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Subject: Postcard

Checking into the Holiday Inn Express yesterday we were greeted by the desk clerk with festive congratulations on being the *IHG Rewards Member of the Day*. Huh? I didn't even know what IHG was. "Well", the desk clerk said, "just turn around and see your very name in a picture frame on that table."



True enough, this handsome 8x10 presentation sat on a little table across from the check-in desk next to a dish of Milk-Bone Dog Biscuits.

Fighting a smirk (but probably losing the fight) I said "Oh, and what does this get us?" "Well, sir, you get a red star on your room doorjamb."



And by God it was true.

I've heard it said that high school never ends.
Maybe that should be second grade.

Next morning we left La Junta in a misty, rainy fog.



It was like this until we crossed the snow fields along La Manga Pass.



The sun came out when we got to New Mexico where we stopped on the Jicarilla Apache reservation for lunch. Our hamburgers were loaded with chopped chiles and nestled in the fluffiest fry bread we had ever encountered. They were magnificent.



Their slot machines sucked.

D&S