



**Vintage Japanese
Motorcycle Club**
North America, Inc.

This is the story of two men who rode their mid 60's Honda 305cc bikes from Philadelphia, PA to Merrimack, NH on an 1,100 mile quest for free food and beer.

They had the COURAGE to accept....



Bob Pryor climbs to the top of a mountain on his 305 Dream.

By former VJMC webmaster Greg Shortridge and VJMC member [Bob Pryor](#)

[return to Articles Index](#)

Important message from the authors: This story was written by the two motorcyclists who took the 305cc challenge, Greg and Bob. The original story was written by Greg and then sent to Bob for his comments. (Wouldn't want to put any words in Bob's mouth.)

You can identify Bob's comments because they are in blue and italicized like this,
Bob: Hello, my name is Bob!

Enjoy,
Greg and Bob.

It all started right after the April 1999 Oley PA antique motorcycle show. I met up with my friend Bob Pryor at the show and we rode back to his house in Southeastern Pennsylvania to see his collection of vintage bikes. We were looking at his beautifully restored white 1965 Honda 305 Dream and Bob said, "You know, I'm thinking about riding up to New Hampshire for the VJMC Spring Cookout in May. I know the Dream is the right bike for the event, but I don't know if I can stand the Dream's bouncing and squeaking for that long. Maybe I'll just take the BMW."

Well, I ride a 305cc Superhawk myself and I couldn't let Bob be ridiculed by all the VJMC members for riding a BMW to the cookout! "Bob, I'll make you a deal. If you ride the Dream, I'll join you on my Superhawk. Two Honda 305's rumbling all the way from Pennsylvania to New Hampshire and back. What say? Do you accept the 305cc challenge?"

Bob: The only challenge was to my sanity! The nice folks here at the institution say I'll be ready to go home again in a few weeks.

Bob thought for a moment and responded, "Yeah. It'll be fun, and I know the Dream is up to it. I bet she could make it out to California right now if I just started riding. Only one thing I worry about. I don't want to take the main roads on this little bike. In fact, I'd really like to take some of the small roads that aren't even on the maps. I wonder how we could do that?"

Bob: Little did I know that Greg's plan for accomplishing this included not looking at ANY maps.

"Bob, follow me outside and let me show you something." Bob and I walked outside and I pointed to the windshield mounted compass on my Superhawk. "I took an automotive compass and mounted it to the windshield of my bike. Now I don't need to follow the boring roads on the map. I just pick a direction and GO!"

Bob: Even if it's the wrong direction! If little lost sheep could ride motorcycles, they would have taken the same route we did.



The secret to our success. My windshield mounted compass!

Bob: Just looking at that thing makes my head hurt! Now, where did I put that aspirin bottle? Darn these child proof caps!

Bob stared at the compass with eyes wide and mouth hanging open. "Greg, you're brilliant! What a great way to travel! With your compass, I'll bet we can find some really remote back roads on our trip to New Hampshire."

So, on Friday May 14th at 6:00 in the morning, Bob and I both left our homes and began the 305cc challenge. Since Bob lives west of Philadelphia, and I live east of Philadelphia on the Jersey side, and neither one of us wanted to come through the city, we agreed to meet at a Perkins restaurant just north of Trenton New Jersey. My ride on the Superhawk was uneventful except for running out of gas just as I pulled into the Perkins restaurant and saw Bob's Dream. Luckily, I was within 40 feet of a gas station when the Superhawk started sputtering. My bike has always been well behaved and usually runs out of gas only when a gas station is in sight.

Bob: Except for that time there was no gas in sight and we had to give the Super Hawk a gas transfusion from my Dream with a thimble sized plastic cap. Fixed that plugged up reserve circuit yet?



Me (Greg) in the Perkins parking lot at the beginning of the challenge.

We both ate a huge breakfast at Perkins, put our gear back on, fired up the bikes and headed north up the Jersey side of the Delaware River. The ride was beautiful, with lots of curvy back country roads and very little traffic. After about an hour, Bob and I stopped for gas and Bob said, "Greg, these roads sure have been nice, but the yellow lines down the middle of the road are starting to bug me, and I'd like to see how the Dream handles the rough stuff. Let's give that compass of yours a try!"

"Sounds good to me, Bob." After filling up with gas I assumed the lead and we motored off to nowhere, just keeping the compass pointed in a general northward direction and taking whatever road looked promising. What wonders we saw....

Bob: Like beautiful downtown Ellenville, NY. Three times in two hours! The locals were starting to stare at us by the third pass through. Are you sure you installed that compass properly?



A leaning barn in the middle of nowhere.



an old decaying resort somewhere in the mountains.



A beautiful dirt road that seemed to go on forever...



...until we came to the stream. I told Bob I had a pretty good line picked out and was ready to charge it, but Bob thought it best to turn around.

Bob: I thought it best to turn around because IÕve seen the movie Deliverance and Greg has not. He was oblivious to all the misspelled "No Trespassing" signs we passed in the previous 5 miles.

The Dream and the Superhawk handled the rough gravel roads pretty well. At first, Bob had a bit of trouble with the gravel and asked me for some advice. I told him that there are only two things he needs to know, "Watch out for the BIG rocks, and when in doubt, GAS IT!" After digesting my advice Bob's performance on the dirt improved greatly.

Bob: In these offroad sections, Greg would get a little ahead and I would daydream about coming around the next corner and seeing Greg pinned under his bike and being mauled by a Bear. Ideally, I'd arrive just in time to snap a real nice picture for

the web site and feed Greg's compass to the Bear.

On Friday night, Bob and I stayed at the cheapest hotel we could find. After the long grueling day, sleep came quickly, and I would have slept quite well that night, except that I was awakened suddenly in the middle of the night by a horrendous noise! Was the world coming to an end? A thunderstorm perhaps? No, it was just Bob snoring. Some toilet paper shoved in my ears and a pillow over my head allowed me to get back to sleep. For the remainder of the journey, I always went to sleep with toilet paper in my ears and a pillow on my head.



The Superhawk and Dream were parked right next to a Hog at the hotel overnight.

All three machines were well behaved and no fights occurred.

However, the superhawk did mark it's territory with a puddle of oil.

On Saturday, we hit the road early and rode up to VJMC President Ron Burton's house in Merrimack, NH. The VJMC cookout at Ron's house was terrific. Ron really put together a great event, and a whole lot of friendly people on some really neat Vintage Japanese bikes were in attendance. Here's a bunch of pictures from the cookout: (note: thanks to [J. Braun](#) and [Jim Mail](#) for supplying a lot of the pictures!)



Peter Randall with his as new 1970 Minitrail.



[Ron Burton](#) (far right) and his '76 Suzuki RE5 Rotary.



[Jack Raitto's](#) very nice CB750.



[Mike Muessel](#) and his 150cc Benly CA95.



Beth Braun and her tastefully decorated Honda 305cc Dream.



Mark Holbrook's Honda CB175



Charles Laughton and his Yamaha RD400.



Al Kelley (far right) and his Beautiful pin striped '64 Honda CA77 Dream.



J. Braun and his '86 Honda VF1000R.



Tom Lenord's '72 Suzuki GT750 Water Buffalo.
The picture does not do this bike justice. It is flawless.



[Ron Burton's](#) beautifully restored '66 CB450K0 Black Bomber



[Jim Mail](#) and his recently restored Honda CB750.



[Joe Wilbur's](#) '66 Yamaha YA6.



Eric Nachbaur brought a very interesting Yetman framed Yamaha Twin Jet!



[Michael Stoic](#) tries to talk Ron Burton into letting him ride the RE5 Rotary.



When [Eli Kirtz](#) showed up on his 'ghetto' CB77, a crowd quickly formed around him.



True motorcycle enthusiasts will immediately recognize that Eli's seat is not covered with ordinary duct tape. "Gaffers tape," Eli explained, "is a much better choice."



The food at the cookout was terrific!



Many thanks to Ron's wife Andie!

On Sunday morning after the cookout, J. Braun, Bob Pryor, Beth Braun, and I started the journey home together. Bob and I rode with Beth and J for a while, and then branched off, heading back to the Philadelphia area.



Beth Braun riding home on her Dream.



Me (Greg) Riding home on the Superhawk.

On the ride home, once again, Bob suggested that we take the most remote roads possible, and once again we saw some spectacular sights.

Bob: Like Ellenville, NY. Twice more! Greg had some kinda Bermuda triangle theory about mineral deposits in this part of the Catskill Mountains affecting his compass. My theory is he has some serious mineral deposits in his head!



During a weak moment, Bob resorts to examining the map.

We continued to use the compass for navigation and ride on rough remote roads until Bob noticed that the tread on his 30 year old white wall tires was starting to come apart. The tires were all cracked and we both had visions of big chunks of tread flying off Bob's tires like a cheap re-tread from an 18-wheeler. We prudently chose better quality roads for the remainder of the ride and kept our speed down. Fortunately, Bob's tires got him home safely.

Bob: The tire problem was a convenient and welcome excuse to keep to paved roads for the last part of the trip.

In closing, I'd like to repeat something that I heard over and over at the VJMC cookout, "Hey this is great. Lets have some more events like this throughout the year. It could be a cookout, or we could meet at a hill climb, or a race, or whatever!" Sounds good to me!

Bob: Me too! Greg and I had a great trip. Four days of perfect riding weather, it was an adventure to remember. We had a lot of hilarious moments and IÖm looking forward to doing it again.

Thanks to Ron for putting on the BBQ. It was a great opportunity to meet other VJMC members in person.

IÕm considering having a similar event, here at my house in SouthEastern PA in the Fall. Anyone who might be interested in attending, get in touch ([Click here to send Bob an e-mail](#)), IÕll start a head count and try to pick a weekend.

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