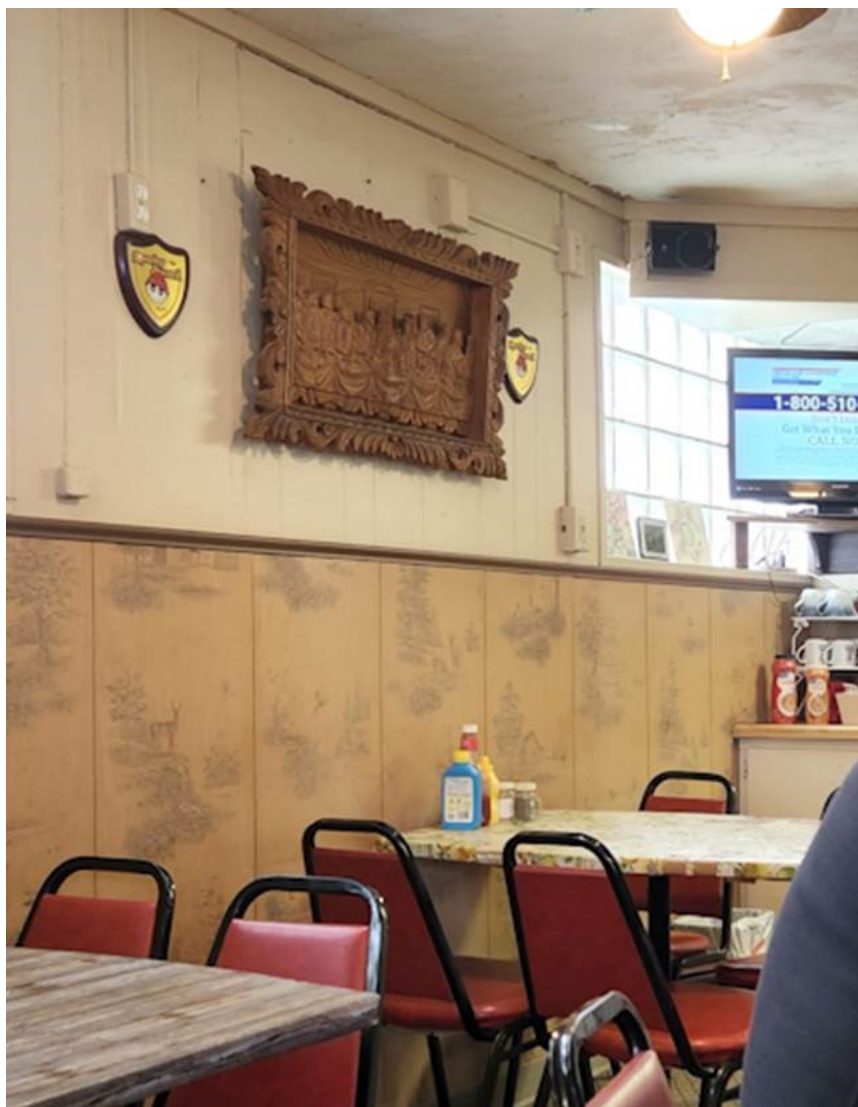


From: sheilad711@swbell.net
Sent: Tuesday, May 3, 2022 7:35 PM
To: vaca.dieck.2000@swbell.net
Subject: Postcard



It had been a long time since we had seen the last restaurant on our route today and the map dots ahead of us didn't look big enough to support anything except maybe a Casey's gas station pizza. So we stopped for lunch at JT Café, somewhere in Kansas, on US-50.



Inside, one wall was decorated with a faux wood carving of the Last Supper, flanked by two Sparky Awards*. Jesus himself watched over the beverage table while a 60's western movie played on the TV, interrupted occasionally by ads for Medicare Advantage. Each table had its own bottles of Great Value ketchup, Great Value Mustard and Parkay liquid margarine. We tried to not touch them.

*(Research: "Sparkies who finish all three Sparks handbooks receive this high-quality, wood-grain plaque and matching Sparky Award pin. It features Sparky art screened on a brass plate". End of research. Still haven't a clue.)

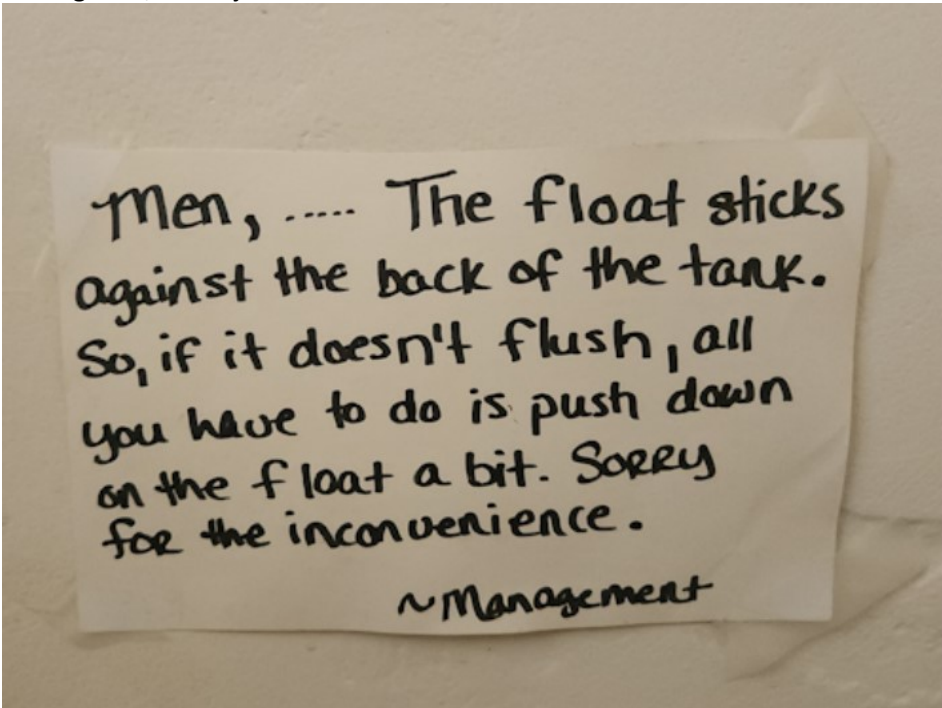
A very old, leathery, gristly couple sat under the farthest Sparky and stared at us. Sheila said "They're staring at us." I said "Of course they are. We're strangers. I'm sure they used to shoot strangers. Be glad they're staring".



The special was ham steak, corn and mashed potatoes covered in white gravy. Everyone but us ordered it.

We ordered two egg sandwiches. \$6.00. We left a \$4.00 tip. They can't possibly make a living here.

Parting shot, in the john:



D&S

