

# CASCADES EAST

A skier in mid-air performing a backflip over a snowy mountain landscape under a bright sun. The skier is wearing a dark jacket, red pants, and has red and blue skis. The background shows a vast, snow-covered mountain range under a clear blue sky with a few clouds. A bright sun with rays is positioned behind the word 'EAST' in the title.

RECREATION & ADVENTURE

WINTER 2007

\$4.00

## Extremely Winter

Exploring the frosty landscapes of snow and ice and air.

## Cascade Lifestyles

Eat. Drink. Live.

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I'm standing at the precipice, thinking, *It's only four feet. How hard could it be?* I typically prefer my feet planted squarely on terra firma. I don't do "air." But I'm thinking about the extremes of winter, the leaps of faith, the risks and the passions that drive people beyond their comfort zones. I'm thinking about the snow riders who launch themselves ass-over-tea-kettle backwards, forwards, upside down and shockingly high into the empty air (see *Extremely Winter*, page 28). I'm thinking about the backcountry lovers who strap on their gear, their skis, their backpacks and their kids and then trek uphill in the snow.

I'm thinking about the mountaineers, like Dave McRae, who brave the elements to reach another and another and another impossible summit (see *The Coming Storm*, page 36).

I'm thinking about the photographers who haul their equipment through the sleet and snow to just the right spot. And then they wait ... until a cloud passes, a sun rises, a moment comes. And who then spend hours on Photoshop, working their magic ... as much for what you don't see on the page as for what you do.

I'm thinking about writer Aimee McClinton and photographer Phil Wise who travel to the far reaches of Central Oregon – from Prineville to Sunriver to Camp Sherman – to test and “capture” food, recipes and restaurateurs (see *Soup's On!*, page CL32). (These two have been known to eat five cobb salads in five days.)

I'm thinking about photographer Valorie Webster who's sitting in the snow with the rain drizzling on her camera, waiting waiting waiting without complaint for me to suck it up and jump.

I'm thinking about how the evening hours melt away for graphic designers, who work through lunch and then dinner to change one more detail on one more page ... for the love of their craft ... and this magazine.

I'm thinking about the advertising sales staff who call up strangers on the telephone, day after day, saying, *You've got to see this publication.*

In the spirit of these people, I've come to the ledge. I peer over. I freeze.

Exactly 68 frames imprinted themselves through the lens before I took the leap. And here's the thing: I fell on my butt. And then I got up and did it again.

To all the snow riders who fly through the air, the backcountry skiers who define tenacity, the mere mortals who get up every morning and attack their days with passion and to all the contributors who make *Cascades East* what it is: I jump for you. I jump for joy.



Kyla Merwin Cheney  
Executive Editor, Co-Publisher

