

Date: 10/28/2015 9:00:34 PM

Subject: Postcard

We left the warmth and comfort of our Best Western in Bloomfield to look for the nearby *Pueblitos of Dinetah*, small scattered ruins and petroglyph panels outside Bloomfield. We were armed with maps and directions using the off-pavement county road system. Ah but, as now we know, the *Pueblitos of Dinetahsit* on something called a methane hotspot. So the same roads are used by WPX Energy, Elite Swabbing Service, Compressco, Weatherford Tools, Permian Power Tong, Toolpusher's Supply and Halliburton to name a few. The engineers, drillers and repairers rule the road with their Ford F-450's and Ram 2500's, raising a permanent dust cloud and unnerving Bogart. Who, by the way, is not easily intimidated. We beat a tactical retreat, turned around at 5-Mile Bridge (so named for its distance from pavement), and got back on US 64.



We were headed to our next stop two hours ahead of schedule. We had to drive through the Jicarilla Apache Reservation which, incredible as it seems, has a casino just inside its eastern border. Where we stopped.



These are the statues in front of the casino, which was closed.

Back on US 64, ears were poppin' until we were at 10,500 ft.



We had the time but lacked the inclination to make a snowman. So we descended, ears a poppin', to around 8,000 ft. where we found cattle on the left, on the right and on the road. We stopped to take pictures and it was a good darn thing. Real cowboys were chasing them doggies across in front of us.



Well some were real. Ball cap cowboys just aren't real.



To be fair, he was partially redeemed by his John Deere T-shirt.

Heading south on NM “Highway” 111 (yes it’s designated a highway and it’s a dirt track), we had to go 17 miles to get back to pavement. Thankfully no energy trucks. Just one hunter in a pickup.



By the time we hit asphalt the aspen and ponderosa were left far behind.



Now it was rabbit brush, scrub pine and radiant yellow cottonwood.

We caught up with a log dog and his truck full of firewood.



He and his driver were doing about 45.

Arrived in La Madera 2 hours before check-in. Go figure. Ate lunch, got gas (no not from lunch – I mean we filled the car) and visited Ojo Caliente Spa to check out their restaurant. It was full of wet people in bathrobes.



Nice room. We're upstairs.

A view.



Another view.



Not complaining. Could have been underwear.

For supper we ate eggs and toast in our room. (See Ojo Caliente Spa restaurant, above.)

D&S

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