

Date: 10/19/2012 9:28:11 PM

Subject: Postcard

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We left Bluff about 8 o'clock. The sun was peeking over the rocks but it hadn't quite made it to Cow Canyon's parking lot.



There used to be a good restaurant at Cow Canyon but it closed about four years ago. The void was filled by a new place, the San Juan River Kitchen. It went from upscale to tacos in about a year and a half and closed for good a few months ago. Slim pickin's in Bluff, Utah.

Across US 191 from the Cow Canyon Buick are the Navajo Twins, or rocks with that moniker. The real Navajo Twins (not the two rocks on the left) are Monster Slayer and Changing Woman and they are real if you believe Navajo mythology, but that's another story.



Behind the huge rock is, among other establishments, the Twin Rocks Café, one of the few remaining eating establishments in town. It is the home of the worst Navajo tacos every offered for human consumption. Could be it's not an accident. Could be we all look like George Custer.

Our next stop was Butler Wash. The air was cool, the morning was young and, although we had promises to keep, we couldn't help but walk to the ruins.



The ruins are in the little caves across the wash. There's a nice, new metal fence to keep you from actually getting close.

All around us were signs of October. The cottonwoods are golden yellow, rivaling their upslope aspen cousins, and other things are drying to beiges and browns.





Back on the road, UT 95 to Hanksville, we were captivated once again by the rough elegance of the red rocks.



We trailed a pair of Darth Vaders on Harleys to the Colorado River. Black bikes, black leathers, black helmets with tinted face shields. At the river turnout they dismounted near us

and strutted to the overlook, pulling off their helmets and revealing a blonde Rosanne Barr and a downsized John Goodman. The farce was with us.



Just past the Colorado was a picnic area called Hog Spring. It featured a creaky, swingy, wooden suspension bridge and brilliant cottonwoods.



We stopped for lunch in Capitol Reef National Park. It was mobbed with families. Like we drove around waiting for a parking spot at the picnic area. Like aren't schools supposed to be in session?

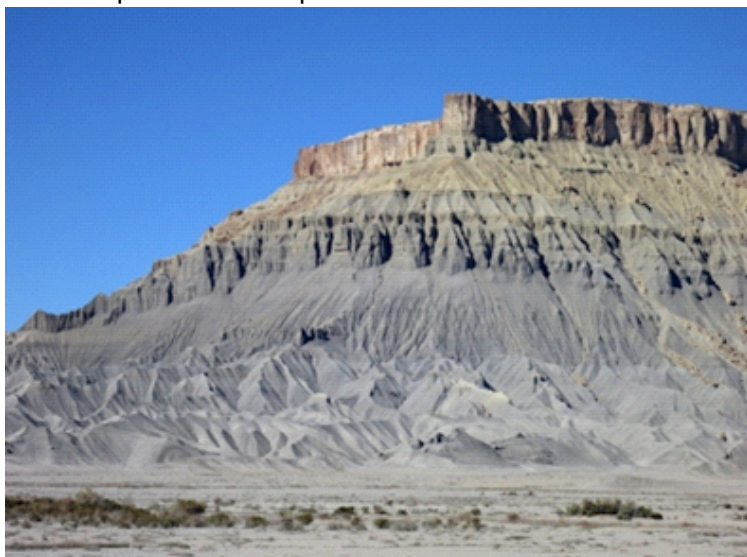




Just in front of our picnic table was the biggest dang cottonwood we ever saw.



Moonscape between Capitol Reef and Boulder.



We survived the scary ride from Boulder down route 12 to Escalante. You know how in the mountains sometimes the ground just falls away on one side of the road or the other? On this stretch, it falls away on both sides – no rails, no shoulders, just Murray. No sweat!

More tomorrow.

D&S