



# HOG WASH

NEWSLETTER OF THE HARLEY OWNERS GROUP, MONTGOMERY CO. CHAPTER



## Member Ride Report

### Trippin' – a Ride to Rhinebeck (June 11-13, 2010)

Other than family time, what better way is there to spend a long weekend than tooling around on your dream machine, exploring places unknown? I couldn't think of one. This time, I solo tripped up north to Rhinebeck, N.Y. for the Antique Motorcycle Club of America's (AMCA's) Grand National Super Meet, billed as the largest antique, 3-day motorcycle show and swap meet in the USA. As an old-bike buff, I couldn't pass up the opportunity, especially with a family member in Poughkeepsie offering a place to crash for a couple nights – perfect!

Now, only one question: Will that back tire with over 13,500 miles and tread only on the edges make it 350 miles up and another 350 back? Hmm... ahh, crap, better not risk it. Long story short, it was an interesting Thursday afternoon (and evening), but suffice to say, for once, I mounted and balanced a brand new tube and wide-whitewall Dunlop without any of the normal hitches, and the bike was off the lift by 9:00 p.m. After a quick test ride and some



final checks, things were looking good. Now I was set for an early morning start. Nothing like

just-in-time bike maintenance, but as they say, better to be safe.

Up early with the bike packed, I headed out Friday morning around 7:00, with that sense of excitement and adventure we all feel when starting out on yet another great trip. Of course, the beauty is, it really doesn't matter if it goes exactly as planned, that's part of the journey. Just make a general plan, follow it to a point, but stay loose and adjust to make it even more interesting and memorable. After a first gas up in Clarksville, I was on my way.

The weather was perfect, somewhat cool (if you can imagine that now) so long-sleeves were in order. The first 150 miles were very familiar, a route I've taken many times back/forth to NJ. Taking mostly lesser-traveled highways, I made my way around Baltimore and cruised up 83 N. to York, and somehow managed to keep riding right past the Maple Donuts (thanks Doc). Then, on to 30 E. and into the beautiful Amish country – through Lancaster, I picked up 222, then continued northeast through Reading, then Kutztown, and made my first gas stop near Oley, PA, home territory of the Reading MC club, one of the oldest MC clubs in the US. After a quick call home, I rehydrated, then continued on to Allentown, made a quick jog on 100 N. then onto old (narrow) Route 22 East to 33 N.

Heading north to Stroudsburg, PA, I saw a H-D sign and decided to make stop #2 in Snyder'sville to visit Schoch's **Continued—>**

## Member Ride Report (cont)

Harley-Davidson, a “classic” dealership dating back to the 1950’s – and the place looked it. Inside on the staircase were dozens of pictures of the good old days of motorcycling, including the old wide-angle club shots of gents and a few ladies astride mostly HD flatheads and a few knucks. On the second floor was a “museum” of sorts with about a dozen bikes, including a repainted 1920’s JD flathead in a glass case, set amongst lots of other antiques, farm tools, and other period paraphernalia from the early 1900s. The chairs and tables indicated this must be where they hold their HOG chapter meetings – wow, very cool. They were very friendly inside, good folk. I’d highly recommend a stop if you’re ever up that way.

From there, I enjoyed a winding cruise up 209 through the scenic Delaware Water Gap Recreational Area – great scenery, smooth road with some curves, and almost no traffic. The bike was humming along and so was I. It sounds like a contradiction, but there’s nothing like some inside-the-helmet time to free the mind. Through Dingman’s Ferry and just past Milford and Port Jervis, I connected to 84 E and changed up to Interstate pace – change is good.

The next 30 miles went by quickly, up/over the mountains where I noticed a field of gliders waiting to be towed. I was into NY and Orange County now, and so – why not – took a slight detour on 17K east and headed for Orange County Choppers in Newburgh, NY. It was about 1:00, and time for lunch anyway,



might as well check out the site of the feudin’ Teutel family. “Christian” passed me on the way in on a choppa – cool. I took a picture of almost every bike on display, checked out the shop area and

witnessed a build in progress through the one-way glass, and picked up a couple souvenirs for the kids. After a quick sandwich, I continued on 84E across the Hudson River and headed north on 9D then 9 at

Wappinger’s Falls (love that name, reminds me of Lake Wobegon) then on to Poughkeepsie and my gracious sister-in-law’s – thanks sis. A quick stop for some consumable gifts, and all was good.

The next day brought the main event. I made an early start through the mist and rode about 20 miles further north along scenic country roads east of the river, and finally pulled the bike in to the Dutchess County Fairgrounds in Rhinebeck, site of the Meet. This is the granddaddy of AMCA events in the northeast and there was something for almost everyone. Just through the gate, I walked by dozens of vendors selling all sorts of things related to motorcycling – from used parts to complete bikes, vintage clothing, books, and everything in between. There were several large buildings with many types of motorcycles. Inside one of the main halls was the MidAmerica auction, where maybe a hundred bikes were lined up for inspection waiting their turn to be called out by the auctioneer. Some of these bikes have been known to sell for big bucks (the U.S. record apparently was a 1915 Cyclone Board Track Racer that sold in 2008 for \$520,000), but many others could be had for much more modest sums. I watched the bidding for awhile, then moved outside again.

My favorite was the time line. This was a big field outside the main building with ~150 motorcycles (and a few hot rods) lined up in order of their vintage. The earliest bikes dated from the single-digit 1900s, with about 20 bikes older than 1920, with names like Emblem, Indian, Pierce, Pope, Reading, Rudge, Flying Merkel, many with the original white-rubber tires. And of course there were Harley-Davidsons – early Flatheads, Knuckleheads, Panheads, Shovelheads, and newer, some on two wheels, some with sidecars, some as customized Servi-Cars. All lined up, all very cool. This was a chronicle of our nation’s motorcycling evolution. It was difficult not to appreciate and be inspired by these early works of art. Even the light early-morning rain didn’t seem to dampen anyone’s spirits. I must’ve snapped a couple hundred pictures. **Continued—>**

## Member Ride Report (cont)

The infield held more surprises – including the Wall of Death, where daredevils ride old cycles (and go-karts) around the inside of a wooden “barrel” track that’s 24’ in diameter and 14’ high, and even snatch dollar bills (including mine) from the crowd’s extended hands as they circled the Motordrome. Pretty amazing. I headed outside the track up on the hillside near the empty livestock pens where there were more vendors and campers. There, I ran across an exact replica of the ‘50’s Panhead with “TEX” on the saddlebags being ogled by three awestruck lads in that famous poster. More grins. After buying a few small items including an almost-new wide-whitewall front tire (again!), I packed up the bike, and headed back to Poughkeepsie for one more peaceful night in upstate NY.

The 320+ mile ride home on Sunday was yet another adventure. I backtracked south down 9, crossed the Hudson, then picked up 209 S, but decided this time to ride through the Delaware Water Gap and take in the scenery. I stopped for gas at a rustic, one-of-a-kind gas/service station/snack store, complete with a live-bait vending machine – something you just don’t see every day. I then realized this was also the day of the Freemansburg Hill Climb (first of two events of the year), so on a whim, I arranged to meet good friends who just happened to be going there (these *are* my old stomping grounds), and realized I had some time to kill before meeting them. So, following some friendly local guidance just north of Marshall’s Creek, I veered off on Hollow Road on my way to 611 S. On this winding road, I passed by a cool-looking lake (Shawnee Lake) nearly covered by white pond lilies and just had to stop to take in the scene. I parked alongside a lone truck. I walked down to the water’s edge, looked out across the lake and there was a man in a kayak fishing about 100 yards offshore. Only a few minutes later (and I’m not making this up), something took his bait. I watched him reel in a sizable fish that broke the calm morning water several times. After he had the fish stowed away safely, he finally looked toward me, and I yelled, “Is that a bass?” “Nope,” he yelled. “Pickerel.” End of conversation. Now I ask you, how many times do you experience that on a ride? Very cool.

Continuing south, I connected onto 611 which

winds down the PA side of the Delaware River. As I made my way through the Water Gap, I lucked out as none of the “Falling Rocks” dislodged from the steep cliffs overhead. At the closest part of the Gap, I pulled into the scenic overlook to take it all in and was followed in by a couple on their Harley coming from the other direction, and we chatted awhile – another example of how quickly we bond with other riders. I continued down 611 along the river and made it through Easton, but not before donning the rain gear (the first of three



times that day). I met up with my friends at the hill climb, watched the parade of bikes rumble in, but didn’t stay for the event – I still had another 180 miles yet to go, and tomorrow was a work day. Too bad I couldn’t make a living this way (...maybe-?). About 20 miles later the sky opened up, but bad weather is all part of the experience, right? After a final gas stop again in Oley and a chat with two biker buddies heading north, I settled into cruise mode zone down 222 through Reading, then 30 W to Lancaster and York. After one final drying-out stop at the Renegade Classics store (how many more biker-related things could I do in one weekend?!), I headed down 83 S to Baltimore and home.

I pulled into the driveway, tired but full of grins and great memories of a super 3-day, 700-mile solo trip, and (hopefully) material for a decent trip-pin’ tale. Of course, now, it’s time to plan for that next ride. J

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The route north:

Olney...108E... 32 E... 29 N... 70 E... 695 N... 83N... 462 E  
Main St. York... 30 E... 222 N... 100N... 33 N... 209 N...  
84E... 17K E... 84E... 9W N... 44/55 E... 44 E... then back  
roads for 20 miles north to Rhinebeck.

By Tom Miller

*Member Ride Report*



Thanks again to Tom Miller for the great ride report , and the selection of pictures he shared with use. Just imagine the time and dedication the owners of these classics have put into these bikes.

