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Subject: Postcard 09

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Good news. The rain stopped.

Bad news. Now it's snowing.

Today will be wash day.

Set the wayback machine to yesterday. After leaving Arches we drove to Potash Road, which travels along the north side of the Colorado River, which travels along the north side of Moab. After about 16 miles, Potash Road runs out of pavement and you are at the Cane Creek Potash Mine. Potash – the substance – is a mineral, rich in potassium, that was originally made by soaking wood ashes in a pot (get it?). Today it is mined.



Along the road you can discover dinosaur tracks and petroglyphs if you're willing to make some short, rocky climbs. The dinosaur tracks look like giant chicken feet and are boring. Some seven year old told us they were made by an Allosaurus and we have absolutely no reason to disbelieve it.

Most of the petroglyphs are attributed to the indigenous Utes whose descendants now live on reservations and run casinos. Others can be attributed to recent jerks and are not shown here.



We continued along Potash Road to the Corona Arch Trailhead. Corona Arch gained recent notoriety when some unfortunate tried to swing through the 110 foot arch using a 130 foot rope. It is tragic he is no longer with us – but then that is how we heard about the hike. The trail conveniently reopened March 29<sup>th</sup>.



Ma ma ma ma ma ma ma my Corona...



This is the hikers' bonus: "Bow-Tie Arch". Don't think so. Think "Alien-Cyclops-Carved-in-Stone Arch".



We were still being seriously threatened by the weather and we hustled back to the car.





Along the way we encountered a woman and her little dog headed in the other direction. She said "hi" and I said "hi". The dog was off leash and I observed: "Your dog must like it without a leash". The woman stopped, turned, planted her feet. "You want me to put on the leash?" she snarled, "Is that what you want me to do?" I answered amiably: "No, I really don't care. I'm going the other way". She thundered. "OK, then I'll put it on!" She ripped a 10' leather rope from her coat pocket, swinging it back the full length of her arm. [Flash to Indiana Jones.] A crumpled Kleenex full of dark spots fell to the slickrock. It may have had a designer pattern. I thought it could be blood spatter from her last encounter. Thankfully she knelt to attach the leash; we quickly departed. Glad it wasn't a pit bull. Hope she got real wet.



Sheila found a rock that looked like a turtle...a turtle that could have eaten Allosaurus.

To the room.



Back to today. There are lots of places to eat in Moab. We discovered Buck's Grill House on night #1 and will stick with it until we leave town. Tonight we had shrimp diablo under queso fresca, polenta lasagna and... and... and... flourless chocolate terrine. We are loyal to good restaurants. We are *very* loyal to good desserts.

D&S