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Subject: Postcard

Canceled our remaining reservations at the Hampton Inn Sin City. Then like Moses we wandered in the desert. Well, maybe not exactly like Moses.



Red Rock Park was closed, of course, but we could drive past it. Did so on our way to Death Valley. Saw lots of burro signs but no burros. We'd stay out of sight too.



Death Valley was officially closed, of course, but we could drive through it as the road is a state highway. The side roads into park features were barricaded and guarded.



It even goes lower...

Out of the sand and dirt and rocks, like a mirage oasis, popped the Inn at Furnace Creek. Privately owned and on grandfathered private land, the Inn is operational but in present circumstances virtually empty.



A spring runs year round and feeds a couple of acres of vegetation.



Harry! Harry!

It was lunch time but the restaurant wasn't open. The desk clerk sent us down the road to their cousin facility, the Ranch at Furnace Creek, also open, same reasons. We went. Busloads of old folks were lined up out the door and around the corner at the buffet restaurant – but there was plenty of seating in the café. After a couple of \$15 burgers we knew why. Shouldn't complain, we got chips. And, now we knew where all those tour busses were going that still had customers but nowhere to visit.



The table at the café was special. It was a map of Death Valley showing us where all the inaccessible features were. Gee, it was almost like being there.



More.



View from our new room.

Tomorrow – No sin! No death! Just laundry!

D&S