

Arkansas Cabin Vacation

Contributed by Jim Olivon
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When my wife started looking at Arkansas cabins as a destination for our vacation, I thought she was crazy. We are both music aficionados, forced by our jobs to toil in the relative obscurity of suburban Detroit, so when we have the time to take a vacation, we like to go to a place where we can hear music, loud and live, and in plenty. Some place like New York City, or at least St. Louis. There is Little Rock in Arkansas. Ozark mountain cabins are not exactly the center of the club scene.

But looking at all of the pictures of Arkansas cabins on the internet, it got me thinking – wouldn't you know it – of my father, and of the fishing trips he used to take me on. When I was little, we used to fish on the Ohio river. Even then, I wasn't what you would call much of an outdoorsman. While the other tykes ran around, doing boy scouts and little league, I sat inside reading. My dad, a professor at the local college, could hardly disapprove of my nascent intellectualism, but nonetheless, he thought that a boy my age should spend some time out of doors.

Without my father to force me outside, I must confess that I have somewhat lost track of what the squirrels and moose are up to since then, and I thought a vacation in one of those Arkansas cabins might be just what I needed. There were all kinds of cabins, from little mountain retreats in the Ozarks to generous, sprawling villas on the waterfront. Since it was my wife's idea, I let her choose between the Arkansas cabins, and we were off.

She's not much more decisive than I am, and by the time my wife could make up my mind, it was basically a matter of finding which of the Arkansas cabins were still open this late in the season. The one we picked was an Ozark mountain cabin, way off the beaten path, and with a breathtaking view of the whole region. Getting up there took us an extra three hours, and just to get to town to pick up some basic supplies was quite a hike. The electricity was bad, the water was cold, and the cabin was not all that well insulated, but it was worth it. My dad would be proud of me.

Next time, will pick from the Arkansas cabins earlier in the year.