

August 10

I rode up with the kids and had a great time in the coming. Pitch a tent not far from trailhead on 42 and worked all afternoon cleaning the campsite and arranging things. In the afternoon a little bird was so 'not afraid' I thought he might jump right into my tent. Then at dusk a grey chipmunk, sounding like a bird, let me know that I was at his home.

My camp is right on the PCT so three hikers walked by and several horse back riders and a man and a woman with a bloodhound and a fat yellow lab. Very friendly people. They stopped and chatted with me about the chipmunks.

I spent one night at this campsite and then hiked, the next afternoon, to Clackamas Lake.

August 11

I woke up with the dawn. I must have been asleep at 10p last night, I didn't hear my night alarm go off. I put zed around-got my supplies in the tent and arranged them. I wore my woolens last night. This morning cut one of my plastic sheets and covered the tent to retain body heat. I washed myself, brushed my teeth and washed my socks out in left over water. I guessed 8a and when I looked at my clock it was 8 past 8. My view is of a dried swamp, though very green with tall grasses and shrubs. There is a dry creek bed lined with huge boulders-black, running passed my campsite from the lake to (?). I overheard some horsewomen say that the last time they rode by the creek was running high and fast. I wondered, to myself, when that was.

There are yellow, white and purple wildflowers. A plant with red berries. Chipmunks, birds, dogs and horses.

In the afternoon I pack up and hike to Clackamas Lake by one of the two springs that feed the lake.

P.M.

What a work day!!

I think that I will stay here. No more moving.

August 12 (I slowly realize that my pack is too heavy for me to hike the trail)

This morning I was up before the birds-so I waited for them to get up. I went to Clackamas Lake Campgrounds and got water from one of the facets. I walked back to a

trailhead, not the one on 42, but one connecting the pct with Old Miller's trail 535, I believe it was. This didn't take me very long without my heavy pack. 9 minutes.

I fixed bean soup and rinsed out socks and clothes in the lake. Took my bucket and soaked bark, just for fun.

Noon was hot. I sat by the lake and watch ducks and low and behold, there was a huckleberry bush growing straight in front of me. I pick dry moss off the branches and took my machete to bark on the fallen trees.

I need to rinse the tent tomorrow. First the tent and then the rain cover.

August 13

I rinsed the tent and rain cover and canvas ground cover. I washed a bunch of clothes and sun dry them. I am nearly out of drinking water.

A couple came by my site and enjoyed the spring. They had me take pictures of them, they really knew how to pose. They had a difference stance for every picture. They complimented me on my composition. I was BFA/visual in college, but said nothing about it. I thanked them.

I was warm this morning when I awoke. Maybe the plastic cover or maybe just the temperature of the day. I'll get drinking water tomorrow.

I invented a 'stone stove.' I arranged stones around a candle. The pan can sit over the flame. I had nice warm soup for breakfast. My site feels so clean... what a gift this camping is.

August 14

It is almost 10a. 9:45a to be exact. How lazy I am. The camp is clean. The sun is shining. I have three more weeks in this beauty.

I moved my camp to a site next to a big fallen tree, lover in the forest so I think I have ultimate privacy. (I find out later that this is far from true) The ground under my tent is soft and it seems warmer. I may have more of a chance to watch wild life. There is the work of beavers on the trees. Many of them have been felled by beaver teeth but no sign of the creature itself. The dragonflies are aggressive. And I see an orange, small butterfly. Not a monarch or swallowtail.

I took a short, 30 minute hike south on the pct. Still I saw signs of man. An old service road. Orange ties around certain trees to mark them for (?).

August 15

I just met Ninja Tortoise down by Clackamas Spring. He has a little gauge about four inches long that he took out of his inner coat pocket. It kills microbes in the water with ultraviolet light. I want one. Solar batteries. We talked about the best type of food for thru-hiking. He suggested pasta, garlic and olive oil. He said that food was the heaviest item to pack. I had purchased a month's worth of food. 6 things. Mixed nuts, raw, brazil, walnuts and almonds. High in calcium and iron. Brazil having 22% iron and 19% calcium. Three times the amount of other nuts. Dried fruit. Raisins and figs. Figs having B6 and magnesium. Oatmeal and non-fat dry milk. 6 packets of sugar=1teaspoon a piece and green tea. One whole months worth of food. One of four reasons that I weighted down too much for hiking.

August 16a

I think that I will pack up and make for Timothy Lake.

It is Saturday.

I wish I had brought coloured pencils and lots of regular pencils and pens. I feel like I need to weave sticks together.

P.M. I have changed my mind. I am staying here. I cleaned my campsite. I found a new spring closer to my campsite. I built a table of sorts, stacking wood logs, one way and then the other. It is beautiful here. With lots of water.

August 17

Yesterday was hot. I imagine the weather boiling hot in the Willamette Valley. Last night I slept in my halter top and shorts. It was still and warm. I wanted it to rain. I heard a thunder storm in the distance. I listened to the sound of the forest. I heard a deep animal voice-going deeper and deeper into the forest. I saw the rear of a big deer butt running away from me. It saw me first.

Water=1 gal. per day

Nuts= 1 cup per day

Dried fruit=1/2 cup per day

Oatmeal=1/2 cup per day
Milk=1 cup to 1 quart per day
Pumpkin seeds=mixed in nuts for vitamin A
4 dried figs for vitamin B6 and magnesium

Last night I a two significant dreams that I remember and that had to do with my real life.

I think that it is going to be a hot one again today.

Sunday, how quiet it is. No riders circling Millers Rd. A thunderstorm is threatening so maybe that is why. It is 5:29p. I woke, did my chores-washed my hair and self, washed and rinsed my clothes and poured the dirty water over bathroom places to wash out any smell. I hiked to the trailhead where pct, headwaters trail and old millers trail meet. I go here when I want company because the horsemen from Joe Graham's horse camp ride by and pct thru-hikers come from Warm Springs River-south, traveling north to Canada come out of the forest. Today I would met two.

A man and a woman that he would call 'Cruiser'. We talked a lot about food, and their experiences on the trail. They were hiking the pct for the first time, starting from the California/Mexican border. They were easterners actually starting from Boston. They had been on the trail for four months, destination Canada. Somewhere in their thirties, they were a very cute couple, I thought. They talked about coming through the 'green tunnel' from Mt. Jefferson. How Mt. Jefferson still had snow on the trail but was easy to find. (He kept lathering tortilla's with peanut butter. They said that they did not think much about the nutrients in their food or calories. They averaged 20 miles a day and said that they started at 12 miles a day and became stronger.

She said that she had grown up hiking the north Carolina trails and just knew she wanted to hike the Pacific Crest Trail. They had both hiked the Appalachian Trail and were very proud.

He was a software professional and she worked for art galleries having a BA degree.

They told me that they had stayed with many Trail Angels while along the trail and that at one place in California the angels serviced up to 50 hikers at a time.

Bears. They said that they had had two experiences with bears. They spotted one meandering across a meadow from the trail and while they were cooking dinner two bears had sat and watched them. When one started to circle them they had to scare them away. I should have asked them how they did that, but at the time, I wasn't thinking. I just had this 'graphic' of them cooking and the forest and one bear sitting and the other circling. They said more about bears but too much to write here. They actually talked quite a lot. We said our good-byes at 2:15p. When I told them I brought a months worth of food, they told me they carried only four days worth, mostly sandwiches. Nothing less than 100 calories per oz. 'So, that leaves out apples,' she said.

August 18

Yesterday afternoon thunder and lightning and rain began.

Many of the pines have been hit by lightning and have fallen over. They are scorched by the lightning on the undersides. Dead trees and limbs cover the forest floor. I can't help thinking about how cold we were last winter in Portland. Having an oil furnace. Too expensive to buy oil, \$400. a month. We plugged in electric heaters during the day and nothing at night except wool and down, and our own body heat. I see all the potential for heat laying across the forest floor.

The lower branches on the growing trees are dead and dry. I can snap them off with the palm of my hand. Great kindling. So I haven't been building a fire, until now. Everything is damp and wet. Rain beginning again. Thru-hikers pass by-5:06p thru-hiker; 'I hiked with them past Dammar's Pass and they went on. 150 miles in four days. I liked hiking with them, even though I didn't hike with them a long time.'

August 19

I came to the forest to be healed
The trees, water and the sky
Took my sickness away.

The wildlife, too, conspired
To make me well.

The weather is windy and dry. Not warm enough. About 1:13p I went up at the trail head and waited until 4:30p to connect with a horse rider to get an o.k. phone call to Olivia. No rider.

At about 1:45p 'John' came walking out of the woods, a very nice man, just spending a week hiking, he had spent the night at Warm Springs River and said that it was beautiful.

Around twoish-GQ came out of the forest. An Israeli that had started from the California/Mexico border in April-he told me that about 500 persons start from there and 1/2 make it to Canada. He had a flippant attitude about water safety. He made some remark about running the water thru a bandana.

A bit later a perky young hiker from Ashland. She spoke briefly. She was all business, said her name was Rachel. Very nice, just on her way.

I dreamt last night about oatmeal with raisins, nuts and milk. I have this meal and I wonder that I wouldn't dream about stuffed turkey instead.

August 20

The rain has not let up. It started about 5p yesterday. It is now 10:09a. I had a nice breakfast of milk, fruit and nuts. I am reading the book of Acts. I am glad that the Bible is sustaining. I started with the book of Genesis, my favorite. Went on to Matthew, my favorite of the gospel accounts. Now the book of Acts.

11:45a. The weather breaks. I take care of business. Tidy up-wash my breakfast dish. Hike up for drinking water. Find a small animal skull off to the side of the Miller's trail and bring it back to camp. Make some tea. Raining again-12:14p. Just enough time to take care of things. Lunch is ½ cup dried fruit, nuts and seeds. Back to-Saul of Tarsus, his baptism in Damascus.

August 21

Last night was a silhouette show on the sides of the tent. There must have been a full moon, the light was bright like the headlights of a car. The wind blew through the trees and the sound of the swaying trees was sublime. By morning all was calm, pretty much chilly though no sun, sometimes a sprinkle. The hikers are back out on the trail, trying to make time, bundled up in rain gear.

I got up-went outside, moved my clothes line and made it with my bungee cords further away from camp. I started a shelter against a fallen tree. Came back in the tent, chilly. A bird landed on the tent. I take my machete and bang it on the floor of the tent to scare the chipmunks away. They really get next to my tent and chitter-chatter.

I would like to have a big green salad, a thick slice of flaxseed bread with heaps of butter and a glass of Apricot juice. Yum. Next year I need to pack B vitamins.

The sun is trying to come out. I feel chilled to the bone. I must have been awake along time last night.

August 22

Well, the sun is not doing a good job of warm up. I finished breakfast and am drinking my tea. I am gathering the things in the tent into the back pack so I can tip the tent up and clean it out.

I am considering leaving the heavy things hidden the brush here and hiking on to Warm Springs River.

I took a long walk around Clackamas Lake. It was a nice walk, I walked through Joe Graham's horse camp and over to the Old Ranger Station and visited with the Ranger a long time about the history of the place and got a brochure. He told me that they closed Odallie Park, where there was a store and a place to get drinking water.

The Ranger said that it was 36 degrees last night. His little 1930 pot belly stove was still warm and it was mid-afternoon.

My pack is still too heavy for hiking eight miles, even if I stash the heavy stuff in the brush. I will still wonder what it is like to walk a 'green tunnel'.

The forest is gorgeous today. The weather warmed up. I spread my sleeping bag over the limb of a tree to dry. No wonder I was chilled last night! 36 degrees-wow!

August 23

Last night I struggled all night against the cold. Even though I had my woolen long johns, sport pant, woolen sweater and leather jacket. I was still cold all night. It just went through me.

I think I will get up and work on my shelter to warm up. When the sun heats my tent I will bathe then.

I can't believe that the kids found me today. It was a miracle and a surprise and a relief. Olivia brought me candy, lettuce, apples and bananas-washies, gum, toilet paper, cola, crackers and pens. She is a good daughter to bring me good things and they are a blessing to come and find me. It was so good to see little Charlie, too. And Sherman, who loves the out of doors and was wearing a superman hat, the S probably stands for 'son-in-law.'

I have been thinking a lot about Kimmie and how the little girl loves the woods. How she took me to the woods by her house out there in Fern Ridge that special day and we

had a fun time. I guess she will be six years old come September and as much as I have tried I have not spent much time with that little girl-my grand-daughter.

August 24

I feel kind of punk today. Well, I am disappointed that I didn't get to hike.

August 25

The soft fingers of the rain woke me. At daylight I fixed a quart of milk with 1 tea. sugar, drank down 2 cups and poured ½ cup oatmeal into my vessel, set aside. Ate a red apple that Olivia brought me.

I spread a sheet of plastic between the tent and rain cover. And the other over my sleeping bag so I was warm last night. I will wait for the to shine.

I built a stone stove, but it was so damp and wet I decided to make a stick fire and kept it going a lot of the day. I brought a warm rock in the tent from the fire and it is heating my back and was warming my feet. What a great rock!

August 26

It feels and looks like a warmer day. The sun is peeking in the bottom of my tent and it is only a little after 8a.

I am going to work on a bigger stone stove and move my table to a different place. Bring stones up from the spring. Heavy work.

In the early evening two men came to my camp to say that they were pct hikers. In a demanding way. Then the one young tall one said-Well it looks like you have the camp!(Well, I made it, go make your own.) They went back down the trail-I think that they thought I was a trail angel and here just for them. They were tired, they looked just about dead, but I had no desire to camp so close to two strange men.

August 27

I am wishing this camping experience would end. It is raining again today. We will see what the day brings....

August 28

This morning was still and dry. I got up early, built a morning fire. I got busy cleaning my camp. Emptied the tent, spread things out to dry. I did a lot of hard work. And got more water from the spring and drinking water from the campground.

I cooked oatmeal with raisins, nuts and pumpkin seeds and milk. I had a delicious cooked breakfast. It will be one meal a day now til the Youngs come for me. I am fine.

There seem to be more hikers on the trail this time of the month. Last night a loud mouth bunch came by about dark. They shined a light by my tent. They walked all over the forest, yelling and calling out. Finally they moved on. All the hikers up to now have been quiet, gentle souls.

I finally was able to dry out my sleeping bag over the hot rocks of my morning fire. I had a wonderful day today. I laid in the sun on my plastic sheet-the sun was wonderful. The riders are out on the trail. Lots of them today.

August 29

It is now Friday August 29th. Four more days on the trail. As I told the kids to pick me up September the 2nd. Unless they come today which would be nice.

A hiker just walked alongside my tent. It is about 11a. It was scary. What a rude person.

I sat up at the trailhead and met four new hikers. Sweet Pea and Tourist, two gals that started from Odallie Lake. A couple, man and woman, were headed south to Warm Springs River and had a basset hound and a golden lab on leash.

The day was warm and green and windy and wonderful. I walked around the lake again and walked back up to the trailhead and lay down on a big fallen tree and watched the branches of the tall pines wave in the wind. A helicopter flew low and I saw an eagle and smaller birds-the forest is full of birds. The woodpeckers were busy today and I hadn't noticed them much before. I saw a lot of little orange butterflies. I am not sure they are monarchs. I spoke to horsemen riding on the trail and a woman walking with two small children from the Clackamas Campground. The horses really went around today, one group after another.

I walked by the Old Ranger Station and saw that there were many tourists for him to talk history with.

I took pictures of Clackamas Meadow. And finished off my raisins and only have pumpkin seeds left. Those and oatmeal, dried milk and tea.

I am out of film and I look forward to getting them on CD's. One for Laura, one for Lola and one for Jessica and Kimmie. One for me that I will share with Oly. I hope they turn out.

August 30

This morning was spent washing out clothes and keeping the fire burning. I let the fire go out, the air and wind was colder than I thought. The day being sunny.

Before starting another fire I chopped wood until I got tired and stacked it in my log table. I had a wonderful day! I just poured water on the fire and covered it with dirt. I brought in a hot rock and it is wrapped in muslin and is resting on my back as I write this journal.

When I dug my fire pit a few days ago, I dug it about 8 inches deep and two feet in diameter. It is oblong shape and rocks line the sides and edges with openings at each end to vent. No one bothered me today, thank goodness. They kept to their own business, what ever that was. Hikers kept straight on the trail.

I kept thinking about Colin Fletcher and how he likes to go it (alone). I don't think that he was the PCT hiker type. Maybe I don't understand enough about thru-hiking. I know that he is a great inspiration for many hikers, including myself, just a solitary camper.

Well, it is only 5:33p, but I am bushed-

Huckleberry Blue signs off for the day.

August 31

This morning I got right up and chopped wood. I stayed with the fire until now-2:01p. The rain has driven me into my tent. I will keep an eye on the fire until it goes out. I straightened my tent, everything lines the sides neatly, the sleeping bag lined up the center.

The kids definitely won't come today.. they said 'not Sunday' Sherman has end of the month stuff to do at the gas station. I have drunk my last quart of milk and only have tea and oatmeal left.

I think August would be great for hiking the trail on to Washington state to the Canadian border. I will look into it, I have only read the logs about Oregon.

September 1

I start the fire early, hoping, hoping for the kids. They come, those wonderful people. They come with their wagon to help me load all my heavy stuff out. Charlie and I get a couple 5 gal. buckets of spring water to drench the fire.

The end of a wonderful camping trip-what was suppose to be a hiking trip on the Pacific Crest Trail.

Next year-carry only the lightest pack, sleeping bag and tent. Four days worth of food. I had the clothing right. And I definitely want solar battery ultraviolet water purifier. And plastic, for that occasional restaurant and motel fun!