

# To Keep Nature Natural



## How the Germ of an Idea Took Root And Bore Fruit in the High Places



Left—Hank Suter, mountaineer, and Game Sergeant Everett Mead, in the heart of the new reserve.



A. O. Waha, forest supervisor.



Observation tower at 'Oh, Boy!' camp, from which lookout will be kept for forest fires.

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By MARSHALL N. DANA

JUST as sure as the sap begins to run up hill when the sun comes back again, there's a bunch of "saps" whose hearts begin to climb at the very same time.

Good, old eggs, cracked a bit to be sure, but only to show the friendly stuff underneath. There's no use denying it, if you are mountain born.

You hear the high hills calling, like the echo of a horn; Like the echo of a silver horn that threads the golden day; You hear the high hills calling, and your heart goes away.

So you ask: When will the drifts melt away from the pasture at Oak Grove ranger station? When will the Colowash quit bellowing and settle down to its summer song? When will the trail be open to "Oh! Boy" Camp?

Do you mean to say that you don't know about that camp? What's the use of writing these pieces for Sunday Editor Sam Radon if you don't recall that "Oh! Boy!" is the grand, exalted high sign of the high places! It's the principal exclamation of the mountains.

When Forest Supervisor A. O. Waha read that line, he did a couple of things. He joined the next trek up the Colowash to Hot Springs Fork, Bull of the Woods, No Horn and the Bagsby Hot Springs.

And he caused the spot on the Colowash where we camped to be christened—"Oh! Boy Forest Camp."

The picture is in this very layout. And then he did something else that pleased clear to the ground Forester Tom Brown, Game Sergeant Everett Mead, Mountaineer Hank Suter and this chronicler.

He put his official signature on a proposition to keep that chunk of primitive paradise on headwater streams of the Clackamas just as it is forever.

To be reached and threaded with trails but no roads within the borders.

And think of that! Within 60 miles of metropolitan Portland, an area where still the bear may "woof," the wolf may howl, the trout may leap in the pool, the

trees touching with gentle finger tips the sky, and the bare summits keeping their lonely vigil!

Unspoiled! Free of gasoline fumes and honking motors!

And the pack train wends its pictured way along the knife edge ridges!

Now, don't begin to protest that a lot of folks can't hike, can't ride, can't even recline on an Indian travois.

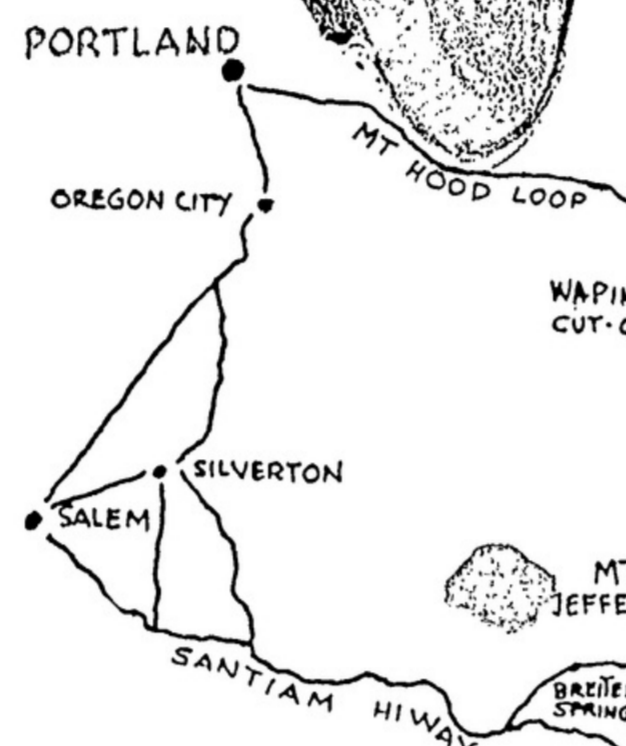
Of course, they can't! And look at the roads they have to motor over. Look at the endless square miles they can follow. Look at the number of Sam Boardman's state parks, and the forest service parks and the unposted private land where they can picnic, and, if they're that kind of malingersers, leave their litter of tin cans, scraps and mussy papers.

Let's keep unhurt that place where the streams are cold and pure, where one can actually catch a trout, where the Douglas firs have stood for half of a thousand years and the mountain meadows are jewels set and held by the peaks.

Moreover, there ought to be other places in the liberally administered national forests to the edges of which the roads may come but where unspoiled nature stands, repeating the heroic words of the



Marshall N. Dana, left; Hank Suter, and a good friend.



French when the Germans advanced on Paris: "They shall not pass!"

Nor is it altogether the claim for selfish indulgence on the part of one who likes to hike and has within him some sort of a throwback to the pioneers.

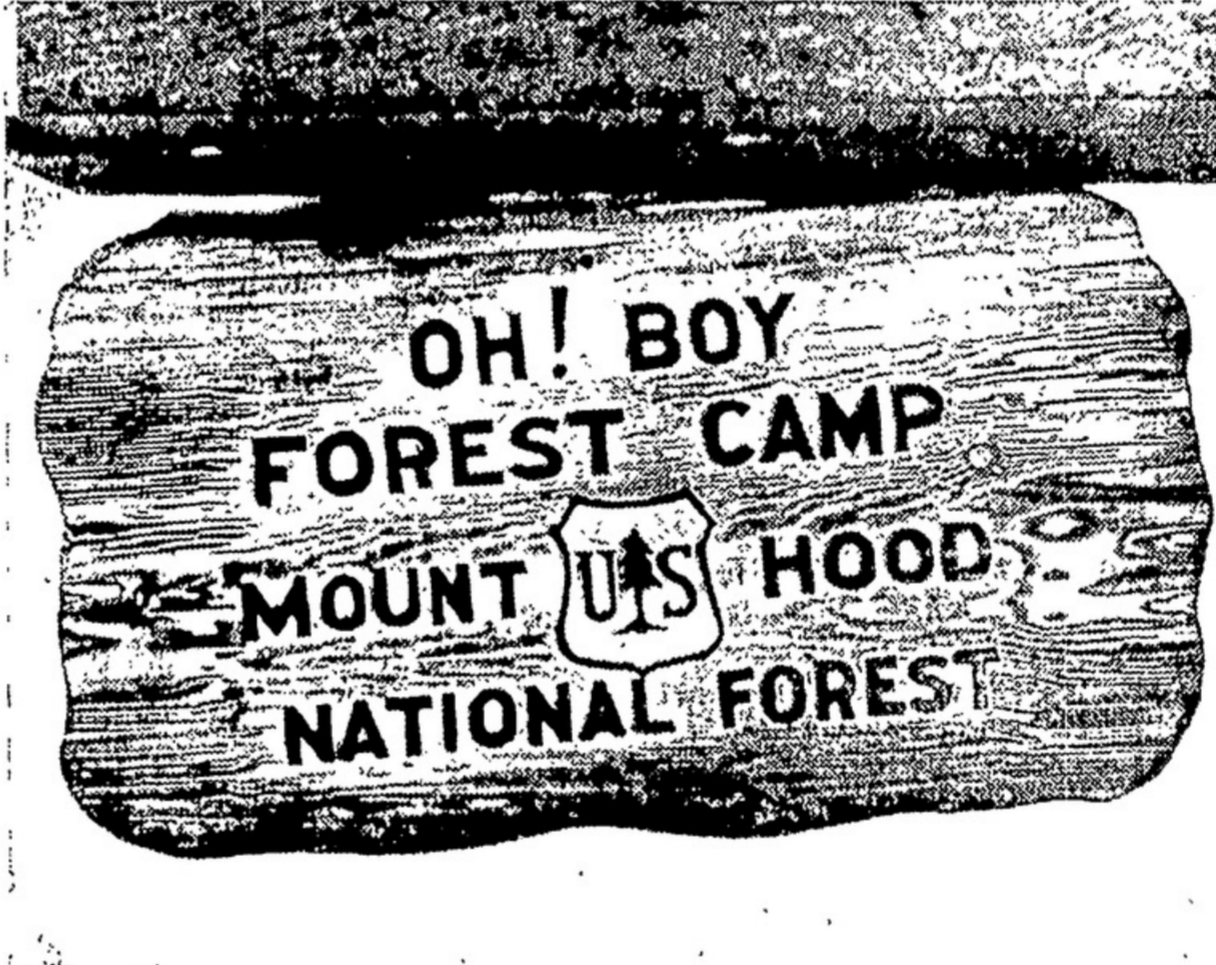
Introduce your modernized humanity to environment where nature still rules, and there will be ideas and words that touch the higher reaches of thought.

How else could Chief Joseph of the Wallowa tribe have learned to say: "You still have its beauty and loveliness, and you still have the blue skies in which he looked; you have the wind and the rain and silvery moon. The stars will glitter in the skies at night; the corn will ripen; the deer will roam the forests of your fathers, and the fish will leap in the stream."

How else could Solomon have repeated: "For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of the birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

You find something by the sea that seems to instill a vast and calm philosophy. You win from nature the vitality of spirit needed to impart adventure to routine.

I can see a lot of youngsters thronging this Oregon a hundred years hence. What a glory will shine in their eyes if such a mountain woodland as that where the Colowash flows can look to them then as we see it now.



So that all who pass may read.



A packer hauling in timber for the tower.

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