

Date: 10/4/2014 9:43:45 AM

Subject: Postcard

Some days are just weird.

We left Zion after having coffee again with the Big Dipper and Orion's Belt, those being the two constellations we can actually figure out. In Kanab we stopped at the BLM Visitors Center for Grand Staircase Escalante National Monument. Escalante was a Franciscan missionary. We don't know who Grand Staircase was.

The park, as seen from US 89, consists of massive red rocks and, as red rock aficionados, we wanted to see more. There wasn't a ranger on duty, but a volunteer who looked eerily like Anthony Perkins in Psycho suggested a couple of canyon adventures. We were first directed north from 89 on a narrow paved road to a narrower dirt road called Skutumpah which our GPS totally disowned. Can't blame Garmin but it made for an interesting drive. We kept straying onto unfenced ranch land guarded by longhorns.

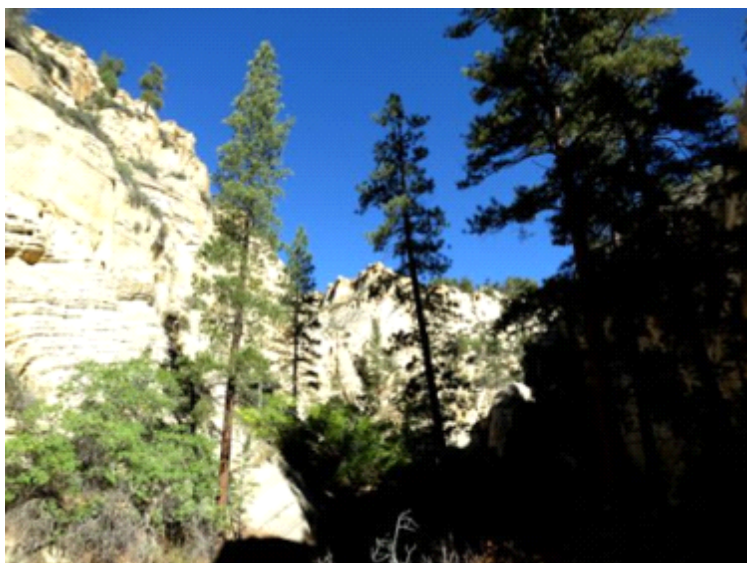


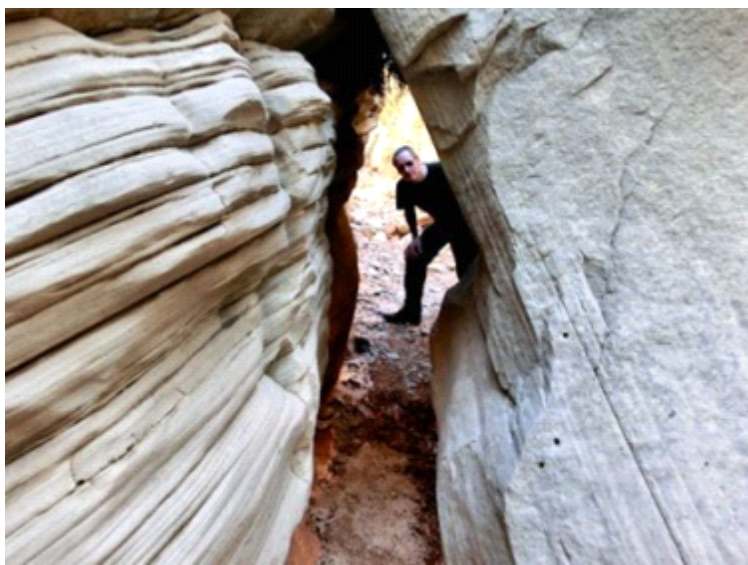
The red rocks quickly disappeared and we were surrounded by rabbit brush and heaps of gray dirt.



We hiked into Lick Wash.

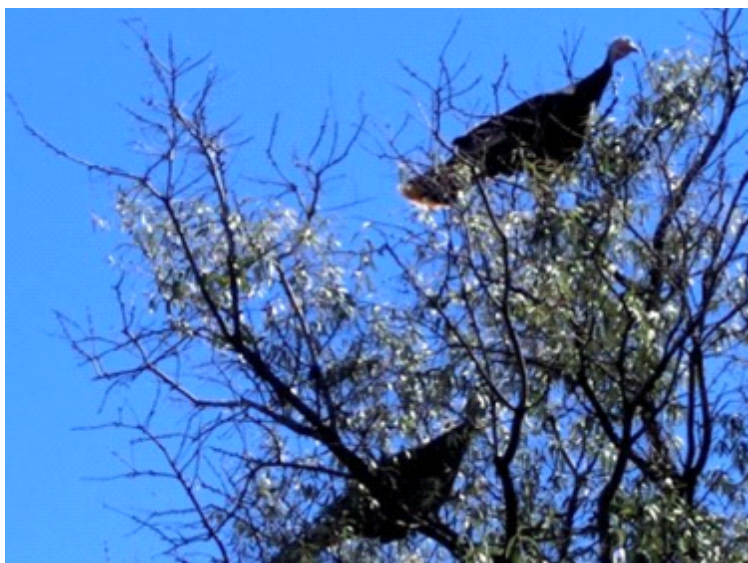
Even though it sounds like what a dog gives your face when he really likes you, Lick Wash is relatively scenic. At least next to heaps of gray dirt and rabbit brush.





Having gotten in our hiking icks, we jumped back onto Skutumpah road for the ride back. Vici dueled more bulls for road rights and we made it to pavement.

Suddenly, eight great birds flew across the road and landed in some trees. What the heck?



Yes they were. Turkeys. We thought they couldn't fly. We got that thought from watching *WKRP in Cincinnati*. Man, you can't believe anything.

*Google the 70's

Next we headed for Catstair Canyon to find petroglyphs and pictographs. Our psycho directions were to look for a break in the guard rail on 89 and turn there. Yes, those were our directions. Naturally we found the *wrong* break in the guard rail and, out of sight of the highway, pulled right up to a "Juicy" RV rental.



The two poor Swiss tourists who had rented this visual obscenity had a flat tire, a broken jack and no cell phone service. Ooo, bad day. On their behalf we drove to the nearest official looking location, which was a teeny little BLM office with one reluctant 60-ish woman staffing the whole place. She finally radioed "Jerry", who was out cleaning latrines, to go help the Swiss. We drove back to assure the stranded travelers that help was coming. They smiled hopefully and shook our hands. We hope Jerry washed his.

We located the *right* break in the guard rail and explored Catstair Canyon. It was one of those "and close the gate behind you" deals and we did.



We searched the canyon walls in the direct sun until, crazy from the heat, we blundered into the artwork.



Nice. A holdup victim and a tire track. That was worth it.



Found a maple leaf with a serious seasonal dysfunction.

Drove to Page. Ate at a restaurant named Bonkers.

D&S