

Traveling in Montana, the Canadian Rockies, Washington and Oregon

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I started driving from Palos Verdes Estates, California on May 26, 1988 and visited Arizona, Utah, Colorado, and Wyoming. Finally, I was going to reach Montana, the Canadian Rockies, Washington and Oregon.

I left Yellowstone National Park on June 6, and headed for Glacier National Park in Montana. There were around 370 miles (592 km) between Yellowstone National Park and Glacier National Park. I had to drive on Highway 191 for 80 miles (128 km). The highway changed its number to Highway 85 and then it merged with U.S. Interstate Highway 90. I tried to memorize the highway numbers to avoid getting on the wrong highway.

I climbed up into the mountains on Highway 191. I drove for a while and realized that the highway far ahead of me had changed to yellow ochre. It looked like the highway was covered with a carpet. I drove up near the yellow carpet and I found that it was a huge swarm of bugs. There were several thousands of moths on the highway. Even though I drove over them, none of them tried to fly away.

After I got onto Highway 90, I had to drive carefully in order not to miss the directions to U.S. Federal Highway 287. The directions might say U.S. Federal Highway 12 because the highway had two names, U.S. Federal Highway 287 and U.S. Federal Highway 12. Several miles after I drove past Three Forks, I was able to enter U.S. Interstate Highway 15 northbound. This highway had two names, U.S. Interstate Highway 15 and U.S. Federal Highway 287. The highway separated into two, U.S. Interstate Highway 15 and U.S. Federal Highway 287, in Wolf Creek. After I had entered Highway 287 northbound, I drove on it for around 30 minutes. I started feeling very anxious because I felt that I was not on the right highway. It was a two-lane country road. I didn't see any road signs around me. There were neither houses nor animals along the highway. I wondered whether I should return to Wolf Creek or not. I decided to continue driving on. Finally, I saw a road sign which said, "Augusta," which indicated that I was on the right highway. The highway reached Choteau, where I entered U.S. Federal Highway 89 northbound. Around Augusta, I had seen a sign which said, "Lewis and Clark" but my mind was so busy thinking about Choteau where I changed the highway that I didn't stop to see the details of "Lewis and Clark."

After I started driving on Highway 89, I felt very relaxed because the highway would take me to St. Mary where there was an entrance to Glacier National Park. There were

ranches and fields along the highway. Most of the fields looked camel-brown. Sometimes I saw green and yellow strips on the fields. Most of the time, I could see only horizon beyond the field but a few times, I saw hills or mountains far beyond the fields. Water sprinklers were on a part of one field whose grass was dark green, which contrasted with the dried yellow grass in the rest of the field. One of my unforgettable views along Highway 89 was a field which was divided into green and pale orange. Far beyond the field, there were violet-gray mountains covered with pale violet-gray air as if it were a lace curtain. Beyond the violet-gray air, there was a blue sky. The highway stretched out straight and disappeared into the horizon. There were no houses, cars, or utility poles along the highway. There were only a blue sky, the wilderness area, and the straight highway. I was alone, surrounded by the beautiful nature.

I arrived in St. Mary, located on the east side of Glacier National Park. I had to drive through the park to reach the west side of the park. The sky was covered with very thick dark gray clouds and it was almost ready to rain. I had to drive along the edge of the mountains. Once I was stopped due to road construction. While I was waiting for the "Start driving" signal, I looked at the view on my left. There were extremely tall, almost black green trees which looked like Christmas trees. Behind the trees, I could see a part of the dark gray mountains. Four or five ridgelines showed a part of their ranges behind the mountain. They looked dark gray; however, their colors were slightly different from each other. The view was breathtakingly beautiful.

I drove along a lake which was dark gray and some parts were dark green. The sky was dark gray with some slightly pink parts. There was a tiny island in the lake. The lake wasn't so beautiful but I hadn't seen any lakes or rivers for a while and the view of the lake put my mind at peace.

I drove on, enjoying the beautiful scenery. Some high, rocky mountains, blue-gray mixed with lilac, stretched into the sky. Some parts of the summits were still covered with snow. In the middle of the mountains, I could see some dark green with a brown colored line which was a highway. There were around ten waterfalls side-by-side along the cliff. The waterfalls were around 17 feet (5 m) high and they were of various widths from around 3.3 yards (3 m) to 1.1 yards (one meter). The falls came down from part of the cliff to the highway and fell into a deep valley. They looked as if they were white lace curtains covering the cliff. I wanted to stop and take many pictures but it was pretty dark so I drove to West Glacier in a hurry. I expected that the next day I could take good pictures in the daylight.

As I saw several large red delicious apples at a grocery store in West Glacier, I bought five of them. The first apple was juicy, sweet, and extremely delicious.

The next morning, after I had eaten another apple for my breakfast, I started driving in the park. It was sunny and the sky was pale blue. Many broad-leaf trees that looked like poplars or aspens were shining yellow-green, and such needle-leaf trees such as cedars were shining dark green. Rocky gray mountains, with cliffs still partly covered

with snow, showed their shapes behind many trees. Sometimes I saw shallow valleys surrounded by mountains. The valley floors were covered with dark green fir trees and yellow-green grass with rivers running through the valley floors. The mountains were separated from top to bottom into four colors: white, pale gray, green, and dark green. Sometimes I saw a long white stream running down from the middle of mountains and falling into the valley. Most of that area was carpeted with dark green fir trees. Beyond the carpet, there were mountains almost completely covered with snow.

I reached at the place where there were several waterfalls on the cliff. The waterfalls looked whiter than the previous day. After I had passed the waterfalls, I headed for Logan Pass Visitor Center in the center of the park. The scenery was very different from what I had seen the previous day. The mountains and valleys were covered with a thick fog. It looked as if someone had poured fog into the valleys from the summits of the mountains. After I had driven for a couple of miles from the water falls, I couldn't see anything except the yellow lines on the road and red tail lights of the car ahead of me. I looked at the yellow lines on the road very carefully and followed the car ahead of me. For around 20 miles (32 km) that was all I could see. Finally I arrived at an area where there was no fog; however, it was overcast. A gray lake which was the same color as the sky appeared in front of me. It was the same lake which I had seen the previous day. The lake was surrounded by dark green mountains and dark green trees. Nobody was there. I thought that if it were sunny, the view must have been very beautiful. I wondered why the weather in East Glacier was very different from West Glacier. I drove to St. Mary and it was overcast there, too.

I left West Glacier at 6:15 A.M. As the weather was nice, I wanted to drive in Glacier National Park again but I decided not to because there was no guarantee that it was fine in East Glacier and I had to arrive at the Canadian Rockies before dark.

According to the driving map, I had to get on U.S. Federal Highway 2 and had to change to State Highway 4, then had to enter U.S. Federal Highway 93 northbound which would take me to Canada. I didn't have any problems getting on Highway 2, but I had a hard time to find the entrance to Highway 4. I drove the same bit of highway back and forth several times for 30 minutes but I couldn't find the entrance to Highway 4. There were neither houses nor cars around so I couldn't ask anybody for directions. Finally, I found a small donut store along the highway and asked a storekeeper the directions to Highway 4 and to Canada. I drove back up to the highway which I had driven along several times. The state highway was only a two-lane country road which merged with Highway 93. It took me around one hour to reach the borderline between the U.S.A. and Canada after I had got on U.S. Federal Highway 93. Near the border, I saw a sign which said, "Leaving U.S.A. Stop and Report to Canadian Customs."

There was a small wooden house along the highway. That was the customs office. In the office, there were a man and a woman. I showed the man my passport and the traveler's checks. The man, who must have been an inspector, looked at my passport

and put a stamp on it. He didn't examine my traveler's checks. I wondered why he didn't because every time I passed through the U.S. customs, an inspector always asked me how much money I had.

The inspector asked me if I had any vegetables, fruit, meat, or nuts. I felt very happy about his question. I was proud of being able to announce to him that I had two large beautiful delicious apples. He asked me where they were and I replied that I had them in my car. He asked me to bring them so I brought the apples and showed them to him. I told him, "These are beautiful, aren't they?" He replied, "Yes, they are," and said, "Put those apples in that plastic container." I couldn't understand what he said so I thought about his words for a while. He said, "You can't bring any fruit, meat, vegetables, or nuts into Canada." Then I remembered clearly that every time I crossed between California and Arizona, I had to pass through an inspection place. They asked me the same questions as the Canadian inspector. I opened the top of the blue plastic container which was a garbage can size. It was full of potatoes. After I had passed through the customs office, I regretted that I hadn't eaten the two apples in the customs office.

As soon as I entered Canada, I thought that I could drive faster in Canada because the speed limit was higher there than that of the U.S.A. Speed limit signs indicated 70 and 80 in Canada. In the U.S.A., in the 1980s, the maximum speed was 55 miles (88 km) per hour. I drove on Highway 93 from 70 to 80 miles (112 to 128 km) per hour. I drove through a wooded area. There were dark green tall trees on both sides of the highway and there were high mountains in front of me. A long white cloud hung in the air between the highway and the mountains. The mountaintops could be seen above the cloud. There were no houses, utility poles, or cars around me. Nobody ordered me to do anything. I was extremely free. It was wonderful.

A small brown branch was being blown by the wind ahead of me on the road. When I got closer to the branch, I found that a mother goose and four or five goslings were crossing the highway. I quickly stepped on the brake very hard in order not to run over them. My car tires made a huge strange sound. It was not a long enough distance to stop the car so I made a sharp turn to avoid hitting them. After I had driven around 100 yards (around 90 m) away from the geese, I regretted that I hadn't taken any pictures of them. I could have taken their pictures with my car parked in the middle of the highway.

I had driven around 60 miles (96 km) in Canada when found out that the metric system was used in Canada. I converted the driving distances from kilometers to miles and wrote down the miles on the map. It was easier for me to use the mile system because I had practiced how to drive a car and received my driver's license in the U.S.A.

Highway 93 merged with Highway 95 and the highway had two numbers. At Kootenay National Park, the highway separated into two highways again: Highway 93 and Highway 95. I got on Highway 93 and drove into Kootenay National Park.

I had to pay \$9.00 for the entrance fee. It was overcast in Kootenay National Park. The sky was milky white and most of the trees were dark green. Most of the mountains

were covered with milky white clouds. Sometimes parts of mountains appeared through the clouds. Again I saw a long milky white cloud hanging in the air. I saw pale yellow-gray mountaintops above the cloud and saw dark green fields, green trees, and yellow-green trees under the cloud. A milky white river ran through the dark green field. Sometimes I drove along a blue-green river or a brown colored river. One of the unique views I saw in Kootenay National Park was a small emerald green lake with a lot of trees around it, but none of the trees had any leaves. Another beautiful view was a lot of tall dark trees, and beyond them was a blue-green lake. Beyond the lake there were pale gray-purple rocky mountains.

On June 9, I left my motel, the David Thompson Resort which was 72 miles (120 km) away from Lake Louise to see Athabasca Glacier and Jasper National Park. The sky was covered with thick dark gray clouds. The trees along Highway 11 looked black instead of dark green. Sometimes I saw high rocky mountains which were covered with snow behind the tall black trees. When I started driving on Highway 93, the sky changed to milky white from dark gray. I saw many tall dark green trees which looked like Douglas firs along Highway 93. I also saw Vandyke brown mixed with dark gray on the rocky mountains behind the trees. The tops of the mountains were covered with snow.

There was a tour available on Athabasca Glacier. I had to ride on a special vehicle which had caterpillar treads instead of tires. From Highway 93, Athabasca Glacier looked like a pile of snow between two mountains. It took around 15 minutes from the bottom to the middle of the glacier. I stepped onto the glacier which looked like sherbet but was a rough icy field. The part of the glacier I stepped on was slightly gray but a part of the glacier on the mountain cliff looked pale blue and white. I expected that a part of the glacier on the top of the mountain would fall off but it did not happen while I was there. It looked like there was a snowstorm at the top of the glacier. The sky and the mountains were covered with dark gray clouds and I couldn't see any boundaries between the sky, the mountains, or the end of the glacier.

On the way to Jasper, the sky was pale blue and there were some white clouds. The gray-purple rocky mountains stuck out into the blue sky. Highway 93 ran through a wooded area with many Douglas firs which looked like huge Christmas trees on both sides of the highway. A small black bear cub was climbing a tree. I couldn't believe that I was only 10 feet (3 m) away from the bear. Another one was also trying to climb the tree. I tried to get closer to the bears and wanted to take pictures of them. They didn't seem like they were afraid of me. I thought I might be able to hold them. A man beside me told me not to get too close to the bear cubs because their mother must be near them. A large black bear which might be the cubs' mother appeared from the woods and came out near the highway.

The trees and grass were green along Highway 93 in Jasper. Two elk appeared from the woods. They were around 26 feet (8 m) away from me. I also saw a mountain goat on a cliff. The goat was around 55 yards (50 m) away so that I couldn't see it well.

Most trees in Jasper looked dark green and black-green. I could see the pale violet-gray or pale blue-gray rocky mountains behind the trees. Some parts of the mountain cliffs were covered with snow. The most unforgettable view in Jasper was where there was an island in a milky white river. The island was covered with many tall dark green Douglas firs. The bank on the opposite side was covered with a lot of tall trees, too. There were pale violet-gray mountains beyond the trees. The mountain peaks reached into the pale blue sky with white clouds.

When I arrived in Jasper, I looked for a gas station to change my car oil. I used to change the oil every 1,000 miles (1,600 km). I had driven 3,000 miles from Palos Verdes to the Canadian Rockies. Mr. Bernhardt used to tell me that if I changed the oil every 1,000 miles, I could drive the car for at least 200,000 miles (320,000 km) in good condition. He also told me that I should use the same company's gasoline, Union 76 and oil, Penz. There was the very famous Maligne Lake in Jasper. While I was in Jasper, my mind was occupied with changing the oil and going to Maligne Lake slipped my mind.

That evening I was wakened by noise from outside. I peeped through the curtain and saw two women getting out of a car. Even though it was 11:00 P.M., it was still light enough to see them. They drove away without turning on the headlights.

On June 10, I started driving to Banff and Lake Louise. It was a clear day and the air was crisp. After driving the car several miles from my motel, I realized that my car wasn't going as fast as it should have. Even though I pushed the accelerator very hard, the speedometer indicated only 30 miles (48 km) per hour. I pushed the accelerator very hard again and the speedometer changed to around 60 miles (96 km) per hour. I thought that maybe the air was crisp so that the car didn't move as fast as it should.

Even though I had previously driven on Highway 11 three times, I hadn't seen such a beautiful view before. Milk-coffee-brown rocky mountains stretched into the blue sky. Most of the mountaintops were covered with white snow. The view was very different from the previous days. While I was driving on Highway 93, I saw three deer eating grass beside the highway. I enjoyed looking at the scenery while I was driving. A silver-gray river flowed peacefully and there were mountains beside the river. The mountains were covered with tall dark trees and there were pale violet-purple rocky mountains behind the dark green mountains. The most unforgettable view in Banff was a place where there were many yellow-green trees in front of the silver-gray river. There were some islands in the river covered with yellow-green trees and there was a mountain beyond the river covered with tall dark green trees. Behind the dark green forested mountain, there was a pale violet-purple rocky mountain which stuck out in the pale blue sky. There were many white clouds in the sky. It was raining in Lake Louise and the lake was emerald green. Sometimes, its color changed to gray. The color of the lake changed according to where I looked at the lake from. The lake was surrounded by rocky mountains but most of the mountains were covered with thick gray clouds. The lake was smaller than I had expected and it wasn't as beautiful as many people had told me. I

decided to go to the far side of the lake so I started walking along it. Many times I looked behind me. There was a large hotel in front of the lake. Even though I walked for 15 minutes, I couldn't reach halfway. I could see the hotel which was still large. I walked for around 40 minutes to reach the side opposite the hotel. I wanted to walk even farther on the path beside the lake but the path became narrower and rougher. I didn't meet anybody on the path for 40 minutes. I thought it was dangerous to walk around there alone so I decided to return to the place where the large hotel was. On my way back to the motel, I saw a grizzly bear cub which was digging a hole beside the highway. It was very cute as if it were a living stuffed animal.

I left the David Thompson Resort and headed for Kamloops. While I was driving on Highway 93, I saw a black bear beside the highway. I looked at the bear for around five minutes until the bear walked into the woods. The sky was milky white and the trees were dark green and black-green in Yoho. The scenery was very beautiful but I didn't stop in Yoho to take any pictures. When I visited Yoho, it was raining. However, many people were standing and looking at the tunnel which was in a high mountain. After I had passed the park, I saw a sign which said, "Time Zone changes, set your watch one hour back." I had never seen such a kind of sign in the U.S.A. I drove into Glacier National Park in Canada where I was surrounded by snow-covered mountains. Some parts of the woods were shining green and yellow-green but most parts were dark green. It was cold so I wore a wool sweater and a wool jacket. I also put on a pair of leather gloves. A pale silver-purple lake was surrounded by green hills. The sky was pale blue with white clouds. The surface of the lake was smooth and it looked as if it were an ice skating rink. The view was very different from in the Canadian Rockies because there were no high rocky mountains and dark green trees in the view.

It was 5:00 A.M. and the air was crisp in Kamloops. I didn't see any traffic on Highway 5. I could drive 85 miles (136 km) per hour on it. I expected that as long as there was no traffic on the highway, a police car would not come.

At the American customs, I showed my passport and I-20 which indicated that I was a university student in the U.S.A. I didn't have any trouble passing through customs, and after that I had to get on U.S. Interstate Highway 5. I couldn't find any signs which indicated Highway 5. I drove on a country road for a while. I neither knew where I was nor which direction I was driving, east or west. Even though I wanted to ask for directions, there were no gas stations or stores. To make matters worse, I didn't see any cars. Finally, I saw a man who was pushing a baby carriage on the road so I stopped my car and asked him for directions to Highway 5. He left the baby carriage in the middle of the road and showed me how to get to Highway 5. But then while he was writing the directions in my notebook, a car came toward us so he moved the baby carriage off the road in a hurry.

I arrived in Seattle a little after noon. I wanted to visit a couple of museums there. My motel was the Park Plaza Motel at 4401 Aurora Ave which was close to the ocean.

According to the map, Aurora Avenue was close to Market Street. I drove on Market Street, but without finding Aurora Avenue I came onto 45th Street. I then drove on Market Street again very carefully looking for Aurora Avenue but entered 45th Street again. I got off 45th Street and drove north. The street numbers were getting higher. I thought I should drive south. I started driving southbound on the street. As soon as I had passed 45th Street, it changed to a freeway. I had to drive fast to avoid other cars hitting me. Near downtown, the freeway changed to a two-story freeway. The southbound was the first floor and the northbound was the second floor. I drove past the downtown area and I looked for an exit ramp because I had come too far from the motel. There were neither buildings nor cars around me. I had to get on the northbound part of the freeway to find the motel. I looked for an entrance ramp to the freeway but I couldn't find one. I couldn't even find the road which was supposed to take me to the northbound lanes of the freeway. I thought that the road I was on would take me to both northbound and southbound lanes because the freeway had two stories. The exit and entrance ramps must be the same but it must be divided in the middle of the ramp. I did a U-turn on the road and drove into the ramp where I had come from. In the middle of the ramp, I saw a truck coming toward me. The truck driver blew his horn. I U-turned on the ramp and drove back to the road. I saw a police car with red flashing lights on behind me. I parked my car beside the road. I realized that I would receive a traffic violation ticket. Anyway, I had to find the motel. I held two maps and ran to the police car. I told the policeman, "I am very glad to see you. I came from Japan and I missed my way. Where am I?" I showed him the maps of Washington State and Seattle. The policeman pointed on the map and showed me where I was. I asked him how to get to the motel. He told me to get on the freeway. I asked him how to get to the road which took me to the northbound freeway. He pointed to the left of me. There was a road at least 300 feet (100 m) away from me. I asked him again how to get to that road. He said, "Go straight ahead. You will find a road which takes you to that road." As soon as I got on the freeway, I realized that the policeman hadn't cited me. I also realized that if I hadn't met the truck on the ramp, I would have had a serious car accident.

I returned to Market Street again. I passed 46th Street and then the next road changed to Freeway 99. I returned to 45th Street and looked for 44th Street. Finally, I found Aurora Avenue but the avenue disappeared. I was on Freeway 99 again. I returned to 46th Street again and looked for Aurora Avenue but I was soon on the freeway again. When I looked beside the freeway, I saw many buildings along the freeway. I have never seen this type of freeway in California. I saw a man walking along the freeway. I also saw several motels along the freeway. I realized that this road had two names; Aurora Avenue and Highway 99. I didn't have any energy to go to even a single museum in Seattle.

I left Seattle at 6:15 A.M. Even though I had asked the motel owner how to get onto U.S. Interstate Highway 5, I had trouble finding an entrance ramp. I got off Highway 5 in

Tacoma, the capital of the state of Washington. The State House in Tacoma had a dome roof. I had seen state houses in Boston (Massachusetts), Lincoln (Nebraska), and Denver (Colorado). I also saw the state house in Topeka (Kansas) in a picture which was taken by Scott Williams whom I met at Estes Park in Colorado in 1971. Scott was nine years old at that time. I wondered why all the state houses had similar designed dome roofs. There was a bridge between Washington and Oregon. After I crossed the bridge, I started driving along the Oregon coast. I saw several signs which said, "Oyster" along the highway. As soon as I entered Oregon, Highway 101 had another name, U.S. Federal Highway 26. I saw green fields along the highway. I saw some signs which said, "Strawberries" and "U-pick." I couldn't understand the meaning of "U-pick." I saw a house which looked like a barn in the field. I also saw a sign of "U-pick." There were two women in the house. One of the women was selling strawberries and the other was sitting on a chair. I asked one of the women about the meaning of "U-pick." The woman who sold strawberries said, "You pick strawberries in a field." The woman sitting on a chair told me how to get to the motel. When I drove near downtown, the traffic was heavy and everybody drove very fast. I had to read the road signs very quickly not to miss the ramp to transfer to the highways. I didn't have any trouble reaching my motel.

On June 15, I decided to drive around in downtown Portland and along the Columbia River. While I was looking for an entrance ramp to U.S. Interstate Highway 205 on the outskirts of Portland, I was in the opposite direction from the Columbia River. I looked for an exit ramp but I couldn't find one. I realized that the highway was very wide. There were four lanes on the highway. I thought that a highway which had four lanes was too wide in Portland which was not a big city. I thought the highway must be divided into both northbound and southbound. I made a U-turn on the highway. As soon as I started driving in the opposite direction, I saw a car heading for me so I made a U-turn again on the highway. I crossed the bridge over the Columbia River and started driving along the Columbia River on the south bank. It was not a clear day so that the view was not as beautiful as I had expected. I saw two waterfalls along the Columbia River.

I left the motel in Portland at 5:30 A.M. and got onto Highway 26. After I had driven on Highway 26 for around 15 miles (24 km), I got on State Highway 6, which took me to the Oregon coast. While I was driving on Highway 6, it was foggy. I entered U.S. Federal Highway 101 southbound in Tillamook. Highway 101 ran along the Oregon coast. I arrived at the motel at 12:15 P.M. It was much earlier than I had expected. If I cancelled the motel reservation, I would lose the \$30.45 for the motel fare which I had paid the previous day. I didn't want to lose my money so I decided to stay in the motel a night.

While I was driving, I saw several signs which said, "Oysters." I thought I should eat oysters in Oregon. A fish store near a beach sold several kinds of fish and oysters without shells. As the saleslady told me that the oysters were fresh enough to eat raw, I bought oysters in a plastic container. Back in my motel room, I ate the raw oysters with

lemon juice and Italian dressing. The oysters were plump. I ate one oyster. It tasted bad. I ate another oyster. Again, it tasted bad. I thought that these two oysters were unusual because I had bought them at the beach. They should sell only good oysters so I ate one more oyster. Finally, I ate five oysters. All of them tasted bad. A couple of hours later, I felt sick and vomited. I realized that the oysters had made me sick. I went to a supermarket near the motel and bought a bottle of Pepto-Bismol, which was a medicine for upset stomachs. The smell of oyster in the room really bothered me. As I couldn't stay in the motel anymore, I decided to leave. It was 4:00 A.M.

Before I arrived at Crater Lake, I drove beside Diamond Lake. The lake was gray and it was surrounded by gray-green mountains. Both sides of the highway between Diamond Lake and Crater Lake were covered with snow. Crater Lake was gray, too. The surface of the lake was smooth and there was an island in it. Some parts of the north side of the island were covered with snow. The rest of the island was dark green. I drove to the south side of the lake. When I saw the island from the south, I could see the snow on it, only with dark green trees. I drove around the lake. It was around 40 miles (64 km) long.

It was 3:05 A.M. when I left the motel. From Stockton to Palos Verdes Estates, I couldn't remember what I saw. I only remembered that I visited Gloria to say "Hello" before I arrived at Mr. and Mrs. Bernhardt's home. It was 11:00 A.M. when I arrived at Mr. and Mrs. Bernhardt's home.

After I returned to Palos Verdes Estates, I learned about the Continental Divide and Lewis and Clark. The Continental Divide is the line of summits of the Rocky Mountains that separate streams flowing toward the Gulf of California and the Pacific from those flowing toward the Gulf of Mexico, Hudson Bay, and the Arctic Ocean. The signs which I saw while I was driving pointed the areas of the Continental Divide.

Lewis and Clark were explorers in early 19th century. Their exploration started in St. Louis, Missouri in May 1804 and they traveled diagonally from the southeast to the northwest across the U.S.A. and completed their journey in November 1805 where the mouth of the Columbia River meets the Pacific Ocean. The information which I saw in several places while I was driving explained that Lewis and Clark passed through those areas.

After making this round trip between California and the Canadian Rockies, I realized that it was a miracle I hadn't been killed or seriously injured in a car accident on the freeway in Washington and Oregon.