

September 3, 2001

The year was 1974. The man had purchased a new Cadillac. The car was a lemon and GM did nothing. The man, an Amarillo farmer planted it nose down in his field for the entire world to see! The media obliged!



Through the years for whatever reason, the population of buried Cadillacs has grown to ten. Graffiti has taken over, but the cars remain, a Texas Stone Hedge.

The cars are visible from I-40 as you head out of Amarillo, for Albuquerque.

In this city, there is a restaurant that has advertised for miles, a free 72-ounce steak if you can eat it in an hour! The parking lot was full, as we drove by, and we wondered how many 72 oz. Steaks were being consumed!

The Texas panhandle around here is as flat as a pancake. As you drive, you see miles and miles of nothing but miles and miles. Looking into the distance you see what appears to be trees or bushes. It is thousands of head of cattle!

Entering New Mexico, we receive back the hour that we lost going east.

The country abruptly changes to hilly terrain and we start our gradual imperceptible climb to an elevation of 7,000 ft. This brings a welcome change in temperature, normally 3 degrees per 1,000 ft.

We stay at a RV Park about 10 miles out of Albuquerque. In the morning we wake up and the temp is in the low 50s. We turn the heater on to take the chill off, sissies that we are! What a contrast from the heat we have been following. We will have this condition from now on until we leave the North rim of the Grand Canyon. How lucky can we be!

We continue an uneventful drive through Indian country and pull into Flagstaff. In the morning we leave for the North Rim.

Dave and Bonnie

