

# Chicken Run Tour de Ville

So, I flew the coop about 6:30 on the a.m. dial in the morning to meet up with the rest of the birds of a feather to ride to God knows how far to have fried chicken in Mississippi. One could say that we were a bunch of cannibals out to feast on our own, however, they would



be wrong. Chickens would not brave the weather that we did on this pilgrimage to possibly the Best Fried Chicken in the country if not the world. Was it worth it you might ask? Thus, will be told in the end.

It's Friday 30 November, the last day of Hurricane Season and about 50 degrees out side give or take a few degrees. We leave somewhat promptly and head down Hwy 98 against the heavy flow of traffic on their way to work.

As we proceed thru the light at Hurlburt Field we all wave a good morning to Joe who is waiting to turn and go to work and we continue on our way. The ride was brisk, okay, it was down right cold, as the day wore on it became warmer



and nicer out nice plus to riding but then when the sun goes down it cools off mighty quickly which happened the second day of our travels. But, I'll get to that later. We had lunch at "Ward's" a small little "fast food, greasy spoon of a place" known for it's burgers and hotdogs, wasn't really impressed and I think George is happy that he was in front to our caravan, because, yes I did get the



chilly cheeseburger and fries, and no there were no gaseous expulsions (had to be low octane) we continue down the road stopping for gas here and there. Some of the places were not

in the best locations. This is not a slam on Mississippi or any one who is from there or still lives there, but now I know why this state is the poorest of all the states in the union, too many of the places were "run down" so to speak, too bad to, **it's a beautiful country!**



As we continued thru Mississippi ( I really like spelling that) on the back roads, I think it was right after leaving a small town after a fill up, did I witness the first accident of the day and yes Virginia it happened right beside me. Scared the, well almost, hit the throttle and got out of there as quickly as I could. You can read the continuation of this in "the Rocketman's version". Later that day we

venture across another accident, this time the car was under a logging truck. Not under the front of the semi, but just in front of the rear tires, someone wasn't paying too much attention.



Onward to Vicksburg. Finally, we arrive (it was like we were on the road all day), check in, unload, and then leave for dinner. We arrive, have a seat, and I guess the waitress thought it was still Halloween and was trying to scare everyone by saying "boo". Hey boo; what do you want boo; here you go boo; were just some of the examples of what could have been a very scary night for the faint of heart. Also, apparently she liked to hit Mitchell in the back of the head just before she'd speak to him. Dinner in my opinion was not very good. The shrimp scampi and Cajun style shrimp were cold, the fried shrimp was hot however, but the fries (asked for well done) were not cook completely and yes, you got it cold.

Saturday, here's the plan, get up, eat some kind of breakfast, head



out to the wondrous sights that Vicksburg has to offer. We Drove thru the battlefield (which you really need more time to take in all in, hence another trip), saw and walked through the only Iron



Clad to be sunk during the Civil War. Talk about really neat, cool and another other adjective you'd care to say. Then headed off to the first Coca-Cola bottling "plant", then finally, yes we are staying; four of us scouted ahead for the "The Old Country Store" our lunch destination. We arrive get inside and there's nothing in the buffet, apparently they wait until they have enough customers before they start the buffet line. Mitchell, being scorned



the night before eludes that to the waitress it's Rocketman's and mine anniversary, after a few choice words (what's another word for donkey, that right you got it) and a lot of laughter we finally get to eat. The salad was

good and fresh, the chicken, after all that's what we came for was fantastic. Opinions may vary, but from my perspective it was the best fried chicken I've ever had. Oh and the other stuff was pretty good too, and the iced tea was excellent. After stuffing ourselves more than we should have we head east to Monroeville, AL. At one of the stops for gas I decide to get back a Mitchell while standing in line to use the facilities. We had a few delays getting to our destination that night and I'm really glad George stopped somewhere so we could put on our "cold" and I stress COLD weather gear. Some gas up while we are starting to get warm, then off again.

We arrive in Monroeville at Dave and Tina's house for a very warm welcome and excellent food, we all proceeded to stuff our selves and told not to feed the dogs because they got sick last time. I also don't know what it is with dogs and me I guess



I'm an easy mark for food, I did my best not to feed them, until my plate slide off my lap and in a matter of three, count them three seconds the two large remaining pieces of turkey and one large piece of ham were gone. Hoover couldn't have done better. After spending a few hours of wonderful hospitably three of us leave for the hotel.

The next morning we start heading for home, had an okay breakfast; omelet was good and why is it that no one knows how to cook hash browns, I ask you how difficult is it, (okay, I'll stop). I arrived at home just before noon. In all, this was a great trip, with great company and I can't wait to do it again, can't get enough of American history and the sights we see along the way. I'd like to thank George for the trip, Mitchell for the hotels and Dave and Tina again for the wonderful food and for the offer of a razor (one that works). When do we ride again!

Wheet

