

Date: 6/25/2015 8:20:32 PM

Subject: Postcard

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Today was “give the legs of someone you love a rest” day. So we just drove into the park like normal tourists – no sunblock, crummy walking shoes and driving 15 under the limit to clog up the two-lane. Unfortunately there was no else on the road yet to torment.

One thing we wanted to accomplish today was to share Rocky Mountain scenery with you. It was breathtaking. That is, the haze was generally so thick you felt like you couldn’t breathe. It was like driving past a feedlot except it smelled like pine. Where does this haze come from? Sick herds of elk? We got some fairly clear shots of the mountains but we had to fill in with the ground stuff again. Sorry.

Our first stop was the alluvial fan in Endovalley. No I don’t know offhand what alluvial means and I’m tired of looking all this stuff up. Nor do I know why it’s called Endovalley but I’ll guess it’s the endo of Roaring River, a tributary of Fall River, because they join right here.



No matter what alluvial fan actually means, it seems to describe the big mess left by a dam break upstream in 1982. Roaring River dumped tons (or tonnes if you’re British) of rocks all over the place. They are pretty. They are hard to walk on without good shoes.



That's Roaring River on the right. That's Sheila in the middle waiting for me to run from the camera which was set on a 10 second delay. That's me on the left out of breath.



I'm not looking this one up either. Call it White Flower with Violet Veins and Pinkish Stamens. Or are those Pistils? Whatever.



A narrow trail leads back into the main park from Endovalley. It is skinny like a game trail or Indian trail or something but has mostly hiking boot prints. And flip flop prints.



A flower grows from under a picturesque log.



Broad Tailed hummingbird. Seriously. Look up humming birds in Sibley or Peterson, you will agree.

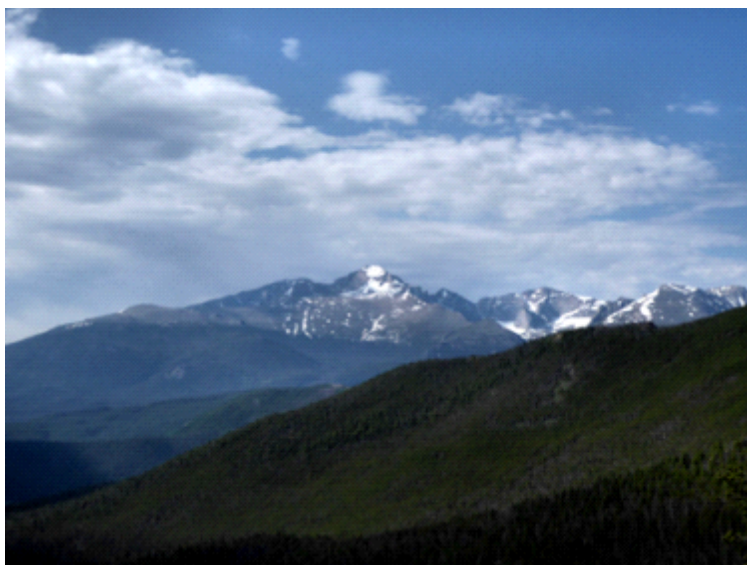




Scene in Hidden Valley. Wasn't hidden very well, we found it without the GPS.



Yes, another chipmunk. Furry with stripes will get you into a Postcard every time.



Honest to gosh mountain that we could see clearly. Had to drive to Manyparks Curve to get this one. Manyparks Curve?? Geeze Louise!! Who names a road curve? And am I wrong or are we not in just one park?



Also from Manyparks Curve.

We were done by 8:00 in the morning. I suppose you can guess the rest...

Yep. Shopping. Safeway to reload food and drink and Cortaid, then every store on the strip in Estes Park that we missed on Monday.

That wasn't enough so we drove south on CO-7 to Eagle Plume's Trading Post. Eagle Plume was an Indian. He died. No, that does not necessarily make him a good Indian. But his trading post lived on and the people who run the place now are there exclusively to rip off rich Chinese, a conclusion we reached based solely on pricing. So we left without a purchase. Did like their sign, though.



Last but not least we drove within photo distance of Estes Cone (yesterday we hiked there – a reminder to the Facebook/selfie generation) and took this shot.



Tomorrow, weather willing, we hike again.

D&S