

# GNABRT Day 2 – You’re not the boss of me



I prefer being friends.

Day 2 of the Great North American Baseball Road Trip takes me to Daphne, Alabama, a small town in what’s affectionately called “LA” (Lower Alabama).

This stop had me visiting the only boss that still stays in touch with me. For a short, but gratifying period, he was the VP of the Finance area in my last company. Oddly, he was also the boss that I knew the longest, having worked in the same company together prior to arriving at my final company.

A pleasant and knowledgeable man, we had a good relationship except for two key areas: He supported the Florida State Seminoles and conservative-leaning politics and I patronized the Florida Gators and a more liberal viewpoint.

We would have many spirited conversations about both topics and did so without rancor or retribution. It’s as good a testament to why he would offer to allow a Gator to stay in his household years later.

**The City:** Daphne, Alabama, the self-named “Jubilee City”, just a little west of Pensacola and the Florida border. The Jubilee name stems from a time of year where a large variety of seafood are forced into shallow waters for oxygen, allowing the locals to scoop them up with almost no effort and enjoy seafood all year long. The shouts of “Jubilee” ring out among

the happy people.

I was amused to point out to my arch-rival that the item listed as #1 in Daphne's own "Olde Towne" guide is called "Gator Alley".

**My History:** None.

### **Miscellany of Day 2:**

– As I was leaving Jacksonville, no more than half an hour out, I saw a tractor trailing weaving back and forth between the right lane, the left lane and a little of the emergency lane. I have growing admiration and conviction of how tough it must be to drive those long runs in the big trucks. I waited for a point where he seemed to be on a straight line and pushed my little engine up to get past him.

– Following on that point, it finally dawned on me why my fuel economy was not as good on these last two trips. I realized that my smaller 4-cylinder engine didn't handle 70 mph as easily as my old 6-cylinder and the extended driving past 65 created a noticeable decrease in MPG.

– Another revelation came when I arrived in Daphne about an hour and a half ahead of schedule. Two reasons – I forgot that Alabama is in the next time zone and I think those Yahoo maps must assume everyone drives 60 mph.

– I made it from Jax to Daphne without a breakfast. A Coke, a bag of Doritos (Ranch) and a handful of French Burnt Peanuts were enough to sustain me. The trip tomorrow is a bit longer, so we'll see how I do on that one. If I arrive in good time, it should be right about when my buddy is firing up the grill for some burgers.