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TERRY RICHARD/THE OREGONIAN

Two wood carvings stand over a temple at Pu'uhonua o Honaunau National Historical Park.

Big Island's historic parks: Naturally, they're beauts

By **TERRY RICHARD**
THE OREGONIAN

An eagle ray flutters in the near shore waters at one park, a brant goose munches seaweed in another and an unidentified shark species patrols the bay of a third.

Outstanding connections to nature are just part of the attraction of three national historical parks on the west coast of Hawaii's Big Island. Each of the parks was created to interpret and preserve Hawaiian history and culture.

The parks are easy to reach from Kailua-Kona, the main town on the Big Island's west shore: Pu'uhonua o Honaunau National Historical Park is 22 miles south, Kaloko-Honokohau NHP is four miles north and Pu'ukohola Heiau NHP is 35 miles north.

Each has a tongue-twisting name, so it may be best to associate them with something easier to remember: a place of refuge, fishponds and temples.

The trio are among seven parks managed by the National Park Service in Hawaii. The other four are quite famous.

Hawaii Volcanoes and Haleakala are on the list of 58 "national parks." The World War II Valor in the Pacific National Monument includes the USS Arizona Memorial in Pearl Harbor. And Kalaupapa National Historical Park is the site of the leper colony on Molokai.

The three national historical parks on the Big Island are lower key, but each has the same national-park quality service that characterizes larger parks. Also, they are on the ocean, have the fabulous Kona and Kohala coast weather and very much a feel of being in Hawaii.

Here is some of what you will find at the three parks:

Please see **BIG ISLAND**, Page T4

See a photo gallery and a video of the parks at oregonlive.com/travel

The oyster is their world



DOUG BEGTEL/THE OREGONIAN/2007

A commercial harvester dredges oysters in Southwest Washington's Willapa Bay, which is 90 percent dry at low tide.

Love this sea delicacy? Go on an adventure to southwest Washington's pristine Willapa Bay, where fresh mollusks and prime paddling abound

By **BRIAN J. CANTWELL**
THE SEATTLE TIMES



BRIAN J. CANTWELL/THE SEATTLE TIMES

As fresh as they get: an oyster just harvested from Willapa Bay, America's largest producer of farmed oysters.

It might be the acid-test question for oyster eaters. Oyster dressing with your holiday turkey: gourmet treat or just plain wrong?

In my straw poll around a lunch table here in Raymond, Wash., four out of five fellow diners gave oyster dressing a big thumbs-up.

Of course, you might call this a biased crowd. We were just down the road from South Bend, self-proclaimed "Oyster Capital of the World," at the edge of southwest Washington's Willapa Bay, America's largest producer of farmed oysters.

And we were lunching on oyster stew, from Nana Rose's special recipe.

"My mom makes this every Christmas Eve!" said Amy Dennis, the stew's preparer, who is part of the family that runs the Dennis Co., a spunky local variety-store chain that started in 1905 and now gives a nearby Wal-Mart a run for its money.

The stew was creamy and rich, with fresh mollusks from the local Ekone Oyster Co. — a mix of extra small and "yearlings," the tiniest oysters sold, in a region where people know their bivalves and like them petite.

"The extra large are like meatloafs!" joked Jerry Bowman, curator of Raymond's Northwest Carriage Museum, whose backroom became our lunchroom during my tour of the town.

But those big oysters are popular in Asia, I'd learned the previous day, when I'd gotten a glimpse of what goes into putting local oysters on the table.

On a sunny afternoon between autumn rainstorms, I'd ducked shell-laden hydraulic scoops as they pivoted over the deck of the 45-foot oyster dredge Nancy N., named for one of the daughters of the Nisbet family, owners of Goose Point Oysters, which ships worldwide.

We were far out on Willapa Bay, framed by a horizon of low, forested hills and the Long Beach Peninsula's northward-jutting finger. At 25 miles long, the sparkling expanse of

Please see **WILLAPA BAY**, Page T5



THE OREGONIAN

Dozens of teenage boys leap into a bayou in Tarpon Springs, Fla., each Jan. 6 in hopes of being the fortunate one to retrieve a cross tossed by a Greek Orthodox elder.



STEVE NESIUS
THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
2006

In Florida, sponging up all that is Greek to them

By **JOSH NOEL**
McCLATCHY-TRIBUNE

The Greeks started filing into church about 8 a.m., but I'm neither Greek nor churchgoing, so I spent the morning walking through Tarpon Springs, Fla.

I started where everyone would be in a few hours: the bayou just off the downtown, where more than 70 boys ages 16 to 18 would leap into the shallow, frigid water in pursuit of a cross tossed by a Greek Orthodox elder. Whoever retrieved the cross would win good luck for himself and his family for a year. He would be a town hero, a name on everyone's lips.

Locals already were setting up folding chairs and laying down blankets around the bayou's edge. Four TV trucks were in position for their live shots. The skies were gray and the air cool. Sheets of rain had fallen overnight.

It was Jan. 6, the Christian holiday of Epiphany (or Three Kings Day, if you prefer), and the annual religious and cultural highlight in this town of 23,000. Tarpon Springs, which has one of the highest percentages of Greeks in the country, has sent its boys into the water chasing crosses on this day for more than 100 years. The merging of cross and water commemorates Jesus' baptism.

I left the gathering crowd behind and wandered to St. Nicholas Greek Orthodox Cathedral, where police waited outside to lead the four-block procession to the bayou. Across the street, in Fournos Bakery, the woman behind the counter told me everything in the glass case was baked that morning. I got a profoundly dense, chocolate-covered baklava and a spinach pie with a deliciously creamy center. She asked where I was from. I said up North.

"Are you Greek?" she asked. "No," I said. "Just checking out Epiphany."

Please see **GREEK**, Page T4



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