

Westward Bound, Eastward Ho – going North, West, South, and East, and back home again.

Vernon Harp and myself (Luann) wanted to ride to Oklahoma. We live in Locust Grove, GA. My husband, Vernon Harp, is from Oklahoma – born in Tulsa, and grew up in Broken Arrow, OK. We like riding our bikes – problem is, I like riding about 5 hours a day. I'm not an avid fan of riding 12 hours each day, but that's basically what we ended up doing.



I was born in Georgia. I don't like leaving Georgia. Vernon can get me to ride my trike out of Georgia, but I always have to come home to Georgia. My heart is in Georgia. This ride will not change my mind. We started out riding North going through Tennessee.

We left Saturday morning, 15 October 2005, early around 7:30 am (hey, that's early for me). I'm the trike rider in our family. Vernon rides a 1800 yellow Gold Wing – 2 wheels. We headed North to Tennessee.

Wow, Tennessee is beautiful. The leaves are changing colors. I say they are already in full color though the weatherman says they are not. We see bikers everywhere. I mean everywhere. I don't know if there was something going on in Tennessee, or they just like riding that much. They were up hills, down hills, around corners, at restaurants, at stores, I mean everywhere. Not only were there a few bikes, many bikers were riding in big groups. It was FUN to see everyone enjoying riding that much. It was just like a Gold Wing event, but I don't think

there was one going on (that I know of). All kinds of bikes and models, and people of all kinds and models.

Everywhere we rode motorcyclists were everywhere. The weather was in the 70's, perfect riding weather. We stopped many places, and the number one question is how much does something like that trike cost? Everyone wants to talk about the trike. But of course sometimes we run into people that want to ignore my trike, and only talk about Vernon's yellow bike. Okay, so that takes time out of the trip.

Vernon had planned on us taking a "ferry ride" from Tennessee into Missouri (crossing the great Mississippi River). We were running out of time. We figured the ferry would close around 5:00 pm – so at 4:50 PM we pulled up – and the sign said "FERRY CLOSED." It was already closed. Wasn't even open at all. I guess the lady in the GPS didn't know that. As we were not able to take the ferry, we left and went back roads, and ended up in the very end of Illinois. Yes, Illinois. We just touched it – another "fill in the blank" on our chapter vests. It was slowly getting dark. We made it into Missouri just as the sun was going down.



The night before we left we decided to map out where our first stop would be – we decided on Sikeston, MO. Don't ask me how many miles it was from here to there – it was a lot – we arrived in Sikeston around 6:30 pm (just before dark). Lo and behold they have a Lambert's Café "Home of the Throed Rolls." If you have not eaten at one of the 3 places they have, you need to try it. There is one in

Sikeston, MO; Ozark, MO, and Foley, AL. You can check out their website at: "[throwedrolls.com](http://throwedrolls.com)" This restaurant has great food – all kinds of food – but are basically noted for "throwing" dinner rolls at you. Okay, yes, they actually stand in one part of the room, customers raise their hands and arms, and they throw you the rolls – you catch 'em, you eat 'em. Some end up on the floor.



There is so much food. I ordered "chicken" but you still get to choose 2 side dishes, okay, I had been here before so I knew you also get along with your meal taters and onions, fried okra; .macaroni and tomatoes; white beans,. etc, so when the waitress asked me what 2 sides I wanted with the chicken, it's a hard thing to decide, knowing they come around the room with buckets of the other items I just mentioned. So in true "Gold Winger" form, I ordered 2 sides, ate other sides they bring around – and also had to get peach cobbler for dessert.

As we ride I keep watching my mileage, wanting it to go higher and higher. I'm trying to get a "high mileage" award for the month – but did you know that trikes turn over more slowly in miles than 2-wheels. I'm serious. Vernon and I can ride exactly the same roads and same miles, only his bike adds about 10 miles to my every hundred. So I started complaining that it wasn't fair. Vernon said "if you want to compete with Mark Campbell and Craig Moore, you go right ahead." So that got me to thinking that I'm glad now in our chapter we have another high mileage award for trikers and the ladies. Forget competing with Mark Campbell and Craig Moore. That made up my mind right there. They are 2 members that

have the hardest butts I have ever heard tale (tail) of, so I'll just settle for my trike miles.

Going through Missouri we ran into many bikers, but Missouri, Arkansas, and Oklahoma apparently do not have helmet laws. We met one rider in Missouri that was proud to show us his leather jacket and how heavy it was – but he said people in Missouri just can't seem to make themselves wear a helmet since they don't have to, and they seem to think it looks "uncool." He says that some wish they would pass a law to enforce helmets, but until they do, most probably won't wear an "uncool" helmet. He proceeded to say goodbye, got on his bike, made sure his tough leather jacket was zipped, and rode off with no helmet. Though he wished they enforced a law, he still chose "no helmet." I cannot imagine just sitting and turning over with no helmet, much less riding down a road with no helmet. I can't stand hearing the sound of a skull hitting the pavement. – it just sounds "uncool" to me.



We stayed in Sikeston, MO, ate at Lamberts, and stayed at Holiday Inn Express, Room 205.



We left Sikeston, MO, the next morning. Keep in mind all along the way I was taking pictures on my trike --- I would put it on cruise, and start snapping pictures. Yes, not a safe thing to do. Not all all. So don't attempt this. Only a professional triker can do this (and only in my own mind).

Next day we rode about 12 hours, and stopped just short of Tulsa, OK, and stayed in Arkansas. We stayed at a Sleep Inn in Arkansas in Room 205. Are you noting a trend here? The hotel clerk recommended a fantastic restaurant called "Market Place." Also in Arkansas there are many many places called "Harp's Market Place" and Harp's this, and Harp's that. No relation we know of, but we have to assume there are some relatives that own these places in Arkansas – we'll claim the rich ones.



Next morning after only about 6-7 hours of riding we reached our destination, Tulsa, OK. We had planned on going to a Mexican restaurant called "Casa Bonita." Well, it's closed now after 50 years. Okay, so we ate some other place. All the places Vernon grew up have changed. No longer is it trees, and woods, and forests, and dirt roads, there are Walmarts, hotels, restaurants, highways, Braum's ice cream places everywhere (I think they like better than Dairy Queen). We did visit the cemetery where his mother, dad, brother are buried. It was very sad, even for me. I took a lot of pictures of those tombstones and it really hit me hard that day. I did not get a chance to know his mother and father, or brother, but seeing those names there, and in those places, hit me hard. We left flowers and the beautiful American flag on each grave. It was time to leave.

While in Tulsa, OK, we stayed at Fairfield Inn, Room 205. Are you now reading what room number we were given again? Time to leave OK, and head back to Georgia. To come home, we headed South, and went through Arkansas and Mississippi, and then Alabama. We are almost going full circle now. From Georgia, to Tennessee, Missouri, bottom tip of Illinois, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Mississippi, Alabama, and Eastward bound to Georgia. Home sweet home. We arrived home on Thursday, 20 October. We did 2000+ miles on each bike.

Last night of our trip we stayed in Alabama, somewhere around Tuscaloosa. We stayed at a Holiday Inn Express – and you guessed it – Room 205. I have no idea how or why this kept happening, but sounds like lotto numbers to us.



I'm not a good writer of writing down highway numbers, or telling you everything we see on a trip. My mind is getting short. My mind is getting old. I

do know that there are other places other than Georgia, and my heart is slowly turning away from Georgia, and thinking of Tennessee. It's a beautiful state. Maybe Vernon will be able to get me out of Georgia after all.

I may not have remembered all the states exactly correct in the right order, but I know we rode through all of them. The warmest temperature was 97 degrees (yes, it's October).

I do like riding and I like seeing things, but I'm not a hard butt rider. I like shorter rides, with about 6 hours or so a day of riding, but I guess you don't see very much very fast that way.

Luann Harp