PEARL

Continued from Page B1

According to the scoffers, of which there are many, they've come up with derogatory names such as "The Coffin," "Carp 1" or "The Edmond Fitz Terror."

One time while walleye fishing we'd barely gotten out of the sheltered bay where the boat launch was and encountered some gale like winds and 2 to 3 foot waves. My buddy told me to take him back. He said he'd seen a pay phone. He'd call his wife to come get him and I was free to keep fishing.

Another time my buddy Ron Spomer and I were bowfishing on Lake Lowell. Well, the winds blew up and we had a good mile to go to get back to the truck. Ron was up in the bow singing the Edmond Fitzgerald song while changing the words to Edmond Fitz Terror and freelanced in a few other words. He swears there were 5-foot waves but I think they were only 3½-footers. But it is a little disconcerting when you only have 2-inches of clearance in the back.

And then a couple of times the electric motor died right when I got within 50 feet of the dock and I've blown off into oblivion. One time on Lake Lowell, luckily there were two firemen watching who fished me



Tom Claycomb/Contributed Photo

The author's buddies may disparage the Black Pearl, but he has caught a lot of fish from the vessel.

out when I floated up in the logs and almost lost everything.

Then multiple times I've coasted on shore with a boat full of water which even in a little Jon boat can be tough to flip over

Yes, there are a couple of minor inconveniences with operating a little Jon boat on the high seas. So if someday you're zipping to the dock trying to beat an incoming storm and see a semi-floating Jon boat, please stop and rescue the women and kids off the sinking craft. Don't worry about me, I've driven it submarine style numerous times. I'll be OK.

OVGARD

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I still fish for pumpkinseed regularly, and when crappie fishing, I always know I have a pumpkinseed when the panfish on the other end of my line is actually fighting. Since they're invasive in more of their current range than not, pumpkinseed are virtually unregulated and not subject to limits in most areas. Though small, they are tasty when gutted and pan-fried, and if scaled thoroughly, their skin crisps up nicely. Now, is it smart to catch and eat every pumpkinseed in your

local pond? Of course not. If you do this, the bass will look elsewhere for dinner while you gorge yourself, but you shouldn't feel guilty for sampling a few. Roasted and salted, pumpkin seeds are one of my favorite snacks, but pumpkinseeds (the fish is spelled with one word while the snack has two) certainly aren't bad, either.

Best of all, pumpkinseed are all over the place and likely not targeted by other anglers. So if you really want to catch fish but don't like the combat fishing of a salmon river, the bass spawn or a day trolling for trout, give pumpkinseeds a try.

In the rapidly warming waters of late spring, pumpkinseed just might become one of your favorite fish. If not, you're still utilizing an underappreciated fish that deserves the same level of ingenuity and respect as the humble cottonseed before it.

For similar stories, read the author's book, "Fishing Across America" which is available for preorder now at https:// bit.ly/3MKucLp. Sign up for every single CaughtOvgard column at www.patreon.com/ CaughtOvgard. Read more for free at caughtovgard.com; contact luke.ovgard@gmail.com. Thank you for your continued support of local journalism.

FALLS

OUTDOORS & REC

Continued from Page B1

We had stayed overnight in Troutdale, just a dozen or so miles away, and we got to the parking lot early enough — about 7:30 a.m. — that we almost had our pick of spaces although it was a sunny Sunday.

We walked the paved trail to the Benson Bridge, the stone structure that spans Multnomah Creek between the upper and lower falls. As I stood on the bridge and felt the chilly spray from the upper falls on my cheeks, I gained a fresh appreciation for the place. Waterfalls might be commonplace, but then so are mountains (at least in the jumbled topography of Oregon). Yet outstanding examples of either can hardly fail to impress. Mount Hood is the volcanic equivalent to Multnomah Falls, both being the subject of countless photographs, but the view of the mountain from, say, Timberline Lodge inspires a certain awe no matter how often you see it.

We continued up the steep, but paved, trail, which makes 11 switchbacks and gains about 800 feet of elevation in a little more than a mile.

Besides the occasional glimpse of the falls, there is an expansive view of the great Columbia River.

We had the obligatory stomach-fluttering look over the railing of the observation platform at the top of the falls. There is something uniquely compelling, and frightening, about the short reach of a stream just before it plunges into the abyss.

I can't help but wonder what it would feel like to be standing on a slippery rock, knowing that one slip would be my last.

Rather than hike straight back to the parking lot we walked up the Larch Mountain trail for half a mile or so. The trail followed Multnomah Creek upstream. It's a fetching stream, one that would be a major waterway in arid Eastern Oregon but is merely one of many that have carved channels in the immense flows of basalt that make up the Columbia River Gorge.

That basalt, interest-

ingly, is not local. Rather than erupting from the volcanoes that comprise the Cascade Mountains, the basalts in the Gorge poured from vents in Northeastern Oregon and flowed west, a molten river. The remnants of those vents remain as dikes and sills — swathes of brown stone conspicuous as they slice through the white limestone and granitic rocks of the Wallowas.

The trail was considerably more crowded on the way down than it had been less than an hour earlier.

But it wasn't unpleasant. There were teenagers, and a few dogs, but they all

behaved themselves. It struck me that the factors which have convinced me to avoid Multnomah Falls — the teeming masses, the wide, blacktopped trail that is a freeway compared with the typical mountain path, the familiar vista of plunging water — ought to be celebrated rather than demeaned.

I'm glad there are places of great natural beauty that attract people who in most cases have no interest in exploring untrammeled wilderness but merely want to see a big waterfall and don't mind hiking in flipflops to get there.

I doubt I'll ever make Multnomah Falls a regular stop. But I think I'll be more inclined to pull off the freeway, to take advantage of what is in effect a rest area that happens to have a 620-foot waterfall, rather than a copse of trees or a field of grass, as its main attraction.



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- Spade
- Tranquilly 27 New growth
- 29 Lens opening
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- Aberdeen Bolt for a
- girder Paramedic's
- skill 35 Polynesian
- plant Flashy dresser 37 Bread ingredient

42 AAA suggestion

39 Awkward

- 43 Loosen, as a
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- 46 Non-filling dessert (hyph.)
- 48 Feeling
- 52 Each and
- every 53 Muffled
- 55 Funny
- Charlotte -
- 56 Hypotheticals 57 "Maria -
- 58 It may be abstract

DOWN

- 1 Chatty alien Links goal
- 3 Osaka sash 4 Popular
- columnist Go slowly
- 6 Clod buster
- 7 Em successor 8 Lack

- **Answer to Previous Puzzle**



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- 10 Canine
- 16 Big rig
- 11 Even so 18 Luau attire
- comment
- 13 18 16 20 35 39 43 44 45 50 53
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- 20 Cabby's take
 - 21 Where Cadiz is 22 Prince Val's
 - son 24 Dwelt
 - 25 Expire 26 Mongol
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 - found) 28 Horrible
 - 33 Not in use 34 Tame
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