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THE OSPREY

ECHO LAKES NEWS AND REVIEW

An Echo Lakes Environment Fund Publication

Third Edition

An Echo Lake “Whodunnit”

Who Took the Waterfront?

By Michael Chapman



Echo lakers over the age of 50 no doubt remember Camp Harvey West of the Golden Empire council of the Boy Scouts, at the west end of the Upper Lake. This is a story about a notable event at the camp in the summer of 1955 when a minor war broke out between cabin owners and the boy scouts. To this day, the event remains shrouded in mystery. I hope this recounting of that night jogs the memories of Echo Lakers who may be willing to tell their story of that event.

Every Saturday the arrival and departure of 400 scouts produced chaos at the Chalet and

heavy boat traffic on the lake. The scouts were transported in large, long and narrow yellow “banana” boats with loud, smoke belching dual outboard engines.

My first summer at Camp Harvey West was at age 11 in 1950. In 1955, I joined the camp staff as a waterfront assistant. About 2,000 scouts stayed at the camp the summer of 1955, and not one of them, including me, knew how those fateful months would unfold.

The waterfront of the camp was located where Echo Lakes Day now takes place, consisting of two large floating rafts with a lookout tower and diving platform connected to shore by a dock. These were anchored by thick ropes to the bottom of

the lake. Other ropes strung between the floating structures created two swimming areas. There was another dock as well where the floating Echo Lakes Day dock annually rests.

As I settled into my job for the summer, I noted some subtle tension between the camp staff and the cabin owners. It was easy to understand as the scout camp’s comings and goings on Saturdays were a pain for lake dwellers who had to compete for parking, dock space and Chalet services. The loud and boisterous movement of the banana boats was quite unpleasant, particularly along the channel. For cabins adjacent to the camp, the constant scout activities did not enhance the Walden Pond experience they were seeking.

As camp staff, we had little contact with cabin owners and, for the most part, we did not know them. Our scouts were mostly middle and lower class kids from Sacramento experiencing the Sierra Nevada for the first time. At that time, Echo Laker mothers and their kids moved to Echo Lakes for the whole summer. Fathers visited on the weekends. Many older teenagers worked for the chalet. This produced a unique culture on the lake that resulted in very close friendships with some inter-marrying.

One mid-summer evening during our boating session, a teenager in a small hydroplane raced through our canoes and boats, nearly striking a rowboat and toppling one canoe.

(Continued on page 6)

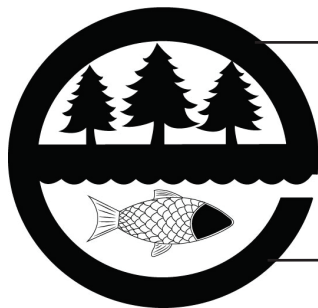


All linoleum block prints featured in this edi-



tion were done by Emily Elmore Ontiveros.





The ELEF Report

Echo Lakes Environment Fund

By Junet Bedayn

ELEF President



From the resounding chop of the helicopter, as it doused a fire on Echo Peak, to the graceful dive of the bald eagles, as they scoured the water for fish, Echo Lake (and, I might add, the world) was not short of excitement this past summer.

Instead of our traditional Echo Lakes Day festivities, a brigade of kayakers swept through the water, collecting candy, koozies, and tidbits of Echo Lakes history. Sam McGee was not warmed from his stupor, but the wail of the bagpipes that evening surely gave the cold lad a stir.

Gone were the taxis, and on were the masks, and to our great relief, the Chalet stayed open — providing gas, food, and a mussel-free lake (among many other things). For their efforts this summer, we are deeply grateful.

While the annual Boy Scout Camp Clean-Up was cancelled due to pandemic circumstances, we anticipate the 2021 Clean-Up will take place. Mark your calendar for Friday, August 6, the day before Echo Lakes day. We meet at the picnic tables at 10:30. All are welcome and encouraged to join us as we continue cleaning the old scout

camp dumpsites. This is a great way for kids and adults together to help steward the land that we all enjoy.

All cabins received a package last summer from the ELEF, complete with the second edition of the Osprey, five blue recycle bags, a Dr. Bronner's soap tester, and information on bear responsibility. As you may remember from our last edition, the South Lake Tahoe Refuse

to avoid creating unwanted algae blooms. The Chalet is selling both Dr. Bronners (all-purpose cleaner) and Black Mountain Beauty products — soaps, hair care, deodorant, bug repellent, sunscreen and more, (all handmade by Marnie Jackson, Channel Tract). These are the perfect products to be used up at the cabin.

We are deeply saddened by the passing of Echo Laker Dan Baum, a wonderful father, husband, friend, and a gifted writer. Dan helped initiate The Osprey with his article, *Marrying Into An Echo Family*, which was written with wit and love, and reflected the experience of so many. Don't be surprised if you find it on your neighbor's refrigerator, or tacked to the wall.

While there have been few bright notes to dwell on during this past year, there were those two bald eagles that took up residency at Echo Lake, and they continue to give us hope. On January 8th, the National Wildlife Federation survey found 42 bald eagles living in the Tahoe Basin, the highest count since the beginning of the survey in 1979.



requests that everyone use blue bags for their recycling to ensure that they can effectively sort our waste. Refer to the previous "Trash Talk" article for specifics. Let's keep as many recyclable materials out of the landfill as possible. We are also encouraging everyone on the lake to use eco-friendly soaps

FOLLOW US

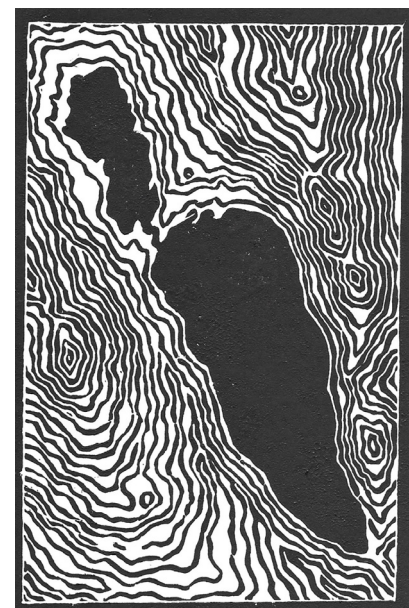
@EchoLakesEnvironmentFund. Keep up to date with ELEF projects and community events.

DONATE

If you'd like to make a (tax deductible) donation to the ELEF, please send a check to 311 Bernice Drive, Grass Valley, California, 95945

VOLUNTEER

If you'd like to volunteer with us, please email junetmbedayn@gmail.com for more information about what you can do.



Echoes from the Past

Revisiting Old Echo Lake Newsletters

A Note From the Editor

Our beautiful lake is made ever more special by the community of families that make up its history and spirit. To appreciate the past 85 years of Echo Lake, I have created this section, Echoes from the Past. In each new edition of The Osprey you may find an article—re-published from the old Echo newsletters, the *Rubber Boa Reader* and *Little Echoes*—perhaps written by your own hand, or your parent's, or grandmother's. This section is a way to connect us to Echo's past, to our family histories, and our enduring community.

Stuck in the Snow

Skip Wollenberg's 1951 Ride with the Running Grey Dog

Published in Volume 9, No. 1 of the ELEF Report in April 2007

By **Harold (Skip) Wollenberg**



There's nothing so inert as a Greyhound bus immobilized in a blizzard.

If you look at it from the outside while you catch your breath after shoveling around the rear wheels to make space for tire chains, you see a bluish-gray hulk in a white plain with streamers of snow blasting at it horizontally from behind. If you're inside you see only the outside whiteness, punctuated by black trunks of wind-whipped pines. The interior of the bus gets chilly because the driver turned the engine off a half hour ago so carbon monoxide from the snow-clogged exhaust pipe wouldn't asphyxiate the passengers.

It was much better being outside, helping dig at 4500 feet on Highway 50 where the CHP Holsteins let only chained-up vehicles through. I could work up a sweat in my army-surplus parka, and make friends with the driver, Fred, as we laid the chains out and attached them to the outside wheel of the rear duals, then watched as he crawled the bus forward and the chains neatly rolled up over the wheels. As we passed the patrolman at the control gate, Fred stopped and asked him if the road was open over the summit. "Yeah, it is now, but it could close any time."

News wasn't good though when we stopped at Kyburz to let off passengers and mail. There was my friend Phil Dietz

looking ticked off and worried. He was trying to get back over to home in Reno and had heard that Highway 40 was closed, so he was trying to drive over 50. His sister, Helen, was getting married in two days, he said, and he damn well better be there. I felt sorry for him, but even sorer for myself because Helen was beautiful and was being taken out of circulation.

I was headed for the Echo Chalet where the owner, Jorgy had invited the 1951 summer crew to come up and help over the Christmas-New Years week, the Chalet's busiest until Easter. And now the bus was creeping up the Kyburz Grade behind a rotary snowplow carving a rectangular canyon between the orange tipped snow stakes marking the road's edges. It was ominous that no vehicles were coming down opposite us off the pass.

As we trundled into Strawberry behind the plow, Fred opened the bus's door to board a parka'd Holstein who announced that the pass ahead was closed and a snow slide had blocked the road behind us. We'd have to stay here at least tonight. Fred went into Strawberry Lodge and emerged in a few minutes to explain that we were to bed down there, courtesy of Greyhound. There were only eight passengers by then, five men, three women, and we scrambled out to get our baggage from the bus's underbelly compartments. One of the female passengers, a pretty brunette, had an earnest conversation with the Holstein, and instead of taking her bags into the lodge, she got into his

patrol car and they took off behind the plow toward the pass. None of the remaining passengers complained about our delay, nor did Mr. Schaefer, the Lodge's owner, who now had surefire paying guests instead of an empty storm-stranded resort. The men were put in a dormitory, while the women, to much joshing, each had their own room.

Strawberry sits in a little Yosemite, a glacier-carved U-shaped valley with vertical black rock walls interrupted with snow-laden ledges that spewed white streamers in the relentless wind. The snow was falling so thickly and continuously that the bus was half submerged overnight, and by morning the lodge roof formed a white continuum with the deepening landscape. Schaefer put us men to work digging out the lodge's entry, while he and the women fired up the oil stove in the kitchen to produce a great breakfast. And it stayed that way for the next three days: Schaefer had been expecting a lodgeful of paying guests, so he had stocked his larder with plenty of meat, bacon, salami, bologna, eggs and iceberg lettuce. None of Schaefer's expected guests had made it before the road closed, so there were ample provisions.

I had brought a pair of army-surplus skis, planning to ski in to the Chalet from the bus stop on the highway. Instead I took ski tours of the Strawberry Valley, plowing up to my knees through the rapidly accumulating snow, turning into a veritable snowman as it built up on my parka. I

was ready for Schaefer's carb-loaded cuisine, punctuated with pots of canned Dinty Moore beef stew. For dessert, to go with the defrosted apple pies, we mixed canned strawberry jam with fresh snow gouged from the bank drifted against the kitchen window.

By the fourth morning the wind had died, the snowfall ceased and the low sun was glaring off the six feet of new powder. Mr. Schaefer got a phone call from his brother; he was coming up with a truckload of meat and would be right behind the first plow from Kyburz. And that afternoon, there came the plow with its plume of rotaried snow, followed by the Holstein without his brunette, and Schaefer's brother with his half-ton of protein. The pass was still closed to the east, and Fred received orders to turn the bus around and transport the passengers back to Sacramento. To get the bus started after four cold days, Fred showed me how to squeeze drops from a bottle of ether into the injector intake of the diesel engine, reached through a fold-up door at the rear end of the bus. While Fred cranked the starter up front I squeezed and squeezed, and finally with a pop and a belch of white smoke the engine kicked over.

I arrived back in San Francisco that evening, New Years eve, and greeted 1952 alone, wishing I was with my pals in the Sierra at Echo Chalet. The next summer when I commiserated with Jorgy about the storm he said, "Well why didn't you just ski up to the chalet? It's only twelve miles."

Edited and Designed by Junie and Jesse Bedayn

Cabin Cooking



For the Epicures of Echo



Echo is a place, not just of epic mountains and extraordinary sunsets, but of good food, and even better company. This section is dedicated to the foodies on the lake—a place where we can share the recipes we love, with the people we adore.

Kat Fashinell's Ranger Cookies

1 cup butter
1 cup sugar
1 cup brown sugar

2 cups flour
1/2 tsp baking powder
1/2 tsp baking soda
1/2 tsp salt

2 eggs
1 tsp vanilla

2 cups rolled oats
2 cups corn flakes
1/2 cup raisins
1/2 cup sweetened shredded coconut



Pre-heat oven to 350°

In a large bowl, cream butter and sugar. Stir in eggs and vanilla. In a medium bowl, combine flour, baking soda, baking powder, and salt. Add to wet ingredients and stir well. Fold in oats, corn flakes, raisins, and coconut. Drop by tablespoons onto an ungreased baking sheet, 2 inches apart. Bake for 10 minutes. Makes ~4 dozen

Levi Hunt's Detroit-Style Pizza

2 1/2 cups lukewarm water
3/4 teaspoons active dry yeast

3 cups all-purpose flour
2 1/8 cups bread flour
3 Tbls salt

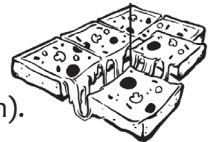
1/4 cups extra-virgin olive oil
Toma or Mozzarella Cheese

Your favorite toppings (mushrooms, onions, sausage, etc.)

Stir together water and yeast. Set aside until frothy on top (~5min).

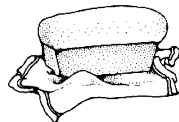
In a very large bowl whisk together flour and salt. Add olive oil to yeast mixture then pour over flour mixture. Use a rubber spatula to mix together until the dough is fairly consistent and all dry ingredients have been incorporated. This just takes a couple minutes. Cover with plastic wrap and leave out at room temperature to ferment for 8 to 10 hours.

Preheat your oven to 425°. Add 2 tablespoons of olive oil to each pan, make sure that the oil covers all surfaces. Divide the dough equally into the 3 pans. Use your finger tips to dimple and spread out the dough to all the corners. Add small cubes of cheese, Toma or mozzarella, pressing them into the dough. Let rise for 30 min. Add your favorite toppings and bake until golden brown.



Jan Bedayn's Banana Bread

2.5 cups whole wheat pastry flour
1 tsp salt
2 tsps baking soda
1 cup butter or 1/2 butter and 1/2 coconut oil
2 cups sugar
1 tsp vanilla
2 cups mashed ripe (black) banana *(~ 6 medium bananas)
4 eggs, slightly beaten
1 cup chopped walnuts, pecans and/or dates (optional)



Preheat oven to 350°, grease and flour two 8 x 4 x 2 inch loaf pans.

Stir together the flour, salt, and baking soda. In a large bowl, blend well the butter, sugar, mashed banana, vanilla, eggs and nuts. Add combined ingredients and stir until the batter is thoroughly blended.

Pour into prepared pans and bake 65 to 70 minutes. Let cool in the pan 5 minutes, then turn out onto a rack to cool completely.

* Use bananas so ripe they are turning black. So good!



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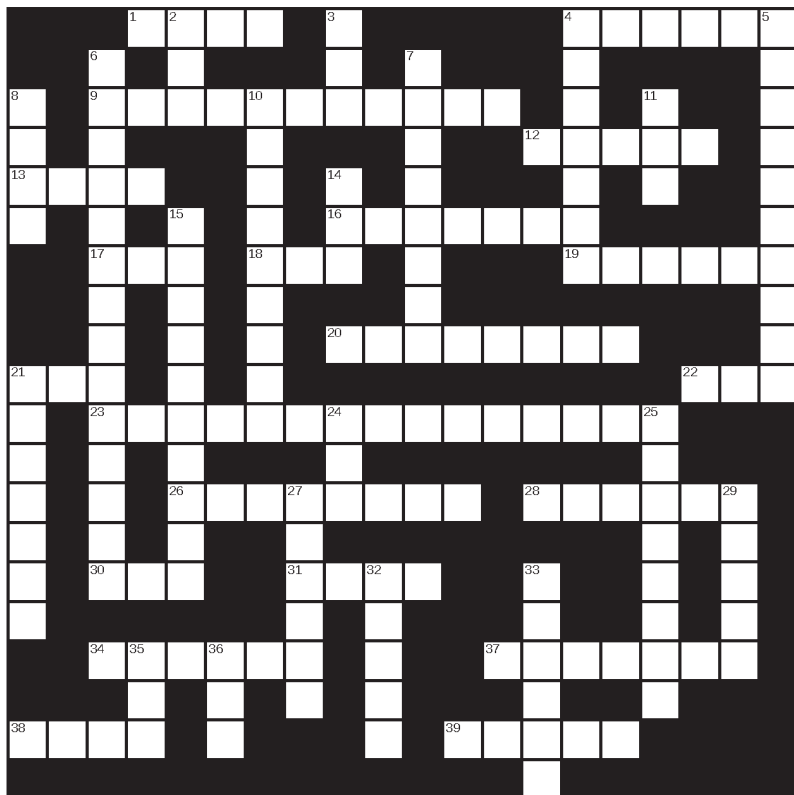


CROSSINGS

Across:

- 1. Keith's own
- 4. Blossoms purple
- 9. A tomb it could hold
- 12. Used to arrive to Echo via helicopter
- 13. Large-footed lumberer
- 16. Interlochen
- 17. The lake's democracy
- 18. Hexapodous carpenter
- 19. The shout reverberated
- 20. Chalet's best treat
- 21. Nocturnal flight
- 22. Season's start
- 23. Where cattle once grazed
- 26. Singed summit
- 28. Rock-sheltered herbivore

- 30. Invaluable when catching minnows
- 31. Endangered mouse-like mammal
- 34. Two is illegal but four is okay
- 37. Used in construction, or lobbed into pits
- 38. Atop a mighty mountain
- 39. Fire roasted treat



Down:

- 2. Always keep one in the boat, just in case
- 3. Trout's nemesis
- 4. Balanced sport
- 5. Fannette Island's home
- 6. A channel murder, caught on tape
- 7. Buried treasure on an island
- 8. Desolation's infinity pool
- 10. Mohawked foul
- 11. Saucer's sibling
- 14. Desolation's highway
- 15. Sewage did this camp in
- 21. Early risers, armed with binoculars
- 24. Arboreal plasma
- 25. Echo's annual cremation
- 27. Eagle's competition
- 29. Like New York's, but these aren't yellow
- 32. Early morning transportation
- 33. Single ski
- 35. The launch key
- 36. Check it before you wreck it

(Continued from page 1)

It was not a catastrophe, but it was a hairy experience for all. It must have been a lot of fun for the perpetrator as the next evening he returned along with a friend in another power boat. They harassed our scouts and then raced away through the islands to return to the Lower Lake. This was obviously a problem, so we decided to apprehend them and take them to their parents for a discussion.

The next evening, the camp director stationed one of the banana boats in the outlet of Tamarack Creek with its engines idling, waiting for the hydroplane to show up. Sure enough, the hydroplane suddenly appeared, and raced through the islands at full speed towards our scouts in canoes and row boats. The driver of the banana boat gunned the engine and picked up speed to cut off the hydroplane. An empty boat, the heavy twin outboards caused the bow to ride about 3-4 feet off the water. The two boats raced towards each other. The kid tried to cut past the bow of the banana boat just as the driver of the banana boat cut the engines to block the hydroplane. With the engines off, the bow of the banana boat smashed down onto the bow of the hydroplane. It was lucky that the teenager was not injured or drowned. I was in a rowboat at the time, supervising the canoeing/boating session. I quickly rowed over to the entangled boats and was relieved to see the kid climbing into the banana boat, shook up, but apparently free of injuries. His hydroplane was severely smashed and had nearly sunk. The camp director took the kid along with his dam-

aged hydroplane to his cabin for a conversation with his parents. I never did learn the name of the driver of the hydroplane. I thought that that was the end of it. No boats raced through our boating session for the rest of that week.

Then came the following Sunday. On Sunday evenings the camp had its welcome campfire. All the troops and camp staff assembled in a natural amphitheater that had a 70-foot high cliff on its west side. There were wooden benches set on



the sides of the natural bowl and a large campfire pit in the middle. This is still visible up the hill just southwest of the camp. This was an impressive event for the new arrivals. We assembled in the amphitheater at dusk. The activities opened when a Scout leader dressed as a Native American suddenly appeared at the top of the cliff and shot an arrow toward the assembled campers into the fire pit which burst into flame. To ensure accuracy, the arrow ran down a thin wire and the campfire was primed with kerosene, resulting in a big burst into flame. The campfire

activities wound up about 11 p.m. When we arrived back at the camp, we were shocked to find the entire waterfront missing! During the campfire, someone had somehow cut the rafts, docks and tower free of their moorings and hauled them away. We quickly assembled the camp staff, loaded up our boats and launched a search to find our waterfront. We scoured the Upper Lake and could find nothing. We did not expect it to be in the Lower Lake as we did not think

boat cruised by our waterfront. We were hunkered down, observing them and were delighted to see their surprise when they found the entire waterfront intact. We had a couple of power boats ready to intercept them. The senior camp staff grabbed them and took them to the Lower Lake for a discussion with their parents. Again, I do not know who they were or what the substance of the conversation was.

The following week, early in the morning, we enjoyed hearing a number of outboard motors on the Lower Lake race out of control as they started. Overnight a couple of our junior staff had secretly gone down to the Lower Lake and pulled the shear pins on a number of motors. (In the old days, a soft metal pin was inserted between the prop and the drive shaft. It sheared to prevent damage to the motor if the prop struck a rock.) It was a dumb idea. That led to a peace conference between the leaders of the Echo Lakes Association and Camp Harvey West. The hatchet was buried, and the rest of the summer was quiet.

it was possible to drag it through the channel. Much to our surprise we found the entire waterfront scattered all over the Lower Lake. We worked until four in the morning, dragged everything back into the Upper Lake, reassembled it and finished just before dawn.

Realizing that the perpetrators would be anxious to check out their dirty work, we fully expected them to come cruising by early in the morning, so we did not go to bed. Sure enough, just as the sun was coming up, two runabouts with a few young people in each

So that's my side of the story. I would love to know who was involved on the lakers' side of the story and get their version of events. In particular, it would be fun to know how they managed the feat of dragging our waterfront into the Lower Lake. I have repeated this story to many lakers from my generation. They have some suspicions as to who might have been involved but claim to have no knowledge of these events. It is now 65 years later. Nobody is going to get into trouble. Someone needs to confess!



WRITE FOR THE OSPREY

Have you hiked a new route to a peak? Have you pulled 10 skiers on one boat? Do you have pertinent information about the Lakes' environment? Do you have another side to the "Whodunnit" story? Do you have a fantastic recipe, photograph, drawing or poem you want to share? We hope to elevate all the voices of the lake, so, please, email us to be featured in the next edition.

Email the.osprey.elnr@gmail.com with inquiries

Heaven in the Meadow

Wildflowers on the Stairway to Saucer

By Kate Sproul



The Sierra springtime brings glorious alpine wildflowers. One such miraculous display occurs along the Saucer Lake trail as it begins to wind up the steep mountainside from Echo Lake. Access to the Saucer trail is from Echo's south-shore trail above the channel or Dartmouth cove. The route begins to climb along a damp hillside with sunlight filtering through large pine and fir trees. The lush flora includes small trees such as aspen and alder; bushes such as Mountain maple, Double-flowered honeysuckle and Red elderberry; and flowers such as Rosy sedum (*Sedum roseum*), Bud saxifrage (*Saxifraga bryophora*) and Coulter's daisy (*Erigeron coulteri*).

mid-season, generally in late July. A little farther up the trail is a tall rock outcropping with a waterfall that occasionally lasts into August, depending on the winter snowpack. Towering larkspur (*Delphinium glaucum*) grows at the base of these falls and along the stream above the rock face. These majestic deep-blue flowers bloom upwards along a 3 to 8 foot stem. They, like Naked broomrape, bloom mid-season. The silhouette of the flower bud resembles a dolphin and the shape of the flower resembles a lark's foot. A tall Lupine in the pea family also blooms mid-season near the falls. These flowers are similar in shape, size and color to Towering larkspur, until you take a closer look. I have yet to identify the exact species, but you can tell it is a Lupine by observing the traditional pea-flower shape: a large banner petal above two wing petals that cover the lower two petals, known as the keel, that conceal the flower's reproductive pistil and stamens.

The path winds up above the waterfall and through a tunnel of tree branches, then crosses the stream in several places to reach a meadow of colorful flowers too numerous to list here. Katherine Schenck, whose cabin is nestled near the base of the Saucer Lake trail, loved this meadow. Near the end of her life, she visited this spot with her four daughters: Kate, Holly, Ruthie, and Barbara. It was very slow going but they finally reached the meadow above the falls, and she and her daughters declared the display 'their idea of heaven.' After they made it back to the cabin, Dama, as she was known to family and friends, went for a swim with her girls. It does not get any better than this.



Coulter's Daisy



Bud saxifrage

Hidden in this understory is Naked broomrape (*Orobanche uniflora*), a parasitic plant that feeds off the roots of sedums and saxifrages, rather than relying on sustenance from the sun. This delicate purplish-yellow flower is tubular in shape and blooms 2 to 6 inches from the ground atop a leafless, yellowish stem with fine hairs. Spotting one is like finding a well hidden easter egg. They bloom in



Towering Larkspur



Naked Broomrape

To Saucer Lake

Kate Markey

Up
Through willows and lush tangled greenery
Surlly leg-scraping shrubs
Rays blazing on sunhats and skin
[sweating]

By damp mossy escarpments
Bright giddy rainbow gardens of
Larkspur, lupine, penstamon, paintbrush, daisy

Up
Through sparse stands of lodgepoles
Switchbacks zig then zag, plus then minus
Obstacle courses of horizontal trees and vertical rocks
[panting]

Clean air perfumed with pennyroyal and sap
Coy creatures vanish in flutters of leaves
Damsel flies - dancing girls on playgrounds

Up
On pressed earth, duff, and granite slabs
Mindful boots on sandy scree and snaking roots
Poles search for purchase, step after step after step
[trudging]

Birdsongs and birds-eye views
Photo-ops on mountaintops
Exhausted muscles, relaxed minds.

Down
[plunging]

Down
[sliding]

Down
[aching]

CABIN IN THE WOODS

The 1915 Program, Reflected a Century Later

A Project by Jon Sadler with an Excerpt from his Sabbatical Abstract

In 1915, Congress established the so-called “Cabin in the Woods” program to encourage recreation in the country’s National Forests. Each cabin and its improvements are the property of the cabin owner but the owner pays an annual fee for the special-use permit to lease the land. My grandfather took advantage of this program in 1930 and purchased a 300-square-foot cabin on the shore of Echo Lake, California in the Northern Sierra. Echo Lake is a community of about 140 cabins, most of them on U.S. Forest Service leases. From approximately 1906 through the 1980s, the cabins were rustic and simple, without electricity or telephone or even sewer service. The project I have worked on the past two summers, and hope to intensify during my sabbatical, is to photograph these unique cabins.



All of the interior photographs are created with large-format, 4x5 inch film

cameras with black and white film. In my research, the work that resonates the most with me is Walker Evans’ 1966, *Message from the Interior*; a series of 12 photographs of domestic interiors. Evans is best known for his work with the Farm Security Administration (FSA) documenting the effect of the Great Depression. The photographs from *Message from the Interior* are large format photographs of interiors in the Gulf States and the East Coast. My project will center on one small community. Yet some of our photographs are remarkably similar. Evans’ were done in the middle of the last century and many of mine appear as though they were...

Jon is still working on this project and would love to photograph your cabin. Reach him at hermitcagwin@gmail.com