

Date: 9/9/2012 8:07:59 PM

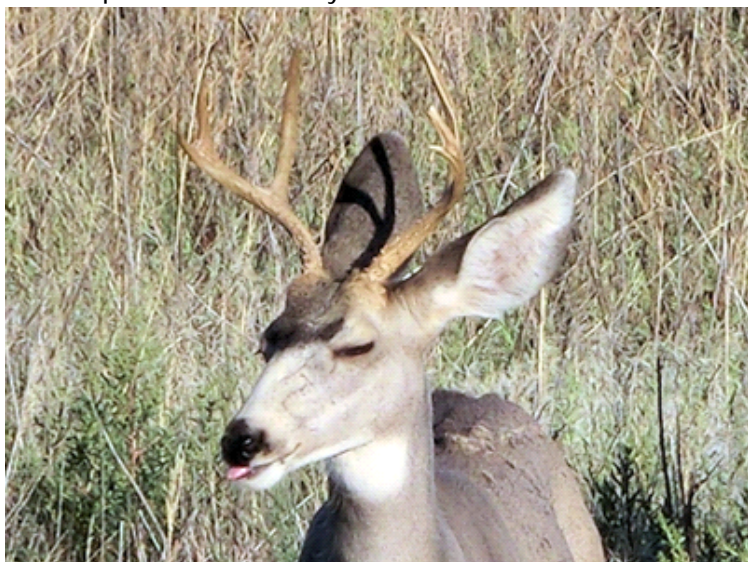
Subject: Postcard

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We are gold level members of Holiday Inn's frequent sleeper club. I think you must get gold on your first or second stay. Anyway, we got a bottle of water and a Snickers bar and are feeling special!

Aside: Somewhere along the line, gold got pushed down by platinum and you have to wonder if platinum's days are similarly numbered.

Kansas wildlife (Or was it Nebraska? Or was it eastern Colorado? And can anyone tell the difference?) taunted us with raspberries and turkey butts.



We saw thirty turkeys today by actual butt count.

Go to your music collection. Play Joe Walsh, Rocky Mountain Way. If you don't find Rocky Mountain Way just think of how it sounds. If you play John Denver instead you are excused from the rest of this email.

We hit the mountains just before lunch. Murray did his I'm-on-vacation strut, annoying drivers in the immediate vicinity, but it took his mind off of trying to kill the multitude of roadside birds. Temp was about 78, humidity in the single digits and not a soybean in sight.



We're trying something different this trip – I'm killing game and gathering berries and Sheila's cooking over an open fire.

So we got a place that looks like this:



OK, so it's not an open fire, but it is a kitchen, and we did spend a hellish 90 minutes at Safeway getting provisions in a foreign store. With hundreds of other misguided maniacs who won't eat at restaurants like they're supposed to. On a Sunday afternoon. At least we think it's Sunday, retired people get real hazy about days of the week.

Tonight we had Spinach Florentine ravioli. Hey, we didn't name it. The recipe evidently comes from the Le Redundant school of culinary arts. But not bad for a campout, I must say.



View from the room.

Tomorrow we hit the trails.

D&S