

**Sent:** Monday, May 9, 2022 8:12 PM  
**Subject:** Postcard

We drove from Gallup to El Morro National Monument. Half the enjoyment was anticipating El Morro, the other half was getting out of Gallup. There are reasons you never see Gallup on those Best Cities lists – Best Cities for Retirement, Best Cities for Raising a Family, Best Cities for Not Being Totally Junked Up.

But we digress.



The hike up and across the bluff is short but steep and the scenery is worth the climb. It is a favorite. The little forest ranger wannabe at the Visitor Center tried her best to steer us to the shorter, flatter "Inscription Loop" trail but we insisted we could handle "The Headlands". All two miles of it. She was miffed.



But today was real special on the bluff – winds were 25mph with gusts to 40. At one point Sheila was literally hanging on to me to stay upright. We had visions of flying off the rock à la Dorothy and Toto. (That's a 1939 Kansas reference if you need to look it up.) But we would not give the junior forest ranger the satisfaction <smirk> and carried on.









We then took off for Pie Town.



Occasional brownouts but only a few.

Pie Town beckoned. We had not eaten there since Kathy Knapp (The Pie Lady of Pie Town) left in early 2020. The folks who bought her place are baking pies too.

Ain't the same. But surely we knew that going in. We tried the pretender's New Mexico Apple Pie. Crust wasn't flaky, apples were undercooked, too much cinnamon, the chilis were cut too big and there wasn't enough filling. Oh, and Kathy wasn't there.



Leaving Pie Town we passed the Bear Trap fire, one of dozens currently burning in New Mexico, all of them intensified by the fierce winds. That odd looking object in the foreground is one of the radio telescopes at the VLA (please consult 2018 archive).

Tonight in Socorro, tomorrow heading east.

D&S