

The Five and Dime Plus a Step Back in Time Ride 16 September 2006



Figure 1 Route Map

The rain, pounding on my roof at 5am, woke me up. I remembered Jo asking at the last meeting if the ride were “rain or shine”. I had nodded my head. I regretted that answer now. I got up and turned on the weather. Looked like a single solitary storm headed south. It’ll be gone by the time I leave for Waffle Town I thought as I tried to sneak another 40 winks in.

I left the house at seven, got some gas, and got on I-64 towards Bower’s Hill. I hadn’t gotten to the Great Bridge exit when the rain started again. I took the exit ramp and put on my rain suit in a construction area. I started thinking about postponing the ride a week because I was sure no one would want to ride to Richmond in weather like this.

I was the second one to arrive at Waffle Town. Larry was waiting. In a few short minutes Rusty showed up, followed by Bob Ross, and then by Greg and Linda Cutter. It was still raining, but not hard, and no one was mentioning the “postpone” word as we ate breakfast.

By nine, the rain had stopped and we could see patches of blue in the sky in the direction we were heading. All was good until Greg had a fight with the nozzle of a fuel pump at a gas station next to Waffle Town. The good news was nothing caught on fire, the bad news was Greg and his new bike, were doused pretty good. A pound of paper towels and five minutes later we were on the road.

We took 17 to Smithfield and picked up 10 briefly. We rode through the edge of historic Smithfield to find the end of 626. We followed 626 until it ended in Surrey. Took a right on 31 and rode it to the ferry station at Scotland Neck.



Figure 2 Group waiting for Surry Ferry



Greg airing his gas spill



Larry and Bob talking



A gas spill really smells



Group crossing James River

The ferry took us across the James where we met Pat at the Jamestown campground. We had about 15 minutes to kill before our 11 o'clock departure, so Larry and Bob, rode through the campground reporting back that it was fit for our rally next month.

11 o'clock came and we jumped on 5 for the ride to Richmond. We connected with I-295 after about an hour. Larry pulled beside me and gave me the sign that he was on reserve and needed gas in a hurry. Unfortunately, Greg had drained all of the gas out of his pocket on the ferry so there was no help there. Fortunately, there was gas at our US-60 turnoff 3 miles away. Even more fortunately, the Virginia Aviation Museum was another 2 miles down US-60 from the gas station.



Figure 3 Virginia Air Museum

My brother, David, met us outside the museum and showed us to a room inside where we could stow our jackets and helmets. Then he started the tour with replicas of the Wright brothers gliders. We slowly circled the museum as he explained the evolution of the airplane. Most of the aircraft on display were from the WWI era up to the beginning of WWII. There was also an interesting collection aircraft engines from a mock up of a Wright brothers engine through a SR-71 spy plane jet engine.



Dave in blue shirt (far right) explaining exhibits.

The tour lasted about an hour and then it was off to Ma and Pa's restaurant for lunch. BBQ and Meat Loaf seemed to be the club member's favorites.

By now, it was well past two and time to head back home. This half of the ride was pretty uneventful. We reversed direction and took US-60 to I-295 to route-5. We crossed the James just east of Hopewell on route 106 and picked up route 10. Part of the way back to Surrey the rain started again. I pulled over to put my rain suit on again. Pat went on ahead to catch the ferry back to the Peninsula plus Greg and Linda had dinner plans and needed to hustle back. The rest of us pushed on, once I got my suit on, and I got home about 5:00 pm (tired but with a smile on my face – it was a good ride).