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Subject: Postcard

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We piled into an H2 Hummer with our driver Matt and another couple. Onto the Rez. We roared across slickrock, up and down vertical dunes and along a sandy wash to Secret Canyon. Matt did his best to get someone to barf but it didn't happen.

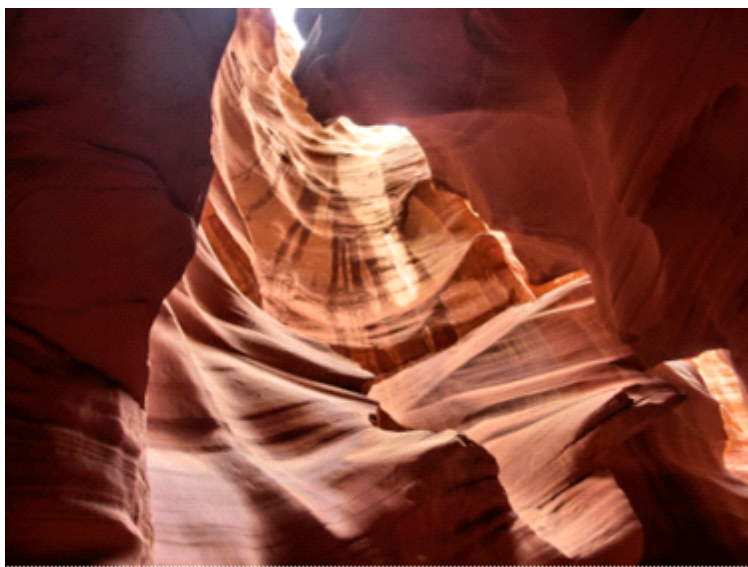


Matt introduced everyone. Dale and Sheila meet Kristen and Walter. Walter responded that he preferred to be called Chip. I groaned and said "Oh no, Chip 'n' Dale". Matt loved it. He said his uncle was a Chippendale in Vegas for many years. Good Lord.

The reservation was alive and colorful with sage and sunflowers and desert rhubarb. It had been a rainy summer, by desert standards, and spring foliage had sprung up for a second time. But we left it all behind to enter a strange and lovely place.

A sampler:









A strange and lovely place.

We emerged from the slot into the sun and desert life. Suddenly Matt asked if we knew how to identify animals from their scat. We followed his gaze to a tarry black thing on the ground and answered him no! He walked over to it and knelt down. He said size and shape are important but it's not always enough. Picking it up he said texture is helpful and even smell, as he lifted it to his nose. We involuntarily stepped back from this sicko. He then tasted it. Horror. "Yup" he says, "it's desert rhubarb root alright". Nice try. Still hadn't made us barf.

Matt took our pictures. Good news and bad news. Bad news: they were terrible. Good news: you don't have to look at them. We roared back to Page.

After lunch we went to Secret Dam Viewing Area. Almost as elusive as pedestal rocks but we persevered and were rewarded with some fine views of Glen Canyon Dam and the Colorado River below it.





Heading for Nevada. We shall see what tomorrow brings.

D&S