

Sent: 2007-09-15 - 19:38
Subject: Postcard

Saguaro National Park is divided into East and West segments. The way Tucson has grown, they are virtual bookends to the city, clamping cars and stores and a zillion people between them, people seared like Mahi-Mahi entrees on a daily basis. Walking in the park(s) in September, anytime after 9:00 AM, is a sizzle. This is the Sonoran Desert. Don't worry, it's dry heat.



Home to the cactus wren, the gila woodpecker and the southwest great horned owl.



This one should have been asleep but I guess we spooked it. To the Cherokee, an owl is a predictor of death. We were relieved to

discover we are in Apache territory.

The rainy season has made the Sonora green and bright.



We were inspired. We were exuberant. We went to a cactus nursery to buy a big old cactus for our kitchen (We Ship Anywhere!). We described how we had the perfect spot, with a shady, northern exposure. The cactus lady made a face like "I am used to bumpkins, but you are special". We bought some ceramics.

Next we went to Casa Grande, a ruin near Coolidge, AZ. Coolidge is named after Calvin Coolidge, who was president right before Herbert Hoover. Cool Cal was renowned for never smiling. If he knew we drove almost 200 miles to see this pile of cement he would have laughed.



That's it. Casa Grande (translation "Great House"). Covered with beige plaster, reinforced with concrete slabs that modern savages have scratched their names into, and shaded by a hideous roof that probably cost the taxpayers a million bucks. Our recommendation: visit Mesa Verde.

Check off Casa Grande.

Ate at Dakota's. Good food. Tacky neighborhood.



"Trail Dust Town". Really. All this and 103 in the shade.

D&S