

summer entertaining

●●●●●● No other phrase garners quite the same show of empathy and universal understanding. Listeners' heads tilt, they nod, purse their lips and sigh. "I've been there," they seem to say, as their pitying gaze sneaks from your eyes to your hair. ¶ When it comes down to it, the search for the perfect salon and stylist is really the search for an end to bad hair days. The right cut and color can make you feel confident, ●●●●● proud, sexy. Much like your wardrobe, your hairstyle is a reflection of your personality. But unlike your clothes, you can't take it off if it looks bad, so you had better be sure you wear it well. ¶ "Your hair defines on the outside who you are as a person," explains Joe Carling, owner of Mode, a laid-back bou



● ON MYRAH (LEFT): WENDY HIL THREE-QUARTER-SLEEVE PINK AND GREEN JACKET WITH FLOWER PIN, \$248; LOU LIE GREEN CHIFFON SKIRT WITH SIDE LACING, \$160; BOTH FROM SELECT NORDSTROM STORES. MICHELE WATCHES PINK ALLIGATOR-STRAP WATCH WITH DIAMONDS, \$995; JIMMY CHOO PINK RAFFIA SLIDES WITH CALFSKIN TRIM, \$435; BOTH FROM NORDSTROM DOWNTOWN. ● ON NOREE: MILLY STRAPLESS PINK, GREEN AND BROWN RIBBON-PRINT COTTON DRESS, \$320; RALPH LAUREN PINK CASHMERE CABLE-KNIT SWEATER, \$398; BOTH FROM JERI RICE (421 UNIVERSITY ST.; 206.624.4000). MANOLO BLAHNIK PINK ANKLE-STRAP HEELS, \$485, FROM NORDSTROM DOWNTOWN.





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Mount Baker Highway

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Mount Baker is shielded by its spectacular 9,127-foot cousin, Mount Shuksan, which juts in and out of the Douglas firs as we stop twice along the river. And though Shuksan appears close, by the time we cross into the town of Glacier—the highway's final outpost before entering the Mount Baker–Snoqualmie National Forest—we finally comprehend, with 25 miles to go, why they call this a “day trip.” We're told the town's several overnight options are the last places to pay for sleep between here and Baker, save for campgrounds 3 and 13 miles east.

Enormous hemlocks and western red cedars engulf us, and the river rides shotgun just as Church Mountain's southern edge comes into view. Near the 40th milepost we follow Wells Creek Road for a half mile detour to Nooksack Falls. hit the road.

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While it's not a secret how Goat Mountain up ahead got its name, June's morning chill may be keeping the animals from ascending this early in the day. But *we* get vertical soon after a sign indicates SWITCHBACKS and DROP-OFFS and CLIFFS, subtle warnings that come ten miles we'll be 3,200 feet higher.

When Mount Shuksan takes flight to the east we know we're close. Five miles to go and the alpine surroundings of Heather Meadows are stunning: Shuksan glistens in the waters of Picture Lake as we stretch with

a half-mile walk around the encircling trail. We ride the corkscrew to Artist Point, winding east and west and east again, taming the narrowing asphalt. Cliffs dangle on Karalyn's side of the ride, and autos descend from the opposite direction, competing for minimal blacktop.

The road ends at a parking lot, and we are standing at 5,140 feet. Twice as high is Mount Baker, observable for the first time today on the Highway, the sunlight bouncing off its glacier-encrusted slope. We take comfort in the warmth and take in 360-degree views of Baker, Shuksan and the Shuksan Arm. We've been all over the state—from Diablo Lake to Hurricane Ridge, from the Columbia River Gorge to the San Juans—but the robust splendor of Artist Point, and the Mount Baker Highway, may be unrivaled. From a penned-in (read: *American*) setting where cameras appear mandatory, we watch 100 feet of glacier headwaters bursting their way to the rocky gorge below.

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