

## Ride Report: Motorcylepedia. Friday, Saturday, Sunday, 09/20,21,22, 2019



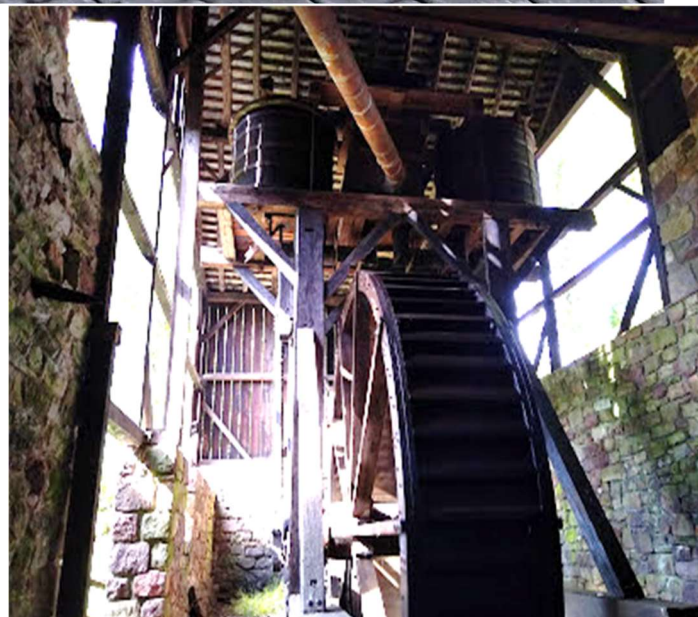
### Riders (left to right):

Rick Murray, Suwanee GA  
 Richard Anderson, Eastern Long island,  
 Ed Richmond, Allentown, PA  
 Don Alexander, Marlton, NJ  
 Joel Samick, Kennett Square (off camera)

### Bikes (left to right):

1973 Yamaha TX750; 53,950 miles  
 1970 Triumph T100C; 25,857 miles (behind)  
 1976 Honda CB500T; 30,778 miles  
 1974 BMW# R90/6; 35,909 miles  
 1979 Moto Guzzi V50; 29,710 miles (off camera)

***THIS WATER WHEEL AT HOPEWELL VILLAGE DRIVES A TWIN-CYLINDER  
 AIR PUMP TO STOKE THE CHARCOAL FIRE AND MELT IRON ORE.***





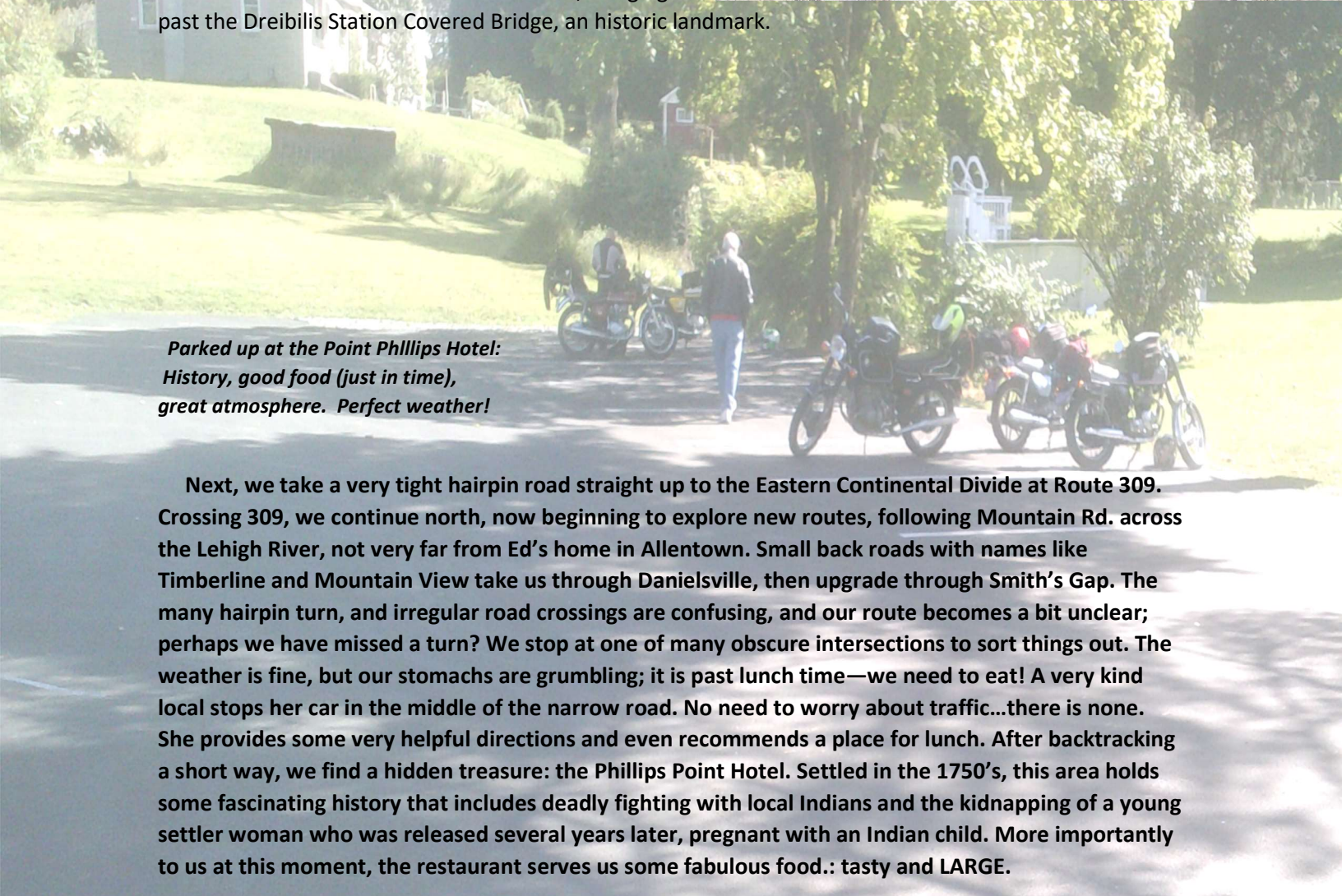
Richard, Don, and Rick arrived Thursday afternoon or evening. Richard drove down from Long Island, and Don over from Jersey.

I picked up Rick at the airport. These three early arrivals bunked up here and Ed joined us Friday morning for breakfast. With decent weather we headed north, following the Brandywine River through Coatesville, then picking up 345N, a wonderful, lightly travelled curvy road that passes through wooded Hopewell Furnace, terminating at Birdsboro. Crossing the Schuylkill River took us through Douglasville and Yellow House to Oley, where we switched to 662N through Fleetwood, the home of multiple AMA flat track champion Chris Carr. Shortly thereafter we reached 143N which follows Maiden Creek, bringing us past the Dreibilis Station Covered Bridge, an historic landmark.



*Parked up at the Point Phlllips Hotel:  
History, good food (just in time),  
great atmosphere. Perfect weather!*

Next, we take a very tight hairpin road straight up to the Eastern Continental Divide at Route 309. Crossing 309, we continue north, now beginning to explore new routes, following Mountain Rd. across the Lehigh River, not very far from Ed's home in Allentown. Small back roads with names like Timberline and Mountain View take us through Danielsville, then upgrade through Smith's Gap. The many hairpin turn, and irregular road crossings are confusing, and our route becomes a bit unclear; perhaps we have missed a turn? We stop at one of many obscure intersections to sort things out. The weather is fine, but our stomachs are grumbling; it is past lunch time—we need to eat! A very kind local stops her car in the middle of the narrow road. No need to worry about traffic...there is none. She provides some very helpful directions and even recommends a place for lunch. After backtracking a short way, we find a hidden treasure: the Phillips Point Hotel. Settled in the 1750's, this area holds some fascinating history that includes deadly fighting with local Indians and the kidnapping of a young settler woman who was released several years later, pregnant with an Indian child. More importantly to us at this moment, the restaurant serves us some fabulous food.: tasty and LARGE.







With our bellies full and the sun blazing gloriously, we are ready for the next phase of our journey. We retrace the wagon trail of the early settlers, passing through Smith Gap via a series of hairpin turns, then wending our way past scenic Chicola Lake and through Bangor and Flicksville to Martin's Creek, where we turn north to follow the west bank of the Delaware River. We cross over a tiny bridge to Belvidere, a small town in this rural, northwestern part of New Jersey. This is horse country, and we follow County Route 519 through all its twists and turns, fortunately plainly marked, enjoying the lack of traffic and lush greenery. Heading due north, we soon run out of New Jersey and re-cross the Delaware River at Dingman's Ferry, where the truck driver in front of us 'pays it forwards', covering the toll for all 5 of us! We wave when he pulls off a bit further ahead; guess he likes old bikes.





This is three state territory, where the Poconos blend into the Catskills, and as our northbound route veers slightly westwards, we cross the twisty Delaware for the third time at Barryville, another state line, and we are in the Empire State. Now we are crossing a vast forest peppered with a dozen lakes. One final gas stop and we reach Route 117, not far from Woodstock of Hippy days. We easily find Smallwood, a helter-skelter development on Mountain Lake where our cabin is supposed to be. The only thing is, we can't seem to find the cabin.

We explore the maze of unnamed streets, dead ending in private driveways several times. We are tired after a long day. Darkness is nearing. Finally, I ask everyone to turn off their engines and take a break while I scout around to find the cabin. Here it is, hidden at the very top of a long, steep hill. We pick our way across the front yard-- there is no driveway—and park in the back of the tired old, shabby looking lake house. The inside is, well, it's shocking! Very tiny and primitive; it's a good thing there are no wives along on this trip. I take a couch on the front porch, someone claims the couch in the central room, and there are two tiny bed rooms. The interior is brick and ancient plywood paneling. The ceilings are drooping, and the lights are like bare bulbs hanging from wires. Off the cramped galley kitchen is a narrow stairway leading to the attic which looks like the place where child molestation might be done. OK, I can't find the words; just look at the pictures.



***Seriously, this hand was actually guarding the attic!  
Not the nicest place we've ever stayed in.***

But if you're tired enough, any port will do in a storm. We scrounge some food including leftovers from lunch. Sleep comes quickly.





In the morning we have a quick cup of coffee then make our way east to Newburgh, stopping at Dunkin' for some breakfast. Our destination is 60 miles away at Motorcyclepedia: a museum with an eclectic assortment of bikes, including an Indian from every year of production, several "Walls of Death" and some of Big Daddy Roth's creations. We spend several hours; the pictures only tell part of the story.



*Below: A perfectly sectioned Ducati.*



*Time Line of Indian motorcycles*





Our stomachs are talking again, and they're saying: "FEED ME!" It's just a mile or two to Newburgh's waterfront. In more prosperous times, Newburgh was a huge center of rail and Hudson river transportation industries, including shipyards and an urban trolley system. Things declined by the 1970's to the point where the entire waterfront area was levelled to make way for a grand redevelopment. Many residents were relocated but the plan never materialized due to the 1973 oil crisis. Then in the 1990's the Hudson River shoreline was stabilized, the slopes above the shore were left as open space with a river view and the former industrial area was rebuilt with restaurants and marinas lining the river. Very sheik and touristy. We choose Captain Jakes's River House, a well-known biker destination with upscale, outdoor, riverside seating. We meet with a local friend of Richard's and enjoy the brilliant sunshine and a spectacular view of the mighty Hudson River.



There are some local "biker characters" about and we admire each-others' bikes. On the way over from Motorcyclepedia I noticed a strong gasoline odor while riding the TX750. In between courses I have a look and discover a swollen fuel hose where it connects to the carburetor. The only problem: the connection is in between the carbs and impossible to get a hand on. We work as a team: Richard and his buddy ride out to scout for an auto parts store where some new fuel line might be found. Meanwhile, with several helping hands, I pull the tank and can get a zip-tie noose around the hose to tighten it to stop the leak.

*Ed and Rick enjoying the Hudson River views.*





After our refreshing lunch/pit stop, we decide to run the highway back to our lakeside cabin. On one long upgrade, the T100C becomes a bit hot and bothered, going onto one cylinder. Luckily it seems fine after a brief cool down, and we were soon back 'at home'. After the long trip up, we know what to expect for day three: lots of miles, and after some pleasant 'guy-talk' we all retire, determined to get a good night's sleep.

The ride back was a highlight of the trip. We layered on the clothes for our cool early morning departure. Traffic was zero for miles and miles as we cruised back south through the thick forest. Just across the state line we turn west on PA Route 97, along the north shore of the Delaware River until we cross over the Roebbling Bridge. What is most interesting about this National Historic Landmark is that it was originally built in the mid 1800's as a suspension aqueduct, part of the D&H Canal System, connecting the coal fields of northern PA with markets in NY. Why build a suspended aqueduct/canal across a river? A very good question! At first the barges were simply floated across the river, but the timber industry also used the Delaware River, to float huge 'log-rafts' downstream to mills. After several collisions and delays, this unusual solution was built. When the canal closed in 1898 the viaduct was drained and used for vehicular traffic until the National Parks Service bought it in 1980 and in 1986, it was restored to original appearance and re-opened to vehicles. And in 2019, we get to ride over it, crossing through the sunlit, early morning mists.





The roads after crossing the river are the best. Designated as scenic byways, they wind back to a short stretch of Route 6, then through the tiny towns of Hawley and south along the shores of massive Lake Wallenpaupack; vistas abounding. We haven't had breakfast yet, but this is soon corrected at a roadside diner where a bunch of motorcycles are parked. There is a fire blazing inside and huge portions of pancakes are the house specialty. A mad chow down is called for; we have many miles yet to cover.



*Long late morning shadows, as Richard heads in for breakfast*

Back on the road, we run past Blakeslee, find 903, the 'Highway to Adventure', skirt Hickory Run State Park and negotiate The Lehigh Gorge. Finally, our route helps us sneak past the urban congestion that is Reading, then through Morgantown and Northbrook to return home, where a celebratory gourmet meal, home cooked by my loving wife Lynn, is served with adult beverages. It has been a fantastic weekend: perfect weather, competent riders, good companions, and great classic machines.

Sitting here in a Corona Virus induced funk, I cannot wait to do it again.

*Did I mention that there was a ghost in the attic?*







***NOW THAT'S A MEAL WORTH COMING HOME TO. THANKS AGAIN LYNN, YOU DA BEST-EST!***

***Left to right: Joel, Ed, Don, Richard, Rick***