

Sent: Wednesday, October 19, 2011 8:56 PM
Subject: Postcard

It was 27 degrees when we stopped for ice. The ice was for the Jarlsberg in the cooler. The Jarlsberg is for later.

And so we departed La Junta. As much as we yearned for a Rocky Ford cantaloupe again, we left Rt 50 and took the newly reconstructed CO 10 through nowhere and nothing to get to US 160. On 160 we began to notice that October had done some wonderful things to southern Colorado. The cottonwoods were golden, the aspens were brilliantly yellow, and every deciduous shrub was some shade of auburn or russet. We drove. We watched.





Murray couldn't stand it. He whacked a Robin somewhere between Pagosa and Durango.

The terrain flattened as we passed Mesa Verde and drove through Cortez. We were quickly in the Mountain Ute reservation, and what appeared on our left but the Ute pottery store! We went in! How could we not?



Shelves of Ute mugs.



And we bought another one just because it was the only thing we could do.

Next we drove past the Ute casino. No, that's a lie, we drove into the parking lot. Yes we made a small contribution to the tribe and will take it off our 2011 income tax.

We rolled into Bluff and it was 67°. That's more like it. We ate Caesar salad, butternut squash/Swiss chard lasagna and a triple chocolate brownie at the San Juan River Kitchen. Go ahead. Top that.

D&S