

BY KELLY ORESKOVICH | PHOTOS BY KELLY ORESKOVICH, PATRICK KENNEDY, JOEY SHIH AND JEANNINE DOWNEY



y husband John and I are regular visitors to the Clackamas River corridor east of Estacada and Highway 224 is our Porsche playground. When we saw the West Cascade Scenic Drive scheduled for August 9, 2025 we were excited to return to one of our favorite drives through the forest with equally enthusiastic drivers. It has been years since we have driven the full distance to Detroit Lake on Highway 224/NF46, in part because of the devastating fire that licked through the forest in September 2020 causing significant damage resulting in road closures, and partly because the destruction was too painful to observe. After such a long hiatus, it was time to return to the enchanting West Cascades.

When we arrived at our meeting point at Clackamette Park, Scott Dual was actively checking in drivers and assigning cars to groups. I was delighted to find an assembly of drivers that included couples, men with their best DRIVING mates, lady drivers, and a young family. Altogether there were approximately 30 Porsches of various models and colors, and a gorgeous red Jaguar sport type. Two groups departed the park for the drive and what a beautiful day it was for a sojourn through the hills.

The sunlight was filtering through the fir and deciduous trees and ricocheting off the water as we entered the Clackamas River Corridor east of Estacada, the road winding pleasantly in and around





the small gorge. That morning, white-water rafters punted from their starting points along the river and fishing boats unmoored to loll gently on the river waters at the dam at Promontory Marina, folks just like us out to enjoy summer activities. We crossed Memaloose Bridge and passed Fish Creek. Summer traffic on Highway 224 impacted our ability to increase the pace and engage the car to perform as many visitors were pulling over to Day Parks and camparounds. Once we left our stop at the Ripplebrook Camp Store, however, the driving conditions changed for the better. It was there the Porsches took the fork in the road onto National Forest 46, a road less traveled, and let the horses run. This route provided tight curves, winding stretches, and long straightaways. The road was as varied as the landscape; shady areas where the trees hung over the road, then more expansive areas that showed mountains everywhere and the vast impact of the 2020 burn. Wildflowers were bursting with color and insects were actively flying into the windshield. Standing above it all was the commanding and unmovable presence of Mt. Jefferson, tall, remarkably serene, and still covered with snow.

After the descent, the road leveled out around Breitenbush, careening against the myriad of creeks and water outlets that all lead to Detroit Lake. It was so guiet in the mountains above the lake, contrasted with the sudden appearance of











population. For a short distance we trailed behind a pickup truck with adults bouncing around in the rear bed, they looked mighty uncomfortable although I doubt they cared. They were headed for a day on the water. As we approached the intersection of NF 46 and North Santiam Highway we were greeted with an even greater bustle of activity. Trucks pulling boats heading to the marina, groups of motorcyclists looking to stop for quick snacks and gas at the Mountain High Grocery, passenger vehicles traveling east to west.

Our drive concluded off the highway at the four corners of food carts. The club drive participants parked together in a sizeable lot, creating a beautiful and proud display of sports cars inviting onlookers to stop, admire and ask questions, all looking at the Porsches in Detroit. The food carts served up some delicious food - burgers, tacos - and the beverage corner was the ideal hangout to sit in the shade, enjoy a cold drink, eat, and catch up with friends and fellow drivers.

Such a fantastic drive and such a beautiful day, this is definitely a road I will return to again and again. ■