

# CRISS - CROSSING AMERICA

## RIDING HIGH ON THE "GREAT RIVER ROAD"

By Jim Ogland

*On April 26, Minnesota wheelman Jim Ogland finished riding the United States from north to south. Having ridden from San Francisco to Boston five years ago, he has now ridden America in both directions on a highwheel bicycle. Beginning on April 5 at the Canadian border in International Falls, his route essentially followed the Mississippi River on the "Great River Road" to New Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico. Averaging 75 miles per day, the 1,664-mile, 22 day ride took him through St. Louis, Memphis, Vicksburg and on past the great old southern plantation homes of Natchez and Baton Rouge. Despite starting in the cold Canadian temperature of one above zero and finishing in the hot 85-90 degree heat of the Louisiana gulf coast, the 1887 Victor Light Roadster performed extremely well. It was an incredible and at times challenging ride, and "it wasn't all downhill" as some people had told him it would be!*

**San Francisco  
to  
Boston  
3358 miles**



**Canada  
to  
New Orleans  
1664 miles**

It seems like only yesterday, but it's been five years since I completed riding an 1887 highwheel bicycle from San Francisco to Boston. Ever since then I have thought about and have wanted to ride America north to south from the Canadian Border to the Gulf of Mexico. The idea of riding across the United States in both directions was exciting and challenging.

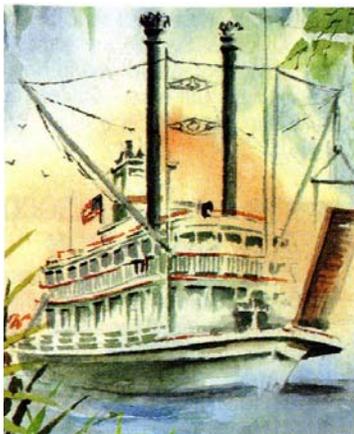
**Planning / starting date:** If ever I was going to attempt a north-south ride, then this would be the year. It was wide open. Overall it appeared to be approximately 1600 miles to New Orleans. Depending upon weather and terrain I estimated that it would take about twenty days. I began to plan for a possible ride in either early April or no later than the middle of May. Any later in the summer would make riding in

the deep south uncomfortable as it would likely be very hot and humid. On the other hand, northern Minnesota in early April still has snow on the ground and the lakes are frozen solid. But this was an open spot on my calendar so I began to look at Tuesday, April 5th, as a starting date. By starting on Tuesday, I would most likely arrive in the large metropolitan area of Minneapolis-St. Paul (approximately three hundred miles to the south) on Friday night. This would insure riding through the heavy city traffic on the weekend when it would be at a minimum.

**Starting Point:** International Falls, Minnesota, on the Canadian Border seemed like an excellent starting point. Importantly, it is a border town and it is on the Voyageur Highway which leads directly into the "Great River Road." It

has a reputation, however, for often being the coldest spot in the nation. I arrived there the evening of April 4, 1994.

## ***ROUTE - GREAT RIVER ROAD***



The "Great River Road" essentially parallels the Mississippi River from its humble beginning at Lake Itasca in northern Minnesota, to its swift and mighty conclusion at New Orleans, where it empties into the Gulf of Mexico. It is a historic, romantic and scenic road that twists and turns with the river as it winds its way southward to the Gulf. It would take me through Mark Twain's famous boyhood home of

Hannibal, Missouri, then to St. Louis, Memphis and historic Vicksburg, past the magnificent old southern plantation homes of Natchez and Baton Rouge. It would wind through the bayous and the delta area of Louisiana and finally on to New Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico. I planned to follow the River Road, and to stay as close as possible to the river, yet at times depart to take a sometimes more direct route. This was especially true in southern Minnesota and Iowa where the river jogs considerably eastward. Daily mileage on long distance rides is often determined not by endurance, conditioning, or riding skills, but in many cases by the destination of a town, with both lodging and restaurant accommodations. Some towns are not far enough and others are too far. This becomes an important aspect of route planning, particularly in sparsely populated areas such as the wilderness of northern Minnesota. At this time of the year many northern summer resort locations are not yet open, consequently accommodations are few and far apart. Unexpectedly there turned out to be an excellent motel approximately eighty miles south of International Falls at Marcel. With nothing in between and twenty five additional miles to the next motel at Deer River, my first day's destination had to be Marcel.

## ***EQUIPMENT - GEAR***

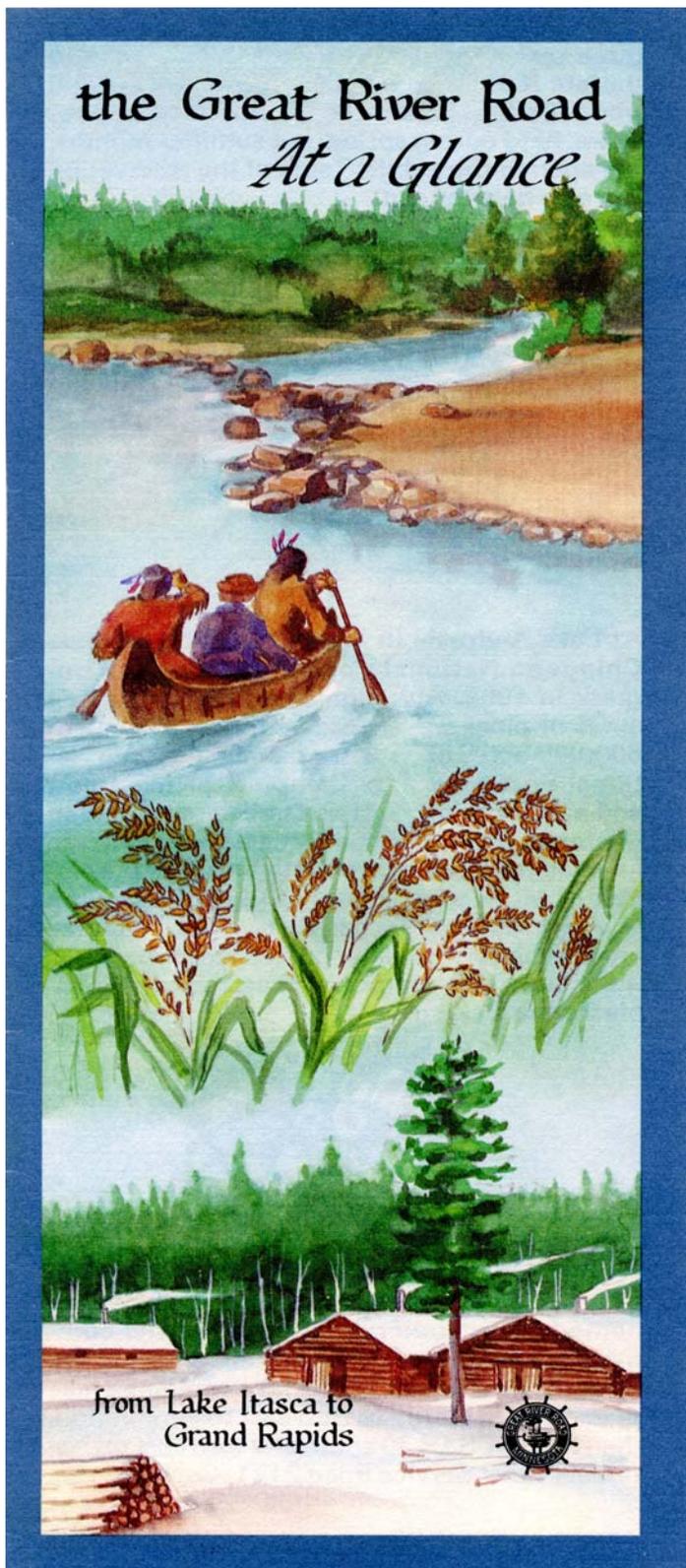
Like the San Francisco to Boston ride, this ride would also be a solo. Among other things solo means carrying all your gear on the bike, on your back or both. I personally prefer to have everything on the bike. The English prefer to carry it on their back. They utilize a handy canvas bag called a "bonk bag." We would call it a fanny pack. It is similar, but has an over-the-shoulder strap as well as one around the waist. A "bonk bag" is ideal for carrying your water bottle, bananas, treats, maps, etc. as it can readily be swiveled from your back to the front where its contents can be easily reached. I have a used one that was given to me by Nick Clayton of England following our Paris to Prague ride in 1993. It is well worn and is a hallowed relic that I treasure very much. Highwheels do not lend themselves well to carrying a lot of equipment so everything must be minimized. I use a bag attached to the backbone mounted behind the saddle (seat). It is called an MIP bag (Multum in Parvo) which translates to "much in

little." It is an 1880's type bicycle bag which was made for me by Rolly Pearson of Salt Lake City, Utah. It is made of heavy canvas trimmed with leather piping. Thomas Stevens (the first person to ride a bicycle across the USA in 1884) carried most of his gear on the handle bars. I've always felt that this was undesirable because it puts additional weight up high and forward, thus increasing the chance for a header. It also blocks some view of the roadway and prevents legs over the handle bars coasting. There is nothing worse than being wet or cold so I carried light weight breathable rain gear, both pants and jacket. My jacket is very visible neon yellow. The rain pants are black and also double for something to wear while laundering my riding pants which are black 505 Levis. Layering is highly desirable, therefore in addition to a red polo shirt and a warmer long sleeve shirt I packed a lightweight down vest. Other items include a shaving kit, underwear, socks, camera, flashlight, emergency repair tools, maps, daily journal, water bottle, etc.,



*Checking over the rear tire*

all of which adds considerable weight to the bicycle. I might add that I now always wear a helmet and bicycle gloves. The helmet is not vintage, but better safe than fashionable. I also had two silk shirts that compress to almost nothing and look great even after being wadded up in the bag. In that you can have only one pair, the right shoes become very important. I chose lightweight Rockport oxfords. They are comfortable for riding, good for walking, somewhat waterproof and look reasonably well in the evening when you are off the bike at dinner, etc.



## RIDING

Ride at a steady pace of between approximately ten and twelve miles per hour and consider myself more of an endurance rider than a fast rider. Wind is such a major factor that if there is wind, it seems it is always a headwind. *The occasional tailwind never quite compensates/or the seemingly ever present headwind.* Wind directly impacts miles per hour, and as a result, total daily mileage. I typically begin riding each morning around

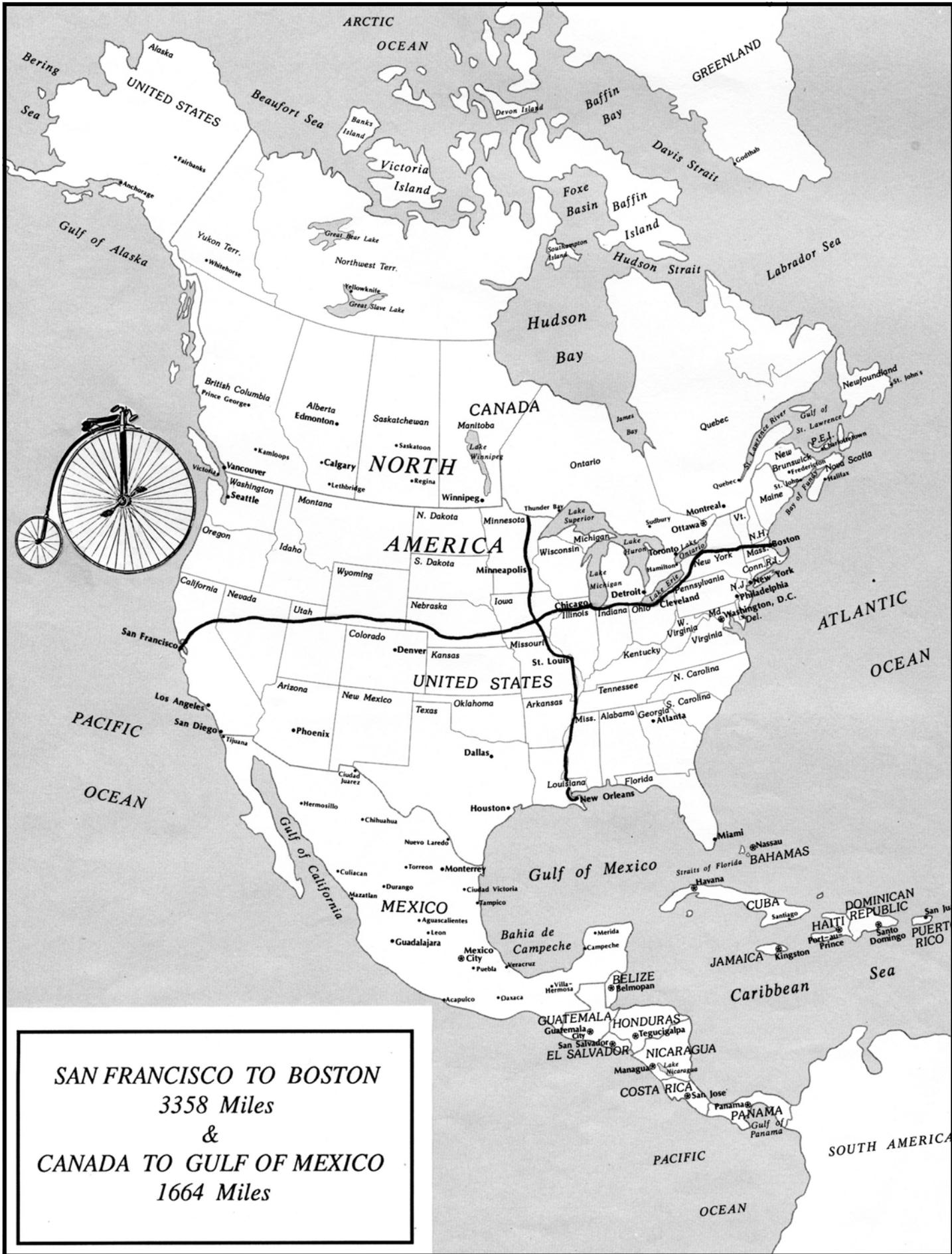
7:30AM. I always plan to start earlier, but even rising at 6:00 it is difficult. By the time I shower, repack, check over the bike, look at the route and go for breakfast the time has slipped away. This means with lunch breaks, various other stops, interviews, sightseeing etc., one must ride ten to twelve hours a day to average 75 to 100 miles per day. This makes for long days. I love riding the "ordinary." It is very quiet (no chain noise) and I'm up so high that everything is extremely visible. One can see over the tops of cars and look truck drivers right in the eye. It's a wonderful feeling. Sometimes it seems like I could go forever. One is however, never quite sure of what lies ahead. Will it be flat or will there be hills? What will the traffic be? Are there shoulders? Will it rain? Is there a head wind? All the variables are what make cross country riding so challenging. Ah, the open road! I love it!



*Drinking lots of Gatorade*

## THE BICYCLE

The Victor ordinary is the same one that I used on the San Francisco to Boston ride, and of the several ordinaries that I own, is certainly my favorite. It is an original 1887 fifty-four inch Victor Light Roadster. It is a comfortable good riding bike that is reasonably lightweight and has proven itself to be durable as well. It is a tribute to its manufacturers and its engineering that even after over 100 years it is still going strong. Shortly before departure, with the help of Wisconsin wheelman Mike Polodna, new hard red rubber tires were installed on both the large front wheel and the smaller rear wheel. The bike is essentially all original. The leather saddle and the pear shaped handlebar grips were replaced some years ago.



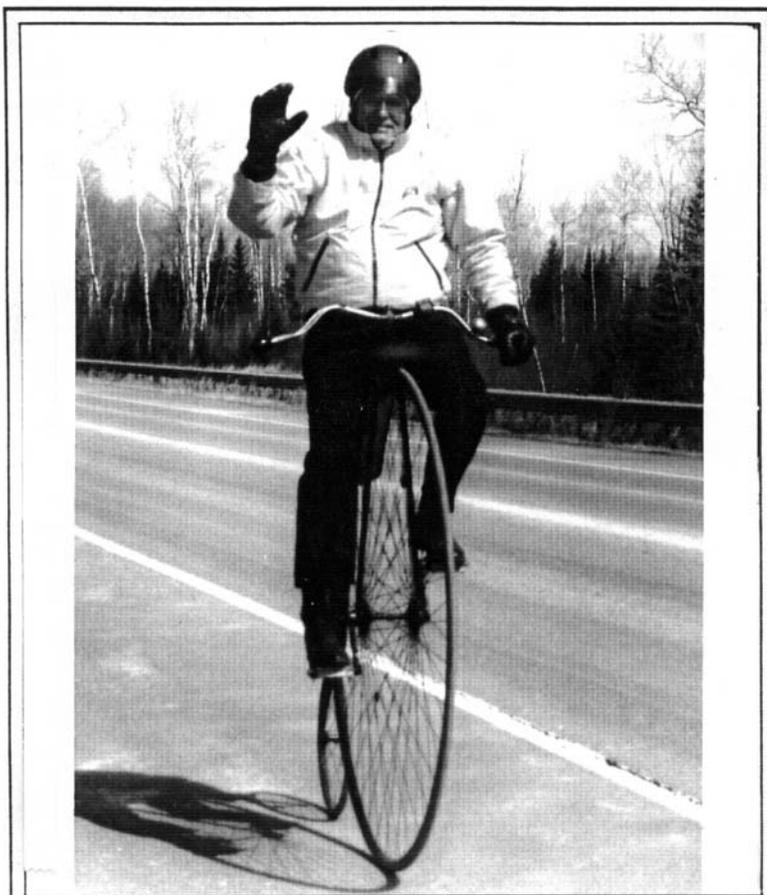


*Just ordinary...*

*Minnesota Wheelman Jim Ogland might just be the first person to complete both a West - East and a North - South solo crossing of the U. S. on a highwheel bicycle.*

*Five years ago he rode from San Francisco to Boston and has now completed a ride from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico.*





Staff photos by Steven P. Shore

Jim Ogland waves to a passerby as he heads for Big Falls en route to New Orleans. Ogland began his 1,600-mile trek across the United States on Tuesday in International Falls.

## Man pedaling his way south on antique bike

By STEVEN P. SHORE  
Staff Writer

**BIG FALLS** — In five hours, Jim Ogland biked nearly 40 miles. That left only 1,560 miles more to go.

Ogland, a retired mortician from Wayzata, is pedaling his way from Minnesota to the Gulf of Mexico. And he's making the trip on an antique high-wheel bike — an 1887 Victor Light Roadster manufactured in England.

The 62-year-old left International Falls at about 7:30 a.m. Tuesday and was about seven miles away from Big Falls and a lunch break by noon.

"I hear it's all downhill from here," he said, stopping along the shoulder of Highway 11-71 for a brief chat.

Well, he admitted, it's not all downhill. "There's the Ozark Mountains but I don't think they're too bad." And, he added, "The cold won't be a problem once I get out of Minnesota."

Ogland is no stranger to the road. He used the same bike four years ago in a 3,358-mile journey from San Francisco to Boston. Last year, he pedaled the Roadster from France to Czechoslovakia.

Since he had already traveled the length of the United States west to east, Ogland decided a trip from the north to the south made sense.

"The first time (across country), I retraced the route of Thomas Stevens (who biked coast to coast) in 1884. I left the same day, same time, same place he did," Ogland said. "It was a historic trek for me. That's how I started cross country. I've always wanted to do the north-south thing. I like the

endurance and distance."

Ogland travels light. He carries a single change of clothes, camera, journal, toothbrush and toothpaste and razor in a small carrying bag. Attached to the frame are extra wheel spokes for his bike. Spokes are difficult to find when the front wheel of your bike measures 54 inches and the rear wheel is 20 inches.

"It's basically me and my credit card," Ogland said.

Along the way, Ogland said he stays at moderately priced hotels or motels in small towns. The only problem is that he has to tailor his daily traveling so he can find suitable accommodations. That can mean going over 100 miles some days. For instance, Tuesday he planned to spend the night in Deer River — over 100 miles from his starting point in the Nation's Icebox.

Ogland said he typically travels about 80 miles a day and travels only during daylight hours. He estimates his trip following the Great River Road to New Orleans will take 20 days.

When possible, Ogland said, he travels backroads to avoid heavy traffic.

"I never had any problems," he said. "I avoid confrontations. My biggest concern is about animals in wild areas, but I'm alert to potential hazards."

However, there is one problem Ogland may not be able to avoid. According to him, the safest way to stop his bike is to place the heel of his shoe against the back wheel to slow and stop it from rotating.

Considering all the stops he'll make between Minnesota and Louisiana, Ogland may need a new pair of shoes before he's finished.

## DAILY JOURNAL NOTES

What follows are excerpts from my daily journal or comments directly from postcards that I sent home each day.

### START / CANADIAN BORDER

#### DAY 1:

**TUESDAY, APRIL 5, INTERNATIONAL FALLS:** I slept well and awoke to a clear crisp day. The temperature, however showed one degree above zero. My room overlooked the "Rainy River" which separates the USA from Canada. Steam was rising from it and it was very scenic in the early morning light. I packed and repacked the MIP bag, never enough space, always have to leave something. I ate a hearty breakfast and departed at 7:30 AM. Within the first five miles my water bottle was frozen solid. It was a cold day, but I managed to ride 82 miles through pine trees forests to Marcel. Stiff and tired, hot tub feels good. I wrote out some postcards and made the first entries in my journal. I turned out the lights and in the moments before sleep I thought about the days ride and the many days that lay ahead. I felt good and ready to go.

#### DAY 2:

**WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6, AITKIN, MINNESOTA:** A little warmer today. Strong headwinds! Glad to have my ski gloves and L.L. Bean jacket. Rode the Voyageur Highway in the morning, "Great River Road" in the afternoon. Lots of fresh tar on my tires, wiped off with diesel fuel. Close call with a hay bale wagon. Bike running smoothly. After walleye pike for dinner I began my evening routine of postcards and journal entries. (I try to send a post card home every day.) I arranged to have breakfast with an old friend so it will be an early AM start. Glad to hit the sack.

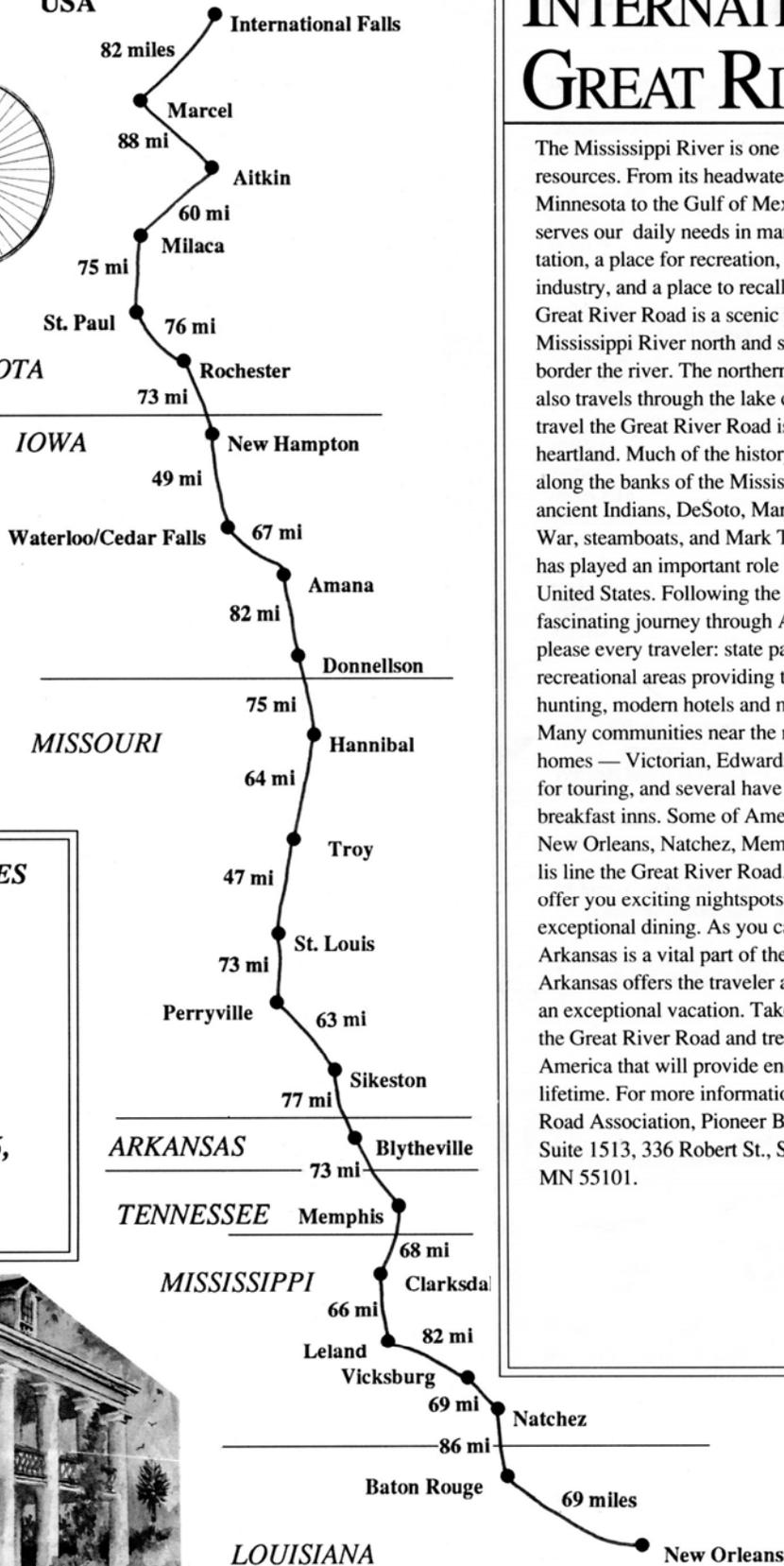
#### DAY 3:

**THURSDAY, APRIL 7, MILACA, MINNESOTA:** Started the day with jumbo biker pancakes, lots of carbs. Incredibly windy day, gusts of 25/30 mph. Walked and pushed the bike along most of the west shore of Lake Mille Lacs. Impossible at times to ride. Stopped at Grand Casino for lunch, played slot machines with no real luck. Broke a big wheel spoke, first one in a long time. It started to rain, then sleet/snow. I put on all my rain gear and as soon as I got it on the rain/snow quit. No motel in Onamia so rode on in a brutal headwind to Milaca.

#### DAY 4:

**FRIDAY, APRIL 8, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA:** Very windy, rain/snow in the forenoon. Walked five miles to Pease. My bright yellow jacket really shows up in traffic. I also have a neon yellow cover for my helmet. Not very vintage looking, but it is bright. Still pedaling, 305 miles as of today. Some awesome cloud formations at dusk, beautiful, but threatening.

CANADA  
USA



**1664 MILES**  
**22 DAYS**  
**APRIL 5,**  
*to*  
**APRIL 26,**  
**1994**



# INTERNATIONAL GREAT RIVER ROAD

The Mississippi River is one of the nation's greatest natural resources. From its headwaters at Lake Itasca in northern Minnesota to the Gulf of Mexico, the Mississippi River serves our daily needs in many ways: a means of transportation, a place for recreation, a source of energy and industry, and a place to recall great moments in history. The Great River Road is a scenic parkway designed to follow the Mississippi River north and south through the ten states that border the river. The northern section of this scenic highway also travels through the lake country of Ontario, Canada. To travel the Great River Road is to explore America's heartland. Much of the history of our country had its origins along the banks of the Mississippi River. From the days of ancient Indians, DeSoto, Marquette and Joliet, the Civil War, steamboats, and Mark Twain, the Mississippi River has played an important role in the development of the United States. Following the Great River Road can be a fascinating journey through America. There is plenty to please every traveler: state parks, national woodlands, recreational areas providing the finest in fishing and hunting, modern hotels and motels, and unique attractions. Many communities near the river have historic antebellum homes — Victorian, Edwardian, and plantation — available for touring, and several have been converted into bed and breakfast inns. Some of America's most popular cities like New Orleans, Natchez, Memphis, St. Louis, and Minneapolis line the Great River Road. Each of these cities and others offer you exciting nightspots, fabulous shopping, and exceptional dining. As you can see from this brochure, Arkansas is a vital part of the Great River Road. Eastern Arkansas offers the traveler an unparalleled opportunity for an exceptional vacation. Take time out this year to explore the Great River Road and treat yourself to a special view of America that will provide enough memories to last a lifetime. For more information, write to the Great River Road Association, Pioneer Building, Suite 1513, 336 Robert St., St. Paul, MN 55101.



**DAY 5:**

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, ROCHESTER, MINNESOTA: Slightly warmer today, winds are down. Much more hilly now, however good blacktop shoulders to ride on. Stopped at a Schwinn bicycle shop and bought a lighter weight neon yellow bike jacket (sent heavier one home). Also got a red strobe tail light. Will be my last night in Minnesota. Rolling hills of Iowa tomorrow. Replaced another big wheel spoke and greased everything on the bike. The bike continues to run well. Building endurance each day. Drinking lots of Gatorade.

**DAY 6:**

SUNDAY, APRIL 10, NEW HAMPTON, IOWA: Really blew out of Minnesota. Great tailwind, "awesome." Had lunch with my cousin from nearby Austin, Minnesota. Thoughts of a century were dashed as I rode through a detour that turned into five miles of mud. Yuk! It was the first really hot sunny day. I arrived in New Hampton soaked with perspiration and for some reason quite chilled. It took a long time to get all the mud off myself and the bike.

**DAY 7:**

MONDAY, APRIL 11, WATERLOO / CEDAR-FALLS, IOWA: Tremendous crosswinds all day. Gusting to 30/35 mph from the east and kept blowing me off the road. Lots of gravel shoulder riding, hard on the tires and wheels. Noticed stress cracks showing up on the big wheel rim. Tried to repair with epoxy, decided to keep an eye on it and continue. Major storm predicted to arrive in the area. Burning lots of calories, pizza tonight? Yes!

**DAY 8:**

TUESDAY, APRIL 12, AMANA, IOWA: Rain in the early morning. Everything wet. Rain gear on, I overheat quickly. Miles of farm land, nice neat farms. Saw some horse and buggies today (Amish farmers). Love their customs and clothes.

**DAY 9:**

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, DONNELSON, IOWA: Continuing to roll south. On back roads all day. Not as many large trucks. Sunshine, getting sunburned. Big day, legs are feeling good. First night that I've seen the moon and lots of stars.

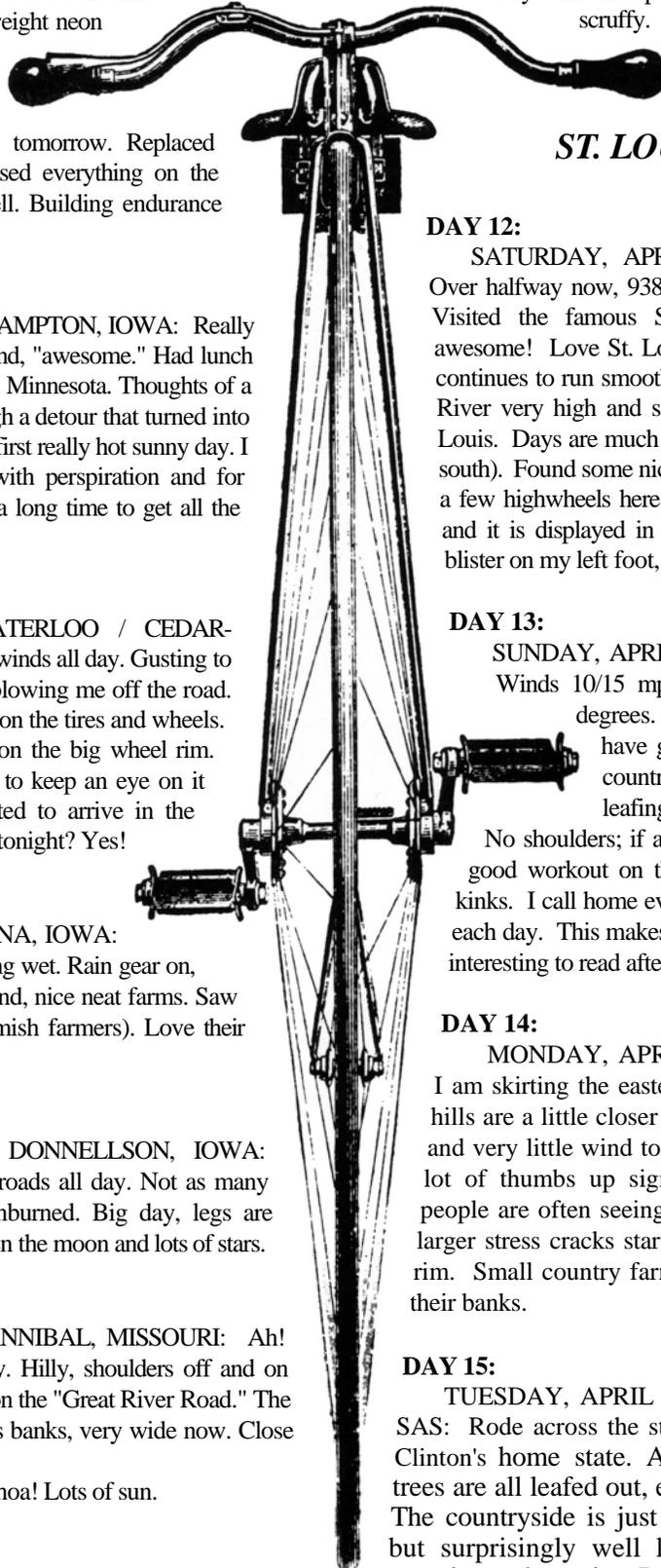
**DAY 10:**

THURSDAY, APRIL 14, HANNIBAL, MISSOURI: Ah! Missouri! and Mark Twain Country. Hilly, shoulders off and on again, some divided highway, back on the "Great River Road." The Mississippi is very high and over its banks, very wide now. Close to Illinois, across the river. Put away the down vest, 80 degrees today - whoa! Lots of sun.

**DAY 11:**

FRIDAY, APRIL 15, TROY, MISSOURI: On highway 61 now and the rest of the way to New Orleans. Glimpses of the river, running muddy and very fast. Legs are feeling good; getting a nice

rhythm and cadence now. Very warm. More traffic as I approach St. Louis. Tough ride today, rain in the early morning. Need to buy some shoe polish, both saddle and shoes are really scruffy.

**ST. LOUIS / HALFWAY****DAY 12:**

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI: Over halfway now, 938 miles, averaging 78 miles per day. Visited the famous St. Louis Arch Monument. It's awesome! Love St. Louis; so old, so much history. Bike continues to run smoothly. Hope wind and weather holds. River very high and swollen, piers are all covered in St. Louis. Days are much longer now (they get longer as I ride south). Found some nice postcards. I think there were quite a few highwheels here in St. Louis, Mark Twain rode one and it is displayed in the Hannibal Museum. Getting a blister on my left foot, don't know why.

**DAY 13:**

SUNDAY, APRIL 17, PERRYVILLE, MISSOURI: Winds 10/15 mph, brilliant day and almost eighty degrees. Loved St. Louis, neat town, but have got to keep on rolling south. Hilly countryside, very pretty, all the trees are leafing out. Nice tailwind most of the day.

No shoulders; if any, they are gravel. Legs getting a good workout on these hills. Hot bath takes out the kinks. I call home every night and try to send a postcard each day. This makes for a good record of the ride and is interesting to read after getting home.

**DAY 14:**

MONDAY, APRIL 18, SIKESTON, MISSOURI: I am skirting the eastern edge of the Ozark Mountains, hills are a little closer together and steeper. Clear skies and very little wind today. Everyone waves and I get a lot of thumbs up signs. Ordinaries are so rare that people are often seeing one for the first time. I noticed larger stress cracks starting to show up on the big wheel rim. Small country farms, all rivers and creeks are over their banks.

**DAY 15:**

TUESDAY, APRIL 19, BLYTHESVILLE, ARKANSAS: Rode across the state line into Arkansas, President Clinton's home state. Azaleas are in full bloom, the trees are all leafed out, everything is so green and lush. The countryside is just beautiful. The towns are old, but surprisingly well kept. Lots of flowers-daisies, petunias and pansies. Rode hard and covered seventy-seven miles, quit early and had a great spaghetti dinner. Tennessee tomorrow!

## MEMPHIS / BLUES / ELVIS

### DAY 16:

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE: Home to the Blues and Elvis. The terrain is flat as a pancake, can't see a hill in any direction. No rain in sight, a hot and sunny day. The road is hard to find, weaves around alot, had to ride on some freeway. Graceland (Elvis' home) was closed, but I got an early evening city van tour, Beale Street, etc. Would like to come back to Memphis.

*Enjoyed Memphis, not enough time!*

**Sightseeing Memphis**  
**BLUES CITY**

**MUD ISLAND MEMPHIS**

**GENERAL ADMISSION**  
**ADULT**  
**ADMIT ONE**  
NON-REFUNDABLE  
136102

**I LIKE ELVIS**

**CITY TOURS**  
**Blues City Tours**  
**of Memphis**  
(901) 522-9229

  
**NO REFUNDS**

### DAY 17:

THURSDAY, APRIL 21, CLARKSDALE, MISSISSIPPI: Just a few miles south of Memphis I crossed the line into Mississippi. Very rural area, no golf courses here, lots of trucks, dirt shoulders.

### DAY 18:

FRIDAY, APRIL 22, LELAND, MISSISSIPPI: Appears to have been a recent major wind storm, broken trees for miles. Lots of farm land, no farm houses visible from the road. Making good time, still rolling south. Starting to lose some weight, belt is getting loose.



*Worried about stress cracks*

### DAY 19:

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI: Started out flat, straight south, no turns, red rock shoulders. Fields look dry, but strangely, streams and creeks are flooded. As I approach Vicksburg I am thinking of General Grant's Union Army. Major Civil War battle was fought here, lots of casualties. Incredible National Cemetery, (like Gettysburg) hundreds of huge monuments to those who died here. Minnesota mounument among the largest. Lots of valleys and steep hills as I get close. Very dense woods along the road.

**DAY 20:**

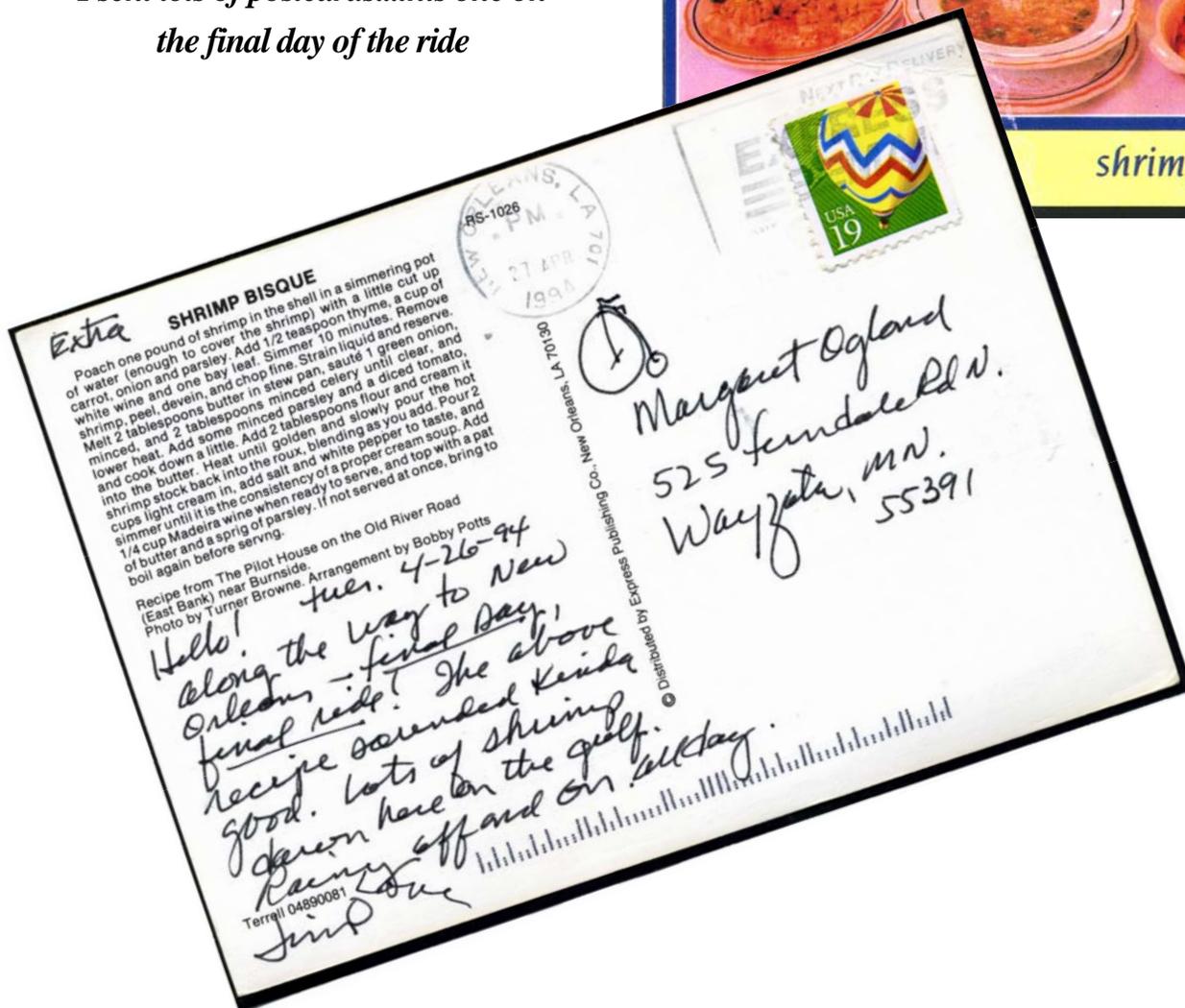
SUNDAY, APRIL 24, NATCHEZ, MISSISSIPPI: Got soaked in a late afternoon thunderstorm. Towns and cities much neater now. Pride in ownership is evident. Interesting architecture even on smaller homes. Seeing Spanish moss on trees. Natchez is home to many pre-civil war antebellum homes. Great river town. Many large plantations in this area. Love the deep south! Roadside beauty of peaceful forests, rolling hills and cotton fields along the river.

**DAY 21:**

MONDAY, APRIL 25, BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA: Wonderful paved shoulders began at the state line. Feel much safer now, it can be scary balancing on the white line with no shoulders. Traffic seems lighter and it is a long way between towns. Sparsely populated, rolling hills and very green pine forests. Baton Rouge is the state capitol and a lovely town. Looks more affluent than many other southern towns. I tried some "grits" and enjoyed my brief stay here. This will be the last night of the ride and am anxious and excited to get to New Orleans.



*I sent lots of postcards...this one on the final day of the ride*



**Extra SHRIMP BISQUE**

Poach one pound of shrimp in the shell in a simmering pot of water (enough to cover the shrimp) with a little cut up carrot, onion and parsley. Add 1/2 teaspoon thyme, a cup of white wine and one bay leaf. Simmer 10 minutes. Remove shrimp, peel, devein, and chop fine. Strain liquid and reserve. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in stew pan, sauté 1 green onion, minced, and 2 tablespoons minced celery and a diced tomato. lower heat. Add some minced parsley and a diced tomato and cook down a little. Add 2 tablespoons flour and cream it into the butter. Heat until golden and slowly pour the hot shrimp stock back into the roux, blending as you add. Pour 2 cups light cream in, add salt and white pepper to taste, and simmer until it is the consistency of a proper cream soup. Add 1/4 cup Madeira wine when ready to serve, and top with a pat of butter and a sprig of parsley. If not served at once, bring to boil again before serving.

Recipe from The Pilot House on the Old River Road (East Bank) near Burnside. Arrangement by Bobby Potts Photo by Turner Browne.

*Tues. 4-26-94*  
*along the way to New Orleans - final day, final ride!*  
*The above recipe sounded kinda good. Lots of shrimp here on the gulf. Really afford on all day.*

Terrill 04890081  
*Jerril*

NEW ORLEANS, LA 701  
APR 27 1994  
RS-1026



Margaret Ogland  
525 Leundale Rd W.  
Wayzata, MN.  
55391



shrimp bisque

## ***FINISH / NEW ORLEANS***

### **DAY 22:**

TUESDAY, APRIL 26, NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA: Final ride. Thunderstorms in the area, strong winds predicted. Up and on the road early, 7:00 AM start, just getting light. Worried about the big wheel rim, looking worse each day. Flat terrain, no hills, just an occasional humped bridge. Hot and humid day, wringing wet at times. Despite the wind I made surprisingly good time and arrived in New Orleans at 5:45 PM. As in the past it was a wonderful ride and everything that I thought it would be. I was glad to finish, but didn't want it to be over. I thought back at the more than one hundred small towns that I had passed through, the rolling hills, the moss covered forests, rugged cliffs, the Great Plains, historic old bridges. Riding alongside the mighty Mississippi. Past the magnificent old plantation homes, the sudden rain storms, my frozen water bottle, and the sweltering heat of the deep south. New Orleans with its ornamental ironwork, the French Quarter and the sounds of Bourbon Street. It was indeed quite a ride.

After arriving home I received a letter from one of my high wheel friends in England in which he commented, "I was surprised that you didn't start from Alaska."

***I was glad to finish, but didn't  
want it to be over !***

