



Sundae Edition

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www.HeartlandSundaeRoadRiders.com

This & That: Planning for 2024

Notes from the Editor

Happy New Year! The Winter Quad State is where and when we plan the new year's schedule, so as for this coming weekend's event, I have to say, "The more the merrier!" I've reprinted Chuck's original article about the venue, although our block of rooms is full and you might not be able to get the special rate. Doesn't hurt to try though.

Desi has kept me well stoked on stories of her rides in 2023, so look inside for the concluding chapter.

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**.

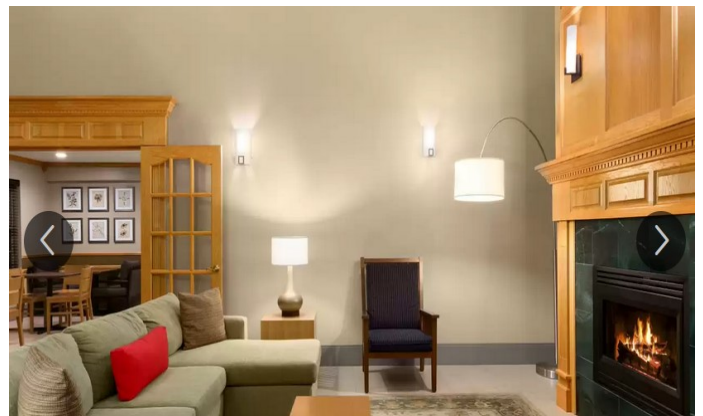
The Group block and prices are only on hold till 1/26/24, cancellations may be made until 24 hours before the arrival date, or 3:00pm 2/15/24.

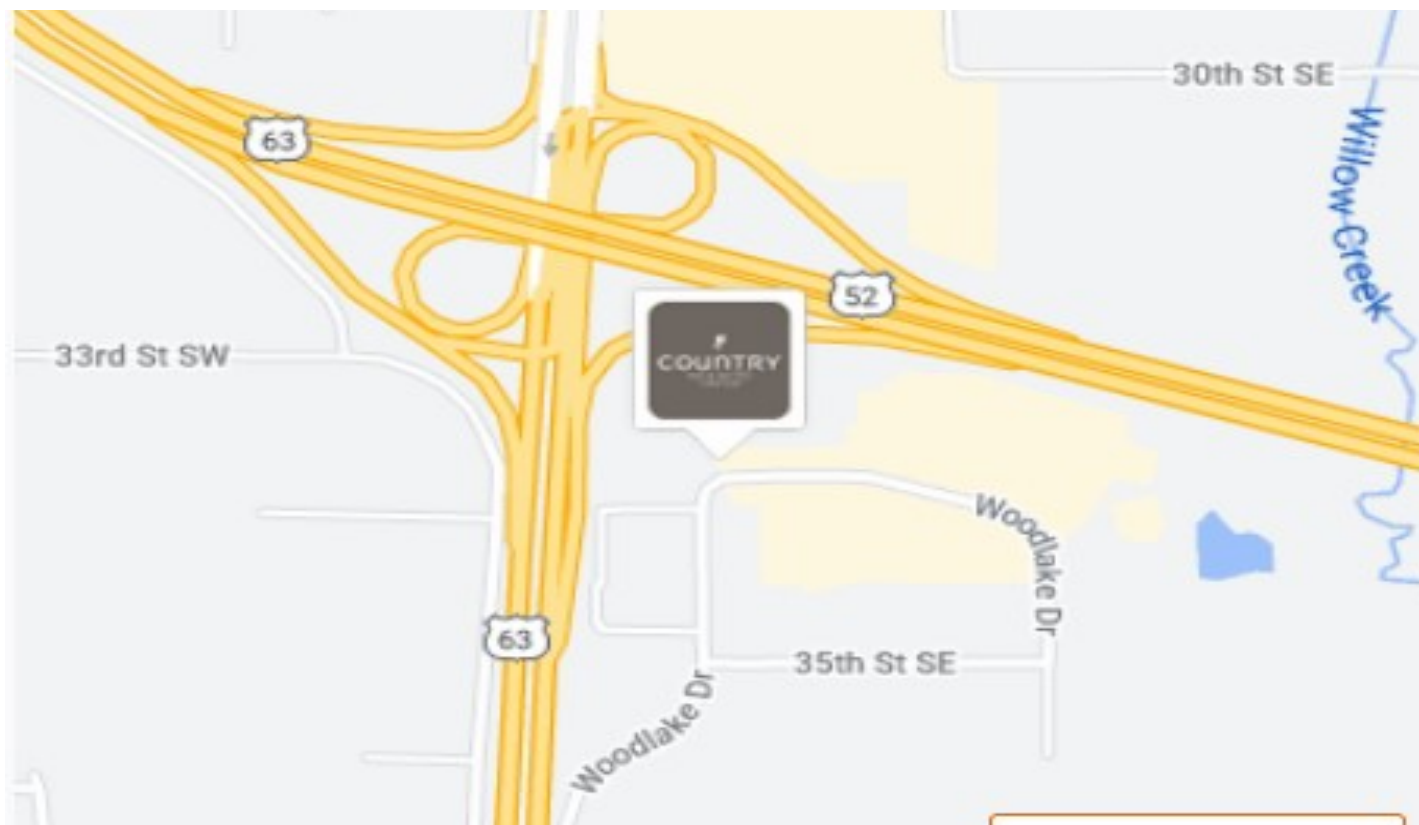
This link will take you to the Hotel web page for directions and information

<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 ;)

See the map on Page 2...





Vagabond Memories of 2023 (continued and conclusion)

By Desse Johnston

So, on Aug. 6th, under a blue sky (the best kind) to start out, Kathy and I headed west. For both of us, I think this has become our favorite direction - going out to big open spaces. Because it was a Sunday and early in the day, traffic was light even on a main truck route. We knew, according to radar, we would eventually get into rain and that's always when traffic picks up. It wasn't the most dreadful rain we'd ever encountered but enough to lessen visibility, chill us, and remove the fun factor of our ride. By the time we got halfway across Iowa at Webster City, we were ready to take a break. After getting gas, we went inside for some hot soup and to take off soggy jackets for a while. My Klim jacket is very heavy, even when dry but when it gets wet, it seemingly weighs two tons. When removed, I really do take a load off. My arms almost want to flap like a bird in relief.

All too soon, it was time to get back on the road and catch up to the rain again. We knew we would not be camping that day and found a room to share in Cherokee, IA. At least we had a place to hang up stuff to dry overnight. It had been a wearisome day but we put a lot of miles behind us.

When the next day dawned sunny and bright, it really perked us up. Covers came off the bikes and even some scuzziness got wiped down. We were eager to get underway and cross the border into SD. We soon ran into a construction detour but as it turned out, it put us on some unfamiliar county roads that turned out to be a real treat. We stopped at a beautiful property just to take pictures of the gorgeous entry gates sporting a huge set of Pegasuses. We soon reached the border at Westfield and crossed over to continue on to a favorite camping spot, Snake Creek SRA, west of Platte.

We were excited to finally set up our tents and stay in one place for two nights. We even got a favored site overlooking Lake Francis. It was a relaxing stay including some swim time. The only short ride I took was to get a milestone of a bunch of (crazy) eights across the face of my odometer. After that, Kathy offered to give me driver education practice on her Can-Am while we had a big open marina parking lot available to us across the road. It was an oddity for me, very unlike my two wheeler, but fun. We ended the evening with a game of scrabble. Kathy won, of course.





When leaving this particular campground, we always start off with spectacular scenery, just like on the approach. We had nice cool temps and no errant cows dawdling on the road (this time), just smooth sailing until lunchtime. We chose a new place to eat but the service was slow as molasses and my burger was overdone and dry. We'll cross that place off our list. Next, we would be traveling through Native Sioux territory where there are long stretches between gas availability. The terrain is nice but it takes forever to get across. When we had less than 100 miles to reach Wind Cave, my speedometer cable started acting up - jumping wildly, getting up to 120 mph or falling down to zero and sticking. A mere glitch to deal with but a mild hindrance, nonetheless. I would have to find a dealer, hope they have the part, etc. As Scarlett

O'Hara said in *Gone With the Wind*, "I'll deal with that tomorrow."

We made our way through Hot Springs and all its torn up main drag to get to Wind Cave and seek out our reserved site, a good location but not particularly level. I made do since I had a small low profile backpacking tent. Kathy had to cram her big pop-up into a tight corner spot. There were a few IBMC members already there including a new couple from North Dakota. We were a bit spread out so we roamed to visit one another or found a neutral gathering spot. In the morning we witnessed a bold doe come prancing around to various picnic tables and lick at our cookers to get salt.

Kathy and I rode to town to the info. center. We made phone calls, picked up pamphlets and I made an appt. for the following day to get my broken speedo cable replaced. (in Chadron, NE - 60 miles away.)

We walked the Freedom Trail along the Fall River and had lunch at a Pakistani Restaurant. We were the only two patrons so we got stellar service by the nice couple who owned the place. Then there was an obligatory ice cream stop practically next door. We ran an errand or two, picked up ice and returned to camp to greet more incoming members. We attended the ranger presentation in the evening about the C.C.C. at an outdoor amphitheater in the chilled night air. Here we are still reaping the benefits of those hard working fellows of the depression years nearly 100 years later. I love the old stone lodges and buildings found in almost all our National Parks, including here at Wind Cave.

It was still chilly when we got up early the next morning for my ride to Chadron and the Yamaha dealer. While my cable was being worked on, we walked to a local breakfast place where we met up with friends and members of IBMC. It was a pleasant morning and gave me an opportunity to rack up more miles. When we returned to Hot Springs we had time to stop and dip our toes in the mineral waters of Fall river at Chautauqua Park, another favorite spot we like to frequent. After an afternoon of visiting once again, I took a walk to look at other camper set-ups. I always see something unique. When I got back, there was a fire going so I joined the circle and wrote in my journal by flashlight and firelight until my eyelids drooped.

We ate in camp in the morning, then everyone rode off somewhere to do their own thing. I took the opportunity to ride into town to see a former member who was residing in an assisted living home, only to find out when I got there that she had passed away some months before. I hadn't known so it was quite a shock. We'll miss her. I wandered about town for a while and once again returned to camp and found visitors from Chadron who had come up for a day visit. Later, I rode to the touristy town of Custer in search of a new pair of moto boots. This was during Sturgis week so there were vendors galore. The sole had come loose on my old clunky pair of Harley clodhoppers. I couldn't find a new pair to my liking but I did have a nice ride to and fro and encountered scores of buffalo near the road upon my return to Wind Cave. I had to be careful and wend my way through so as not to cause a disturbance and rile them up.

That evening, a ranger came around to warn us of an impending storm coming our way. We lit a fire anyway and hoped for the best but soon the wind picked up and we saw lightning off in the distance so decided to call it a day. It rained throughout the night, sometimes hard, but I stayed dry.

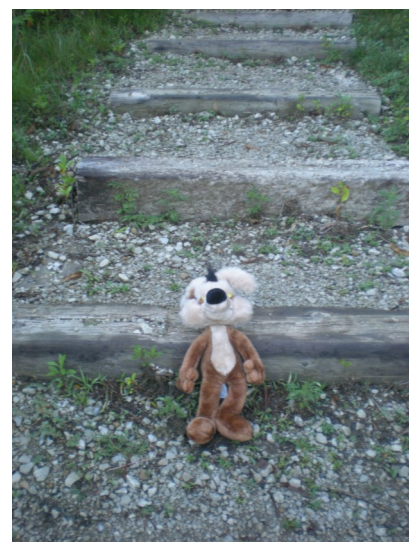
After a night of listening to rain ebb and flow on our protected coverings, it finally let up. We all crept out one by one to wet grass and everything dripping. A tent's lament is to pack up wet but there are times when it must be done and this was one of those times. We would all be riding off in various directions, but for the three of us, Kathy, Carla and I would start off together for at least this first day back on the road going east through Nebraska. Once again, we had to wend our way out of the construction of Hot Springs to head south toward Chadron to meet up with friends for breakfast. Along the way, we got in rain once more. After breakfast, the rain was gone but the chill stayed with us.

While Carla and I rode south to Alliance (to be assured of gas), then east on Rte. 2, Kathy opted to take a more scenic route and meet up with us at the junction in Lakeside. We then continued on together through the sandhills area to Nebraska National Forest campground near Halsey.

It never rose above 64 degrees and I was weary and chilled and ready to stop when we arrived. We crammed ourselves and our bikes and trailers onto a smallish site but it was level. We had a friendly ranger come by and chat who later brought us a load of firewood. (both for ambiance and warmth) We set up, ate and then strolled around to get photos of our Wylie Coyote mascot at various signs. We had another visitor come by to tell us there would be a spectacular celestial Milky Way showing later in the night. He showed us pictures on his phone of how it would present itself. Unless it coincided with my late night wake up call, I doubted I would see it and I didn't. (I've yet to even witness the Perseid Meteor showers)



We all managed to sleep well despite a few train whistles from time to time. In the morning, Kathy and I took possession of Wylie from Carla. She was departing early to get breakfast down the road with locals and then venture forth to see friends near Lincoln before heading up to Canada to visit a cousin. Kathy and I were on our own again, still in cool temps and a headwind. We encountered little traffic and nice scenery so the ride seemed leisurely at first. Eventually we ran into the inevitable road construction delays and had to make gas stops. We were determined, however, to make it to Prairie Rose State Park in Iowa.





As dusk set in, while we were on tree shrouded two lane roads with long shadows, my senses were on high alert for deer. Instead it was a gaggle of turkeys that spooked me when one flew up fairly close to my approach. Now, it was getting dicey. We didn't have far to go but the state park area also teems with wildlife. The rest of the ride was uneventful, much to my relief, and we made our way to a nice site where I had camped before. I was anxious to show it off to Kathy. We were rewarded with a fiery, beautiful sunset over the lake in the evening. We took Wylie pictures once again and then Kathy took possession of him to pass along at her next campout in Galena, IL. We would be parting ways again in the morning as I would be heading home on a more southerly route. She would stop and see Reb & Tiara along her way and I would be chasing a milestone turnover on my odometer (90k miles).



The next morning I was hoping for a grand, sunny riding day and I got my wish. I rode to the interstate to gain some fast miles. Out west there is little traffic but by the time I was closing in on my milestone, I was also approaching the big urban area of Des Moines and lots of truck traffic, not what I wanted at all. I couldn't risk being in a place where I couldn't pull over so I opted to get off for gas somewhere and ride city streets til I got my magic number. It wasn't an ideal locale, a nondescript parking lot, but I did get the picture. I eventually got back to two lane roads for my final leg home. It had been a grand experience as it usually is but I didn't mind resting up at home awhile before venturing out when the road calls to me once more.



Sometimes it's the group riding schedule that calls me and in this instance it was to a place I had never been, always wanted to go and it wasn't all that far away. It was the MTC National in Algoma, Door County, WI. It took place in early Sept. just after Labor Day. It would involve an overnight camp session going to and fro but that was fine. I would be in a comfy motel room once I got there.

I rode to New Lisbon the first day out. It seemed odd to be there without any motorcycle peeps to greet me. In fact, there was hardly anybody there and it was eerily quiet. I was assigned a site that Bert usually sets up on but his ghost did not appear that night. The next morning I would ride some new roads. I had to zig zag to avoid construction but I loved the big pine trees and small towns of two lane Wisconsin. I had a trip routing with me so I tried to pay close attention to turn offs. I would be going through Kathy's neck of the woods when I buzzed through the Green Bay area. I was glad to get out of traffic for my last leg. I hit a detour close to Algoma but still arrived earlier than I expected. Although there was clarity in town, it was very foggy over the lake and I could hear the water better than I could see it. I made my way to Scenic Shore Inn and saw a familiar vehicle or two (Laura's bike, Wayne's trailer) but they were not around and it was too early to check in so I rode a mile back to town in search of lunch.

I had called Kathy and she recommended a nice place right across from the lake. She knew the area well from her courier deliveries around there. It also had a nice residential area within walking distance so I took a stroll and came upon all sorts of whimsical lawn art. Great photo ops.



When I returned, more people showed up, including Laura and Pam, who had been out shopping for rally goods. Now things were beginning to happen. When I went to check in, I was able to change from a second floor to a first floor room. I was ecstatic to not have to lug belongings up a flight of stairs. More and more bikes kept coming in (from IL, MO, MN, CN) I was actually one of the closer attendees. Kathy & Ron paid some day visits since they were practically next door to the rally site.

This particular motel was set up so well to accommodate us. It had two indoor rooms to gather in, an outdoor covered site to gather, all sorts of games to play and a little walking area to stroll through facing west for viewing the sunset. The hosts were so amiable and gracious. We all just loved it. It was fun when we were in and it was fun when we went out. Our luck didn't hold out the next day when we awakened to rain but we had enough peeps with four wheelers that some of us could tour the peninsula high and dry. I chose to do just that.

I rode with Rose & Charlie and Laura & Pam in a big SUV. We hit lots of little wine/cheese shops, passed nice scenery and had lunch together at a cool restaurant where they served oversized, humongous pretzels as well as great entrees. We went up one side of the peninsula and down the other to return. Later we had another outdoor gathering and a pizza night. We even held a surprise birthday party and got to eat cake. I was bummed that I would be leaving in the morning and would miss the ride and ferry crossing to Washington Island to see lighthouses and attend a fish boil. I should have planned better to stay longer but I did get spared having to ride in the rain on my way home by leaving when I did. I'm not sure all the others were so fortunate.



I took a different route home but went astray once and actually went in the wrong direction and added miles to my day. I got corrected and continued on, managing to make it to the familiar New Wine campground in Dyersville, Iowa. Again, it was strange to be there with no other bikes in sight. It was late and I was weary, so I ate in semi-darkness and turned in before the bugs came out.

After I got all packed up in the morning, intending to get on the road early, people started strolling by to converse with me. That delayed my departure but I enjoyed the banter and I wasn't really in any hurry. Again, I was on familiar roads but stopped to check out a few places and

have lunch at a Culvers. Sometimes those flavors of the day are a nice surprise, lemon delight in this case. I dilly-dallied some more when I got to Iowa City. I tried to look up an old friend but found out later I went to the wrong house. I hadn't seen her (an old boss of mine) in many years and we lost touch. I finally established contact via phone only recently and found she is about to turn 90 years old. Guess it has been longer than I thought. What is it about the passage of time as we get older?





A week later, I was back out again for my annual sojourn to Lake-Le-Aqua-Na in Lena, IL. This would be about three years in a row. The weather Gods were in my favor. I varied my route a bit from past years. The riding temperature was so perfect and the ride was just so laid back. I arrived on Friday and found friends (my Heartland gang) there to greet me when I arrived. The whole park looked especially pretty this year. We were all set up in our usual row. There was even a big family group of campers that remembered us from past years. Sometimes people just recognize us as the "motorcycle people."

It was such a relaxing weekend for the most part. We got in some early, local riding on Saturday morning and some campground lounging

in the afternoon but when most of the group rode to town for the evening meal, it did rain awhile. I took refuge in my tent, expecting a washout of our evening plan to light a fire but it did stop early enough for that to still take place. Kathy got stranded up north for a while by a deluge after attending a niece's wedding but made it back to camp safe and sound. All was well again in the morning. The rain had stopped and we could gather together once more for a breakfast in town.

This is usually my last campout of the year so I always ride off with a pang of melancholy knowing that I have to wait so long til the arrival of next year's camping season but I am grateful for all the opportunities I did get this year. It's been a nice mix of new places and roads to explore and the old familiar haunts to revisit long time acquaintances and meet new ones. Kind of like comfort food, nostalgia just feels good. As I write this, (mid January) the scene outside my window is a world of white with polar vortex temperatures, reminiscent of Siberia, and I can only daydream of rides to come while my trusty steed sits hooked up to life support via a battery tender out in a cold garage..



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!

February 16—18, 2024

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY!

Dan and Lisa Bruesch—Jan 3
Tiara Brant—Jan 30



HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Joan Winkelman—Jan 2
Jim Tonella—Jan 22
Pam Miller—Feb 6
Jane Condra—Feb 16
Jean Jepson—Feb 16
Joyce McNeil—Feb 18
Ju;ia Peterson—Feb 17
Tiara Brant—Feb 27