

Date: 9/26/2014 9:25:56 PM

Subject: Postcard

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We left here this morning.



We got here tonight.



In between we had lunch at the Rio Grande in Frisco with our friends Harry and Cooky.

That's about it.

Well, except for the hat. You see, Sheila's hat was not in her hiking bag yesterday which means it's still hanging in the closet where it is supposed to hang, except when we're on vacation. Needed a new hat. So while we were checking out at Safeway with 3 quarts of Gatorade we asked the cashier where we could buy a hat. You know, a ball cap type hat but it doesn't say *I Heart Estes Park* on the front. Naturally the cashier was deaf and dumb. No, really, literally. She motioned us over to a manager who was foreign and dumb. That's not fair, she may have been very

bright but simply inarticulate in a difficult second language. We did hear "Valmart".

Valmart had a couple of ball cap types in the golf aisle. Sheila picked the one with the least crass golf promotion on it and we hiked up to checkout. Now ~~the~~scashier was glib and friendly. "Where you folks from?" she inquired. "Kansas" we replied, our stock answer. "So what part of Kansas?" she asked, burrowing deeper into our new relationship. Hmm, she's not processing our purchase. "The Kansas City area and how much is the hat?", said we. "I am a Scottish dancer and have been to Kansas City several times, both on the Missouri side and the Kansas side", she responded. How does one answer that? We made her transact our purchase. On our way out she was saying "I knew a 15 year old there who was a prize winning dancer. Must be in her 50's by now". Help! Help!

Stopped at a specialty shop. Bought a good hat.

D&S