

Date: 10/17/2017 6:33:04 PM

Subject: Postcard

Don Knotts was born in 1924. Imagine if he were still alive and still in uniform but patrolling the angled parking along US-89A in Sedona, Arizona. Well he is. We saw him. We talked to him. But we get ahead of ourselves.

We pulled into Sedona ready for lunch. We popped out of the car, found a spiffy little restaurant and ate dreadful shrimp and fish tacos. We had asked the waitress twice if the fish or shrimp was breaded and twice she said no, they are butter cooked. Ah. They arrived. You say *butter*, I say *batter*. Let's call the whole thing off. Too late.

After eating all our sweet potato fries (neither breaded nor battered) and picking at the tacos, we stepped out onto the sidewalk and said "What the heck is this"?



This, ladies and gentlemen, is 1984. Brave New World. The stuff of dystopian nightmare. A 21st century parking meter.

Select Language.

Enter license plate number.

Select time period (at \$2/hr).

Make payment: cash (NO CHANGE!) or credit card.

Now everything is in a database. Deputy Fife grips his handheld and strides along US-89A comparing his list with the plates on the cars. First time past with no payment gets a yellow chalk mark (like the one on Bogie's left rear) and the second time past gets a citation. (Word on the street – \$125 worth). We had paid the machine just in time and Barney knew it. Told us we were lucky hombres, while he smirked and rocked on his heels.

Wonder if he is still allowed to carry that one bullet that Andy used to

give him.

Last night the stars over our casita blazed. We know exactly two constellations, Orion and The Big Dipper. Orion was so bright we could get it with our pocket Panasonics.



Big Dipper was behind trees.

Checked into our place in Sedona. Presently looking at red rocks.
Hoping for anonymity at the trailhead.

D&S

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