

Crescent

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years, they feature dense forests and rich minerals — like the Opal Creek area.

But as you move closer to the young “High Cascades” — today’s active volcanoes — the rock gets somewhat younger and less eroded.

That brings us to the Tombstone and Santiam Junction area, which is home to a cluster of peaks often called the Old Cascades. They’re taller — often 5,000 feet or more — and are made up of volcanoes that are slightly less eroded and younger. Iron Mountain, for example, has rock between 7 and 14 million years old.

“They’re like a young part of the Old or Western Cascades, which is why they’re better preserved,” said Adam Kent, a geology professor at Oregon State University. “They’re right on the border between the Old Cascades — that were volcanoes on one point — and the young or ‘modern Cascades,’ which are active volcanoes now.”

The combination leaves a nice mix. The ancient volcanoes still make towering mountains 5,000 to 6,000 feet tall, but they’ve also had millions of years of erosion that provides for a richer and more biodiverse forest, including the wildflower meadows and trees such as the rare and beautiful Alaska yellow cedar.

For me, the Old Cascades provide the best of both worlds: climbing high while appreciating a more intricate forest.

A hike of three parts

The reason I enjoy the hike up Crescent Mountain so much is that it’s a hike with three very distinct phases.

From the trailhead, the trail travels through beautiful old-growth forest, across a bridge over Maude Creek — a great place to soak your feet on the return — and then begins climbing, steeply, for about three miles.

Just as you’re feeling exhausted and grumpy, the reward comes.

In the second phase of the hike, the forest opens and wildflowers begin to emerge, before breaking up into an extended, spectacular alpine meadow filled with purple lupine, red paintbrush and columbine, white beargrass and blue larkspur, plus knockout views of the Three Sisters and Mount Washington.

Crescent Mountain’s high meadow is among the best in the Northwest, rivaling Dog Mountain, Silver Star and Jefferson Park.

But the hike isn’t finished.



Crescent Mountain Trailhead.

The trail re-enters the forest for a final push to the summit. Make sure to take the right-hand trail at a junction, as the other trail drops down to an alternate northern trailhead at Forest Road 840.

The summit, home to a former lookout tower, features views of Mount Hood to Diamond Peak, with everything in between right in front of you. Mount Jefferson is the real highlight, but it’s fun to test yourself on how many of the peaks you can name, from Black Butte to Three Fingers Jack. Another fun activity at the top is exploring the extended, crescent-shaped summit that tightropes on a high ridge for quite a distance.

On the way down, you get to travel through the meadow one more time before a shady hike back to your car.

The Old Cascades put on quite a show in July, and the one on Crescent Mountain is among the best.

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The meadows of Crescent Mountain feature stunning wildflower displays. PHOTOS BY ZACH URNESS / STATESMAN JOURNAL

Obituaries

Sherri Diane Slater

SILVERTON -

Sherri Diane (Owen) Slater, 64, went to join the Savior she deeply loved on July 13, 2020, after an eight-month journey with cancer.

Diane was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, the second child of Jack and Barbara Owen. They moved to Portland, Oregon, when Diane was a baby. There she attended Beaumont Elementary School and graduated from Grant High School. Diane later studied at Whitworth University in Spokane and Good Samaritan School of Nursing in Portland. She was volunteering as a camp nurse for the Salvation Army’s summer camps when she fell in love with her future husband, Graham Slater, an Englishman on a summer student exchange program and working at those same summer camps. Diane and Graham met 40 years ago last month and would have celebrated 39 years of marriage on July 31.

Diane loved beautiful landscapes, beautiful sunsets, and beautiful music. She enjoyed many years of singing and playing guitar and piano. She had a lifetime love of literature, which she passed on to her children alongside beautiful editions of favorites by Jane Austen, Charles Dickens, George Eliot, and many others.

Diane was a dedicated homemaker and loved to sew, bake, cook, and offer orderly hospitality to her guests. In midlife, she taught herself subjects she’d never learned in high school in order to give her three children an excellent home education. She was an attentive wife, mother, daughter, sister, aunt, and grandmother, always remembering to call and send cards for birthdays and anniversaries, even in the weeks right before her passing. She loved good stories and could be counted on to share knee-slapping laughter over a good cup of tea. Several of her friends said they laughed more with Diane than with anyone else.

Everywhere she lived, Diane brought a strong sense of humor, a desire for connection, and deep faith. She invested deeply in local churches, attended Nurses Christian Fellowship while in nursing school, and participated in Bible Study Fellowship groups for many years after her 11-year homeschool teaching job came to an end. She built delightful friendships with those around her—including her local post office clerks, grocery store cashiers, UPS delivery driver, car repairmen, and neighbors. In her later years, Diane struggled with a variety of health challenges that limited her activities but drove passionate interests in nutrition and naturopathic medicine, interests which benefitted others who shared similar challenges. She was known far and wide as a powerful “prayer warrior.” Her friends and family loved receiving emails or texts from her, asking, “How can I be praying for you?” Diane spent time every day in prayer and Scripture reading, even in her final days.

Diane is survived by her husband Graham of Silverton; her mother Barbara Owen; her children and their spouses, Keith (and Katelyn) Slater, Ian (and Rachel) Slater, and Emily (and Josiah) Carminati; her seven grandchildren; her brothers, Steve and Mark Owen, and her sister, Melinda Lewis, and their spouses; and her eleven nieces and nephews and their families. Her Jack Owen preceded her to heaven, and she joyously anticipated their reunion.

The family wishes to extend our enormous gratitude to Willamette Valley Hospice.

Memorial contributions may be made to Hope Pregnancy Clinic of Salem, Oregon, at <https://hopeforsalem.org/>, or to Emmanuel Bible Church (Building Fund) of Salem, Oregon, at <https://www.ebcsalem.com/>. Assisting the family is Unger Funeral Chapel - Silverton, Oregon.



Miller

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In addition to the watery nostalgia factor, the other motivation is that along with a soft heart, there also is a hard head. After all, I paid \$20 for the two used reels in the first place.

Pay \$16.95 for a dust cap when you don’t need the handle?

What kind of profligate wastrel do you take me for?

Ditto for the replacement reel at twice the price.

After all, the reasoning goes, you’ve got the time. Plus, how hard could it be?

Two-plus hours rummaging through the parts drawers, (leftover TV feet screws, chain-link fence bolts and nuts) and you realize that the closest thing you have to the micro-scopesting on the dust cover screw are those 4-inch-long vinyl-coated decking screws from building planter boxes.

Local hardware store to the rescue!

In case you ever need one, it’s something called a M3X30 metric, at a whopping 40 cents each for the screws.

Screw the moon; I’ll take three.

Because, after all, it is a Henry project, and you never know.

Who am I kidding? You do.

Next up is the cap itself.

Could use plastic, like the top from a water or soda bottle.

But I think I’ll make it out of wood. Add some class while shortening the broom handle.

Should only take another couple of hours with a saw, drill and sander, along with a couple of trips to the



It still works, if you don’t mind the reel handle constantly falling out. There’s a fix for that (maybe). HENRY MILLER/SPECIAL TO THE STATESMAN JOURNAL

hardware store and one, maybe two Band-Aids.

My guess is that the total for parts will be less than \$10, \$15 tops, and the rate for the labor, travel expenses etc. will be about 27 cents an hour.

At the end of the day, that reel should be ready to go about the time they come up with a coronavirus vaccine.

Parkinson was right.

Then again, so was Mencken.

Stay safe. Mask-up.

Fishing quote of the week: If you are what you eat, and trout eat worms and bugs, what does that make you if you fish? - Henry

Contact Henry via email at Henry-MillerSJ@gmail.com



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