

# NORTHWEST USA 2018

By Ken McNaughton

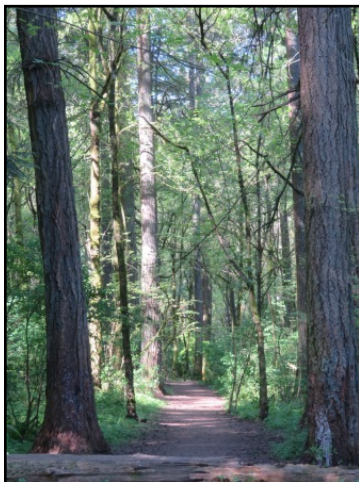
*At the end of April 2018 I spent three days with my son Aurelius around Gresham, Oregon, and three days with my daughter Candace around Seattle, Washington.*

On Tuesday 24<sup>th</sup> our Boeing 737 skirted east of Mt. Hood, a potentially active strato-volcano fifty miles (80 km) east-southeast of Portland and rising to 11,240 feet (3,426 m). It has had four major eruptions in the last 15,000 years, and looked spectacular in the midday spring sunshine.



I stayed at Forest Springs Bed & Breakfast in Gresham. The historic Heiney House, nestled in 2-1/2 wooded acres (0.84 ha), was built in 1908 and still has most of its original cedar siding. It is operated by Todd Patterson, who makes an excellent breakfast, and Barbara Mortimer, who has planted 100 trees in the garden to supplement the old-growth forest. I had a couple of hours to explore downtown Gresham, including the Tsuru Island Japanese Garden.

My accommodations were only a five-minute drive from the house where Aurelius is staying with his friend Roxy, her mother Miriam and step-father Alan. They live adjacent to a branch of the Springwater Trail Corridor—a 21-mile-long (38 km) bicycle-and-pedestrian rail-trail



running from Boring through Gresham to Portland—and across the street from Binford Lake. [Roxy is a superb photographer of natural and wild life.](#)

Aurelius and I had not seen one another since I visited him in Kaua'i three years prior; we had dinner at the nearby Shari's Café to catch up. On Wednesday morning I walked some trails in the 611-acre (204 ha) Powell Butte



Nature Park. Powell Butte is an extinct volcanic cinder cone just ten minutes away, surrounded by old growth forest. In the afternoon Roxy guided us along Scenic Route 30—the first planned scenic roadway in the US—to an excellent view of the mighty Columbia River Gorge at Chanticleer Point, officially known as the Portland Women’s Forum Scenic Viewpoint.



Our next stop was at the hexagonal stone 1918 Vista House, perched on a rocky promontory 733 feet (223 m) above the gorge, where we took photos and toured the museum and gift shop.



For lunch we crossed the river to McMenamins *Edgefield*, an entertainment and lodging complex developed by two brothers. We explored some of the sites on the 73-acre (24 ha) campus, including a basement winery, a glass-blowing furnace and the Little Red Shed and Grove, and settled in the Courtyard of the Black Rabbit Restaurant for lunch.

In the evening Aurelius and I ventured into downtown Portland to revisit Santeria, a Mexican restaurant where he used to assist the owners Wade and Rebecca. Portland prides itself on being “weird” and one of Santeria’s claims to fame is being adjoined to [Mary’s Club](#), celebrating its 60<sup>th</sup> year under three generations of female family management. The exotic dancers often enter the club through the less-obvious Santeria and three went by our table on their way to work. The shared restroom is actually in the club and when I visited after our meal, I saw a few men playing video games at the back and one girl on stage talking with some customers. Santeria supplies all the food at Mary’s and also at another restaurant across the street.



On Thursday morning I visited the 46-acre (15 ha) Hogan Butte Nature Park, which was opened in September 2017 and includes an interpretive ½-mile loop trail. Then I found a 1-1/2-mile loop hike on Gabbert Butte. The Boring Lava Field is an extinct volcanic field with at least 32 cinder cones and small volcanoes near Boring, Oregon, and centered four miles east of downtown Portland. It is named for the nearby town of Boring, itself named for William Harrison Boring, a Union soldier and pioneer who settled there in 1856. Boring is “paired” with Dull, Scotland, and Bland in New South Wales, Australia.



Aurelius and I picked up some delicatessen items and drinks and headed half an hour east to the Oxbow Regional Park for a picnic lunch. This is built around a large rounded M-shaped bend in the Sandy River, a 56-mile (90 km) tributary of the Columbia River that joins fourteen miles upstream of Portland. We found a table on a grassy field above a



river bend and enjoyed a peaceful lunch in dappled sunshine, with very little traffic and no other people. After lunch we scrambled down to the rocky shore and were surprised to be joined by Ally, a young girl who is studying graphic design at Portland University. Aurelius thought to ask her for a photo of the two of us. For a farewell dinner, Aurelius, Roxy and I went to the Bollywood Theater, nine miles closer to town, where we enjoyed fine Indian food at an outdoor table and were entertained, when

we individually visited the restroom, with Bollywood music videos on a large wall screen.

Interstate No. 5 is a direct link between Portland and Seattle but I wanted to see if there were any interesting places halfway between, where Aurelius and Candace might want to meet up some day. On historic Market Boulevard in Chehalis there were a couple of restaurants and a fascinating event space called [City Farm](#). Scott Forsman has been trying to restore this former theater for twelve years and has assembled an extraordinary collection of art pieces from around the world, including a red sandstone wall from Petra, Jordan. It is due to open for weddings and concerts in the summer. In Centralia I had an excellent lunch at Dawn’s Delectables on Tower Avenue, right across from the impressive Rectangle Gallery. The Amtrak station is right behind.

In Seattle I stayed at the Bed & Breakfast Inn on East Denny Street and met with Candace for dinner at The Harvest Vine, a Basque restaurant on the same block as her naturopathy practice.





On Saturday morning I walked a two-mile loop in the 230-acre (77 ha) Washington Park Arboretum—otherwise known as the University of Washington Botanic Gardens—for free, then paid a small fee to marvel at the 3-1/2-acre Japanese Garden. I entered just behind three Japanese men dressed in impressive black robes and carrying colored umbrellas. They had arrived to prepare for a tea ceremony in the afternoon. I followed the scenic Lake Washington Boulevard

down to Lake Washington, where I had a decaf cappuccino at Starbucks.



Candace and I had a Vietnamese lunch at The Tamarind Tree, where we ran into Leah, a friend of hers. For dinner we went to Vito's, and sat, by request, in front of the grand piano, where Jerry Zimmerman, a mainstay in Seattle for nearly fifty years, played a nostalgic set from the Great American Songbook. He responded immediately when I requested Green Dolphin Street, and delivered a beautiful rendition.

We went on to the Annex Theatre, where Candace's friend Scotto Moore mounted an *a capella* science-fiction musical called "Silhouette." A bunch of rebels are hanging out in the galaxy, hidden by an imaginary curtain, when a scout ship from The Fleet crashes in, carrying its pilot Aurelia (*which is the female equivalent of the name Aurelius*), played winningly by aspiring actress Miranda Troutt. All but one of the actors were female; the Fleet Commander was of indeterminate gender; the entire book was sung like an opera; the actors not on stage provided a catchy doo-wop backing, including a persistent bass line provided by the single male when he was not making a rare appearance up front. Scotto wrote the book, music and lyrics; co-arranged the vocals; and co-directed. Candace reunited with him backstage just before the play began.

She met him at Burning Man in the Nevada Desert, which she attended four times, and quite a few of her Burning Man friends attended this second night of the performance. It was especially poignant, because they had just learned of the death of co-founder, main spokesperson and political strategist, Larry Harvey, who died that day, April 28<sup>th</sup>. An exhibition of Burning Man art had just opened in Washington DC, centered on the Renwick Gallery, with major installations at various points around the city, so I plan to



visit and produce a photo essay about that. I connected with another Burning Man friend of Candace's, Ramez ("Mez") Naam, a professional technologist and award-winning science-fiction writer, while we waited in line at intermission; he said that Burning Man changed his life.



On Sunday morning I drove to the 703-acre (235 ha) University of Washington campus by the shores of Union and Portage Bays. There were not many people around; it seemed



like a long time since I had attended university. I spoke to a white-haired lady from South Korea who was very proud of being a student over the age of sixty. It had recently been

announced that North Korea and South Korea were to unite, but she said this was just talk, to annoy President Trump. One highlight of my visit was coming across a rabbit in a secluded garden; perhaps it escaped from the Biology lab. Most of the food venues were closed, so I stopped for a decaf cappuccino at the on-campus Henry Art Gallery.

For lunch Candace and I drove to Duke's Seafood & Chowder House at the West Seattle Alki Beach, with fine window views across Puget Sound to the ferries and the mountains. Afterwards we strolled along the broad walk above the sandy beach, where ladies played volleyball in their bathing suits. It was reminiscent of Venice Beach, California, with all sorts of people out enjoying the spring weather.



For dinner, Candace arranged a party of seven at Soi, a Thai restaurant. The others were Monica, Brad and Teresa, and Heather (pronounced "Heater") and Ron Buie. Ron was the 2016 Western Governors University Summer Commencement Speaker and you can watch his six-minute speech "[From Acupuncturist to Health Informatics](#)." Ron and I made contact as we walked to the Stimson-Green Mansion for the final performance, by the Horse in Motion Company, of an immersive Hamlet production. In the waiting room, we met up with two other friends of Candace—Lars and Jenny Liden.

For the play the audience members were divided into two groups of twenty—the wedding party and the funeral party. We followed our leader into the garden where three players had seen the ghost at Elsinore Castle. After each scene we were gently guided into another area of the mansion, where we were introduced to the other members of the play as Hamlet unfolded. Two casts were performing the entire play simultaneously for the two audience groups in different parts of the house. Sometimes we were combined in one large room, and here it became challenging. Two Hamlets might appear, taking alternate lines. Some players had more than one role. There were times when a man was playing a woman, speaking to a woman playing a man. However, things were brought to the appropriate conclusion, with everyone finishing up dead. The Mansion is primarily of Tudor and Gothic revival, but its eclectic styles also range through Moorish, Romanesque, Neoclassical, and Renaissance influences, which lent drama to Shakespeare's account of the Danish tragedy. Candace, Monica and I shared a Lyft home, the first time I had used this Uber copycat. Candace lives in the Central District, close to Downtown, Seattle University and Capitol Hill, and it was possible to walk to many venues.

On previous visits to the area I had driven via Interstate 5 and the Pacific Coast. This time I decided to drive from Seattle to Portland through the mountains. Interstate 5 curves west toward the coast, but I drove directly south through Puyallup and Eatonville to Morton, with National Forest constantly to the east and the ranges surrounding the active strato-volcano Mt. Rainer, at 14,411 ft (4,392 m). The road was up- and down-hill, at times winding and twisting, at other times passing through pleasant grasslands, and sometimes carrying trucks with loads of freshly felled timber. The bright green grass, dappled green trees, dark sky and peacefully grazing cattle made a breathtaking sight.

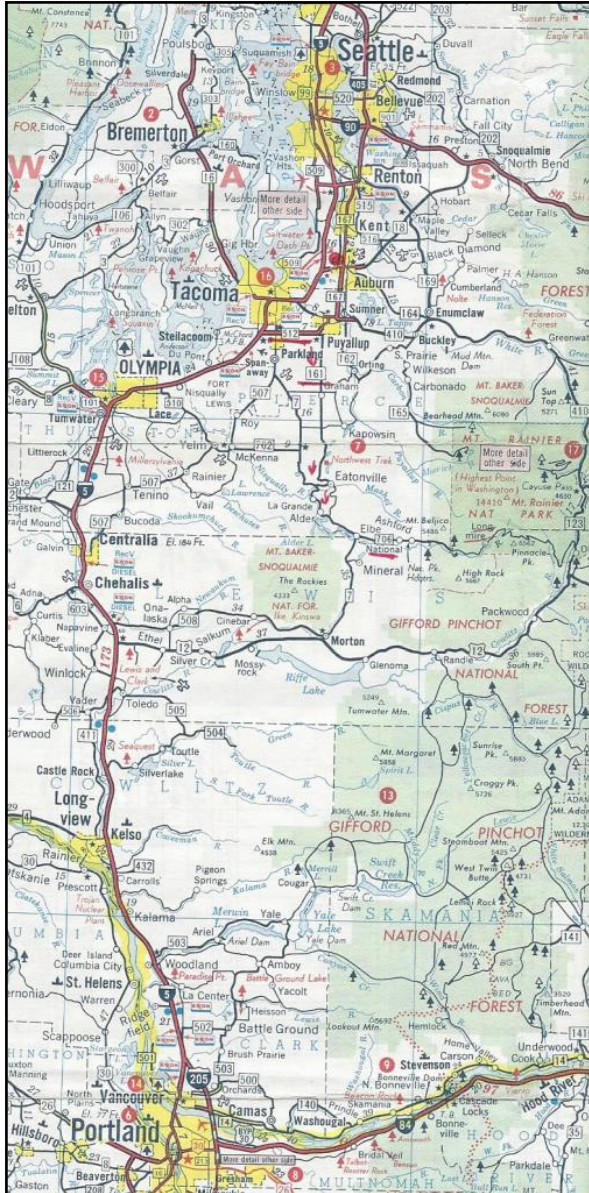


After lunch at Rivers Coffeehouse and Bistro I headed seventeen miles (27 km) east to Randle. I looked north at the peaks shrouded in mist, and went to the banks of the glassy-surfaced Cowlitz River, swollen with ice- and snow-melt. It is 105 miles (169 km) long, not counting tributaries, and drains a large region, including the slopes of Mt. Rainier, Mt. Adams and Mt. St. Helens, into the Columbia River.

After driving a mile south on Route 25 I began to wonder if I had seen a sign back on Route 12 that said Route 25 was closed. I turned around and, sure enough, it said Route 25 was closed. I drove west a mile more and checked at the Ranger







Station. Yep! All the routes through the Gifford Pinchot National Forest were snowed in. In fact, they didn't generally open until July! Wow! And I thought I had done good research! I drove seventeen miles west back to Morton, 37 miles further west to I5, and made a long trip south until I turned east again on Route 503.

At Ariel I came across Lake Merwin, part of a hydroelectric project on the Lewis River. I followed the northern shore of the dam to Yale and turned south through Amboy before stopping for dinner at Grandma's Kitchen in the Chelatchie Prairie General Store.

I have been very active in the Clan Macnachten Association Worldwide for ten years and have worked closely with the Chairman, Peter McNaughton, who lives nearby in Yacolt, Oregon. I told Peter I would be coming through his area but didn't expect to have time to stop. And indeed, I wanted to return my rental car at Portland Airport and have another snack before the long red-eye flight home. But as I was approaching Yacolt, a brilliant rainbow appeared in the dark sky. It seemed like a good omen.



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