

WED 10.8.

My previous photo shows our sleeping den in our car; after removing two rows of back seats and placing cardboard on the floor, plus an air mattress, we created decent sleeping quarters. As we were on the road almost every day, pitching a tent would take too much time.

This morning on my way through the camp I noticed quite a few caravans that had been parked there for some time, e.g. *caravan home with a sign "RETIRED & BROKE DR"*(a blue sign just above the pot plants).



There was also this old tractor for sale - for only \$ 1300

After breakfast we were off to another location – **Mt. St. Helens National Volcanic Monument**.

Mount St. Helens is 154 km south of Seattle and 80 km northeast of Portland. Mount St. Helens takes its English name from the British diplomat Lord St Helens, a friend of explorer George Vancouver.



Mount St. Helens is most notorious for its major

1980 eruption, the deadliest and most economically destructive volcanic event in the history of the United States. 47 bridges, 24km destroyed. The reduced from 1.6 km wide avalanche was Helens National the volcano and studied.



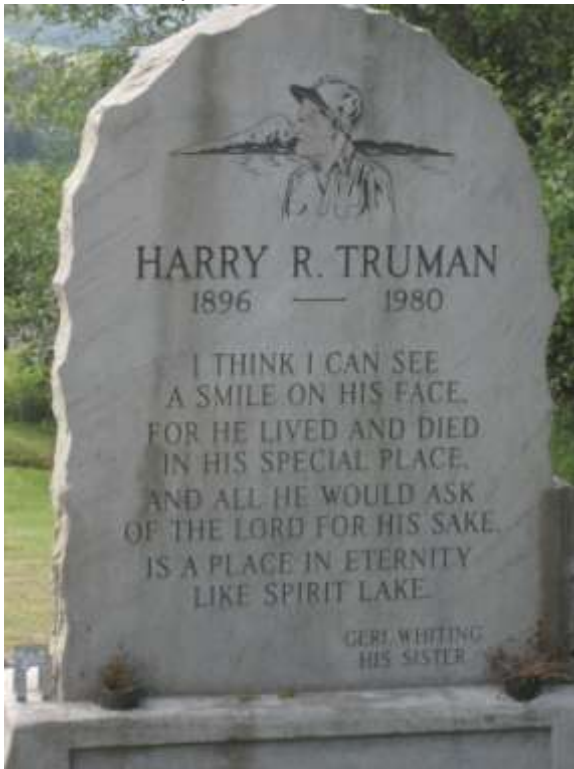
Fifty-seven people were killed; 250 homes, of railroads and 298km of highways were elevation of the mountain's summit was 2,950 m to 2,549 m, replacing it with a horseshoe-shaped crater. The debris up to 2.9 km³ in volume. The Mount St. Volcanic Monument was created to preserve allow for its aftermath to be scientifically

First photo shows the volcano 1 day before the eruption; the next photo shows it on May 18, 1980 at 08:32



David A. Johnston hours before he was killed by the eruption

30-years-old volcanologist David Johnston was on duty, observing the volcano, replacing his colleague who had to see his doctor back in Vancouver (USA). Moments before his position was hit by the pyroclastic flow, Johnston radioed his famous last words: "**Vancouver! Vancouver! This is it!**" Johnston's body was never found.



83-year-old Harry R. Truman, who had lived near the mountain for 54 years, became famous when he decided not to evacuate before the impending eruption, despite repeated pleas by local authorities. His body was never found after the eruption.

He was WW 1 veteran who became caretaker of the Mount St. Helens Lodge at the foot of Mount St. Helens besides Spirit Lake. He was alone in his lodge when a pyroclastic flow (a fast-moving current of hot gas and rock which reaches speeds moving away from a volcano of up to 700km/h. The gas can reach temperatures of about 1,000°C) engulfed the Spirit Lake area, destroying the lake and burying the site of his lodge under 46m of volcanic landslide debris.

He became something of a "folk hero" and from March until May, was the subject of many songs and poems by children. One group of children from Salem, Oregon, sent him banners inscribed "Harry - We Love You", while Truman received fan letters including several marriage proposals.

A few more facts from the Visitors Centre:

- Speed of the rock slide at the time of explosion was 230 km/h.
- Speed of air wave 450 km/h.
- Static electricity experienced by mountaineers in the area when holding their ice axe.
- The explosion in 1470 was twice as big (read from tree rings).
- The height of ash cloud steam was 24km.
- 500 km² destroyed.



3,000 ft (1 km) steam plume on May 19, 1982, two years after its major eruption



The crater as it looks today

Importance to Native Americans

Indigenous Americans legends were inspired by volcano's beauty. American Indian lore contains numerous legends to explain the eruptions of Mount St. Helens and other Cascade volcanoes.



The most famous of these is the Bridge of the Gods legend told by the Klickitat people. In their tale, the chief of all the gods and his two sons, Pahto (also called Klickitat) and Wy'east, travelled down the Columbia River from the Far North in search for a suitable area to settle.

They came upon an area that is now called The Dalles and thought they had never seen a

land so beautiful. The sons quarrelled over the land, so to solve the dispute their father shot two arrows from his mighty bow — one to the north and the other to the south. Pahto followed the arrow to the north and settled there while Wy'east did the same for the arrow to the south. The chief of the gods then built the Bridge of the Gods, so his family could meet periodically.

When the two sons of the chief of the gods fell in love with a beautiful maiden named Loowit, she could not choose between them. The two young chiefs fought over her, burying villages and forests in the process. The area was devastated and the earth shook so violently that the huge bridge fell into the river, creating the cascades of the Columbia River Gorge.

For punishment, the chief of the gods struck down each of the lovers and transformed them into great mountains where they fell. Wy'east, with his head lifted in pride, became the volcano known today as Mount Hood. Pahto, with his head bent toward his fallen love, was turned into Mount Adams. The fair Loowit became Mount St. Helens, known to the Klickitats as Louwala-Clough, which means "smoking or fire mountain" in their language (the Sahaptin called the mountain Loowit).



The mountain is also of sacred importance to the Cowlitz and Yakama tribes that also historically lived in the area. They find the area above its tree line to be of exceptional spiritual significance, and the mountain (which they call "Lawetlat'la", roughly translated as "the smoker") features prominently in their

creation myth, and in some of their songs and rituals. In recognition of this cultural significance, over 4,900 ha of the mountain (roughly bounded by the Loowit Trail) have been listed on the National Register of Historic Places. Other area tribal names for the mountain include "nšh'ák" ("water coming out") from the Upper Chehalis, and "aka akn" ("snow mountain"), a Kiksht term.

Exploration by Europeans

Royal Navy Commander George Vancouver and the officers of HMS *Discovery* made the Europeans' first recorded sighting of Mount St. Helens on May 19, 1792, while surveying the northern Pacific Ocean coast. Vancouver named the mountain for British diplomat Alleyne Fitzherbert, 1st Baron St Helens on October 20, 1792, as it came into view when the *Discovery* passed into the mouth of the Columbia River.

Years later, explorers, traders, and missionaries heard reports of an erupting volcano in the area. Geologists and historians determined much later that the eruption took place in 1800, marking the beginning of the 57-year-long Goat Rocks Eruptive Period (see geology section). Alarmed by the "dry snow," the Nespelem tribe of north-eastern Washington danced and prayed rather than collecting food and suffered during that winter from starvation.

In late 1805 and early 1806, members of the Lewis and Clark Expedition spotted Mount St. Helens from the Columbia River but did not report either an ongoing eruption or recent evidence of one. They did however report the presence of quicksand and clogged channel conditions at the mouth of the Sandy River near Portland, suggesting an eruption by Mount Hood sometime in the previous decades.

In 1829 Hall J. Kelley led a campaign to rename the Cascade Range as the President's Range and also to rename each major Cascade mountain after a former President of the United States. In his scheme Mount St. Helens was to be renamed Mount Washington.

Lost in Portland for 3 hours

From Mt. St. Helens we were heading for Columbia River Gorge which meant that we were to drive back on the main highway and unfortunately through the town of Portland (population: 3.022 mil.). As soon as we came onto the highway we were back in huge traffic again.



Glenn Jackson Bridge spans the Columbia River between Vancouver, Washington and Portland, Oregon. The average daily traffic during 2013 was 142,000 vehicles.

Aerial view of central Portland



Our satellite navigation (SATNAV) was not working. It was showing Portland, Maine, while we needed Portland, Oregon. No chance to get our Portland, and as we were to leave the main highway in Portland, VP was trying to find the right junction to get us in our eastern direction. Naturally, we missed it and the above aerial view shows what we had to go through. So, after losing our way, we stopped and asked the first man at a car

park. He said to us “You’re lucky to ask the right person as I used to be a track driver.” However, being slightly drunk he even could not find our place on the map. VP soon lost his temper and we went to a car service office and asked a white-colour worker. After even that man could not find our location VP blew up and said “If I were lost in Prague, and produced a map of the city, anyone could tell me where I was”. But of course, Portland is three times as big, and the locals are from all over the States/World.

Eventually we managed to leave the town, knowing that we had to drive east of Portland I drove the car eastwards (being guided by the sun) until we found our road! Not a very good experience!

Following the Historic Columbia Highway 30, our next stop was at Columbia River Gorge.



The **Columbia River Gorge** is a canyon of the Columbia River in the Pacific Northwest of the United States. Up to 1,200 m deep, the canyon stretches for over 130 km as the river winds westward through the Cascade Range forming the boundary between the State of Washington to the north and Oregon to the south.

Vista House above Columbia River



After taking photos it was time to find a camp, and as usual, it proved quite a job. In the first RV Camp we came to there was no vacancy, the next camp was also full. So, because we were hungry (it could have been about 7.30 p.m.), we had our meal at the car park, contemplating whether to sleep

here, at the camp car park. But as our hunger shortly disappeared we went to look for another camp and were lucky as we found a good place not too far from here and at a very low cost.



National Forest Camp @ \$ 7.00.

Its location was a bit off the beaten track - uphill into the woods, hence the very low cost. The site steward, Vietnam War veteran, had helped us to settle in. He suggested we join him for a barbecue, but we were too tired and declined his kind offer (now I regret I did not accept it, as I do not think I will ever meet another Vietnam War veteran). Each camp site in US /Canada is quite a large area: there is a place for more than one car and several tents. Further, there is a fire place with a grille for barbecue (sometimes there is even wood there) and of course a table with benches at each side.

So far I had driven 936km.

THU 11.8.

OREGON



Motto: *Alis volat propriis* (lat.) She flies with her own wings

Nickname: "Beaver state"

Capital: Salem

Tree: Douglas Fir

State song: *Oregon My Oregon*

The Columbia River Gorge marks the state line between Oregon and Washington and it holds federally protected status as a National Scenic Area called the **Columbia Gorge National Scenic Area**.

The Gorge creates a diverse collection of ecosystems from the temperate rain forest on the western end—with an average annual precipitation of 1,900 to 2,500 mm—to the eastern grasslands with average annual precipitation between 250 and 380 mm, to a transitional dry woodland.

The Gorge transitions between temperate rainforest to dry grasslands in only 130km, hosting a dramatic change in scenery while driving down Interstate Oregon-Utah (I-84).



The **Columbia River** is the largest river in the Pacific Northwest region of North America. The river rises in the Rocky Mountains of British Columbia, Canada. It flows northwest and then south into the US state of Washington, then turns west to form most of the border between Washington and the state of Oregon before emptying into the Pacific Ocean. It is 2,000 km long, and its largest tributary is the Snake River. Its drainage basin is roughly the size of France and extends into seven US states and a Canadian province.

The Columbia, with an average flow at the mouth, of about 7,500 m³/s, is the largest river by volume flowing into the Pacific from North America and is the fourth-largest river in the United States. The 14 hydroelectric dams on the Columbia's main stem and many more on its tributaries produce more than 44% of total U.S. hydroelectric generation – much more hydroelectric power than those of any other North American river. It begins its journey in the southern Rocky Mountain Trench in British Columbia.

Multnomah Falls (The Multnomah were a tribe of Chinookam people who lived in the area of Portland) is the tallest waterfall in the state of Oregon (190m)

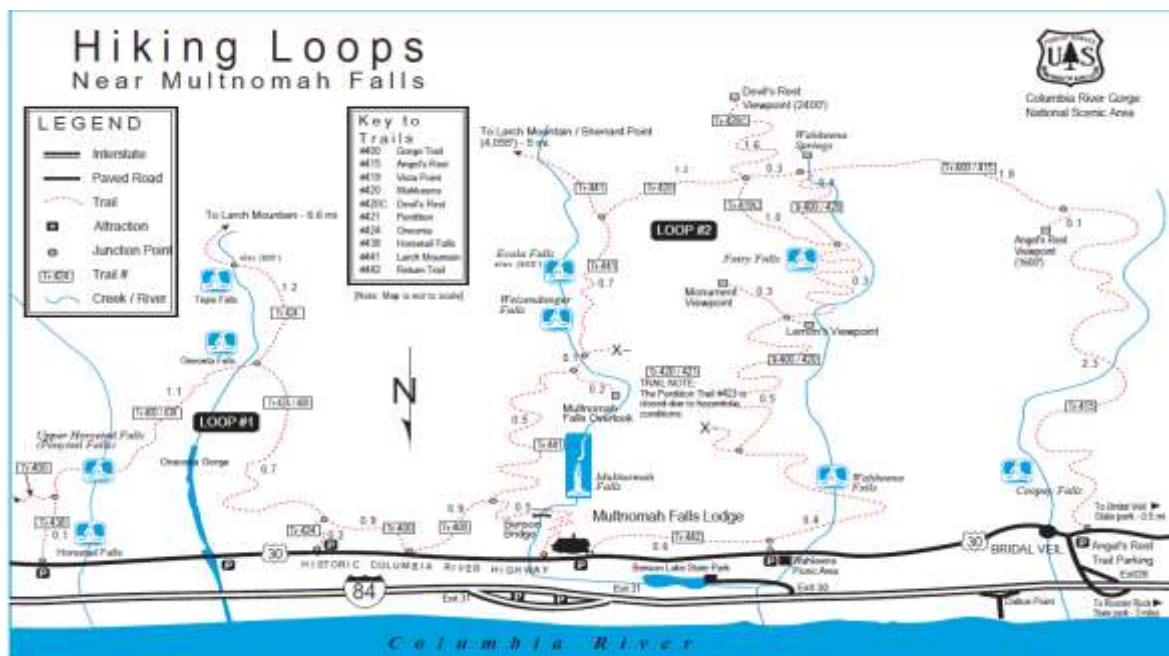
The waterfall is credited by a sign at the site and by the United States Forest Service, as the second tallest year-round waterfall in the United States. However, there is some scepticism surrounding this distinction, as Multnomah Falls is listed as the 137th tallest waterfall in the United States by the World Waterfall Database (this site does not distinguish between seasonal and year-round waterfalls).



While VP walked only part of the way up, I decided to walk **Larch Trail** No 441 leading to Larch Mt. Going up through the temperate rain forest, I had noticed that trees were bigger and bigger the higher I went along the Larch Trail. Unfortunately, due to time restriction I had finished only 4 km from the top. It took me 1 hour to walk down to the car. Larch Trail was the most beautiful trail I have ever walked on so far - all the time along a mountain stream (it reminded me my most popular trail at home-Klinovy potok in Krkonose Mount.)

When walking on the Larch Trail I met a track driver who was, to use his own words-"clearing his head". We chatted for about half an hour; whilst I was telling him about my cycling experience on Route 66 in 2000 (a track I'd seen at the border of Texas and New Mexico - close to a ghost town Glenrio), he was telling me about his driving experience on US Highways.

Perfect local information sign-boards for walkers



Standing in front of another information panel and overlooking the Columbia River – I'd read about a bicycle mechanic from Ireland (early 20th century), John Dunlop, the tyre inventor. What an interesting piece of information!

Today I had phoned Andy (my 53 years old cousin born in US) who works as a manager at Oregon Roses, Portland, but could not speak to his mother Alice (my auntie, 83 or so, whom I met in Lanov many years ago) as there was the answer machine. Andy was very much surprised and we had a good chat.

At the car park, next to our car, I could not have noticed the latest model of Harley –Davidson parking near our car, and when talking to the riders – man and his wife - I learnt that they came from New Zealand. They park / store the motorbike in US and come back from NZ every year to have their holyday in US – riding the bike!



*From Multnomah Falls we were heading towards another volcano - **Mt. Hood.***



*On this occasion we had no problem to find a superb camp at \$ 19.00 (Hood River County Parks) with its lovely mountain stream – **The Hood River.***

We had done 1088 km so far.