

From Oregon Official Travel Guide by the Oregon Economic Development Department, Tourism Division.

US101 runs 400 miles (640kms) from Astoria down to the border between Oregon and California close along the Pacific Coast. Judging from the maps of the preceding two pages, we can realize how scenic the Oregon Coast is. I counted the number of state parks on the 400 miles coast, there were 35 parks.

There could be seen all kinds of maritime sceneries, such as beaches, points, capes, promontories, coves, bays, cliffs, crags, river mouths, dunes, shoals, spits, tidelands, etc.....

And also I could see a lot of wild birds, animals, sea lions, whales or giant trees etc.....



Generally speaking, winds from the Pacific Ocean blew up to the coast ranges and made thick fogs all of a sudden, the view was interrupted in a



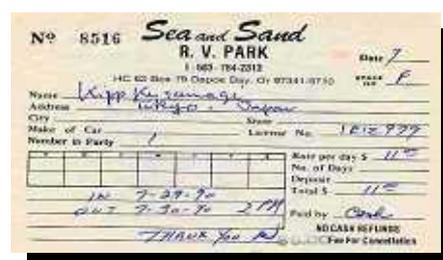
moment. I was not used to this kind of thick fog, I drove slowly with the speed under 40 miles an hour. But some cars ran after me with high head lights on and left me behind on the US101 winding along the brinks.



(1204)

I was going to stop at a public campground, Devil s Lake State Park near Lincoln City, which was an about 110 mile drive from last Kila Hana Campground. But the thick fog prevented me from finding it. The visual field was only ten or twenty meters, then, I drove at the speed less than twenty miles an hour.

I was driving a few miles south on US101, when I saw a big signboard of RV park **SEA AND SAND RV PARK**. The owner used to be an American GI who had been stationed at the Atugi Bases 23 years before. He was cheerful, talkative and friendly, and asked many things about Atugi and Japan thereafter.



The campground was adjacent to US101 which had busy traffic day and night. I was afraid if I could have a fast sleep. After pitching my tent, I went back to Lincoln City to take dinner. Oh! I could find the signboard of public campground **Devil s Lake State Park** which I missed because of thick fog. But It was too late!

July 30th (Monday)

The traffic on highway 101 at the night before might not have been very busy, I could have a good sleep and I woke up being refreshed, I left my campsite at 7:15 and dropped in at the office. The ex-GI, the manager was already there and got me a cup of coffee and some cookies. He spoke in broken Japanese, more worth than my broken English. I felt a little bored with his endless talk, and then I wanted to think about that day s itinerary quietly.

After a while, I said good by to ex- GI, and took US101 south. I forgot why the memo of that day was written rather in detail. I wrote it as it was.

Foul weather 07:50 9481 miles

The place of origin of Oregon history

Museum building: on the blink,700ft high but not yet opened

(1205)

Devil s Punch bowl State Park

08:10

9485 miles

Deep rock bowl on the high sheer blink, no girdrail around bowl edge, Tide came in and out through two horizontal caves at the bottom of the deep bowl, I crept on my stomach. It was awful sight.

Beverly Beach State Park

08:25

9487 miles

Scenic Picnic Area and Campground

New Port

09:00

Rather big community (pop. 8400). I took my favorite breakfast as usual at a nifty café, served by a young cute waitress. A guide board **WHALE WATCHING.**

Yaquina Bay State Park

10 11:10

At Hutfield Marine Science Center Oregon State University:
Visit Aquarium, Maritime Materials Library, Theater a movie entitled "A natural maritime resources" (20 minutes),
Temperature.....9 degrees, Humidity....92 percent.

South Beach State Par k

11:40

9499 miles

Lost Creek State Park

One Beach State Park

Seal Rock State Park

12:00

9509



Tall and large various shapes of crags and reefs stretched out about 500 1.000m in the sea.

The sights at many places were hazy by the thick fog from the ocean.

It was as if the fog had spurted out from the beach sands.

Whenever I saw road

signs of state park and beach access along US101, I never failed to drop in at there. Merely state parks, there were 35 along the whole Oregon Coast line of 400 miles, moreover, innumerable beaches, capes, bays, coves, estuaries, promontories, crags, sheer cliffs made one of the grand parks.

(1206)

Drift Wood State Park

12:40

9.512 miles

Gov. Patterson Memorial State Park

Beachside State Park

13:00

9.519 miles

Blue sea and beautiful sand beach, but no one found there.
Temperature was rather cool, maybe due to the thick fog.

Sun Marine

13:15

9524

A lot of reefs near the beach. It was cleared up, but thick fog came all of a sudden, the scenic sights faded away.



These reefs must have been the remains of a large promontory.

Yachats State Park

Yachats was pronounced Yah hot.

Small flat cape surrounded with high cliff was palisaded on its edge with sturdy wooden fences. The cape was covered with dandelions like a yellow carpet. There were a numerous sea gulls on the fences, picnic tables and on the grass. There were some people by the fence but gulls were quite indifferent to men.

Neptune State Park

13:35

9.529

To get the view point of the Siuslaw National Forest. I made an about 600 feet ascending. I expected to enjoy grand views overlooking the long Oregon Coast , but in vain. Thick fog suddenly blew up.

Stone Field State Park

14:00

9.536 miles

Some tiny state parks were not designated on the map.

Devils Elbow State Park

I missed asking why that place was named Devils Elbow. A beautiful tall trestle bridge (US101) was built across the deep arm of the sea. As the bridge was under repair, I had to take a detour.

(1207)

Florence

15:45

9556 miles

Small big community (pop. 5.200) in the country. Between Florence and the ocean laid an extensive area of sand dunes that sometimes reach a height of 300 feet. Good views of the dunes were seen from the observation deck in nearby Harbor County Park.

Jessie M Honeyman State Park Campground (382 sites)

SITE		DATE(S)		RECEIPT	
NO. OF PEOPLE	UNIT TYPE	NO. OF NIGHTS	SALE		
1	<input type="checkbox"/> PRIMITIVE	7	<input type="checkbox"/> TENT	<input type="checkbox"/> ELEG	<input type="checkbox"/> FULL \$ 9
	<input type="checkbox"/> TENT		EXTRA VEHICLE		
	<input type="checkbox"/> CAMPER		RESERVATION FEE		
	<input type="checkbox"/> TRAILER				
	<input type="checkbox"/> MOTORHOME				
SUB-TOTAL		TOTAL \$ 9			
LESS ADV. DEPOSIT		AMOUNT PAID \$ 9			
REFUND	ORIG. RECEIPT	CAMPER SIGNATURE	EMPLOYEE		

Total

It was located three miles south on US101, in the 20 mile long Oregon Dunes National Recreation Area.

I got there at 16:30.
mileage 9.561.
The fee was 9 dollars.

I made a 20 minute Collect call to Japan, the phone bill for the next month would surprise my wife.

July 31st (Tuesday)

The night before, at the front counter in the entrance office of the state park, I made registration for the campsite and asked an official for some information. Her uniform was just like that of national park ranger. She was neat, polite and well trained. She answered briskly but slowly and easily for me, a poor English speaking foreigner. I asked the weather, she said there would be neither the rain nor the thick fog at that night.



I pitched my tent at my ease and before taking a sleep, I burnt propane burner in the tent so as to dry it up for some time. That morning I was so glad to find my tent a little moist but not wet. Before striking the tent, I dried up the moist tent by propane burner.

I left the campsite at 06:40 and 9.561 mile, for the next.

(1208)

Oregon Dunes Overlook Trail

07:00

9.569 miles

The trail to the observation platform ascended directly from the trailhead parking lot by a few minute walk through 100 steps of stone stairs and some grade trail.

. On the other hand there was a long elevated board way was made for the wheel chairs. I supposed more budget to make a board way for



disables must have been necessary. I was strongly impressed in comparison with the case of Japan.

I saw dunes at Death Valley for the first time, Oregon Dunes were for the second time. The former sights were completely natural, on the contrary, the latter were deeply related with human life. The scale was quite large, and they seemed to breaking into the human communities, in other words they seemed as if they were invading people s communities. Some houses, forests or a single tree were buried alone in the dunes.

Reedsport

07:25

9.580 miles

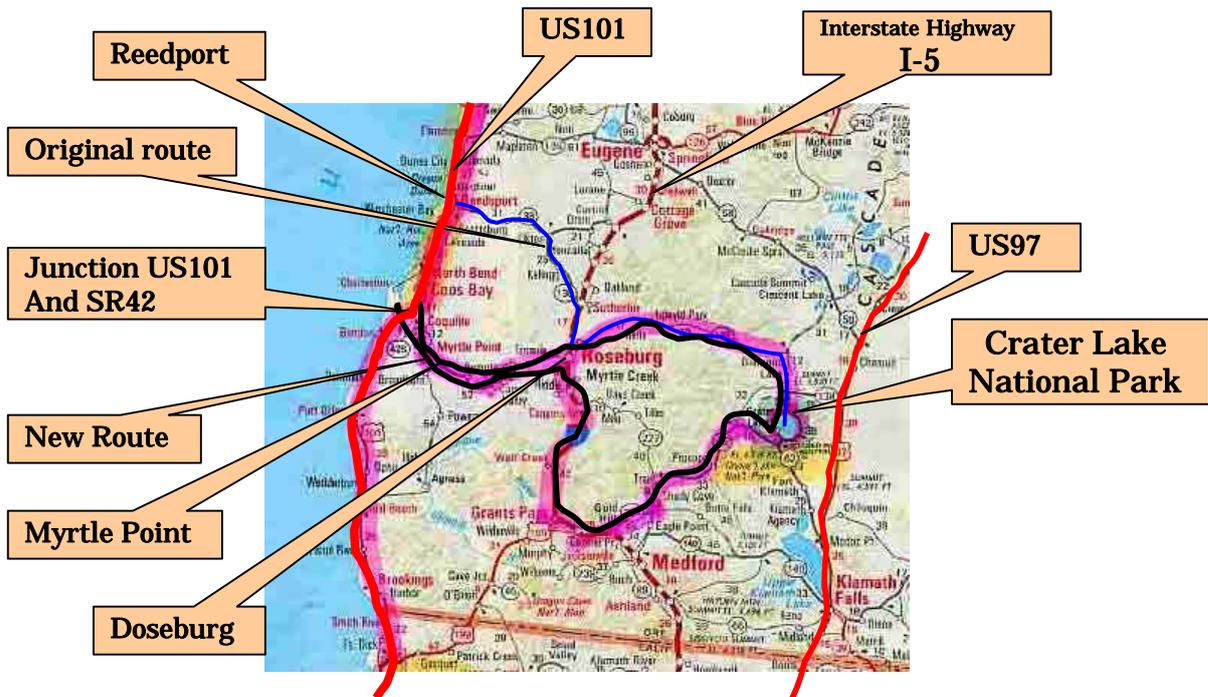
It s located at the southern end of the upper section of Oregon Dunes National Recreation Area and on the mouth of the Umpqua River.

According to my first plan, I was going to the Crater Lake National Park from there by way of SR38 and SR138 via Roseburg to Crater Lake.

As I made up my mind to drive throughout Oregon Coast from the northernmost to southernmost, I had to drive back on the same route about 150 miles from the Crater Lake to Reedsport. Then I altered my plan to take SR42 at the junction near the lower end of the southern section of the Recreation Area. .According to the new route, the same road going up and down, was much decreased, though the detour was much longer.

(1209)

The detour to Crater Lake National Park.



Umpqua Lighthouse State Park 07:35 9.587

Junction US101, SR43 08:15 9.618

SR 43, (from 101 junction to interstate I-5, 75 miles) was a logging truck highway. They ran

Myrtle Point 08:45 9.638

Myrtle point was a small community for lumbering on the SR 43, 40 miles inland from US101, I dropped in at a neat café to have breakfast, and took a seat of the service counter in front of the landlady, I ordered a two pile of pan cake with a big mug of maple syrup.

The landlady was a charming middle aged and seemed to be a Japanophile. Because she told me that her husband was dealing with timber export and he went to Japan several times a year. A year before her husband took her to Japan half on business and half for pleasure. They visited Tokyo, Kyoto, Osaka and Nara for a week..

She seemed to have a good impression for Japanese she met. She said the Japanese were all friendly and polite and she was hoping to visit Japan again soon. I wished the Japanese would be kind, friendly, and polite as they were in the old times

She served me a large portion of pan cake nearly ten inches in diameter, a big mug of syrup .and big cup of American coffee. We chatted about many things at random for a while. I had a good breakfast.

(1210)

She reminded me of the days when I had joined the plant engineers 50 days tour to study the top twenty modern plant facilities in USA., about 40 years ago. As I couldn't have enough money, I took breakfast at the drugstores not at the hotel restaurants or downtown restaurants that served at price.

About half a century ago, there were no such a big fast-food chain stores like Denny's or something even in USA. There were many drugstores that served commodities for daily life, and at one corner of the store, there was a small grill that served breakfast or light meal such as two eggs, pan cakes, meat, salad etc with large portion at very low price. The landladies were almost all friendly, cheerful and talkative, and served generously. I used to speak broken English at ease. They always encouraged me "You speak good English."

The landlady reminded me vividly of the scene

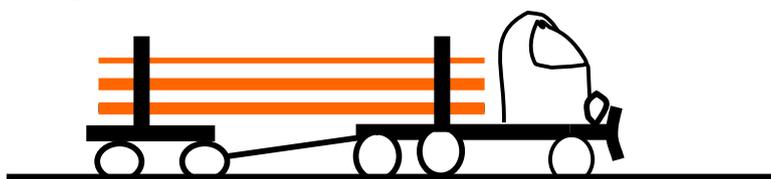


I wanted some block ice and to fill my car with regular unleaded at the neighboring gas station. I stopped my car beside the pump and was about to start pump, an old man came running and shouting to me "Oh that's my job". Big wooden tag **FULL** was hung in front of the pump. It was inviolable rights of his livelihood. I apologized for my carelessness. He carefully checked my car, engine oil, transmission oil, brake fluid, air pressure, hub nuts etc. I thanked and gave him something.

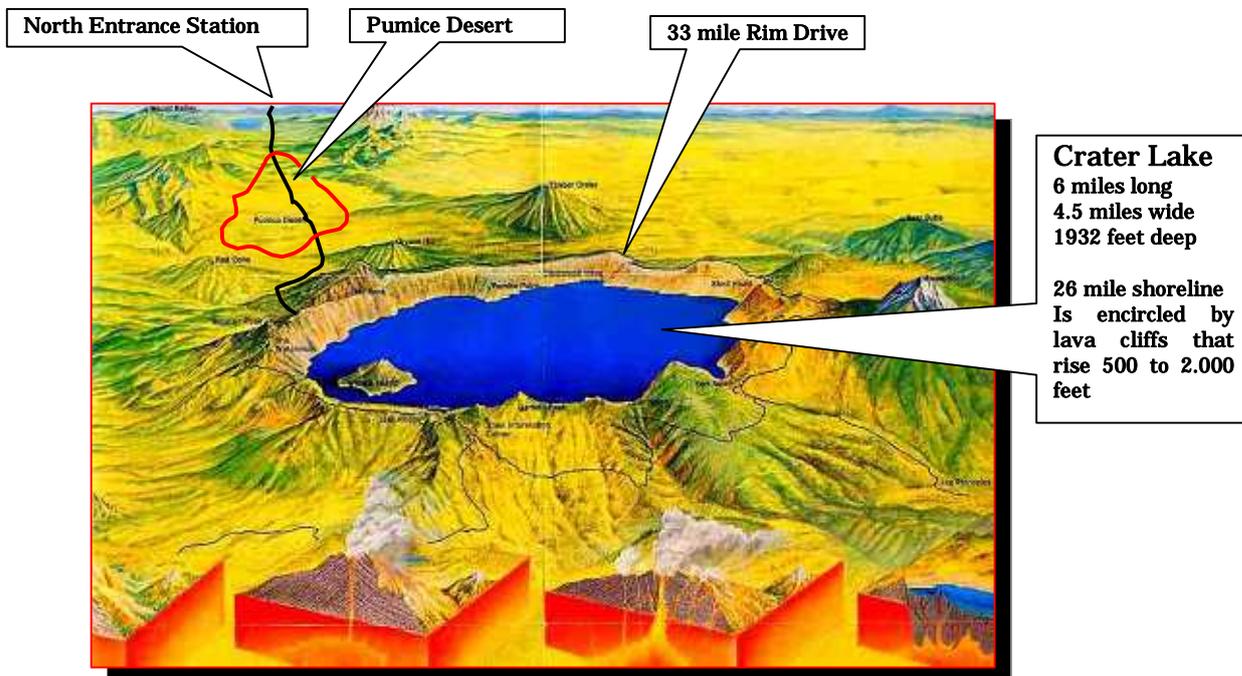
I drove on SR42 eastward about 55 miles across the Coast Range to Roseburg on interstate highway I-5. The Coast Range was covered with thick forests from California to Washington.

From Roseburg I drove on scenic US138 eastward about 100 miles into the middle of Cascade Mountains which grew enormous Oregon forestry industries

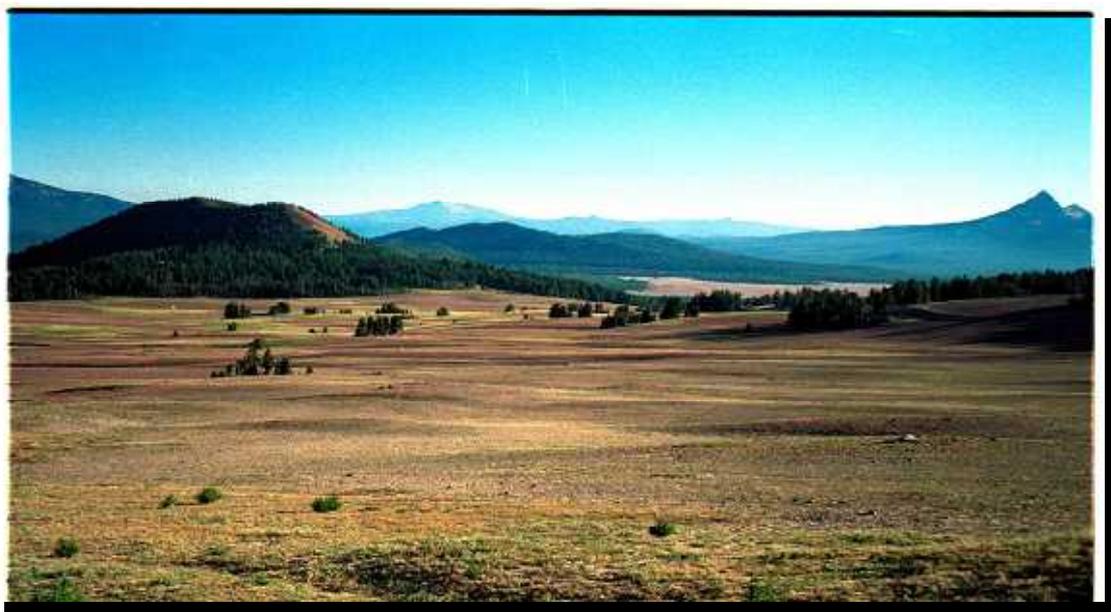
These two highways were not only famous for its beautiful sceneries but also notorious for its busiest traffic of logging trucks and their terrible speed. I always took refuge into the turnouts when I found a logging truck was approaching in my back mirror. (1211)



I got to the north entrance station at about 14:00. SR138 runs 15 miles along the border of the park due east from the north entrance station to US97 in a straight line.



Scenic SR138 runs along the north Umpqua River from Roseburg on I-5 to US97 (87 miles) throughout the thick forests, but park road from north entrance station to the junction with the Rim Drive of the Crater Lake runs in the vast pumice desert.



Crater Lake was supposed to be a high peak Mount Mazama (about 12,000 foot volcano) until about 7,700 years ago.

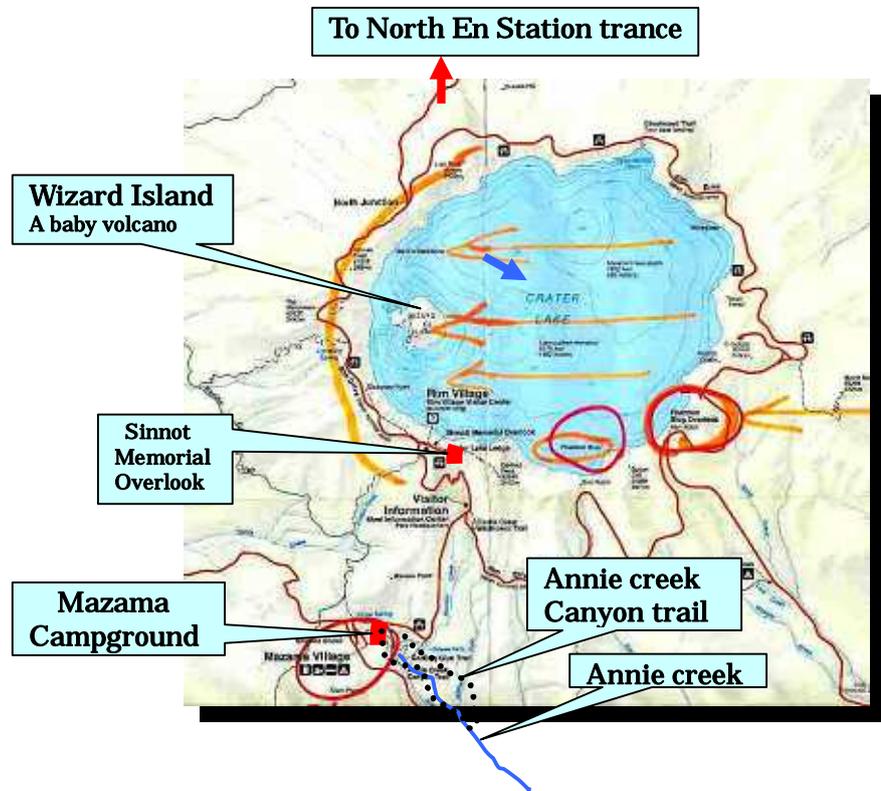
(1212)

Visitor Center	14:20	9.811 miles
Sinnot Overlook	15:00	9817 miles

On the edge of the sheer lava cliff in front of the volcano (6.940 ft) Wizard Island in the Crater Lake (6176 ft).

Mazama Campground	15:30	9825 miles
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198 sites (tent 102, RV 96). Surrounded by alpine wildflower fields.



After supper I went for half an hour walk on the Annie Creek Canyon Trail, without any preparation in advance. I descended the sheer flank of the valley toward the down stream. The creek was far deep beyond my expectation and meandering down. The valley was so deep that surroundings had become suddenly darker and darker. I might have taken a wrong trail. There must have been right trail to turn back point somewhere on the trail.

I thought with fear that I got completely lost my way. I made up my mind to go back at once. I was almost encompassed by darkness. I made a painful ascend half groping in the dark. It took far more than an hour to get back to my tent.

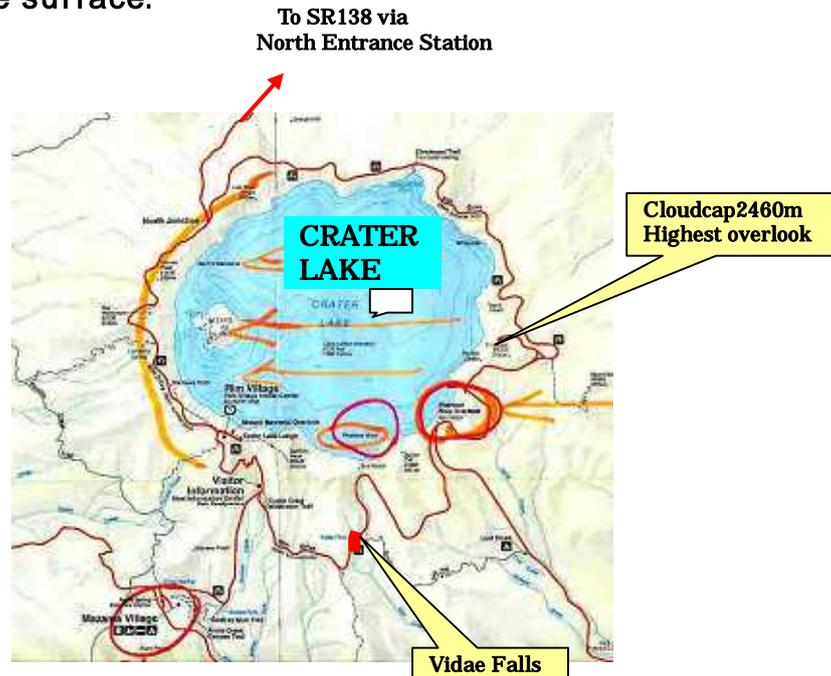
I was completely knocked out by physical and mental fatigue. I tumbled down into my tent.

(1213)

August 1st (Wednesday)

Although I felt much weary in body and mind on the evening of the day before, I had a fast sleep and woke up at five. I felt all refreshed and recreated. I left Mazama Campground for Visitor Information Center which was the starting point of the 33 mile Rim Drive at 6:40.

I drove Rim Drive clockwise. There were a lot of overlook points which commanded grand views of the Crater Lake and ever changing beautiful colors of the lake surface.



The view of the Wizard Island from Sinnott Memorial Overlook. was the best around the Rim Drive. The height of the Wizard Island was about 230m above the surface level of the Crater Lake. Wizard Island was a small volcano with tiny crater in the Crater Lake.

Another Island was Phantom Ship which was located about 4km due east. It was a small sharp triangular shape rock island with a few spruces, just like a Phantom Ship under sail.

Vidae Falls which was the southernmost point on the Rim Drive was a scenic small bridal falls surrounded by alpine wildflowers.

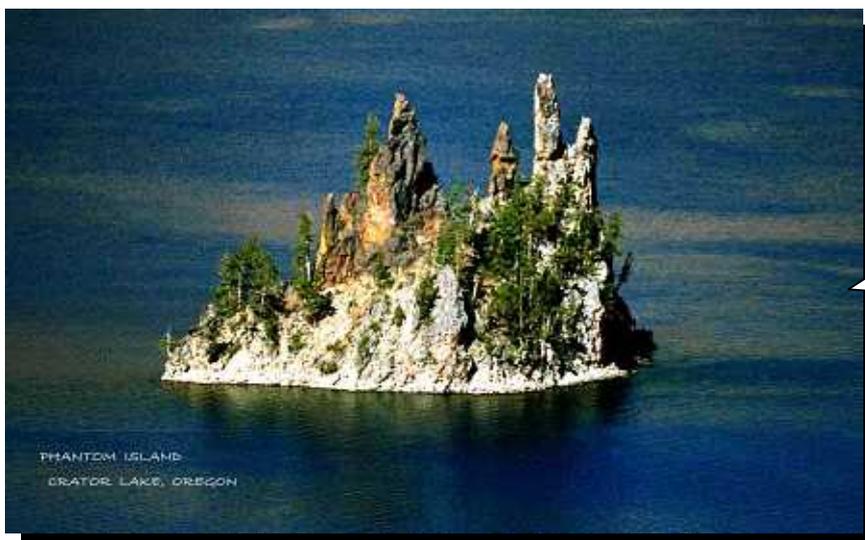
I got back Visitor Information at 10:45 pm. A ranger recommended me to go for a walk to the Castle Crest Wildflower trail. The wildflowers there were not at their best, Ones at the Vidae falls were much better.

(1214)



Wizard Island, view from the north junction

Wizard Island
from the
Watchman
Peak



Phantom Ship
It rose about 160 feet
above the lake's
surface and resembled
a ship
under sail.

The best view from
Phantom Ship
Overlook.

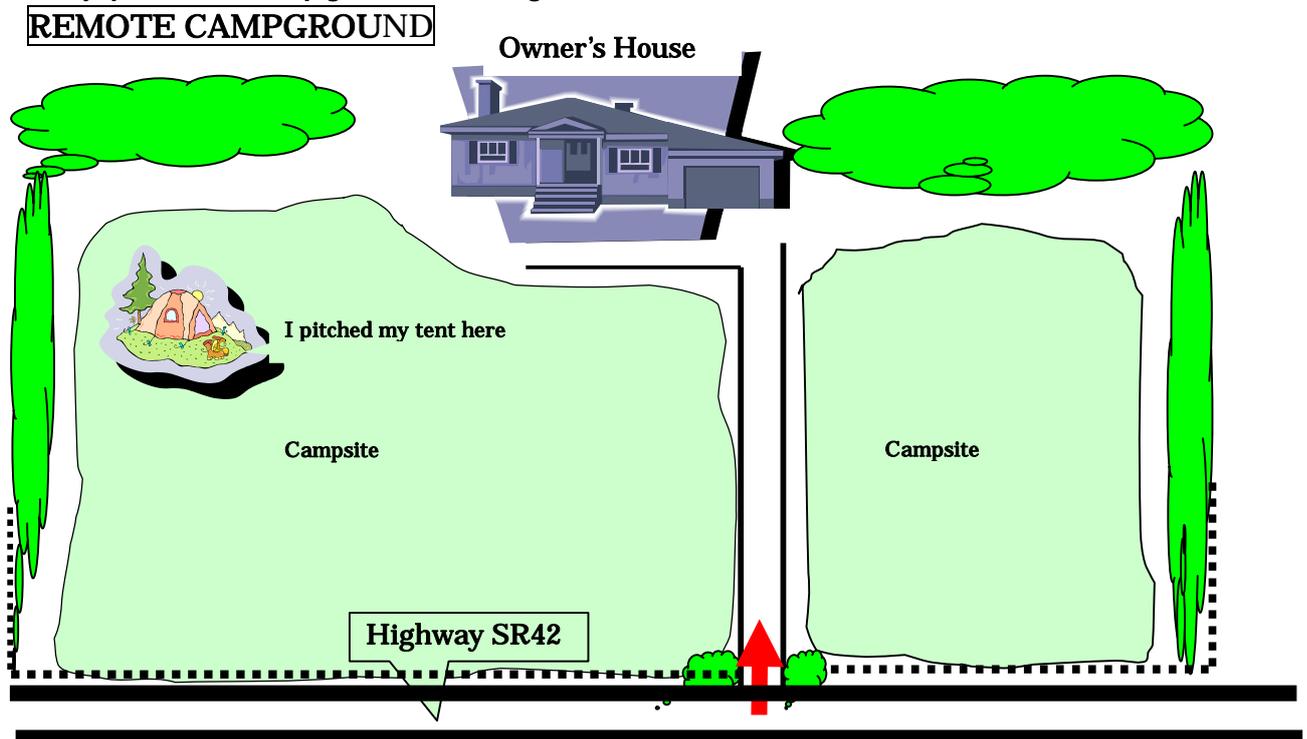
(1215)

I said ADIEW to CRATER LAKE. It had a lot of beautiful sceneries. I would never fail to come again hereafter.

I left Information Center for interstate I-5 at Medford via SR62 which ran 75 miles southwest through thick forests. Medford (pop. 47,000) was a tourist and commercial center for the area's agricultural, manufacturing and lumber producing communities.

From Medford I drove I-5 due north about 100 miles to Roseburg where I took SR138 to the Crater Lake the day before. At Grants Pass on I-5 35 miles west of Medford, odometer indicated 10,000 miles from the start at Los Angeles. It was at 14:30 pm on August the 1st, 1990.

I took SR 42 at Roseburg and got to the small community Remote, and got a tiny private campground alongside SR 42.



The landlord and landlady were both cheerful and talkative, and they invited me for tea to have a chat. They knew much about Japan, because they had been to Japan half on business and half on vacation. The landlord was engaged in timber industry through his life. Japanese were the most important clients for him. He talked and asked about many places he was interested in from Hokkaido to Kyushu. I was surprised at his terrific memories. The Remote, small community, was really remote. They must have led a lonely life. I had a good time. So did they, I thought.

The campground fee was 8 dollars.

(1216)

August the 2nd (Thursday)

I got up at 04:45, the tent got wet through, and surroundings were encompassed with thick fog. Owner's residence was vaguely seen in the fog. I gave up striking my tent until it dried up a little by the sun.

All through the night, giant logging trailers ran down roaring on SR42 with their full speeds to Coos Bay which was one of the world's largest ports for forest products.

Taking breakfast, I was keeping diary on the picnic table, when an old couple came to my table loudly saying good morning, with a large coffee mug in their hand from their RV. He told me that he was stationed at YOKOTA Base in about 1950s when he was 20 years old. He was a sympathizer for Japan as well as the owner of the campground. He bought an old MURATA rifle which was a treasure, in memory of old Japan. He said



he always rubbed it up and kept it glittering.

He took me to his RV and showed its interior and the glittering rifle to me proudly.

The couple must have come from Texas judging from the number plate of his RV.

[Just after the World War 2, all arms, we Japanese had, were strictly submitted by American Army.]

They took turns taking my photographs with one of them. They were really warm-hearted. I gave them small presents five yen and fifty yen coins with small center hole. There were no coins with center hole in USA and Canada. They looked at the coins curiously.



As I often saw the word "MYRTLE", myrtle tree, myrtle point, myrtle grove et cetera, I ask them what it was like. They explained in detail but I couldn't understand clearly.

The thick fog cleared up soon and the sun dried the tent up gradually. I was quite sorry to part from them, I had to say good bye to them.

Thanking for the owner's courtesy, I left there at ten o'clock.

(1217)

At just 10:00 I left Remote Campground for the junction on US101 with SR42 where I went a long way round the Crater Lake National Park two days before. I got back the same point on US101 at about noon on that day.

Bandon State Park 12:30 10.126 miles

They said there was the most scenic coast with the combination of crags and sands on the Pacific Coast. A narrow but tidy country road ran along the shore line. The cruising speed was restricted to 25 miles an hour.

Cape Orford 13:30 10.157 miles

There was a well designed and well maintained tent and RV park in the Humbug State Park.

Indian Creek Campground 16:00 10.190 miles

UNIT NO. <u>L-20</u>	DATE IN <u>8.2.90</u>	DATE OUT <u>8.3.90</u>	TOTAL DAYS <u>1</u>		
NAME (PRINT) <u>Kipp Kasamaga</u>		1st Wk	2nd Wk	3rd Wk	4th Wk
STREET	SUN				
CITY <u>Tillamook</u> STATE <u>Oregon</u>	MON				
CAR LICENSE NO. <u>1F12979</u> STATE <u>OR</u>	TUES				
CAR MAKE <u>Nissan</u> YEAR <u>80</u> NUMBER PERSONS <u>1</u>	WED				
TRAILER MAKE	THUR				
RATE	FRI				
Tax	SAT				
TV Deposit	TOT				
No. Days					
No. Deposit					
Total Fees					
Total Paid <u>10.00</u>					

NOTICE TO GUESTS
ADVANCE PAYMENT REQUIRED
This property is privately owned and the management reserves the right to refuse service to anyone and will not be responsible for accidents or injury to guests or for loss of money, jewelry or valuables of any kind.

THANK YOU
INDIAN CREEK RECREATIONAL PARK
94680 Jerry's Flat Road
Gold Beach, OR 97444

Though I carelessly missed the Humbug Tent and RV Park, this was private and as good as that of Humbug State Park.

Clear crystal water of the Indian Creek flew along the northern boundary of the parkland.

Both north and south flanks of the canyon were densely forested like a primeval forest.

To my surprise I was given my personal code number for the

use of restroom when I registered the campsite aside the creek at the office.

Every visitor facility was conveniently set, I felt they were too much, but in fact they were comfortable too.

The fee was 10 dollars.

August 3rd (Friday)

In spite of having heard how to open the door of the restroom over and over again, I couldn't open the door. To my shame I went to the office and made a memo; Push 1 and 3 at the same time, then push 2 and turn the lower handle clockwise until it stopped and then turn the door knob.

I couldn't help thinking of cultures about urine and feces. I remembered the words pass water, make water, empty one's bladder or defecate, excrement, stool, empty one's bowels, et cetera.

(1218)

Now that, about 120 mile coast line out of total 380 miles of the world wide famous Oregon coast was left, I would be sure to get back to California on that day.

Cape Sebastian State Park 07:25 10.199 miles

This state park was 7 miles south from Golden Beach on US101 and included a group of park units covering more than 1100 acres open and forested land.

Cape Sebastian was a towering headland rising 700feet above sea level. The vast open headland was fully covered with dandelions like a bright yellow carpet. High cliff edge of the cape was palisade by high sturdy wooden fences. A great number of gulls made a white line on the fence.

Gold Beach was named when gold was found about 200 years ago, but a big flood swept the deposits out to sea, Gold Beach had become a gateway for many activities in this popular coastal and river recreation area. The coastal sceneries along the 37 mile drive south to California were superb.

Cross the Border between Oregon and California 10:10 10.220 miles
Adieu to Oregon.

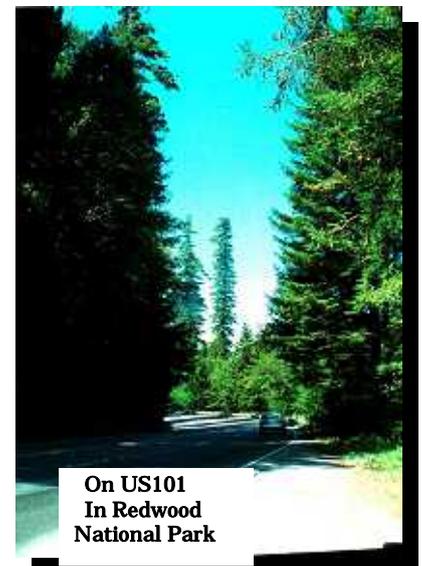
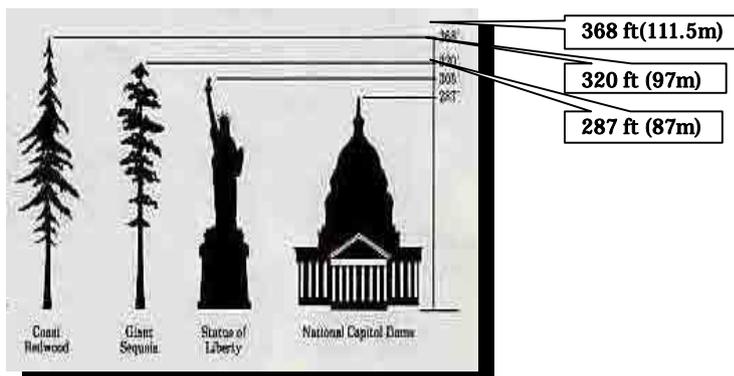
There was no Quarantine Station on the lane into Oregon, but on the lane into California, big Quarantine Station was built and state police officials were stationed for 24 hours. They asked;

“Do you have any fruit?”

“Do you have any plants or crops?”

“Do you have any firearms or danger?”

Northwestern California California s magnificent Coast Redwood is the world s tallest known and one of the world s oldest trees. Average mature trees, several hundred years old, stand from200 to240feet tall and have diameter10 to15feet, and some trees have been measured at more than360 feet.



(1219)

Redwood National Park and Redwoods State Parks

I can not understand clearly where is the border between Redwood National Park and a few Redwoods State Parks.

Besides these three state redwoods parks, there was another Redwoods State Park, about 60 miles due south from Redwood National Park.

Every national park has entrance stations and gives its official map to visitors without fail.

I hold them in my map container. I think I ve never lost a single sheet of them. I looked for it over and again.

US101 runs through National Park., neither fee nor toll are charged at all. I must have never been given the official map or anything.

Redwood National Park was free, but every redwoods state parks charged fee for the use of the day use of the picnic area or for the overnight use of the campground.

I memorized little but a illimitably continuing tall redwood grove along US101. As I couldn t have perspective sceneries, I didn t know where I was running.

I luckily found the road sign of the visitor center of Prairie Creek Redwoods State Park. Naturally I dropped in at the center, I asked about campgrounds. They said it might be difficult to get a campsite in public campgrounds, because it was Friday afternoon, the busiest day.

Jedediah Smith Redwoods State Park

Del norte Coast Redwoods State Park

Prairie Creek Redwoods State Park

Redwood National Park



They kindly recommend me waiting at the campground, and I would be sure to get a campsite there. They called the campground attendant to inform of my coming there. Deeply thanking them, I hurried to the Prairie Creek Redwoods state Park Campground,

Waiting for me, the attendant told me that every campsite was occupied or reserved, but I was lucky that, a campsite reservation was cancelled. a few minutes ago. He said he had been a seasonal volunteer of this campground for many years, it was very seldom to be able to get a site without reservation in season. I felt relieved. It was 14: 15 pm, 10.295 miles. The fee was ten dollars. There were no visitor facilities but picnic tables, rest rooms and water taps.

Campsite was naturally in the dark giant redwood grove, I pitched my tent and prepared for coffee break on the picnic table. I went to get water.

When I got back to my site I saw a black wild bird like a "Onaga" he was picking my cookies on the picnic table and a squirrel was watching him for cookies. The bird often drove the squirrel out



After coffee break, I took a

walk in the state park up and down. Prairie Creek redwoods state Park and Redwood National Park were divided into two by US101, north west was the former, southeast was the latter. Three redwoods state parks and one national park were combined from north to south in one line along the US101. I felt these four were called REDWOOD National Park. They had no each identity, all were thick groves of incredibly enormous redwoods

(1221)

August 4th (Saturday)

I left Elk Prairie campground for the next destination, Lassen Volcanic National Park at 9:00 am.

US101 ran down along the small canyon of a creek, and after a while got to a dazzling Pacific coast.. I was not sure, but I felt something different from the Oregon coast.

US101 turned a little southbound its direction and ran along the four lagoons which paralleled with sea shore for about 10 miles.

Looking over the blue Pacific, white sands and the clear water of the lagoons I drove US101 slowly.

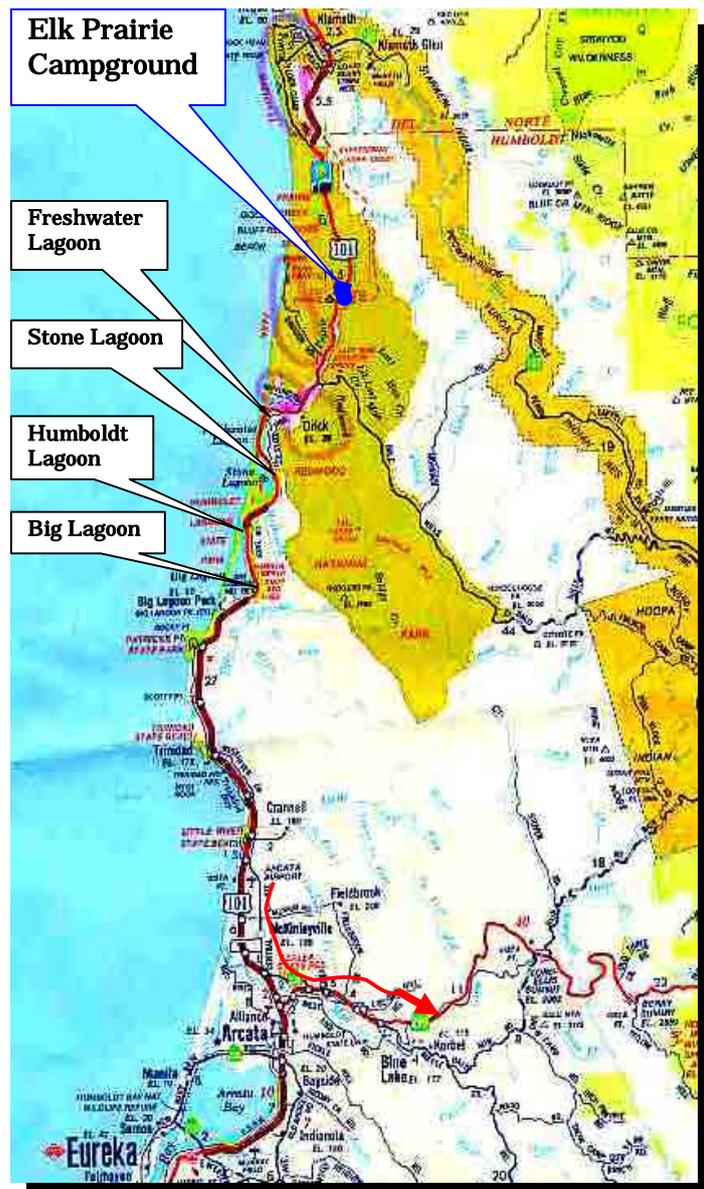
At some lagoon a lot of RVs parked on the pull off in line alongside US101.

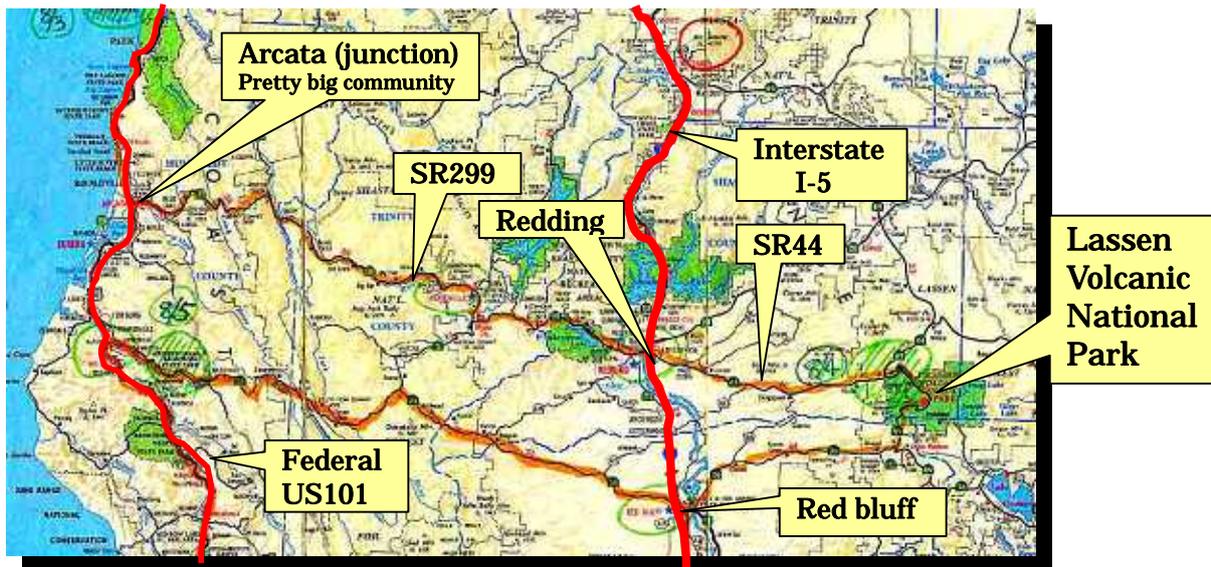
They might have not parked but stopped for an overnight there on vacation.

I m not sure but there must have been Humboldt Lagoons State Park, a prefabricated office house, a grocery, portable toilets, water taps and sinks etc were

On the sea shore, surfers, swimmers, anglers were seen, around the lagoons a lot of young families with their children were playing on the sands and in the water of the shallow wave less lagoon.

I saw signs **NO CAMPING** except public campground beside US101,

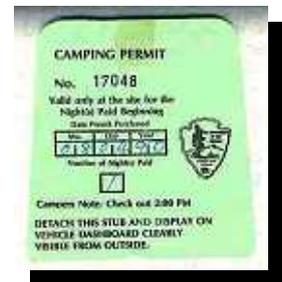




Just after the Big Lagoon, US101 ascended a little to Patricks Point State Park.. From the point, scenic country roads ran along close to the Pacific coast for about 10 miles and also parallel to the US101. I got to the junction at the big town ARCATA(pop.15.000). I took SR 299, westward 120 miles east across the Coast Range to Redding, and by way of SR44(60 miles east across the Cascade Range to Lassen Volcanic National Park.

At the town site of the big Redding City, three freeway, I-5, SR299 and SR44 met and made a complicated interchange. I had to change SR299 east to SR44 east crossing over the interstate highway I-5 with the speed of 55mile miles an hour. I was usually apt to take a wrong lane and wasted much my time to get right lane. But at that time I drove into the right lane with no troubles.

At the north border of the Lassen Volcanic National Park, SR44 meets with SR89 which winds through the park from the south gate. Right on the border there were **Visitor Center**, ranger Station and a little apart from them Entrance Station and **Manzanita Lake campground** which I stopped at that night.



(1223)

SR299, from Arcata to Redding(120 miles) was not so scenic as I expected. The traffic of SR44 was not so busy, that driving across the Cascade Mountains through the dense forests was calm and relaxing with slow speed. I thought Manzanita Lake Campground (179 sites) wouldn't be busy.

I went round the campground up and down looking for a good site, but good sites were all occupied.

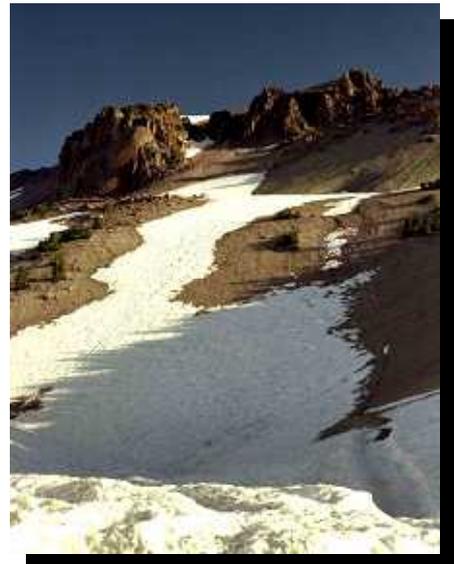
As a rule, I often forgot that visitors couldn't get a campsite in national park without reservation in season. It was impossible for me to reserve a campground in advance, because I had never made the definite itinerary. The destination for the day was determined on the way of the day, freely like a wind; this was my way of the trips in North American Continent.

Fortunately, the Manzanita Lake campground was operated on a First-come, first-served base

Anyway I got a campsite very close to the restroom house with water taps and a sink. It was convenient but too close and noisy! O! My site was in full view. Every camper who came to the restroom said "Hi", "Hello" to me. Some of them came to my picnic table and had a chat for a while. After all, the site must have been the best one for me. I deeply felt how important to communicate with others on the trip.



Lassen Peak seen from the east



View from the south

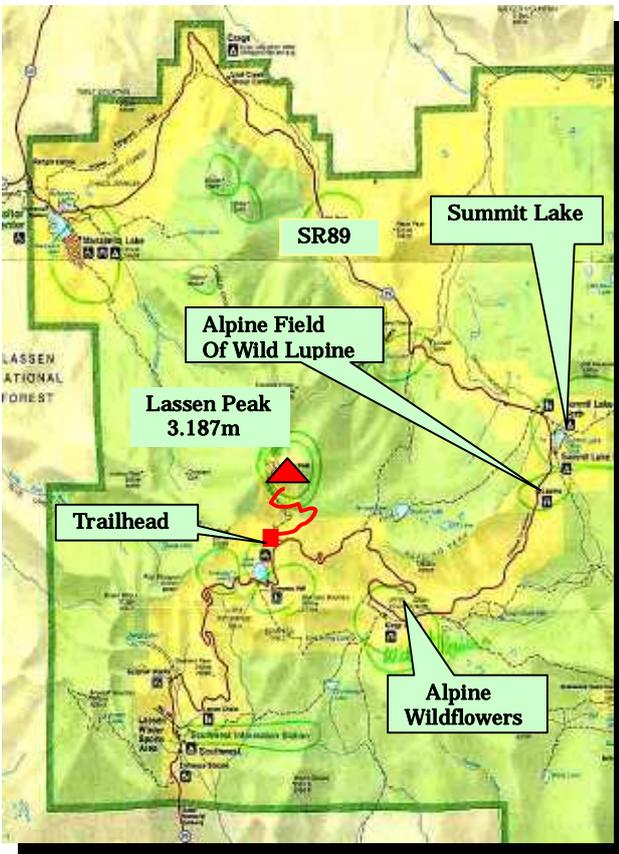
August 5th (Sunday)

Lassen Volcanic National Park is supposed to be a showcase of all geographic and volcanic phenomena. The park road SR89 which runs

rounding the Lassen Peak is the semi-artery highway from Mount Shasta on I-5 (the northernmost of the Sierra-Nevada Mountains) to US395, about 250 miles throughout the ridge of the Sierra-Nevada mountains.

To my surprise, I saw many remaining snows everywhere along the park road, and they said the road was occasionally closed even in summer by snowfall.

Driving on the park road, I could see three flanks, north, east and south of the Lassen Peak without any obstacles.



Summit Lake 07:30 10.548 miles
The view from the Summit Lake (alt. about 2,000m), was grand and beautiful, reflecting the Lassen Peak

upside down on the calm surface of Summit lake.

Adjacent to Summit Lake, the field of alpine wild lupines was spread widely, the best season was already over, though.

After driving for a while I crossed the ridge of the Cascade Mountains and got to the wide trailhead parking lot.

The elevation on the ground level to the summit of the Lassen Peak was only 635m.

From the parking lot, we could see the ascending trail was meandering on the barren rugged sheer south flank of Lassen Peak to the summit.

I saw some people were climbing here and there toward the summit like ants.

If I had had time, I could have climbed to the summit without being so exhausted.



(1225)

Lake Helen 10:45 10.559 miles

Descending from the parking lot for a little while, the park road gets to the small picnic area on the south shore of Lake Helen which is surrounded by rugged volcanic rocks and reflects beautiful Lassen Peak upside down. It was wonderful scenery that pretty wild lupines grew gregariously in the picnic area and I saw there the sign board **Self-guided trail to COLD BOILING LAKE**.

Emerald Lake is a small lake just below Lake Helen. As Lassen Peak can not be seen in the backdrop, the former might be popular but the water of the lake might be more beautiful than the former.

Southwest Entrance Station 11:10 am

ADIEU to LASSEN VOLCANIC NATIONAL PARK.

The route back to US101: Leaving the park entrance station, SR89 meets with SR36 running west 144 miles to US101 and east 60 miles to US395. Both US101 and US395 are main arteries as well as I-5 or I15 running through the USA proper from the southernmost border to the northernmost border.

I drove down the west flank of the Sierra Nevada Mountains to Red Bluff located on the bank of the Sacramento River. Crossing the Sacramento River and the Interstate I-5, I continued to driving on SR36 150 miles west to US101 in one breath.

Grizzly Creek Redwood State ark 16:10

About ten miles before US101 junction, I dropped in at Grizzly Creek Redwood State Park and first of all asked for a campsite and registered.

1990 summer trip to the north was coming to the end



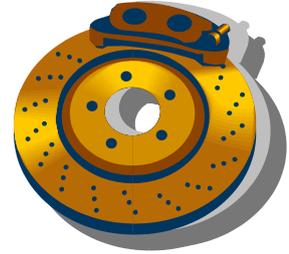
I felt all relieved mentally and bodily in my sleeping bag

(1226)

August 7th (Monday)

Grizzly Creek Redwood State Park was small and located beside SR36. The campsites were laid out so close parallel to the highway, that roaring sounds were sometimes interrupted my sleep in spite of in the thick redwood grove.

The driving route SR36 of the day before, crossed over the Sierra Nevada Mountains and the Coast Range, there were a lot of grades up and down between 2.000ft and 6.000ft. Though I carefully ran down using engine brake, I was afraid, there was something wrong with the brake system, especially about the brake shoes which were replaced at Plymus/Nissan Dealer in Olympic City.



I left the campsite at 08:30, I checked the condition of the brake system for about 10 minutes driving until Alton, the junction on US101. I wondered if it was tolerable.

Many sections on US 101 are reconstructed to free way system. Particularly running through the town site area of busy city, every artery such as US, SR were reconstructed into the elevated free way.

From a little north of Alton Junction to 50miles south, US101 runs on the freeway system. US101 runs also about 200miles south through the Coast Range.



to Golden Gate Bridge

When we leave large city or before we drive into the freeway, we had better to fill up the car with gasoline.

Because we see often the big warning sign board **NEXT VISITOR FACILITIES 100 MILES**. There's no returning on the freeway.

At the Alton interchange, I drove through on-ramp into highway carelessly without checking the fuel indicator. I had to get off at the next interchange.

Richardson Grove State Park 12:00 10.821 miles

Running about 50 miles south from Alton Junction, US101 ends freeway, and runs into Richardson Grove State Park. I took a snack on the picnic table there in the dark mysterious atmosphere surrounded by unbelievably tall redwoods.

At the junction Leggett, 20 miles south from Richardson Grove, I got off US101 and drove into old highway SR-1 and had a look at the Pacific Ocean after a long time.

California Coast Ranges run close to the Pacific Ocean, then coasts line continues high cliffs, capes, promontories, points, heads, crags and comparably short beaches.

Many rivers flew down in torrents from sheer flanks of Coast Ranges and carved deep canyons

I thought that California Coasts were as scenic as worldwide famous Oregon coast, but the former particularly old SR-1 was more impressive for me.



SR-1 ran meandering on the cliff edge about 100 150m high above the sea level, and in order to cross the deep canyon of the river, the highway ran down winding on the flank to the canyon bottom.

The road turned 180 degrees crossing over the river like a hair-pin curve.

Before the bottom of the canyon, there was a traffic warning sign without fail;

SPEED LIMIT 15 miles per hour.

And then the road ran winding up again to the cliff edges.

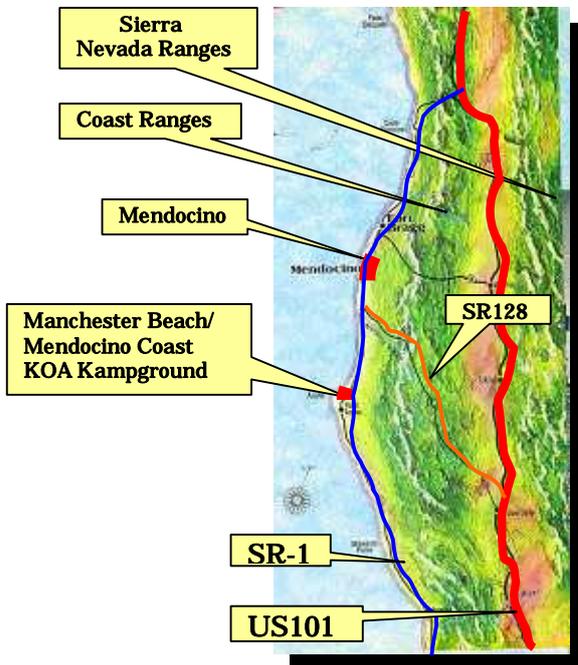
Drivers had to repeat such a dangerous drives over and over again.

(1228)

Mendocino 16:00 10.924 miles

Manchester State Beach 17:00 10.967 miles

As I had a glimpse of a sign board **CAMPGROUND**, I carelessly drove into the entrance road. It was KOA Kampground famous for its sophistication. Naturally I was charged a good pay. The rates for a tent site were 15 dollars. I usually paid 10 dollars.



The coasts between Mendocino and Manchester were supposed to be one of west 10 best beaches.

I loved atmosphere that was quiet, tranquil, calm or soft, mild, warm, genial, or moderate, temperate.

I liked country, rural remote, out-of-the way places.

Manchester was one of the place where I loved. Every community was small and peaceful. Every house was simple, cozy and elegant.

People were seemed untouched and unsophisticated.

The facilities of the Manchester Beach KOA were tent, RV, T/RV total 77 sites on the well mowed lawn in the pine grove near the beach.



(1229)

August 7th (Tuesday)

“Peace and quiet are its chief assets. But the more people go there to enjoy its stillness, the less serene it becomes.”

This sentence was what I felt as a strong impression driving on the old highway SR-1.

There were full of natures and quaint life styles. I wanted all would be remained that way. ever thereafter.



I absent-mindedly mistook the location of my campground, Manchester for Mendocino. Leaving KOA campground I thought I was driving on SR-1 southward and was looking for a junction SR128 .

I pulled off my car on the narrow shoulder and consulted the map. All of a sudden I was aware of my mistake. I continued to see the resembling coast sceneries for several hundred miles. My gray matter in my head might have been confused.

I was going to visit Santa Rosa, the center of vineyards and wineries of the famous California wine.

I went to Santa Rosa by way of SR116, 55 miles south from SR128.

(1230)

SR-1, from Manchester Beach south 55 miles to Jenner SR116 junction, was little traffic in spite of approaching San Francisco. I rarely met commercial heavy duty vehicles. I thought, it might be because; coast ranges were too close to the coast line and roads ran on the edge of terrible sheer cliffs meandering like a country roads, many brook mouths in the small but deep canyon had steep grades and sharp hair pin curves which were restricted maximum speed 15 miles an hour. High cliff edges rarely had strong guard rails



I had got fatigued and terrified in driving a car. I didn't know why, but suddenly a scene of traffic accident flickered in my mind. After a while an ambulance car ran after me and scooted my side away calling a siren loudly. I saw a smoke candle on the headland beyond the deep canyon.

That was a car fall accident from the 100m brink. I was deeply shocked and depressed.

Jenner, SR116 Junction 08:50 10.985 miles

Refreshing myself, I took SR106 for Santa Rosa.

Santa Rosa 10:50 11.017 miles

I visited an interesting church by chance in the town site of Santa Rosa.

CHURCH OF ONE TREE/BELIEVE IT OR NOT! RIPLEY MEMORIAL MUSEUM was built from a single redwood tree. I thought it'd be true possibly.

These vast areas were seemed to be called Wine Country. I saw a great number of gorgeous wine stores along the main street. As I luckily found a not taken road side parking fee stand, I parked there and had a walk along the street looking for an attractive wine store.



As I had no idea about wine at all, I walked round in the beautifully displayed store up and down for a while, and I asked a clerk for ten bottles of cheap and popular wines as a souvenir for my son's family.

(1231)

I registered a camp site. All 10 tent sites were surrounded by the hedges in one beautiful lawn ground. 10 picnic tables were here and there. Tent site visitors could drive in on the beautifully maintained lawn All 65 RV sites were separated each other by the high hedges concealing inside from view. The campsite fee was 18 dollars. It was extremely expensive for my purse.

The most fatal encounter with a woman in my long trip to the north American continent was given.

After having pitched my tent, I was preparing my campfire and supper, when a middle aged lady came to my site and told me that their grand mother wanted me to join their family. I accepted grand mother s invitation with delight. I stopped preparing camp fire and supper.



After a while, the lady Nancy came again and took me to their RV site. Grand mother Natalie Sheehey (grand mother)and her family was waiting for me sitting around the table. They welcome me saying Hi Hello! with clapping their hands. I was surprised and so bewildered that I didn't know what to do and to say.

At first. I said thank you for kind invitation to grand mother and all of her family.

(To be continued)

I asked if there were anyone who could speak Japanese and interpret my Japanese into English, They say "NO". Then, I asked their favor to introduce myself by my very poor and broken English., as I was not used to speaking at the foreigner s party like this. They laughed loudly clapping their hands. I breafly talked about myself and my trip of that year and thereafter.

Natalie then introduced every present one by one; herself, Elizabeth Bowden, her sister, George Segenworth and his wife Jacky(elder daughter), Don Minear and his wife Nancy(younger daughter) and their two daughters Samantha and Monica (Natalie s granddaughters).

Chuck Jacky s son, high school boy was absent from the photograph, he went shopping to the town site of Carmel.

They seemed to be interested in my trip in 1989 and1990, and my own way of traveling. I told them that my final destination was Alaska and Yukon. One of my dreams was to paddle down the Mackenzie River from Slave Lake to Inuvik on Arctic Ocean or the Yukon River from Whitehorse to Dawson City. They asked questions one after another, I replied irresponsibly and affirmatively in my broken English.

They seemed to be able to understand what I said roughly. They said you were a good English speaker as a compliment.

Anyway I had a very good time. I said thanks to them for their warm welcome from the bottle of my heart.

As I was to leave there early next morning, I said good night and good bye. Natalie hugged me and said "Never forget to call me after your return to Los Angeles. We are all looking forward to seeing you. Have a nice trip"

Returning my tent site I wrote a so called Bread and Butter letter to Natalie and her family. When I was a university student, I was taught from an American teacher of English that it s the manner to send a thanks letter to the inviter next morning if could. I happened to remind myself of this manner.

August 7th was the last day of my 1990 trip to USA and Canada, I fell into sleep with a sense of fulfillment on that night.

(1234).

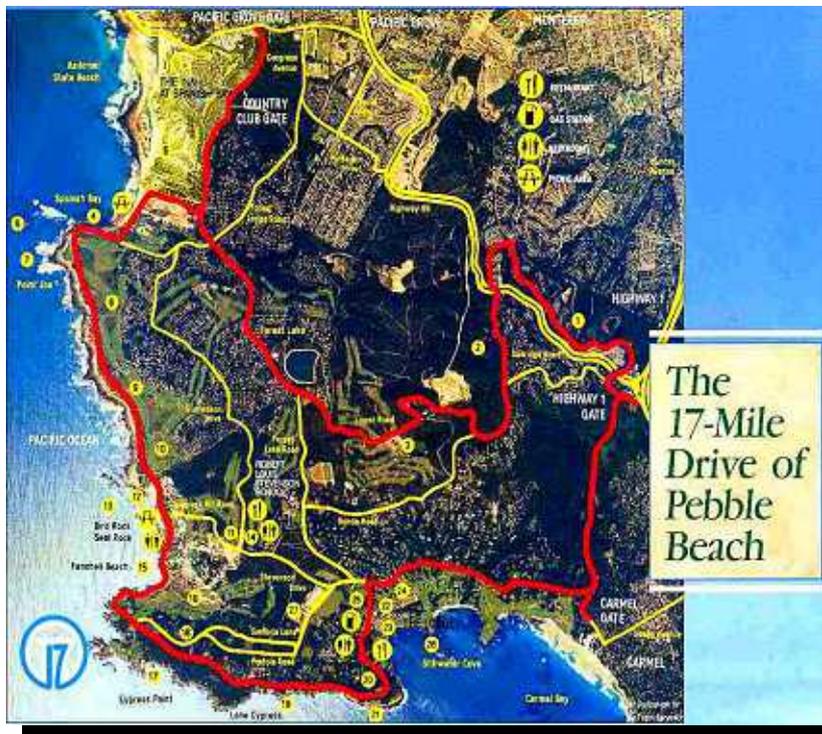
August 8th (Wednesday)

I got up at six. Putting all my things into the car, I left my site and dropped in at Natalie s RV site to put the Bread and Butter Letter on the window glass of her RV. I said “Adieu” in my mind and walking to my car, when Natalie showed up from the RV door and asked what happened. I told her I wanted to say thank her for entertainments she gave me in the evening before. As I thought she lay still asleep, I put the thanks letter on the car window. I was very glad fancy meeting her there again.

She said how polite, how educated I was..

We made a promise to get together at Natalie s house at Hermosa Beach, Los Angeles.

Thereafter Natalie and her family became the first best friends in the US. Whenever I went on a trip to Alaska from Los Angeles I made it a rule to call on her at Hermosa Beach before and after the trip.



I wanted to drive “17 Mile Drive” in Monterey Peninsula where I visited the year before but sorry to say, thick fog prevented me from sightseeing drive.

The peninsula was a popular year round playground boasting several golf courses. Pebble Beach Golf Links was particularly worldwide famous for its US Opens or PGA Championship .I

wanted to buy some small things as the

souvenirs from Pebble Beach Golf Links. I took SR-1 from Monterey south 120 miles to San Luis Obispo very close to the Pacific coastline and on the west rolling flanks of Santa Lucia Ranges. As Santa Lucia Ranges is much genial than the Coast Ranges in northern California, the sceneries of the coast were much milder than those of the northern coast...

(1235)

SR-1 meets US101 and runs about 10 miles to Pismo beach on the same federal highway and parts from it again. SR-1 runs through wide fertile agricultural district. Rural sceneries of the calm villages made my mind easy.

I was thinking that the 1990 Summer Trip was about to come to an end. I would be sure to see my son and his wife safely again .that evening.



At that time I felt something wrong with my car. Backside of my car swung just a little when I stepped on the brake pedal, but I didn't feel vibrations just yet.. I thought of the pressure decrease of rear tire. The rear right tire was half flat.

I remembered that I had a flat tire on the interstate Freeway I-15 in the 1989 Trip round southern California and Baja California. As I was used to repairing flat tire, I had made it skillfully within a short time.

I got to Santa Barbara at 14:20. I dropped in at a gas station, filled her up 10 gallons and had my broken tire repaired in the garage there. They charged me 27 dollars for repairing and replacement of decayed inner tube.

From Santa Barbara, US101 runs on the beach east 35 miles to Ventura and runs into inland, north side of Santa Monica Mountains. After a short drive US 101 runs into Los Angeles County. And the freeway increases number of lanes(7 or 8).

Each lane became full of cars and cars lessened their speed gradually and stopped intermittently. Finally all vehicles on the seven up lanes were completely stopped.

I saw several helicopters were hovering over the freeway about 1 mile ahead. Loud speaker announced about the situations of the traffic accident loudly. Long double trailer seemed to fell over sideways and interrupted all up lanes.

It was about more than one hour after the accident had occurred that the right hand two lanes were opened and more time was needed to be relieved from the traffic accident.

Avoiding terrible traffic jam of the downtown I took Foothill Freeway I-210 It was at 18:30 pm that I got my son s.. Odometer indicated 11.558 miles. (18.493 km).

(1236)