

# PROCRASTINATION:

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia...**Procrastination** is the avoidance of doing a task that needs to be accomplished.<sup>[1]</sup> It is the practice of doing more pleasurable things in place of less pleasurable ones.

Some things are easier to put off than others. When there is a major mishap on a RetroTour, which unavoidably will occur from time to time, I often cope by compartmentalizing. I try to concentrate on the things that must be done without focusing on the unpleasant occurrence. What's odd about a big crash—which, let's face it, can happen to any of us at any time-- is that there really are few decisions to be made. Things happen as they must, and we are made to follow the events that ensue wherever they may take us.

On the final tour of 2016 a rider crashed hard on day two of a three-day trip. We were in a remote area far from home. Bike and rider were both out of commission. The rider is extremely competent and responsible, the bike was handling well with fresh rubber, good brakes and suspension. We were on a glorious ride in perfect weather deep inside West Virginia on a 17-mile-long stretch of narrow mountain road with no cross traffic, no traffic lights, no traffic, no animals.....almost heaven. As we crested the final mountain pass, only 2 miles from civilization, concentration was lost for a moment...a critical moment as it turns out. The rider failed to negotiate that final hairpin, bending the guardrail, the front forks, fender and rim and worst of all, breaking his leg just below the knee.

So that's my excuse for putting off this ride report for so long. Soon the new season will begin: spring is in the air. The crashed bike has been repaired and proved out recently on a 200-mile high speed run. The rider is back on his feet, post rehab, back to work, and back on his Ducati sport bike. We all came together and dealt with a bad situation, doing what had to be done. Now the time for procrastination is over. There is a story to be told.

## **REDNECK GYRO VI: September 10-11-12, 2016**

### The Riders:

John Pearce, Tacoma, WA  
Rich Stenzel, Imperial, PA  
Chuck Harman, Malvern, PA  
Chuck Gould, Newton, MA  
Robert Monteleone, Jackson Heights, NY  
Joel Samick, Kennett Square, PA

### The Bikes:

1974 Benelli Tornado 650  
1975 Ducati 860GT  
1979 Moto Guzzi V50  
1979 Moto Morini 500 Strada  
1971 Moto Guzzi Ambassador 750  
1972 Laverda 750SF



### The Plan:

Gather a group of 6 enthusiasts, put them on a half dozen Italian twin cylinder motorcycles of the 1970's, and enjoy switching bikes and covering close to 1,000 miles in three days of riding from southeastern PA to the mountains of West-by-God Virginia and back.

### The Reality:

Chuck Gould and Robert made their way south by car the day before our departure. I suppose Chuck, an attorney from Massachusetts, must have picked up Robert, a landscape specialist from New York, on the way: they arrived together to stay overnight here. Rich is a pilot out near Pittsburgh and he and John flew in a private plane to a tiny airstrip just 4 miles from the house. Rich is old friends with John, who's from Washington State originally, but currently retired and living in Viet Nam. He says the food there is good and the rent is cheap. He also loves the language, the culture, and the people. Living there, John says, lets him stretch his retirement dollars four times as far. John was stateside for a visit and thought that a RetroTour with his old friend might be fun. They also arrived the day before, and I picked them up at the air strip. Chuck Harman, also retired, is a local rider who came in Saturday morning to breakfast here and meet his fellow participants. This tour was scheduled for Saturday, Sunday, Monday, to avoid traffic.



Charles Gould, veteran RetroTourer, was on the first tour, September, 2000. Still smilin' 17 years on. A handsome subject (I mean the bike).

We eat our breakfast and hold the rider's meeting at 7:30, easily meeting our 8:30 departure goal. Our destination is near Berkeley Springs, WV: a very private vacation house down a long dirt road, on the side of a mountain, next to the Cacapon River. The route is designed to avoid highways altogether and includes some interesting stops.



After riding through the sun filled morning, Amish country, as always on Saturday mornings, is alive with brethren in horse drawn buggies. We stop at The Pinnacles, a scenic cliff-side overlook on the Susquehanna River, exactly 50 miles from here, and in the perfect spot for our morning break.

John Pearce, left; Chuck Harman, right.

## IT'S AN AWESOME VIEW!

### **MOTORCYCLE CANNONBALL 2016 SCHEDULE:**

#### **Saturday, September 10 Official Start, Stage 1 (152 miles)**

Breakfast available, Golden Nugget Hotel, Atlantic City, New Jersey

24 hours Bean & Bread. 24 hours Michael Patrick's

7:00 AM EDT Starbucks

8:00 AM The Buffet

8:00; 8:10; 8:20 AM Class I, II, III riders depart the Golden Nugget Hotel

8:45 AM All motorcycles in place, Harry's Oyster Bar, The Boardwalk, Atlantic City, New Jersey

9:30; 9:45; 10:00 AM EDT Official Start Times for Classes I, II, III, Harry's Oyster Bar, The Boardwalk, Atlantic City, New Jersey

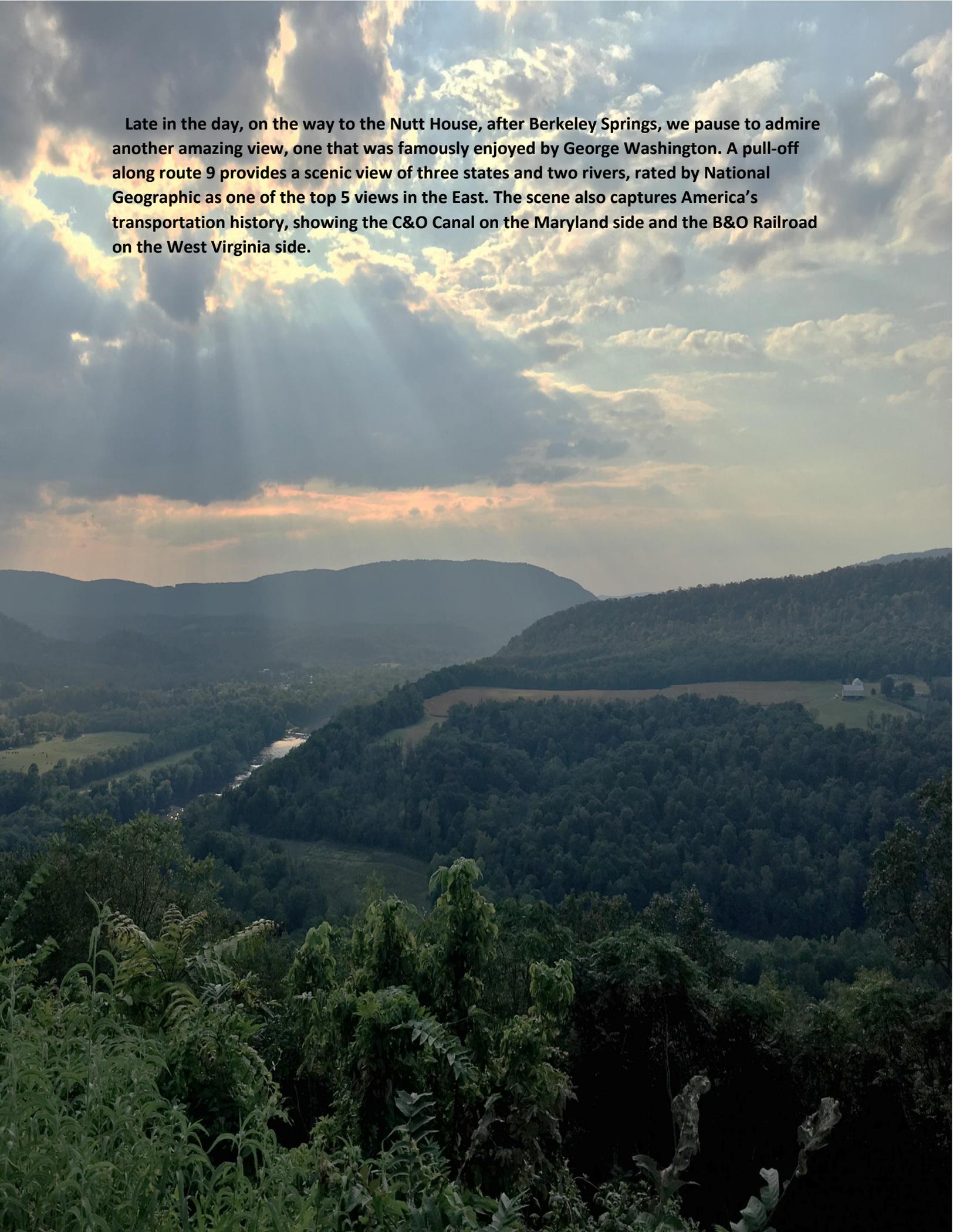
**1:15 PM Hosted Lunch, Chesapeake Harley-Davidson, Darlington, Maryland**

3:40; 3:55; 4:10 PM Finish Times for Classes III, II, I; Best Western, York, Pennsylvania

**We are not the only ones riding on a great adventure today. The Cannonball Run has begun from the New Jersey shore and I have heard that there is a planned stop at a Harley shop not far from here. I'm thinking that seeing the 100-year-old bikes on their way to the Pacific would be awesome. From the high cliff, several hundred feet above the river, I call Chesapeake HD to check the schedule but the Cannon Ball-ers will not begin arriving until after 1 o'clock which does not fit into our ride plan. Reluctantly, we miss this rare spectacle and continue west and south. After crossing the Susquehanna River, we zig-zag through a maze of tiny towns and byways, surmounting the Cacocin Mountains, the eastern extreme of the Blue Ridge, just past Thurmont, MD. Soon, Civil War battle cries echo across wide open pastures that were once bloody battlefields as we pass through Boonestown, then cross the Potomac River into WV at Shepherdstown. I cannot speak for the other riders, but as I cross into West Virginia I swear I can feel my blood pressure drop a bit and my heart rate slows; I love it here. Things seem to move a little bit slower and the mountains have a mystical presence that is palpable.**

**Soon we reach Berkeley Springs, stop for gas, and make our plans. We decide to head for the house, another 15 miles. We park up, choose beds, check out the hot tub, the fire pit, and the screened in porch. Some of the riders are very tired, some have sore backs, everyone realizes that we need to eat something but riding all the way back into town is just too much. Robert and I volunteer to ride back down the mountain and to the next village which has a small variety store. There is a small group of locals on the porch in front and of course, they wonder out loud about the 'flat landers' on funny old bikes. We chat them up pretty good, then load up our tank bags and back packs with provision for 6 hungry men: dinner and breakfast, and head back to The Nutt House, as our home for the weekend is called. Not gourmet food perhaps, but it does fill the hole. We sleep well after drinking, smoking, and talking into the wee hours, and of course there's a nice long soak, under the stars, in the hot tub. What a great day! Tomorrow, Sunday, riders are free to relax, float down river, explore, ride or whatever.**

Late in the day, on the way to the Nutt House, after Berkeley Springs, we pause to admire another amazing view, one that was famously enjoyed by George Washington. A pull-off along route 9 provides a scenic view of three states and two rivers, rated by National Geographic as one of the top 5 views in the East. The scene also captures America's transportation history, showing the C&O Canal on the Maryland side and the B&O Railroad on the West Virginia side.



Robert and I chat with the locals while shopping for dinner. A friendlier bunch would be impossible to find.



"I caught one this big.....but you should've seen the one that got away!"

We sleep in a bit on Sunday morning. The weather is fair and four of us plan to ride west for 75 or 100 miles, then cut north or south and take a parallel route back east to the Nutt House. An exact route is unnecessary here: there are no 'bad' roads. John is quite fatigued; understandable considering that his body clock is on Vietnamese time. Rich is having issues with his wrist; some of the old bikes have very stiff throttle return springs and it can bring out carpal tunnel syndrome symptoms which are difficult to ignore. That's fine because this ride is structured to allow for a day of R & R. Robert, the two Chucks and I head out and proceed with no particular destination in mind. It's a beautiful day, the bikes are running strong, we're well rested and there is no one else out here: we have the roads all to ourselves. After a quick stop for gas, we decide to get onto a smaller road and turn randomly onto Grassy Lick Road, with absolutely no idea of where it goes. WHAT FUN!



On a day like this, even the gas stops are fun! This road is unbelievable. It continues just about forever, and curves around and through gorgeous farm country and up and down several small mountains. We follow it at a brisk pace for a good hour with no concern for where we are or which way we are headed. Finally, we pop out on a road that looks vaguely familiar. I soon realize we

have 'found' Lost River, West Virginia. We're hungry and need a break, and I know where there is a tidy little restaurant just ahead. We stop and enjoy fresh soup and sandwiches along with a good cup of coffee. A plan is forming in my tiny brain. I know a road just few miles from here that is really special. It's 17 miles long with no cross traffic. Very narrow and technical, with several hairpins, as it surmounts two mountains on the way from Lost River State Park to the town of Moorefield. I make a point of admonishing my fellow riders that full attention is required for the upcoming segment. They are all good riders, they are rested and fed, we are ready to go for it.



LUNCH BREAK ON SUNDAY: A TALE OF TWO CHUCKS.





The Moto Morini, the Laverda, the Moto Guzzi, the Ducati, and the sun wait while we eat lunch.

### The Incident:

Shoving off from the little restaurant/coffee shop, we find our way to the obscure connecting road. I have been on it several times and I want the other riders to find their own pace. No one can get lost, as there are no turns for 17 miles, so I ease ahead, enjoying the ride. Now and then I slow enough to catch a glimpse of the next bike, so I know everyone is moving along. I trust these skilled, experienced riders; we have already covered over 350 miles together and everyone totally has their act together. Still, we all know that anything can happen at any time. It's part of what makes motorcycling so exciting. A momentary loss of concentration can have a high cost on this type of road and I get a bad feeling after carving around the final hairpin before the road drops down into town. The guard rail here is badly dented where numerous drivers have 'augered in'. I slow down a lot but no one is coming.

I make a quick U-turn and head back, fearing the worst. When I get to the hairpin I see bikes parked on both sides of the road, one rider on the ground, and the Laverda jammed totally under the guard rail. NOT GOOD! Now events take over and our plans are done. We must follow where things take us sorting the situation as best we can. First, we tend to the injured rider. He has a lot of leg pain and some shoulder pain but no bones sticking out, little if any abrasion, and he is coherent and breathing normally. Thank God for protective gear. Chuck has already called 911 and an ambulance is on the way. Another biker happens by the scene and stops long enough to help us extract the heavy Laverda which is well and truly wedged under the guard rail. We get the gas and ignition turned off and set the bike upright. The ambulance arrives and tends to our fallen comrade. A state trooper appears next, asks a bunch of questions, and departs.

### The Aftermath:

With the rider on the way to the hospital, we inspect the damaged bike. The front fender is squashed and preventing the handlebars from turning so we unbolt it and tie it to the luggage rack. The front forks are badly bent and the front rim is caved in so much that the front tire has a hernia: the inner tube is bulging out like a tennis ball. It's not exactly ride-able, and we are short one rider so the next step is to find a place to stash the bike. We park a good bike in a small pullout and I ride the Laverda down the mountain at 5 mph, using full body English, hanging totally off the seat and using all my strength to wrestle the handlebars, forcing the heavy wounded animal to approximate a straight-line trajectory. Amazingly, just a mile and a half downgrade there is a repair/tow shop that is open late on a Sunday afternoon.

There is a local couple manning the shop, and fortunately, they are extremely gracious and willing to help. They agree to store the bike for us. While the two Chucks ride two-up back up the mountain to fetch the bike we stashed in the pull out, I begin making phone calls from the office, where I am allowed to use the phone and the desk top computer. After 30 minutes of trying, I locate a U-Haul rental agency that, being attached to a campground, stays open even on Sunday evenings. It is a certainty that the injured rider will not be able to ride a bike home. Very likely he will need to stay put for several days. This puts us 1 rider short, so either we get a

truck on a one-way rental to haul the bike home or I will have to return the following week on a 600-mile round trip to fetch the broken Laverda.

The rental agency that can help us is located 100 miles away. The three of us ride like the dickens on the most direct route and get there in about 2 hours. We buy some tie down straps, load one bike into the truck and then caravan the loaded truck followed by 2 bikes back to Berkeley Springs. We have a dinner date in town with John and Rich and make it just before the restaurant closes. The food was good but we are still on a mission. We bring Rich and John up to date on the day's events and then caravan back to the house where Chuck Gould drops off his bike and rides with me in the truck another 70 miles to the tow yard. We get the wrecked bike loaded into the moving van and return to the house at around 1 AM, rather worse for the wear. Sleep comes easy.

The next day we are in touch with our wounded comrade and he has arranged to be picked up by friends and will seek medical attention at home. As things worked out, Rich's sore arm bothered him enough that he was actually pleased to volunteer to drive the loaded truck home, following his smart phone GPS on the highways, while the four of us rode the planned return route. Rich arrived home well before us of course. In fact, both bikes were unloaded by the time we arrived. Our return route was a most enjoyable ride, although of course the mood was dampened somewhat by the previous day's events. We passed back through Berkeley Springs, then followed the Mason Dixon Line east. As usual, Lynn had a great dinner waiting for us and I do believe a beer or three were consumed. Chuck Harman headed home after dinner, Chuck Gould, Rich and John stayed over again and departed the following morning.

I parked the Laverda in the far corner of the garage and tried not to think about it for a month or two. Finally, I put it on a lift, bought a few pieces and repaired what I could. The bike is back on the road and feels fine, looking only slightly worse for the wear. She's a tough old girl and has been crashed and repaired at least one other time in the past 45 years. It's only metal. What was made and wrecked can always be repaired or re-made. The injured rider had a great attitude and his injuries were not too extensive. After some (relatively) minor orthopedic surgery and a rigorous rehab program he is up and about, back at work and riding again. I hope to see him on another tour soon.

## Adventure

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From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

An **adventure** is an exciting or unusual experience. It may also be a bold, usually [risky](#) undertaking, with an uncertain outcome.<sup>[1]</sup> **Adventures may be activities with some potential for physical danger** such as [traveling](#), [exploring](#), [skydiving](#), [mountain climbing](#), [scuba diving](#), [river rafting](#) or participating in a [RetroTour](#).



OUCH!



