

Sundae Edition

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www.HeartlandSundaeRoadRiders.com

This & That: Thinking Ahead About 2024

Notes from the Editor

Everybody please take special note of Chuck's article on Winter Quad State preparations—this gathering will be the wintry setting for planning the 2024 camping and moteling schedule, not to mention the traditional jigsaw puzzle (or two) and lots of opportunities for good eating. Dale remarked, "I'm looking forward to having another great burger at Newt's...the place that Glenn and Joan turned us on to in Rochester. Great burgers!!" That works for me—see you there!

Chuck reports he'd heard that Marge McPeak was having some health issues and spending time in the hospital in Virginia, MN. I'm sure she would appreciate some get well cards from her friends in LeMans America/Heartland Riders. Here is the address for cards and notes of support: Marge McPeak, Essentia Health, 5211 Hwy 110, Room 520, Aurora, MN 55705.

John

Next Up: Winter Quad State

By Chuck Tydrich

We have 6 rooms blocked off at the Rochester, MN. Country Inn and Suites for the weekend of **Feb.16-18**. There are 3 Double Queen rooms and 3 Single King Suites, your choice for \$109/night plus taxes. Reservations may be made directly by clicking on this link:

<https://www.choicehotels.com/reservations/groups/LS03D8>

This should take you right to the website for our group block, Tydrich Winter Gathering. Or you can call the Hotel at **507-287-6758** and ask for the group block = **LS03D8**.

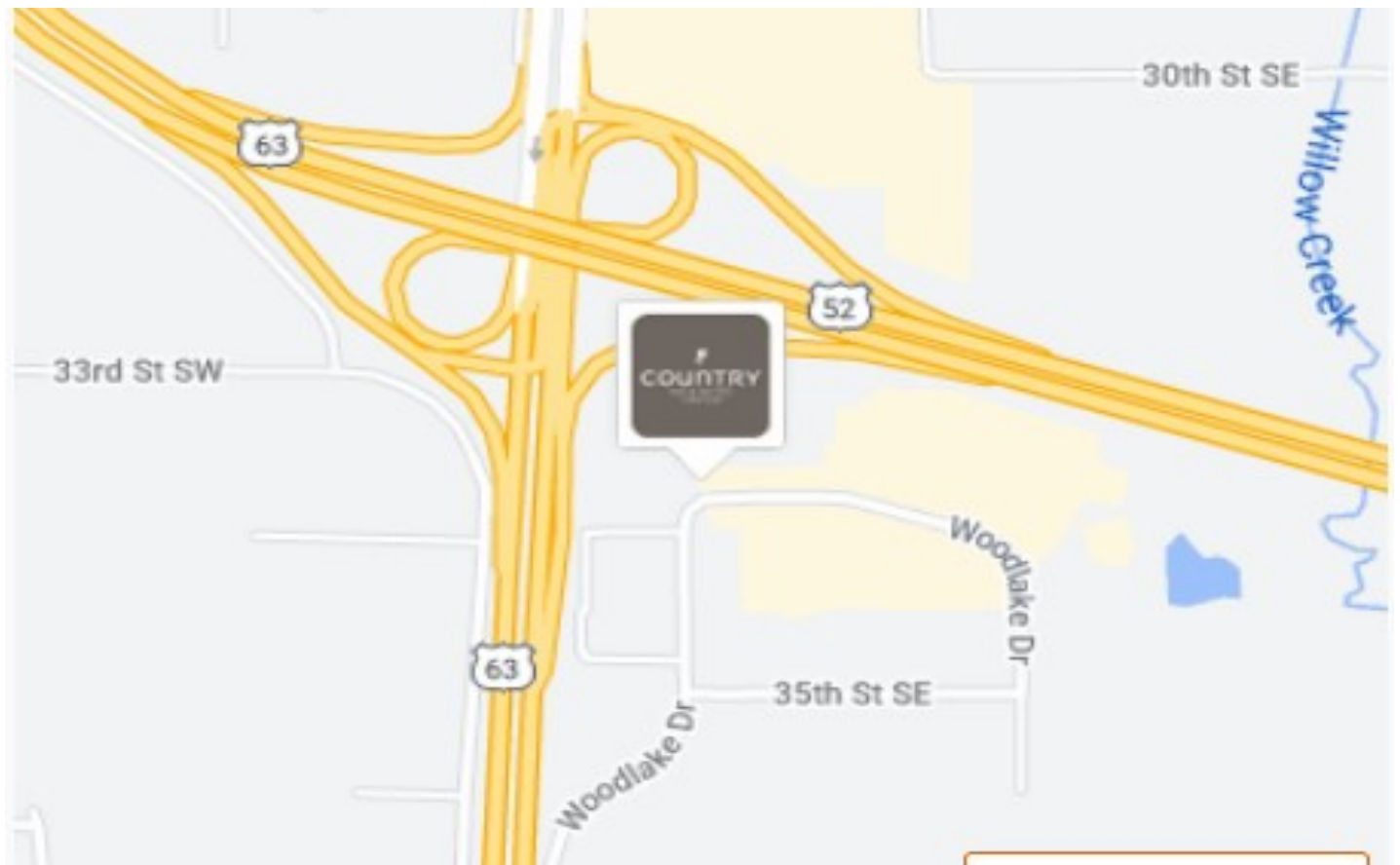
The Group block and prices are only on hold till 1/26/24, cancellations may be made until 24 hours before the arrival date, or 3:00pm 2/15/24.



This link will take you to the Hotel web page for directions and information

<https://www.choicehotels.com/minnesota/rochester/country-inn-suites-hotels/mn275>

Hope to see you there and cross your fingers that this WON'T be the coldest/snowiest weekend of the winter ;)



Remembering: Thanksgiving With Friends, 2023

Sent in by Laura Lee



Vagabond Memories of 2023

By Desse Johnston

So once again I let too much time pass before sitting down to write and now I have to rely on my journal scratchings and a fading memory to recall the highlights and lowlights of my various journeys. I do remember it seeming like an eternity for me to even get out and about to even begin my season - just too many spring-time chores, loose ends to tie up and medical appointments to tend to.

I'm amazed to see I didn't even attend my first outing until July 2 when I left in the rain for a trip to the W.O.W. Ride-In to take place in Harrison, AR. Within an hour I rode out of the rain, after struggling to get visuals on the road and continued on toward Lake of the Ozarks and met up with Kathy in Camdenton, just south of the most touristy area at a place called Dave's Hideaway where we shared a room and a pool. Because it was a holiday weekend I couldn't get a site for just one night for camping but it worked out well and we had a nice Mexican restaurant within walking distance. We did find, however, that it's sometimes hard to be a pedestrian and navigate safely. There was no sidewalk, traffic moves at a pretty good clip on these main thoroughfares and we had five long blocks to go. I'd venture to say it was a treacherous walk. I was more nervous than I was when riding my bike that day. Wouldn't it be ironic to be "taken out" in such a manner?

We were able to pack up and get on the road early the next day and head to Springfield, MO to stop at the big Pro Bass outdoor store. Everything about it was massive. We zig-zagged our way to the indoor aquarium asking for directions along the way. I don't recall getting lost inside a store before but we managed it twice. The first time we got lost together, the second time we lost each other. Then there was the matter of finding our bikes again in the massive parking lot. An interesting aspect of this place was that people were allowed to bring their dogs inside with them. Most were on a leash but some rode in carts. All were well behaved and there was no barking. It was an oddity however to see them all over the place.

We got back on the road in the heat of the day and had a nice ride considering we were on an interstate going down Hwy 65 to a KOA just north of Harrison. We both had thoughts of jumping in a pool but found this particular KOA had no pool and the tent sites were all out in the open under the blistering sun. The very accommodating lady who ran the campground offered to upgrade us to a brand new cabin with air conditioning right across from the office and facilities. We took her up on her offer. It was for only one night after all.



While there, we met interesting people, came across a pen of adorable baby goats and saw a trailer that looked like a huge root beer barrel. The next day we would move to the Ride-In site in town and share a room for three days complete with amenities and a pool. We'd have luxury once more. We crammed a lot of activity into those three days, sometimes together and sometimes on our own. The cool thing about the W.O.W. gatherings are the gals far outnumber the guys and the majority of bikes all over the parking lot are lady owned and operated. We got settled in, picked up our goodie bags and hobnobbed with friends we hadn't seen in a while. One of those friends was one of Heartland's own, Bill Reeves. He still pops in every so often to "hang with the girls." We tease him about that but he's so popular, he even got voted Mr. WOW for 2023. He's both fun and helpful.

In the evening, we attended a meet & greet off site with everyone dressed in their most red, white and blue patriotic attire and accessories to celebrate the 4th and attend the fireworks display afterward. We rode back after dark just as a few raindrops fell.

The next morning we had a scenic ride planned and hoped to see a herd of elk in Elk Valley. We did have a nice scenic ride on part of the famous pig trail, stopping at several overlooks but saw no elk, only roadkill armadillos. Later we stopped for lunch and saw an Elk Visitor Center across the road. We also ran into an old friend, Dee Gagnon, who years before wrote the book "Dee Tours," one of our favorite reads. We three hung out together going through the center.



We returned to town for an early dinner where I had the best catfish I've ever eaten. They know how to do catfish in Arkansas. Mmmm.

That evening we watched a women themed motorcycle movie. It was great entertainment considering it was semi-documentary. We always inspire one another - it was awesome. Some gals had to overcome a lot of adversity and/or naysayers just to learn to ride.

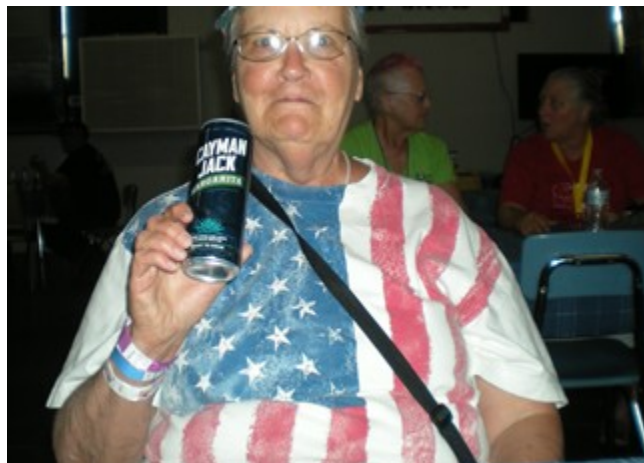
On my last day of the event, I took a solo ride about 100 miles south to Center Ridge, AR to visit other motorcycle friends from IBMC who I had not seen in a while. It was a pretty route over a mountain or two. I arrived in time for lunch and homemade pie. It was on property out in the country on a very quiet back road. Without very specific directions, I would not have found it. I forget that some of these properties stay in families for generations and get passed down. I got the tour of

the grounds, then had to say goodbye and head back to be sure to be in time for the evening's festivities - a banquet, awards and entertainment.

The next morning, we all bid adieu to one another and everyone headed out. Even Kathy wanted an early start with intentions of putting on lots of miles to get as far north as she could. I lingered a while longer and took my time not even sure where I would end up that day. I wanted to get another opportunity to camp but clouds were building and rain was in the forecast. After being with so many people the last few days, I was a bit lonesome and decided to just head on home. It was a long 466 mile day, sometimes in light rain and just getting dark as I pulled in my drive. I was weary and a bit bummed that it all seemed to end much too soon. It seemed odd to awaken in AR and be in my own living room in Iowa by evening - kind of like a case of jet lag but on a motorcycle.

* * *

I would have to wait another two weeks to ride and camp again, this time to Hannibal, MO with the MTC group. It was a splendid weather riding day but also a familiar route so that took away some of the novelty but it's also great to get together with more members of my moto tribe. It was a relaxing weekend of exploring downtown, taking a short boat excursion on the mighty Mississippi and just hanging out around the campground. I encountered a Mark Twain impersonator at one point. He, being a "rock star" of his time with his worldwide speaking engagements of witticisms, I found the fellow quite engaging.



There was some rain in the overnight hours that seemed to stir up a rogue doe that ran between my tent and Laura's, stomping and huffing. Not sure what that was all about. I was oblivious to the carrying on but Laura saw it in action. I have often wondered what goes on at night on the outer side of my tent walls. Perhaps I don't want to know.



* * *

A week later, I made a day visit with Ron to our Heartland New Wine Park campout near Dyersville. I wasn't on my bike this time but the outing is worthy of a mention nonetheless. It was a pretty good turnout of some members we hadn't seen for a while including Reb & Ti-



ara, Jane Condra, Jim Ohl, Jim Piquette and Marty as well as some of our regulars. As always, we played musical chairs to stay in the shade while we conversed. Had I known this would be the last time I would get to visit with Reb, I would have spent more time with him. It was great to see him outdoors. By this time, I'm sure he was weary of hospital walls. Future campouts truly will not be the same without him. My heart still hangs heavy.

* * *



Another week passed and I had two back to back moto outings, one in Platteville, WI with the WOW girls again and then out to South Dakota for an IBMC get-together. It was nice that I could intersperse all these gatherings. Sometimes they conflict and I have to pick and choose. I lucked out with good weather on departure day and changed up my route a little bit, riding two lane roads through small towns and making an obligatory stop at JP Cycles to see what new wares were on display. I have several items in mind for future purchase but walked out with only a can of polish for the bike.

I had a picnic lunch sandwich right outside JP's shady overhang before continuing on. It wasn't a park but it beat eating at a convenience store.

It wasn't far at all to Platteville and I was actually too early to check in. I saw Kathy's trailer in the parking lot but no sign of Kathy or her bike so I parked next to her, left a note and went over to a nearby Dunkin Donut shop to escape the heat and get a cold brew. While I sat at a counter reading, I started seeing bikes pass by and pull into the hotel parking lot.

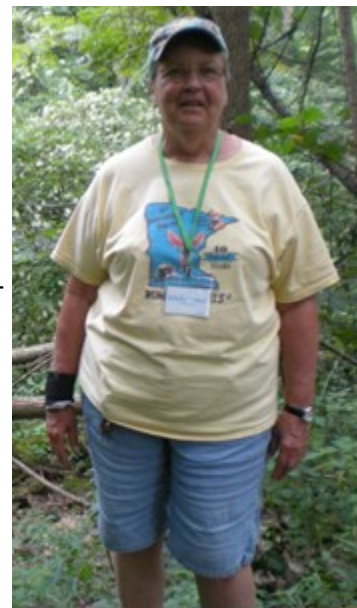
I soon walked back over and met up with the group. The hotel computer system was down, creating a hectic scene in the lobby, so we visited and hung out. Kathy soon returned as well from her ride. When we all finally got checked in, we found that out back there was a creek running parallel to the hotel with a nice hiking trail alongside leading to several eating establishments. We all walked



to meet up for dinner together. There was such nice flora along the way and many blooming wildflowers. What a contrast from the front side of the hotel. It reminded me of the scene from The Lion, the Witch & the Wardrobe, where the kids walk through the back wall of the wardrobe and into the portal of a winter wonderland. I didn't see any mythical creatures however. The meal and companionship was great fun. We returned to play lawn games or hang out. The leaders had ride plans for the next day.

In the morning, everyone seemed to be up early in anticipation of the group ride on rustic roads throughout the WI countryside. Some roads seemed familiar but I wasn't al-

ways sure where I was. I just followed the bike in front of me. We did have a few photo op stops and a gas/rest stop before returning to home base for lunch. Another, longer ride was planned for the afternoon but this time I chose to ride with a long time WOW member in her van to keep her company. I learned that she used to be a professional clown. She had once attended the famous Ringling Bros. clown school down in Florida back in the day. You just never know what fun facts you find out about people when you strike up conversation. We stopped at a brew pub in Potosi for dinner together once again. I took pictures of oddities and wall hangings. It was dusk when we got back so I skipped the evening ice cream run and returned to my room to plan the next leg of my trip going back west. This time Kathy and I would become a duo once again.



Early Planning for Summer Quad-State 2024

By Joan Winkelman

The Minnesota group would like input from members for the location of Quad State. Here is the info, we'd like your vote by mid December. Would members prefer to:

- 1) Return to Eagle Cliff Campground in Lanesboro MN -we were there in 2016. Eagle Cliff has motel rooms on-site. — <https://eagle-cliff.com/>
- 2) Return to Lake Pepin Campground in Lake City MN ((for long term members, you may remember going there in the 80's). Lake Pepin has an AmericInn next door.
- 3) Try a new campground in Winona MN: Prairie Island Campground. Prairie Island is on north end of Winona and there are 10 motels and 5 bed and breakfasts nearby. - <https://www.prairieislandcampground.com/>

Send your votes / preferences directly to Joan!

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2024 Heartland Sundae Riders Schedule

TBD! Come to Quad State to help with the planning!

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY!

Sorry folks—None this month!



HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Lowell Neal—Dec 1
Steve Knopp—Dec 2
Desse Johnston—Dec 17
Carlene Kohlenberger—Dec 18
Al Nibbelink—Dec 25
Dan Kruse—Dec 26
Lorraine Rabideaux—Dec 31