

*Golden Age Air Museum Ride Report/July 14, 2024*



*Fred and Eric getting ready to fly (OK, to be flown) and looking quite dapper in their highly protective period correct leather helmets.*

It was one of those very hot days that seemed so common in the summer of '24. Very hot and humid, yes, but a brief, hard shower began at 1 o'clock just as we pulled into a Sunoco station that had some decent fried chicken. During this unscheduled but timely (if damp) lunch stop things cooled off a bit. There were two other motorcyclists--one with his lady on a Harley, the other riding a modified Vulcan "rat-chopper"-- sheltering there as well, and the motherly short order cook did right by us. Clear skies at 2 made it look like we might be able to get an airplane ride in after all. We left the gas station as mist began to rise from the drenched roadway; the sun was back in full force, and we weren't far from our destination. Amazingly, considering the intensity of the hour long downpour, we stayed dry despite never having used our rain gear. As they say, "Timing is Everything".

Fred and Eric had both been on tours before. Their experience combined with the small size of our group of three helped keep the morning breakfast/riders' meeting ritual/brief, and we headed down to the 76 CB550K, 77 XS650, and 76 CB400F slightly ahead of schedule. There were no tank bags fitted for this one-day, 200 mile event so we were off in a flash.





Our route takes us north and west, through Amish farm country, and includes a stop at Green Tree Hardware. Normally, the parking lot is full of horse drawn buggies but it's The Sabbath, and today we are alone. As we 'fly' through Strassburg we do see some equine traffic on the way to Kleinfeltersville, Womelsdorf, and Rehrersburg.

The roads are lightly trafficked, and the countryside is intensely green. The Golden Air Museum is nestled up against the prominent Appalachian Ridge, and it is a wide

open grass strip airport/museum with an active workshop and of course, short antique airplane rides for the brave of heart. Only 2 passengers at a time and I have been before, so Eric and Fred crawl up into the cockpit

for a 15 minute air excursion.

We switch bikes at will throughout the day so as to experience and enjoy all three.

Our return ride crosses the Schuylkill River then skirts Maiden Creek enroute to Kennett Square. We stop to fill the tanks just 3 miles from home, then fill our bellies with Lynn's famous salmon and lentil dish followed by ice cream for dessert. After a fine day of classic motorcycle riding *and* airplane flying it's time to say goodbye...until the next RetroTour.



