

Seven Springs Mountain Resort: August 4-7, 2017. RIDE 'EM DON'T HIDE 'EM



Nick on *his* 1976 Moto Guzzi T3

Is it because we're getting older? For some reason, only Nick Pechin from Hawaii signed up to ride back and forth across the state. There were still seven riders interested in using RetroTours bikes on site though, and like the inaugural event in 2016, I trailered them out the week before. Four were for staff and contributors to Motorcycle Classics Magazine, three for readers who wanted to get there some other way, but still have a bike to ride.

Nick's case was unique, in that he had purchased the bike on-line, then had me recondition and store it for over a year. He had originally planned to ride it to Seven Springs, then continue west to the Pacific and ship it to The Big Island. Alas, life interfered. In the end I bought the bike from Nick and continue to share and enjoy it via RetroTours. It is a fine bike: lovely to behold and a joy to ride; comfortable and oh so torquey! Nick will be back to ride it some more soon, I hope.

Pictured at right is Shane Powers of Motorcycle Classics Magazine. He enjoyed use of the Moto Morini 500 Strada for the weekend. Editor-in-Chief Richard Backus is behind his green BMW R75/5.



The ride out with Nick was easy. We had ridden together all the way to Birmingham, Alabama to visit the Barber Museum several years ago and we travel well together. I rode the KZ750 and Nick preferred to stay on his Guzzi the entire way. I chose the KZ for its reliability and user friendliness, two characteristics that are common for Japanese bikes of this era. Guess what? The performance ain't too shabby either. We kept a very respectable pace and even had time for a quick swim at a state park in the mountains. We arrived at Seven Springs Mountain resort in time for dinner, and as always, the food was amazing.

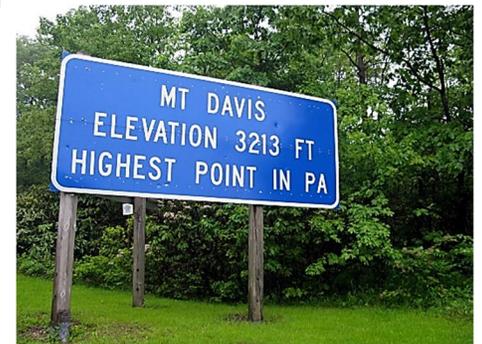


Our bikes were kept inside overnight. Some stunning machines to gawk at.

covered a bit over 100 miles, including a stop atop Mt. Davis, where many of us climbed up a fire watch tower to enjoy splendid views of Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Maryland.

There was a rider on a KZ like mine riding two-up with his wife (I'm guessing). I noticed at a certain point that she had switched to the back of another bike, and that he was riding without the benefit of a clutch: the cable had snapped. It so happened that I had a spare clutch cable stored under my seat, and at a short break, several of us attacked his bike, swapping out the clutch cable in about 7 minutes. I think he may have been impressed. I was happy to enable him to enjoy the close company of his spouse for the rest of the day. Around Christmas time I received a cool T-shirt and a thank-you note from that rider. Win-win!

On Saturday morning, after breakfast, we rode with the group of 60 or so riders on a relaxed tour of the area's back roads and Amish farm country. I remember coming around one bend and seeing a young Amish boy, slack jawed, watching the seemingly endless parade of motorcycles stream by. He was pointing, waving, clapping his hands, and laughing all at once. So was I; it was a delightful day. We had lunch at a fine restaurant and





AT LEFT: Some of the RetroTours bikes that were rented for on-site use. The Red Kawasaki KZ750 that I rode to the event, the R90/6 (with its headlight on), and the Moto Guzzi Ambassador (behind the BMW). Here, the group is just leaving a historic bridge where a group photo was staged.

Some of the riders were quick to scramble up the 7 or 8 flights to catch a fabulous view. Others were not so quick to make the climb.





On Sunday, Nick and I head back east, stopping for gas at the same country station where I had stopped the year before. Amazingly, the same group of local fellows are sitting on the front porch, having their informal Sunday-morning 'town meeting' and a strong cup of coffee. We all recognize one another too.

Nick and I go on to explore a fantastic little mountain road that I had discovered the year before by accident. We use 8 or 10 miles of dirt road to connect a few of the dots on my map, and when we stop for a short break in the woods, the silence and the serenity of the spot make a strong impression. I sometimes recall that moment when I need to feel calm. We run along some of those tiny back roads for endless miles, a little bit lost, and not caring one bit. The outback in central PA'S interior is truly beautiful country. What a fantastic planet we live on! A third day of outstanding weather, another 250 miles covered, and we arrive home to a hot meal, a cold beer, and Motrin. Life is good.



THE VIEW FROM THE TOP

