



Sundae Edition

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This and That

Notes from the Editor

Cheer up, everybody—the days are getting longer, the cold nights shorter. It won't be long before we are able to resume our adventurous exploits on two (or three) wheels. Meanwhile, to get you in the mood, check out the continuation of Desse's 2022 journey. The action begins on page 2.



To plan for 2023 we'll need a good turnout at the Winter Quad State. Make your plans now so you don't miss out on the special hotel rates (or worse—the chance to help assemble another challenging jigsaw puzzle!)

Feb 24-26: Make Your Winter Quat-State Plans Now!

By Chuck Tydrich

I spoke with Claire at the Holiday Inn Express in Sauk City, WI. Looks like we will be good for Feb.24-26. She is emailing me a contract I have to sign and return and then we can begin calling in for reservations.

The rooms will be held till 3 weeks prior to arrival (till Feb. 3). I asked for 4 single Kings and 4 double queens. Got a price of \$109 + taxes and fees. Once I have the signed contract on the way back to the Inn, I will spam out a group email with all the needed information.

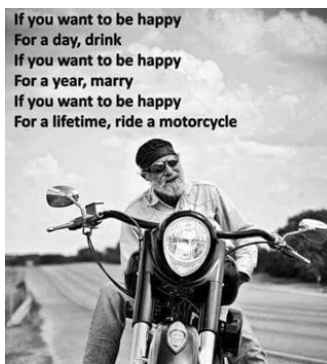
By Dale Peterson

If you're planning on attending this rally, please click on the link below for hotel reservation info. Chuck has 8 rooms on hold until Feb. 3. See you there!

<http://www.heartlandsundaeroadriders.com/quad-state-rally.html>

2023 Heartland Sundae Riders Schedule

Feb 24-26 - Quad State, ,Sauk City, WI—Contact Chuck Tydrich for more info



If you want to be happy
For a day, drink
If you want to be happy
For a year, marry
If you want to be happy
For a lifetime, ride a motorcycle

*Ride All You Can,
While You Can.
Life Can Be Altered
In An Instant!*



My Epic Solo Trip West—Part Two

By Desse Johnston

(Resuming at Jacob Lake with IBMC)...

After a pleasant night sleeping in real blackout conditions and cool temperatures, I got up when I heard folks stirring. I looked for the group I rode in with to see what the breakfast plan was. They decided they were going to walk over to the nearby restaurant, so I joined



them. It was a nice stroll with some photo ops along the way. The inside of the place was very lodge-like and the dining room had really nice Native American decor. After we ate, we all browsed the gift shop area and then ordered bags of ice for our coolers. They actually bag it up right there on the premises. We even had one fella who had ridden over on his trike (with a trunk) who offered to ride the load back for us, relieving us of having to lug it back and have it be half melted by the time we returned. It was an offer we didn't refuse.



I also met a couple from San Diego, CA (Patriot Riders) who had been seated next to me at breakfast who asked if I'd like to ride with them to the North Rim in their car. That was an offer I accepted as well. Had I ridden my bike I wasn't sure of gas along the way and it would be a 90 mile round trip plus any residual riding. It was also getting warm and if in a car, I could wear shorts and gym shoes instead of boots and jeans. I grabbed my water bottle and day bag and off I went with them.

The scenery was all new to me and stunning except for the burned part. Burned trees are a sad thing to behold. We found a parking spot and first ambled through the little village area and looked at the wonderful rental cabins built back in the 30's by the CCC. They were beautiful and built to last. I would have loved to have seen the inside of them as well but they all seemed to be occupied, probably reserved years in advance.



We looked for a trail to hike (Bright Angel Point) and were on our way. It was blacktopped in most places but when the grade went up, it got strenuous for me. My newfound friends were good about waiting and letting me catch my breath before continuing on. I used the respite as an opportunity to take some pictures.



The immensity of the canyon is just so awesome in the true sense of the word. It went on for as far as my eyes could see. I would have loved to have gotten a raptor's eye view from above.

Sometimes the trail narrowed and we had to tuck in to let others go by. Some of those others were people from faraway countries. We had a few "small world" encounters with some of them. People the world over love the great outdoors. We people of the U.S.A. are so lucky to have such an abundance of these gorgeous parks and probably do take them for granted. I, myself, waited far too long to try to take in as many as I can. Now I'm trying to play catch up.

We eventually headed back to camp as others from our organization rode in. I strolled around and visited with people, checked out their bikes and tents or campers. Some had older discontinued units and others had new top of the line campers. All served their purpose for what was needed. I can't get over the ideas people come up with to customize their bikes and abodes. One tobacco chewer had a handlebar mounted spittoon. To each his own, I guess.

New arrivals kept coming in, some with doggies and/or kids. That night we were treated to hot dogs and salads by the hosts and told we would have chili the next day so no evening cooking for me. This encampment was getting better all the time. I'm used to camping in smaller groups. This was like a big hobo camp but with no harassment from a railroad gang with clubs.

The next morning, after eating in camp, I decided to visit the North Rim again. I felt a bit like I cheated the day before because I didn't ride in on two wheels so I had to go back. I also remembered seeing a gas station half way there so gas would not be an issue.

It's funny that when you repeat a route, you see things you didn't see previously. I stopped at a pull off to get pictures of a herd of buffalo and wished they were closer. No sooner did I wish that, the herd started heading my way toward the road, babies following along. I took videos as they got up to the road and crossed over, stopping traffic in both directions. Everyone else got out of vehicles and took pictures/videos as well. The herd then turned around and sauntered back. It was as though they put on this exhibition just for us humans. I thought that was downright sporting of them.

I continued on to the park to hike a trail in the opposite direction than that of the previous day. This time it was hotter and I didn't get as far so I hoofed it to the village area once again and picked up some postcards. They had a postal station so I found a place to sit and write them out so I could mail them from there.



I met more friendly tourists who liked to chat. One never gets lonesome when traveling alone. A couple of gals had a stuffed animal that traveled all over the world with them and was always included in their photos. What a nice idea. Kind of like what Women on Wheels does with their cardboard mascots on a stick.

I had a nice leisurely ride back to camp and then changed back into shorts. I decided to take a walk to get a bag of ice but wanted to take a short cut to the little restaurant. There was a fence along the campground property line but I figured I could either climb over it or duck under. I chose to duck under and didn't realize I would have to get flat on my belly and wiggle my way to the other side and there were stickers galore on the ground from the trees. Now I would have to put my bare palms and knees down on them to get up. This was no easy task and I grimaced as I did so. Crawling under the fence wasn't one of my brightest ideas of the day. I decided I would walk back the long way. I took more pictures, got my ice and headed back to pack up some stuff for the next day's departure before the evening festivities took place.

Later, we had our final group gathering on a large pavillion. All were in attendance for the meal, pictures, and awards. I got an honorable mention for long distance but the true winner had come from North Carolina. I was also mentioned as the 3rd oldest female rider. It was not so long ago I used to win for youngest female rider. How times have changed. The two oldest male riders were 92 and 87, both from California. They had to cross Death Valley to get to the Nat'l. I sat up a while after dark visiting and eventually turned in. The next day I would be off on my own again and on my way to Utah and more scenic beauty.

People got up early the next morning to get on the road. Most had already pulled out before I even started to tear down. I ended up being one of the last out. I got out to the highway (89) and headed north. Someone had told me to be sure and stop at a quirky place called Moqui Cave. I was hungry when I got there and a food truck was on the premises so I placed an order and sat at a cool picnic table that was mounted atop a canoe. Afterward I wandered inside to see the displays, all manner of cool stuff, including colorful gem-

stones. I also discovered, back in the day, they filmed numerous cowboy movies there. I had never heard of the place. I found huckleberry honey in the gift shop and bought a jar to take home to Ron so he could have purple toast. I started collecting postcards again, some to send, some to keep.

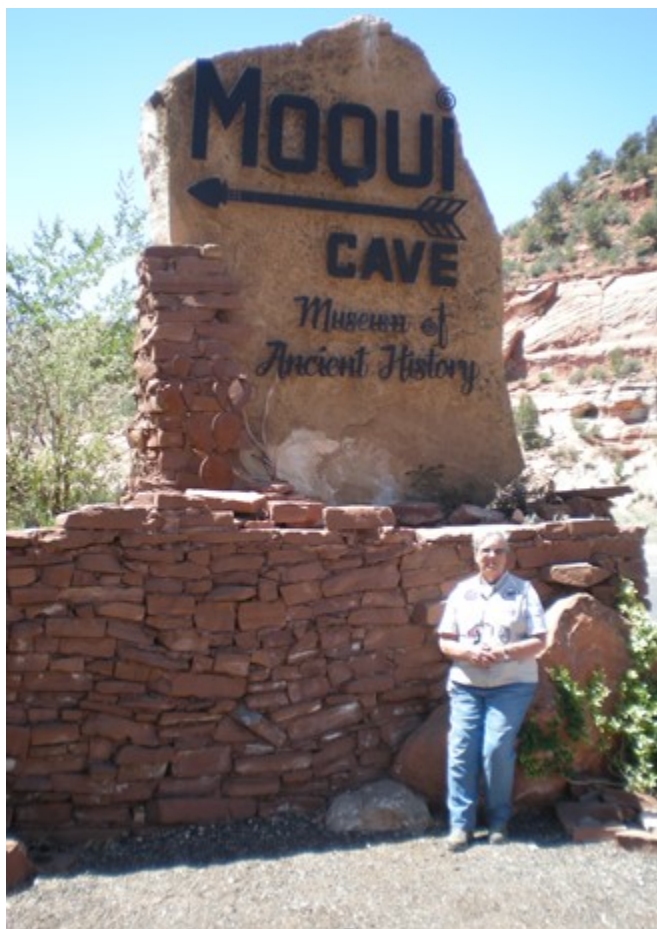
Afterward it was on to Zion Park. The first of the Mighty Five Nat'l

Parks of UT. There are also many monuments. Riding through this park was astounding but I did it pulling my trailer. I didn't take time to stop and take pictures since I wanted to ride to the other end, get a place to camp and remove the trailer, then return. When I got to the other end however, I found the campground full and was told any other place nearby would also likely be full so I rode back through the park (including a long, dark, spooky tunnel) and went to the visitor center.

They gave me a list of

campgrounds to call. The first on the list was about an hour away heading toward Bryce Canyon and it had openings so I rode there. It was quite suitable and I would be there for two days.

I set up next to a pasture where horses would come visit (or mooch apples) daily. I encountered this a lot. I had a nice couple from FL across the road from me. They had an unusual set up. They camped in a box truck that had a ramp in back. They also had a bike and sidecar to travel around on. When in FL during the winter months, they portray Mr. & Mrs. Santa Claus and they took those roles very seriously. When kids ask where they are from, they tell them the North Pole. The gent had a full head of snow white hair and a full white beard. They showed me pictures of themselves in their Christmas clothes. Sometimes the lady was Mrs. Santa, sometimes an elf. What a fun side gig, eh? Everyone has an interesting story to tell. Who'd a thunk I'd meet Mr. & Mrs. Santa Claus out in a Utah desert campground. You just never know.





It got nippy cold during the night, typical in desert areas, but I knew it would warm up during the day. I had a stupendous ride to both Red Canyon and Bryce Canyon the next day and took lots of pictures. There were no crowds or traffic, unlike at Zion. I rode up to Rainbow Point and strolled around, but did no true hiking. It was cool at 9000 ft. After a while I headed back to the town outside the park and found a wonderful place to have a cowboy buffet lunch. I treated myself to the feast, the first really big meal of my trip. It would be my only meal of the day. I then rode back toward camp and took delight in knowing everything was already set up and waiting for me.



By now, I was really starting to notice the dry air. I seemed to be thirsty all the time. The skin around my fingertips was starting to crack and get sore. I took it easy that evening and enjoyed my visit from the horses. I had a gal come by and offer me a bag full of candied pecans that she made herself. They were so delish. I savored them for the whole rest of the trip. I always encounter the nicest, most generous people. It really gladdens my heart.



I was in for another cold night, despite my warm heart and this time I didn't sleep well. I packed up and had Santa Claus help me push my trailer up the incline to the road so I could hitch up on level ground. I would miss my new found friends.

I headed toward Torrey so I could again camp for two nights in one place while exploring Capitol Reef. One of the places I passed along the way was the boyhood home

of Butch Cassidy. I didn't stop but probably should have. He was an iconic figure of the old west, after all. I rode on in some of the most desolate area of the whole trip. It's really eerie when you go for hours without seeing another vehicle of any kind or no other humans of any kind for that matter.

I started to get concerned about gas until I came into a tiny spit of a place in the road, hardly a town, where there was a single two sided gas pump. I saw that it was only 85 octane so I inquired inside and was told there was higher octane gas about 25 miles up the road. I couldn't be certain if I would make it that far so

to be on the safe side I pumped one gallon to be sure I made it and I did. I hated the thought of having to walk a mile or two on a desolate stretch of highway lugging a heavy jug of gas. I could picture myself with tongue hanging out and buzzards circling above waiting for me to drop.



Eventually I discovered a place on the outskirts of Torrey (just 5 miles from Capitol Reef) called the Wonderland RV Park. I was thrilled to see green grass once again but was told I could not set up my tent on the grass so I was back on gravel again and it was so blustery at my assigned spot, it was quite the challenge to get the tent put up at all. I then wandered around to check out my surroundings and met another lone traveler renting a cabin for a few days. She was a gal from Salt Lake City (originally from CT) who was an avid hiker and backpacker. She said she averaged about six miles on her daily solo hikes. She was just a little sprite of a gal who wore a cowboy hat. She reminded me of a demure Annie Oakley or maybe Jessie from Toy Story. We compared notes of our travels. She was as impressed of mine as I was of hers.



The next morning, at the halfway point of my trip, I stopped across the road at a local visitor center just as it was opening its doors for the day, to pick up some maps and info. The pleasant man inside recommended that I not miss riding scenic Route 12 while in the area. He had cautioned me to watch out for free range cattle on the road and I'm glad he did so. There were a few grazers very near the edge that I didn't notice til almost upon them. I'm glad they were not on the run like deer or antelope. I rode through Dixie Nat'l Forest with nice elevation changes providing great scenic views from the high places. There were few other vehicles, mostly other bikes.

Late morning I returned to Torrey looking for lunch. I still wanted to see part of Capitol Reef yet that day. It was only five miles away but there was construction that held everything up for a bit. I entered the park and although nice, it was at a low elevation and not as cool riding. I did stop at a few places for photo ops but the getting on and off and parking in gravel lots wears me out. Taking off gear and dropping and rewinding my kickstand disk is a pain after the first few times.

When I got back to the RV Park, I sat under the shady porch of the office sipping a cool drink and wrote out more postcards to send. My little newfound friend, Tracey also returned and we compared notes of our day. She had hiked six miles without encountering another soul but did see mountain lion tracks. The only thing she was armed with was a can of bear spray. Now that takes courage. We decided to have dinner together, a sort of girl's night out. We would be going our separate ways in the morning.

There was a local cowboy/western themed restaurant/inn just up a very steep hill across the road. I hopped in her car and we headed up just as it started to sprinkle. It was still sunny even as it rained and looked beautiful to the west. We browsed a gift shop while waiting to be seated. It was an elegant place and we splurged on a good dinner, wine, the works. I filched the dinner napkin that was actually a cowboy bandanna. A cardboard version of John Wayne stood in a corner so we had our pictures taken for my cardboard people collection. We bonded over dinner and I knew I would miss her when we split up. We exchanged email addresses and have since been in touch. We returned to camp and said our good-byes. I went to my site, checked out the animals in the pasture and turned in for the night.

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY!

Jan 3—Dan & Lisa Bruesch

Jan 30—Lee & Tiara Brant



HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Dec 1—Lowell Neal

Dec 2 — Steve Knopp

Dec 17 — Desse Johnston

Dec 18—Carlene Kohlenberger

Dec 25—Al Nibbelink

Dec 26—Dan Kruse

Dec 31—Lorraine Rabideaux

Jan 2—Joan Winkelman

Jan 21—Marge McPeak

Jan 22—Jim Tonella

Jan 28—Twylla Parmenter