

Sent:
Subject:

Wednesday, August 26, 2009 3:11 PM
Postcard 25-2

*Come and listen to a story about a man named Jed
A poor mountaineer, barely kept his family fed*



We started getting followed by the Beverly Hillbillies. Did you ever go up and down the aisles in a grocery store and always get the same person in your space? You go faster, you go slower, you jump an aisle, it doesn't matter? Well that's how it was with us and the B.H.'s. Every viewpoint we visited, there they were, running to the overlooks in pajamas and blankets. They ate cold cereal from their trailer. They threw their sleeping bags back when they fell out of the van. We couldn't lose them.

Then we visited Upper Falls. Clearly our juju was all used up. Time to head to Jackson.



Yeah, let's get outta here fast.



Well, fast just wasn't going to happen. Not today. The hordes were all over the park and we were now part of them. In addition to the thousands of cars there were bison in the road, elk in the road, people parking in the road, and not nearly enough rangers to control any of it.

We crawled along until we got to the road to the South Entrance, which for us was the South Exit. Now we're going!



Uh, not so fast, star-crossed travelers.

There was no other road. Hey, this wasn't even a road. Just some dirt.



There were about ten more stops before we got out of the park. At last, onto pavement, on our way to Jackson.



Uh, not so fast, star-crossed travelers.

Between the South Entrance and Moose (a town not a mammal) was another 20 miles of construction. We waited for the pilot-car (It's a truck, you road constructing bozos, so why does the sign say pilot-car? While we're at it, how is this a flagman? It's not a flag. Half the time it's not even a man.) and followed in a gravel spitting convoy to actual pavement and Jackson.

Dinner was sea bass.

The End.

D&S