

Sent: Thursday, May 5, 2022 8:18 PM
Subject: Postcard

Today Nevrmor took us on a Jeep hike through the Valle Vidal.



Valle Vidal is a unit of the Carson National Forest, north of Cimarron and south of the Colorado border. It was gifted to the United States of America by rich people. Thank you rich people.



As you can see, the United States of America has not put a lot of money into signage. However, with GPS and paper maps and internet advice, we were able to find our way.



Rocks, meadows, Ponderosa flowed past. Birds showed off along the road. A Clark's nutcracker dove in front of us, daring us to hit him. Murray woulda nailed'm.



Some deer watched us go by. This could be a whitetail mule deer. I tremble to say it. Harry?



Pulled into McCrystal Campground. Not a soul was there. We hiked to the Ring Ghost Ranch to see the ghosts. Not a soul was there either.



The show continued.



Shuree Pond. Fishing allowed within numerous regulatory guidelines & we're glad we don't fish.



Naturally not a soul there.



Must have been a heck of a wind. Trees that had already fallen across the road had been sawed into chunks and moved aside. Others, like this one, were left for us to dodge.



This is a view of Clayton's Corral. Clayton is our grandson's middle name. We don't think there is a connection.

Clayton's Corral was the last stop before we passed into the Carson National Forest martial law zone. In this region no one is allowed out of their vehicle for any reason while elk are calving.

So of course I had to...



...so I stepped out of the car to get this shot of Comanche Point. And nothing happened to me. Whew! I live on the edge. Hope the elk are OK too.

From pavement to pavement, US-64 to NM-196, 56 miles, we never saw a single other person. Not a soul.



But the critter show didn't stop. We drove through a group of maybe 15 bighorn sheep somewhere between Questa and Red River.

Life is good.

D&S