

Last month the lives of my great-grandchildren were taken from them, as they were about to be born. The were nested, cradled in the arms of a proud young hemlock named Pinul Le Kapong (flower of exquisite beauty). She provided warmth, protection, and much, much more to my granddaughter's family to be. This friend was yet to realize the prime of her life, when she was taken down with many of her relations, with neither her permission, or acknowledgement of her universal life force.

I come to you as a humble representative of the Bird Tribe Nation. Once again we have been uprooted from our homes, by means of your relentless chain saws and machinery. We, until most recently, shared our nesting area with many of our relations of the animal nation. The plant nation and the Stone people provided our family, and our many relations, with fine homes and food of plenty. Much of this was due to brave young trees, who were just beginning their journey toward the primes of their lives. Theirs was a generation just beginning to recover from their parents and grandparents genocide a few short decades ago. They were virtually all massacred, leaving with my ancestors, their history to pass on to their unborn children. Included in the lessons of their ancestral tribe were how we worked together with man to create harmony in our universe. Humans were gifted caretakers, and were all united in their hearts and minds with this creation we all served and enjoyed. Within the spirit of this harmonious coexistence, we gladly provided our caretaker relations with all they needed for existence and enjoyment. We all made beautiful music together and we were all very, very happy.

One day some different men appeared. These men were deaf and blind to our world. Try as we did, we could not seem to connect with them. Before long, they were everywhere, wreaking havoc with the very existence of our being. Without a means to communicate we were all left helpless. Those humans, who were our caretakers as well as our connection with the creator, started to die off rapidly until only a few were left. They too were helpless and in shock. So those who managed to survive called on the creator for a great council with all the nations. The creator told of medicines found in the plant nation, which would restore man's deficiencies in perception, and make our universe whole once again. We were told where they were to be found so they could be disbursed by the Bird Tribe and the rest of the animal nations. We retrieved these seeds and spores, and distributed them throughout the planet, so that the plants and fungi would be available for the humans with vision to treat those who were deaf and blind, so they may once again be healthy caretakers. This is a slow process, however, because many humans fear these medicines, and the changes in perception which occurs. For many, it is as though much of their purpose for existence and entire social structure is being invalidated. So these medicines are condemned and even outlawed. Progress is being made, however, especially in many young humans, who are just coming into their prime. For they are not nearly so fearful and set in their ways. They seem to see how those who aren't perceiving are suffering needlessly, and are only doing more damage to themselves and the universe.

We are looking forward to the day we are once again united with our caretaker relations, for we love and miss you oh so much.

Old Crow

Any interference with nature is damnable. Not only nature but also the people will suffer.

-Anahario (wife of Grey Owl)

In 1904, Bridget Snow went on holiday with her family to the North Oregon Coast. She has a very fond recollection of this first visit to the place that is now her home, and has been since the 1950s. Bears, cougars, deer, elk, grouse and an endless sea of teaming green vegetation lined the journey. At that time, such a venture was a lengthy and arduous one. It twisted on wound through true wilderness, through "real" forest and through a place that in her lifetime would be transformed into something entirely different. She never imagined during her first visit that such a place could be so altered in such short order, but it was, and she watched it transpire. The plant expression of these then "real" forests, the huge trees, was the most marked feature she recalls. We have all seen the photographs of the giant spruce, cedar and hemlock trees from the time when they smothered the landscape as far east as you could possibly see, and west right to the edge of our world. But Bridget's recollection is first-hand.

Now, Clatsop County, a microcosm of the Pacific Northwest, has almost none of its forest legacy. We've let it all go. Bridget, like many of us, is appalled at this, and concerned about the legacy she will leave for her great-grandchildren. Because the mining cycle of our surrounding tree farms has been determined by "experts" in "forest management" to be 40 to 50 years, we have not concerned ourselves with our own battered but beloved hills since the 1940s and 1950s. Now, the gravel roads to the east are being cleared, sprayed and otherwise readied for the next great exodus of trees, and I fear the worst. I imagine the vision of its transformation from green to brown, from mystic to void and from life to death.

Bridget conveyed her experience with this scenario in Arch Cape in the 1950s. From her window she watched. She recalled, "Where I lived I loved the tall beautiful forest... and I saw day by day, it all go down, it made me so very sad". On one of the clear deep pools of Arch Cape Creek, her grandchildren opened "The Arch Cape Yacht Club", a floating cedar dock used for swimming and other youthful activities. As the waters of the creek muddied with the blood of the hills, so did the vision to the east, and so too did much of Bridget's fondness for the place which 50 years prior she had first viewed with awe. Today, nearly 90 years after her first visit, she will apparently watch the cycle repeat itself.

Cavenham Industries owns most of the forest around us. A vast amount of our public lands, such as our forests, became private as railroad companies were given land as an incentive to build rail routes. Railroad companies became forest product companies. Then, through our government's lack of foresight and the greed and shortsightedness of our nation's economy and propensity to consume, we have shaped our forests into what they are today. Even though Oregon is unique because its beaches are public domain, it has preserved almost nothing of its coastal forest, a place that was gone before there was even a chance to understand it. Because these hills are privately owned, they are not governed by the same regulations, however feeble they may be, which prohibit most types of clear-cutting in state and federal forests. Cavenham has repeatedly avoided questions about their plans for the eastern hills. These forest lands, along with the coastal and ocean environment, are the basis for our livelihoods. People visit this area for its geographic uniqueness and beauty. We really must find an option to what Cavenham inevitably has planned for our surroundings. However, even simple dialog has not been easy. My friend Knox Swanson recently called Cavenham to inquire about riding mountain bikes on their roads. Getting answers was like pulling teeth and finally after being told that the roads were open only to rifle hunters, Knox was abruptly disconnected. These are not good neighbors.

Aesthetic qualities do not hold much weight in today's world. Aesthetic issues take a back seat to governmental agendas, jobs and commodities. Our local governments, chambers of commerce and private citizens

must realize that they have a great deal to lose with the browning of our hills. Our local community is not "supported by timber dollars", there is not enough timber left to support any more than a handful of us. We have diversified into a truly renewable tourist based economy. Tourism has its drawbacks, as we all know, but it is certainly more palatable for most of us than other industries. Somewhere within our great composition of local individuals and businesses is the wherewithal to find alternatives to Cavenham Industries' plan which will fragment and destroy our scenery, water quality, spirit and way of life by logging east of Cannon Beach.

My recent conversation with Bridget Snow included a message about solutions, compromise and working together. "Its never too late to do something" she stated surely, "I am evidence of that". Through her years of watching, she knows full well that doing nothing will bring nothing. "It is easy to become discouraged", she admits, "but don't let that stop you from doing the right thing". And yet, I am discouraged when I enter Cannon Beach from the North and look at Radar Road, the formally small band of older forest which bordered Cannon Beach, Ecola State Park and Highway 101. I recall riding my bike through the place, hearing grouse in the same location almost every time, seeing elk and deer, a clear stream, but always leaving with the dark thought that it would not persevere. Now it is all gone. Bridget has encouraged us to rearrange our rage toward constructive ends. I'm sure Bridget is correct, it is never too late.

For many years Bridget wrote "jingles" in the sand each morning near her home in Arch Cape. Many of these poems were inspired by the natural beauty that surrounded her. After my visit with her, she recalled a jingle she had once written about her hills, but could not find it in the hundreds she had cataloged. Later, she sent it to me with a note... "Ron, on the hills are a few remaining memories of the monarches of our forests to remind us of their past glory. They inspired me to write this as a jingle or poem and write it on the sands of Arch Cape for all to see".

I turn my back
To the sea.
I look to the Hills
In the East.
So verdant,
So green,
These Monarches of the West.
Their beauty overpowers me.
Long have
They stood
These guardians of our shore.
How long will they remain?

I wish to thank Bridget for her insight, which spans and links the century, and for her warm friendship.

Ron Logan

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