



AP Photo/Eva Parziale

This May 25 photo shows a view of the world-famous hoodoos, also called tent rocks, fairy chimneys and earth pyramids, at Inspiration Point in Bryce Canyon National Park in Utah. These tall, thin spires of rock are composed of sedimentary rocks like sandstone and shale and can be found throughout the western United States.

2,400 miles in 4.5 days

By EVA PARZIALE
Associated Press

I drove across the country for the first time in 1984, alone in a car without air conditioning and a radio that stopped working as I crossed into Texas. I took my second cross-country road trip this year, this time in an air-conditioned Honda CRV, with music streaming from my iPhone, and my 20-year-old daughter in the passenger seat.

I drove with Kelsey from Columbus, Ohio, to her summer internship in Los Angeles — 2,400 miles in 4.5 days. We encountered highway construction, accidents and rainstorms but we also managed to take in some of the most beautiful scenery imaginable, tucking in sightseeing and even some pool time despite our nearly 500-mile-a-day trek. Here's how we did it.

The drive and the stops

Day 1: We left Columbus at 8 a.m. and drove 719 miles via Interstate 70 to Topeka, Kansas, through construction in Indiana and Illinois, rainstorms in St. Louis and Kansas City, and traffic accidents. We'd planned 10 hours of driving, but didn't pull into the Fairfield Inn until 13 hours later. We ate takeout from Wendy's — burgers and fries — standing up in our hotel room to ease the kinks in our backs from sitting so long.

Day 2: Clear skies, dry roads and little traffic. We sped past the lush Flint Hills outside Manhattan, Kansas, through the flat lands of western Kansas and into Denver. After 630 miles and climbing 7,000 feet, we arrived in Vail, Colorado. Most businesses in this high-end resort (including a couple of mink coat stores) were closed because it was after ski season and before



AP Photo/Eva Parziale

This May 26 photo shows Kelsey Delehanty in front of Weeping Rock, the hanging gardens created by dripping streams, at Zion National Park in Utah. Weeping Rock is one of nine shuttle bus stops along Zion Canyon Scenic Drive, which is closed to private cars between March and November.

Memorial Day. But we found a creekside patio table and meal at Sweet Basil before turning in at the luxurious Tivoli Lodge (offseason rates via Booking.com made it affordable). We wished we'd had time and energy to hike the snowcapped mountains. If we had, we might have needed the container of oxygen in our hotel room (\$19.99) to offset the effects of the altitude.

Day 3: After a day of mountain driving, we reached Utah's Bryce Canyon National Park. We skipped the cowboy dinner show, one of several dining options offered along with lodging at a complex just

outside the park. Instead we headed to the park, arriving at 5 p.m., which meant few visitors clogging the 13 Tivoli Lodge (offseason rates via Booking.com made it affordable). We wished we'd had time and energy to hike the snowcapped mountains. If we had, we might have needed the container of oxygen in our hotel room (\$19.99) to offset the effects of the altitude.

Day 4: We hit the road by 7:15 a.m. and reached Zion National Park two hours later. The drive into the park winds down into the canyon, past spectacular, soaring, red-hued sandstone walls, through a mile-long tunnel to a visitor's center. Shuttle buses take visitors through the park. We stopped only

at Weeping Rock to see the hanging gardens created by dripping streams and at the lodge for a tasty lunch.

Back in the car around 1 p.m., we were in Las Vegas three hours later. We stayed off the strip, at a Marriott next to the Convention Center. After a couple hours at the pool, with drinks and appetizers, we went by cab to The Venetian to gawk at the pricey stores. At the Bellagio we saw the colorful Dale Chihuly glass sculptures and grabbed dessert at Jean Philippe's patisserie, then took Uber back to our hotel.

Day 5: We forgot to gas up before leaving Las Vegas and got nervous with a quarter-tank left and nothing but desert ahead. Siri said the nearest station was in the roadside town of Jean, about 30 miles ahead, and we limped into the Chevron on fumes. We made it to Pasadena at 1 p.m., tired but proud of ourselves. We ended our road trip with a family dinner that night. My father, uncle, brother and sister-in-law live in southern California and hosted us at the Terrace restaurant at the Langham resort.

Preparation and tips

AAA provided guidebooks and Google Maps was indispensable in planning the route. We had a mechanic look at the car before we left, getting new spark plugs and an air filter.

Hotels inside and outside national parks fill up so book ahead. In general, hotels seemed to be a better option than Airbnb for the few hours we had each night. TripAdvisor and Booking.com were useful.

National park entrance fees vary. We bought an annual pass for \$80 which Kelsey can use while in California this summer. The pass has paid for itself in less than a month.



Sarah E Crowder/Katie Workman via AP

HALIBUT FRIED FISH SANDWICH WITH LEMON BASIL TARTAR SAUCE

Makes 4 sandwiches
Start to finish: 25 minutes

Lemon Basil Tartar Sauce

- ½ cup mayonnaise
- Juice of ½ lemon
- 2 tablespoons minced cornichons (baby pickles)
- 2 tablespoons minced scallions
- 1 tablespoon capers, drained and rinsed, then minced
- 2 teaspoons coarse Dijon or Creole mustard
- 1 tablespoon minced basil
- 1 tablespoon chopped fresh parsley
- Kosher salt
- Freshly ground black pepper

Halibut Fried Fish Sandwiches

- ¾ cup all-purpose flour
- 1 large egg
- ½ cup milk
- ½ teaspoon hot sauce
- 1 cup panko bread crumbs
- 4 (6-ounce) pieces halibut
- Vegetable oil for pan frying (about ½ cup)
- 4 potato rolls
- Several pieces of leaf or romaine lettuce, torn to fit the rolls
- 1 ripe tomato, sliced
- Lemon wedges for serving

Preheat the oven to broil.

Make the Tartar Sauce. In a small bowl, mix together the mayonnaise, lemon juice, cornichons, scallions, capers, mustard, basil, parsley, and ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper. Have all of the sandwich rolls and toppings ready to go so that when the fish is cooked, you can assemble the sandwiches right away.

In a shallow wide bowl, mix the flour with ½ teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper. In another shallow wide bowl, beat the egg with the milk and the hot sauce. Place the panko bread crumbs in a third shallow wide bowl.

Heat enough oil to come up ¼-inch high in a large skillet over medium high heat. While the oil is heating, dredge each piece of fish first in the flour, shaking off any excess, then in the milk mixture, allowing any excess to drip back into the bowl, and then finally dredge the fish in the bread crumbs. Fry the fish in the oil for about 4 minutes on each side until the fish is golden brown and cooked through. Remove it with a slotted spatula and place on a paper towel-lined plate or surface to drain for a minute.

While the fish is cooking, broil the buns cut side up for just a minute until lightly browned. Place a piece of cooked fish on the bottom half of each roll, and top with a spoonful of the tartar sauce. Top with the lettuce and tomato, and then with the second half of the roll. Serve immediately, with the lemon wedges.

Nutrition information per serving of Lemon Basil Tartar Sauce (about 2 tablespoons): Nutrition information per serving: 98 calories; 93 calories from fat; 10 g fat (2 g saturated; 0 g trans fats); 6 mg cholesterol; 319 mg sodium; 1 g carbohydrate; 0 g fiber; 0 g sugar; 0 g protein.

Nutrition information per serving of Halibut Fried Fish Sandwiches: 611 calories; 168 calories from fat; 19 g fat (3 g saturated; 0 g trans fats); 139 mg cholesterol; 686 mg sodium; 62 g carbohydrate; 2 g fiber; 8 g sugar; 45 g protein.

Katie Workman has written two cookbooks focused on easy, family-friendly cooking, "Dinner Solved!" and "The Mom 100 Cookbook." She blogs at <http://www.themom100.com/about-katie-workman>

MOREHEADS: Mike also hunts for rocks, and has a few favorite spots

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their eyes, whether a chipmunk sunning itself on a rock or the light streaming through the branches of a tree. They try to go to certain places at different times of year. This summer, they'll make several trips into the Blue Mountains to take photos of elk with new babies. They also have a favorite spot on the John Day River that they try to photograph in each season to catch the changing leaves and light.

Driving along, Mike suddenly stops the car in the middle of the road and gets out.

Hidden by a few trees on a hillside, several pillars stick out of the earth. He climbs the hill, camera in hand, to get a closer look. Small round rocks are embedded in the boulders, which Mike thinks is the result of volcanic activity.

Barbara calls out from the road that a truck needs to get by, and Mike climbs back down.

"Good deal," he says with



Contributed photo by Barbara and Mike Morehead

A ferret rabbit stands in some grass in downtown Ukiah.

a grin. "I'm going to come back here."

As they make their way up into the hills, the Elkhorn Mountains come into view. Jagged gray rocks poke through snow, and several peaks surround the tree-covered hillsides.

They end up at Anthony Lake, where, except for a couple of kayakers, all is

quiet. Mike snaps several photos of the snow-dappled peak reflecting in the water.

Their own adventures
Mike's penchant for exploring takes him places many people never see. He likes to hunt for mushrooms, and will pick up shed horns, mountain mahogany and yew wood to make walking sticks. Occasionally, he picks

up kinnikinnick, a plant that Native Americans used for many purposes, including to treat infections.

A Vietnam veteran, he often remembers the time he spent as a riverboat patrolman in the Navy, and some of the fire fights. But there, too, he was able to document some of his experiences. He has photos of the river patrol boats, including the God of Hell Fire boat, and a Tango M-6 boat, which he has shared with many others.

He also hunts for rocks, and has a few favorite spots. He enjoys finding "Apache tears," or round black obsidian pebbles, which are made of volcanic glass. He knows how to tell the difference between the real ones and fakes — if you stomp on the real ones, they don't turn to dust. He climbs up a 45-degree hillside, sending a river of dirt and gravel flowing down to the road. Ten minutes later, he comes down with a handful of the stones.

He's discovered most of

these spots by accident, just poking around in the woods.

"Whenever he has time, he's up in the mountains," Barb said, noting that her husband will sometimes walk for two hours in the dark, with a headlamp, to reach a spot by sunrise.

And turning 70 hasn't convinced him to stay on marked trails, which he eschews in favor of wilder routes.

"If I hike a trail, it's to get to somewhere else," he said.

Barbara doesn't join Mike on his off-trail trips, but is largely responsible for sharing the photos they take. She sends sky shots — sunrise, sunset and storm photos — to the Tri-Cities station KNDU. She recently began submitting photos of local landmarks to be used on Google Maps, and she posts a lot of photos on local Facebook pages where people from around the county see them. On Shutterfly, she creates galleries and even calendars with the photos they've taken.

"Barb will send the photos," Mike said with a laugh. "I don't touch the computer."

It's common enough now to see people documenting every aspect of their lives. But for the Moreheads, the joy comes out of capturing the things most people don't see every day.

As they turn up a gravel road just over the Union County border, Barbara remembers that in this very spot, they once ran into a group of cowboys rounding up cattle.

"There was an old cowboy out there, and I asked Mike to stop and take a picture of him," Barbara said.

"Dirty hat, unshaven," said Mike with a laugh.

Barbara remembers snapping several photos of the man, before he finally turned and acknowledged them with a smile.

Whether a buckaroo or a bend in the river, the Moreheads will be there, camera in hand.