Cactus Jack

Well, buckaroos, it’s that time once again when the call of the cacti beckons this old claimjumper and the urge to hightail it down to the land of sidewinders and scorpions, gila monsters and Republicans becomes too strong to ignore. So I’m packing my kit and heading down to Arizona for a little road tripping on the red dirt backroad where only the border patrols know my name.

I don’t know Arizona much and mercifully the reverse is true. Back in the ‘70’s I plowed through and I wasn’t much impressed. But let’s be honest, we both must’ve mellowed by now and I’m willing to give the state another chance. I bet that rude waitress at the Flagstaff truck stop is a great grandma by now, maybe votes Democratic, collects her Social Security and dreams of jackalopes on the high prairie, not illegal immigrants. She doesn’t remember the longhaired hippie kid forty years ago. Although … I remember *her*.

Arizona’s like the South for me. Should’ve let it go back in the 1860’s and Arizona, we could still cut Mexico a deal, throw in the Alamo too for a few pesos, good riddance. I’m going down to reconnoiteur, not do a market analysis. I’m going to try my best to avoid Phoenix and the Snowbird Trailer Parks. Probably won’t go near the border, but ... Tucson looks interesting and a buddy’s moving down by Bisbee.

Mostly I want to see the state top to bottom, left to right, up and down, in and out. Gives you a chance to take a breather . You deserve it --- I know, I’m a blabbermouth and a chatterbox. Enjoy the peace and quiet, walk the beach, go down to the park. I’ll be back, tanned and rested. Or … detained and arrested. Either way, I’ll report back.