

Post



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Bound for Savannah - April 18, 2024

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SUMMARY

It took a long time for us to reach Savannah from Austin but it was worth it! Great hotel room/apartment in a fabulous city. Long walk around then a tasty dinner and drinks at The Olde Pink House followed by a well deserved night's sleep.
- Karen

[Photos](#) | [Next](#) | [Index](#)

DETAIL

Back to travel for the first time in a bit. In December we visited family in Northern California. Then in mid-February we flew to Miami-Fort Lauderdale for a Caribbean cruise and then the South Beach Wine and Food Festival. Other than that we've pretty much been home.

But now we are on the road again. We're headed to the east coast to see the spring bloom. First stop is Savannah to see the city and to do their annual Hidden Garden Tour. Karen's been to Savannah before (on a girl's trip) but this will be my first time there.

We're flying Southwest Airlines, of course. There are no direct flights, so we're flying via Nashville. We've arranged with neighbors to have the plants looked after and the mail picked up. So, with the house locked up we catch a Ride Share to the airport and eventually board our 9:15 am flight.

We've checked our luggage through so in Nashville it's easy to wander around, unencumbered. That's good because we have a long (~four hour) layover. Karen wonders if our credit card will get us into any lounge at this airport. It won't but we can get \$58 worth of food/drinks at a Nashville Hot Chicken restaurant. Sounds dangerous. They weren't lying about the \$58, nor about how hot the chicken is. We have our choice of four hotness levels (100 to 400, in increments of 100). We both got 200 and think it is very hot. Bad Texan, bad!

Walking around after lunch, to walk off the beers and chicken heat and we see the things about which Nashville takes great pride. Hot chicken, of course, but also music and Tennessee Whiskey. All three are featured and advertised everywhere. There are Whiskey shops, bars and sampling spots. There's live music and old posters from the Grand Ole Opry featuring Manny Pearl, Patsy Cline, Dolly Parton and many more.

Our flight to Savannah (actually the Savannah/Hilton Head International Airport) is delayed and then not. Eventually we do get there. Waiting for our luggage we see the important stuff delivered first (that is: all the golf bags, of which there are many). As we wait we're bombarded with video ads for places to golf and live, retire and relax. These advertisers know their audience.

James is our Lyft ride share driver for our 35 minute ride into town. He's a handsome black gentleman in his early thirties. He's personable and talkative, anxious to know about why we're here and what information he can provide to improve our enjoyment of his fair city. He's nice and the back-and-forth is fun. It's punctuated periodically by his phone ringing, which he ignores. He says it's his daughter. "Asking for advice?" we guess. No. It's his five year-old daughter. She just got her first phone and calls James constantly, to keep him up on what's happening with Sponge Bob Square Pants, or to tattle on a sibling.

We're dropped at "The Sonder" after having lots of good bars and restaurants pointed out. Our hotel is more of an automated apartment which means there's no front desk. We're given a code for the front door, but it doesn't work. We figure out we're at the wrong Sonder. Ours is two blocks down. There our code does work as does our code for our room. We're in 2J on the second floor, above a Starbucks. Sweet.

Out the window we see a big old church next door. Soon we hear the chiming of the bells. Yikes. We unpack, freshen up, and head out to find dinner. After a short walk we're at The Olde Pink House. It's definitely all three of those things. They don't answer their reservation phone, we know, so we see if they'll take us as a walk-in. We strike out at two of the restaurant's dining areas but are finally offered two stools at an impressive bar.

The restaurant was once someone's huge house. On the first and second floors the rooms are painted strong but muted red or yellow or green. It works. Downstairs, in the old stable, where we and the bar are, it's dark but cheery. The ceiling is very tall and golf's on the big TV above the bar. The waiters are super friendly and soon we're drinking wine and eating gazpacho and a BLT salad (made with fried green tomatoes). Later more wine and shrimp on grit cake with gravy, and finally fried chevre-stuffed artichoke hearts. It was all very good, but probably not good for our hearts.

We take the long walk home to work off some of the wine and calories. The streets are brightly lit and lots of people are milling about, but most, if not all, of the businesses are closed. It's only 10:30! Much of Savannah reminds us of New Orleans, especially the open container law. You can get a beer, wine or cocktail at a bar or restaurant and take it with you, drinking it as you walk down the street as long as it's in a plastic cup. But everything being closed at 10:30, that's not New Orleans.

Finally we're back in our room. We clean up and climb into bed. Time to sleep off the wine and dinner calories.

Photos



It's all about the food. In Nashville, briefly, at the airport. At the restaurant 400 Degrees we have salads with really hot chicken, and thankfully beer to cool the burn.



In Savannah at last. At 'our corner', Drayton and Broughton. Our entrance is just to the left, right after the Starbucks on the corner. It's a very cute town and this is kind of it's main drag (for the old town).



FARNSNIENTE



...making our own recipe, so we snap a couple's selfie in the bar mirror.



Our first course: a martini glass full of yummy gazpacho and a BLT salad, split, made with fried green tomatoes.





Our next course: split, shrimp with grits (well, grit cake) and gravy. Yum!



Wandering the "house" checking out the place. Our bar/dinner was downstairs. This is the hall on the first floor. There are dining rooms off to the sides. And the same upstairs. Check out the loud paint color!

[Next](#) | [Index](#)

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