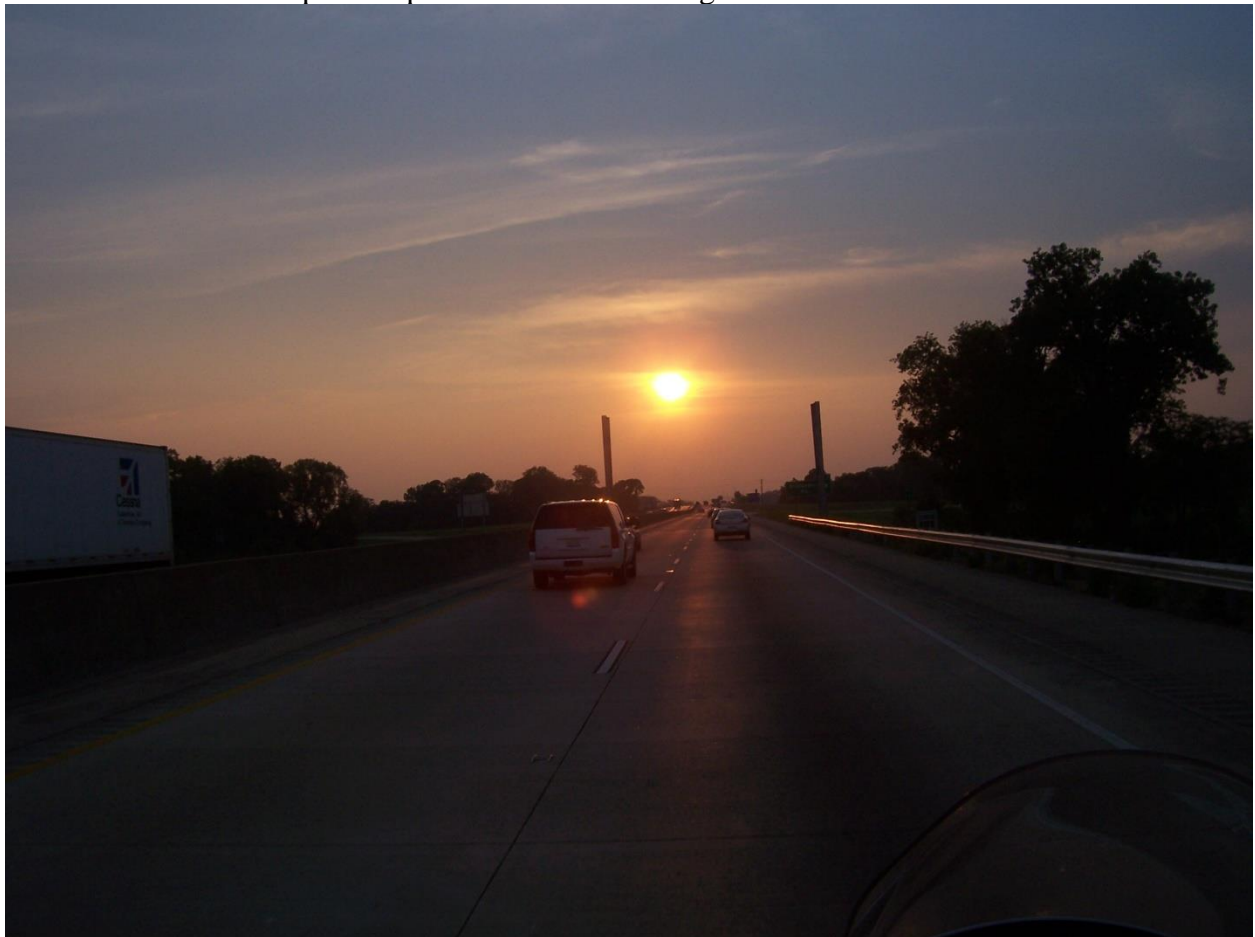


## Easter in the Ozarks

It is always hard to balance work, vacation time, weather and motorcycle trips so you have to just do the best you can. With that in mind we planned a 3 day weekend in Mountain View Arkansas to ride the Ozarks. The weather man always plays an important part and this trip was going to be wet just how wet was the question. We left out Thursday at 5:00 pm after Laurissa got home from work for the 6 hour ride to our hotel for the night in Batesville AR. We were making good time and decided to stop at chick filet in Memphis for supper. As we walked up the manager opened the door for us and said that rain was coming in and was expected within the hour. Thanks for the sandwich and advice because both were good. After eating we fueled up, put on the rain gear and by the time we were on the super slab it was raining! After a few miles on the slab we got on hwy 64, a good road with little traffic. The road did not have very good striping and in the dark and rain it was hard to see so I had to go much slower than I wanted, safety first.

It was a medium sized rain and before long the striping got better so I was able to pick it up a notch. About 10:45 we pulled up to the hotel for the night.



**Friday**

NO RAIN and we were on the road by 7:00am for the quick ride to Mountain View and believe it or not we were able to check into the cabin at 8:00am. Pine Wood cabins is a great place to stay. Unlike most cabins these were built connected to each other like a motel and were very nice.



We unloaded and then left out for a route that I had downloaded from the MTF forum. Even though the route file had downloaded and looked good all it would do was send us in a circle around the town square and bring us back to the cabin. That's OK because I had a homemade route that did work. We rode out on hwy 66, 65 and 7 toward Harrison and then turned off on 123 also known as the Arkansas dragon.





After the rain there was some morning fog so be careful! What a small world, at a small store off the beaten path we stopped for gas. As we were getting ready to leave we see Frank pull in. He was headed to Branson for a cigar smoking, motorcycle riding and storytelling convention. These were great roads with little traffic. This took us south then west and now we were on hwy 23 toward Eureka Springs and this little twisty road is known as the pig trail. It had rained hard the days before and there were many areas where gravel from side roads had washed into the highway. If not careful you could have a problem. Another big problem was 18 wheelers on the pig trail.



The pig trail had MANY tight switchbacks that were marked at 10mph. These truckers thought they owned the road and who could argue when they took all of both lanes. The trucks were redlined in first gear and screaming so loud you could hear them coming and that was a very good thing! Lunch was at the sonic and after we fueled up we were off for the afternoon ride back to the cabin. Many good roads but the weather radar showed that a storm was coming. We made it back about 5:00pm and then after a quick food run to Wally World we cooked a good meal at the cabin. It was not raining yet so we wandered over to pickers park and listened to locals pick and sing. We also cheated on our diet and had some ICE CREAM and then back to

the cabin and bed time. We had parked the bike on the front porch and I'm glad we did because a real "boomer" with strong winds came through during the night.



### Saturday

Nothing like planning ahead. We had gone to Wally World Friday for groceries and it was nice to cook our own breakfast and eat on the porch while watching the last drizzle of rain. It quit raining and we were able to get in a 3 hour ride before another strong and windy rain pushed in. Back to the cabin and parked the bike on the porch and we went inside to let it storm. We watched TV and I did a little work that I had brought. The rain broke so we rode some more and then went to Anglers Rest for a good steak and a little visiting with some locals. Then back to pickers park for some more music. A little TV and then bed.









### Sunday

This was Easter so we HAD to make it to church. With several Catholic Churches in the area to choose from we picked the one in Batesville. Church was at 8:30 with an hour ride but that would work out good. The priest was a nut. With a full house the ushers had blocked aisles with folding chairs so the priest had to make a lot of people move. Then he had all the kids sit on the floor in front of the alter to give others a seat. Then the burglar alarm at the education building went off and the priest had to go shut it off and call the police to say false alarm. The priest made it back and church continued. The kids had to keep moving as communion was given and then even a baptism. WOW, what an entertaining service but the excitement was not over. After church in the parking lot, as we geared up, Charlie, the priest's dog came out to say hello. Then as we slowly rode through the parking lot Charlie give chase and a sendoff. We really did almost crash trying to keep from hitting him. What an interesting start to the day. It drizzled and rained on and off until just before we turned off on Hwy 1 toward Helena. NOTE our new Olympia gear was great. We were dry and did not have to wear any rain gear the entire trip!

It was very windy but traffic was light. We enjoyed the sites of the country farm land and the smells that come after rain. Many neat small country towns. As we now approached Helena we

started noticing a lot of bikes and then realized that it was the “HOG Wild” bike rally weekend in Helena. We were running low on gas and it was lunch time so I told Laurissa to pick a place to eat. Well she never did and as we crossed the river bridge the low fuel light came on. I knew it was a long way to the next fuel pump so I turned around and went back to Helena looking for fuel and food. We stopped at a convenience store close to the hood and got fuel and found that they cooked chicken as well. I got the gizzard box lunch and Laurissa got the livers. We went outside and sat on coke crates and ate our lunch. Many locals visited this store and most gave us funny looks because we sure did not fit in. All were nice and a few came over to chat. Just glad I had my CCP and that I was carrying some protection. The lunch specials came with lots of food and neither of us could eat it all so we tossed the leftover boxes into the garbage and mounted up. Before we could even leave, a woman walked up to the garbage can and got both of the leftover box lunches and started eating the leftovers. I felt bad and told Laurissa to give her some cash but Laurissa was smarter than me and said no. Just then some dirty looking dude stepped out and started fussing with the woman for some of the food. I am sure that the man would have taken the money from the woman and our kind gesture would have been stolen. It is sad to see such stuff. After crossing the river for the second time we hit good ole Hwy 61 and headed south. When we got to Hollandale we took a favorite route and cut across to 49 and then home. This was a wet and windy weekend but it was also a good weekend. In fact our last trip to NW Arkansas was wet and windy as well. Oh well, do what you can do and be happy!



