

Homeward Bound.

MilTown to Philly – 2100 miles on the open road.



Thursday night we tried to diagnose an electrical problem with the bike. After re-soldering numerous connections and testing the coils, ignition, fuse box and everything else under the sun the problem was discovered and eventually fixed...only it took until Friday night at 4pm.



The bike all loaded up and ready to hit the road to Chicago. Got to admit, after having an electrical issue that was tied to running the headlight I was a bit nervous to drive 97 miles to Chicago in the dark. But what the hell...



I Pulled into my cousins house in Chicago, and ended up right next to a 78' SuperSport for the night. My fingers were crossed no little punks happen to come by looking for something to spray paint.



After a “good” night rest on the couch with my cousins annoying cat, Ramsey, and a warm breakfast of authentic Mexican Tacos I hit the open road to Cincinnati. Down Lake Shore Drive, through Gary, Indiana (no asking for directions there) and onto Rt.130. It was just me and the bike, warm sunshine, plenty of farmland, and some kick-ass classic rock on Pandora for about 4.5 hrs. It was AWESOME.



I stumbled upon a cool little antique/vintage shop in Huntington, IN that served homemade ice cream and had the largest selection of hand crafted root beers and cream sodas I have ever seen. Took a little R & R on the sidewalk in the sunshine to let the bike (and myself) catch a breather.





Along Rt. 130



Further down Rt. 130 right before I ended up heading South near Fort Wayne, IN. Bike was running like a champ – I was a bit shocked at how well it was running to be honest. Confident at this point, I headed south on Highway 27 towards Cincy and eventually took refuge with my boy from high school, Jeremy Price at his new house on the outskirts of the city.

I slept a few hours, tried to work out the cramp in my back, slammed a couple cups of coffee and then hit the road across Ohio towards Tygart Lake, WV. HWY 50 took me basically all the way to WV. I ventured through lots of small towns and met lots of people with a few missing teef'.





This was shot on the side of the road on HWY 50. It was my "EasyRider" moment of glory...



The view from right outside my cabin window.

I was soooooooo damn happy that had one room left at this place. The forecast was calling for rain and the last thing I wanted to deal with was waking up in a tent soaking wet.



Pulling into this seemingly made it all worthwhile.

Grabbed a nice steak dinner, and a few Jameson and Ginger's at the local eatery and then called it a night. The last day was a strong push to make up for lost time due to the electrical issue on Thursday. I had to be in Philly the following night, no questions asked-and that was shoeing up as a 10hr drive on the GPS...



The next morning. This is a shot from the bottom of the mountains in WVA on The old George Washington Highway. They let me get the last tank of gas before they shut the pumps down for cleaning. I was like "thank-god I got here when I did" or I would have been stranded for at least 3-4 hours the attendant said. I've never even heard of cleaning a gas tank, but I wasn't going to argue with her...



And this is a shot from the top of the mountains.



Finally out of the woods & mountains and I came across Dan's Antiques...

I like antiques and vintage sh*t so this was an obvious choice to rest my legs for a few minutes. I picked up a pretty bad-ass Smith & Wesson pocket knife from the WVA highway patrol on the cheap.



And me back at home in Collingswood, NJ after an amazing 4 day journey, 2100 miles on a 1974 Honda CB550 that I will now have forever!