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**Sent:** Tuesday, October 20, 2020 6:55 PM  
**To:** vaca.dieck.2000@swbell.net  
**Subject:** Postcard

We hopped on Cottonwood Canyon Road by about 8:00 this morning. The air was cold, the shadows were long, and we were on our way to Lower Hackberry Canyon to hike. White-tailed antelope squirrels scampered across the road as did a small herd of pronghorn.



We rolled down into the trailhead parking area all alone, until a huge guy in a yellow coat, who looked like Ray Benson from Asleep at the Wheel, materialized above us on the road.



He said come across the road to see the bighorns. We did.



Yellow coat man was from San Antonio. Yellow coat man hated what has happened to Moab and hopes it won't happen to Escalante. Yellow coat man knows lots of hikes we should take. Yellow coat man is lonesome.

But finally we started the Lower Hackberry Canyon hike.



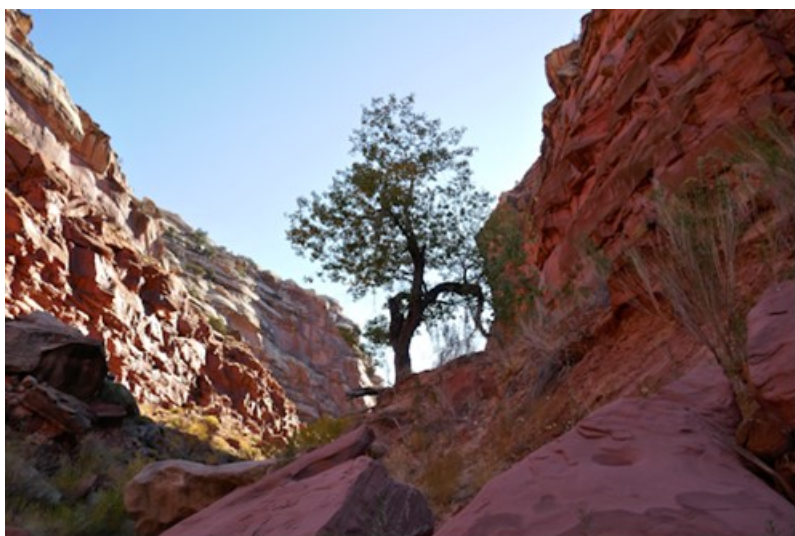
Except it wasn't. It was the Lower Hackberry Canyon trudge. Deep sand. Step, sink, slide, repeat.

Fortunately there was payoff.









And then there were the dinosaur tracks alleged to be along this trail. Okay, we can't find anything anyway but the instructions to locate the dinosaur tracks were obscure, ambiguous, imprecise, incomprehensible and they stunk. Of course we never found them.

But Sheila discovered these.



They are fossilized remnants of nesting holes of Mesozoic sea slugs. We are proud.

D&S