

## *Moments on the Road — Beginning October 1, 2018*

October 1, 2018      WHERE ARE WE GOING? NO PLAN TRAVELING

Hard to believe that only four months ago my pneumonia had weakened me so much that we needed Kyle to drive me to the cabin. Grandsons Max and Kyle put the boat together and launched it. They helped me on board for the first sail. I won't report the summer...a book of stories by itself

We've done four great months at our summer headquarters on Puget Sound. It's been a healing time for each of us. Summer ending here. Time to move into fall. Jean says it's time to go. So we took our summer stuff to leave in Corvallis where we would re-pack for our traditional fall road trip.

We said we'd start somewhere on October 1. And we did. Not early, but we had the car loaded to go by 10:00 a.m. First stop was for a late breakfast sandwich at Safeway and Starbucks. Told the barista that we were home from four months away and now leaving until late October. *"Do you ever spend time in Corvallis?"* I add up months here and there. 4 months at our summer headquarters, 5 months in Corvallis and three months somewhere else. October 1 was one of those times "somewhere else."

A brief stop was AAA for current booklets and maps. No plan in mind as I took highway 20 toward the Oregon Coast. Highway 20 crosses the whole continent. We'll try the last 45 miles to the Pacific. Nice driving. Passed one car, none passed us. The "new section" by-passing some narrow and dangerous roadway was great. Cruising fine until red lights stopped us. The left turn-off lane was open toward Toledo. I knew the road so escaped the stopped line-up and enjoyed a nice winding drive without traffic along the river and bay into Newport. We never knew the reason for our detour, but since we had no plan, the detour became our plan.

We chose to take 101 North from Newport. Busy this time of the year we thought. Don't people have to work anymore, or go to school? A bit of drizzle as we came into Depot Bay. It was past noon. Our breakfast sandwich had got us this far but hunger asked for more. So we stopped in Depot Bay and located the rest rooms.

Our parking place one block up the hill at Depoe Bay overlooking the ocean was a great place for lunch and whale-watching! We opened the second breakfast sandwich Jean bought at Safeway that morning. We're not really "cheap". We could afford to pay more. We're "tycoons", wise old ducks manage to have a few bucks left over sometimes. The breakfast sandwiches with Safeway discounts were only \$2.18. They are so big that we always share one. We also share a Starbucks. As gold card customers we get a refill to go for free! Not bragging, just explaining.

I noticed that the sidewalks on the tourist shop side of the street were crowded and that the side toward the ocean where whales were spouting was not crowded. We saw some spout and at least one surface and roll for us as we sat in our car for lunch. Boats loaded with whale-watchers paying for the same view we had from shore rolled on. Time for a 7 minute "nap-along" before going on.

Nearing two p.m. We try for driving days to shut down before 4. The question was not where but how long until we needed to find our shut down place. We could easily make Pacific City under our time limit. We ended up at the Inn at Cape Kiwanda. A perfect destination to end a day on the road. A good waterfront pub and grub where we could see surfers. Then a sunset view from our room. A good start.

October 2, 2018 LIFE IS AN UNFOLDING EVERPRESENT DESTINATION

A nice morning and peaceful Pacific at Cape Kiwanda. I noticed a high wall holding back the dune on the north edge of the beach area. The place is noted for fishing boats launching into the surf right off the sandy beach. I remembered that friend Greg Peterson had engineered the construction of that wall a few years ago. It's still there.

Cape Kiwanda at Pacific City is several miles on the ocean side of Highway 101. There are occasional roads that run along the ocean most people never see. They are often very lightly travelled. They also give wonderful views. We stayed on one such road as we continued our wandering.

You eventually have to get back on 101 which is one of the "must do" highways in America. It is often full of traffic, but usually not congested. Driving the speed limit or a bit more is fairly common. Even trucks and RV's move right along most of the time. It's one of those highways that often slows and goes right through small coastal towns. Lots of tourist attractions. Popular vacation spots for people from the whole world, but heavily from I-5 corridor residents. The 101 coast areas of Oregon are an easy drive from Eugene, Corvallis, Salem, and Portland. The same is true when you get on into Washington.

We saw many small boats fishing for salmon. The open season is not predictable. Some areas are closed to protect different runs of fish. I mentioned occasional places where I remembered fishing in past years. Lots of people stop at the Tillamook Cheese Factory.

Astoria is the last city on 101 in Oregon. Washingtonians fill the parking lots of Fred Meyers, Costco and other major stores because Oregon has no sales tax. We find Fred Meyers a great place for bathroom stops and finding a snack of some sort. We liked the deli salad bar where we filled our little boxes with what we wanted and paid by the pound. Our salads weighed out at about \$2.50 each. Starbucks had tables where we enjoyed our lunch and shared a coffee.

Time to cross over the Astoria Bridge into Washington. Ships cross the Columbia Bar here to head up the river. Lots of shipwrecks. Jean called my brother, Kirby, in Long Beach to tell him we were coming to his town for a motel and a bit of a rest. He would, of course, insist on taking us to one of our mutual favorite dining spots for supper. We try to visit at least once a year but we hadn't seen each other for a couple of years so had lots to talk about. It's the first time we've been together since our brother, Avery, died.

This trip was not aimed at visiting people, but there are exceptions. We find that we need more rest than in former travelling days. This was a "two-nap-along" day with a longer nap upon arrival. Then time to talk and eat before an early bedtime. Jean had negotiated a very fine room, our second of the trip. No view of the ocean like yesterday, just sand dunes covered with tall grass.

**October 3, 2018 THE OYSTERVILLE KID RE-VISITS A LITTLE KNOWN PLACE  
AND ENDS UP AT QUINAULT LODGE**

I am sitting in a very nice room at the Lake Quinault Lodge trying to remember today. We left Long Beach on the Willapa Peninsula. We had taken an after-breakfast walk along the oceanfront boardwalk. Cars can drive on the beach for about 25 miles. I remember doing that when we lived in Oysterville before boardwalks. Very few people go to Oysterville or know about it.

We were not far from Oysterville. Not along anyone's usual route but a historic little place near the end of that peninsula. It features an historic church where we attended when our family lived there for a year in the midst of the Great Depression. One of our cousins, Susan Holway, still lives in the old family home where her father, Ted Holway, developed a successful oyster business. I still like oysters.

We did a fly-by visit with Susan and a drive-by visit of that historic church. It was open but we didn't go in. I participated in a memorial service there a few years ago for Virginia Holway, Susan's mother, one of the Oysterville old-timers.

We drove back down the peninsula from Oysterville until the highway cut east to re-connect with 101. The road skirts the bay for many miles. It's a good, winding road that goes over some coastal forest ranges. There are a number of passing lanes so that traffic is not slowed by the log trucks or RV's. I kept thinking of our sport car years and how much Paul Pritchard would be liking all these winding roads. I was going to report that there was scenery everywhere but guess I won't.

A County Park sign attracted us. Only 3 and ½ miles off our highway to a little oyster town. The park was well-maintained and had clean rest rooms. A perfect place for our late-morning nap-along. Seven minutes max this time before we were off again to rejoin 101. A sign urged us to return to I-5 but we bore left through Aberdeen and Hoquiam. Memories from both those places. We should have stopped for lunch but decided to go "little farther." The Lake Quinault Lodge became our night-time destination.

Lake Quinault is nearly due west from our summer place on Puget Sound. Hood Canal and the Olympic Mountain range and forest lie in between. The Olympic National Park was my growing up vacation land. Our family with four of us boys all tented in many of the areas around the peninsula. I remember catching my first fish fly-fishing on the Quinault River. That had to be around 80 years ago!

Jean chose a room overlooking the lake. We had been there 8 or 10 years ago. I thought maybe it was one of our anniversary years. We've had so many you know. We were tired and my throat was beginning to get sore. Time for my afternoon nap. We opted for a pizza instead of dining at the lodge. We ate watching a sunset over the lake.

October 4, 2018 NO DRIVING TODAY

. It wasn't the best night I've had but my throat was better as the night wore on. Jean had already decided to book us in for a second night. I didn't argue. No driving. A sort of day off.

The night was healing. I felt like breakfast in the lodge. The breakfast scramble which we divided. Good toast, which is always surprising.

Lots of hiking trails from the lodge. One looped up into the rain forest, about two miles of wonderful trail, narrow, gently climbing and descending amidst towering Spruce. The trail cut through hundreds of fallen trees. It must have been a great windstorm. It's great to breathe fresh air purified by thick mossy forest.

This lodge was built in 1926. In the days our family visited the area we just drove by such places. Only the rich could stay there. The rest of us camped in the plentiful public camp grounds. We were happy then. Now, here we are in our second visit to this historic place. We are not unmindful of our fortunate situation. We also remember this as a special place for the Quinault people. One of their long dug-out spruce canoes offers at least a passing nod to these original people. They liked it too. We ate left-over last night's lodge Pizza for lunch. The afternoon had plenty of time for a nap, then writing. Jean did some reading and was out for a walk. We will dine in the lodge tonight.

**October 5, 2018 ALMOST FORGOTTEN MEMORIES AS PART OF UNPLANNED DESTINATIONS**

**Last night's dinner at the lodge was duck. I don't think I have ever had duck. Delicious. We shared of course. The appetizer was a small dish of artistically arranged oysters. Five stacked together very small oysters. This Oysterville kid was not impressed. We were remembering our last oysters fresh off our beach at the cabin. One should not compare...alas.**

**It was drizzly this morning when we finally hit the road. No destination of course. Actually, there is no other choice but to go forward unless you choose to go back. Highway 101 goes completely around the Olympic mountains and the Olympic peninsula rejoining I-5 at Olympia. It was 11 already so we'll see where three hours takes us. I am sure you could drive the whole circuit in a day if you didn't stop.**

**I'm still impressed with this highway. Very long straight stretches well-paved with 60 mph limits except for a few curves. I was remembering the time I sailed with Brian Cleary on the first leg of their trip to the South Pacific. It's a rugged coast along here with no real port until Westport on Grays Harbor. My part of the trip was in rough seas with waves breaking over the boat. Brian and Judy were down below seasick so I stayed upside with another crew until we reached Westport. I finished my part of their journey at Newport, Oregon. We had just come from there on highway 101. Spectacular however you go.**

**We stopped at Forks, noted for its annual heavy rainfall. Upwards to 100 inches as I remember. 3500 people or so live here. It's a very modern looking old town. They have a good public transportation station and rest stop. We found a large grocery deli with makings for a lunch that we ate in our car. Then we rocked seats back for our only nap-along of the day. Maybe 15 minutes.**

**Along the way we saw signs leading up the Hoh River into the heart of the Olympic rain forest. We've been there and urge anyone travelling this way to take that side trip. I remember many of these places from my boyhood vacations with my brothers and our parents. As we passed the Soleduck Hot Springs sign I recalled a vacation during WWII when our family carried blankets, eating utensils, a tent and all our stuff on the ferry from Seattle to a bus that dropped us off at the Soleduck road. The transportation to the camp-ground never showed up but a man with a flat-bed truck gave us a ride to the campground.**

**The highway stirred many almost forgotten memories. I had forgotten how big Lake Crescent is. The highway winds close to the lake for quite a few miles. A 35-mile-per-hour speed limit most of the way. But soon we were going into Port Angeles. Jean has already scouted out a promising destination for us. She said it was by the waterfront.**

**A Safeway was on our way. It had gas as well as a deli. Our last fuel stop was back in Corvallis. That was over 500 miles ago. Our average mpg for the trip was 30.4.**

**Jean found a Red Lion Hotel she liked. I could not remember any motels by the waterfront. We followed our car computer directions onto a crowded one-way street until we saw the sign and driveway to the Red Lion Hotel. The area was packed with cars and people. The Annual Crab Fest was headquartered at our motel. Jean found another great room with a view to the ferry landing. Whale-watching is a big industry. There are fewer than 80 Orcas in their southern region be seen now. They need lots of Chinook salmon which are not as plentiful as they need to be.**

**The ferry to Victoria docks here. In past years we have parked our car and walked on during one of our visits to Victoria. Think downtown Port Angeles to downtown Victoria by boat. Well worth the trip. We did a walkthrough of the crab festival and brought a crab cocktail back to our room for happy hour. We watched that tour boat land and depart as we ate. The sun was soon down and so were we. I was tired.**

October 6, 2018      **SHOULD WE FIND A DOCTOR OR GO HOME?**

*“When your journey is “doing whatever comes next” side-trips are listed as part of the journey.”*

The truth is that I've been having some kind of respiratory problem. Lots of Kleenexes and interruptions of sleep. My over-the-counter treatments haven't done much. A bit worrisome on the road, reminding me of the weeks before my pneumonia hospitalization last spring. I know my doctor would want to see me if I were home. He had told me not to wait so long before contacting him if I had similar symptoms. Hmmm. I found myself seriously considering a direct return to Corvallis.

It wasn't a great night, but I felt pretty good in the morning. I decided to feel better. We were not far from that Safeway where we had stopped for gas. We remembered that it had Starbucks and breakfast sandwiches just like we had before leaving Corvallis. We decided to walk up the hill from the waterfront for our breakfast. Only 3 or 4 long blocks. Our pedometer showed about 3500 steps round trip. I thought maybe I was good to go. So we went. The walk was fine, maybe a bit slow.

Our check-out time was 11. We stayed until 10:59. After all, it was a view room right on the water. We had seen the sun rise. I spotted Mount Baker in the Washington North Cascades. We saw a freighter loaded with logs headed west on the Straits of Juan de Fuca toward the Pacific. We saw another freighter heading toward Seattle loaded shipping containers. Whale-watch boats were going out. The ferry from Astoria was in sight. A sailboat had docked when I wasn't looking. So many sights but miles to go...somewhere.

We were close to Sequim (say “Skwim”) noted for moderate weather with little rain. They say all the rain falls on Forks. Anyway it is sheltered from the Pacific by Olympic Mountains already dusted with snow.

My mind was on my health. Should I quit this trip? Should I head back to my doctor in Corvallis? Should I try to find an urgent care place? Last time my family got me to go to Urgent Care I ended up at the hospital in Emergency and then into the hospital for four days. I didn't want to do that again.

We tried to get the Costco Pharmacy to recommend something for my wheezy cough. The pharmacist said I needed to see a doctor. He directed us to an Urgent Care place. It's called a “Walk In Clinic” here. They ended up telling me that my lungs were clear so I didn't have to worry about Pneumonia but that I should do what I had been doing for my allergy symptoms. When your journey is “doing whatever comes next” such side-trips are listed as part of the journey.

Onward around the Olympic Peninsula on 101 now heading south. The Olympic Mountains were now to the West of us. Hood Canal was East of us. A brief nap-along break beside Hood Canal across from Bangor where Nuclear submarines live.

With our four p.m. deadline ahead and no appealing destinations on the map. EXCEPT we were only an hour and 45 minutes from our cabin. Guess what?

Supper in our own cabin, sleep in our own bed. My best sleep in a week, only up once to clear my nose and drainage system. A hot shower in the morning. Hot home-brewed coffee and our simple breakfast. Just what the doctor ordered. I think this concludes Part I of our fall travels.

(PS A beach neighbor called to tell us they were leaving their Sunday paper for us in our box up on the road. I'm not sure I want to read what I already know is in today's news.)

**Part II may follow in a few days**