

Name the sea between Vietnam and the Philippines. Answer below.

WORLD TRAVEL

Heat not enough to discourage Australian trip

When I'm planning a getaway, my thoughts are all about the visuals: the scenery, the architecture, the food.

Considerations about climate take a back seat because you can't control the weather, and besides, you can always dress for it, right?

Now, though, we're contemplating a trip across the northwestern quadrant of Australia, across the Kimberley region.

Friends there have done a similar trip and want to again, and wouldn't we like to come along?

The trip would entail two to three weeks in June in a camper van, trundling across the territory where a compass is perhaps more valuable than a map.

Absolutely! It'll be hot, they added, but nothing like it will be in August. Hot as in the upper 80s, low 90s. And dry—very dry. Little refrigeration, few services.

Checking a weather website turned up an all-too-Aussie description of what to expect: "Daily Kimberley weather forecast: Fine." Hmmmm.

My fine? Or their fine? See, I don't do heat well. In fact, I do it quite badly. It's not the sweating, but the sense of anvils sitting on my head, my shoulders, my sternum that wears me down.

The metaphor of a short fuse is all too apt. I can get crabby, which gives my husband pause. Once we begin, there's no bailing out.

Still, what a thrill to be roaming the Kimberley, seeing animals that don't live in Minnesota: kangaroos up close, saltwater crocodiles at a great distance (or perhaps best in the tourist brochure).

For me, the most memorable trips have involved leaving behind any semblance of daily routine. This would do that, and more. Either way, this one's a memory maker.

Besides, it's not as if the heat will be unrelenting. In some stretches, there's the possibility of frost at night, which would provide a nice balance.

I mean, a fine balance.
—Kerri Westenberg
Minneapolis Star Tribune

TRAVEL TRENDS

Airline tries to tackle long queues

American Airlines is so fed up with the long airport security lines that it is putting up its own money to tackle the problem.

Security lines have been growing, according to the Transportation Security Administration, because the number of screening officers has dropped—caused by a high turnover rate—while the number of air travelers in the U.S. has increased.

Airlines and other travel promoters worry that the security lines will scare off vacationers during the summer travel season.

To help out the cause, Robert Ison, American's chief operating officer, issued a letter to employees saying the Fort Worth, Texas-based airline is spending \$4 million for contract workers who can reduce wait times by performing "non-screening functions like bin running and queue management so that TSA officers can focus solely on screening and security aspects of their jobs."

He added that the long lines are "unacceptable to all of us, and the federal government can, and should, do better."

—Hugo Martin
Los Angeles Times

GEOQUIZ ANSWER

South China Sea. China has been active militarily in trying to expand its influence in the popular shipping route.

—Chicago Tribune

DESTINATIONS

The Gazette

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For some, going to the beach is not enough; Orange County hotels cater to those people with lavish amenities



Above: Two men, attendees at Fishing Camp, fish in the Lost Creek Wilderness in Colorado, southwest of Denver. **Below, top:** The main lodge for Fishing Camp is a restored, upgraded log cabin first built in the 1920s. **Below, bottom:** An eye for authenticity decorated the lodge with furnishings guaranteed to whet the whistle of any western art collector.

Hooked in the Rockies

By Anne Z. Cooke
Tribune News Service

LAKE GEORGE, Colo.—“If you’ve tried three flies and still haven’t hooked one of these guys,” said Scott Tarrant, wading farther out into the Tarryall River, “remember what the old-timers say: Foam is home. Follow the bubbles.”

“Sounds like a beer drinker’s election slogan to me,” said Josh, the group’s self-appointed comedian, peering into the ripples swirling around a fallen tree trunk.

“Bet they weren’t fly-fishermen, either,” said Scott, camp manager at Fishing Camp, a fishing lodge in Colorado’s South Park, three hours from Denver. “Fishermen would know that a line of bubbles is where two currents meet. It’s like a conveyor belt sweeping fish and floating insects together.”

Crossing the river that morning, off for an early run in the Lost Creek Wilderness, I was thinking more about Kit Carson and Jim Bridger than I was about trout. Best-known of the fur trappers and mountain men that explored the Rocky Mountains in the early decades of the 1800s, Carson and Bridger camped in the “mountain paradise” they called South Park and knew it well.

But if it hadn’t been for an invitation to a wedding at the historic Broadmoor Hotel in Colorado Springs, I wouldn’t have been

Turn to **ROCKIES** on Page 2C



Le Pavillon in New Orleans’ Central Business District has been visited by paranormal researchers in search of ghosts.

Tribune News Service



Sense the spirit(s) of New Orleans

Several ghost stories part of Big Easy’s rich culture

By Patti Nickell
Lexington Herald-Leader

NEW ORLEANS—It’s a generally accepted fact that New Orleans is unlike any other American city. Where else will you find people willingly boarding buses marked “Cemeteries”? Where else will voodoo priests and priestesses be lauded as rock stars, their graves decorated with floral tributes? What other city deifies its sinners and names its football team the Saints?

And where will you find stately homes—from the French Quarter to the Garden District to the River Road—offering quite the same testament to a rich, colorful and often haunted history?

If these houses could talk, theirs would be a conversation peppered with tales of lost pi-

rate treasure, doomed love affairs, political intrigue and grisly murders. The elegant facades belie the secrets within their walls and the skeletons noisily clanking in their closets.

At the corner of Governor Nicholls and Royal streets in the French Quarter is the building known simply as “the Haunted House.” In the 1830s it was owned by Delphine LaLaurie, a Creole socialite heralded throughout New Orleans for her glamorous soirees.

She was less well-known—until a fire exposed her horrific secret—for the torture chamber she maintained in the attic to punish her slaves.

Upon discovery of Madame LaLaurie’s perfidy, outraged neighbors razed the mansion, and she and her family fled to France. Later rebuilt, the house is featured on French Quarter ghost tours, with some claiming they can sense the tormented souls of those who perished here.

Turn to **SPIRITS** on Page 3C

Rockies/Existing structures updated for camp

Continued from 1C
 at Fishing Camp at all. Without my dad along, hiking to our favorite mountain streams, learning which fly to use and how to spot the eddies where the trout lurked, fishing wasn't the same.

Especially memorable were his stories, full of memorability recollections about lake fishing in Wisconsin. There was the time he struggled to haul a bass into the rowboat and a mean-looking snapping turtle suddenly lunged up and grabbed it, nearly taking off his finger. Or the one about the raccoon family that poached the pail of bluegills he'd left outside for no more than ten minutes.

After he was gone, the rods and reels went back in the closet for good. Five years later the wedding invitation arrived. And with it came two nights at the legendary Broadmoor, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, a luxury vacation destination popular since the hotel opened in 1918.

Which is where I learned about the Broadmoor's newest venture, three back-country camps inspired by the hotel's new owner, Philip Anschutz, a student and admirer of western traditions and history. With the Rocky Mountains right there in the hotel's backyard, the time was ripe for offering the kind of authentic wilderness and ranch experiences that adventuresome travelers say they want.

Accordingly, the Ranch at Emerald Valley, a cowboy-style outfit at 8,200 feet in the Pike National For-

est, was the first to open, in 2013. Cloud Camp, at 9,200 feet on Cheyenne Mountain, opened the following year. But for Anschutz, who told me he discovered Colorado during the summer vacations his parents organized, the idea of re-creating an old-time fishing lodge, with a big front porch, pine plank floors, rustic log cabins to bunk in and family-style dinners, must have been percolating.

And there it remained, according to a spokesman in Anschutz's office, until he was out for a drive and spotted an abandoned log cabin on a former homestead in South Park, the grassy valley that western scholar and author Bernard DeVoto called a mountain man's "paradise, the last place in the mountains where the old life could be lived to the full." When a little digging indicated that the cabin, on 76 acres, was not only next to one of Colorado's top-rated trout streams but that five miles of the river frontage was private land, Fishing Camp became a reality.

For all its connections with the Broadmoor, Fishing Camp is wonderfully rustic, the kind of place where everyone feels at home. But spartan it isn't. The main lodge, originally a homesteader's cabin, is now restored, rebuilt, re-chinked, reroofed, enlarged and insulated. The lighting and electricity have been upgraded to current standards. Bigger windows let in light and an improved pine board floor resists muddy boots.

Tapestry-sized Navajo rugs hang

THE NITTY GRITTY

South Park is a region consisting of a series of meadows, streams and low peaks west of the Front Range of the Rocky Mountains and east of the Sawatch Range and Collegiate Peaks. Linked by river valleys to Middle Park and North Park, also in Colorado, it provided a thoroughfare for fur trappers traveling from Taos, New Mexico, to Wyoming and Utah.

Fishing Camp, open April 1-Oct. 31, is located on Highway 77 in Park County, Colorado, between Jefferson and Lake George, 3.5 miles south of Tarryall Reservoir. Rates per night for two in a cabin start at about \$800 and include lodging, chef-prepared meals, snacks, coffee and tea, wine and alcoholic beverages, all guiding services, and use of all fishing gear. Half-day and full-day rates are also available. Book reservations at the Broadmoor Hotel, at 719-623-5112, or 844-602-3343, or go to broadmoor.com.

on the walls, surrounded by last century's western memorabilia: snowshoes, buckets, cowboy hats, antlers, several mounted fish, decoy ducks, period lanterns, antique fishing rods, a collection of woven wicker creels, and a canoe and paddle, the last propped overhead on the rafters.

Seven small log cabins, each different and sleeping two to eight guests, have also been updated, with new chinking and insulation. The door frames are old; the doors and screens are new. The rooms were small; the new rooms have been rearranged to add more space. Upgraded lighting, comfy sofas and chairs, and framed 1930s magazine ads, promoting rods and reels, continue the theme. Some cabins have private baths. Three of the smallest—like so many 1950s and '60s wilderness camps—share a single bath house. As for the wood frame screen door on my cabin, it swung shut with a comfortable "thunk."

With a limit of 22 guests at any

one time, Fishing Camp's isolation, at the foot of the Lost Creek Wilderness, and its private stretch of river frontage really is "your father's fishing stream." You could spend all day walking along the bank, soaking up the scenery and the solitude. The fact is that the proliferation of highways, public parks, campgrounds and tourist trails have made distant trout streams more accessible, and therefore more crowded.

For experts, the Tarryall's turns and twists offer enough eddies, pools, snags and white water to challenge any skill level. And though Tarrant and his guides are catch-and-release sportsmen by choice, "Fishing Camp is a stream-to-table resort," he says. If you yearn for that old-time taste of wild rainbow trout, just caught and fried in butter, just ask.

As for eager beginners, you won't be bored holding a rod and watching a fishing line that never wiggles. Tarrant, who can snare a trout nearly on command, is a repository of

facts about the climate, stream action, native insects and when they fly, and what a trout thinks as it rests in a quiet eddy. Even after all these years, I learned how to cast more effectively with less effort (and without throwing out my shoulder) and to pay attention to what's hatching that day.

Clearly, luring a fighting rainbow onto a hook is what Fishing Camp is all about. But don't stay away just because you don't fish. Bring the family fisherman along, and while he/she is catching dinner, take the car and explore South Park.

If you don't want to hike, ask about four-wheel jeep trails into the Lost Creek Wilderness, where a network of trails go from one photo op to the next: arresting rock formations, eagles' nests, marshy meadows, sage-covered sunny slopes and half-ruined pioneer cabin sites. Wannabe cowboys can take a guided horseback ride at Tarryall River Ranch, just off the highway, three miles south of Fishing Camp.

Also in the vicinity is a classic one-room school house, built in 1921, standing on the same site where its predecessor, built in 1898, once stood. Painted bright white, it perches on a small rise, a voice from a vanished age, like the fur trappers and like Ma and Pa in The Little House series of books, by Laura Ingalls Wilder. For the stories that paved the way for the Ingalls pioneering years, read Kit Carson and Jim Bridger's diaries, tales of South Park and beyond.



Clockwise from top left: Pools and rapids on the 40-mile long Tarryall River offer a variety of fishing adventures. Contemplate the wilderness from two rocking chairs on a log-cabin porch at Fishing Camp in Park County, Colorado. Classic wove-wicker and straw creels help to keep caught fish aerated. An angler casts for trout above a set of Tarryall River rapids on a private five-mile stretch of river available for the camp's use. Guide Scott Tarrant and a guest take part in an old tradition: celebrating the first catch of the day.

Tribune News Service photos