

Date: 10/12/2013 8:54:22 PM

Subject: Postcard

---

## The Great Laundry Caper

Doing the wash is just doing the wash. Except when it isn't. Such as today. In order to appreciate the complexity of getting our clothes clean it's important to give you some context. We're not exactly in Holiday Inn Express here. We're in a room from, shall we say, lastminutereservations.com. We needed a place in the direction of Sedona and not too far from Death Valley – right away – and they needed to fill the joint. Deal. So there we were last night checking into the Westin Lake Las Vegas Resort and Spa in dusty t-shirts and with a bunch of duffel bags.



Front view



Rear view



Neighborhood



Their soap looks like this. You're getting the picture.

We were met at the door by a bellman who unloaded the bags. His job was to deliver the stuff to a different bellman. I gave him five bucks. Seemed like enough. The first bellman not the second. I went to the desk to check in and was greeted with a cheery "What brings you to the Westin?" I said "The parks are closed". Frozen smile.

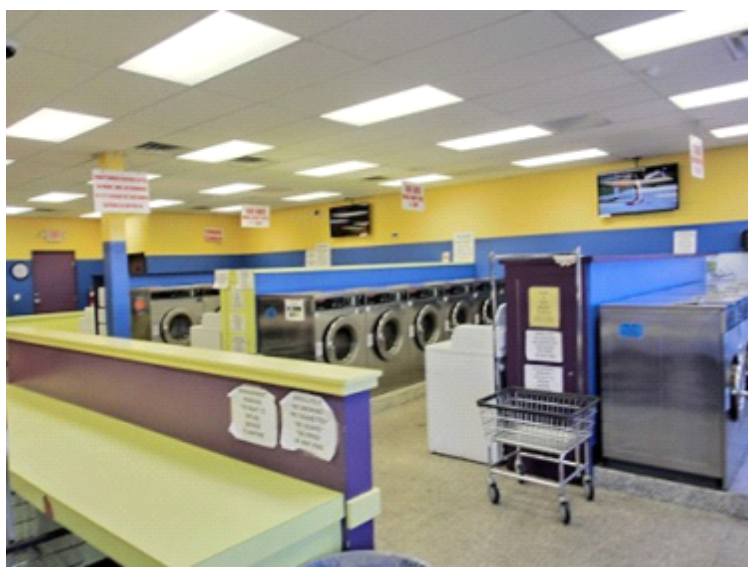
We parked Vici. As uncomfortable as we felt, she seemed to be real happy, the spoiled brat. We found the bellman who now had our stuff and let him take it up with us. We usually make 2 or 3 trips with all our junk but it was too far and too awkward and what were we supposed to do? So, bellman #2 introduced himself as Reese and showed us the room. Yeah, like in a movie. I asked about restaurants and he told us about Marssa, renowned for its pacific rim cuisine. I asked about dress for dinner and he said not to worry, it's only "business casual". Hmm. I said, hopefully "The best I can do is jeans and a polo shirt". Frozen smile. "There is also

a café, sir.” I gave Reese ten bucks (something I remembered about a buck a bag... probably from 10 years ago) and began to wonder about the great deal we got.

We had determined before we made our reservation that this place had a guest laundry. Now we had to find it. We are on the third floor in the south wing. The guest laundry, which consists of a single washer and dryer, is on the first floor in the north wing. There is one way to get there: through the bar, across the atrium and down the back elevator. We had five loads. Imagining the logistics was daunting, much less the vision of us carrying garbage bags of laundry through this hotel.

Another alternative was to get to a Laundromat. We could carry all the stuff out once, and back in once, but it still meant navigating the lobby. Sheila thought of using our Mountainsmith canvas carryalls. We haul our miscellaneous stuff in them and have 4 or 5. This morning there were 2 in the room and 3 in the car. I went to the parking lot and grabbed two, dumping the stuff on the back seat. We emptied the other two in the room and stuffed our dirty clothes in them. Carrying two each, we whistled a happy tune and smuggled them through the lobby – without being accosted by a bellman. Heh heh heh.

Found a Laundromat in Henderson. Yes, we’re staying at Lake Las Vegas but it’s not in Las Vegas (that was a requirement) it’s in Henderson. Great Laundromat!



Loaded up 5 washers, then 5 dryers, and brought our contraband (now clean and dry) back to our room. High five.



Found lunch at a restaurant nearby called Harry's where we had Springtime Salads (chicken, walnuts, cranberries, blue cheese crumbles, on a bed of greens with white balsamic vinaigrette). Walked around the grounds and watched the birds and flowers...



...and the people.

This is Wicked Witch of the Westin



She cast her evil eye on us for taking Lee Greenwood's picture. Couldn't resist.

So maybe it's not Lee Greenwood but we're sure he's proud to be an American.



Tomorrow – once again haven't a clue. But we're clean and ready to roll.

D&S