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Sunday, September 4, 2011 7:38 PM
Postcard 2011-09-04

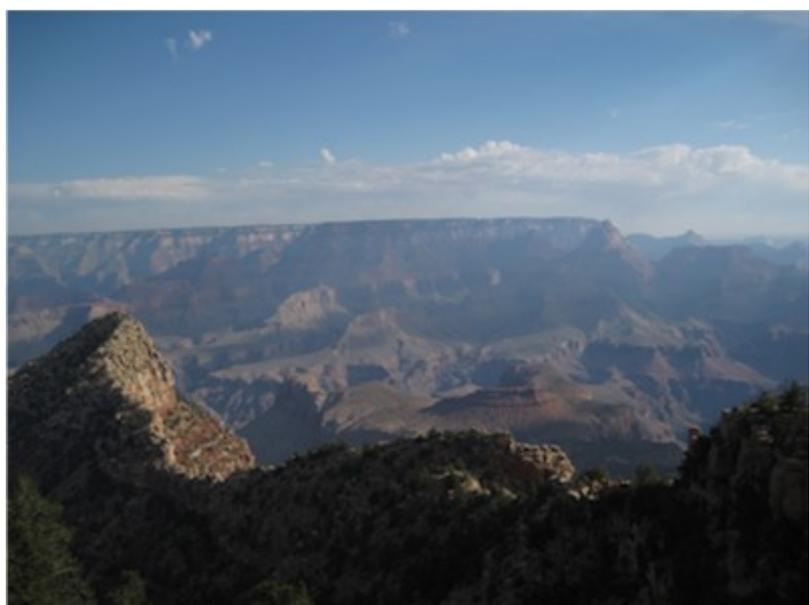
Another early start to beat the masses.



We descended about 600 feet on Grandview Trail just to get in some hiking below the rim. We went to "The Notch". The trail has a wicked early descent with narrow paths and lots of loose rock. It flattened out just about when we turned around to come back.



They say that Grandview has the best views of Grand Canyon and they may be right.





Ho hum. Another day at GC.

So after we stretched we took a picture of an interesting weed on the wall around the parking area.



Those 5 guys in the next car, who had just driven away, are going to be really unhappy when they find their personal vegetation missing.

We had climbed back up into the “other” Grand Canyon. The one inhabited by the daily hordes. We thought you might be tired of rocks so we picked out a few of the interesting ones to show you.



You may have wondered what happened to Frankie Avalon and Sandra Dee. Wonder no more, they are here.



This visitor, apparently a co-descendent of Ansel Adams and Humpty Dumpty, will be well advised to not lean back.



And our favorite. Yellow Bikini Babe. We first saw YBB along the rim as we were moseying to the gift shop at Bright Angel Lodge. To set the scene, the paved path was filled with mobs of people going in either direction, or standing by the edge of the canyon. They are walking dogs. They are taking pictures. They are eating ice cream. They are yelling at their kids. They are ignoring their kids. They are making lunch plans. They are milling all over the place. They are, for the most part, fully dressed. We spotted YBB *sans beach cover* going the other direction. After a visit to the gift shop we moseyed back. Coming toward us, by now, women were giggling, men were rolling their eyes, and we could hear the comments about YBB. We knew then we could find her again and get a pic. Which we did. We got several. We are not showing you the one of her bending over.

As you note, the cover is now on and she is going toward her hotel. Which happens to be our hotel, which happens to be where we are going to eat. Yellow Bikini Babe is now buttoning up the beach cover. Suddenly she is fully unexposed. When she reaches the porch her old man, who is sitting there waiting, starts hollering that he didn't know where she had been. Her old man is old, man. Like he has 20 years on her. Anyway, she is hollering back at him as we disappear gratefully into the lobby.

This photo was taken in front of a trash dumpster near the hotel.

D&S