

A nighttime photograph of a city skyline across a body of water. The sky is a deep blue with some light clouds. The city lights are reflected in the water. A bridge with yellow lights is visible on the right side of the image.

Ed & Rob's

NxNW tour

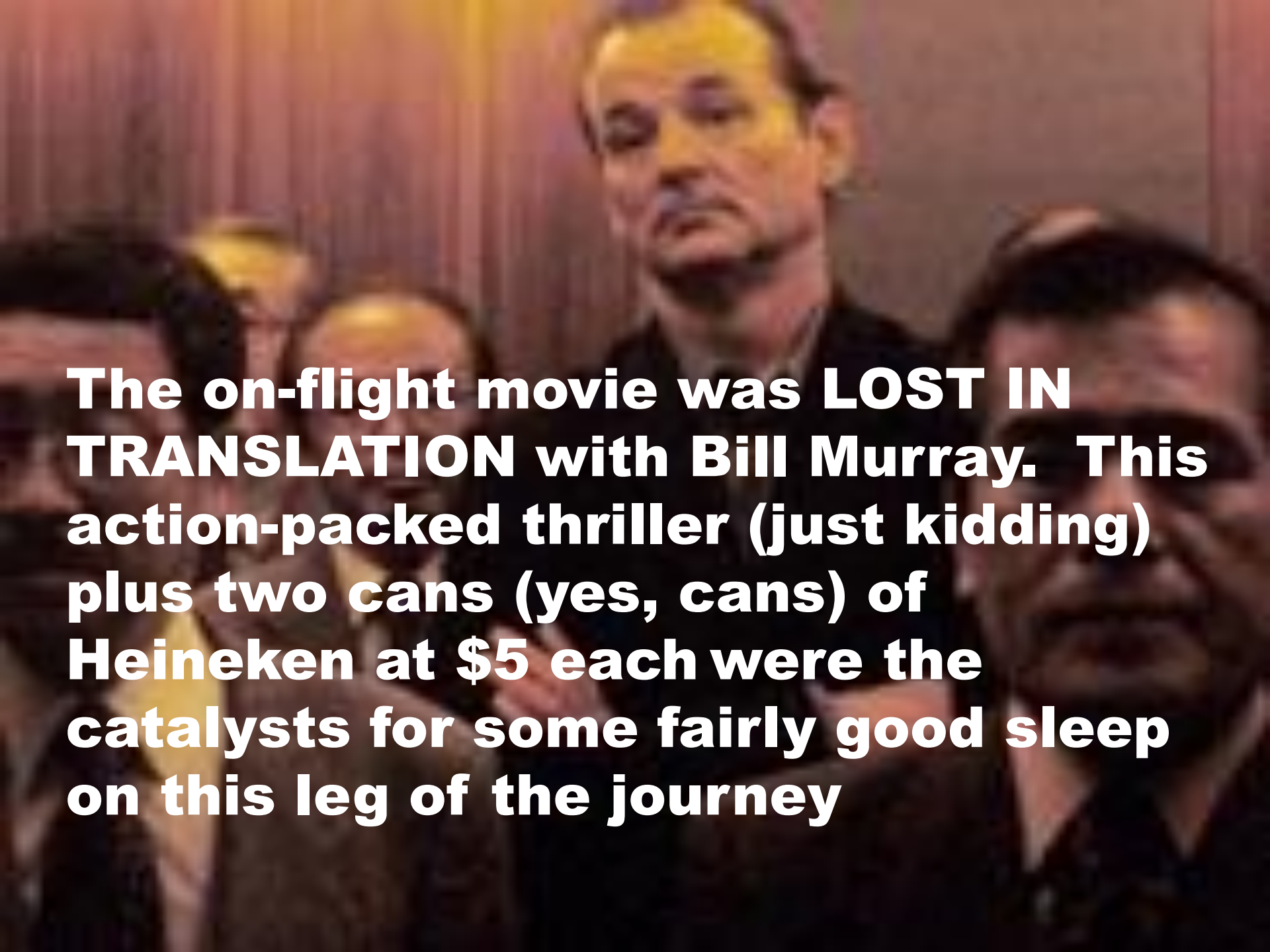
June 13-17, 2004

After the success of UK03 another trip was in the making. Again more planning over Duckabish Ambers at NxNW which may or may not have been the inspiration to go to the great NW. The trip begins here in ABIA again preflight, in the Hill Country Bar. Little did we know the flight hassles ahead of us.



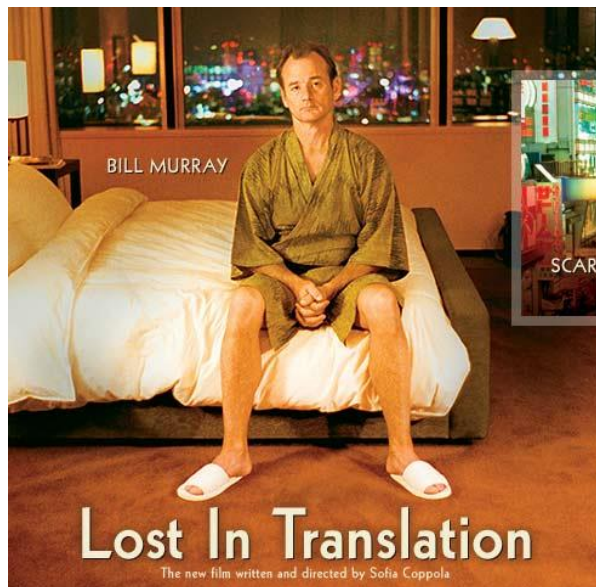
The weather was our first obstacle. Houston, Continental's hub, had storms that halted air traffic in and out. Our flight and others were all messed up. We finally made it to Houston and had given up hope to catch our flight to Portland. Seattle was another possibility, followed by Boston, San Diego, and Phoenix. What can I say, we're flexible. Our flight to Portland had not left. We made it on board for the 4-hour flight which left 11:30 p.m. CDT after a 15 minute run across the airport





The on-flight movie was LOST IN TRANSLATION with Bill Murray. This action-packed thriller (just kidding) plus two cans (yes, cans) of Heineken at \$5 each were the catalysts for some fairly good sleep on this leg of the journey

Make note of this handy formula



+



=

Z...Z...Z...Z...Z...



After landing in Portland at 1:30 Pacific time (our bodies were telling us it was 3:30 a.m.), we got our rent car and headed north on I-205 and ultimately I-5 before crashing out at the SHILO INN - HAZELL DELL, VANCOUVER , WA.

Day #2, June 14, 2004. We got up and went to a nearby café for a big breakfast.

Because it took so long for the cooks to prepare, we got it “on the house.” Not a bad start. Then up scenic I-5 toward Seattle – our next destination.



**We took
the photo
of this
famous
landmark
from the
car**

**With Rob's ability
to negotiate heavy
traffic with sharp
and instant
maneuvers, and
Ed's eagle-eye
navigating we
somehow found
ourselves on the U
of W campus,
affectionately
known as "U-dub."
Before long we
were heading the
right way – toward
beer, of course!**

Scenic Seattle

We parked in a nearby garage before setting out on foot.



**The temp was in the 70's,
just perfect**





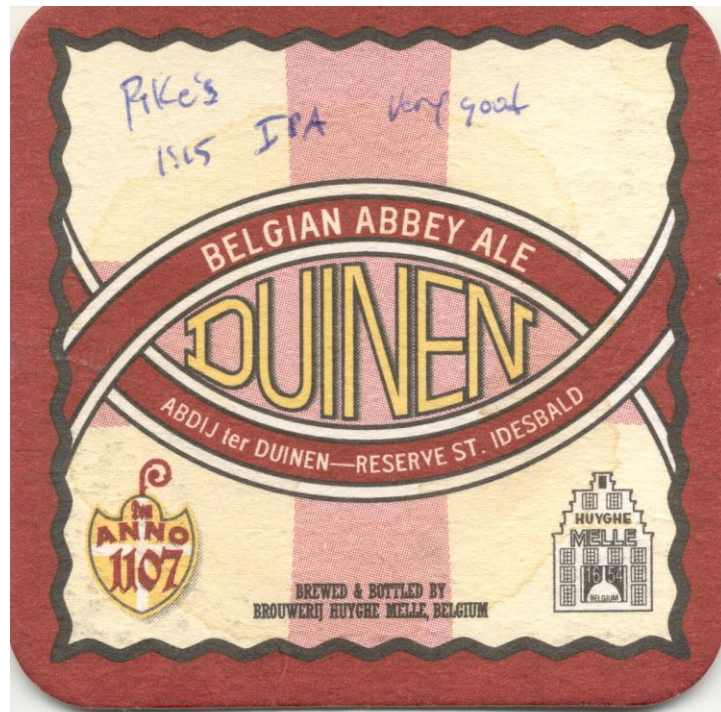
**More scenic
Seattle shots**

**Public
restrooms
were
interesting
in Seattle
with the
automatic
closing
doors.
Very
European –
no pun
intended**



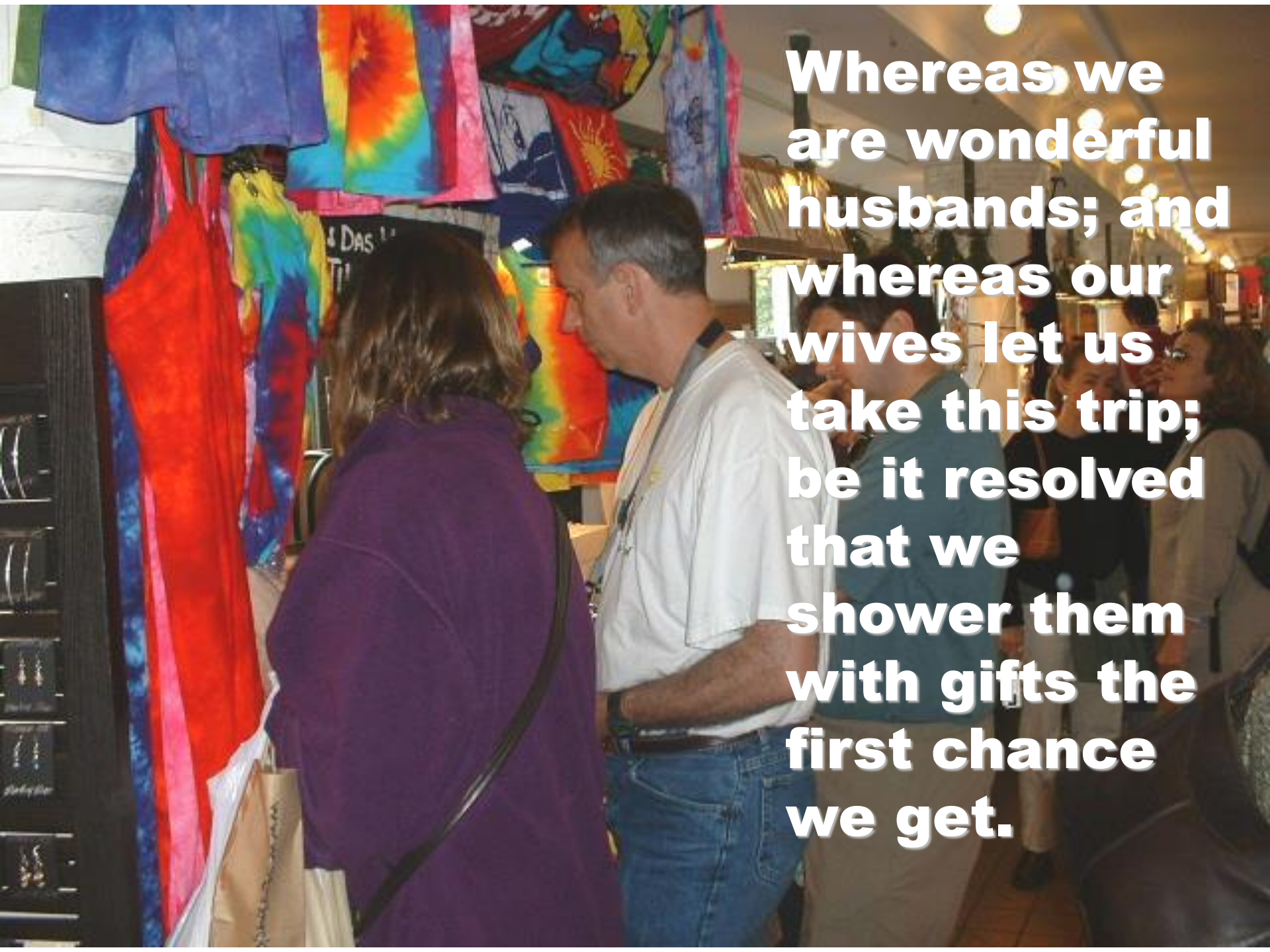


Our first beer of the day was a Pike's IPA and a sandwich at this place, in the middle of the Pike Place Market area. 1:15 p.m.



On the flip side →

Founded in 1107 in Koksijde, Flanders, Belgium, The Abdij ter Duinen (Abbey of the Dunes) was one of the first monasteries to embrace the production of beer as a commercial product. The abbey was forced to close its brewery during the Protestant reformation around 1566, and was later destroyed during the French revolution. The Huyghe-Melle Brewery, founded in 1654 in the heart of Belgium's Flandersregion, now brews Duinen abbey ales under license of the church according to the authentic recipes.



**Whereas we
are wonderful
husbands; and
whereas our
wives let us
take this trip;
be it resolved
that we
shower them
with gifts the
first chance
we get.**

THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT ST. HELENS

**Onward to the Omnimax
Dome for an excellent movie
about the area.**



Our first really big adventure of the day besides the first beer was the ride on the 1940 biplane “Miss Emily” right by the museum of flight in the Boeing area.







Here are the studly “Top Gun” aviators





The next order of business was to have a celebratory beer or more. We found this run-down looking series of buildings in the Georgetown area with a cool little bar & pool table – the NINE POUND HAMMER. We enjoyed an Islander Pale Ale at 5:15 p.m.



GILB
HAMMER



This was an interesting place. Not to be found in any travel literature.



Next door to 9 lb. Hammer was this joint that was worth a beer – in spite of it's totally gay name. At 5:58 p.m. we had a “Manny’s” beer. We then spent some time map-gazing and planning our next strategy.

*** SMARTY PANTS ***



Booze & Food

Smorty pants
6/14/04

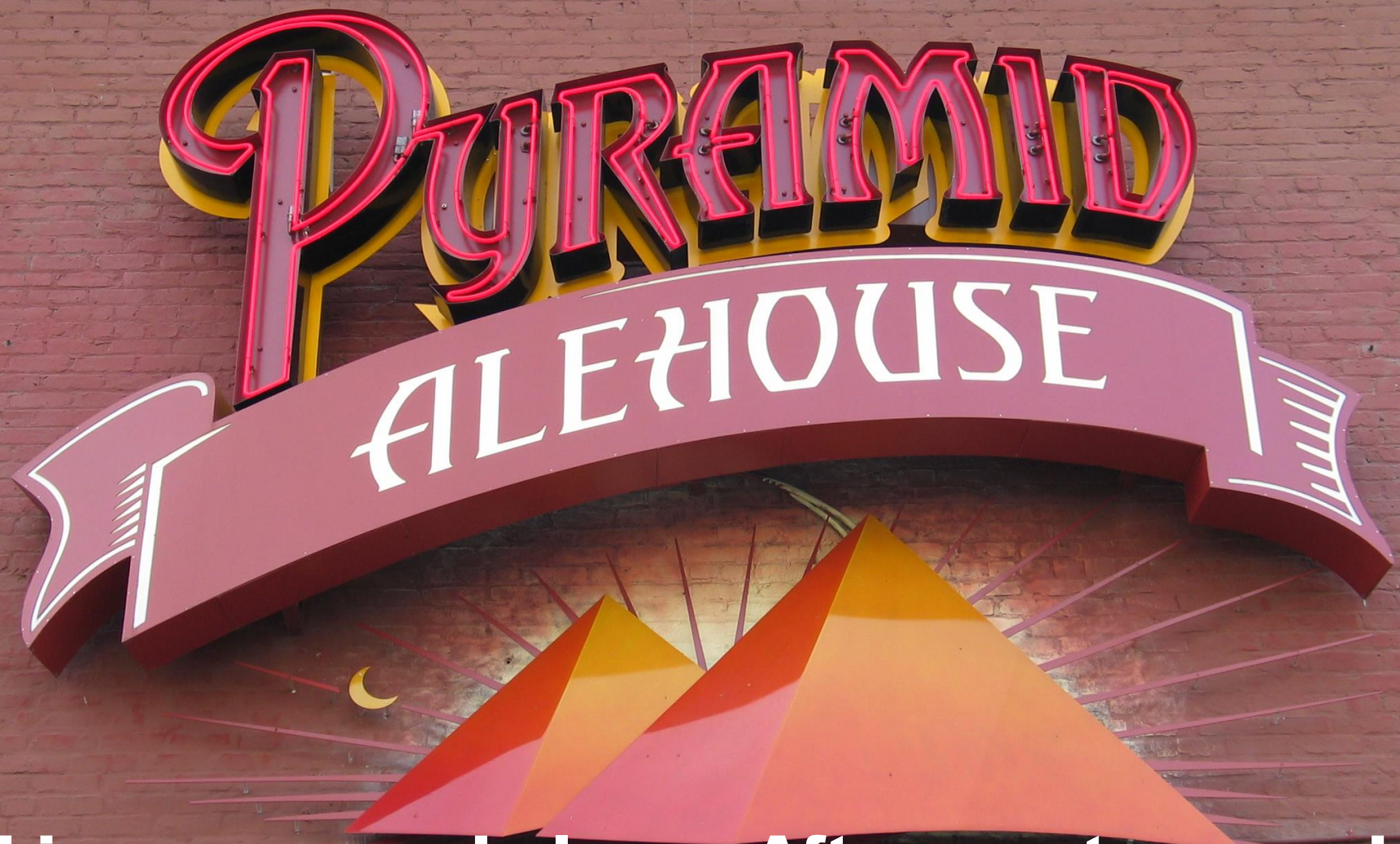
"Manny's" beer
5:58 pm



Choice is Good™

Safeco Field – Mariners stadium





This was a good place. After a not-so-good light beer they brought us their IPA which was excellent. Then the dinner order...

This Caesar salad with blackened salmon was a culinary treat. One of the food highlights of the trip.





Following this we returned to the 9-lb Hammer for a few beers and some pool before crashing out at our room at the Red Lion Inn.



Day 3 June 15, 2004 Our first stop was back at the public market for coffee at the original Starbucks



From Starbucks we headed back to the market where we ate a hearty breakfast at Lowell's.

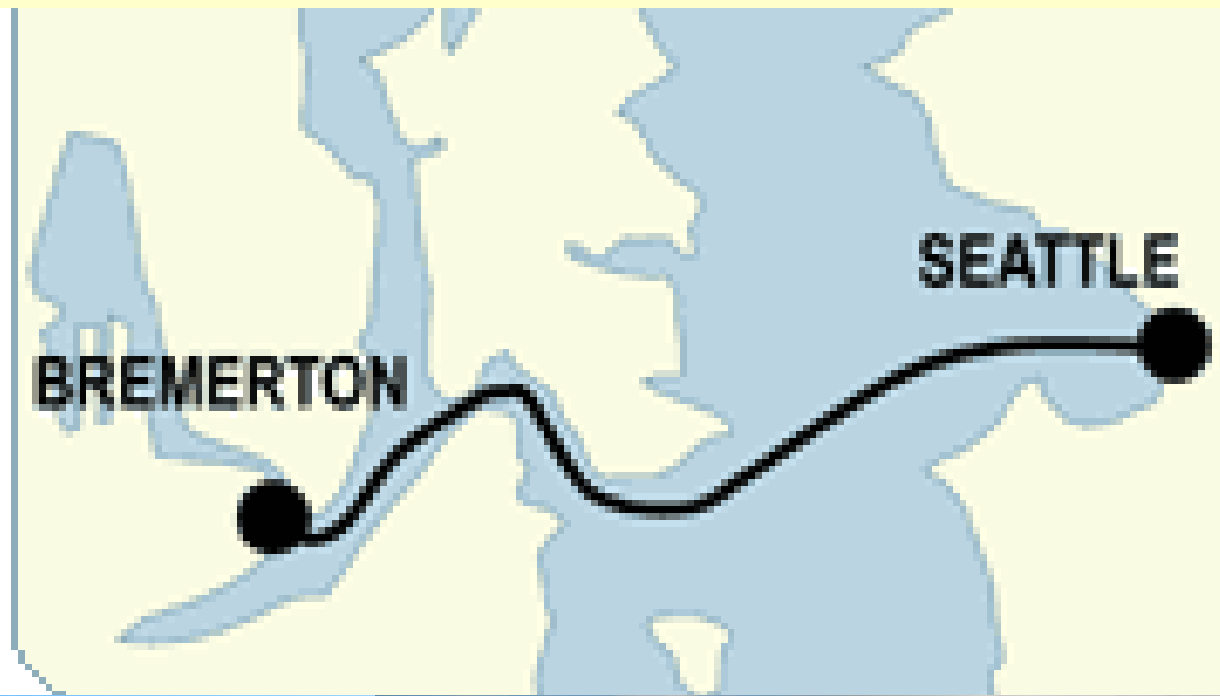


The eggs benedict with smoked salmon was quite tasty, the view was good too.



**More Seattle
in the morning
from Lowell's**

**We departed
Seattle by
ferry to
Bremerton at
10:15 a.m.
This ride was
exactly one
hour**



The ferry ride was enjoyable and very scenic. We talked to one of the deck hands who talked motorcycle with Ed and spoke favorably about educators, even music educators.



More from the Hyak



We headed south through Aberdeen with a stop in Olympia for lunch. Those many miles were scenic but long.



When driving boredom set in, the male instinct took over: competition. A fierce TV theme song engagement ensued.





We saw miles and miles of Washington

♪ Greeeeen acres is the place to be... farrrrm livin is the.♪

**About the time we lost hope that
Washington bordered the Pacific there it
was, near the mouth of the Columbia River**



By this time it was 5 p.m. We walked around, took some pictures and moved on.

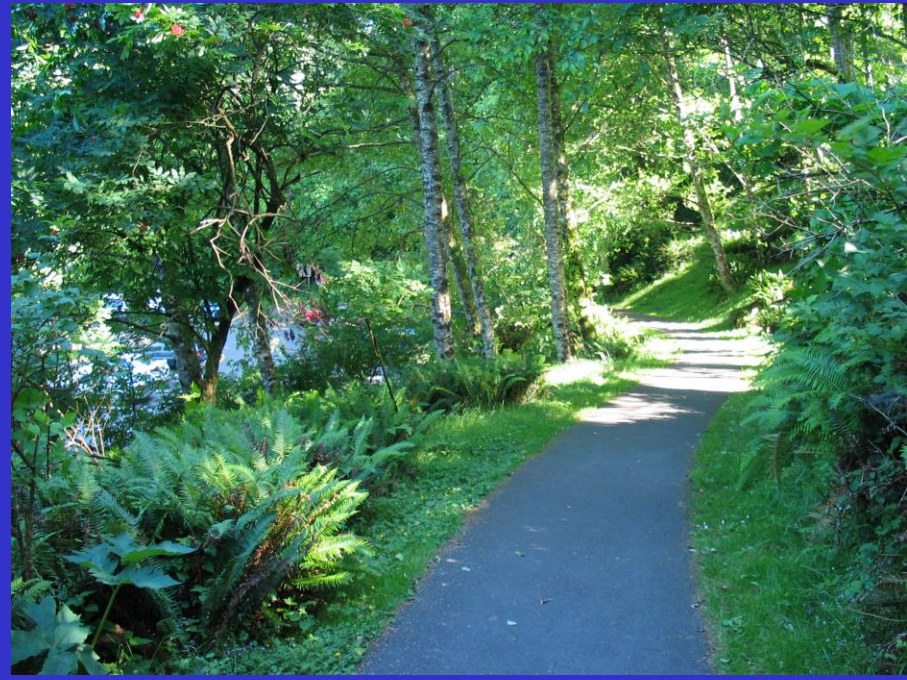


Some nice folks who suggested our next route



One of those women was a professional photographer. This shot should win her top awards in her field.



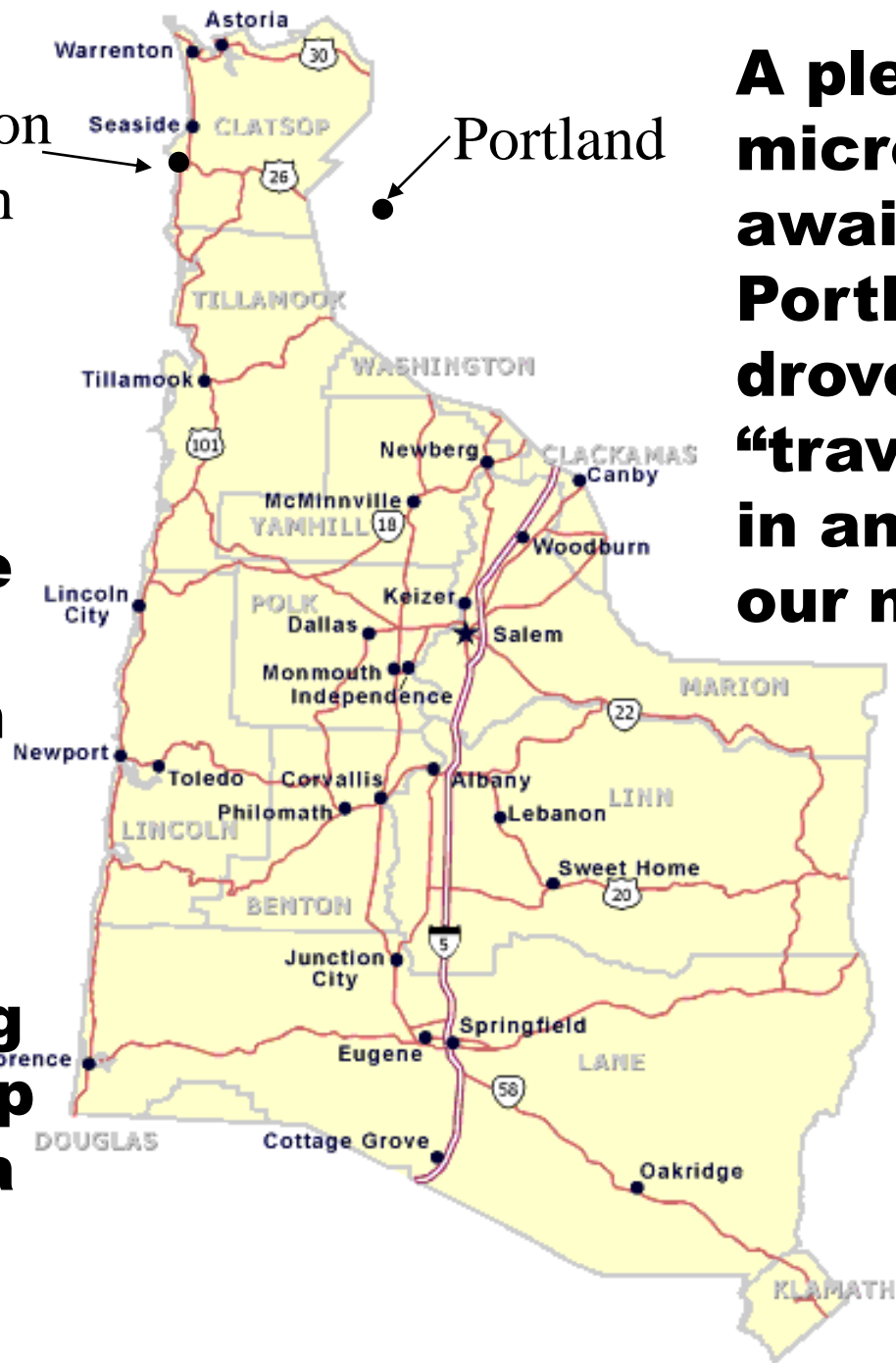


Cannon
Beach

Portland

A plethora of microbreweries awaited us in Portland. Rob drove as Ed read “travel erotica” in anticipation of our next stop.

On the advice of the people we met at the lighthouse, we drove to Cannon Beach and had a seaside beer and dinner before starting the 75 mile trip to Portland via Hwy 26.





Portland, Troutdale and Hood River would be our stomping grounds for the next day and a half.

Welcome to



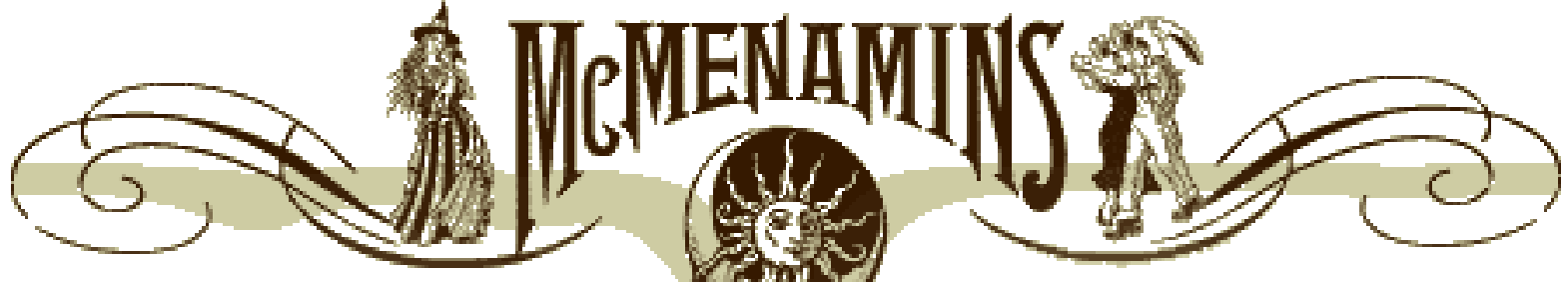
McMenamin's

EDGEFIELD

At 9 p.m. we made it to McMenamins EDGEFIELD. This beautifully landscaped 38 acre tract at the edge of the Columbia River Gorge used to be the poor farm for Multnomah County when it was built in 1911. It now has a hotel, restaurant, brewery, winery, amphitheater, etc. We got there at dark and had to come back to get the following pictures.

Main Lodge & Black Rabbit Pub
Backbeard Grill
Columbia River Gorge National Scenic Area
Glassblower
Winery
Amphitheater
Power Station Pub
Brewery
for information
of the Main Lodge

NO FEES



The Little Red Shed

Also on the property is a hobbit-size red shed that serves beer & cigars and boasts seating for 10. This building used to be the incinerator for the farm. We had an IPA.

Headquarters







After a long and adventurous day we crashed out at the nearby Motel 6 – Portland East – Troutdale. A full day was on the horizon.





**Day 4, June
16, 2004**

**We began
this action-
packed day
with a good
breakfast
from a
quasi-
Denny's
type place.**

This photo of the placid Columbia River on our way to the White Salmon River where we scheduled our white water rafting trip.





We chose *River Drifters* for our rafting excursion. We had two choices with this company: DESCHUTES – the longer, slower, gentler trip, or the shorter but more exciting WHITE SALMON RIVER with more thrills, chills, and spills. We agreed Deschutes were for oldsters, not us. This river had some Class 4 rapids, and nobody rides class 6.

Our rafting guides for the trip Keenan Hoar and Clayton something-or-other



Keenan



Clayton

Clayton was our vessel's captain, Keenan and his girlfriend Hillary were in the "safety" raft

A photograph of two men standing in front of a dark blue car on a gravel lot. Both men are wearing wetsuits. The man on the left is wearing a blue wetsuit with the 'NRS' logo on the chest. The man on the right is wearing a grey wetsuit with the 'NRS' logo on the chest and has a green snorkel mask hanging from his neck. The background shows a gravel path leading into a wooded area with green trees and a wooden fence.

The first order of business was to change into wet suits. Later life vests and helmets were added.



**The carriage
that took us to
the dropoff point**



RIVER
drifter



Our fellow shipmates

All photos from this point of the rafting experience were taken after the fact. The guy in the shadow is pointing where we launched.



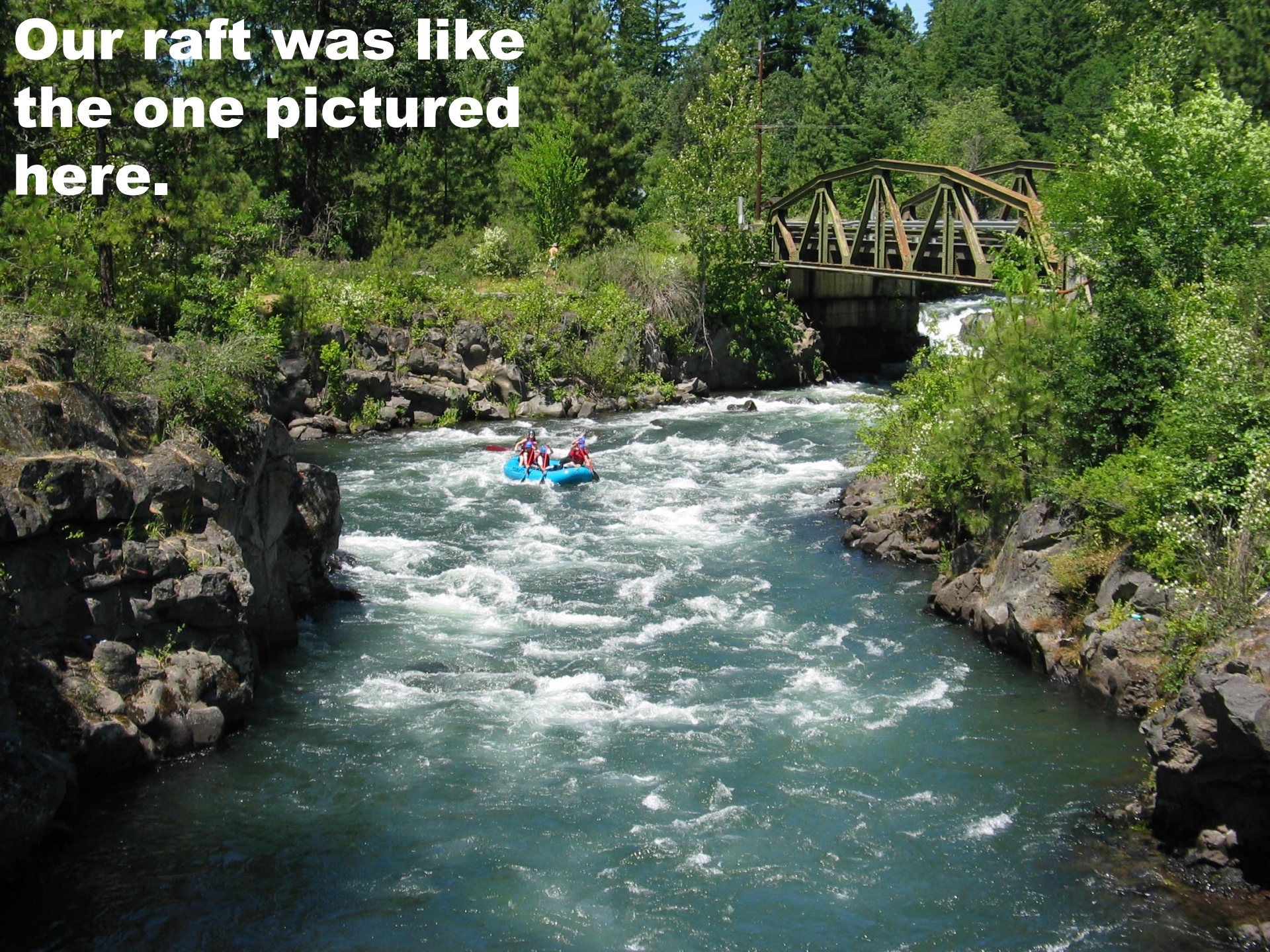


15 seconds after we launched, on the very first chute, Rob and the girl in the tub toppled out head first into the 40 degree water. That was a breath-taking experience.

The sheer beauty in every direction was unbelievable on this trip. To say there were 20 photo-ops each minute would be an extremely conservative estimate.



**Our raft was like
the one pictured
here.**



This was the only chute we bypassed. Passengers walk around while the guide leads the “African Queen” (minus the leeches) through the rapids with a rope. See the lower right-hand side of this picture.





Rafters are given the opportunity to jump from the pictured bridge. Wanting our full dollar worth of this trip we did it without hesitation.



From the bridge looking down stream

The road to the dropoff point.







Log's Restaurant in Husum where we had some lunch and a bunch of mojo potatoes.

We drove back westbound toward Portland along the Columbia River on the Washington side at the advice of one of the rafting guides. This too was scenic.



We caught wind of a microbrewery in the little town of Stevenson, WA. This is it. Hottest temps of the trip too – around 82 by now.

WALKING

MAN

BREWING



Washington style beer garden



This place was fun. Dig the wacky menu. We each had a Walking Stick Stout and a Knuckle Dragger.



NOW ON TAP

1. Peg Leg Pale Ale

A crisp, hoppy session bitter 4.2%

2. Pale Strider

American pale ale 6.2%

3. Crosswalk Wheat

Made with malted barley, wheat, orange blossom honey and curacao orange peel. 4.8%

4. Ramblin' Raspberry

Our wheat ale with the tartness of raspberries. 4.8%

5. Walking Stick Stout

Oatmeal stout 7.2%

6. Knuckle Dragger

Strong Pale Ale 6.5%

7. Jaywalker

Russian Imperial Stout 11.25%

8. Homo Erectus

Imperial style IPA 9%

9. Black Cherry Stout

A fruit beer that even beer geeks love! 7.2%

10. Barefoot Brown

American brown ale 5.2%



**This
place
even had
its own
business
vechicle**

Beacon Hill stands 800 feet tall. If you look closely you can see the trail to the top on the left side of the mountain. They hiked to the top, even with Rob in flipflops from the rafting trip.



What a view of the Columbia River Gorge from Beacon Hill



Looking west from the summit



Ed's "made it to the top" trophy shot



**Rob's trophy –
trying to perch his
bony rear-end on
that bar**



**After this we
headed
across I-84
to the
spectacular
Multnomah
Falls**





The sign by the hiking trail read: “0.2 miles to bridge, 1 mile to top of falls.” Rob hoofed it up to the bridge. Ed took a comfortable seat and soaked in the scenery.



← **Ed**

**Just one more
shot. After this
we headed back
to the hotel for
much needed
showers and our
eagerly
anticipated
Portland
microbrewery
crawl**





After some agonizing over the map we found this award-winning microbrewery in the warehouse district of Portland. The building used to house a rope factory.

Bridgeport Brewing





The IPA looked good so we ordered a couple of glasses. Just then the waiter brought us a pitcher the bartender had drawn by mistake – again, on the house. We ordered (and paid for) a pizza.

BRIDGEPORT[®]



NATURALLY CONDITIONED


INDIA PALE

ALE

BREWING Co.

Since 1984

OREGON'S OLDEST
CRAFT BREWERY™

The image shows two large, wall-mounted urinals in a public restroom. The urinal on the left is white, while the one on the right is a light beige or tan color. Both have a classic, elongated shape with a curved top and a black drain at the bottom. The background is a light blue wall, and the floor is made of light-colored square tiles. The text is overlaid on the white urinal.

This place had these marble-like urinals that were 5 feet tall, and must have weighed 800 pounds each.

Our next stop was at Rogue. Here we visited with a couple from Canada. She was a talker which explains why he was the drinker. They knew their various beers, and were even bigger beer snobs than us.



Another Rogue shot



ROGUE
PUBLIC HOUSE



ROGUE



Day 5, June 17, 2004 We check out of our room and headed into Troutdale for breakfast at the Troutdale Café or the Rainbow's End, whichever it is. We had a most unhealthy but delicious breakfast burrito.

We went to Edgefield to take pictures then in search of a gas station to fill up the car before turning it in. We drove around seemingly forever before we found a gas station. After turning in the car and checking in at the airport, we, as fortune would have it, had time for an airport beer.



**Ed is A:
doing a
thorough
analysis of
the beer, or
B:
measuring
the beer's
head, or C:
thinks he
sees two
beers.**



Another good IPA



Das Ende

Wait! The coda



Ed & Rob made it back to Austin (barely) in time for Rob & Joan's 25th anniversary party the next night. Ed & Rob flank Nathan, our travel buddy from Europe 2000 and UK03.



Nine days later Mary Kay & Ed met Joan & Rob north of Cape Girardeau, Missouri, Rob's home town.

**Now the end. Slide
number 100**