



Sundae Edition

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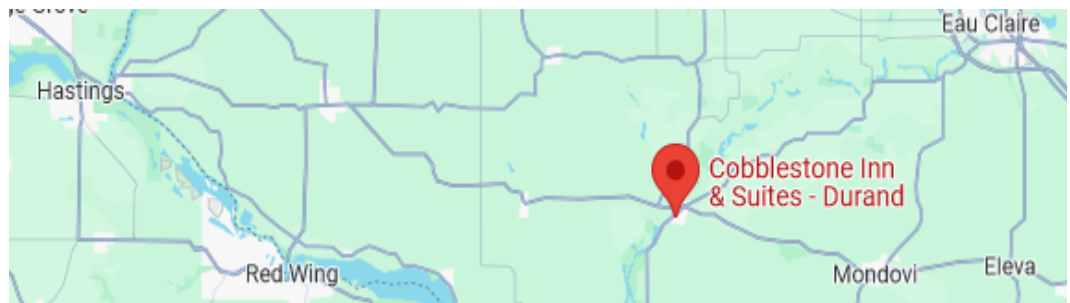
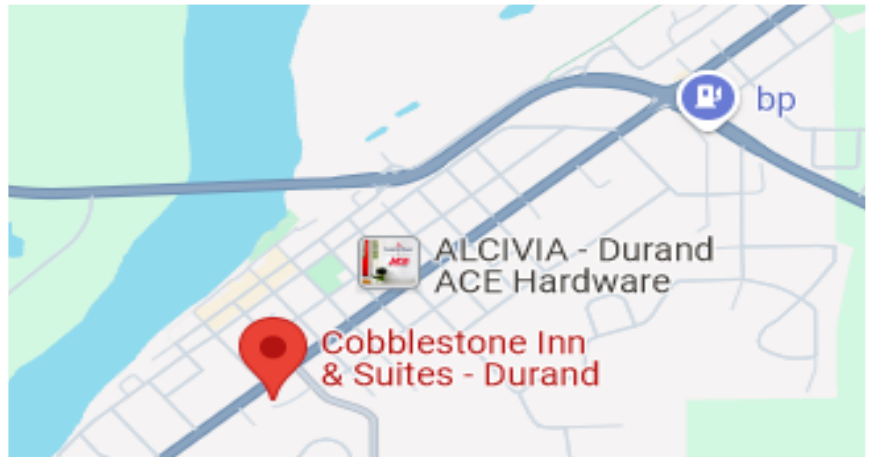
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October, 2024

Next Up: Wisconsin Fall Colors, Oct 11-13!

By Chuck Tydrich

The 2024 Fall Colors will be at the **COBBLESTONE INN and SUITES** in Durand, Wisconsin on the weekend of **October 11-13**. We had 6 rooms on hold till September 11. You can see if any are still available. Single Kings or double Queens for \$99/night. Jacob blocked off the rooms under my name and their phone number is **715-672-5055**. I did not get any instructions for being able to make a reservation in the block through their website so phoning in will be the best. Hope it all goes smoothly ;)





LeRoy Robert Lee

Laura Lee’s dad passed away on August 20—he was 89 years old. A teacher, his story (see link) suggests he was someone we’d have enjoyed spending some campfire time with. Laura, we all extend our condolences and offer kind thoughts and prayers to you and your family.

<https://www.sampsonfuneralhome.com/obituary/LeRoyLee-Lee#obituary>



Hank Leo Keltner

On September 28 in Davenport, Liz and Mike delivered a second grandson to John and Mary Ann Bruesch! Hank’s cousin, Owen, resides in Austin, TX.

2024 Heartland Sundae Riders Schedule

Oct 11-13: WI Fall Colors- Durand, WI—Chuck Tydrich for more info (see article)

Nov 29: Thanksgiving with Friends-

Dec 14: Northern Christmas Party

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY!

Oct 26—Chuck and Rose Tydrich



HAPPY BIRTHDAY

None in October?

Desse's 2024 Riding Season

By Desse Johnston

I always like to start my new season with a regional campout to get my motorcycle legs (like sailors get their sea legs) back in tune, having not ridden all winter. It also gives me an opportunity to see if the bike has acquired any bugs I should know about before going off on a far-flung adventure. So, my first outing was a Heartland encampment in New Lisbon, WI in early June.

The weather was nice and I was up for it. Within ten miles of arrival, however, when I stopped for gas, I noticed a loose fender on my small cargo trailer. A bolt had worked its way out and fell inside the trailer when its washer came off. I pulled off to the side, checked things out and sort of jury rigged the fender in place and slowly rode to camp where I knew a handy Mr. Fix-it would be there and would know what to do. I actually had several helpful guys to get me all properly fixed up. Thank you, John Dixon and Mike Miller. That fender is still as tight as a drum. I have a knack for parts coming loose or even falling off. I don't know how I manage it. The rest of the weekend was uneventful and I felt ready for my next trip that month to Rapid City, SD for the W.O.W. Ride-In.

I had two whole weeks to prepare for that trip and then onward west to Yellowstone Park. It was to be a solo trip on roads I had not traveled before but heard about from others or from tourist magazines. I was chomping at the bit in anticipation.

I hit the road again on June 22, a long day in both distance and daylight. I rode 360 miles to Vermillion, SD with only one minor mishap. My speedometer cable came loose from up top and I didn't notice immediately and dragged it for a while before I did notice. Again, I had to jury rig it back into place and hold it there with a zip tie but it did work. It held for the rest of my trip until I had it replaced at my next oil change.

I was weary when I reached Vermillion and got a room at a small, women-owned motel unit with retro style decor and colors. Everything was new and clean but decked out in really wonky colors (orange & lime green.) There were butterflies on the outside of the doors and a nice gazebo area to sit outside and visit with people. Oddly enough I was the only patron on the premises and this was a Saturday night. I thought that very unusual. It certainly was quiet. After traveling alone all day, it would have been nice to talk to someone.

The next morning, I got an early start and headed to Yankton to find breakfast at a family style restaurant. I spotted the "Frying Pan" a place I had been to before. Big parking lot, friendly staff, good coffee. Everything a biker looks for on the road. I even met a Harley guy in the parking lot who was by himself so we shared a table. He was a local, just out for a Sunday ride.

Afterward my ride continued on Hwy. 50 until I got to Wagner and ran into barricades and could go no further. This part of the state had been hit with torrential downpours and flooding and the road was actually washed out. I turned around and got directions for how to circumvent the area and go north and then west



again on Hwy. 44. All went well until I got to White River. I then found the road under construction for 25 miles. No top surface of pavement and it was rough, bumpy and rutted. Worse yet, it was now Sunday and no construction workers in sight. If I dropped my bike, there would be no one around to help me. The road was completely deserted. At the time, I had no idea how long a stretch it would be. At times, I rode on the opposite (wrong) side of the road because it was in better shape than my side. I never saw another vehicle in either direction.

I finally got to real pavement again. I was hot, tense and very thirsty. I was taking a backroad to the Badlands KOA where I had a reservation so I had to get there and cool my jets in the pool. I plodded on and managed to get there in one piece - both me and my bike.

I checked in and changed into my bathing suit - tent set up would have to wait. I jumped in the 7 ft. deep cool water. It felt blissful. Most folks were getting out, it was almost supper time. I was glad the noisy kids were leaving. I actually met a gal from MI who was a water aerobics instructor at her local YMCA. She taught me some moves and we had a nice conversation while working off some calories.

I then returned to my site to put up my tent while still in my wet bathing suit. It sure beat wearing hot clothes. I met a nice couple with two little girls in a big tent next to mine. The kids thought it was cool that I rode in on a motorcycle and put up my tent all by myself. They sat in their little lawn chairs and watched me the whole time. Perhaps I planted a seed in their little noggins. Hope so.

I slept well and again, packed up early to get on the road. I went through part of the Badlands and rode up to Wall Drug where I was to meet up with a friend and the gal who was to be my roomie at the Ride-In. Nancy M. from southern IL is the only member who has attended every single Ride-In since W.O.W. has been in existence. 30+ years of Ride-Ins. That's quite an accomplishment.

We actually arrived in Wall within minutes of one another and met up on a street corner to hang out for a few hours. Wall Drug is a cool place with lots of silly photo ops and good food to be found. We wandered about and caught up on small talk. Neither of us had been to this tourist mecca in a while. It was great fun but we still had 55 miles to ride and it was getting hot. Nancy led the way and we rode in the hot wind right to our Ramkota host hotel where we were greeted by many of our moto girls hanging around outside. It was great to be with our brethren, lots and lots of lady riders from all over. It's like a big class reunion and everybody always seems so happy. Some even get downright giddy and silly. We get a lot of laughs watching them in action.

We had a grand time at this 4-day event. Everyone did different stuff. You never run out of places to go or things to see when in the Black Hills area. It was great to be here while Sturgis was not going on. It was easier to get around and a lot quieter. It did rain every day but usually not until evening when most were back from daily rides and outings. The hotel was huge and spread out and we all walked our legs off to get from one wing to another. I got lost a few times and found walking on the outside was easier than finding my way inside.



I attended a few seminars and a moto maintenance class. These are always both informative and entertaining. A Harley dealership just two exits down the interstate held a luncheon for us and gave us a place to hang out and shop and check out new bikes to our hearts content. I also met author Wendy Crockett whose book I won at an earlier Cabin Fever rally. She is in the Guinness Book of Records for her epic journey in both Australia and the U.S. for visiting the state and/or territorial capitals in alphabetical order within a very tight time frame. Her misadventures on this epic trip make John B's. book (Busted) seem almost tame in comparison. It's all relative. She is my new superhero for her endurance and perseverance in the face of hardship and catastrophe. She is an inspiration for all women riders.

After the four days of frivolity and great companionship, it was time for me to continue on west to Wyoming and do the solo part of my trip. Having stayed up later than my usual bedtime and coping with the longer hours of daylight, my circadian rhythm was off. I would have to adapt. Getting up very early on departure day wasn't going to help in that effort but I did just that.



My first stop was in the small town of Sundance in search of breakfast and company. I found a little place where I felt the presence of Butch Cassidy and his band of bank robbers. His wanted posters were all over the walls. By mid-afternoon, the lack of sleep caught up to me so I got off the road in Buffalo, WY and found a nice, quiet campground with a small heated pool. The wind picked up so I opted for a small rustic cabin instead of setting up my tent. I had a place to do laundry, write postcards and catch up on my journaling. I did share my cabin with a passel of Miller moths but they pretty much stayed by the windows and didn't annoy me too much.

On day 8, I got up early again but took my time packing, waiting for the sun to rise a little higher and warm up. I rode to the historic downtown area and found a nice little diner with old time counter stools and staked my claim on one of them. I promptly placed my order for the special - big, fluffy blueberry pancakes and crispy bacon - fit for a queen or a hungry hobo like me.

It was then onward and up over the Powder Mtn. Range of the Bighorn Mtns. I'm glad I layered up. It was spectacular scenery with great wildlife viewing (I saw a mama moose and her baby) but it was really chilly and my bike struggled to get up speed and crackled and backfired going down the



mountain to the town of Ten Sleep. I didn't stop to take pictures and now regret that. I met some fellow adventurers on ADV bikes at the gas station. Two were guys from South America now living in Canada and one was a European roaming around the U.S. for a few months. We had a nice chat before parting ways.



I made a KOA reservation in Greybull, WY and went to a market to replenish my food box and cooler. I reached camp, set up my tent on a plush grassy area and took a dip in the pool. That always makes me hungry and tired. After I ate, I walked around the premises visiting with whoever would talk to me. This place is book-marked in my memory for a future stay when out this way. The ride to get here was nice too. It had been a splendid day.

I slept well but got blasted awake at 6:15 a.m. by a nearby train horn. It was quite startling and a rude awakening for the start of my day, especially for a Sunday when nearly everyone sleeps in. It was a cool ride to Cody on Hwy. 14. There was no traffic and it was all open range. I saw lots of cattle, more cattle than people in fact. I arrived in Cody and not much was open so I stopped at McD's for a good cup of coffee. When I returned to my bike, there stood a tow truck driver asking if I was broken down and in need of service. I told him no and that I had not called. Turns out it was someone else who called and was parked on the other side of McD's.

Even the visitor center didn't open until 11 a.m. So, I went in search of a proper breakfast. It was a crowded place but I found a parking spot right out front when someone else had just pulled out. Timing is everything. After picking up brochures, I rode out of town to get a camping spot for two nights at Buffalo Bill State Park. It was in a scenic area near a big reservoir but very windy up on the bluff where I was sent to the tent area. I couldn't put my wheels on the grassy area so I had to lug my gear to where I set up. Not really convenient but the scenery was stunning. It was also on the same road that would take me the following day to Shoshone National Forest and the east entrance of Yellowstone Park.

In the afternoon I went back to explore in Cody but all the good stuff was closed on Sunday and I missed the last trolley tour at 3p.m. It was getting hot so I returned to camp only to find my tent half collapsed by the wind. One of the poles had snapped. I tried to use Gorilla tape to fix it but this time my jury rigging didn't work so I propped up the sagging wall with my folded sand chair and held that in place with my clothes bag. It worked for the two nights even with an overnight rainfall. I stayed dry and cozy.



I woke up to a mean looking sky and a chill in the air. I bundled up for an early ride to Yellowstone. I was soon in a light rain - not what I wanted at all on this day. My good luck with the weather was running out but it did let up for a while. I had no traffic and got right into the park. I rode the 26 miles within the park to the Fishing Bridge where there was a gas station and place to get breakfast and postcards. The scenery was not what I expected but this is a huge park and I was only seeing a small chunk of it.

I didn't have the gas tank capacity to ride to where the geysers were so that got eliminated. When I did ride on, the weather turned on me again and I got in heavy rain and then hail. It was bouncing off my tank bag and hitting me in the face. My hands were freezing in my rain-soaked gloves. This is not what I had planned at all. I headed back down toward the entrance and a lower elevation.

Thankfully it stopped raining when I got down to ride through the National Forest once again. I pretty much air dried by the time I got back to camp but now I had to go to town to find a new tent for the rest of my trip. I thought it best to get one with a lower profile so as not to catch the wind as readily as a taller one. I did find one at a hardware store as well as an open Chinese restaurant to take a break and eat a filling meal. No sooner did I get inside,

there was another afternoon downpour. Glad I missed that. It was over by the time I got out. I rode back to find new neighbors, a couple from Canada. They too had been in Yellowstone and got caught in an even worse hailstorm. They showed me the video. It was harrowing.

To be continued!

