



POULSBO TO TUCSON, 2018

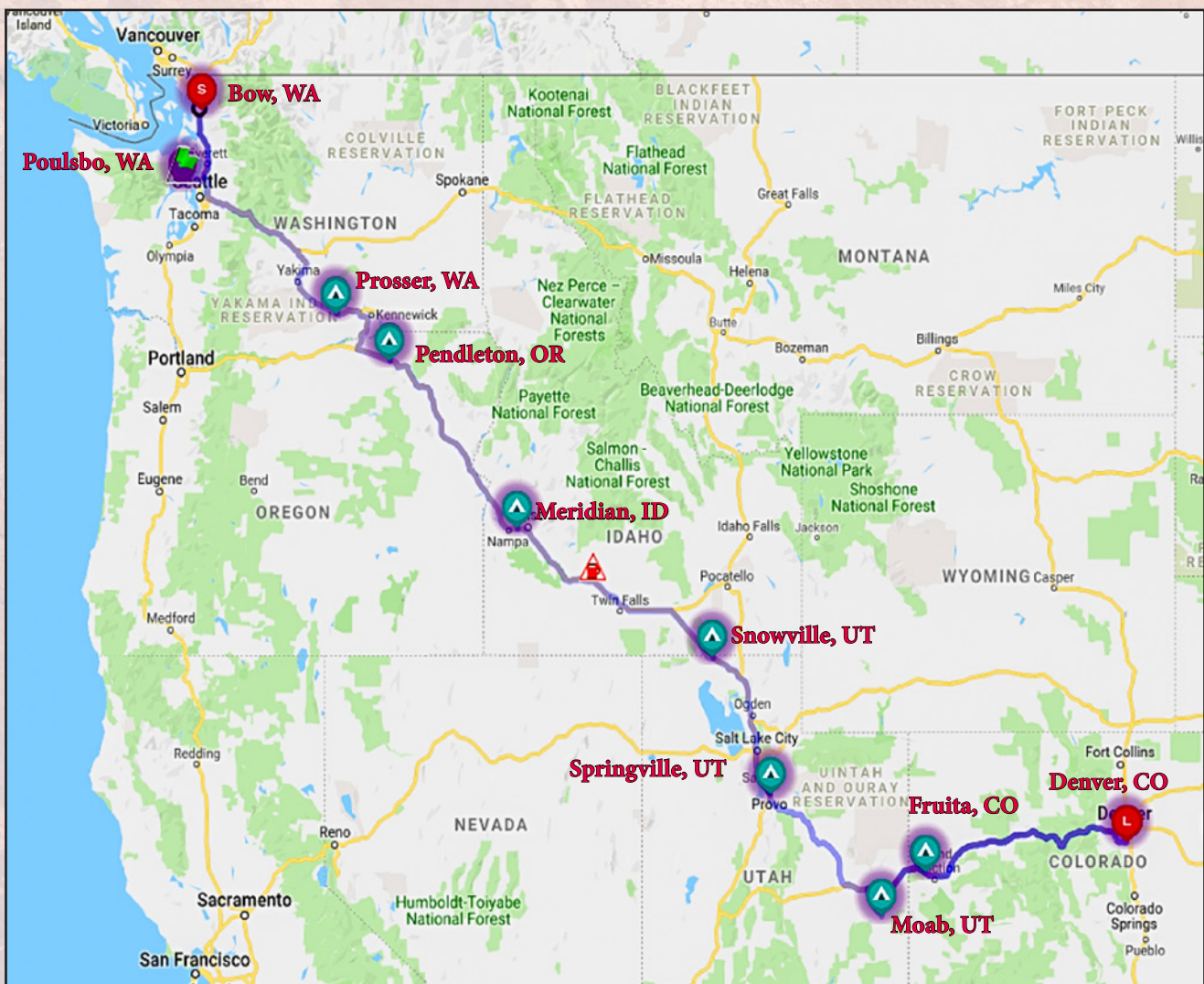
PART I - (POULSBO TO MOAB)

As we have in the past, the MoHo was moved from storage to a nearby RV park where we spent a few days moving into it and getting it supplied for our trip south.

This year we spent about two months getting down to Tucson. We left Poulsbo October 4th and arrived in Tucson on December 1st.

We have divided the *Flying Pig Adventures* travelogues covering the trip up into multiple issues to keep the size down to something more reasonable. The issue covering our Black Sea to North Sea seemed a bit big in retrospect. If you feel they are still needing to be smaller please let us know.

This issue covers our trip from Poulsbo to Moab, Utah, shown on the map below. Our stops are shown as the green circles with a white tent in the center. A couple of stops show as red circles for no apparent reason other than they were not stops at normal RV parks.





On The Road Again...



Click the above images for a short 15 second video of what it looked like from inside the MoHo during our voyage.
(attn: 13 MB file)

Our first stop was near Bow, WA at my sister Lita's 'farm'. We visited family for a couple days before heading in a more southerly direction.

Prosser, Washington

Our next stop was Prosser, Washington. We stayed at the Wine Country RV Park where next door were some restaurants and several tasting rooms. After a bit of tasting, lunch, and a bit more tasting we settled on a supply plan for our travels south.



We headed northeast to get to the southwest, which seems perfectly normal to us. In addition, what trip in a MoHo would not be complete without a voyage across a large body of water!

For those taking a voyage across the Puget Sound on a ferry, we share the following information with you.

We prefer to take the smaller ferry to and from Port Townsend and Whidbey Island rather than one of the larger ones from Seattle or Edmonds to Bainbridge Island, Kingston, or Bremerton. The primary reason is that they always put us in front and normally put us across two lanes leaving a bit of elbow room for getting out and not getting banded about by others parked next to us. On the bigger ferries we are generally on one side or the other, right against the wall and in one lane where the tolerances between us, the walls and other vehicles is minimal to say the least. Most times there would not be enough room to open the front door and have the steps extend for exiting.

This generally does require a reservation, especially during the busy times of year (IE: summer tourist season). You can make these online via the WSF (Washington State Ferry) web site.

This is a link to the WSF general site:

<http://www.wsdot.wa.gov/ferries/>

View from the MoHo dining room window while anchored at my sister's barn yard for a couple days...



My Tucson coffee master had posted on Facebook (BeanGuru) that Starbucks had finally listened to him and now offers a lighter roast coffee.

There was a Starbucks nearby so when Wendy went to get her "Grande-Decaffeinated-Skinny-Vanilla-Latte-With-A-Stopper" fix, I checked to see if maybe this out-of-the-way Starbucks might have it.

They did, so I purchased a pound to augment my four pounds of Seattle Coffee Works beans, (which I had thought *might* be enough to last me to Tucson).

Well... the Starbucks light roast is still roasted way more than I prefer, so someone got almost a pound of beans from me to try for themselves.





Pendleton, Oregon

Our next stop in Pendleton, Oregon was not far down the road. We docked early enough to unhook the Jeep and go to the Pendleton Woolen Mills.

The company's roots began in 1863 when Thomas Kay made a trek to the west coast and began working in Oregon's woolen mills. He eventually opened his own mill, the Thomas Kay Woolen Mill in Salem, Oregon.

Kay brought his daughter Fannie into the business and she became her father's assistant. In 1876 Fannie married retail merchant C.P. Bishop. The Bishops passed their expertise and knowledge to their three sons: Clarence, Roy, and Chauncey.

In 1909 the family reopened the defunct Pendleton Woolen Mills. The move to eastern Oregon made sense for the business as eastern Oregon was sheep country. Having wool producers nearby allowed the mills to cut production costs. The town of Pendleton is a major railhead and allowed convenient shipping for the business also.

The original mill had been built in 1893 and had been a wool scouring plant. In 1895 the mill was enlarged and converted into a textile mill and in 1896 began making Native-American trade blankets for Native-American women in the area. That business eventually failed and the plant stood idle until the Bishop family purchased it.

The Bishop family resumed the production and introduced new designs, colors, and patterns to their product line. They also changed the construction of the mill's blankets. Prior to 1909 the blankets had round corners. The Bishop blankets featured square corners. Pendleton round corner blankets are highly coveted by vintage Pendleton blanket collectors. The company expanded their trade from the local Native-American tribes of the Columbia River area, to the Navajo, Hopi, and Zuni peoples of the American Southwest. They enlisted the help of designer Joe Rawnsley, who visited tribes to learn their customs and color preferences. The Pendleton blankets were not only basic wearing apparel, but were standards of trading and ceremonial use.

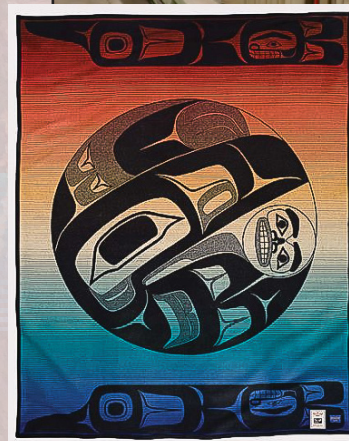
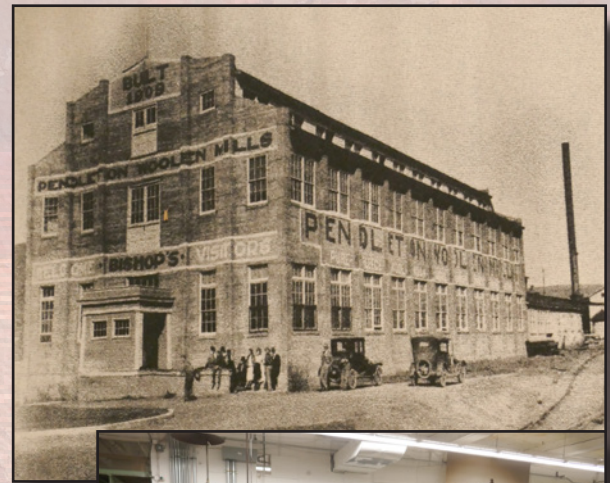
As of 2019 the company is privately held and under the management by the 5th generation heirs of Thomas Kay. John Bishop, great-grandson of Thomas Kay, is president and CEO. Great-grandson Peter Bishop is the EVP of Merchandising and Design. The company operates six facilities and 41 retail stores and the headquarters are in Portland, Oregon. The original mills in Pendleton, Oregon, and Washougal, Washington, are among the few woolen mills in operation in the United States today, and Pendleton woolen fabrics and blankets are still woven in these Pacific Northwest mills.

Much of this information came from Wikipedia. More information about the mills here: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pendleton_Woolen_Mill

The Pendleton Woolen Mills company web site is here: <https://www.pendleton-usa.com/>

I had always wanted a Pendleton blanket done in a Northwest coast form line design, but had only seen them in various plains tribes designs. To our pleasant surprise they had a couple form line designs so we purchased one, a design based upon a work by well known artist of Tlingit heritage, Preston Singletary.

This design, *RAVEN AND THE BOX OF KNOWLEDGE*, represents Raven, a shape shifter and trickster. In the story, the old chief who lived at the head of the Nass River kept his precious treasures—the sun, the moon and the stars—in beautifully carved boxes. Raven steals the boxes and makes his escape into the night sky, carrying the sun in his mouth. The sun is a metaphor for enlightenment or knowledge. The umbered background shades meet at the center in vibrant colors of sun and light. A portion of the proceeds from this blanket were donated to the American Indian College Fund (AICF) to help support tribal colleges.



Click any of the images for a short 30 second video of some of the machines in operation.

(attn: 27 MB file)



Meridian, Idaho

Our next stop was in the Boise, Idaho area, at an RV park in Meridian. We had hoped to visit a friend, but he caught wind that I was headed his way and conveniently left town for a few days.

While there we did a little birding at the Deer Flat National Wildlife Refuge. The Deer Flat National Wildlife Refuge is an important breeding area for mammals, birds, and other animals. The National Wildlife Refuge is located on land surrounding Lake Lowell, just outside Nampa a few miles west of Meridian where we stayed. It serves as a resting and wintering area for birds, including mallards and Canada geese, along the Pacific Flyway. It was named a "Globally Important Bird Area" by the American Bird Conservancy.

The refuge consists of two sections which contain open water, edge wetlands, grasslands and riparian and forest habitats. We had the best luck in the riparian areas this time.

There is a nice visitor's center at the Lake Lowell site.

Links to further information are below:

https://www.fws.gov/refuge/deer_flat/

<https://www.audubon.org/important-bird-areas/deer-flat-national-wildlife-refuge>

We found a great Basque restaurant also. A place called "Epi's A Basque Restaurant". We recommend it.

Links to more information below:

Epi's web pages:

<https://www.epibasquerestaurant.com>

Trip Advisor:

https://www.tripadvisor.com/Restaurant_Review-g35531-d467382-Reviews-Epi_s_A_Basque_Restaurant-Meridian_Idaho.html



Below, a kestrel and mammal are having a discussion about the food chain.





Snowville, Utah

Our next stop in Snowville, Utah was just for one night. It is a small RV park that we have stayed at a few times and find it a good overnight spot, (or longer when bivouacked due to the high winds and other bad weather that is frequent along this stretch of the journey). It is away from most everything so I flew my drone for a little practice.

The snow on the distant mountains reminded us that we were being chased south by winter AND it was catching up to us, getting closer with every stop.



Springville, Utah

After enduring AND surviving the freeway construction and chaos of the Salt Lake City freeway systems, we collapsed into an RV park in Springville, Utah (a southern suburb of Salt lake City) for another one night stay. Springville is just at the junction of Utah Highway 6 which would take us on a 'shortcut' to eastbound Interstate 70 and then on towards Colorado the next day.

There was a nice sunset view of the Rocky Mountains on our evening walk, but that winter snow was a whole lot closer than the day before. The air had the feel of fall for sure!



While it was not snow, the air was filled with some other sort of cotton-like white matter. We cut our evening walk short after ingesting and breathing in way too much of this stuff.



Fruita, Colorado

From Springville, Utah we caught Utah Highway 6 and headed over the snowy Soldier Summit at an altitude of 7,477 feet. There was snow, but it wasn't sticking. As soon as we got over the pass the snow stopped and the roads were dry. But the damage had been done. The MoHo would need a wash now as it takes only a bit of wet road to trash things! While I don't hate to drive on wet roads (after all I am from the Northwest) I do dislike the big effort of washing the MoHo, thus the major reason we try to avoid driving in the wet.

Once we hooked up with Interstate 70 we headed east towards Colorado and the town of Fruita. We stopped at a rest stop just before the intersection of Utah Highway 191. We would be back tracking from Fruita to here and then taking Utah Highway 191 down to Moab, Utah in a few days.



Vail, Colorado

From Fruita we took the Jeep over to Denver to visit friends for a couple days, leaving the MoHo plugged in and resting in the Fruita RV park.

We stopped in Vail on our way to Denver to see how the beautiful people live now after our last visit in... hummm... in the 1970s We found that there is no more snow in the main Vail village as the streets are all nicely heated brick streets. However, they still have Aspen leaves to pick up.



There may have been no snow on the Vail streets, but this fire pit was already snowed in before the 'real' snow season had even begun! Luckily for us, this snow event had passed and for the next few days no further snow events were predicted.



**Vail
Fine
Wines**

CLOSED

Thanks for your business
during this Summer season!
Vail Fine Wines will be closed
for the Fall offseason,
Oct. 14th – Nov. 15th. We'll
see everyone this Winter!

For an appointment or assistance please email: teal@vailfinewines.com





Denver, Colorado

We had a nice visit with our friends Larry and Diana Perkins, also wayward artists and fellow mischievous merry makers. Here Larry poses with one of his sculptures near his home in the Denver area suburb of Highlands Ranch.



You may notice that Larry's sculpture is located in Highlands Ranch. This is the same Highlands Ranch that yet another school shooting recently occurred. Diana, an author and poet, was also one of those that helped start that Highlands Ranch STEM school. This what Diana had to say about it:

"I helped start this school. Grandson attended this school. Friends have kids there. Now I have to add to my news poem, to add yet ANOTHER DEATH that is within five miles of me, shootings that directly affected my family. Will anyone (everyone?) resolve to call Congress every week until they do something about easy access to guns?"

Below is the poem, published in *The Colorado Independent*, that Diana referred to (Petra Perkins is Diana's pen name):

resolution: By Petra Perkins

I have one
now that the killings are
within city blocks of me
blood spilled
yards from my kin

dawn breaking
New Year's Eve
my grandsons waken
stunned by gunfire
dreaded screams
SWAT team banging doors
ordering residents
"Stay down!"

Officers and residents shot.
One policeman, dead.

Our closest encounter
but not the first...

-my children's former teacher
lost in #Columbine
-my daughter's doctor, father
of #ChurchMassMurderer
-my friend-of-friend's teenager
blown away at #ArapahoeHS
-my son's co-worker's sister
slaughtered #AuroraTheater.

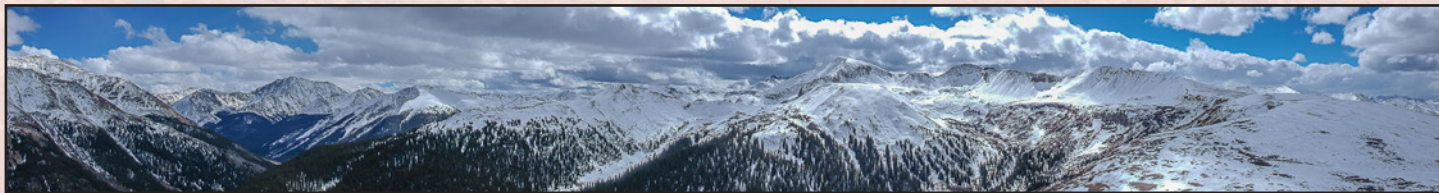
I write; I call Congress
weekly (weakly);
I demand stronger #GunControl
in Colorado, in the nation;
I march;
I deride those who carry guns
to the park, the grocery store;
I revile glorification of weapons.
Still, what I do isn't enough.
Most have not done enough.
Legislation, not enough.
Each life taken, each death
counted, has not yet been
Enough.

Therefore, in January 2018
I resolve that I will
do more
something new, join
the force of kindred spirits
to find and follow a Jedi-
-like lawmaker
and support him or her
for as long as it takes.
A resolution for life.

Will you, too?

No?

You will, when the blood
comes close enough.



On the way back to Fruita from Denver we took the road over Independence Pass (originally known as Hunter Pass) and through Aspen where we honeymooned in 1977.

At the top of Independence Pass we stopped for a bit while I took some photographs and flew my drone.

You can click the above panoramic image to see the short 50 second video (attn: 35 MB file).

From Wikipedia: Independence Pass, is at an elevation of 12,095 feet, on the Continental Divide and midway between Aspen and Twin Lakes. It is the second highest elevation of a paved Colorado state highway on a through road. It is also the second highest paved crossing of the Continental Divide in the U.S. Because of the heavy snowfall at its elevation, it is closed in wintertime, isolating Aspen from direct access from the east during the ski season.

As part of the Continental Divide, it was the limit of European settlement in the region at the time, with the land to the west reserved for the Ute people. Prospectors who defied governor Frederick Walker Pitkin's order crossed the pass on July 4, 1879, giving it its current name and setting up a similarly named village (now a ghost town) to its west. More information from Wikipedia about Independence Pass is here: [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Independence_Pass_\(Colorado\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Independence_Pass_(Colorado))

Fruita, Colorado

Back at Fruita, we stayed a couple more days to explore the area, in particular, the Colorado National Monument.

In the image to the right, Fruita is in the distance, just on the other side of the Colorado River.



As time goes by and the world gets more 'connected', identifying the highest point in a given large geographical territory is getting easier and easier. Not exactly the type of scene that compliments a place like the Colorado National Monument, but I did have cell coverage...





Moab, Utah

From Fruita, we back tracked a short distance west into Utah and caught Utah Highway 191 south to Moab. We stayed in Moab for about a week, reconnecting with friends Greg MacDonald and Linn DeNesti. They had moved to Moab several years ago from the Poulsbo area.

We had been to Moab before but it had been many years ago, before Moab's efforts to become a mecca for bicycles, rock climbers, and off road vehicles. Back when we stayed in Moab (1970s and 1980s) it was a relatively sleepy town that catered mostly to those visiting the nearby national and state parks. It was especially sleepy when the tourist season for the nearby parks was over, (and when we would typically visit back then). Now it is a very busy hub for tour guides, off-roading gear and supplies, vehicle rentals, camping and hiking supplies, lodging rentals, and all the support industry related to those outdoor activities I already mentioned.

As much as Moab has developed into a very busy tourist town now, Moab has also developed all sorts of things related to the people who live and work there. We felt there was a real local's culture easily found and explored. Having said that, our friends Greg and Linn had a lot to do with experiencing the local culture as we had dinner at each other's residences, had dinner at local restaurants together, took hikes together, did art walks, and were introduced and made welcome at the local Red Rock Bakery, which became my morning Situation Room while we were in Moab. For those that remember Greg, "Painter of What", painting every morning at Poulsbo's Poulsbohemian, he is still painting every morning, but now at Moab's Red Rock Bakery.

You can find Greg's current work here: <https://gregmacdonald.com>

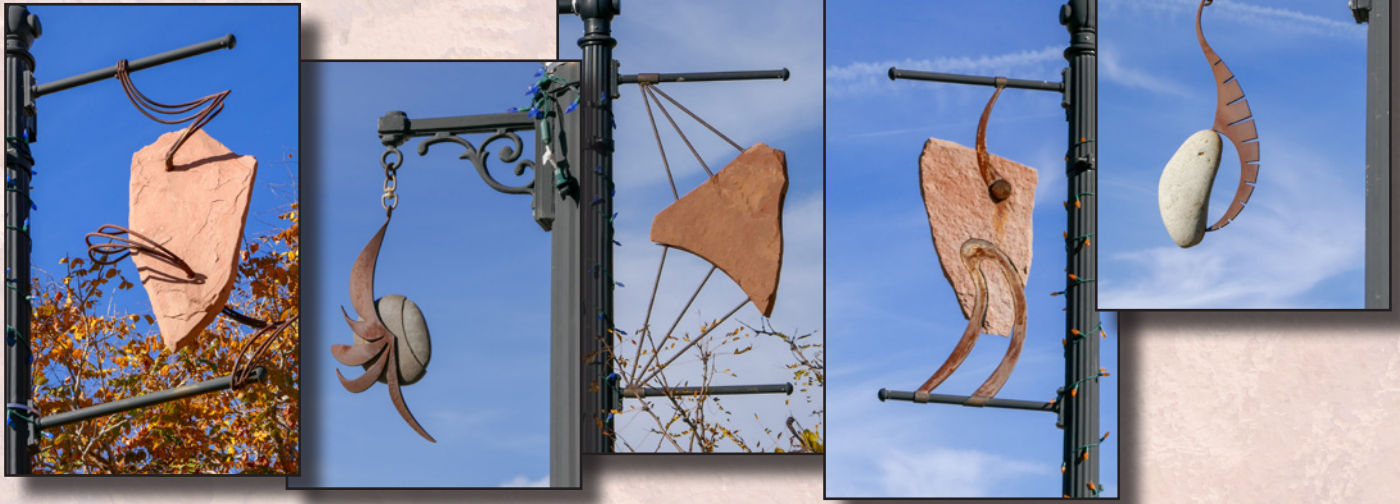


The rock climbers and their primary territory along the Colorado River





Moab puts a lot of effort into public art. There is both permanent and temporary public art. The street lights posts were decorated with interesting and locally appropriate (stone and rocks) pieces.



We found a place that offered a promising drone flight for photographs, but when we got there in late afternoon there was more people, 4x4 and ORV traffic than I felt comfortable flying around. Still, it was a nice drive and great scenery!



We were told the three toed tracks on this rock were "dinosaur tracks". Okay...

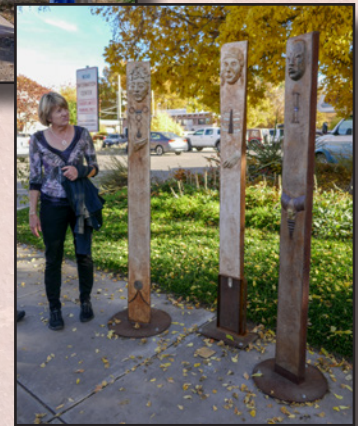
They say... *"The large tracks on this boulder were made by the three-toed feet of an Allosaurus, a fierce upright predator with dozens of sharp teeth and small arms. Other smaller dinosaur tracks are also found on the boulder face as well as on other stone slabs on the hillside."*

Okay...





With Linn and Greg, and some of their friends, we spent an evening judging some of the Moab art.





From Moab we made multiple trips into the nearby national and state parks. The popular spots were... well... popular.

I suppose it is a good thing that so many more people enjoy these places these days, but we still lamented the times when we would come here and were just about the only ones around.

We know that it is unfair for us to feel this way, but we can't help but think that so many of these great places are being loved to death.



There were still some peaceful places we found, albeit some peaceful for only moments.



There was even a splash or two of fall color left...





From an overlook in one of the national parks, we saw a dirt road down in the canyons. I thought it may offer a better photo-op of the horseshoe bend down there. With a little research we found it would take us back to Moab on a road less travelled. With our 4x4 Jeep we accepted the challenge (Well, okay... I did, but Wendy did not complain all that much... that I heard anyway).

We found the road easy enough to find, and it only had a slight downhill slope to begin with. After a few miles we found what we had expected, a series of *serious* switchbacks.

Someone told us that a semi truck and trailer once tried to come down this road in a misguided effort to take a short cut to a mill just west of Moab and was said to have been so stuck it had to be helicoptered out.

We found the story difficult to believe as we 1) traversed these switchbacks ourselves and 2) did not see any rusted-out semi truck and trailer parts scattered along the way.

Below is a link to a YouTube timelapse video someone else made of the trip:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qGpILHYK-A&feature=youtu.be>

After the serious switchbacks, we paused at this overview of our intended route. Still a bit of downhill left to go, but the really steep bits were behind us.

Once down onto the canyon floor, the look back and ahead were pretty but a bit less dramatic.



In the end, the photo-op at the horseshoe bend was not as great as I'd hoped. Certainly not as grand a view as the famous Arizona Horseshoe Bend near Page.



Back in Moab we explored more public art...





We went to Moab's Freenotes Harmony Park, an installation of outdoor sound sculptures. Freenotes Harmony Park is the name of a nearby Durango, Colorado company founded by Grammy Award-Winning musician Richard Cooke more than 20 years ago, and they design and sell these. Freenotes Harmony Park is trying to create a Global Musical Park Movement, creating music parks in communities everywhere. They have musical instrument installations on five continents including North and South America, Europe, Australia and Asia. In the United States, they have installations in all 50 states.

It was a lot of fun making music on these for an hour or so, although we had to fight the children for time on many of them.

You can find out more on the Freenotes Harmony Park web site (link below)... maybe even buy some instruments for your yard (may want check with your HOA though)... maybe even start a Freenotes Harmony Park in your town (I'll come and play for you!).

More information here: <https://freenotesharmoniypark.com>





Greg treated me to a “local’s only know this route” hike to Jeep Arch and a good test in desert-sensitive off-trail hiking techniques.

Another day Wendy and I took a loop drive to the east of Moab, then south through Castle Valley and up into the La Sal Mountains, then back west and down into Spanish Valley just south of Moab, and finally a bit north back to Moab. There were some great views and even some last little spots of fall color. It is a paved road, easily navigated by any car (albeit the typically curvy mountain roads reaching into high altitudes).



We saw this mishap down in the valley and it reminded us just how late in the fall it was in these high mountains and how quickly and dangerous the weather can make travel.



When we got to where we could look to the southwest, towards where we wanted to go, and we saw all that snow, we decided it was time to move on out of Moab, while we still could!

We really liked our stop in Moab! It will be even harder to decide, weather permitting, whether to take Owens Valley through eastern California or this route on future Poolsbo to Tucson adventures.

The rest of our 2018 Poolsbo to Tucson adventures will be in future *Flying Pig Adventures*.



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