

Bill & Sandra Wayne

TRAVEL NOTES, HISTORY, ADVENTURES, ROADSIDE “GEMS”

SOUTHWESTERN TRIP 2010 – April 29 to May 9

BLOG LINK: <http://modaytrips.blogspot.com/>

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References: www.traveltx.com, www.travelok.com, www.travelks.com, www.mewmexico.org

Library reference (Kansas-Chase Cty.): PrairyErth, William Least Heat-Moon/William Trogdon

Total Trip miles – 3,168.8 (gas prices \$3.22 Alpine, Tex. - \$2.59 Wsbg.)

STATE LINKS: www.traveltex.com, www.travelok.com, www.travelks.com,

www.mewmexico.org

(Order free travel guides and state maps from the above states)

Weather conditions during trip: Extreme wind, cold, sunny, very hot, windy, and rainy

Howdy. Ready for a 33rd wedding anniversary trip of 3200 miles! Left Warrensburg by 6:30AM April 29 and returned May 9 at 1PM.

Got to state line by 7:27AM when Mo. 2 changes to Kan. 68. Very windy, sunny, chilly. Going to Liberal for first night of trip. However, we just had to go thru Strong City, Bazaar, and Matfield Green. Mr. Moon’s book sent us there, just to retrace the history of parts of the county, Cottonwood Falls, and the Emma Chase cafe.

There is no Emma Chase, but there is Sue who owns the restaurant, Roger is carrying around his Betty Boop little doll and taking pictures of his Betty alongside anything he can find. The county clerk showed us the county courthouse with its 4 story winding staircase and the jail, which got Bill excited about by taking artsy pictures of the cells. I wanted to lock him up in the old jail, but the clerk kept showing us wall messages from the prisoners of long ago. If you read Mr. Moon’s book, go to the Cottonwood Falls chapter and then you will know the entire history of the courthouse. A must read. The courthouse has such a magnificent look at the end of the street leading to it, that it’s far more impressive than any courthouse I have seen. The County Clerk stopped her work and gave us a tour.

Folks at the antique store welcomed us to their coffee group and gave us a Ring of Fire poster showing the ring of fires seasonally set to burn the prairie. Plus, the K.C. symphony comes to the town for concerts during the seasonal burning (concerts sold out far ahead of times). Oh, my gosh! I was in a group of unusual folks just like Bill and I. The motel is cute down the street from the Falls, so plan a trip to Cottonwood Falls during the week, stay at the motel, and join the folks of that town. Maybe, you will hear a farmer say as I did how he watches the movie Spider Man every morning before he goes out to check his cattle. One heifer and calf were missing and his spotted pig had jumped over a fence, but he gained two cows with brands he never seen before. Thus, all in one morning I realized there’s more to small towns than one can imagine. But, there’s more to come – a return to Mr. Liggett and his folk art world of whirly-gigs in Mullinville.

200 miles & 4 hours after we managed (slowly) to leave Cottonwood Falls and the folks we met, (www.cottonwoodfallskansas.com), we came to Mr. Liggett and his fences after fences of his whirly-gig art. Stopped the car and went looking for Mr. Liggett when a truck came up the road with melted dinosaurs on the hood. Another artist, Erika Nelson (UCM graduate and once a Teehaus patron), drove up and soon I realized she was filmed on the K.C. PBS show, "Rare Visions." Her traveling museum is called the World's Largest Collection of the World's Smallest Versions of the World's Largest Things (www.worldslargestthings.com). Mr. Liggett is celebrating his 100th television feature and Erika may soon reach that prominence. But, first must tell of the conflict between the city of Greensburg and Mr. Liggett.

Mr. Liggett liked Ricky the Ranger the Greensburg high school mascot. But, Greensburg school system merged with another district. Mr. Liggett said the school district was going to change from the Rangers, personified by Ricky, to the Mavericks. Mr. Liggett put up Maverick the steer in protest. Maverick is a metal sculpture of a steer (Mr. Liggett is a metal artist), with tail lifted, going to potty with little metal balls braced to drop in a plastic bucket. Now, this statue is right across the road from Greensburg's convenience/grocery store where everyone goes to shop. He was told to quit protesting the disappearance of Ricky and take down his Maverick. However, Mr. Liggett, being a Maverick himself, was doing some torching of metal parts to make a more than permanent structure for Maverick to stay where he is. Mr. Liggett is a protester of local government officials, government in general, folks that don't approve his art, and protesting in general. Mr. Liggett's art makes Mullinville a place on the map, but right now Mr. Liggett is up against a school district which is trying to rustle Maverick out of town and back to Mullinville!

Sure can't forget Roger and Betty Boop and Maverick, but must go on with my journal. Andover, Ks., has a brand for their town called, "It's Home to Me." Wichita has the Rowdy Beaver Tavern & Restaurant. While in Kansas, we started noticing how swallows (don't know if they're cliff swallows or barn swallows like we have around here), build their nests vertical as in a long tube under the overhangs of hiway bridges. We saw swallows using this new nesting habitat in other places. Our barn swallows have mud/straw nests on the rafters of the east barn only. Nests look like little baskets here, but under hiway bridges, etc. the nests look more like fat hot dogs.

Near Williamsburg, Ks. is a billboard that reads, "Respect Women," which is an anti-porn sign. The Wyatt Earp Inn sign is near Burlington, Ks. After Cottonwood Falls, we saw at an overlook to the prairie along K-177, Flint Hills Scenic Byway, where a little sweet monument to probably a deadly accident is displayed. A little copper tinkling wind chime and plastic flowers were waving in the wind as we walked around the overlook. Really high winds, but the flowers and wind chime stood sturdy.

The Bath, Bark, & Beyond dog business is in Kingman, Ks. In Cunningham, Ks., right before Pratt, Ks. on US 54 is a stone statue of a farmer dressed in overalls leading a stone statue of a pig on a rope. On US 54 out of Pratt is a chainsaw wood carving of Will Rogers. Just west of Cunningham, Ks. is a big, big painted cement truck cab painted to look like ceramic pottery with Indian design. Actually, the truck art looks like a flower pot.

At Dodge City, Ks. the brand of that town or slogan reads, "Get the Heck Into Town." The slogan for Meade, Ks., is that the "Dalton Boys Shouldn't Have Gone To Coffeerville." In Fowler, Ks., the Goldbugs is the football team. Also, in Tyrone, Okla. the football team is called the "Venom." There is also a Shades Well Café in town.

At Liberal, KS, we also stop at the Cattleman's restaurant, which to us is the best plate dinner ever found on our trips: Roast beef, mashed potatoes, homemade rolls, special recipe green beans, and yum, yum sweet tea! Bill had chicken fried steak with mashed potatoes smothered in white gravy. Left Kansas, entered Oklahoma, and headed for Clayton, N.Mex. Hooker OK no longer has the "lady of the evening" sign we've commented about on previous trips. Near Boise City, OK, saw our first prairie dog town in a field. At Clayton, is the famous Elklund Hotel that doesn't look too elegant anymore. Oh yes, the famous outlaw Black Jack Ketchum was hanged in Clayton. At Clayton, altitude is now 5,050 feet and going to 8,000 at Capulin volcano. Walked around the rim of the volcano for over an hour of high winds, very chilly, and really no problem with altitude. At the highest point of the rim, started counting other old volcanoes, watching the birds flying in trees below us, and saying mushy words of marriage, April 30, 2PM, 33rd wedding anniversary date, at the top of the volcano's rim. Really quick kisses in the cold wind! I received my third Junior Park Ranger Badge for walking the rim.

After Capulin, we headed for Raton, New Mex. Went to the wonderful state tourism office, filled up on brochures, then went to our favorite Mexican restaurant, La Cocina, and then headed to Mr. Sanchez and the Raton Museum. Before, when we visited the museum, Mr. Sanchez had only a one-room museum for years, very sad, history items stacked on top of each other, and very little attendance. Since we were there before, he and the town folks raised over \$600,000 of private funds to restore the museum in its new two story gigantic building that once was a hardware store downtown. Now, with Mr. Sanchez's dream coming true, he has rooms and rooms of community heirlooms, general collections, history of the town's mining industry, and the grandeur of a museum that rivals others. I was so surprised and truly in awe at what one town of dedicated volunteers and donors could do to make such a museum a state attraction.

After Bill dragged me away from the Raton Museum, we headed for Las Vegas, New Mex., which I consider a town that has met its glory a long time ago. It has two down towns, but that doesn't impress me because of the vacant buildings. We went to a good Mexican restaurant we had been to before (Raphael's), but still wasn't impressed with the town. Can't understand its charm and won't go back. Headed for Santa Fe and Albuquerque.

Santa Fe plaza is where I wanted to be just for a little while, to do as I say, "watch the world go by." We went to the new museum of history of New Mexico, to the O'Keeffe museum, and then sat as long as I could on a bench in the plaza. Besides, the Native Americans selling jewelry along the front of the Governors' palace, the tourists, there is more to see. The temp. was just over 40 degrees, windy, sunny, but managed to find a bench, didn't buy cold lemonade from Mr. Garcia's booth, but just waited to see others watch me. Met a couple who were trying to get into the documentary film industry. I noticed many just walking around, groups gathering, tours going on, and most hovering around in the brisk wind. There's something about getting to Santa Fe...maybe it's just an imagination of all those pioneers and traders who left Missouri for new lives and wealth at Santa Fe, the end of the trail for many.

We bought the \$25 culture pass to see all the museums & state monuments. We probably never would have made it to Albuquerque if a lot of the galleries in the museums hadn't been closed – two at the NM Museum of Art, one at the history museum connected to the Governor's Palace, two at the Museum of Indian Arts & Culture and half the building at the Museum of International Folk Art. Most were changing exhibits, but the Folk Art place had electrical problems.

We had lunch as we always do at the Shed restaurant where we called Sandy Irle, and asked her to guess where we were. Diners at the Shed looked all the same in many ways, just those who were acting very southwestern stylish as if Santa Fe was a place to savor.

Later, we went to Albuquerque (when Bill finally had to drag me away from the Santa Fe plaza) to visit with Madge & Larry Harrah. Even though Madge is having serious physical problems, she has someone interested in publishing another book and one of her short plays will be used at the famous Shuler Theater, Raton. She was very happy about her accomplishments. We took them out to dinner at their neighborhood Garcia's, but she wasn't herself, so we left since she had to go to bed early. The next day, we toured Old Town Albuquerque, the two museums there, and the Pueblo Cultural Center. Go to my references for more details about the museums, but at the Cultural Center we saw Pueblo dancing for a short time. Oh yes, at the New Mexico Museum of Natural History and Science, we kissed in the volcano, cave, and at the Chixulub meteorite crashing into Earth. Plus, we always enjoy watching the earthquake readings around the world, looking at our fingernails under the microscopes, and then visiting the dinosaur exhibits with a new T-rex. Really enjoy Albuquerque museums, especially the natural history museum.

While in Albuquerque we always go to the famous Frontier restaurant across the street from the Univ. of New Mex. campus and drove back and forth along Route 66 thru downtown to see era businesses. This time, after going around a couple blocks, I saw something very strange. At a bus stop was a wiggly, red, snaky piece of art possibly that was made to look like a gigantic dragon crawling down the sidewalk. I thought it was a something to sit on at a bus stop, but concluded that only in the southwest does one see things they can't quite explain.

Also, on Sunday, we listened to the Willie's Place satellite radio station, and while we were riding around Albuquerque, and we heard Cherokee spirituals on the station as we were going to Pueblo Cultural Center to watch Spring dances. Of course, when the audience was invited to dance, I was up and dancing with everyone. When we left and near the address of 12th & Central, we saw the Dog House, a restaurant for hot dogs. When we left Albuquerque, we saw a sign that read, Dr. Bender has his chiropractor office in Valencia, New Mex. Then, we spent next night in Belen, New Mex., a place where there is a real Fred Harvey museum. Our favorite restaurant there was closed, but we found an adequate Mexican place.

Oh yes, there is a motel near Belen that reads, "Get a Kiss Before Going to Bed." They give out chocolate kisses of course. In Socorro, New Mex., there is a spa advertisement that has a very big guy sitting in a very big coffee cup like it was a hot tub. Also, this town has a very interesting take on renewal of old buildings. A local bank just restored a side of a big old business building and the bank sets out from the side. The old building is not disturbed on the other side nor is the front part of the building storefront. Thus, the building had two businesses, one facing one street and the other the front part of the building. Very clever of using an old building. Socorro is a very common type desert town, Spanish influence, with a plaza in center of the downtown plus several military memorials and downtown buildings are adobe, wood, with protruding awnings for shade, but many buildings were vacant.

The Pink Pig Studio is closed. Gone Nuts store sells pistachios. Henry "Sugar" Jojola is running for county commissioner, and also near Socorro the Owl Bar & Grill is opened, but further on, near San Antonio, New Mex., the roads are not plowed weekends and nights. I still swear I saw a fur covered armadillo as we were leaving Belen.

What I did learn during this time was about Bosque del Apache National Wildlife Refuge and birds that reside there plus professional bird watchers that watch and record the birds. From Belen, there is the El Camino Real trail from Mexico, to Belen, and onto Santa Fe. This trail is a trading system similar to the American Santa Fe Trail for trading. However, those along the trail from Mexico had one problem, the Apaches & Comanches, who controlled vast areas of Mexico, Texas, and onto the Plains. Imagine wooden wheeled carts of trade goods pulled by oxen and traders walking beside the wagons when suddenly hundreds of Comanches show up to steal and plunder.

We made a short drive thru Truth or Consequences, New Mex., and there the water tower was painted depicting long-horned steers and cowboys. T&C, as most call the town, has a small downtown, and some of the businesses are the Little Sprout & Juice Bar restaurant, Second Hand Rose Bouquet, Happy Belly Deli, White Coyote Café, Hasty's Repair, and Screaming Steel Custom Cycles.

At last we came to the chile capitol of the world, Hatch, New Mex., and the gigantic white chicken plastic statue on top of a pickup welcomed us. We went to the Pepper Pot for lunch, which is known as the best restaurant in town and savored what chile peppers are supposed to be. We bought salsa and dried chile peppers. Then, we headed for Deming and the Deming Luna Mimbres Museum, a huge restored armory building with two levels of collections of farming, fashions, jewelry, furniture, etc. of Deming, plus the most concise Mimbres cultural exhibit. Spent a long time at the museum, but headed on to Las Cruces and Uncle Murray. On road to Las Cruces is a sign that says Allela Flats Tourist Center has snakes and stuff from I-10. Also, at Bowlin's store of the Old West, rattlesnake stuff is also for sale. A gigantic statue of a roadrunner bird greets guests from I-10 as one enters Las Cruces.

We met Uncle Murray and friend Peggy and then went to the very old town of Mesilla very close to Las Cruces. The restaurant we went to (La Posada) had birds in big cages – I spotted two parrots, one cockatoo, and one macaw. I quickly went over to the cage and taught those birds how to cluck like chickens. So much fun doing that. The birds were clucking away when we left. Also, we went to Las Cruces Museums. Las Cruces, similar to Albuquerque, has artistic painted over passes, sidewalks, and designs along the cement barriers of the main highways. Enjoyed seeing pink, blues, oranges, pale yellows colors to decorate ordinary public thoroughfares. Admired a pink sidewalk curb. One must-stop in Las Cruces is the downtown COAS book store (www.coasbooks.com) – thousands of used books of all sorts. Lunch was El Sombrero (green, please).

The next stop of the trip as the weather heated up was White Sands to play. We arrived at the park early afternoon and planned to return for an evening sunset walk at White Sands. We stayed at Alamogordo, a nearby city to the park and had an OK supper at Margo's. At the park, the park ranger had us and the group all meet at one location, take off our shoes to walk in the sand, and off we went up a dune. The ranger taught us about the lives of stink beetles, pack rats, and other wildlife, plus when to take good photos of White Sands sunsets. That I did well. Also, buried Bill's feet in a sand mound, made sure he couldn't move, and took his picture!

After we left Alamogordo, we went to the mountains to drive thru the Mescalero Apache reservation to Ruidoso Downs, a mountain tourism area for quarter horse racing, bear statues, toys, books, and real bears. The Hubbard Museum of the American West, Ruidoso Downs, has life size horse statues in running depiction outside the Museum. The museum also houses a very

detailed cultural history of Native Americans of the area and a collection of tools, etc. Plus, the Museum has a traveling exhibit that was in Warrensburg. The Smithsonian Roots of Music display is alongside buggies and other transportation history. Very nice arrangement of items that the Johnson Cty. Hist. Soc., had here. Met with the museum curator and gave him brochures of Warrensburg's display of the traveling exhibit.

From Ruidoso it isn't far to Billy the Kid country, Bill the Kid hiway, and Lincoln, New Mex., where Billy the Kid broke out of jail. Last trip to Lincoln, I took a picture of the outhouse that Billy the Kid used. How tacky can I be.

Oh yes, I did sit on the museums's life size plastic quarter horse with lariat in hand to rope a set of steer horns a few feet from my horse. I roped the horse's ears, saddle horn, and even tried to rope Bill's head, but never got my lariat loop anywhere near the steer's horns.

After Ruidoso, we headed for Roswell, Bill says is home of my relatives, anyway on way there is the Hondo Iris Farm, the Hondo area stallion station, and in Tinnie, a town near Hondo, is a big steak house plus somewhere in that area Fat Man's Beef Jerky is sold. Nearing Roswell is a McDonalds with a road sign that says: "Unofficial crash site."

The Roswell Museum and Art Center has the 2010 Alien Costume Contest form ready. The human contest is July 2 with two top aliens in each category for best alien award of \$250.

As one enters the Roswell city limits, there is a motel billboard that illustrates a green colored UFO alien sleeping in a bed with little alien hands cupped beneath its little alien head. The billboard reads, "Feel At Home" in Roswell. Also, in Roswell is the Out of This World Coffee Shop. We did not go to the UFO Museum in Roswell, which we have been to many times before, but the Roswell Museum of Art attracts us. The Museum displays Native American, western history, current art, and the Goddard development of rocket engineering. Bill said I didn't see what I saw: One of the early rockets in my opinion had aluminum foil wrapped around it. So, when any of you go to Roswell, do go to the UFO Museum, but the other Roswell Art Museum is a must stop. I do have my entry forms for the July 4th famous UFO costume parade, but I must give up my longing to dress myself as an alien and instead attend the Clinton, Mo.'s Olde Glory Days.

Going south in New Mexico, means things are starting to heat up, and I don't mean between me and Bill. From upper 30 degrees in Santa Fe, now to nearly 100 degrees in the south, we are struggling to keep the back seat of the car neat looking even though our winter coats are stacked and stuffed every where.

We arrive at Ft. Stockton, Tex., for a two-day stay in order to see Big Bend National Park. We know it will be 103 degrees in the park, so we have all kinds of water and special drinks like Propel to guard against heat problems. All that didn't help Bill. He got sick, real sick, but more on that later. The Park has 801,163 acres from mountains to unique deserts, plus mountain lions and bears. Park ranger stations are few and far. We had to drive almost 100 miles from Ft. Stockton to the park each way. And besides all that, the park ranger told everyone at a center not to walk across the Rio Grande into Mexico. And, if someone does, the person going into Mexico by wading cross the Rio Grande cannot come back. However, at one outlook, we looked across the very low, skinny flow of the Rio Grande to the other side to see several folks sitting on the bank looking over at America. But, all of a sudden, a guy came out of the bushes and was riding a pretty red horse.

He came right across the river, and in the deep parts of the river his horse was up to chest level water, and then crossed the border river and up a short incline to me. I just stood there and watched. He asked me if I spoke Spanish, got his horse, asked for a bottle of water, and I petted his horse.

The fella was checking the trinkets and walking canes that were laid out on the rocks on our side of the river for tourists to buy. I wasn't interested in the items, but most interested in the horse – well-trained, healthy looking. Later, I read in the park literature not to buy anything from the other side of the river because no one was suppose to cross the river to sell anything or be arrested and whatever sold would be contraband. I have very good pictures of a Mexican horse with Mexico across the river in the background.

As we drove around the park, studied desert cactus, and admired the scenery, Bill started getting heat problems. I was hot, but I drank Propel heat drink, so just didn't do much more. But, Bill, since he was driving all the time, 100 miles there, and 100 miles back at 103 temp. got sick, real sick. I drove to Alpine, Tex., for our first break. The drive was along a two-lane hiway passing ranches, but no one on the hiway really. But, did see at least 9 white vans of border patrols plus the two patrols that stopped us for ID checking. A Mexican can slip across the border in the park along the deserted Rio Grande, but there are hundreds of desert miles ahead of them and sensors working, patrols, and other ways to catch them. The rider and horse were from Boquillas village in Mexico. Very dangerous for him to ride his horse across the Rio Grande just to attempt to sell me a bird trinket.

When we got back to Ft. Stockton all Bill could do was curl up on the bed, cover himself with a blanket and suffer. Thought about going to hospital, and came very close to doing so. But with his severe headache was over, he felt better, but not much better to eat much.

In two days, he was back to his self, and looking forward to going to Lubbock, Tex., for the Buddy Holly Museum. What we should have done to keep Bill well was to have lunch at Big Bend's main lodging (I even met the chef and taught him how to use a San Antonio, Tex., product and sold at Wal-mart, Pioneer Baking Mix), but that day we ate potato chips instead.

To brighten up the journal from the potential dangers of being too close to the border, in Pecos, Tex., we saw a tourism promo: "Hang Your Hat In Texas." World's first rodeo held in Pecos, and Ma Wilson's Texas donuts shop is closed. In this area of Texas to the National Park is mostly desert, pale greens, white tufts from the volcanoes, and the reddish colors of the mountain range called the Cisos, are a painter's delight. The area we were at along the Rio Grande has huge cliffs just like Canyons of Utah, but rafting is done in the park only for the experienced, because the rafting waterways are very narrow and rocky.

Traveling north of Ft. Stockton, terrain is still ranges, mountains in the distance, and straight roads where one can travel 75mph, and no water source. But, soon the view changes to a few oil wells, cattle moving all the time across acres and acres because of very little grass and no water. The scenes in the distance become flat, scrub trees, and cactus. In Monahans, Tex., there is a store called Unequelles, but sure don't know what that word means. Monohans is 21 miles from Kermit. But, in Kermit there is no reference to Kermit the frog, and Kermit the frog picture only appears as a sign on a deserted gas station.

Wink, Tex., very little town, just a “wink” on the hiway is the home of Roy Orbison. Near Andrew, Tex., sand dunes appear in all the land around the hiway. The sand looks like White Sands, but the sand is stable because of desert plants. Oh yes, saw pink painted oil wells in this area and some were green with yellow décor. And, in Andrew, at a convenience store, the clerk said it was all Obama’s fault for stopping oil production and putting everyone out of work in Andrew. The clerk’s husband had a hat with printing that said, “I’m a Redneck” and the word Confederate was below the redneck word. In LaMesa, Tex., finally saw peanut fields (earlier in trip saw some cotton fields) and first dust devil seen in the area.

Also, saw a strange beer sign for Miller’s Lite: “Miller’s Lite has a vortex, you pour it.” Now, I only thought vortexes were in Sedona, Ariz.! If anyone wants to order a brand new windmill for their range cattle, there is a big display of all kinds and shapes of windmills at a windmill factory in Lubbock. Lubbock has constables not policemen. And, found that one of our favorite home-cooking restaurants is gone. No more Bubbas’ in Lorenzo, Tex. Family moved to Abilene to start a bigger restaurant. Bubba is the only Afro-American I ever met with a strong Texas accent. He made dinner rolls with cheese inside of them.

As in most of my journal the small towns we went thru that includes pretty good size towns, there are many vacant buildings and a feeling of desertion of the population that once was there. Quanah, Tex., is deserted as I wrote before in another trip journal, but Paducah, Tex., is 90percent gone. North of Childress, Tex., is the Olympus Lonnie cemetery.

Started noticing how things are stored in pastures throughout the return home even into Okla. Old train box cars are somehow moved to pastures and range areas. We tried to figure out how these big old-time, heavy box cars were moved right in the pastures.

When we headed for Okla., and to Altus, where we ate at Tommy Joe’s BBQ. The next day we traveled along the Quanah Parker hiway, we saw in Lawton, Okla., on the Comanche Cultural Center, a big sign for the Comanches: “Lords of the Plains.” I agree. We had been learning and following the raiding trails of the Comanches all thru New Mex., Tex., Okla.

When we got to Miami, Okla., the KuKu hamburger drive-in was closed for the weekend, but we went to Milagros, and Brauns Ice Cream store. We saw many Nation license plates in Miami area: Kickapoo, Sac&Fox, Cree, Cherokee, Miami, Caddo.

Two names printed on signs appeared along the hiway : Blanchelle Purcell near Norman, Okla. and near Miami, Wilson Chandler Trout. The taboula festival was held in Bristow, the weekend of May 7. And, there is an Okla. roadside sign that reads: “Oklahoma Proud.” And, then as we went thru Tulsa, Okla., a sign read, “Welcome to Tulsa Time.” Three restaurants were in Miami: Woody’s Café, Okie Burgers, and Best Buttered Buns. The cost of going on Okla. toll ways was \$11.25.

Adding more: The Ida Lou storage is in Lubbock, the Loco cemetery is near Childress, Tex., and one can find the Buddy Holly and Crickets avenues easily in Lubbock. Also, steak fingers are sold in Andrew, Tex. At a Ft. Stockton’s grocery store the clerk taught me how to roast and skin green chiles and how to use only the larger green chiles, but not the Anaheim chiles. In Artesia, New Mex., the city’s slogan was “A great place to stay along the way.”

From Nevada, Mo., there is the Cabbage Market on 54E from Nevada. And, one of the most interesting sites was the Shovel-Spatula tree (tree decorated with both hanging from branches, but Bill swears shovels and I say spatulas) along US82 outside of Osceola.

Returned home Sunday, about 1PM, cats were fine, Scruffy was fine, and we were very tired, and I wondered where I was! Thank you for reading journal. Use the references at the beginning of the journal to plan a trip using our guides. Stayed at Holiday Inn Expresses only during our trip on the Priority card points.

The folks at the Ft. Stockton HIE helped me take care of Bill. I learned that Ft. Stockton was a trade route fort just like the forts in Kan., to protect travelers along the Butterfield Stage Trail just like those along the Santa Fe Trail. Only a few buildings of the old Fort Stockton remain. They are surrounded by a housing subdivision.

ADDITIONAL REFERENCES FOR INTERNET LINKS: (in order of trip)

Capulin Volcano: www.nps.gov/cavo

Raton, New Mex. Museum does not have a new website

Georgia O'Keeffe: www.okeeffemuseum.org

New Mexico History Museum: www.nmhistorymuseum.org

New Mexico Natural History & Science Museum: www.nmnaturalhistory.org

Albuquerque Museum of Art & History: www.cabq.gov/museum

Bosque del Apache Wildlife refuge: www.fws.gov/southwest/refuges/newmex/bosque

El Camino Real Trail: www.caminorealheritage.org

Hatch, New Mex.: www.villageofhatch.org

White Sands National Monument: www.nps.gov/whsa

Hubbard Museum of the American West: www.hubbardmuseum.com

Roswell UFO Museum: www.roswellufomuseum.com

Roswell Museum & Art Center: www.roswellmuseum.org

Big Bend National Park: www.nps.gov/bibe

Buddy Holly Museum: www.buddyhollycenter.com