

1/24/2011

Dear Roy,

Well, I sent the 10 singles in one envelope this morning. I got your \$10 tonight. You should not have. However, I hope you enjoy the Pepsi or whatever you get. Our charge at work is \$1.25 per bottle out of the machine. I guess that was also the price in the motel on Friday night. I didn't buy it there.

Today, I went to my heart doctor for a check up. They wired me up and took an EKG. They drew a little blood. Abdelhadi (Jordanian) says the ticker is looking good. No funny flutter or fibrillation. I see him again in a year. He looks soooo young.

Let's see. I am going to bed early tonight and will try to continue this tomorrow.

1/26/2011

Well, the day after Christmas we started for on the longest leg of our driving journey. We were leaving on Sunday and planning to arrive at Ghost Ranch on Wednesday. On December 26 we planned to get into New Mexico to a B&B called Cimarron Rosé.

I wish I could find a map of Arizona and New Mexico so I could draw the route.

Well, I got the maps. They are just copied from the road maps we used in our travel. One will show eastern Arizona and the other is about the northern half of New Mexico. I hope to get them so that they provide big enough images so you can read the names and follow the route.

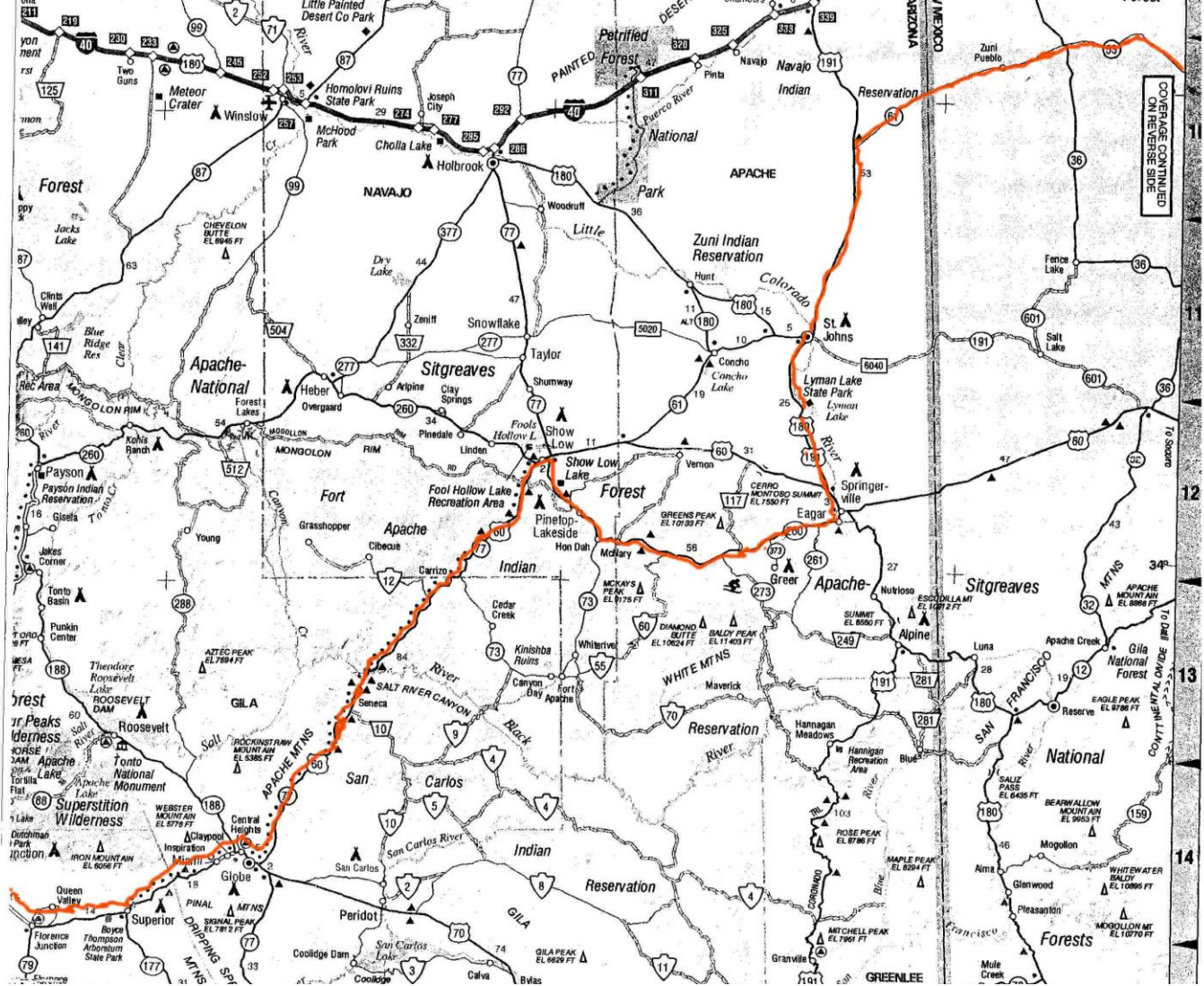
2/1/2011

Well, I am going to print this and ship it in the morning. It is about 9:30 PM and I just have to get something in the mail. I am on a roll, but want to get to bed at 10 tonight. Tomorrow night is something else. So I'll print this and pick up again later.

We are getting real cold tonight and windy. However, I hear that O'Hare may close and Chicago may get a record snowstorm. Just so the food doesn't run out at the Woodbridge.

We are keeping busy with Egypt, Tunisia, and now Jordan. Hope someone can keep the lid on. With all that downer stuff, the DOW goes over 12000. You figure...

Hope you are well. I will tell you about El Morro in the next letter.

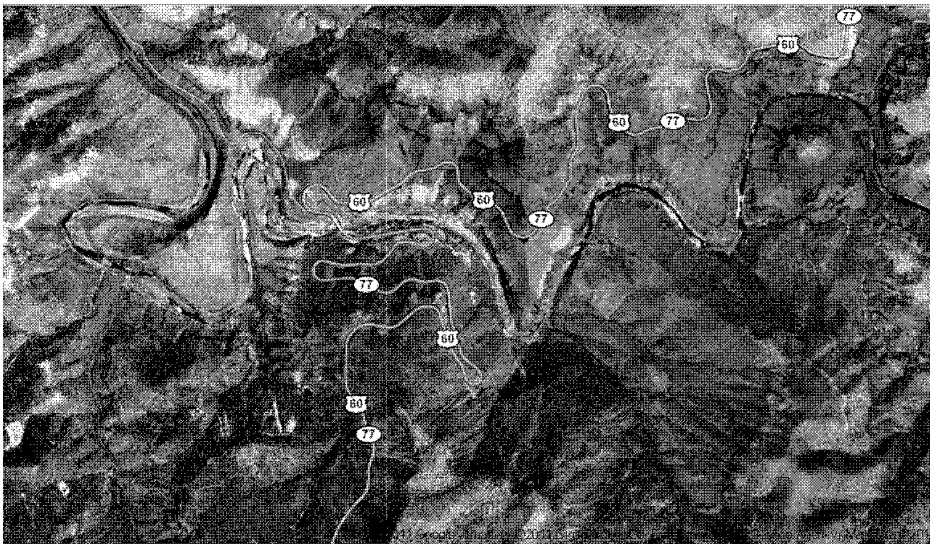


We'll see how this prints. I can read it on the computer. The trip on Sunday morning started off from the Motel in Gold Canyon, AZ southeast of Phoenix. Note the Superstition Wilderness just north of the highway. (3 hikers disappeared back there last summer and their bones have been found a couple weeks ago.) Very early in the trip we went through the Miami-Globe area. It was and probably still is a mining area. An Internet site says: "The Globe/Miami area has been an important mining center for more than a century. Silver started the population boom. Copper proved more abundant and led to the growth of the community as infrastructure and commerce were added to support the mining activities."





I think Globe may have looked a little prosperous. However Miami where I took these shots has taken most of the hit of the heavy industry. In the brighter photo, you can see the “mine” in the background. Perfectly shaped smooth hill sides – devoid of vegetation. When we drove off on a side road, we ran into a number of still-occupied shacks like the one in the dark photo. A hill side blocked the sun here although the mine can still be seen in the sunlight through the trees. This was the kind of sight that would have inspired Tennessee Williams. Oh yes, the first miner in Miami was Black Jack Newman.



Now back to the map. The dotted road on the map indicated the scenic route. It was scenic. Beverly had picked another good one. Notably the road got us up to the Salt River Canyon – halfway between Globe



and Show Low. (Show Low was named after a winning hand in a Poker Game way back. I guess it was a sort of game where you are dealt one card and the guy with the low card wins. Someone had the deuce of clubs.) I sent a picture of the canyon back when I first got home. Here it is again. I believe the former one is bigger. It was on the last page of my 1/3/2011 letter.

The dark satellite view of the Canyon shows the road and the switch-backs that we drove to get down to the bridge and back up. As we travelled up from the south, the drop to get from the top to the bottom was 1000 feet.

At Show Low, we again opted for the smaller road to travel to Eagar. Then up to St. John which was the county seat of a huge county in eastern Arizona. After St. John, there was nothing as we went north and swung east into New Mexico. Notice that the first little town we reached in NM was name Zuni Pueblo. Other towns we found on the map were Jemez Pueblo (pronounced He mez), San Juan Pueblo, etc. I have stopped hoping to see a "real pueblo" – some massive adobe structure – that we saw in so many pictures. I speculate that most of them are gone. Pueblo is a Castilian word meaning home. What I can find is that there are 21 federally recognized pueblos that are home to Pueblo people. All but 2 are in New Mexico. Currently those towns like Zuni Pueblo are just small poor Indian towns.

So it was getting late but still daylight as we drove the last 50 miles from Zuni Pueblo to our B&B called the Cimarron Rosé. There were only a couple small towns. The land was flat except of an occasional mesa in the distance. We knew we were close to stopping when we drove by El Morro National Monument. Three miles or so beyond, we found the B&B all by its lone. It was remarkable desolate.

The young lady who ran the B&B was waiting for us to arrive. We were the only guests for that night. We had the place to ourselves --- in the middle of nowhere. She and her photographer husband lived about 5 miles away. We were left for a very cozy evening of reading before hitting the hay. Long day.



The next morning the lady arrived with our breakfast and gave us a tour of the other facilities. I believe she could handle about 3 to 4 groups. One wonders if this could be a viable living. But I believe the husband was probably making a living with his photos of the scenery in New Mexico. We saw some of his art.

The following was on a Cimarron advertisement:

Whether you  
look forward to kindling  
a romance, enjoying an afternoon  
picnic in the pines, discovering our more  
than 60 species of birds, snuggling with a  
good book by the fire, peaceful strolling, hiking,  
mountain biking or cross-country skiing... we invite you  
every season of the year to savor life's simple pleasures  
here at Cimarron Rose at 7,700 ft. along  
New Mexico's Continental Divide.

I think the Cimarron Rosé was about a mile west of the Continental Divide.

We left around 10 AM and drove back west to El Morro. (Bev drew a circle near El Morro on the map.)

