



Sundae Edition

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This and That

Notes from the Editor

Hi everyone—sending this February issue early so we have a shot at filling up our special Quad State hotel block before the special rate runs out. As mentioned in the Dec / Jan issue, 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 rate, which is about \$20 less than the usual, so be sure to pick up on this bargain!



Had a nice note from Pat and Lowell Neal—they are hanging in there but tired of winter already. So am I...

It's high time for some post-rebuild service on the old gray Buffalo. After six years I guess she deserves it. Out in my frigid garage awaits a new rear tire, a very hard to find set of newly surfaced brake rotors that I picked up on eBay for a very reasonable price, a brand new set of stainless steel brake lines (hopefully to put a stop to those squishy "pull twice" panic stops!), and new seals for the front forks (that left one's been weeping since Alaska). Also, a latent crack—probably from the Dempster Highway's infamous machine-gun potholes) finally let loose on my rear frame where the luggage carrier mounts—that will have to be re-welded. Guess I'll put it all off a few more weeks until warmer weather arrives.

Until then, stay warm and safe!

Feb 24-26: R.S.V.P for Winter Quad State!

By Chuck Tydrich

I just talked to Claire at the Holiday Inn Express and made our reservation. We also reserved a king suite for more group space if we need it, their meeting room is \$100+ to reserve it). Only two rooms were reserved when I called in so REMINDER: Get your reservations in before our block ends on 2/3/23. Asked about cancellations and she said there's no penalty if done 24 hours before check in, later than that is a one night payment penalty.

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.

Those planning on being at Sauk City should email me with an estimated time of arrival (Friday or Saturday) and a head count. I would like to get an early advantage on setting up Friday and Saturday night dining accommodations.

You can click on the link below for hotel reservation info. Chuck has 8 rooms on hold until Feb. 3. See you there!

My Epic Solo Trip West—Part Three

By Desse Johnston

(Resuming at Capital Reef)...

Starting my 14th day out after yet another cold, windy night, I packed up to get on the road early, only to be held up by construction once again while taking the highway (24E) through Capitol Reef Park. I finally reached a point where it was smooth sailing but desolate til I hit the interstate.

It seemed odd to ride interstate speed again, especially out west where the speeds are higher. Only semis seemed to be out with me and they were all in passing mode. I let them pass, I was in no hurry.



I got off at Green River to get gas and something to eat and perhaps look for a room for the night. I hadn't slept well in a while and I wanted a break from shaking sand out of everything. After 8 days of sleeping on rocks, I felt in need of a mattress under me. So I found a Mexican Restaurant for a taco salad lunch, a little grocery store to replenish my food supply and a nice, quiet Motel 6 with a friendly staff. My bike was situated right outside my door parallel parked just steps away for ultimate convenience. I was so content with all my lucky finds. It had been an easy 183 mile day.

another 30 miles or so of pretty hwy 191 S. I saw where my turnoff would be for Arches but passed on by to find a place for breakfast in the touristy town of Moab. It was bustling even at that early hour. I found a nice place with parking right out front, had a tasty breakfast and asked directions to the visitor center (a few blocks back). I then rode there, got lots of info., more postcards and a cool silky neck bandanna.

Then it was on to the KOA just five miles out of town. It was an older one than what I expected and very desert like with scrubby bushes and not a lot of shade but it did have a pool and some of the tent sites had canopies over the set up area. I took one of those sites. I was disappointed with the high cost so I joined as a KOA member to get the discount for the 3 nights I would be there and for any future KOA stays for the rest of the trip and season.

I was told it would be 100 degrees for the next few days. I was glad I had access to water, Gatorade and ice without having to go to town. The pool and shower would also prove to be invaluable in the coming days. I lazed around and took it easy the rest of the day. As I sat in my little sand chair, writing, I kept seeing scurrying motions out of the corner of my eye. There were tiny little lizards zig zagging all over the place. They were harmless and rather cute but distracting.



After guzzling as much fluid as I could, I decided to take a dip in the pool. I wanted to christen my new bathing suit. The water was cold while the sun was hot. I was either chilled or baked. Eventually, the raucous piped in music drove me away.

In the morning, I got an early start and headed to Canyonlands, first stopping at the visitor center to watch the movie and get maps & info. before riding the road to the overlooks and trailheads. I soon found out



I was really overdressed for the heat of the day and I wasn't drinking enough. I was perpetually thirsty and all the uphill climbs were such a major effort. I wanted to see and do a lot more but just didn't have the stamina. I was so weary in just a half day's time, I rode back to town and sat at a McD's counter just to be in air conditioning for awhile.

I returned to camp and took another dip in the pool. It was really crowded this time and quite rowdy with yelling teenagers playing keep away with a ball. I didn't want to get bonked in the head or run into so I left sooner than I'd intended.

I went back to my site and tried to get through on my phone to get a timed entry for the next day's excursion to Arches Nat'l Park. The whole next day was already booked so I would have to wait til after 5 pm to go exploring. It was only 10 miles away but I knew it would be less of a tour than I had originally planned. I made myself an easy supper of a zucchini onion omelet, got ice cream at the little store, and turned in early that night. I had only ridden about 100 miles that day but I was bushed.

In the morning, I still felt lethargic and knew I was in for another hot day. I thought it best to hang around in town where I could cool down in air conditioned places. I went to gas up, mail postcards at the visitor center and just generally hang out. I was concerned that no matter how much I sipped and guzzled, I just couldn't seem to quench my thirst. I thought maybe my electrolyte balance was out of whack. I had noticed a sign on the main drag for an Urgent Care Center and hospital so I thought, just to be prudent, I would go get myself checked out.



I told them my story: traveling alone, far from home, camping in desert heat, on a motorcycle, up in age, out of shape, etc. They took me in, put me in a cool, darkened room, put an I.V. drip in my arm and told me to rest for about 45 minutes, so I took a nap (sort of). Someone would peek in once in a while to check on me. The consensus was I was suffering mild heat exhaustion. They advised me to take it easy and stay cool the rest of the day. The staying cool part would be a challenge considering the environment I was in.

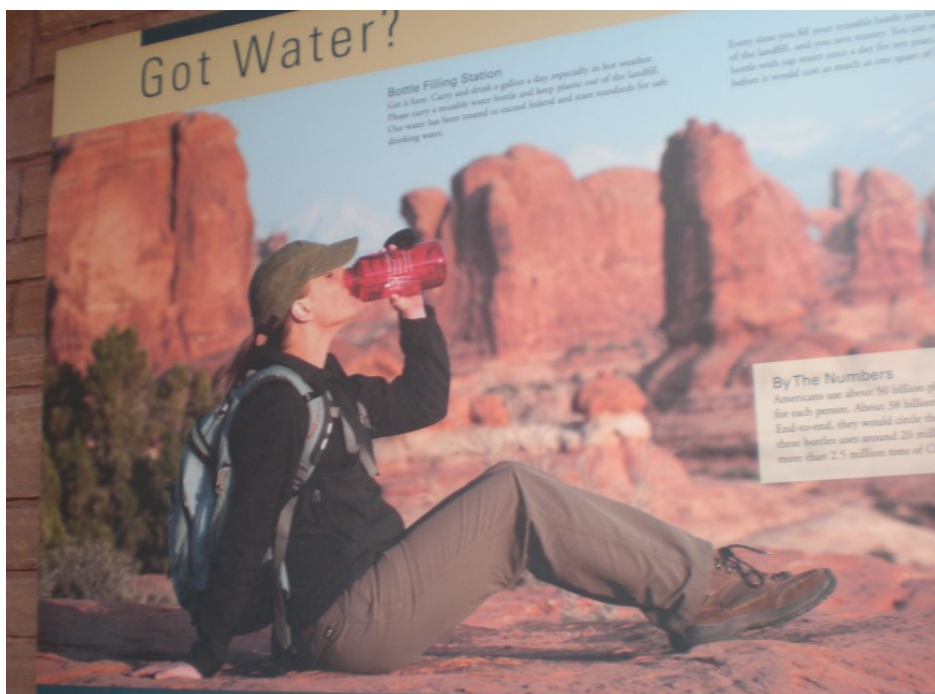
When I left, I stopped at a grocery store and headed back to camp. I waited to get ice so it wouldn't melt on the ride back. I hadn't realized the little camp store at the KOA was charging four bucks a bag. What a ripoff. When I came out to load my ice on the bike, I suddenly started breathing heavily. I ripped off my helmet and heavy jacket and momentarily gasped for air. I thought my earlier treatment would revive me, instead I was struggling again. This would not do. I tried to rest up before my ride to Arches that evening. It was against my better judgement to even go but it was the 5th of the Mighty Five Nat'l Parks of Utah and I didn't want to be one short of seeing them all.

I was glad when I did venture forth that evening to see there was no long line or backup of vehicles to get in. The visitor center was closed and there were already long shadows but I still had daylight for a while longer and rode to see what I could. I missed a lot of good stuff (the windows section) but enjoyed what I did see. I stopped at a few pull offs for pictures but did no hiking of any kind, didn't want to push my luck and risk a collapse or worse.

At a water refill station, I talked to a couple of young gals who were staying at the same KOA I was. We chatted a bit and took pictures for each other. It was a nice encounter. I was glad to see young people are out adventuring too. I rode back to town, took pictures at a mural, then returned to camp for my last night at Moab. Little did I know what I was in for during the night.

I did pack up all my table stuff so I could get an early start in the morning. I noticed the wind picked up just before I turned in. The site next to mine was a bit higher and had a sand dune separating us. As the wind got stronger, most of that dune got blown my way. I had open dormers in my tent, both above and at ground level (for ventilation) but the ferociousness of the buffeting wind was just tearing away at my poor tent. The poles were bending, the back wall was caving in on me and sand was coming in. I thought it would eventually abate but it just kept on til the wee hours.

I heard a car start up about 4 am and leave. Someone had had enough. I thought for sure everything would be flattened by morning. I was amazed that the poles held and I was equally amazed at the coating of sand on everything inside my tent, including me. I even had grit in my teeth - ptooie. I hadn't covered my bike and it was surely sandblasted all night long and I had neighbors' trash blown onto my site. What a mess to clean up, there went my plan for an early departure. I shook everything out as best I could and counted my lucky stars that it wasn't worse or took place while I was riding. I was blissfully ignorant that this could happen. No one warned me. I thought it was monsoon season. I seem to go from one extreme to the other from year to year. I'm surely being tested. (for what I don't know, maybe resilience?)



I was glad to get out of Dodge and head to Colorful Colorado. I took scenic hwy 128 so I got to skirt the outside of Arches Park from the other side this time. It was a pretty ride that followed the Colorado River. I got into some sprinkles but no real rain. The overcast felt good after weeks in the sun. My skin by this time was thoroughly browned despite my best effort to put on sunscreen. If not for my blue eyes I could easily be mistaken for a native American or a Mexican senora.

After awhile I would get to the interstate once again and travel I-70 east into Colorado. I forgot it was Saturday and I had trouble finding a campsite or cheap room when the day got long. I actually had to backtrack and ended up in Parachute, CO at a very nice fancy dan, western themed hotel but spent more than I had intended for a much larger than needed room. It did have a nice restaurant across the parking lot that I could walk to so there was that. It also had a laundry so that was my evening chore that night. I would be stopping to see a cousin who lived in Carbondale the next day. She was a teen when I last saw her in Connecticut. I wasn't sure if she would even remember me.

After lugging all my stuff down to my bike to get an early start, I pushed the starter button only to have all my dash lights come on - what the heck? I knew my oil was not low, I knew my gas was not low and when I went to take off, the bike "jumped". This was disconcerting on a Sunday morning. Then when I turned the key off, it still tried to start. Voila - the starter switch was stuck in. I hadn't had that glitch happen for several years. I wondered if the sandblasting from a few nights before hadn't caused it to get grit in the little crevices. I manually pulled the switch out and all was good. Whew - close call.



Now behind schedule, I headed to Carbondale. There was a strawberry festival going on so it was a beehive of activity and tourists. I called my cousin to get exact directions to her house. It was located on the grounds of Rocky Mountain H.S., right next to the dorms. She met me at the gate to punch in the code to let me in.

What a place of natural beauty. The Colorado River flowed right across the rear of her property line and the mountain view was beyond that. What an idyllic location for a wholesome outdoor life. They are both (she and her hubby) avid rock climbers and skiers as are their two grown kids. They were to leave in a few days for

a family trip to Spain to pursue their climbing and hiking activities in a different environment. I had a small window of opportunity to catch them for a visit. That has happened before where the logistics of us getting together was not in our favor. We finally made it work, no thanks to my bike starter glitch.

When I left, I took I-70 again to get to Granby, close to the entrance of Rocky Mtn. Nat'l Park. It was a grand ride scenery wise but traffic was heavy, there were slowdowns and late in the day when I was growing weary, I came to the most technical part with hairpin turns as the elevation rose. I was also getting chilled at times.

I finally came to town, took a break, got a bite to eat and a hot coffee and sort of revived. I went in search of a place to camp. The first place I didn't like. The second place I never found after riding several miles of gravel road with no campground in sight despite a sign to the contrary, I headed back to town to get a room. It would be dark soon.



I had to phone the proprietor to come to the office from 5 minutes away (so said the sign) He showed up on a Harley. I thought biker- dude would give me a good deal on the price but that wasn't the case. It was a tiny, outdated place, with a pot-holed parking lot usually frequented by construction workers. He clearly was not putting revenue back into fixing up the place but it sufficed for just one night. They have you over a barrel when you come to them with your tail dragging. At least it was quiet. The lit up outdoor sign did look nice after dark. I had ridden just over 300 hard miles that day. Sleep was blissful.

Next issue—The ride continues! ■

2023 Heartland Sundae Riders Schedule

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

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY!

Jan 30—Lee & Tiara Brant
(No Feb Anniversaries on file!)



HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Feb 4 — Jeanne Swanstrom
Feb 6 — Pam Miller
Feb 16 — Jane Condra
Feb 16 — Jean Jepson
Feb 17 — Darrell Jorpeland
Feb 17 — Julia Peterson
Feb 18 — Joyce McNeil
Feb 24—Lee Brant
Feb 27 — Tiara Brant