to solar radiation thus causing the deeper waters to warm more rapidly. Another second-

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Hearthome and I-Mirrors

I

I drive long distances:
 Bodymind constricted into wrinkles,
 Screaming sighs torn from tight muscles as my
 White wagon whistles over spring green velour hills
 Decorated with still-skeletal trees preparing to blossom.

Past all these and beginning to breathe in
 Far foggy mountains,
 I realize I am on the last hill —
 Final climb through misted firs moved by dark winds;
 My body begins to grin...
 Coasting
 Floating
 Toward the sea
 A heartgrin expands to ocean-smile and mountain-mirth:
 It is Birth for me.
 I drive long distances to come home.

II

In rainy night darkness
 My eyes catch reflections:
 Moonglow kissing the lips of foam near the edge of the sea,
 Slow curls of love
 Moving softly with slow motion roar;
 As moon-bubbles open, sliding on sand;
 Openings in the sky where clouds reveal
 Dark blue kite-sky,
 A kite with star-diamond for eye.

My eyes reflect that eye and the sky and my
 footsteps white-wet with moonlight
 and the silver shining frame of a forgotten fossil dinosaur
 (only an ancient tree resting since the last stormtides)...

I climb the hillside to my cottage and spread
 my arms to the grass
 Swirling rushed wheat-waves
 Dancing to support my stillness.

Distances are short when the heart has a home and
 Eyes have mirrors.

— ANNIE COOK



Nelly Littlehale Umbstaetter