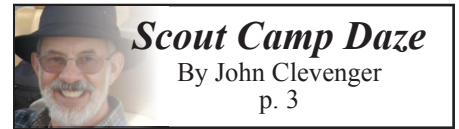


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THE OSPREY

ECHO LAKES NEWS AND REVIEW

An Echo Lakes Environment Fund Publication

Third Edition

Late Season Alpine Wildflowers

By **Kate Sproul**

It is a long way to Mosquito Pass from Echo Lake, but well worth the journey in the waning days of summer. Along the way, you will see many late-season alpine flowers.

You are likely to encounter the following wildflowers on this walk. As you leave upper Echo and start up the rocky trail, patches of Wright's buckwheat (*Eriogonum wrightii*) form a delicate mat of blue-green

leaves and white flowers with red-tipped stamens. The deep purple Wavy-leaved aster (*Aster integrifolius*) dots the trail from upper Echo to Haypress Meadows. Fragrant Sagebrush (*Artemisia rothrockii*), with its tiny yellow disk flowers, is often found flowering in the switchback before you reach Haypress. Towering stands of Fireweed (*Epilobium angustifolium*) that have gone to seed form a pink mass in several spots near the Sagebrush. Just west of

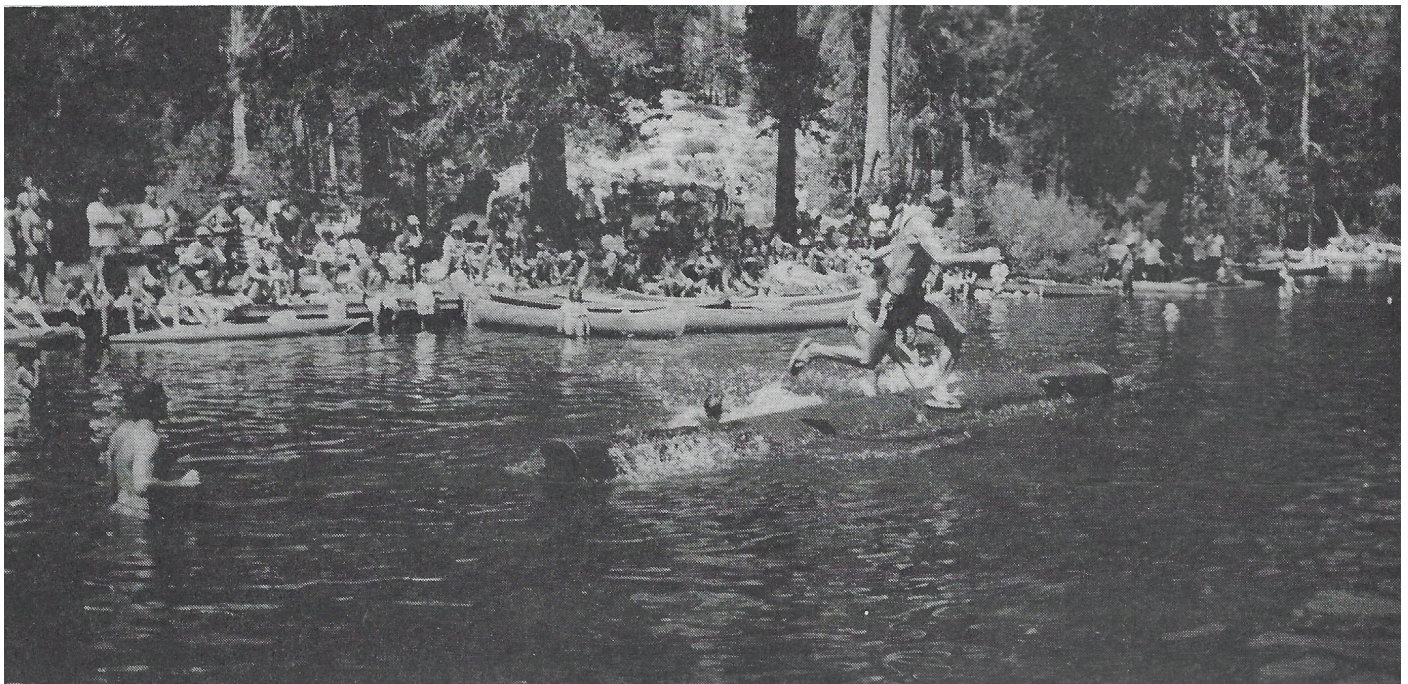
Haypress Meadows, the colorful Lewis' monkeyflower (*Mimulus lewisii*) perches below the spring that runs dry by summer's end.

Additionally, you may see two of my favorite late-season flowers from the gentian family: Alpine gentian and Explorer's gentian. Alpine gentian (*Gentiana newberryi*), is hiding in myriad places from Haypress Meadows to Mosquito Pass.

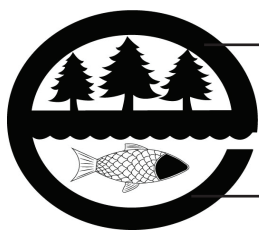
You should find this low-growing gentian peaking out of the moist grassy

area on the west side of Haypress. I have also spotted them blooming at Le Conte Lake, and in the last pocket meadow along the Aloha lake trail before you reach Mosquito Pass.

Once you reach the seep on the Aloha side of Mosquito Pass, you should spot the purple-blue petals of the Explorer's gentian (*Gentiana calycosa*) framed by its fleshy green leaves. Inside the urn-shaped flower are small white to yellow-green

(Continued on page 4)

Echo Lakes Day, August 1, 1992. Intergalactic logrolling competition: Dwight and Craig Stone show their starfleet mastery to become 1992 champions. LE photo



The ELEF Report

Echo Lakes Environment Fund

A Letter from the ELEF President

By **Junet Bedayn**
President of the ELEF



With a year of unprecedented wildfires spreading across the state, and tornadoes whirling across the country, the Echo Lakes Environment Fund is doing its best to keep our community informed, and to keep the Echo Lakes Basin protected during these times of dramatic climate change. We're taking it step by step—focusing on the local level to do our part for the environmental conservation movement.

Last summer, we had the pleasure of hosting a Fire Safety and Prevention workshop with the Lake Valley Fire Department for the benefit of Echo Lake residents and visitors alike. We hope to host simi-

lar workshops in the future.

We launched a Sustainable Soaps campaign to encourage the use of cleaning products that do not turn the Lake a hazy shade of green. The Chalet now carries Dr. Bronner's soap products in case you've run out, and there are many cleaning product recipes in last year's edition for your convenience. Marnie Jackson, a local laker, has her handmade, waste-free, sustainable, soaps, toothpaste, sunscreen, shampoos, and more in the Chalet, so turning to sustainable products should be a breeze.

We recently conducted our 2nd annual Old Boy Scout Camp Clean-Up. The first one took place in 2018, the Friday before Echo Lakes Day—Malcolm Sproul and Cracker Eshleman led the way as we hunted down the Scout dumpsites. We found rusted bed frames, inanimate

metal objects, and glass... lots of glass. The Oaks joined us for the morning, as well as folks from the Knox and Bedayn cabins. We all got to know each other a bit better over a pile of junk, and a few old Harvey West Camp gems. This year, many more cabins joined the crew as we collected old nails (thanks to Robin Picard's handy magnet) and beautiful glass and ceramic pieces. Two more sites were cleaned which means we only have two left to go. We'll save those for next year. (Same time, same place, the Friday before Echo Lakes Day).

On another note, The Osprey has been a most exciting endeavor. Thank you for your kind compliments, your intriguing articles, and your generous donations.

We are thrilled to continue our work in the basin: embarking on new projects and revisiting the old.

Projects:

1. Waste Management

This year the ELA, the ELEF, and the Chalet are all working together to try to make the dumpster process a little smoother. If you are receiving a cabin copy of this Osprey edition, you will notice the new poster regarding the dumpsters. The South Lake Tahoe Refuse has also requested that we start sorting our recycle into blue bags to ensure that all there is no cross-contamination of trash with the recycle. Look to page 4 for more information on this.

2. Cleaning Products

Traditional brands such as Dawn and L'Oreal carry phosphates that, when leached into the Lake through the soil, can act as a fertilizer that feeds algae and reduces the Lake's oxygen levels. To prevent this, make sure to use sustainable soaps such as Dr. Bronners, or make your own!



Follow us on Facebook:

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

Donations:

If you are interested in donating to the ELEF to support our work, please drop off a check at the Chalet, or send it to 311 Bernice Drive, Grass Valley, California, 95945.

Volunteering

If you wish to volunteer with us in the future, 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.

Scout Camp Daze

John Clevenger’s Recollections of the Echo Lakes Boy Scout Camp

Published in Volume 8, No. 3 of the Little Echoes in May, 1995

By John Clevenger



Imagine that people first come to know Echo Lake by many different avenues. For me, it started as a 12-year-old boy who, just three months earlier, had never even been west of the Mississippi. Now, for reasons I knew but didn’t fully comprehend, I was going to be a “California resident” (whatever that meant). I knew Dad was headed for a new job in the city which my teacher in Alabama had said was the capital of California, and I knew it meant we had to drive a long, long way to get there.

I knew that once we were in California the first stop on the way to our new home would be “LA,” but I was totally confused about the geography of this place—after all, according to the Post Office and my teacher, “LA” meant “Louisiana”, and hadn’t we left LA behind when we drove into TX and then across NM and AZ?

Anyway, here I was a 12-year-old Second Class Boy Scout, arriving at this strange and wonderful place called “Scout Camp”. Oh, I had done some camping in Tennessee and Alabama—we could pitch tents and tie knots and hunt snipe with the best scouts anywhere; but this... this was going to be for a whole week, and it was on a lake in the mountains! And you

got to ride a big boat across the lake to get there! And you could shoot rifles on the Rifle Range, and bow and arrows on the Archery Range, and take canoes and rowboats, and go hiking and go to the Trading Post, and have campfires, and songfests and work in the Craft Corral, and earn Merit Badges and, and, and... In Retrospect, it’s no wonder I fell in love at, and with, this place called Echo Lake; it started out as paradise and has yet to change.

The place most of us now simply call “the scout camp” was for all the time I knew it called “Camp Harvey West”, or CHW. It was originally of course known as the Kleeberger Camp, having been run as a private camp starting in the 1920’s. After WWII it was apparently sold to the Silverado Area Council of the Boy Scouts of America, who operated it several years before putting it up for sale. It was at that time that Harvey West, a lumberman and philanthropist of apparently substantial means, purchased the existing improvements and transferred the Forest Service Permit to the Golden Empire (Sacramento area) Council of the Boy Scouts. The Council put considerable resources into improving the facilities, and began operating it full-time in the early 50’s. (Several years later they built a second camp, Camp Winton, on Bear River Reservoir near Highway 88. Winton was nominally our “sister camp”, but in fact the mere mention of the word “Winton” at CHW would

earn the unfortunate speaker an unplanned trip into Upper Echo).

My week at camp that first year was a 12-year-olds dream: fun, fun, fun, all day, everyday (O.K., the water was too cold, but hey—it wasn’t like I was ever going to want to actually swim in it or ski in it or anything). Thus the following year when summer rolled around again and the subject of going to camp came up, well of course—was there any question about whether I was going, and where? I even managed to wrangle a two week stay—one with my own Scout Troop and one with my friend’s Troop.

It was during that two weeks that I realized there was somebody having even more fun than me at CHW: the Camp Staff. After all, they got to stay there all summer! This seemed too good a deal to miss out on; but I was still too young, and anyway most of the Staff were Eagle Scouts, a goal which was pretty far away yet.

The next summer, in addition to a week with each Troop, I managed to get Mom and Dad to agree to an additional two weeks in the “provisional” unit, which was maintained by the Camp for boys who came individually rather than with their Troops. I spent most of that additional two weeks tagging around with whatever Staff members would tolerate me, learning what they knew and how the camp ran, and how things worked and feeling as important as I thought I was. Once I was even allowed to eat in the

(Continued from page 1)
spots that circle the graceful pistil and stamens.

It took me several years to finally find Explorer's gentian; Although I read in Bruce Potter's field guide that it bloomed along the Lily lake trail, I never found it. Even after a hiker who had come up that trail from Fallen Leaf showed me a

picture she took of Explorer's gentian, it still eluded me. Later, I heard from Mari Ricker that she and her dad saw it scattered on the bench on the north side of Cracked Craig, but this was too difficult a hike for me to take on my own. Then my brother Malcolm told me he spied it blooming at the base of Mosquito Pass. Off I went, and I

was rewarded by this amazing hike and these cheerful flowers.

After finally locating Explorer's gentian, I showed my brother John a picture of them, while relating how I found them. He told me he remembered our Aunt Marion taking a hike to look for this flower when we were kids. Fun to imagine I am

following in her footsteps!

I am still searching for other locations where these little treasures bloom. Mt. Tallac is reputed to have a nice display, and Desolation Wilderness undoubtedly has other spots where they blossom at the close of summer. Let me know if you discover them on one of your flower walks.



Pictured left: Alpine gentian – plants grow 1 to 4 inches



Pictured left: Fireweed gone to seed – plant grows 2 to 6 ft.



Pictured left: Explorer's gentian – plant grows 6 to 18 inches

Trash Talk

By **Junet Bedayn**

To sort, or not to sort -- that is the question... There are various ideas circulating the lake on how to handle our recyclables. The most pervasive of those ideas is that we can just mix all our waste together, and the South Lake Tahoe Refuse will sort it out. A recent phone call to the Refuse has revealed some different information...

While the Refuse does sort our waste, if any recyclables have been soiled by food or liquid, they cannot be recycled. Thus, in order to ensure that all recyclable items are, in fact, recycled, the Refuse requests that we use blue bags for our recyclables. The Blue Bag acceptable materials are as follows:

- **Mixed paper:** office paper, magazines, catalogues, junk mail, newspaper, and gift wrap. Virtually all types of mixed paper can be recycled, but avoid paper contaminated with food, liquid, or, huhmm... ,

other waste:

- **Paper Board:** fiber food and beverage containers (i.e. cereal boxes, tissue boxes, etc.)
- **Aluminum:** tin & bi-metal cans, and clean foil
- **Glass Bottles and Jars:** all colors, mixed.
- **Plastics Number 1-7:** water, soda, juice, milk jugs, product and food bottles and containers, plastic bags.
- **Rigid Plastic:** all types of plastic products (i.e. toys and chairs). Must be free of metal and fit in blue bag.
- **Batteries:** must be put in ziplock bags or closed plastic containers and then placed in a blue bag

While the blue bags can hold a diverse array of items, there are a few things that are considered hazardous, and should not be placed in a blue bag - nor directly in the dumpster. Our old cleaning products, pesticides, paint cans, oil cans, sharps, and e-waste must all be taken down to the Refuse separately on Tuesdays or Saturdays. This is the policy of the Refuse, put in place to ensure that hazardous waste does not leech into the soil surrounding the landfill.



Lastly, if you'd like to go above and beyond, and sort out your aluminum cans, just drop off those bags with a Crew member -- the Chalet takes all cans to Silver Fork Elementary School to fund their feildtrips.

With all that being said, let's blue bag it; it's a small thing that we can do to reduce our impact on the environment.

The ELA has generously offered to provide cabins with a starter pack of blue bags, and when those run out, look to the Chalet (where Kat and Tom have offered to carry them for our convenience).

For more information, call the South Lake Tahoe Refuse at 530-541-5105, or email junetmbedayn@gmail.com.

Echo Lakes Crossword Puzzle

by Megan Marshall

Staff Lodge! By the end of my four weeks I was hooked, netted, and landed; all I wanted to do forever was work on the CHW Staff. The following summer presented a difficult choice. Having earned my Eagle rank, I could apply for Camp Staff—but, it meant I would probably have to give up my desire to attend the National Scout Jamboree in Valley Forge. That was 1964, and the Jamboree this time included a trip to the New York World's Fair, making the choice even harder.

However, once my parents made it clear that they'd be happy to send me to camp after I returned from the Jamboree, the choice was clear and Staff would have to wait for another year. (You'd think I would have gotten suspicious by this time about how much time my parents were willing to have me gone, but it would be many years before I'd even begin how much time taking care of kids actually requires... In retrospect, I no longer wonder why parents would be willing to spend (at that time) \$20 a week to send one of six kids away for a couple of weeks in the summer...).

So once again I spent several weeks at CHW tagging around with various Staff members. There was a difference this time, though: I was their equal in terms of both age and Scouting Rank, and I had just returned from the Jamboree, a major event in the lives of Boy Scouts. Or maybe we just all like the same kinds of things. In any case, I made good friends with many of the Staff, and was allowed—even asked on occasion—to “help out” with some things, like planning campfires and running Nature Lodge programs. By the end of that summer I was completely sure that there was nothing left in life's goals except to work on the CHW Staff, so I applied for the following year's Staff as soon as applications were accepted in February.

I felt like “returning Staff” at the interviews, since I knew so many of them; in fact, I got good recommendations from several of my new Staff friends and these probably helped in getting hired to be a “ranger”—one of the Staff who takes Troops of Boy Scouts back

Across:

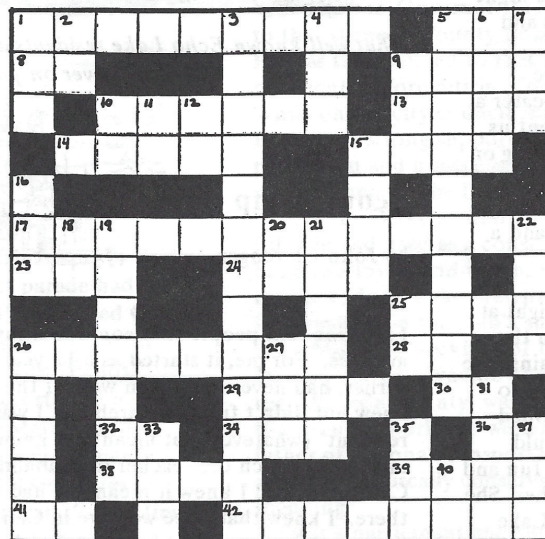
- 1. Largest artificial body of water in Echo Lakes region (2 words)
- 5. Take one in the lake when it's hot
- 8. Opposite of out
- 9. Mountain
- 10. Hermit
- 13. Federal agency (acronym)
- 14. It's bigger, it's bluer, but is it better?
- 15. Can there be too much of this?
- 17. It's 4 feet higher at minimum level (three words)
- 23. If your credit is good, the Fashinells may let you do this at the end of the summer
- 24. Useful for a phone call, but little else at Echo

Down:

- 25. Unit of distance
- 26. Peak on north shore of lower Echo Lake
- 28. Let's _____!
- 29. Body of knowledge
- 30. Compass direction
- 32. Conditional; also name of Spiess family's homemade boat, first launched in Dartmouth Cove c. 1960s
- 34. Stomach muscles (for short)
- 36. Size of an out board motor is measured in these (abbrev.)
- 38. You can land on this
- 39. "I think that I shall never see, A poem as lovely as a _____." Joyce Kilmer
- 41. "___ top of old Smokey . . ."
- 42. It's not my turn to empty this!

Down:

- 1. What a campfire should never be in El Dorado National Forest
- 2. Article
- 3. It's 4 feet lower at minimum level (three words)
- 4. Judge's title (abbrev.)
- 5. _____ Wilderness Area
- 6. International Assoc. of Fired Workers (acronym)
- 7. Mts.
- 9. Double entendre
- 10. Our state (postal abbrev.)
- 11. "_____, Wilderness!"
- 12. Same as 28 across
- 15. When we'd like to get to Echo Lake
- 16. Saucer Lake's partner
- 18. Laura Ingalls' dad
- 19. One of the seven wonders of the world; also a mountain near Echo Lake
- 20. El Dorado ____ (abbrev.)
- 21. Commonly sighted on mountain trails
- 22. Local conservation group (abbrev.)
- 25. Sports car
- 26. It arrives in tanks
- 27. Tennis stroke
- 31. Kids' refrain: " _____ will we get there?"
- 33. It's in the S.F. Bay, but almost never at Echo Lake
- 35. Heat measurement, to the Brits
- 37. Don't do it to wild animals
- 40. Second note of the scale



into the “backcountry” (which at that time was neither a wilderness nor needed a permit).

The following year I was again hired, but I was sick during the week in March when the Staff met for the first time in Sacramento to begin preparations for the summer. In my absence, one of my new “best friends” nominated me to be “Senior Patrol Leader” of the Staff—a job which entailed additional responsibilities (with of course additional recognition, but without additional pay). In retrospect, however, being elected in absentia to a position I never really wanted probably had a significant

effect on my life, since one of the primary jobs of the Staff Senior Patrol Leader was to plan and run the camp-wide Opening and Closing Campfires each week. I spent many hours planning and putting on campfires during five years on staff at CHW, and I still love the fun of a large group campfire, as a few Echo Lakers have probable figured out. In fact, I first heard The Cremation of Sam McGee at a CHW campfire.

It is amazing to see the camaraderie which develops when you put a large number of teenage boys (O.K., we were Boy Scouts, but we were still teenagers) to-

gether under the watchful but not too oppressive eyes of a few adult leaders, and then tell them to “run the camp” (at least, we thought we were running the camp). It wasn’t long each summer before the newest practical jokes would start, only to be immediately topped by somebody else’s outrageous idea. We even developed a rivalry of sorts with Camp Wxxxxx (which we referred to as “Brand X”, since we couldn’t say “Winton”).

By my third year on Staff, we “experienced” staffers had created a practical jokers’ ‘stealth group’ we called the IMF: Impossible Missions Force (after the popular Mission: Impossible TV show of the time). Our task, which we always accepted, was to not only

perform outrageous gags which no one else was capable of doing (so we thought), but also to do it in secret so that no one in camp knew who we were. The standard signature that notified people to the identity of the perpetrators of the latest escapade was a MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE stencil which we always spray-painted in overlapping red-on-black letters near the scene (being careful of course not to cause property damage; once a Bo Scout, always a Boy Scout...).

For example, one year there had been something in the news about a tidal wave in the Pacific. The IMG immediately decided that the tidal wave was actually much bigger than anyone had thought, and in fact during the night it was going

to hit the shore of Upper Echo. We calculated that it would probably wash the camp boats right up to the Lodge. Indeed, the next morning, all 20 canoes and 15 rowboats were found inside the Lodge, with the appropriate IMG logo nearby. (Do you have any idea how hard it is to get an aluminum canoe—much less a large wooden rowboat—through a narrow door, quietly, in the dark? 35 times?).

It was later pointed out that this mission, while hard, as not really impossible, and therefore was below what the Staff had come to expect from the IMF. Now if we had wanted to do impossible, we should have moved the camp motorboats, they said. Which of course immediately set our minds to work...



A patrol of Boy Scouts from Camp Harvey West practice hiking with backpacks, in preparation for a trip into the Desolation Valley Primitive Area. Camp Harvey West was located on the upper end of Upper Echo Lake and was operated under special is permit. The large tree at the left is a veteran western juniper believed to be well over 2000 years old.

Echo Chalet During the “War Years”

By Loie Bonser

Published in Volume 8, No. 3 of the Little Echoes in May, 1995

Operating the Chalet during the war years was a story of increasing difficulty for my mother (Mrs. Rocca).

The summer of 1942 was nearly as busy as 1941 but experienced personnel were no longer available. Good mechanics for repairs to boat motors and the power system were gone to the service or better paying jobs. P.G. & E. had not come to Echo Lakes so the Chalet ran on a small hydro-electric plant from the waterfall below Echo on the creek.

There was also a generator in the boat house for emergency power. Both of these power sources required constant care and were often unreliable. One night a week was movie night at the Chalet. All the boats and cars were moved out of the boat house and benches were moved inside.

The Bijou theater at Globins, Al Tahoe, would rent us the film that they were showing on the one night a week that they were closed. The soda fountain would open after the show and a good time was had by the teenagers.

Saturday night was dance night at the Chalet. The furniture in the lobby was moved out or against

the wall and the juke box was set to play without coins. Mom hoped that these two activities would provide activities that were fun and a place for teenagers to gather. She worried about the drive to Lake Tahoe at night, which was narrow, twisty, and often had drunk drivers on it. The most popular spot for a date was Sahati's Stateline Club which was open for dinner and dancing to all ages, no requirement to be 21. The Club hired the “big bands” for dancing. All of the gambling was limited to the back room for those over 21.

In 1942 Kleeburger's camp was under the direction of Frank Hamilton. The waterfront director was Quentin Bonser, who was fortunate not to be drafted until he had an acceptance to medical school. He remembers driving the “Bear” for supplies and the big war canoes the campers paddled in the upper lake.

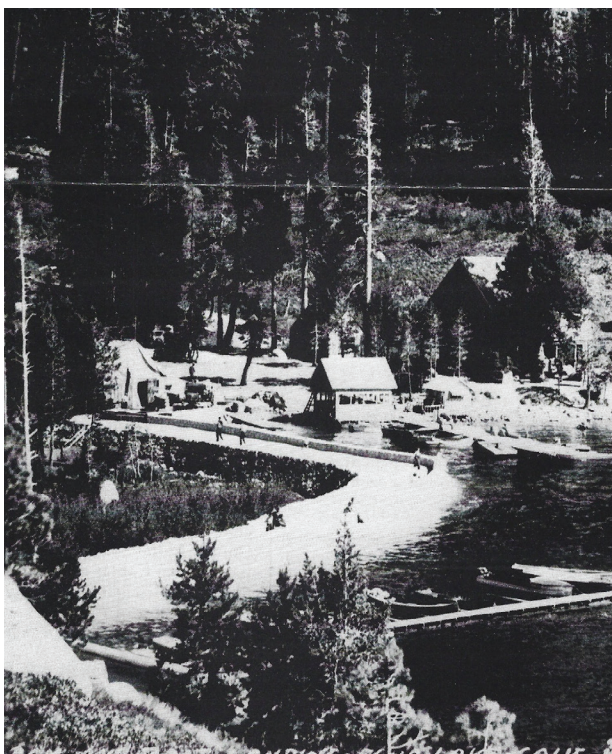
I remember the excitement at the Chalet when Hollywood movie stars would stay at the Chalet when they dropped off a child for camp. Mrs. Richard Arlan stayed at the Chalet for a month while her youngster was at camp, a real favorite because she was such a good tipper and often treated members of the Kleeburger staff to evenings at the Sahati's Stateline Club.

The draft age was lowered in late 1942 to include 18-year-olds which really reduced the population at Echo, especially for Chalet staff. Rationing became a fact of life. Echo Lake became very quiet the following summer but those who did make it to the lake stayed for longer periods of time. The grocery barge became a necessity for cabin owners who had to save their gas coupons for the trip home. The

barge had a refrigerator and a vegetable cooler and was powered by a small motor. Orders were taken one day and delivered the following day. The Chalet stocked meat, milk, and bread from Minden and a produce truck came from the Sacramento valley twice a week. By 1943, everything was difficult to purchase, and business was slow. Ration coupons had to account for meat, sugar, and gas. The biggest problem was keeping the boat motors going. Motors were cannibalized for parts to keep other motors going. My sister, Mimi, wrote of the difficulty of paying the bills with so few hotel guests and boat taxi customers. Most cabin owners charged everything until the end of the season, but the Chalet had to come up with the cash when supplies were purchased.

One windy afternoon in late 1943 a taxi boat full of campers from Berkeley Camp overturned after a wave washed over the motor. Mom was in the boat going to her cabin, so they were close to the south shore. Bob Clancy, the boat boy from Lodi, had everything hold on to the bottom of the boat while he swam beside each one to shore where the cabin owner took them in to warm up. Mom was always worried that someone would sue over the accident but her only cost was to replace one fishing pole. All other possessions were still floating in the boat when it was righted.

Some things improved during the war. The peace and quiet has already been mentioned and parking were not a problem for cars or boats. Also, a number of cabins were put up for sale when the men of the family went to war. Often five or six were listed at any time. The Rocca family had been trying to buy a cabin for several years and now we were able to purchase a cabin of our own. And, in 1943, I was offered a ride to Echo by Quentin Bonser because he had some “T” gas stamps—this renewal of our friendship led to our marriage after the war ended in 1945.



Echo Memories

By **Lynne Scott-Drennan**



My family has been an Echo family for most of my life.

My paternal grandparents bought the cabin when I was three, because although they had a place at Meeks Bay, the government had decided to put a Post Office there, so my grandmother informed my grandfather that the place was becoming entirely too civilized for her taste.

They drove to Echo on a Tuesday. The soon-to-be-Scott cabin, on South Shore, and the eventual Shurtleff cabin on the channel (now Scarborough/Valentine) were both for sale. They bought the South Shore cabin (less boat traffic).

That whole process took five days.

My grandfather generally drove to Echo via Patterson, Crow's Landing, Newman, and Ione, and would always announce the latter site by saying, "We're now entering the town Ione. For years, as a child, I believed he owned the town.

My father loved Echo, but

although he would drive us up from Salinas when he had vacation time, he nearly always had to return within a day or three (he was a 3-term Monterey County DA). The result was that my mother would stay at the lake with us, and Daddy would drive back up to get us a week or two later. He died when I was ten.

Mother went to work then, but we still spent at least two weeks a summer together at Echo. She would pack the four of us, a cousin or two, and at least one dog into her old Nash Rambler station wagon and leave Salinas at two in the morning, so that we could reach Placerville in time to have breakfast at the Bluebell Café. Most of the time we made it right on schedule, but we nearly always had some sort of adventure on the way.

You see, Mom loved roads less traveled, and adored finding new "shortcuts."

We children particularly liked the Jack Tone Road, because it had wonderful rises and dips that would send us up in the air and make our stomachs drop if she was driving fast enough (no seat belts then).

I don't recall which

route we took to get to the Old Placerville Road on this particular day, but we were definitely out in the country. All of a sudden, my cousin Scott, who was riding in the back with our luggage and the dog, said he thought something was dripping out of the back of the car. He was right. It was gasoline.

Nothing daunted, Mom kept driving until we came to a gas station on the outskirts of Placerville. She pulled in at the pump, and by the time she stopped, the owner was at the driver-side door, shouting at her to get that car out of there! He pointed to a garage across the road, so she went there. The owner and his wife were wonderful. He fixed the car, and she fed all of us, including the dog.

I was able to spend a lot of time at the lake with Mom and with my grandparents, before, during, and after I worked at the Chalet. I brought college friends to visit, and Mom brought her dear friend Carolyn Leach along with us many times.

The first time my husband came to Echo, we were returning to the mainland from Hawaii after a year of military marriage, and

about to move to Nebraska. There were a number of us, so we took two cars to Echo. I drove one, with Mom, and he drove his 240Z, which had come to California with us, and had one of my brothers as passenger.

From Grant Line Road, outside Sacramento, we came to Eagles Nest Road, which Mom was certain would be a shortcut to Highway 50, so I turned onto it and my husband followed us. The road took us directly to the back gate of Mather Air Force Base and a big sign that said "Military Personnel Only."

Mom, clearly disappointed, said, "Oh, dear."

However, it was perfect timing for that apparent glitch, because I had my military ID, and my husband's car still had his sticker from Hickam Air Force Base on Oahu. The guards at the gate gave us great directions to get to Highway 50 from there, so Mom declared Eagles Nest an excellent shortcut.

I'll admit that the only reason the name Eagles Nest Road sticks in my memory is that it was also the name of our favorite bar in Honolulu.



WRITE FOR THE OSPREY

Have you hiked a new route to a peak? Have you seen a bear? Have you pulled 10 skiers on one boat? Do you have memories of Echo in days past? Do you have a fantastic story, recipe, photograph, or information about the lake you want to share? Do you want to write an article? I hope to share all the voices of the lake, so, please, email me to be in the next edition.

Email the.osprey.elnr@gmail.com for more information