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Subject:

Friday, September 11, 2026 9:04 PM
Postcard

This scene is of a passing lane on US Rt 160 in Colorado. Hmmm – passing lane. I could write a diatribe on passing lanes. And yes, I think I will.



For those of you who spend most of your driving hours in town, and in neighborhoods, or on the 4-lane, you might be unfamiliar with “the passing lane”. It is peculiar to the 2-lane road and intended to safely alleviate traffic backups. 2-lanes are particularly susceptible to these jam-ups because: 1) passing is sometimes precarious due to hills, curves, intersections and oncoming vehicles; and 2) Some drivers are slow due to heavy loads (i.e. trucks hauling stuff) or crappy vehicles (jalopies or those with GPS governors) or timidity (old people and chickens); and 3) Some drivers are total jerks. Total, total, total, like 100%. They go fast, they go slow, they weave, they create elevated heart rates and potty mouths in the cars behind them.

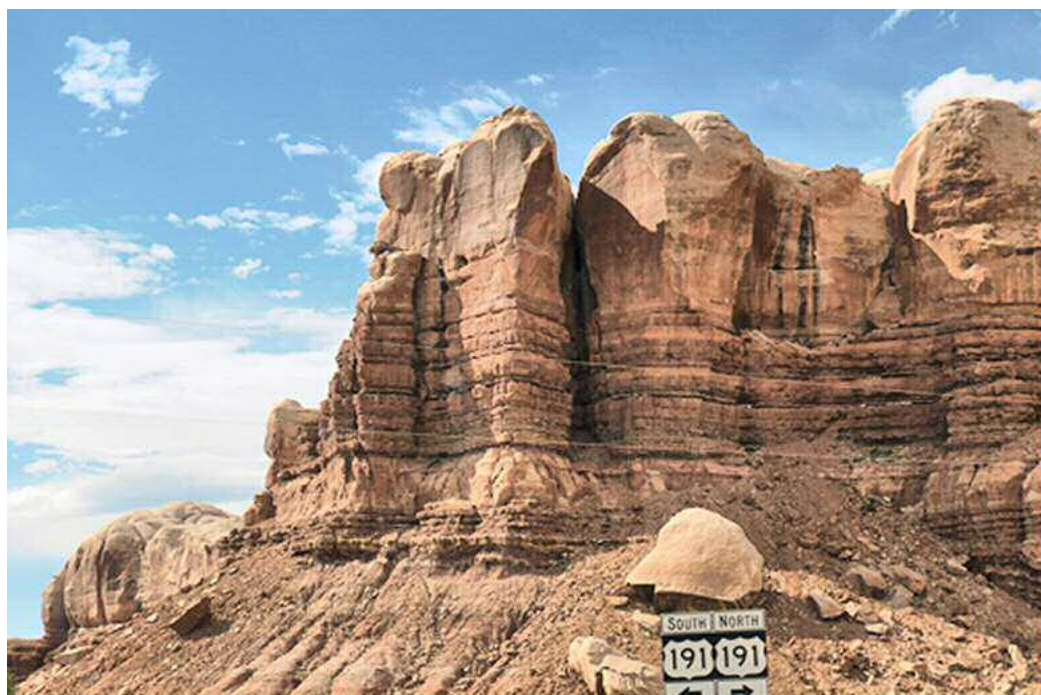
Hence passing lanes. A passing lane is added to the right side of the 2-lane to facilitate – you guessed it – passing! No oncoming traffic, no solid yellow lines, no triangular “Do Not Pass” signs, and clear instructions to keep right if you are slow and keep left to pass. So, when trapped behind a jerk, you see a sign that says “Passing Lane ½ Mile”, your feeling should be of relief? Happiness? Downright joy? ‘Fraid not, patient reader. It is one of unleashed hostility. Because as soon as there is a new, open lane, the jerk unwraps two new strategies: They will refuse to use the right lane – OR – they will speed up to prevent you from passing them.

At this point, baby, just gun it. Teeth clenched, itchy middle finger, and pass, baby, pass. At any speed. Get thee behind me Jerk! While Sheila was driving today I could be heard yelling “Just take ‘em out!!!” And she did.

By the way, today we traveled from La Junta, CO to Bluff, UT and on the way, we saw some stuff.







Have a nice day.
D&S

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