



The Flyin' Solo VanLife on the Highways and Byways of North America

**RICK'S ROADS**

Ride Along and Enjoy the People, Places, and Who Knows What



BLOG POST: 2022.09.28  
The Riverwalk, San Antonio, Texas



I really took my sweet-ass time covering the 338 miles from my Pecos West Rest Area SFTN (Site For The Nite). It was well after dark when I entered the city. San Antonio is no slouch; it is 1.5M people strong and ranks 7<sup>th</sup> among US cities in population. And it's not even the biggest city on Texas. No, not Dallas, not even close. Houston is 4<sup>th</sup> (2.3M). Dallas is 9<sup>th</sup> (1.3M).

The only bigger city Maxx and I had been to on RM22 was Chicago (#3, 2.7M). And, in case you don't want to disturb Siri, the rest of the list is 1 NYC 8.80M (wow), 2 LA 3.97M, 5 Philadelphia 1.567M, 6 Phoenix 1.563M, 8 San Diego 1.39M, and 10 San Jose 1.02M





But we were not here to revel in the metropolitanism of this area of south-central Texas, no sir or madam. We – well, I – was here to revel in the wonderful atmosphere of the sub-street-level world of the Riverwalk.

Being in Texas, I could not help but allow myself the allegory of Maxx as my horse, tied to the hitching rail, while I went off to go have fun.

Did the horses hate that or what? Were they just fine with standing next to other horses, possibly for hours, all of them tied by a strap of leather to a flimsy rail? Did they say in their horse language, “funk this, I’m outa here” (horses don’t cuss), tug or chew that lame-ass strap off the lame-ass rail and make a run for it?

Whatever. Ha. I hope some did.



Guy comes stumbling out a saloon and sees a chewed off knot of leather on the rail and his ride home nowhere in sight. "Gall darn it, not agin. I gotta get me stupider horses."

So, umm, yeah. Right?



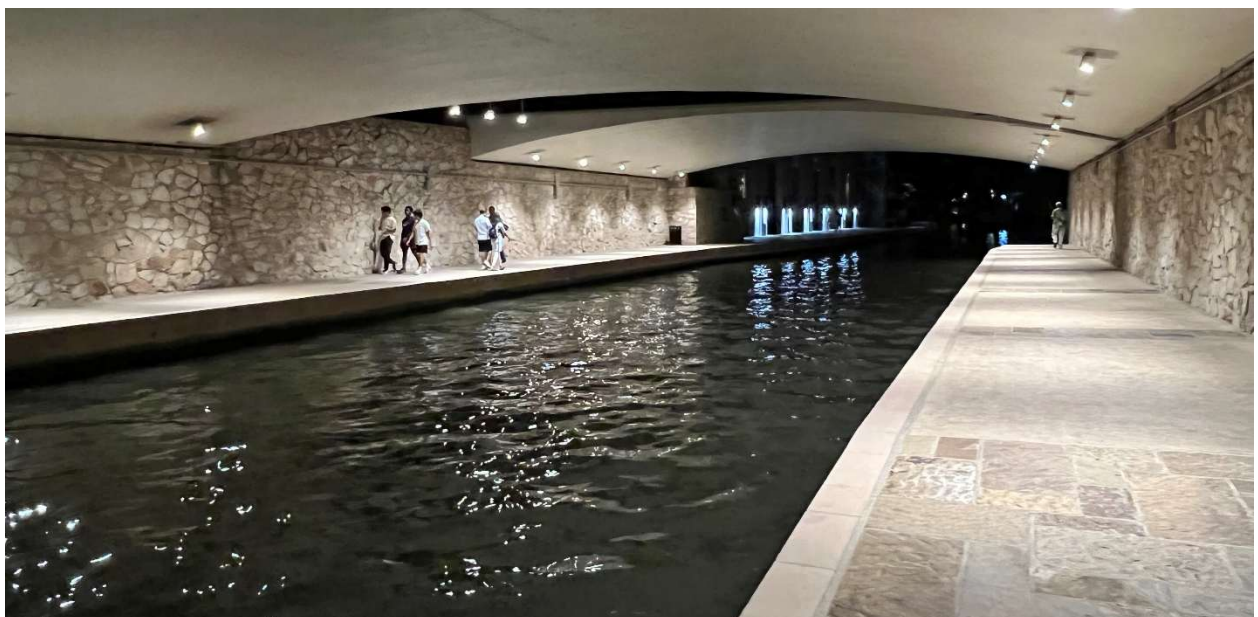
The Riverwalk is ingenious. San Antonio, like so many cities around the world, was built around the idea of water. It's not a port city, like most majors, but two waterways flow through it: San Pedro Creek and the *San Antonio River*. Now, what are the odds that a river *of that name* ends up flowing through a city of the **same** name?? Ain't Nature amazing sometimes? =)

Way back when, there some serious problems with the SA River overflowing its banks in flood season and ravaging the city. Hence, a canal system was created, effectively taming the SA River with some locks and allowing for the creation of a lower-level downtown that is amazing to walk through. It is very nice, but it is also Party Town.

This was my third visit to the Riverwalk. The first was at night and I was blown away by it. I had no idea what to expect, and this exceeded all expectations. (Does



that even make sense? Screw it, I'm on a roll.) I found a few bars and got happier and happier as the evening wore on.













On this RM22 night, I was not as aggressive. Mellowing with age and all that? Or forced into more of a financially budgeted existence? You decide. I don't want to.

I chose one bar. It was English, I think. It had something to do with a dog, but I can't recall the name of it. Pissed-Off Puppies English Emporium? No, that's not it...

Anyway, there was a mellow band playing potentially rowdy songs in a mellow way. It was odd, but they were good. Like picture hearing "Roll With The Changes" by REO Speedwagon at half-speed. Yah. It was like that. But, like I said, they did them well. I was entertained.

I paid \$8 for a Hoppadillo IPA, plus \$2 tip. I wanted to just drop a George, but I felt bad about leaving a 12.5% tip. I've spent too many years behind the bar to be That Cheap Tip Guy. What would I do with that dollar anyway? Buy 4 ounces of gas?

That's a tough call, though. A \$2 tip is 25%, which is great. I always appreciated a 25er. I was wishing, though, that I had a couple of dimes with me, so I could've left that exact 15% tip. How would she react to that? All she did was pour a beer for me. You are not allowed to scorn a 15-per-center if you did not do above-and-beyond.



It's like the speed limit. If the car in front of you is giving you the limit, then you need to back the fuck off her rear bumper. Sure, you'd like to go faster, but you're getting all you can legally ask for. Kinda the same with tipping. You'd love to get the \$2.00, but if \$1.20 is 15%, it is a federal offense to bitch about it. Or it should be anyway.



The Riverwalk was alive with people tonight, as it was on my first time here. My sole daytime visit was disappointing.

First of all, it was brutally hot. If there was a street-level breeze, it was having trouble finding the stairways to get down to river level.

Secondly, the river looks freaking gross by day. It is a brownish-almost-greenish flow that you would not want to fall into.

That's another amazing thing: very few guard rails! The city just trusts that you will not fall in, nor will you push anyone in. A server told me that there is a hefty fine for being in that river, whether you went there voluntarily, accidentally, or victimizedily.



(Yeah, I just made up that last word, but if you knew what I meant, that it was a successful word.) It sure looks nice at night, though!



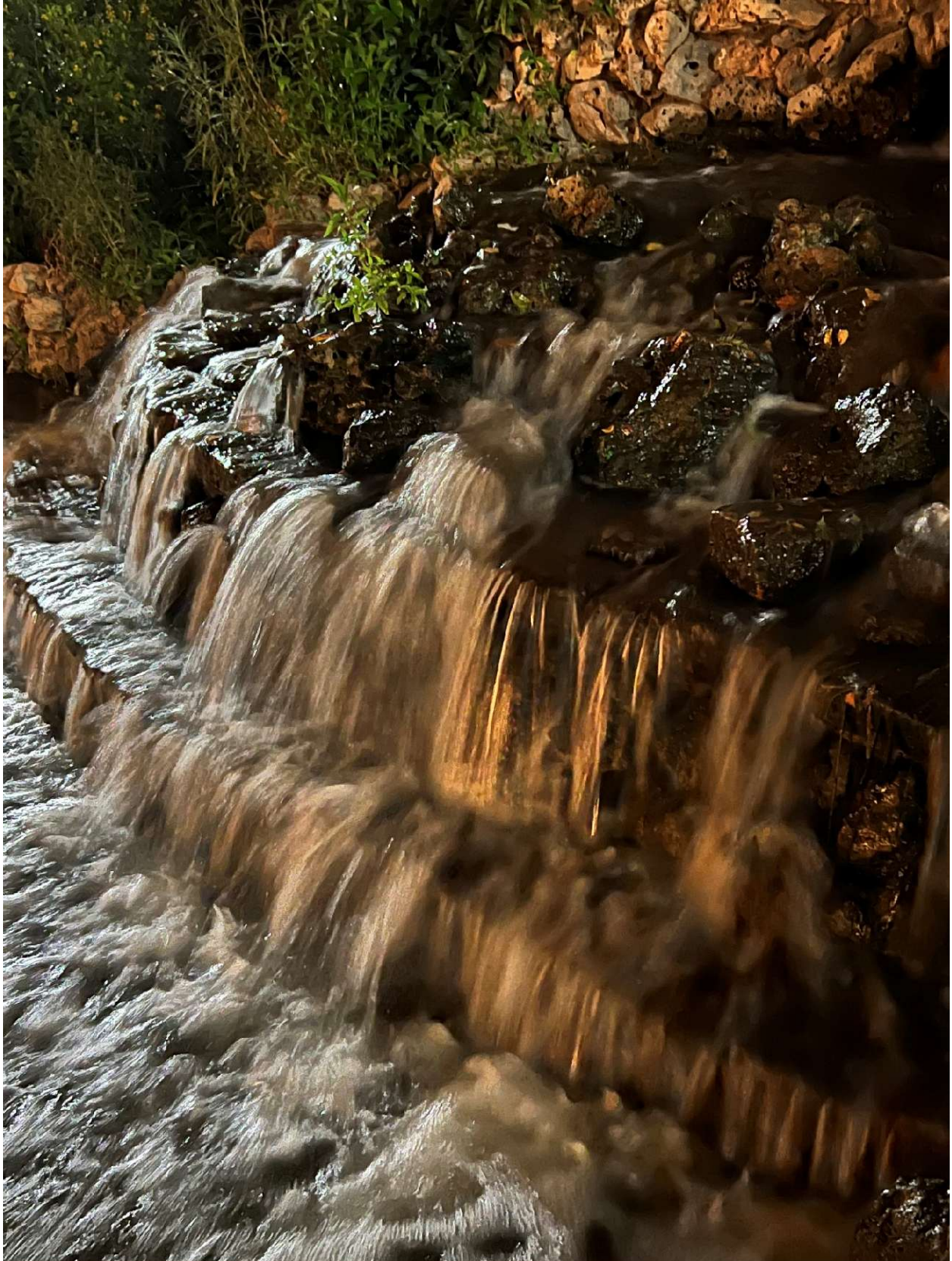




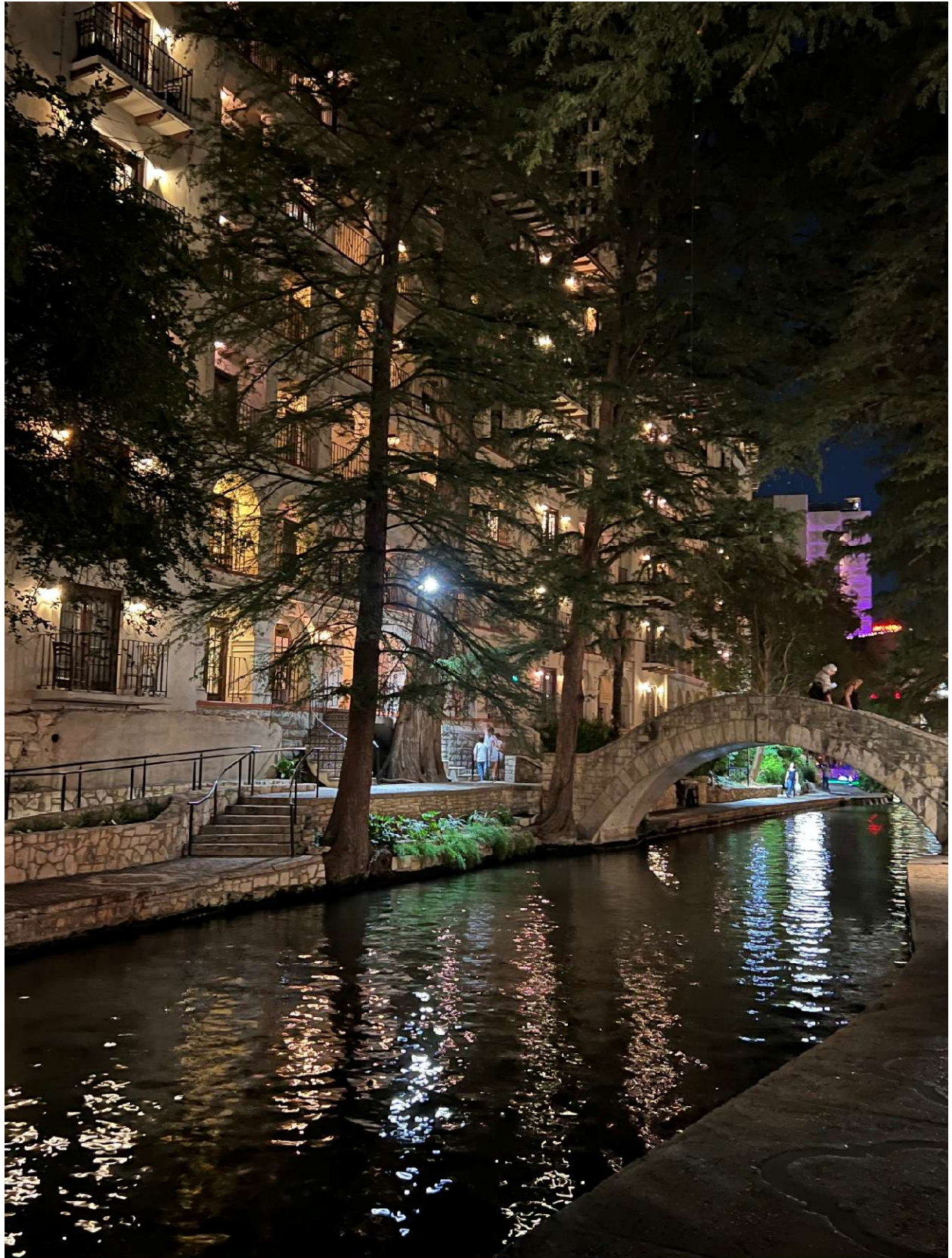




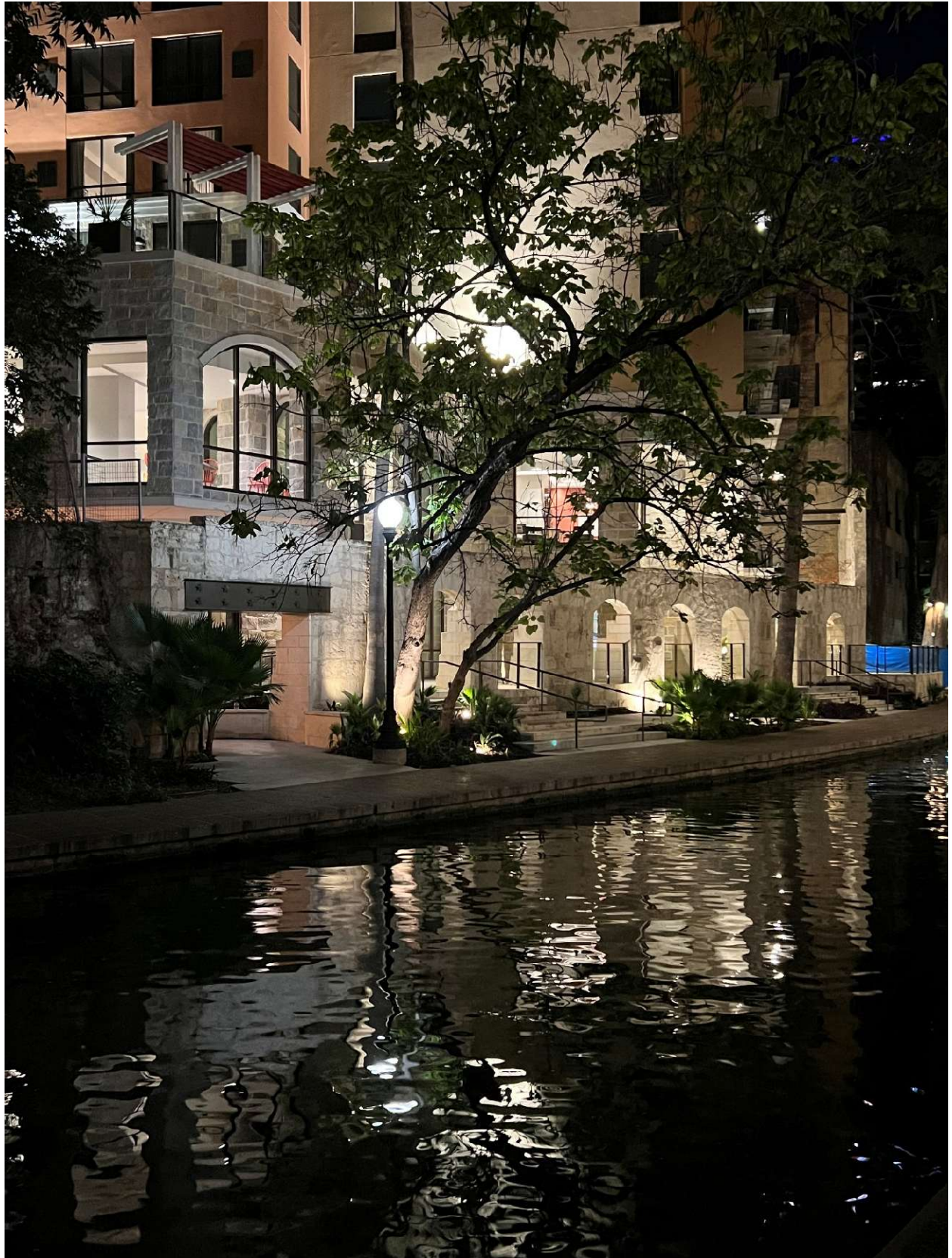


















I had a great time “down by the river” – I *do* love that dirty water, but I did *not* shoot my baby there. Sorry, I was torn between The Standells and Neil Young for a moment, sorry. Two great songs, but, well, both irrelevant...

