



Sundae Edition

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This and That

Notes from the Editor

Hi, All. Even as we lie in deep-freeze here in eastern Iowa, promises of Spring abound. Our first robins showed up exactly as planned, on March 14. Spring will be here before we know it!



In February the club worked out the 2023 rides, campouts and activities schedule, which you'll find on Page 3.

Joan and Glenn Winkelman are planning an early camping activity in the Iowa City area next month. See below and Page 2 for details.

Chuck's provided hotel info for the Rod McPeak weekend April 28-30. Check it out on Page 3, and note the urgency to reserve your room by April 15!

I've heard several mentions of acclaim for Desse's Epic Adventure story, and am pleased to include the final installment beginning on Page 4. Thanks to Desse for providing this entertaining story to get us through the long, cold winter!.

Dale Peterson says, "Greetings everyone. You'll notice a small change with how you view our member contact info page on our website. You'll recall that the key to finding the hidden "contacts list" page are the words "ice cream" under the column of photos on the right hand side of the home page. By clicking once on "ice cream", you should then be taken to another page with a large pink button. Click on the pink button to open up the contacts list. If you should see any errors or omissions, feel free to email me with the changes. I just might change our "Calendar" page to do this very same thing in the near future. Thanks, Dale."

Check out photos Joan sent of their new grandchild, on page 8.

Finally, I was able to re-weld Suzi's luggage rack attach point—what a relief to have that back in shape. Still have to do all the front end work, however. Brake lines, fork seal, new rotors. Hope to finish by the Lake McBride event.

Until we meet again, stay warm and safe!

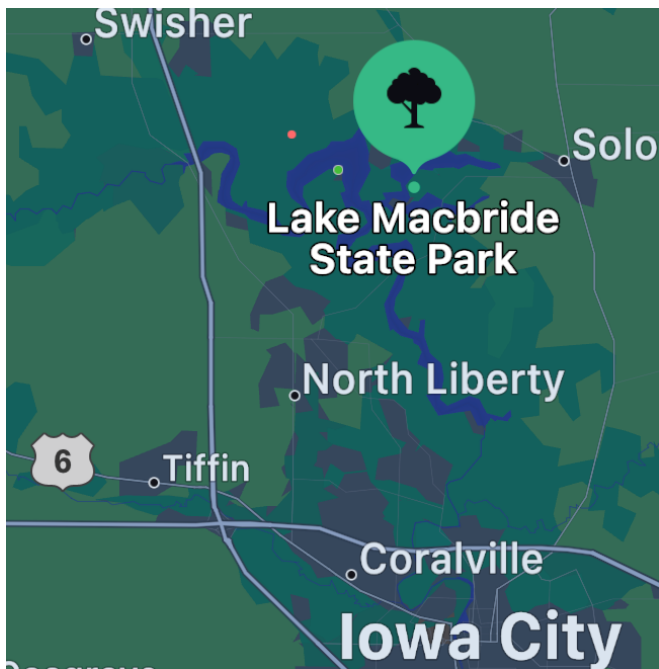
April 20-24: Camping in East-Central Iowa!

By Joan and Glenn Winkelman

Join us for early season camping at Lake McBride State Park, Solon Iowa (near Iowa City). We'll be there April 20-24, we have site 41 in the modern/Northern section. That is in the full hookup section. There are electric only sites nearby too.

For the ladies, if anyone is interested in nature/outdoor programs. Across the lake is the Iowa Women in Outdoors weekend.

Info at: iowaDNR.gov/BOW or call Joan at 320-293-2997



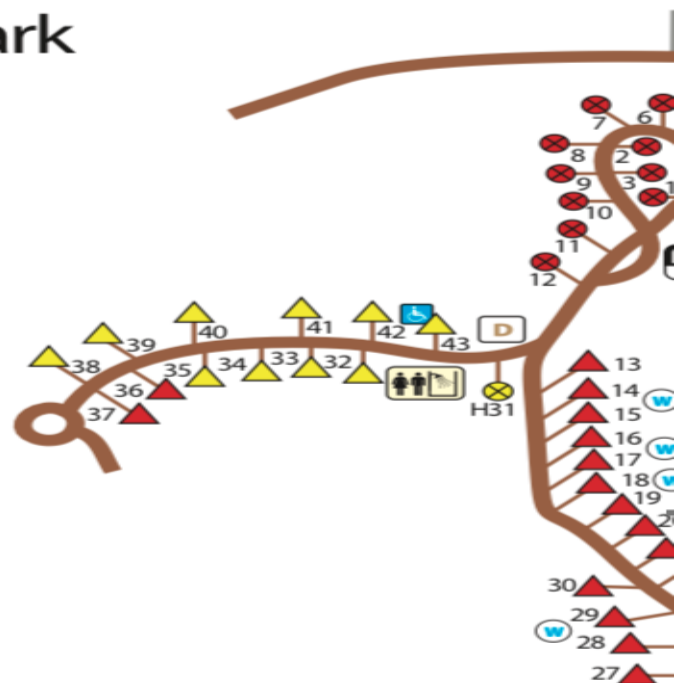
MAKE A PARK RESERVATION
- IOWA STATE PARKS -

Lake Macbride State Park
3525 Highway 382 NE
Solon, IA 52333
Ph. 319-624-2200
Fax: 319-624-2188
Lake_Macbride@dnr.iowa.gov

Lake Macbride State Park

Modern Campground, North

- Reservable
- 50-amp
- Full hook-up
- Non-Reservable
- 50-amp
- Full hook-up
- Water Hydrant



2023 Heartland Sundae Riders Schedule

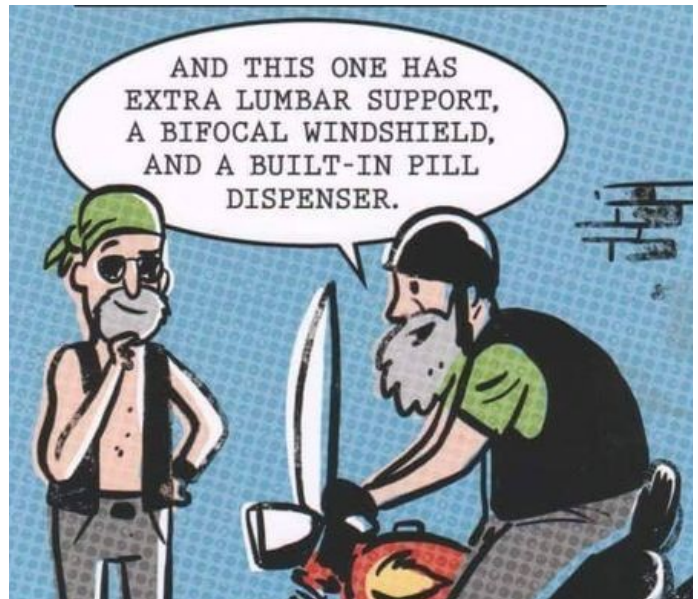
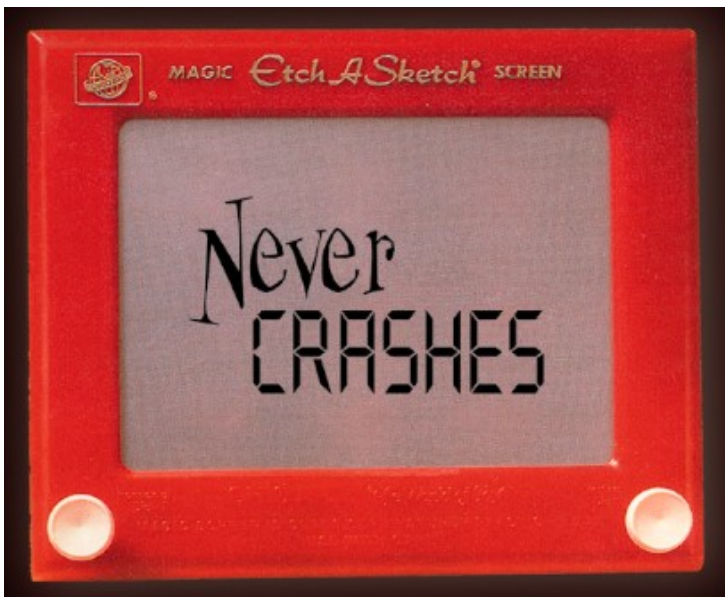
April 20-24	Early campout Lake McBride S.P. Contact Joan and Glenn W for information
April 28-30	Rod McPeak Memorial, Round Barn in Spring Green—Contact Chuck Tydrich
May 19-21	Goose Island
June 8-11	New Lisbon, WI RSVP Bert
July 21-23	MTC/Heartland Mark Twain Campground, Hannibal MO
Aug 11-13	Alana Springs Richland Center, WI. RSVP Bert
Aug 24-27	Quad State. WI hosting
Sept 4-10	MTC Gathering- Sundaes invited. Wayne & Pam Miller hosting Door Co. WI. RSVP ASAPScenic Shore Inn Algoma, WI 920.487.3214
Sept 15-17	IL Fall Colors at Lake Le-Aqua-Na State Park
Sept 22-24	Alana Springs Richland Center, WI. RSVP Bert
Oct ?	WI Fall Colors Weekend
Nov 24	Thanksgiving with Friends

Rod McPeak Memorial Gathering—April 28-30

By Chuck Tydrich

Here's the scoop for the spring gathering: We're going back to the ROUND BARN in Spring Green, WI. The best news is the RB restaurant has finally been reopened under the name of Kelly's Coffee House with a limited breakfast menu and is also open for lunch and dinner. So if we get one of those crappy spring weekends (remember the snow at New Glarus and the Dells!), we'll have access to the convenient dining if needed.

Round Barn's phone number is 608-588-2568. Six rooms, 4 double queens (\$123 /night), and 2 single kings (\$105) are on hold under TYDRICH till April 15th.



My Epic Solo Trip West—Part Four and Conclusion

By Desse Johnston

(Resuming near Rock Mountain National Park)...

I awakened to a nice sunny, pleasant day. I first rode back to town to get breakfast, gas and a few groceries. All three places were in close proximity to one another. When I came out with my groceries and ice, I had to put a few things away in my cooler. While doing so, a little boy about 5 years of age came up and told me he liked my bike. He was walking with his parents and a little bit older sister. They all smiled. I asked if he'd like to get his picture taken sitting up on the seat like a real biker. His smile got even bigger. His mom took pictures with her phone and of course he wanted to honk the horn. I have one of those loud bicycle squeeze horns mounted on the handlebar. When he climbed off, I asked his sister if she too would like to pose on two wheels. She jumped at the chance. We have to inspire these kids while they're young so we'll have a future motorcycling generation down the road. The parents then thanked me and off they all went.



Another lady approached and told me what a nice gesture that was on my part. So here with-in a 10 minute chance encounter in a supermarket parking lot, we all got a taste of companionable human connection and we all went away happy. A good start to a new day, I'd say.

I rode toward the National Park, taking in new scenery along the way and getting glimpses of Grand Lake. When I saw the sign for Rocky Mtn. Park, I pulled over and asked someone to take my picture. They had just come from the visitor center and advised me to be sure to stop there. It actually came up before the entrance to the park and I was so glad it did. I wouldn't be able to enter the park til 3 pm and needed a place to hang out for a few hours.

It was a great place. I met lots of people, watched the movie, bought and wrote out post-cards, wandered a trail out back, listened to a small waterfall, phoned in a KOA reservation in Estes Park where I would stay that night and called Ron to check in. This particular visitor center had burned down just a few years ago in one of the Colorado wildfires. I'm glad they re-built so quickly.

When 3 pm rolled around, I waited for all the cars to go ahead so I wouldn't be stuck in a long line. I only saw one other bike heading out. I was so excited to be finally under way and heading up in elevation. The scenery was so spectacular, the best of the whole trip really. I was trying to savor everything my eyeballs took in. I couldn't take pictures on the fly so I tried to embed it all in my memory bank.



I don't remember stopping til I saw snow at the continental divide sign. It was so cold and people were underdressed and shivering to get their pictures while I felt chilled even while bundled up. We weren't even at the summit yet.

As the elevation climbed, it got even colder and windier. There were no guardrails up top and a time or two I thought I might actually get blown off the mountain by the strong gusts. I kept my chin down as low behind my windshield as I could. It was getting hairy. I was never so relieved as when I saw the numbers on the elevation signs decreasing rather than increasing. I made it across the summit intact. Whew!



I was glad to see trees again and more, but different, gorgeous scenery. When I saw a cluster of vehicles pulled over, I was curious as to what they were all peering at. Turns out, it was a group of elk grazing. Everyone had cameras out, so I grabbed mine and joined them. The elk seemed impervious to us being there gawking at them. I never did see any Rocky Mtn. goats, that was a bit of a disappointment but the elk made up for it.

This was my most challenging ride of the trip, going across the highest paved road in North America although I always thought the Billion Dollar Highway was even higher. The big wind gusts truly made me nervous but now that it was over, I was glad I had done it. I rode into Estes Park with a sense of accomplishment. If I wore a belt, it would have been another notch, so to speak.

I found my way to the KOA (right on the highway). I wasn't real thrilled with the site they brought me to (follow the golfcart) at first (it was in a corner about as close to the hwy. as one could get) but I did have a very interesting neighbor in an old VW bus. He had inherited it from his parents. It was ugly maroon on the out-



side but really high tech on the inside. He said he worked for the U.S. government (I'm guessing an independent contractor). He told me he had security clearance. When not on the road, he lived atop a mtn. in Virginia and grew his own pot. He did seem like a bit of a hippie type. He was friendly, entertaining and even helpful. He assisted in jockeying my trailer around and loaned me a hammer when I misplaced mine. (found it the next morning under my tent).

I ate in camp that night and then strolled around looking at other set-ups. The folks on the other side of me had a big tent mounted on top of their vehicle, sort of like a tree house. It did get quiet that night but cold. I snuggled in to keep warm as best I could. I dreaded my middle of the night walk to the facilities. It wasn't that close by.

The next day was the calendar arrival of summer. I ate in camp and proceeded to pack up. I kept seeing and hearing race cars go by. Some were towed on trailers and some were coming in to the KOA. There must have been some sort of rally about to commence. I was glad to be leaving.

I asked my VW neighbor to look up the distance of two motorcycle dealerships for me, one in Greeley and one in Ft. Collins. I needed an oil change, being four hundred miles overdue. They were about equidistant but I chose Ft. Collins because there was another KOA just a few exits away in case I had to come back the next morning to get taken in at the shop.

When I pulled out of the campground, I didn't realize I would be riding through Thompson Canyon to head toward Loveland. Wow - more scenic beauty . What a grand surprise. I knew that soon I would leave it all behind when the mountains were out of view. I rode north after I reached Loveland and stopped for gas. I didn't know til I reached the bike shop that it was a John Elway Honda dealership. He owns several including a Harley dealership in Denver.

They squeezed me into their busy schedule but it still took several hours. They had a slight mishap putting my trailer back on after completing the service and broke a wire on my plug. Here it was a busy Friday afternoon and now they would have to find a new plug and replace it. None of us were happy about the situation but they were apologetic and made good on getting it fixed and getting me back on the road.

I did have a comfy lounge to wait in but one can only sit for so long. I wandered through the showroom and up to the counter and struck up a conversation with the counter guy. Come to find out he used to work at Iowa City Motorsports a few years prior. Another small world reckoning.



By the time I left, it was late and I was tired so I just went down the street and got a room for the night. They put me around back as though they wanted me out of sight. There were no eating places nearby, it was an industrial area, so I made a salad for myself in my room. I then took a walk around the circumference of the whole two story complex. I passed a pool but it was too chilly to consider taking a dip. I spoke to a few people wandering about like I was, and I then sequestered myself for the evening.

I knew the next day I would be riding through my last bit of Colorado, a small chunk of Wyoming and then return to the land of cows, corn and soybeans. There would also be the reality of long stretches of interstate riding and I was getting road weary. Both Nebraska and Iowa are wide states. I did note that a lot of the Lincoln Hwy runs parallel to I-80.

It was still cool when I departed in the morning. It was mostly open interstate riding and I hit construction as I approached Cheyenne, WY. I wonder if anyone has ever traveled any significant distance in the summertime without running into a cone zone. Seems it's not a matter of "if" but "when." It's most disconcerting when it's unexpected.

After I turned east at Cheyenne, it was pretty much a straight shot home but hundreds and hundreds of miles to cover. I stayed on the superslab til Sidney, then picked up the Lincoln Hwy. It was very windy, causing a roar in my helmet even with my foam earplugs in place. Battling wind, especially a headwind always wears me down sooner than I'd like. It got warmer as well so now it was a hot wind. I stopped in very small towns to get gas at tired old pumps but there was not much else.

It was late afternoon by the time I arrived in Ogalalla via the back way. I came upon a Long John Silver restaurant and stopped to rest and eat. It had been a while since I had fish. Ironical, since I was in angus beef country, land of steaks, but that's not what my taste buds wanted, so fish it was. I carried my atlas in with me to peruse while I ate and the cashier person made mention of the fact I was "old school." That gave me a chuckle. I felt like an old relic . I should've asked where the phone booth and cigarette machine were located.

Afterward, I crossed to the south side of the interstate where I discovered they had two KOAs. One, right next to the interstate and the other a few miles back. I chose the one a mile or two back and found a peaceful, quiet setting for my evening. The same family owned both camps. I had a cute site with two bright red and yellow Adirondack chairs. I met nice people there, even a fellow Iowan, also on his way home from a trip out west. He too was amazed I could travel that far without GPS. I hope paper maps never become obsolete. Few people seem to use them anymore, especially young people. As soon as darkness came, I was ready for some zzz's. It had been only a 236 mile day but I was feeling the weariness.

After a restful night on comfy, spongy grass, I heard lots of bird chirping in the morning, not ordinary chirping, mind you, but real singing. It was the perfect breakfast accompaniment. I packed up my tent for the last time of this trip. My sore fingers were really bothersome and made my packing task difficult.

I noticed another motorcyclist had come in a few sites down from mine (apparently during the night) and was walking toward me to say hello. He was a young guy on a sport bike and told me he was a wedding photographer from out east. He had been to a wedding in CO. I was surprised he would travel that far on such a conveyance with expensive camera equipment and camp outside to boot. That had to be a challenge but he was doing it. We chatted a while, wished one another well, and off he went. It's nice that when one motorcyclist sees another, there's already an instant connection. A brief hello or chat, however fleeting, seems to cement that connection.

I rode out for points east again. Sometimes I was on the interstate, sometimes the Lincoln Hwy and later Hwy 6/34. I did see some nice sandhills area at one point but it was again as windy as all dickens and sometimes I forgot to put my earplugs in. I figured I'd be completely deaf by the time I got home. I only stopped for essential reasons as it was getting hotter by the hour, adding to my misery. The fun factor had ceased and now forward motion was a chore. Rain was in the forecast as well and sooner or later I would have to contend with that if I didn't stay ahead of it.

When I reached Hastings, I pulled into the first motel I came upon and called it a day at 267 miles. I actually was able to negotiate a cheaper price than what was first offered. It was another of those non-descript places but I didn't care. It was my last night on the road and I didn't have to set up camp. I zapped something in the microwave for dinner, wrote in my journal, checked the weather channel and hit the hay early.

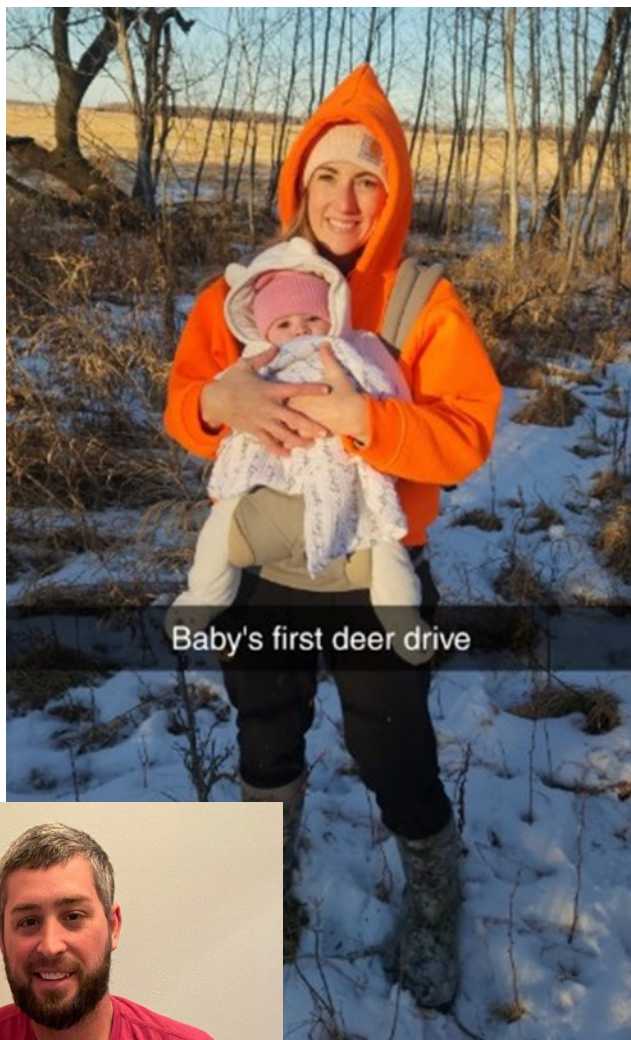
I was on the road by 7:30 in the morning for my final day and the long slog home. I wasn't really up for it, knowing it would be over 400 miles, but I was determined no matter what Mother Nature threw at me. It started out cool. I slightly altered my course from my first day out when I rode to Hastings from the opposite direction. I wanted to skirt Lincoln differently this time from the south and enter Iowa on Hwy 2. My sore fingers were getting better but still hampered me.

Once I got into Iowa, the rains finally caught up with me and I would intermittently get caught in downpours all afternoon. This slowed my forward progress. The closer I got to home, I kept hitting detours that added unnecessary miles. I was hungry and scuzzy and not fit to stop in a restaurant of any kind so I opted for a slice of pizza at a gas station. As I was about to leave there was yet another downpour. Drat.

I chose to head north at this point. The sky seemed a little less threatening in that direction. At times I even saw breakouts of sunshine. I half expected to see a rainbow. That would have lifted my spirits, but it didn't happen. One road I chose was extremely bumpy and I suspect this is where I lost a wheel cover from one of my trailer wheels. (Not noticed til I got home). I finally pulled into my driveway at 7 pm - nearly 12 hours and 448 miles in one day. I keep saying, I'll never do that many miles in one day again. I was physically spent but with a sense of satisfaction as I pulled my creaky old self off the bike. I was surprised I didn't fall off or request a crane to just lift me up and over. Now the stiffness would set in.

My trip was challenging, stressful at times, physically demanding, fun, thought provoking, eye-opening, and sparked a sense of awe at all the natural beauty this country offers. It was a lot to take on and take in within a 24 day period but I'm glad I did it. I can relive the memories at will. I camped 15 days, roomed 8 days and had those wheels turning over 4200 miles in all kinds of conditions. I met the challenge. As I read recently, "Once you cross the Rubicon, it's hard to go back. You start to identify with your path, you can't imagine life without it." So it is with me and motorcycle travel. I can't seem to get it out of my being. I can take a winter hiatus but come springtime, the yearning for the open road gnaws at me once more. I hope my stamina lasts as long as my yearning.

A few months after I completed this trip and took a few others, closer to home, I found out during a wellness check up with the doctor and other tests that I had an aortic valve that was not functioning at its peak capacity and would need to be replaced. So, long story short, I had that taken care of in late November. I'm guessing that was contributing to some of my struggles (huffing and puffing upon exertion) on my trip and now I can look forward to the upcoming season with my mind at ease. ■



Meet Rob's family!

(Demonstrating how to engender a love of the great outdoors!)



HAPPY ANNIVERSARY!

No March brides & grooms on record!



HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Mar 7—Rose Tydrich
 Mar 15—Dale Peterson
 Mar 16—Roger Flood
 Mar 18—Laura Lee
 Mar 19—Chuck Tydrich
 Mar 20—Lee McNeil