

Date: 3/23/2009 8:41:58 PM

Subject: Postcard

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Travel Vignettes:

Goodbye to the toilet that the hotel was too lazy or too cheap to fix.

It did have a professional looking sign, though:



I peeked under the tank top – the ball and flapper were old when Reagan was president.

Oh well, adios Amarillo.

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Today was an easy drive to Carlsbad. Well, it was short.

A haze hung over the panhandle and half of New Mexico.



Rain coming ?

Dust storm?

Fog?

Chemical spill?

No! No! Roll up the windows!

Feedlots!

When you see the purple haze (oh, now I think I get that song) you hit the inside air switch for your blower. If you're too slow you let the vapors inside and your hair falls out and you get lung rot. We saved ourselves but Murray's paint is peeling.

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Sheila and I avail ourselves of every cultural opportunity. On the way through Roswell there was a museum we couldn't pass up.



It's not what you may think. This is a serious, if not deeply profound establishment.



Actual alien corpse.

After spending almost 15 minutes there we grabbed lunch at the cattleman's steakhouse where the servings are seriously, if not deeply, profoundly huge. We waddled out as the regular clientele waddled in.

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On our way down Rt. 285 we passed the Taco Box – Shell station.



We missed a photo of the sign up the road. It said, no kidding, "Buy Tacos – Get Gas".

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Now it was time for some serious outdoorsing, so we stopped at *The Living Desert State Park*.

This picture was taken in the "Nocturnal" exhibit.



There were also 2 tarantulas and a sleeping ringtail. We were getting a lot of bang for our tourist buck today.

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Plans are vague. We will do stuff tomorrow too.

D&S

PS – Couldn't leave you like this. The cacti (or cactuses for you impurists) are in bloom.

