

About this time every August, folks are going a little stir crazy – from the heat, from all that bare skin on display, from one too many mentions of the buzz term “staycation.” So what’s a summer-lovin’ Portlander to do?

Hit the road!

With that in mind, *Just Out* submits for your consideration several destinations for your trusty GPS device, and several recommendations for when you get where your seasonal fancy takes you. Whether you’re a family with a jones for dim sum, a “Track Town” trekker, a nude beach novice, or a road trippin’ adventurer seeking a new, off-I-5 journey, we’ve got your late summer travels covered. And they’re all easily manageable with a long weekend haul.

Regular columnists Eric D. Olson and Floyd Sklover are joined by a couple of first-time *Just Out* contributors, JoNelle Toriseva and renowned gay travel guru (and Portland resident) Andrew Collins. But we’re not the only ones with escapes on the brain.

The Jupiter Hotel’s Director of Sales Stephen Cassell says his “favorite out of the way spot” is the Helvatia Tavern, just southwest of Hillsboro. “They [have] inexpensive, amazing burgers, and cheap beer with a wonderful backyard patio in an old house. It’s only minutes from Portland but feels like you’re spending an afternoon in the country,” he raves. “Oh wait, that’s because you are.”

Q Center Executive Director Kendall Clawson is all about discovering the unknown. “Michele and I will just get in the car on a Sunday afternoon, turn up the satellite radio and see where we land,” she shares. “Earlier this year, we decided to take a ride up I-5 north and then get off on some country-looking road to see what we would see.” They ended up at Mt. St. Helens National Park.

Cupcake Jones proprietress Lisa Watson fondly recalls fishing with her grandfather in the region’s lakes, among them Loon, Big, Detroit, Ollallie and Dorena Lake. “We have always been huge fans of the beach, the Lincoln City area in particular,” she adds. “Neskowin Lodge was our standby. It always had room for all six of us kids, our parents, and all of the sand, shells and firewood that we tracked in day after day on the beach.”

“Looking out over Boiler Bay, watching the sunset, alone with my dad will always be one of my favorite memories of my life.”

Go on, pack your bags, gas up the car, take us with you and make some new ones. Clawson, for one, is. She mentions an upcoming camping outing at Clear Lake, “which if you know me, is a miracle, because I hate to get dirty and I’m kind of afraid of what lurks in the woods, so you might get a funny story out of me after that!”

Stay tuned, and happy and safe trails to you.

—Amanda Schurr

SUMMER KIND OF WONDERFUL

HITTING THE ROADS MORE AND LESS TRAVELED



HOW I BEAT THE I-5 BLUES

By ANDREW COLLINS



PHOTOS BY ANDREW COLLINS

Downtown Leavenworth's kitschy German architecture

Resent might be too strong a word, but I really don't appreciate having to return from any place via the same route that got me there. This is a trait of inveterate road-trippers, and I've long been one of those. Often, it's easy enough to create a relatively engaging yet still efficient “loop” itinerary to wherever I'm going, but as any Portlander knows, when driving to and from Seattle, the bland I-5 is the only practical option. Fortunately, I'm not very practical.

This past April, in no special hurry to return home from a Seattle trip, I sought out a scenic route. Before I describe what I encountered along the way, let me point out that it's possible to take a less weirdly circuitous version of my alternate itinerary, which runs east around Mt. Rainier and Mt. St. Helens. Without dawdling, you could make the 330-mile trip via Yakima in six hours, about twice as long as the I-5 route. Because I'm easily amused and distracted, my journey took 53 hours.

I left Seattle's Wallingford neighborhood on a morosely rainy Sunday afternoon, my spirits buoyed after having dropped by Molly Moon's, purveyor of sublimely delicious artisan ice cream—I hoovered up a dish of half salted caramel, half honey-lavender. Perfection. Maybe it was the sugar high, but as I motored out of town via I-5, I succumbed to a

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