

Sent: Sunday, September 13, 2026 9:45 AM
Subject: Postcard

Got in late yesterday after a 100 mile detour. But that's our third story...

One

Bright and early drove to Valley of the Gods, a little piece of red rock paradise north of Monument Valley. A rugged 17 mile track loops through the rocks.

And we did this:



So we could show you this:







Two

Having had our red rock fix for the day (and maybe for the trip) we got back on the asphalt and headed northwest on UT-95 to Fry Canyon to discover, well, rediscover, The Fry Canyon Ruin. There is an un-signed dirt track off 95 at mile 70.4, obscured by rabbit brush and taking several passes to identify, leading to Fry Canyon. A mile down the track is an overlook from which the ruin can be seen. So we bounced down the track for a half mile. Then for purely humanitarian purposes on my part, we walked the rest of the way to the canyon rim.



Fry Canyon



Here's the ruin. What ruin? The one hiding in that dark crevice.

And, once revealed through the magic of electronics:



It mostly consists of a little wall.

Well, Fry Canyon Ruin ain't Mesa Verde.

Two and a half

We stopped for lunch at a picnic area to make our usual canned chicken sandwiches. While in the process of spreading some horseradish sauce on my bread, a gust of wind picked up my plate and blew it off the table. We grabbed the bread, but Heinz horseradish sauce spattered on the ground and an army of ants appeared to scarf up scraps from clumsy or thoughtless tourists. But if there is one useful thought we can leave with you today it's that ants hate horseradish. Many tasted, none feasted. As fast as they appeared, they then ran back to their little ant farm, possibly giving out little ant screams.

Three

So, why was there a 100 mile detour? Because we had planned to drive Burr Trail from Ticaboo to Boulder (UT). And it's a long drive just to find Ticaboo. After going about 5 miles up Burr Trail, the road abruptly ceased to exist. A washout had taken out the road along with the culvert beneath it. To make matters sadder there was a couple on the other side of this newly created canyon who were stuck going from Boulder to Ticaboo. Incredibly the guy was standing in the mud with a shovel trying to dig a path for their car. I'm sure they finally got smart and did what we did – turn around and go the long way. We found someone in Ticaboo to report the washout and Sheila plotted our 100 mile detour to Boulder. Not to be outdone, I plugged it into the GPS. Same detour. Whatdya know.

We consoled ourselves with bison tri tip, with creamy polenta and an array of vegetables in zucchini puree, at Hells Backbone Restaurant. And hit the sack.

Less tomorrow,
D&S

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