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Thirty mph winds blew our hike away today, so we ventured out into the grasslands of New Mexico in the car. We were in search of the Rosedale Ghost Town, using a map we had downloaded from the internet. All we had to do was head north on NM-107 toward Magdalena then turn left on Forest Road 330. We were totally confident of success as we don't let little things like "map not to scale" discourage us.

We drove and drove.



We drove and drove.



We drove and drove.



We despaired of ever finding FR-330. Then there it was.



We drove and drove.

Then we despaired of ever finding the Rosedale Ghost Town. And, well, we never did.

But we found this cemetery.







Robyn – this one's for you.



Incredibly (it's 30 miles from any paved road) it's still being used.

And, come to think of it –

And, snatching victory from the jaws of defeat –

It is sort of a ghost-town.

Flush with this contrived success we turned around. Then we drove and drove.

Last picture.



We wouldn't show you this if he was grading on a curve. We always hated that.

D&S

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